

Inside the Private Lives of Local "Royalty"

William Casteel/ Newcomerstown News

Local residents John and Norazella Gunn have not actually lived in the royal palace, but rather have gained the status of "local royalty". This past October they were chosen as the 2008 Frontier Apple Festival King and Queen. The Gunn's have lead an enchanted life especially this year. The "royal" couple celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary in August. They were married by the Rev. Glen Cornell at the Wolf-Salem Methodist Church on August 29, 1948. Norazella reports that they were the first couple to marry in the church in fifty years, at that time. Norazella recalls the happy day, but looks at her wedding pictures with some degree of sadness as many of her loved ones, and friends that were involved in the wedding are no longer living.

The Gunn's are both graduates of Newcomerstown High School. John is a member of the class of 1946, and Norazella with the class of 1948. The Gunn's both started work careers at early ages. One of John's early jobs was at the former Baltimore Clothing Store that was once located on the southwest corner of Main and Bridge Street (now a parking lot) while he was in high school (from 1943-1946). He recalls his favorite part of his job there was as a window trimmer. He states "I fired the furnaces, swept floors, worked as a clerk, whatever was needed". The business was owned by the Bean family at that time. John states that he enjoyed the window trimming so much that it prompted him to study at the Art Institute of Pittsburg, PA. following his graduation in 1946. John then later served in the U.S. Army from 1952- 1954 with eighteen months spent in Korea. Incidentally, John was responsible for the Korean War monument that is in Memory Park on Bridge Street. The monument was designed by Gunn.

Following John's time in the service, the Gunn's moved back to Newcomerstown, and John operated a photography business from 1954-1961. He states that he developed an interest in photography while in the service, doing aerial interpretation. John also attended classes through Kent State University, and the New York Institute of Photography.

In 1961 the Gunn's moved to Columbus, Ohio where John took a job with ODOT in where he remained employed for thirty years. When it comes to discussing John's accomplishments, he is very modest, but he did report that he was involved in several studies of major importance done by Ohio State University. One study in particular involved the development of a photo logging system. Gunn reports that the system measured the roads, and

highways via photography, and was used in multiple ways. He states the system was very effective and saved the state much money, and time. Gunn states while he was with ODOT he worked as a draftsman, then an engineering technician, and lastly as a research developer.

Norazella, also known as "Zellie" to family and friends, has also worked since she was fifteen years old. She reports her first job was at the former Scott's 5 & 10 Cent Store (when it was located in the building that Second Hand Hannah's thrift shop now occupies on Main Street). She recalls "that was during the war, and lots of things were being rationed. One popular item in the store was ladies' silk stockings". Norazella also reports being the very first employee of Morgan's Pharmacy (when it was located on the corner of Bridge and Canal Street), and working for the Bob and Bonnie Morgan for three years. Norazella also worked as a receptionist for the late Dr. John Waelde. His office was then located upstairs in the building next to the Newcomerstown News office. She later worked as a teacher's aide in a private school in Columbus, a position she held for seven years. The Gunn's returned to Newcomerstown in 1991, moving into John's family home on Canal Street. The twelve room house, built in 1847 had been purchased by John's parents in 1944. Dr. John Brown had previously occupied the house. The former small building previously sat behind the house was once located in the front yard, and was reportedly built, and used by Dr. Brown as his office. John was one of four children born to Charles and Mary (Worley) Gunn. John's mother being the famed poetress of Newcomerstown.

John and Norazella have many happy memories, but have each experienced personal sadness and loss within their families as well. John's second oldest brother, Francis was killed in WW II, having been a twin of another brother that died in infancy. Norazella, the daughter of George and Norene (Lewis) Saylor, and one of nine children, experienced two tragic losses within three years. Her sister, Connie Sue Saylor, aged 7 years was killed in an auto accident in 1950. Her parents and several siblings were also injured in the accident which occurred near the old gas station at Wolf, not far from the familie's home. In 1953, Norazella's father, George Saylor was killed while cutting timber near Adams Mills, Ohio. Norazella states it was a very difficult time. She stayed with her mother following her father's death to help with her younger siblings, and help her mother adjust to being a single parent. She states times were rough on many families, especially during the Depression, but says everyone relied on prayers to get them through. People helped each other a lot more back then.

The Gunn's have been active members in the community, with much of their involvement being "behind-the-scenes". They are charter members of Newcomerstown Tourism Unlimited, and held positions such as secretary and trustee for several years. John was commander of the local American Legion, and the VFW for several years. The Gunn's were also instrumental in getting a section of S.R. 36 named as Korean War Highway, as well as arranging a Korean War reunion in 2000. They report that since they both have ill health that they cannot be as active as they once were, but never the less they try to participate as their health permits. John still enjoys playing the organ, which he played for their church for 16 years. Zelli enjoys working on family genealogy, and collects angels. The Gunn's are the parents of two sons, John Richard (named after Richard Emler) and Talmage 'Tam' Gunn. They are also proud grandparents of five grandchildren, and five great grandchildren.

The Gunn's wished to express their gratitude to everyone that was responsible for selecting them as the Frontier Apple King and Queen this year. They stated they felt very honored to have been chosen. They also wished to recognize Audrey Hanni, and the Tourism members for their part in making the day very special and memorable.

Rejoice

Rejoice and sing glad songs of praise
The long expected King has come,
He came to free us from our sins
And make our hearts His earthly home.

Rejoice, the darkened night has gone
Morning has dawned at last,
A whole new era broke the gloom
When Christ was laid on Mary's breast.

Rejoice, for Heaven has come to earth
And God is reconciled to man,
He is our Father, we His sons
We can commune with Him again.

Rejoice, the night has disappeared.
The King for whom we looked has come
And has gone back to Heaven above
To build for us a better home.

— Mary Worley Gunn

Ring Out The Bells

Ring out the bells for Christmas
Ring them loud and clear,
Let their sounds float o'er the earth
So every one can hear.

Ring them from the house tops
Ring them from the gate
For they have a message —
A message that can't wait.

Ring them in the morning
Ring them far and near
For they have a message
That every one should hear.

Just what is the message
That every one should know?
Christ came down from heaven
A long, long time ago.

Mary Worley Gunn

d. Nov. 30, 1977

Trip to Bethlehem

Joseph — Com Mary, pack your clothes, and food
We must be on our way -
For we will have to travel fast
If we reach Bethlehem today.

Mary — Oh, Joseph, must I make the trip?
The road seems rough and far,
I wish that we could stay at home
And register just where we are.

Joseph — But that is not the Kings decree
He said that all must go -
To their own town and Bethlehem -
Is ours, as you well know.

Mary — Where shall we stay in Bethlehem?
I know but very few
It has been long since I was there
And 'tis the same with you.

Joseph — Have you forgot the little Inn?
I'll take you there to rest -
As soon as we reach Bethlehem
And you shall be their guest.

Mary — But what if we should to too late -
And it should crowded be,
What will you do if when we go -
There is no place for me?

Joseph — The God who guided Abraham -
Will find for us a place,
If we like Abraham just start
And trust His loving grace.

Mary — Oh Joseph, You're so strong and good
I'm not afraid to start,
For while you have my confidence
You also have my heart.

—Mary Worley Gunn

Christmas Time

It is Christmas again, Merry Christmas.
There's a feeling in the air,
Church bells ringing, children singing
Happy faces everywhere.

There's a mystery about Christmas
That no one can explain,
We're a little closer to heaven
And closer to Bethlehem

We can almost hear the angels
As they sing of "peace and goodwill"
And we can almost see the shepherds
As they watched upon a hill.

For a while our troubles are forgotten
We are friends to everyone
And we feel a little of the love
God felt when He gave His Son.

Mary Worley Gunn

BABY JESUS

Dear little Baby Jesus
How sweet He must have been,
With a sparkle in His Baby eyes
And dimples in His chin.

How proud His Mother must have been
As she held Him to her breast,
Singing Him pretty lullabye
Knowing that she was blest.

Joseph no doubt, made Him toys
Out in his carpenter shop.
A hobby horse a wooden train
And with love he built His cot.

There wasn't a child for miles around
That had more loving care.
Almost forgotten was the cross
They knew He would have to bear.

Today He is just a little Babe
Sweet and cuddly like yours and mine.
The only difference was, in His face
Showed forth a look divine.
— Mary Worley Gunn. 1978



Christmas Greetings



To You and Yours

I can not send you frankincense
Or costly myrrh or gold,
I can not travel miles and miles
Like Wise Men did of old.

I can not place a shining star
Up in the sky above -
One thing I can send from my heart
My friendship and my love.

If I could go to Bethlehem
(If only I lived near)
I'd go to where the Christ Child lay
And bring you back a souvenir.

Since I can't go to Bethlehem
And there's no chance of meeting -
I'll send you this --- My sincere love
And a Merry Christmas Greeting.



Mary Worley Gunn



The Christ Child

Come go with me to Bethlehem
Though the road be rough and steep,
There's a little Babe in a manger there
Peaceful and sound asleep.
Angels are watching above His bed
Shepherds are traveling there,
All of the world is full of joy -
Even wise men care.

Come go with me to Bethlehem -
It isn't very far
And up above in the sky so bright
Is always the guiding star.
Christ left the manger long ago
To travel the calvary way
And He makes His home in the hearts of men
Who will let Him enter today.

Mary Worley Gunn

Easter Time Is Here

It is Easter again, happy Easter.
And all nature seems to be glad;
It is tired of months of sleeping,
And refreshed from the rest it has had —
Bursts forth with singing and blooming
And the putting forth of leaves,
And soon there'll be harvest and reaping
And gathering in of the sheaves.

The birds have come back from the South-land;
To build new homes for their young.
And the brook released from its prison of ice,
Once more is bubbling along.
It is Easter again, happy Easter,
The little crocuses know
For they've lifted their head and are blooming
Amid the cold and the snow.

It is Easter, yes it is Easter;
And all nature seems to respond —
To the bursting of the sepulcher
On that first Easter morn.
For the buds burst into florets
And the birds burst into song,
And cold hearts burst into love notes —
To tell us, "It's Easter Morn."

— Mary Worley Gunn

Christ's Last Hours

They brought the colt, a homely beast
For Kings and Royalty to ride,
Hundreds of people followed close
Waving palm branches on the side.
They spread their clothes along the way
And sang "Hosanna to our King"
But they dispersed and went their way
Some, were ashamed to own His name.

'Tis easy when we're in the crowd
To shout "Hosanna loud and long"
To wave palm branches in the air
When we're in harmony with the crowd.
But when our Master came to trial
They fled in silent solitude
And left him with a broken heart.

Mary Worley Gunn

Christ Has Risen

Rejoice with me, all earth rejoice
Christ has arisen from the dead,
Full atonement has been made
With His own precious blood He shed.

Rejoice, the gloom of night is o'er
The stone is rolled away,
Angels have come to break the seal
And herald in a bright new day.

The linen cloths lie in the tomb
Sweet spices fill the morning air,
But Christ who had been crucified—
And buried, is not there.

The stone that closed the borrowed tomb
The seal that sealed the door —
Could not contain our blessed Lord
He is alive for ever more.

