

Schenck Relatives-by Aunt Maud Swartzel
(copied as written by her)

Great Grandfathers and Grandfathers, both grandfathers names were John David Schenck

and Father, Obediah Schenck had a brother John David, he and our grandfather died with cholera when father was 12 years old.

Father, Obediah, had one brother living, Samuel Thomas Schenck and 3 sisters, Sarah Williamson, Harriet Thomas, Mary Ann Haleman. His mothers name was Mary Ann Gregg. She and all her 5 children died with tuberculosis. The mother died at age 46, Sarah at 64, Mary 39, Harriet 73, Father 69, Samuel 52 years. Samuel's Daughter died with TB when she was 20. His Son Obediah died in 1966 age 82.

Fathers home and birthplace Springboro, Ohio
Fathers uncles and aunts lived to be quite old. Two of his aunts visited in our home, last when I was 17 years old. Their names were Pheba Vahn of Batavia, Ohio, Aunt Alice Nepple from Iowa. They were the 86 years old. Aunt Nepple "nit" 20 shalls for the neices and great neices and never wore glasses. His other two aunts I never remembered their names. One married a Derth the other a Githens. They had a brother William..

He had a cousin William that lived in Dayton. He was either a father or grandfather of Senator Paul Schenck. Senator Schencks ancestor was Garrett Schenck. He had a son Obediah and a daughter Anna.

The Greegs at Lebanon were his cousins and also the Wrights. Mother was born in Franklin Ohio. Our grandmother named yours father. Mother named Lester Obediah Schenck and Obediah Sharpless

Uncle Samuel, father's brother was a fine shoemaker, made all his and fathers fine k&d boots adn was fine carpenter.

Father was a broom maker and carpenter. After his family got large he went to farming, loaned his broom press to blind Wilse Morrow, who live with Beckners, and the never brought it home, said they didn't know where it was after he died.

MEMORIES OF BYGONE DAYS

By
Mildred Elizabeth Schenck Stebbins

Although my parents lived at three other places in Liberty, my earliest recollections are of the house on the corner across from the U.B. Church. On the corner south of us lived Mrs. Forney (Zella Underwood's grandmother), across from her was Florence Jacobs (her father was a doctor, but dead) and her mother. On the other corner was Mr. & Mrs. Oliver Reed. (Mrs. Forney's daughter, Zella's Aunt)

Every spring Mabel, Esther and I would clean the smokehouse, a 9 x 12 building with a basement for our playhouse, we used broken dishes for our tea set. One time I fell on a broken glass and Dad made us a cupboard and table. There was a basement underneath where we stored potatoes and apples. Our kitchen in the house was an enclosed back porch on the west side of our house. Whoever enclosed it didn't remove the clapboard siding, so Mom and Dad had to paper over the clapboard. Naturally it was quite a job. Dad seldom got mad but when papering he usually had to go outside to cool off occasionally. Whenever the wind came from the west we would get smoked out, because the main house was two stories high and in spite of extensions to the chimney there would be a downdraft, and soot would fall on everything. We had to move out until the wind died down. We would have to cook on the parlor stove, usually beans then.

When I was about 9 or 10 I was sent over the hill in front of the church to place a basket with money in it on a corner post at Liberty-Germantown Road. The New Lebanon Bakery went on that road and we liked their bread. (He wouldn't drive the one square to our house.) On the way back, as I was in front of the church I saw a 3-foot flame on our kitchen roof. I ran and told Mother, then ran to Reed's barn (back of Adam's house) where I knew was a ladder. I grabbed it and dragged it to our house. By that time Mother had some neighbors there and they quickly put the fire out with buckets of water. It had burned a hole about 3-feet in diameter. Afterwards I heard them wonder that I could bring the ladder, it was homemade of 2 x 4's, with boards for rungs.

Our parlor was never heated in the winter so our dining room was where we lived. It always seemed spacious enough, but years later I was in it and I wondered how we got a square dining room table, some chairs, two rockers plus several small rockers, sewing machine and heating stove in it. In winter when Rev. John Flory was the minister, he conducted revival services for six weeks. Every night we kids would sit on the front bench and Rev. Flory would always ask us to sing a chorus of "There's Power In The Blood of the Lamb." Dad was the janitor and had to keep the furnace going and the acetylene lamps burning. He wasn't always

successful. Many times the lights would start to dim and Dad would hurry to the basement and usually get them burning again, but occasionally he couldn't and service was cut short. He was paid \$75.00 per year.

On New Year's Eve the young people always wanted to ring the church bell. One year the Board told Dad not to let them in, so we went to bed early. Around 11:00 they came, one was calling "Uncle Claud" (It was Paul Schenck) but he didn't get up.

As soon as we received word that someone in the community had died, Dad was to toll the bell for each year they had lived.

We always had a Children's Day and Christmas program. Mrs. George Swartzel (mother of Ruth Leighty) usually drilled us in our speeches, drills and songs. She would sit on the back bench and make us say them loud enough to be heard. We decorated the stage with crepe paper and bells for Christmas and with flowers for Children's Day. (1st Sunday of June) Usually a lot of daisies from Swartzel's hill, south of Ellerton, old fashioned roses from the church cemetery and locust blooms. Mother would send us to Aunt Mary's for her to get us new dresses. She would take us shopping, but knowing our parents meager finances she would buy embroidered organdy and copy the dresses we had tried on. We always got new patent leather slippers also. I have often wondered how they managed when all they had to sell was a share of the tobacco crop, most of that went to pay the grocery bill, and Dad's wages of \$1.00 per day whenever the farmers needed him. Between times he did get some work with Uncle Will as a carpenter.

Several times each summer the church had an ice cream social. The church yard was very pretty strung with chinese lanterns. Bright and early the next morning we would search the ground for the pennies and nickels that were dropped.

Mother never allowed us to go barefoot until school was out. Eight months school ended the first weekend of May. Sometimes if she went to town, a day or so before the last day, and we were staying with neighbors, we would take off our shoes and wade in the little creek that flowed back of Reed's barn. We always spent many summer days wading in that creek especially in early summer catching tadpoles. Dad made us a small pond where we put them to watch them put out legs and finally hop away.

Several times a summer, we with some other girls from the town would go "swimming" (only wading) in Bear Creek. Sometimes a couple mothers would go along but usually it was just a group of children. We always knew enough to keep out of the deep holes.

Fourth of July's were always fun. We would sell our bags of rags to the rug men that always came by, run errands for Mrs. Reed and save our money for fireworks. One year Grandpa Kline gave us a lot of rags to sell, he and Grandma had divorced and he was

breaking up the home. We had more money than usual and bought lady fingers, sparklers, roman candles, skyrockets, pinwheels, devil chasers, snakes, etc. Mother had them all in her apron she had on, and was sitting on the porch. Esther came to light