Rejoice with me, all earth rejoice
Heaven has claimed it's own,
And some day in that Heavenly home
We'll worship Him around the throne.

Mary Worley Gunn

God's Tender Care

The wayward sheep that went astray
Was tired of staying home,
It was tired of the confines of the fold
And wanted to "try it alone"
So it wandered away from the other sheep
And went far, far away
It grazed on the grass on the other side
And enjoyed it for a day.

But at even time when the sun went down
And darkness began to fall —
It missed the tender shepherds' care
And the tender shepherds' call.
It was out in the field tired and alone
And wild beasts were every where
There was no one near to scare them away
Not a friend was any where.

But the Master hadn't forgotten his own
When He counted one was gone,
So He left the ninty and nine in the fold
And brought the lost one home.
God never forgets the wandering child
He searches us out with loving care
And brings us home at the close of day.
Mary Worley Gunn

The Slums

I thought that I was poor—
My poverty made me ashamed,
Of days when I would have great wealth—
And luxuries I craved, I dreamed.
My tiny house was much too small,
My furniture was out of date
But riches never came my way
And so I knew I'd have to wait.
My little yard with only grass —
And here and there a holly-hock
And an old fashioned lilac bush,
Matched with my "too old-fashioned frock"
My life was filled with discontent
For things like other folks, I craved.
God's beauty nearest me I spurned,
And for the finer things, I saved.
Today I took a little trip —
Down through the city's darkest slums,
I saw the children — with the dogs —
From out the garbage, gather crumbs.
Covered with only a few old rags,
No place to play but in the street,
Not even holly-hocks or grass —
And what was worse, not much to eat.
Tonight, I know that I am rich —
A "queen" within a castle fine,
Green grass and lilacs deck my yard,
A place with holly-hocks is mine.
I wish that I'd learned years ago —
That I was most a millionaire,
For longer I'd enjoyed God's gifts
Of flowers and grass, and sun and air.

1978. — Mary Worley Gunn

Because of Love

What was it make my precious Lord
Leave Heaven's blessed throne—
And come to earth, so full of sin
And try to save His own?
What made Him leave the proud and rich
And mingle with the poor,
Why was He satisfied with common things?
He could of had much more.
"He had so much in Heaven above —
He did it all because of love."

Why did He ever leave that night
And to the garden go—
In close communion with His God
He surely had to know.
He knew that He would be betrayed
And taken to the Judgement Hall
And clothed in purple mockery
Beaten before them all.

Why did He let them put the crown—
Of thorns upon His precious head,
Where were the ones whom He had healed
And thousands He had fed?
Why did He let them nail His hands
Upon a cruel cross—
It was, with out His sacrifice
The whole world would be lost.

Why did He let them nail His hands
Upon a cruel tree?
It was because the love He had
For folks like you and me.

"He could of called angels from above—
But He suffered all, because of love"

—Mary Worley Gunn

Jesus Is Coming

Jesus is coming, I know He is coming
He's coming back to claim His own,
He'll gather up His people who love Him
And take them with Him to His heavenly home.
I do not know just when He is coming
He said that He Himself didn't know
Only Our Father in heaven determines
When this world with all of it's evil must go.

He will come back again, that I am sure of
For angels proclaimed it the day He went home
Whether at sunrise or evening or night time
No one can tell just when He will come.
This I do know, He's coming back again
Up in the clouds in glory and power,
All we can do is be ready and waiting -
For that wonderful, wonderful, glorious hour.

Mary Worley Gunn

TRY GOD

On the days when you're discouraged
And the world seems bleak and grey,
And you try so hard to please folks
But nothing seems to go your way.
When your friends seem cold, indifferent
Everything seems going wrong,
Did you ever try to whistle-
Or to sing a little song..
Have you ever called a neighbor
On the phone or in their home,
Some one who is sad and lonely
And is living all alone..
Some times writing friends a letter-
And express a cheerful thought
Will relieve you of your tension
And will help you out a lot.
Sitting down and feeling sorry..
Never does you any good,
And it wouldn't help your loved ones
Even if you thought it would.
If you want to chase the blues away
Or help your friends along,
Take a walk out in the garden-
Or sing a little song.

Mary Worley Gunn

GIVE THANKS TO GOD

Stop busy world, for just one day.
Give thanks to God
One day at least in all the year
Thy Maker laud.
The world is rocked by wars and greed
On every side.
Thank God for peace and pray that we
May thus abide.

Stop busy world, for just one day.
Give thanks to Heaven.
Thanks for our land, our schools, our laws
For harvest given.
For churches still throughout our land
Where we can pray.
And for this great democracy of ours
Thanks God today.

---Mary Worley Gunn

GO YE

Christ left all He had in heaven
And came to earth from above,
To tell a lost, sinful people
About "The Father's Love."

When He left, He gave this message,
Which He meant for you and me
"Spread the blessed gospel story,
Go ye; Go ye; Go ye."

Go ye into every nation
And tell them, God loves them still,
Tell them God wants to save them
If they'll only obey His will.

Tell them, by giving your service,
By your prayers and money, too.
The harvest already is ripened
But the labourers are few.

---Mary Worley Gunn

Thanks Be To God

We thank Thee Lord for every thing
That makes life pleasant here below,
For trees and flowers and birds that sing
And for the streams that gently flow.

Some times we are so thoughtless, Lord
We fail to say our prayers at night,
But deep within our inmost souls
Although we fail we mean alright.

We know without Thy loving care
Our lives would bleak and dreary be
Our food and water, even air
Are precious gifts supplied by Thee.

Amid the tumult of our times
Our struggle for to live and be,
Help us to take time every day
To stop and give our thanks to Thee.

Mary Worley Gunn

Thank God

Thank God for the Simons of this world
Who helps us carry our crosses,
Who congratulates us with our success
And helps us bear our losses,
The Simons who travel the calvary road
And who are always there—
When we need their help in time of need
When our load is too heavy to bear.

Thank God for the Simons who never fail
When all the world seems wrong,
When our spirits are low and skies look gray
As we mingle with the throng.
The Simon who carried the Master's cross
Still offers us a smile—
He may be a neighbor across the way
Who walks with us on the second mile.

If it were not for the Simons
That we meet on life' weary road
Who helps us with our burdens
Helps carry our heavy load—
We too, would fall by the wayside
Like Jesus on calvary road,
So thank God for the helping hands
That helps us carry our load.

Mary Worley Gunn

Take Heed

What price do you put on the Master?
Thirty pieces of silver or gold?
Are you willing sell Him for money
That soon will decay, rust or mold?

What price do you put on your freedom?
From destruction, misery and sin,
Would you sell it for fame or fortune,
Which you know in the end cannot win?

Take heed, lest you price souls too cheaply.
They were bought at a very high cost,
And sometimes like Judas with Jesus
They are never regained if once lost.
Mary Worley Gunn

Be Ready

Have your trunk all packed and ready
God is standing at the gate,
When He calls for you to join Him
He will have no time to wait.
He may come at early morning
Or at noon-time or at eve,
It is best we all be ready —
When the Master says to leave.

Have your trunk all packed and ready
Have it full of peace and love,
For there isn't any hatred —
In that mansion up above.
Have it filled with grace and kindness
And forgiveness in every nook,
And a little bit of knowledge
You have garnered from His book.

Have your trunk all packed and ready
Have it full on every side,
God may ask us for our records
When we've crossed the swelling tide.
When our days on earth are over
Will the things that we have shared
Measure up with God's own record
In the book He has prepared?

Mary Worley Gunn

When The Game Is Over

The game is never over —
Until the last bell is rung.
The concert is never finished
Until the last song has been sung.

The race is still in the running
Until the wire is dropped,
The game is still in the balance
Until the clock is stopped.

Life is never over
Until we've drawn our last breath —
And we silently cease to function
And our eyelids close in death.

Always keep right on trying
Though everything seems to be o'er,
At last when the books are balanced
You may have won the score.

Mary Worley Gunn

Honored

"If My mother was still alive again"
So often you hear folks say,
I would visit her more often
Or give her a call each day.
I'd send a pretty post card
Just to let her know I cared,
My heart feels sad and lonely
When I think of the joys we shared.

I thought I would always have her
(But life doesn't work that way)
I was always tired or busy
At the end of a long hard day.
So I failed to tell her I loved her -
I left that to another,
But she never complained or murmured
Because, she was a mother.

If I only had her back again -
I'd ask to forgive
For some of the thoughtless words I said
When she told me how to live.
But while silent lips can't forgive you
Or, with loving kisses smother,
I am sure she forgave within her heart
Because, she was a mother.

Mary Worley Gunn

In Silent Rest

Softly the wind blows o'er their graves
The green grass flutters where they lay,
The sun shines down to warm their beds
Around their markers sunbeams play.

Others may fight and beat their drums
But they are resting 'neath the sod,
They can not hear the voice of friends
Regardless, how they praise and laud.

The flowers and flags upon their graves
Keep vigil as they silent lay,
Their work is done, they are at rest
Others must enter in the fray.

Mary Worley Gunn

., Jan. 5, 1977

Do A Good Deed

Have you done your good deed for the day
Have you spoken to someone on the street,
Have you said a kind word to someone strange
That you just chanced to meet?

Have you sent a letter or card today
To someone who is lonely and sad?
You will never know how a little note
Can make a broken heart glad.

Have you phoned a shut-in and said "Hello"
Or made them a little call,
Have you talked to the neighbor you hardly know
One the other side of the wall?

Have you done your good deed for today?
Just a word or a smile or a note,
Have you sent the letter you meant to write
But somehow, never wrote?

Mary Worley Gunn

Heaven's Gates

When I've reached that heavenly city
That I long so much to see.
Who will open up the pearly gate
To greet and welcome me?
Will it be our blessed Savior
With the nail prints in His hands?
Who will show me into heaven
Where I'll meet my long-lost friends?
Will it be some long departed friend
Whom I've grieved for through the years
Who will meet with a welcome
And will wipe away my tears?
Or perhaps 'twill be my mother
Who long since has gone before.
Who with open arms and smiling face
Will meet me at the door.
This I know, who ever greets me
It will be a happy day
When I'm ushered into heaven
And my troubles fade away.
There'll be angels singing praises
Around the great white throne,
And with all my troubles over
At last, I will be home.
— Mary Worley Gunn

1978

Faith

Though wars may still the enemy
And make the firing cease,
Faith alone can fill the heart
With love and joy and peace.

A faith, born of the Spirit
Sent from God, in heaven above,
A deep concern for others
Whom we must learn to love.

Faith, the Good Book, says moves mountains
And it moves our troubles too,
It can make our hearts beat lighter
In every thing we do.

The world will never know real peace
Till we have faith to see
Beyond the fetters of today
When all men shall be free.

Lord give us faith, the kind of faith
That helps us love each other,
And for awhile forget ourselves
And think about our brother.
— Mary Worley Gunn

Offer Thanks

Have you taken time to thank God today
In the hurry and flurry of life,
Have you taken just a minute or two
To thank Him for husband or wife?

Have you taken time when you sat down to eat
To say "thank you Lord, for this food"
What may seem very common to you
To the starving would taste very good.

Have you taken time to thank your friends
For their letters and cards of cheer,
Have you ever thought to thank those who work
For the very clothes you wear?

If you feel that you haven't very much
Regardless how hard you strive,
Then thank the God in heaven above
That you are still alive.

Mary Worley Gunn

February Gave Us Much

February gave us much
What little time 'twas here
It made the most while it remained
With weather cold and drear.

But it threw in some wonderful gifts
To make up for the weather,
The birthdays of Washington and Lincoln
Crowded almost together.

But first of all ground-hog day came
To tell us how long 'till spring,
When bulbs would come up through the ground
And birds would once more sing.

It also gave us Valentine Day
Full of romance and love,
When stars were in the young girls' eyes
Instead of up above.

It flustered in and blustered out
Like falling leaves in September,
But while 'twas here it left us days
That we shall long remember.

Mary Worley Gunn

I SENT MY LOVE A VALENTINE

I sent my love a valentine,
Two doves, some lace,
a rose
Encircled in a tiny heart
With joy, that only lovers
knows.
I bought it at the corner
store
And fondled it with pride,
I had spent my whole
allowance
My love I could not hide.
I read the verse (I send
my love)
A dozen times or more,
It was my first, my love
was five
And I was only four.
By Mary Worley Gunn
Newcomerstown

My Favorite Valentine

It was just a piece of paper
Cut in the shape of a heart
On the outside some ragged daisies
On the inside a Cupid's dart.

On it with misspelled letters
Were love words like no others
Scrawled in childish writing —
"You're the best of all the Mothers."

P.S. — With love and Valentine wishes
May your year be filled with fun.
And love that cannot be measured —
From your kindergarden son.
— Mary Worley Gunn

1980

Come little New Year, we're waiting for you
There is much that should be done,
You need to be strong, courageous and bright
If the victory is to be won.
Men that are captive have to be freed
Nations be peaceful again
Freedom and liberty spread through the earth
Not just our Nation but unto all men.

Nineteen and seventy-nine came to us young
And did all it was possible to do,
The world didn't cooperate any too good
And it may do the same with you.
We who are old are not up with the times
But experience has taught us this —
If you want to win you will have to hold on
Hold on with a Bull-dogs grip.

Don't worry to do everything all at first.
At times you will think you have lost,
But the wheels of fate turn slow but sure
That's when patience is needed the most.
Keep faith in God and your fellow-man
Raise the flag so that all can see
Your task is BIG and the way is tough
If you are to keep us free.

— Mary Worley Gunn

Springtime

Winter, with all of it's ice and snow
Has gone to the land where all winters go.
It packed up it's cold wind and took it along
And dropped off the birds to give us sweet song.

It awakened the tulips out of their sleep
And released the streams from their ice so deep.
It seemed glad to leave, it had been here so long,
It did lots of good and also some wrong.

It killed the fruit trees with out a thought
But it gave us moisture which helped a lot.
It kept us inside when we wanted to go-
But it gave the children tons of snow.

Now it has gone, at least for awhile
And spring has come with it's happy smile,
May we all enjoy it while it is here
For winter will show up again next year.

—Mary Worley Gunn

REMEMBER—

Now that Mother's Day is over
And the gifts are layed away
And the flowers are slowly fading
Like the sun at the close of day,
Don't forget she's still your Mother
Just like she was on Mother's Day
And still send her cards and letters
Even though it isn't May.

If you can't make her a visit—
You can call her on the phone,
She may be sad and lonely
And living all alone,
Call and tell her that you love her
And you think of her each day,
Let her know she is not forgotten
Even though you're far away.

Just a card, a call, a letter
Or a few flowers will suffice,
Do not wait until her special day
To send her something nice.
For the flowers you place upon her grave
Can't fill her heart with cheer
Like the little deeds of kindness
That you show her while she's here.

—Mary Worley Gunn

The largest hailstone on record fell on July 16, 1938 in Potter, Nebraska. It weighed one and a half pounds and was the only one that fell there that day.

Time To Plant

If you want flowers in autumn
You must plant them in the spring,
When the sun begins to mellow
And the birds begin to sing.
If you want a plentiful harvest
You must plow and work the soil
Make the ground fine and productive
So the little seeds won't spoil.

You must cultivate and water
Every thing needs constant care
And it always helps a little
If you breathe a silent prayer -
That God will send the sunshine
And the rain to make it grow,
For unless the Lord the house shall build
The builders work in vain, you know.

It is spring time, blessed spring time
It is time to plow and sow,
What a pleasure to plant the tiny seeds
And watch them as they grow.
We can have a plentiful harvest
But we have to start today,
If we want a crop in autumn
We must plant our seeds in May.

Mary Worley Gunn

Oct. 27, 1976

Exit of summer

Summer has left us with all of it's beauty
It closed up it's house and locked every door,
It shut up it's swimming pools in the park
And closed down the beaches along the shore.

It waited 'till all of the gardens were gathered
Almost all of the fruit was safe on the shelf,
It left us the leaves which soon will turn golden
But all of the green garb it took for it's self.

It took some of the summer flowers in it's luggage
But it left many bulbs buried deep in the earth.
So it would have something to look at next spring time,
When all of the earth will take on a new birth.

It was good to us all while it remained with us
It gave us our harvest, both sunshine and rain,
It promised us faithfully with out any doubting
That it would return and bring warm days again.
Mary Worley Gunn

Summer Rain

I love to see the summer rain
Go trickling down the window pane.
I love to see flowers, large and small
Drink the little drops that fall.

They seem to smile and say again-
We thank Thee Lord for sun and rain.
Refreshed and looking at their best
When all the clouds have quickly left.

The birds take shelter in the leaves
And on the house tops 'neath the leaves,
Bathed in the pure and cooling rain
They're ready for to sing again.

There is no music like the rain-
Trickling down the window pane.
How sweet the sleep beneath the roof-
Where rain drops patter like a reindeer hoof.
Mary Worley Gunn

Vacation

School is over, the bells cease to ring
Children are shouting with glee,
No more books or pencils or tablets
For a few months at least, they are happy and free.

The frogs in the old mill pond are croaking
Just as they have for hundreds of years,
But to the little boy home from the schoolroom
Their song is as fresh as a new baby's tears.

Summer will fly and school bells will ring again
But now time seems endless and summer days long,
They can fish in the river or swim in the old pool
Or just sit and listen to the red robin's song.

Some day they'll leave the old school house for ever
But that seems hundreds of years away,
Now they are free from worry and study
For a few short months they are happy and gay.

Mary Worley Gunn

Never Satisfied

In winter when the snow was deep
And ice was everywhere,
When trees were bending with their load
And frost was in the air,
When gas was low and heat was scarce
And there was lots of sleet and rain —
We thought, no difference how high the
temperature went

Thought we often go astray,
Now, all the ice and snow has gone
Good old summer time is here,
The trees are green with leaves again
The world is full of cheer.

But as we wipe the sweat away
Which forms upon our brow —
We wish we had a little
Of that "Good old winter, now"
Mary Worley Gunn

Halloween night

Keep your house all locked up tight
Put a bolt across the door,
Keep a light lit in your window
For there are goblins out galore.

Keep your brooms in a dark corner
Where the witches cannot find
Or they may all come up missing
When the morning sunrise shines.

Do not let any stranger enter
If you're old and all alone.
For he might not be a goblin
But someone who is fully grown.

Let the children have the evening
They are only out for fun.
So if you should see them coming
Don't get "scared to death" and run.

— By Mary Worley Gunn

Autumn

The crickets are singing their autumn song
The leaves are beginning to fall,
The ivy is shedding some of its leaves
That grew by the garden wall.

The apples are turning yellow and red
Big yellow pumpkins are dotting the field.
Corn is waving a glad salute
Because of its bounteous yield.

The birds are gathering up in groups
Deciding just when to go —
To a warmer climate than we have here
Avoiding the ice and snow.

Autumn is beautiful, Autumn is grand
Autumn is full of grace,
But it soon will be gone with a sad farewell
And winter will take its place.

Mary Worley Gunn

Autumn

It is autumn, the leaves are turning
The apples beginning to fall,
The vines are slowly drooping
That grew by the garden wall.

The birds are flying southward
To bask in the bright warm sun,
A sign that never fails us
That winter has almost begun.

The squirrels are gathering their harvest
For the long, cold months ahead.
Each one has chosen it's home in a tree
And feathered it's nice warm bed.

Every sign is pointing toward winter
The air has a frosty sting,
But the sooner that it comes winter
The sooner it will be spring.

Mary Worley Gunn

Halloween

The strangest people came to my door.
They must have been out of space.
Their clothes were different from what we wear,
And they didn't show their face.

They seemed to be hungry, they stuck out their hands.
As though they wanted something to eat.
I gave them some candy, cookies and fruit,
And they thanked me and went on up the street.

They had the funniest looking clothes
I think I have ever seen.
I looked in the paper, in lines big and bold.
It reminded me it was Halloween.

— Mary Worley Gunn

Who Are They?

They swish through the air
On an old corn broom wearing a bit black hat,
In one hand they hold a bundle of switches
In the other a big black cat.
They carry a bucket of candy kisses
The fanciest I've ever seen
They only come around once a year
And that is at Hallow'een

They stay in the dark when the moon is bright
And pinch the cat so the dogs will howl.
They sit on limbs where shadows fall
Beside the wise old owl.
They drop their candy along the path
Where little children play,
Then, when the sun begins to shine
They rustle their broom and hurry away.
Mary Worley Gunn

Autumn Leaves

Autumn leaves are falling
Like snow flakes in the night,
Some still dressed in summer garb
Some in colours bright.

The limbs relieved of their burden
Can fall asleep and rest,
They were so proud of their costumes
When they were fully dressed.

No doubt they're a little lonely
Since the birds have flown away
And probably they will not see them
Until they come back in May.

Oh; what a glorious moment —
When the trees bud again in spring,
When the birds come back from the southland
And build nests, rear their young and sing.
Mary Worley Gunn

Memories Never Die

We can place our loved ones beneath the ground,
And cover the grave with sod.
We can comfort ourselves that their suffering is o'er,
And they are at home with God.
We can place a monument at their head,
And plant flowers on the spot where they lie.
But we can't bury memories beneath the ground
For memories never die.

We can watch them go to the battlefields.
Some lie beyond the sea.
Away from the home and friends they loved.
Away from you and me.
The clouds sail on and the raindrops fall,
And the sound of the wild birds cry.
The leaves turn brown and fall to the ground
But memories never die.

Fire can destroy our home and goods.
Water can wash them away.
Things we worked for all our lives
Can be stolen in one short day.
But memories are buried deep in our hearts,
Though earthly things may decay.
We always will have our memories,
For no one can take them away.
— Mary Worley Gunn

Growing Old

I hope I never grow so old —
I can't enjoy children at play,
And laugh about their foolish pranks
And silly things they do and say.

I hope I always keep enough —
Of youth, and youths frivolous, smile,
That I'll not scoff when lovers love,
Or hold each others hand awhile.

I hope when I have grown old —
And younger folks must take my place,
That I will still stay young at heart
And yet, grow old with grace.

— Mary Worley Gunn

THE ETERNAL CYCLE

Some little baby was born today;
Soft and cuddly and sweet.
It's eyes were as blue as the sky above.
It had two tiny hands and two tiny feet.

Some happy couple were married today;
With a hundred stars in each eye.
With a love so deep and strong and pure;
They are sure it will never die.

Somebody young and somebody old
Left this world today.
And floated on the wings of death,
Leaving this body of clay.

And thus the cycle of life goes on;
Someone is born, somebody dies.
Someone is married in happy bliss.
Somebody laughs, somebody cries.

Mary Worley Gunn

9/5/79

Soliloquy

If I have helped some one in need
Or caused discouraged ones to smile,
If I have done one worthy deed —
I'll feel my life has been worth while.
If at the close of life's short day
In summing up what I have done,
I shall not feel I lived for naught
If I have helped a single one.

If I have guided in my life
Some one across a dangerous place,
Or, if I've shared with those in strife —
A portion of my Christian grace,
Or carried some one's heavy load
For them, along the second mile,
Then I shall feel, when I am spent —
That after all, I've been worth while.

But if in counting up my wage
Nothing but pleasure, pride and gain
Seems written on each gilded page —
Then I shall feel I've lived in vain
And that my place had better been
Filled by some other, who would be —
A friend unto their fellow men,
And not by selfish souls, like me.
— Mary Worley Gunn

To A Matron

Do you still thrill, when he comes home at evening,
And does your heart turn over when he smiles,
Do you still count the time down to the minutes
When he'll come back to you across the miles?

Do you still keep your table looking dainty
And cook the things you know he likes the best,
Do you still have a bright fire burning in the evening
And always have the easy chair where he can rest?

Do you still wear your hair in little ringlets
Because you think he likes it best that way,
And do you still laugh when your heart is breaking
Because you know he had a long hard day?

If you can still do all these things at forty
And feel that you are still his "little dove"
There isn't any question why you chose him
Without a doubt, it had to be true love.

— Mary Worley Gunn

Pastime

My life revolves around my home
I write poetry just for fun,
Something to ease my mind, a bit
After my work is done.

I cook and bake and wash and iron,
That is my main vacation,
Writing poetry is pasttime —
It is not my occupation.

I have a home, I am its Queen,
It requires a lot of time,
But I steal an hour from the busy day
And leisurely write a rhyme.

— Mary Worley Gunn

The Gypsy In Me

The Gypsy in me wants to roam
And go a thousand miles from home.
And sleep out in an open field
With just the moon and stars to shield.

But since I was not Gypsy born
I start my routine every morn,
I cook and sweep and dust and sew
And wish I had some place to go.

Mary Worley Gunn

My Aim

I was not born to be a poet, high and lofty
My name shall never reach the hall of fame,
But after all, when life is all completed
What will it mean to have a famous name?

The only thing that I can really wish for
Is that some one across the weary miles,
Will read the uncouth words I put on paper
And mingle with their tears a few glad smiles.

After I leave this world, I shall not hear them
Although they praise me to the very core,
But if someone will read my humble verses
And laugh, 'twill mean to me a whole lot more.

Mary Worley Gunn

The laboring class

They rise up early in the morn
And wind their way to factory and shop
Still tired and weary, only half awake
Trying so hard to beat the factory clock.

The farmer also rises with the dawn
And feeds his stock and milks the cows
Then when the horses have been fed
He takes them and starts out and plows.

Everyone doing what they can
God bless and keep thee
The labouring man.

— By Mary Worley Gunn

Life

Life is made up of many things —
A tear, a laugh, a fervent prayer.
True friends around us that we love
With false friends scattered here and there.
A lilac blooming by the gate,
A bluebird singing in a tree,
'Tis little simple things like these
That make up life for you and me.

Life is made up of many things —
So complex like a mystery,
We start and travel mile by mile
And yet, the end we never see.
Life can be very simple too;
We're born, we live, and then we die,
Youth hurries on old age must sit
And watch the restless crowd go by.

— Mary Worley Gunn

I'd Like To Go to Ireland

I'd like to go to Ireland
Where my Mother's folks were born,
I'd kiss the mystic blarney stone
And find a Lep-re-chaun.

I'd gather pretty shamrocks
And wear one on by breast,
And lay some on the grassy plot
Where my kin folks are at rest.

I'd ask about St. Patrick-
The Saint they worship so.
But I'm too old to travel
So I don't suppose I'll go.

Mary Worley Gunn

THE NEVER CEASING QUEST FOR PEACE

We plant a flower upon their grave
We put a flag close where they lie,
We drop a tear and softly say—
“Why did our loved ones have to die”?
They had the right to live their lives
To work and love and sing and be,
They did it in the name of peace
To better things for you and me.

Where is the peace for which they died?
Men are still fighting every where.
O'er boundary lines, o'er water ways
And over predominance in the air.
They did their part, where have we failed—
Have we forgotten all it cost
To bring us bitter victory—
Or, did we never count the cost?

Wars still go on and men still die
Hearts are still broken, tears still flow,
When will men learn to live in peace
And joy and deep contentment know?
When will the Lion and the Lamb
Lie down together in the shade?
'Tis then that we can truly see
Some meaning in the sacrifice they made.

Mary Worley Gunn

OUR SILENT DEAD

Some lie in graves beyond the sea.
Some lie in native soil,
Wherever they lie they are at peace
Forever through with war's bleak toil.

The flag may wave above their graves.
The grass grows soft and green.
Bright flowers and flags can never tell
The horrors they have seen.

We talk of peace and beat the drums
And shout “make all men free.”
While nations die in hostile fields
And wise men can't agree.

1979

Mary Worley Gunn

Peace

We talk of peace, we write of peace
We sing the blest refrain -
Of peace on earth, good will to men
Of which the angels sang.

But while we sing, war rages on -
In the land where Christ was born
And people bomb and fight and kill
Forgetting the angels song.

Perhaps the peace which angels sang -
Proclaiming a new day,
Was peace within our inmost soul
Which bombs can't take away,

Mary Worley Gunn

100 Years Ago

Dedicated to
The First United Presbyterian Church,
Newcomerstown, Ohio
In Honor of the 100th Anniversary - Nov. 14, 1976

One hundred years ago our ancestors had a vision
A vision of a church where they could go —
And worship, mingle in christian fellowship and pray,
A building that would shelter them from storms, from heat and
snow.

And thus they sacrificed, they worked, they prayed
They gave of all their wages, great and small
They built with a zeal unto the Lord
A building made of brick that would not fall.

Many the brave souls who have left their mark
And then passed on to reap their great reward,
They left to us a heritage unmeasured by its size
A heritage that is only understood by God.

Youths have gone out from this small church—
To other places in this vast planet we call earth,
And from the things they learned within these pews
Have testified of Christ and a new birth.

Old people have found peace within its walls
Friends have met here to mingle both their joys and tears.
New families came and joined in fellowship,
And through God's grace we have prospered through the years.

This is a building, built to shelter us from storms
Our bodies are the temple of the living God.
It is here we feed our souls with heavenly bread,
And here the God of our salvation laud.

—Mary Worley Gunn

Little Snow Flakes

Beautiful little snow flakes
Fall like dew in the night,
Leaving the world around us
Glistening, pure and white.

They are God's gift from heaven
Making every thing clean,
The filth with which we cover the earth
For a little while can't be seen.

They light on the pine and fir trees
And on the window sill,
They cover the slopes of the hill sides -
Like a blanket, soft and still.

They play in the air like children
So merry and happy and gay.
But soon the sun comes like warriors
And chases them away.

Mary Worley Gunn

Little Things

One little tiny drop of rain
Fell in the pool on the hill,
Another joined it and then another
Until it formed a rill,
The rain drops fell 'till the rill o'er flowed
And formed a little stream—
Where children played with little boats
And learned to dive and swim.

The stream soon grew too large for it's banks
And joined a larger creek—
That was beginning every day
To bigger quarters seek.
And so from a little drop of rain
That twisted and dashed and swirled
An ocean was formed that carried ships
That circled the whole wide world.

Mary Worley Gunn

Gratitude

Little Tommy Tucker sang for his supper
And he was rewarded with white bread and butter
While the winter birds sing on the barrel limbs
And all they are asking is just a few crumbs.

Just a few crumbs with out any butter
Or a few seeds with out sugar and cream,
Surely we all could spare them a little
Enough to sustain them until it comes spring.

Brave little snow birds, looking for shelter
And just a few crumbs or seeds from our store,
They will reward us with sweet songs so cheery
When summer has come to our country once more.

Mary Worley Gunn

Some Time

Some time our dreams will all come true
Some time our skies will all be blue,
Worries and troubles, doubts and fears
Will be a part of by-gone years.

Some time the things we craved the most
Will be ours to love and toast
And as we more matured grow
We'll wonder why we craved them so.

Some time the rest we always sought
We'll find we have too dearly bought
We'll find we've paid the price of years
Of children gone, of unshed tears.

Some time our dreams will all come true
Some time our skies will all be blue.
But they will fall on silvery hair
And we will be too old to care.

It isn't fulfilled dreams that's best
It is the dreaming that will last,
Dreaming of things that are to be
Bring the most joy to you and me.
Mary Worley Gunn

John Gunn

Son of Mary Worley Gunn and Charles Gunn.

Born 19 in Newcomerstown, Oh Had two older brothers Bill and Frances

Brother Bill graduated from high school in 1939. Went to Bowling Green

Enlisted in army after Pearl Harbor at age 19

Sent John a camera to take pictures of Newcomerstown since he was home sick. See Story of State St Saboteur

While in school John held various jobs. Swept outside of door at Baltimore

Worked at Produce Co on Church Street. John mixed yellow die in butter There was a

Dairy bar in back of Produce Co. where the freezers were and they made thick

Milkshakes

Could get ice at the Produce Co by pulling a lever. 25 lbs 50 lbs 75 lbs 1'00 lbs

One brother sold Wolverine salve and made enough money to get a radio

John graduated in 1946

In 1948 John married Norazella Saylor

Worked at Hellers

1952 Went to basic training at Indiantown Gap, PA

Went to Army General School at Ft Riley, Kansas as photo interpreter

They went there for 3 months and stayed 3 years

John then stationed with

4th APIC (aerial photo interpreters co) at Kimpo Air Force Base in Korea

When John got home to Newcomerstown after leaving the army he promised himself
That there would be a Korean War Memorial in Newcomerstown

John worked at Heller Brothers from 1954 to 1961. He also had a photo studio on
Mulvane Street in his home. He took a course at New York Institute of Photography
And also took an industrial drafting course at the Kent Branch

In 1961 John got a job in Columbus at Bureau of Planning Survey Technical Services
And worked there until he retired 28 October 1991.

His occupation there was photo logging. State and Federal Highway every 100th mile
Each direction equal 44,000 miles of highway.

Catalogues and editing photo he made machine to show any picture in few seconds.

Did van that would take picture every 100th mile showed type of pavement,

After John, Norazella, , returned to Newcomerstown John and Norvella

Started making plans for the Korean Memorial. See attached some of the initial

Drawings John made

Letters were written to

Money

Also got highway name changed to Korean Memorial Highway

John Gunn was born and raised in Newcomerstown. He is the son of Charles and Mary Worley Gunn. He is a graduate of the Newcomerstown High School. While attending high school he worked at the Baltimore Clothing Store. Following graduation John attended the Pittsburg Art Institute. After coming back home John covered all the statistics of the Newcomerstown football games for 4 years. He reported for the New Philadelphia Times Reporter, Cambridge Jeffersonian, the Coshocton Tribune and the Newcomerstown News. John worked at Heller Brothers Company for 15 years.

In May of 1952 Mr. Gunn was drafted into the United States Army. After basic training he attended the Army General School at Fort Reilly, KS

In January of 1953 John went to Korea. He served with the 4th. Aerial Photo Interpreters Company, 502nd. Military Intelligence Battalion, Adjutant General's Corp. He served 18 months at Kimpo Air Base.

In February of 1961 John and his family moved to Columbus, OH. He worked for the Ohio Department Of Transportation in Central Office.

John worked for the Technical Service Division. He was in charge of the Research and Development Section. Two of the studies that John worked on are in the Library Of Congress in Washington DC. Inclosed are two of the title pages showing some of his work. John retired from ODOT, February 28, 1991. He moved back to Newcomerstown March 1, 1991.

When John came home from Korea he told Norazella his wife, some day I'm going to have a Korean War Monument in Newcomerstown. This was his dream. After retiring from ODOT and moving back to his home town of Newcomerstown he started thinking of his dream. In 1997 John started working on plans for the Korean Monument. He designed the monument and with help from donations given by some of the business people of Newcomerstown and from personal friends and family his dream was starting to materialize. What he needed now was a location for the monument. Audrey Hanni at that time president of The Newcomerstown Tourism Unlimited suggested putting it in Memory Park. This was the perfect place for the Monument. On May 31, 1998 a dedication was held on Bridge Street by Memory Park, where the Monument is located. It was a beautiful day and John's dream was completed.

Working through Senator Greg DeDonato and Rep. Kerry Metzger, John got US route 36 from I-77 to the Coshocton County Line named Korean War Veterans Memorial Highway. On July 29, 2000 John and Norazella held a 50 year Korea War Reunion for Korean Veterans, their families and friends. The highlight of the reunion was the dedication of the newly named highway.

John is a life member of the Darrell O. Beiter VFW Post being commander for 11 years. He's a member and past commander of the Thomas Montgomery Am. Legion Post. He's a member and past commander of the Tuscarawas County Council. He is a member of the Korean War Veterans Association. John is a member of the National Society of the Sons Of The American Revolution, Ebenezer Zane Chapter, and an honorary member of the 34th. Infantry Division Association. John is also a member of the Newcomerstown Veterans Color Guard.

John is a member and the organist of the Wolf Salem United Methodist Church.

Submitted by Norazella Gunn

State Street Saboteur

The Newcomerstown Public Library is conducting a historical tour of downtown Newcomerstown the latter part of August. One of the first sites for viewing is the present home of the State Street Saboteur.

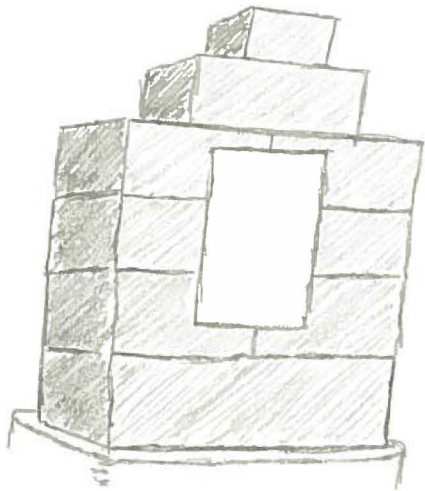
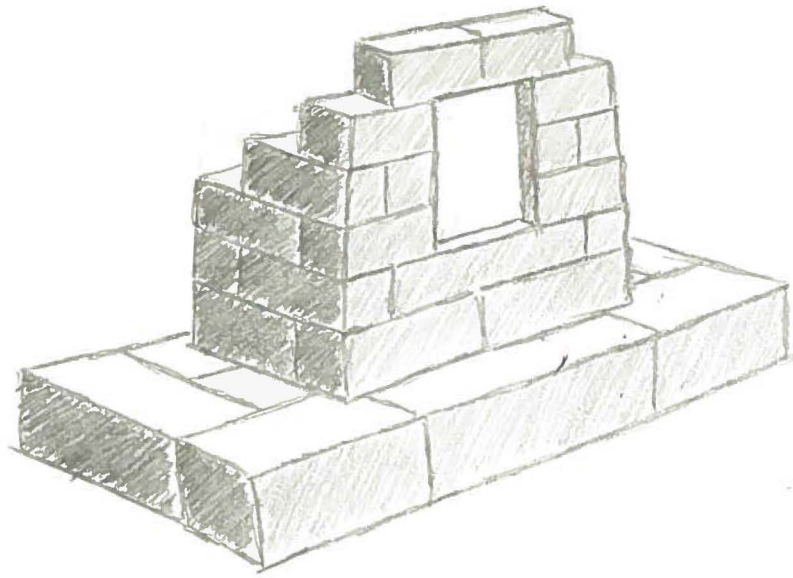
After the bombing of Pearl Harbor Americans everywhere were very nervous and very aware of their vulnerability. This is the situation when John Gunn, aged twelve, received a camera from his brother who was away in the army. His brother, Bill Gunn, sent John a camera with a request that he take various pictures in Newcomerstown and send Bill the pictures as he was homesick.

John was delighted with the request and immediately started out to take pictures of the area. He took pictures of the railroad, the city building, the Heller street sign, Heller's, Clow's, the railroad trestle, and finally the power plant.

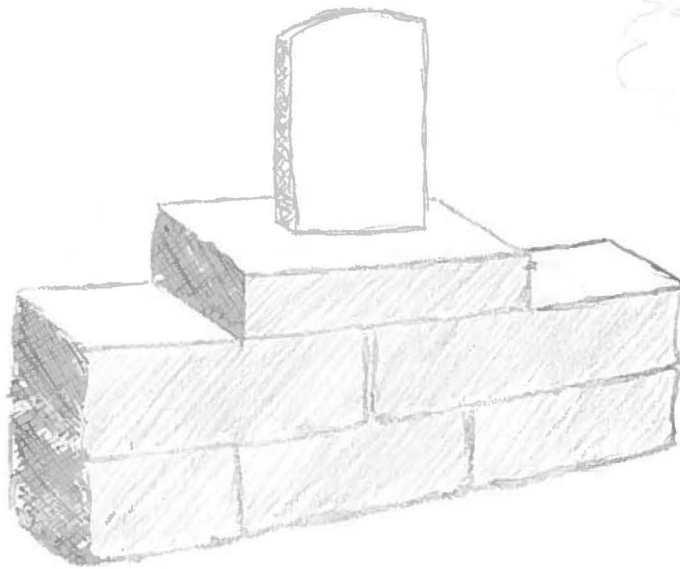
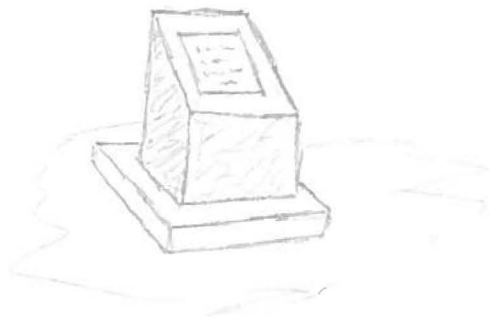
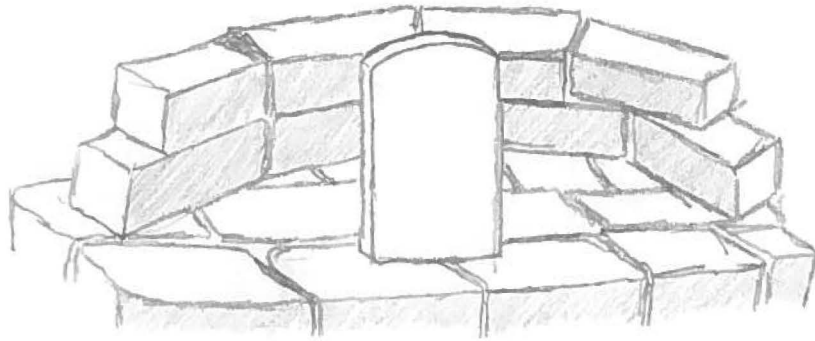
Six employees from the power plant came running across the railroad trestle and grabbed the camera away from John. They did let John go and he went home.

The next morning Chief Elmer Marhover of the Newcomerstown police department came to the Gunn house to pickup John. John's mother, Mary Worley Gunn, Newcomerstown's renowned poet, told him "if you want him you find him." When John got home his mother told him to go to the mayor's office.

When John got to the mayor's office the six men from the power plant were there and they wanted to press charges against John for sabotage. Mayor Treasure told the men that John was a boy born and raised here and would not sabotage anyone. "Get out of my office and go back to work."



John A-
Gunn



John A.
Gunn

Newcomerstown.com

The Village of Newcomerstown, Ohio

Hometown of Cy Young and Woody Hayes

Newcomerstown Area Korean Veteran Remembered

Mitch Wise

The Korean War Memorial on Bridge Street in Newcomerstown was dedicated on May 31, 1998. U. S. Senator Bob Ney was present for the dedication ceremony as was other county and local officials. At the time of the dedication of State Route 36 as the Korean War Veterans Memorial Highway and the anniversary of the start of the Korean War in 2000, the following list was published in the Newcomerstown News.

The following is the list of Korean Veterans that we currently have on record. If there are any additions to this list please [email](#) .

William Addy - Navy
Paul Affolter - Army*
Charles W. Alloway - Army
Wendell Ahl - Army*
Charles Angle - Army
Francis W. Armstrong
Donald Atkinson - Army
Larry Atkinson - Navy
Dale Baker - Army*
Glenn Baker - Army*
Jack R. Baker
John I. Baker*
Roger Bambeck - Army
Edward Barker - Army
Harry Barthalow - Navy
Robert Beatty
Darrell Beiter - Navy
Jerry Beiter
Albert Beal - Army
Ulmont Beal - Air Force
Dennis Belle - Air Force
Robert Belle - Air Force
Eddie Bennett - Army
Carl Billings - Air Force
Donald Blind - Army
Virgil Bliss - Army
William Boone - Army
Roger Bourne - Army
James Bouscher - Army
Stanley Brandon - Army*
George Braniger Jr. - Army*
Glenn Bricker - Navy
Robert Bricker - Army

John W. Brown
Robert K. Burrows - Army*
Eddie Carr - Air Force*
Marvin Carr - Army
Ralph R. Carr - Army*
Clyde Carruthers - Marines
Kenneth Casteel - Army*
Richard Casteel - Air Force
Robert Champion
Leman D. Clark - Army*
Paul E. Clum - Army*
Leann Clutter - Army
Dean Combs - Air Force
Veryl Combs - Navy
John J. Conlon - Army*
Dean Courtright - Army*
Gerald Crater - Army
Clinton K. Datz
Otis Dansby - Army
Gordon DeMarco - Army*
Charles Dennis - Army*
Dick Dennis - Army
C.A. Dixon - Army
Robert Duffy - Army
Wilmer Eckelberry - Army*
Robert Eggleston - Army
Bernard Eggleston - Army*
Robert W. Egler - Army
Alvin D. Elliott - Army
Charles R. Emler - Navy
Dan W. Everhart - Navy
Gene R. Everhart - Air Force
Glenn Everhart - Air Force
Chuck Farrar - Army*
Jean Farrar - Army
Don Fenton - Army
Robert Fenton - Army
Tom Gainer - Air Force
Carl Gardner - Army
Mary A. Gardner - Army
Ronald Gates - Army*
Don Gatton - Army*
Thomas C. Gaumer - Navy*
Miles Greathouse - Army
Wayne Grewell - Army*
Arlington W. Grewell - Army*
Charles Groff - Army
John A. Gunn - Army*
Bradley Guy - Air Force
Guy C. Hardman II - Army

John Hampton - Air Force
Sonny Hammersley - Army
William Hammersley - Army
Donald Hannahs - Army*
Richard Hannahs - Air Force
Robert Hannahs - Army
John Harris - Army*
Ralph Harris - Army*
Donald R. Hart - Army*
J. Clifford Hart - Army*
Milford A. Hart - Army*
Roger Haver - Navy
Francis Haver - Air Force
Kenneth Haver*
John Hayes - Army*
Raymond R. Hill - Army
Harold Hoffman - Air Force
Mary L. Hootman - Army
Robert D. Hootman - Army*
Myron Hoobler - Army*
Herman Horn - Navy
Robert L. Hudson - Army
George F. Hursey - Army*
Richard Jaynes - Navy
Charles L. John - Marines*
Lorin C. Johns - Army*
Clarence Johnson
Donald Johnson - Army*
Ed Johnson - Air Force
Gary Jurin - Navy
Richard V. Jurin - Army
Dean Kees - Army
Walter Kail. Army*
Robert Kinsey - Army*
Donald Kohl - Army
Robert Kopp - Army*
Victor W. Kopp - Army*
George Kreiger
Cecil Lawrence - Air Force
Jim Lehman - Army
Robert Lehman - Navy
Edward L. Lenhoff - Army*
Art Lenzo - Army
Mike Lenzo - Navy
Floyd Liggett - Air Force
Gerald Liggett - Army
Albert H. Lindell*
Robert Lindell - Army
Don Little - Navy
Harry Little - Air Force*

H. Garland Loader - Air Force
Harold Malloy - Air Force**
Dale Maloy - Army
William Mardis Jr. - Army
Gay J. Marker - Air Force
Harold C. Marlatt - Navy*
Joseph Marlatt - Navy
John Mathews - Army
Richard Mathews - Army
Richard Mathias - Marines*
Robert L. McClure - Navy
Bob McVey - Air Force*
Chet McVey - Navy
Hilliard "Dick" McVey - Air Force
Jess McVey - Navy*
Sam McVey - Navy
Bernie McKey - Navy
Raymond D. Meek - Army**
Harry C. Meek - Marines*
Ike Meek - Army*
John Meek - Army*
Vernon Meek - Army*
William Melville - Army*
Donald L. Miller - Army
Paul A. Miller - Army
David Mizer - Marines
Warren Mizer - Marines*
Gerald A. Moore - Army
Harold F. Moore*
Earl R. Murphy - Air Force
Elmer Myers - Army*
Donald Nay - Army
Jim Nay - Navy
Ralph Neal - Army
Kenneth Newby - Army
James NeSmith - Air Force
Philip J. Nigro
Richard A. Noland - Army
David Norman - Navy*
Roy Norman - Navy*
John Ott - Army*
Delos Pappas
George J. Pappas - Navy
Roy M. Passmore Jr. - Army*
Jim Patterson - Army
Kenny Patterson - Navy
Raymond Patterson - Army
Larry Patton - Air Force
Gary Phillips - Air Force
James L. Plants - Navy

Calvin J. Plants - Army
Carl Poland - Army*
Patricia Portz - Air Force
Mary Lou Portz - Army
Richard Quillen - Army*
William Raach - Army
Dick Ray - Navy
Donald R. Ray - Navy
John W. Rector - Army**
William Regula - Army
William J. Renaud
Robert L. Rexroad - Army
Robert Rice - Air Force
Roger Ridenour - Air Force
Gary Riggle - Air Force
Gerald Riggle - Air Force
Raymond Riggs - Army
Richard C. Roe - Navy
Coler Rone - Air Force
Jerry Ross - Air Force
Donald Rose
Donald Rutledge - Army*
Dwain Sanders - Army*
Shirley Fillman Sanders - Air Force
David L. Sarchet - Air Force
Raymond Sarchet - Army
George Saylor - Air Force
Clarence E. Schwarz
Bernie E. Schlarb - Army
Jack Schlarb - Navy
Fredrick Schlupp - Air Force
K. Edward Scott - Navy*
Anthony Segalavich - Army
James D. Shaffer - Navy
Max Sharrock - Army
John Shaw - Army
Joseph D. Shaw - Army*
Clarence F. Silverthorne Jr.
Dallas Shepherd - Air Force*
Dale Shook - Army*
Hubert W. Shurtz - Army*
Max Sibole - Army
Clarence R. Silverthorn Jr.
Blake Smith - Army
Marvin J. Smith - Navy
Richard D. Smith - Army*
Theodore S. Smith - Army
Rolland Snell - Army
Gerald Snell - Army
Tolbert Somerville - Army

Alvin Spring - Army
Marvin D. Stocker - Army
William Stocker - Army
Jerry Stokes - Army
Eugene Strickermaker
Roy S. Swain
Lyle Swigert - Army
James Taylor - Air Force
John Taylor - Army
Robert W. Tedrick - Air Force
George Tedrick - Air Force*
Harold Temple - Army*
Robert Temple - Army*
William L. Thomas - Army
Dean Tidrick - Army
Willis Tufford - Army*
Roland F. Thompson - Army
Charles Thompson - Army
Dale Thompson - Air Force
Richard Tyler - Air Force
Gerald Ulrich - Army*
Harold VanVoorhis - Navy
Donald L. Vogt - Air Force
Eugene Waller - Navy
George Waller - Army
Wallace B. Walters - Navy*
Walton M. Walters - Navy*
Robert S. Webb - Navy
Charles W. Welch - Army
Fred Wendling - Army
Harold R. Weingarth**
Glen C. Westhafer - Air Force
Chester Whetstone - Army*
Arlie Wiandt - Navy
Robert Willer - Army*
Donna L. Wilson - Army*
Harry L. Wilson - Army*
Larry T. Wilson - Air Force*
Phillip J. Wilson - Navy*
William Wingeier - Army
Kenneth Wolff
Jim Worthington - Army
Richard J. Wright - Marine
Robert Zeigler - Army*

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Compliments of
V. F. W. Post 3303
Newcomerstown, Ohio

STARS AND STRIPES FOLDING CEREMONY

The FLAG folding ceremony represents the religious principles in which our country was founded.

The FLAG; the portion of the flag denoting honor is the canton of blue containing the stars representing states our veterans served in uniform. The canton field of blue dresses from blue to right, and only is inverted when draped as a pall on a casket of a veteran who served our country honorably in uniform.

In the evening, in the Armed Forces of the United States at the ceremony retreat after taps have been sounded, the flag is lowered and folded in a triangular fold, and kept under watch throughout the night as a tribute to our nations honored dead. The next morning it is brought out, at the ceremony of reveille, and run aloft as a symbol of our belief in the resurrection of the body.

The FIRST fold of our flag is a symbol of life.

The SECOND fold is a symbol of our belief in the eternal life.

The THIRD fold is made in honor and remembrance of the veteran departing our ranks who gave a portion of his or her life for the defense of our country to attain peace throughout the world not to have been in vain and shall never be forgotten.

The FOURTH fold represents our weaker nature, for as American Citizens trusting in God, for it is HIM we turn to in times of peace as well as in times of war for His divine guidance.

The FIFTH fold is a tribute to our country, for in the words of the immortal Stephen Decatur, "Our Country, in dealing with other countries, may be always right, but is still our country, right or wrong".

The SIXTH fold for this is where our hearts lie and it is with our hearts that we pledge allegiance to the FLAG of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation under God, indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all.

The SEVENTH fold is a tribute to our armed forces, for it is through these same armed forces that we protect our country and flag against all her enemies, whether they be found within or without the boundaries of our republic.

The EIGHTH fold is a tribute to the One who entered into the valley of the shadow of death, that we might see the light of day and this fold is made to honor Mother, for whom it flies on Mothers Day.

The NINTH fold is a tribute to our womanhood, for it has been through their faith, love and loyalty and devotion that the characters of the men that have made this country great have been molded.

The TENTH fold is a tribute to father, and he too has given of his sons for the defense of our country, for he was first born.

We fold from the stripes toward the stars, for whereas the stripes represent the thirteen original colonies that founded our republic and then the that the stars cover the stripes.

The ELEVENTH fold for in the eyes of a Hebrew citizen, this represents the lower portion of the seal of King David and King Solomon, and glorifies in their eyes the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob.

The Twelfth fold in the eyes of a Christian citizen, this represents an emblem of eternity and glorifies in their eyes God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit.

When the flag is completely folded, the stars are uppermost, which reminds us of our Nations motto, "IN GOD WE TRUST".

After the flag is completely folded and tucked in, it takes on an appearance of a cocked hat, ever reminding us of the soldiers who served under General George Washington, and the Sailors and Marines who served under the Armed Forces of the United States, have preserved for us the rights, privileges and freedom which we are enjoying today.

Origins of the Twenty-One Gun Salute

The practice of firing gun salutes has existed for centuries. Early warriors demonstrated their peaceful intentions by placing their weapons in a position that rendered them ineffective. In early times, it was customary for a ship entering a friendly port to discharge its cannon to demonstrate that they were unloaded.

The rendering of gun salutes in odd numbers may be traced to the superstition that odd numbers were considered lucky. Seven, for example, was held by the earliest civilizations to have mystical powers. Seven gun salutes were widely used. Forts ashore, which could store gunpowder more readily and in greater quantity than on board ship, would sometimes fire three shots for each shot fired afloat. Salutes with an even number of guns came to signify that the captain or ship master had died on the voyage.

For many years, the number of guns fired for various purposes differed from country to country. By 1730, the Royal Navy was prescribing 21 guns for certain anniversary dates, although this was not mandatory as a salute to the Royal family until later in the eighteenth century.

Several famous incidents involving gun salutes took place during the American Revolution. On 16 November 1776, the Continental Navy brigantine *Andrew Doria*, Captain Isaiah Robinson, fired a salute of 13 guns on entering the harbor of St. Eustatius in the West Indies (some accounts give 11 as the number). A few minutes later, the salute was returned by 9 (or 11) guns by order of the Dutch governor of the island. At the time, a 13 gun salute would have represented the 13 newly-formed United States; the customary salute rendered to a republic at that time was 9 guns. This has been called the "first

salute" to the American flag. About three weeks before, however, an American schooner had had her colors saluted at the Danish island of St. Croix. The flag flown by the *Andrew Doria* and the unnamed American schooner in 1776 was not the Stars and Stripes, which had not yet been adopted. Rather, it was the Grand Union flag, consisting of thirteen alternating red and white stripes with the British Jack in the union.

The first official salute by a foreign nation to the Stars and Stripes took place on 14 February 1778, when the Continental Navy ship *Ranger*, Captain John Paul Jones, fired 13 guns and received 9 in return from the French fleet anchored in Quiberon Bay, France.

The U.S. Navy regulations for 1818 were the first to prescribe a specific manner for rendering gun salutes (although gun salutes were in use before the regulations were written down). Those regulations required that "When the President shall visit a ship of the United States' Navy, he is to be saluted with 21 guns." It may be noted that 21 was the number of states in the Union at that time. For a time thereafter, it became customary to offer a salute of one gun for each state in the Union, although in practice there was a great deal of variation in the number of guns actually used in a salute.

In addition to salutes offered to the President and heads of state, it was also a tradition in the U.S. Navy to render a "national salute" on 22 February (Washington's Birthday) and 4 July (the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence).

A twenty-one gun salute for the President and heads of state, Washington's Birthday, and the Fourth of July became the standard in the United States Navy with the issuance of new regulations on 24 May 1842. Those regulations laid out the specifics:

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FRONTIER DAYS QUEEN MARY WORLEY GUNN
At the typewriter where she composes her poems

(Photo by Jim Cahuch)

Nc'town poet will reign as Frontier Days queen

By **BETTY HUFF**

NEWCOMERSTOWN — Mrs. Mary Worley Gunn, well-known locally for her literary works, will reign as Frontier Days queen during the three-day celebration next Friday through Aug. 17.

A resident of 121 E. Canal st., Mrs. Gunn, who was named poet laureate by the village's 1976 Bicentennial committee, was selected as the queen by the festival committee. A special presentation of the queen will be held Aug. 16 at 7:30 in the village square.

Still actively writing at age 85, Mrs. Gunn composed her most recent work, "A Place To Rest," on Aug. 3. With a twinkle in her eyes, the white-haired author said, "I may have the poem read at my funeral."

BORN OCT. 22, 1894, on an 80-acre farm four miles northeast of Kimbolton in Guernsey County, Mrs. Gunn is the youngest of five children. She describes her mother as being of

schoolteacher of English descent.

The 1½ mile walk to school each day until she completed the 8th grade did not lessen Mrs. Gunn's desire to learn and to write. Encouraged by her parents, she wrote her first poem at age 14.

Now, seated before her desk in her bedroom, she not only writes poetry, but hymns and short stories as well. A self-taught typist, she composes and types a clean copy of poetry, often in less than an hour.

A book of her poetry, "Golden Sheaves Garnished From the Harvest Field of Life," was published in 1941 and reprinted in 1974. "At the End of the Rainbow," another book of poems, was published in 1974.

MRS. GUNN'S WORKS also have been published in several newspapers, the Western Magazine of Verse, the Crown Anthology of Verse and the Singing Quill, a quarterly magazine of the Presbyterian Poetry Society.

included the words, "Virgin Mary."

"They told me they wanted something soothing to the mind and not argumentative, so I changed it to 'Jewish Girl,' and it was accepted."

Her poems appear regularly in the Newcomerstown News, a weekly publication, and she often is called upon by local residents to write a poem or hymn for a particular event or theme.

A FAVORITE OF her short stories is "I Remember," which concerns watching young men go to war.

Mrs. Gunn, whose husband Charles died nine years ago, is the mother of two sons, John of Columbus and William of Missouri. Twin sons are deceased. Francis was killed in 1941 while fighting in Italy during World War II. His twin, Franklin, died when he was three months old. Three grandsons complete the family.

Working in her flower and vegetable garden, canning produce and making jelly, as well as maintainin

Newcomerstown 'Poet Laureate' Still Creating Special Poems At 87 Years

BY JUDY WOLFE

Tribune Correspondent

Mary Worley Gunn, "poet laureate" of Newcomerstown, and the author of three published volumes of poems, was one of five children raised on a farm near Kimbolton and finished her formal education at the end of the eighth grade, due to health reasons. However, Gunn's father was a school teacher so she was exposed to the world of education all during her formative years. In fact, she recalled that her father was very strict and would correct her whenever she made a grammatical error, which undoubtedly helped her when she began writing poetry at the age of 14.

When asked if there was any significant event which started her in the poetry field she replied that it was the death of her grandmother

when she was a teenager. She remembered feeling sorry for her mother and not being able to console her in any other way, so she sat down and put her thoughts into a poem, which was just the beginning of hundreds and possibly thousands of poems and verses. Her writing have also included some secular songs, which have been used by the Presbyterian Church, where she is still a member. She was also a regular contributor to the "Singing Quill", which was a quarterly magazine of The Presbyterian Poetry Society of Ohio.

She noted that she could be inspired to write just by hearing a certain word, an article she might have read or by simply being very observant of the world around her. Her poetry is very down to earth which makes it enjoyable and understandable reading for all

age groups. If somebody has a special occasion they would like to have a poem written about she is still quite capable at age 87 of composing and writing appropriate poems for an event. In fact she has been responsible for a host of tributes to the local people,

which she remarked that she still enjoys doing. Her books of poems are available to the public at the Newcomerstown Library.

One of the most recent honors Gunn has been most appreciative of was the presentation of a bronze plaque in 1975 from the citizens of Newcomerstown "for her outstanding service to the community and the nation in literary work." Another honor equally important to her took place last summer when she was named "Queen" of the Frontier Days Celebration in Newcomerstown. She resides in a large twelve room house at

121 Canal St., and except for a woman who comes once a week to take her marketing, ect., she still keeps house, likes to sew, and finds time to raise her own garden.

Before marrying her late husband, Charlie Gunn, Mary had worked at the Heller Brothers plant and after her marriage she worked in Dover

with her husband at a factory that made electric irons. She had four sons: William of Springfield, Mo.; Franklin, who died at the age of 3 months; his twin brother Francis, who was killed in World War II; and John of Columbus. Completing her family, which she is very proud of, are three grandsons.



Frontier Days activities

Frontier Days will be observed in the downtown area of Newcomerstown next weekend, Aug. 15-17.

A sidewalk flea market, live entertainment, displays and lots of good food will be featured throughout the three-day event. A complete schedule of activities, all planned at the square in the downtown area unless otherwise specified, follows:

FRIDAY

- 5 p.m. — Opening ceremony, Main and Cross sts.
- 5:15 — Pet parade, forms at Reeves Banking & Trust Co. lot
- 5:45 — Balloon sitting contest
- 6:15 — Horse shoe pitch, Wilson lot on Main st.
- 6:30 — Pie judging
- 6:45 — Sack race, Wilson lot
- 7:15 — Unknown Comic contest
- 7:45 — Wheelbarrow race, Wilson lot
- 8:15 — Beard contest
- 8:45 — Hog calling contest
- 9:15 — South Ramblers, pop and country musicians

SATURDAY

- NOON — Watermelon eating contest
- 12:30 — Rolling pin throw, Wilson lot

shortest hair cut contest

- 2 — Hatfield & McCoy spelling bee
- 4 — Bev and Cheryl Dance Studio recital
- 6 — KMB Dance Studio recital
- 7 — Warsaw Goodtime Band
- 7:30 — Presentation of festival queen Mary Worley Gunn
- 7:45 — Newcomerstown Trojan Band concert
- 8:15 — Dance hall girl contest
- 8:45 — Gabby Hayes lookalike contest
- 9 — Disco dance, Reeves Bank lot

SUNDAY

- 1:30 — Newcomerstown Historical Society quilt show judging, former Cooley Hotel on Canal st.
- 2 — Old-time worship service (in Christ United Methodist Church in case of rain)
- 5 — Lucky barrel drawing
- 7 — Little League drawing

DAILY EVENTS

- 9 a.m. — Sidewalk flea market
- 9 a.m.-7 p.m. — The Temperance House Tavern

At 80, There's Still a Twinkle In Mary Worley Gunn's Eye

By DEANNA BARLOW
News Staff

I hope I never grow so old—
I can't enjoy children at play,
And laugh about their foolish pranks
And silly things they do and say.
I hope I always keep enough—
Of youth, and youths frivolous,
smile,
That I'll not scoff when lovers love,
Or hold each others hand awhile.
I hope when I have grown old—
And younger folks must take my
place,
That I will still stay young at heart
And yet, grow old with grace.

"I hope I never grow old," sums up the attitude of Mary Worley Gunn, Newcomerstown's poet laureate, who just celebrated her 80th birthday last week.

With a twinkle in her eye, and a rare youthfulness in her laugh, Mrs. Gunn recalls her childhood. She was born Oct. 22, 1894, in Guernsey County, youngest of five children.

She attended a one-room country school house for eight years, and passed her Boswell, the requirement for graduation. She had fervently hoped to continue her education, and become a teacher, but ill health prevailed.

Mrs. Gunn, however, being the lovely spirit that she is, adopted her mother's philosophy "all things work out for good!" She concluded that she was given the gift of writing to fill her time, when she was not able to go hither-dither like other teenagers.

She reminisced about the first poem she remembers, one she wrote when she wanted to console her mother during the death of her grandfather. She couldn't find the words to say how she felt, but she could put it in writing. She was 14 at the time.

Mrs. Gunn tried to explain how she feels propelled to write and how it is a passion with her. She describes it as an uncontrollable urge that must come out.

Throughout the years, she has written literally thousands of poems, short stories, and memorials. She has had three books published. Her poems regularly appear in the local paper. Two of her poetry books are on sale at the News office.

Mrs. Gunn happily recalls how her father, a school teacher, would always read her writing and encourage her. She fondly remembers that she refers to herself as Mary Worley Gunn in memory of her father. Worley was his last name.

Mrs. Gunn married in 1918 when she was 24 years old. She had four children, all sons.

Franklin and Francis, were twins. Franklin died when he was only three months old, and Francis was killed in Italy in 1944 during WW II. Her other sons, John and William, live in Columbus and Missouri. She also has three grandsons.

Growing old has always been something which Mrs. Gunn dreaded. Now that she rattles around in her huge old house alone, she understands that her most precious years were those when she had the togetherness of her childhood family and her own children and husband.

She tenderly remembers how much pleasure she and her husband got from buying school clothes for their children and making plans for them.

She swiftly explained how she had lived through the era of the advent of cars and electricity. She can remember when a trip to Newcomerstown or Cambridge meant the same excitement as going to Europe today.

She can recall the time when families spent time together instead of each family member coming and going at all hours.

Spritely and lithe, Mrs. Gunn does her own housework gardening and cooking. She loves to see spring come so she can work outdoors in her garden, raising the things she preserves. She also is exuberant to see winter come so she can go indoors stay warm and rest.

"I have never seen a more beautiful fall or the threes more colorful than this year," she comments.

Mrs. Gunn belongs to the First Presbyterian Church United Church Women, Historical society, was a former member of WCTU, and used to teach Sunday School.

She is an avid TV fan, and refuses to go to bed on election night. Some of her favorite programs are the news, the Waltons and soap operas.

Probably, though, her most favorite pastime is writing. No one in her family ever wrote anything, and none of her children write. One of her grandsons had a couple poems printed in *Grit* but hasn't bothered to write further.

Mrs. Gunn is looking forward to Christmas with anticipation. She loves children, and her grandchildren will be home for the holidays.

She truly loves all aspects of her life — the little things as well as the big. Most of all, she loves living.

While she has penned thousands of poems and articles there is one poem she likes best. She wrote it many years ago and some may visualize Newcomerstown when they read it.

THE EVERYDAY THINGS

I like the little town,
Where streets are wide,
Where people smile instead of frown,
Where friends go shopping side by side.

I hate the great big town
With crowded street,
Where people flurry round
With worried look and tired feet.

I like the little store,
Where old friends meet,
And from forgotten lore,
Old takes repeat.

I like the little path,
The shaded lane,
Where lovers talk and laugh,
And robins sing.

I like the little things,
The common touch,
The simple love that clings,
The birds and flowers and such.



The late Mary Worley Gunn, gifted "poet laureate" of Newcomerstown, is pictured at the age of 80 in this 1974 film photo. The 110th anniversary of her birth is Oct. 22. Her favorite pastime was writing and she wrote thousands of poems and short stories, publishing three books. She passed away at the age of 95 on March 19, 1990.

In Memoriam

IN MEMORY

For them the last great reveille is over,
No bombs shall break their long and quiet rest;
They fought until their life-blood was exhausted —
Then, like a child, lay down on nature's breast.

The cries of those in pain shall not annoy them,
Their ears are silent to the planes above.
They are dreaming of a victory unchallenged,
A world of everlasting peace and love.

They won their right to quiet, peaceful slumber,
Let others fight, for they have heard, "well done."
They gave the last full measure of devotion;
For them the battle has been fought, and won.

— Mary Worley Gunn

NOTE: This poem, in memory of Francis Gunn who was killed in World War II, was written by his mother, Mary Worley Gunn, and is dedicated to our brave men of all wars who gave their lives for our country. It was published in "Singing Quill," an Ohio poetry magazine.

Mary Worley Gunn, our own Poet Laureate.



Charles and Mary Gunn



By AGNES HARTLINE
Tribune Correspondent

"At the End of the Rainbow," is the title of a second book of poems a most talented wonderful woman, Mrs. Charles Gunn of 121 East Canal St., has had recently published. Better known to her many friends as Mary Worley Gunn, she lives in a lovely big brick home where you will find her these days tending her vegetable garden to the rear.

Her first book of verse was published in 1941 and was titled, "Golden Sheaves Garnished From the Harvest Field of Life." Her son, William of Springfield, Mo., recently had it reprinted since her original supply has been sold out for some time. Both editions are now available at her home or by mail.

Mrs. Gunn was born Oct. 22, 1894, on a farm in Guernsey County, in a village now known as Kimbolton to the late John and Mary Belle Worley. She attended country school about a mile and a half from her home, graduating at an early age. A "much longed for" education had to go by the way because of ill health.

Mary's father was a rural school teacher of a one-roomer where often 50 to 60 students were crowded in. His motto, since he loved teaching was, according to Mrs. Gunn, "Not how much, but how well," and inspired his children with a "great love for books."

Her mother was of Scotch-Irish descent with a true Irish humor which helped raise a family of five through many hardships.

Mary Worley began writing when a small girl and says she wrote, "Just for the love of the thing." Many of her works have appeared in magazines and anthologies and have also been read over radio stations.

A member of the First Presbyterian Church, Mary and her husband, Charles were the parents of four sons, William, Francis, Franklin and John. Two survive, William and John who lives with his family in Columbus.



MRS. CHARLES GUNN

7/19/1974

Gunn services

NEWCOMERSTOWN — Services for Mrs. Mary Worley Gunn, 95, of Riverside Manor Nursing and Rehabilitation Center will be held Friday at 2 in First Presbyterian Church with Rev. Neeta Nichols officiating. She died Monday.

Burial will be in East State Street Cemetery. Calling hours are Thursday from 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 in Addy Funeral Home.

Born in Guernsey County, she was a daughter of the late John and Mary Belle Virtue Worley. A former resident of 121 E. Canal St., she was a poetess having had many of her works published.

She was Newcomerstown's first Frontier Days queen and was a member of First Presbyterian Church. On Aug. 7, 1918, she married Charles R. Gunn, who died July 30, 1971.

Surviving are two sons, John of Columbus and William of Springfield, Mo.; an adopted son, Robert "Red" Butman of Beverly, Mass.; three grandsons; and five great-grandchildren.

Two sons, three brothers and a sister are deceased.

Mrs. Gunn's Poetry Accepted

Mrs. Mary Worley Gunn, Canal St., Newcomerstown, whose poems who have appeared in the Newcomerstown News regularly for some 35 years, has been advised three of her poems have been accepted by the Ohioana Library Association.

Celeste L. Koerner, librarian, advised Mrs. Gunn last week in a letter saying:

"We appreciate your cooperation in helping to build

the unique Ohio collection."

The poems submitted by Mrs. Gunn are "Mary and the Innkeeper," "Golden Sheaves Garnished From The Harvest Field of Life" and "At the End of the Rainbow."

Founder of the library is Martha Kinney Cooper and its purpose is to preserve and promote the literary, musical and cultural heritage of Ohio.

The library at 65 S. Front St. in Columbus, is open from 9

a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Friday.

Its membership totals some 1,400 persons. The library publishes a quarterly magazine, a yearbook engagement calendar and offers medals of honor to authors, composers and distinguished Ohioans.

Its yearbook features pictures, and articles of significant facets of Ohio's culture and history.



If you lived in Newcomerstown in 1913 your probably remember the great flood of that year. This photo was taken looking east on Canal St. from Bridge St. What is now Oxford Cleaners would be located in the extreme left of the picture. (Bicentennial photo courtesy Jim Tufford).

CANAL ST



22% ~~11%~~ PJ

THAT WAS LINCOLN—

He was poor but he was honest—
And he never kept a dime
That he felt belonged to others,
And he always had the time—
To return, though but a farthing
If he kept it by mistake,
Just his own was all he asked for,
Other's wealth he could not take.

He had no lights to read by—
But he did not stop for that,
The fire gave out a brilliant glow
As he beside it sat.
He had no pen or paper
As the children do today,
So he used the family shovel
For his problems, so they say.

He was poor but he was honest—
And was not afraid of work,
He was not a foot ball hero
But splitting rails he did not shirk.
And his poverty just made him
Better fitted for to see—
The sufferings of the black man
On that day he set them free.

Feb. 1939

Mary Worley Gunn



MESSAGE HERE

1978

Post CARD

STAMP

Wishing you
& yours a
Very Happy
Holiday Season
Mary Gunn

ADDRESS HERE

Mrs. + Mrs
Chet Randall

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REPLICA OF THE ANTIQUE ORIGINAL

Newcomerstown Public Library to conduct historical tour of village

The Newcomerstown Public Library will be conducting an historical tour of downtown Newcomerstown in the latter part of August. One of the first sites for viewing is the present home of the State Street Saboteur.

After the bombing of Pearl Harbor, Americans everywhere were very numerous and very aware of their vulnerability. This is the situation when John Gunn, age 12, received a camera from his brother who was away in the Army. His brother, Bill Gunn, sent John a camera with a request that he take various pictures in Newcomerstown

and send Bill the pictures as he was homesick.

John was delighted with the request and immediately started out to take pictures of the area. He took pictures of the railroad, the city building, the Heller street sign, Heller's, Clow's, the railroad trestle, and finally the power plant.

Six employees from the power plant came running across the railroad trestle and grabbed the camera away from John. They did let John go and he went home.

The next morning, Chief Elmer Marhover of the Newcomerstown Police

Department came to the Gunn house to pick up John. John's mother, Mary Worley Gunn, Newcomerstown's renowned poet, told him, "If you want him, you find him." When John got home, his mother told him to go to the mayor's office. When John got to the mayor's office the six men from the power plant were there and they wanted to press charges against John for sabotage. Mayor Treasure told the men that John was a boy born and raised here and would not sabotage anyone. "Get out of my office and get back to work."

Mary and the Innkeeper



By

MARY WORLEY GUNN

Copyright, 1941
By Mary Worley Gunn
Published November, 1941
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THE MONROE COUNTY BEACON
WOODSFIELD, OHIO

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to
The Rev. Harold Lee, D.D.,
and his wife, Bertha,
who gave me the inspiration for this poem.



One day at least, in all the year—
May we forget earth's trivial things,
And listen to the Angel's song
And thank God for the hope it brings.

—Mary Worley Gunn



MARY AND THE INNKEEPER

In Bethlehem, a strong young boy
Helped tend his Father's sheep
And while the other children played
Close vigil he would keep.
But herding sheep he did not like,
He longed to settle down
And have a business of his own—
A small Inn in the town.

So Jacob saved each cent he earned,
Needing a goodly pile;
His dreams were of the little Inn
As he worked all the while.
At last he reached his long sought goal
And kept a little light
Beaming in the window where
Travelers could see at night.

The snow was falling thick and fast
On Judea's rugged hills;
Covering every house and tree
And highest window sills.
The people coming to be taxed

For many miles around
Were seeking shelter for the night
In Bethlehem's little town.

At last his rooms and beds were full
And laughter filled the Inn;
When someone knocking at the door
Was heard above the din.
A man stood waiting in the cold
And worried was his face,
When he had heard the keeper say,
"I've but the stable space".

"I'll lay some nice clean hay around—
A blanket on the floor,
But all my rooms are filled with guests,
There's not room for one more".
But in the night, a woman's form
He sees; the place he'll mark;
It looked more like an angel's face,
Her presence lit the dark.

And in the stillness of the night
He thought that angels came
Singing above Judea's hills,—
And someone called his name.
So when the morning came he hoped
To see her face so fair,
He carried porridge to the barn
And found a baby there.

The years passed on; the little group
Who stayed there through that night
Had passed away—all except one—
She who's face was so bright.
She made her home with one called John,
And when she thought of years
When Christ and Joseph were still there
Her eyes would fill with tears.

The keeper of the Inn was aged,
But he'd made the Inn pay
For many guests he'd entertained
Since he'd turned Her away.

But all his life he hoped and prayed
He'd see again that face
Which looked so heavenly and kind—
Young, with a woman's grace.

Mary, though aged with sorrow, deep,
Thought often of that morn.
And hoped that she would see again
Where her first son was born.

And when some kin folks going back
Asked her to go with them,
She traveled once more o'er the hills
That led to Bethlehem.

Again, Judea's rugged hills
Were covered deep with snow;
It caused the Innkeeper to think
Of guests of long ago.
He opens up the door and hears
A woman's voice, quite low
She asks to see the stable where
Christ was born, long ago.

And something made him ask her name,
She said, "I'm one of them
Who came too late to register
One night in Bethlehem.
While here, an Inn-keeper made room—
A stable filled with hay,
My eldest son was born that night
And in the manger lay!"

"I am that Inn-keeper," he said,
"For years I've prayed you'd come
Again to Bethlehem, so I
Could serve you in my home.
Tonight all other guests shall wait
And you shall honored be
Thank God of Abraham who sent
My Lord's Mother to me."

—Mary Worley Gunn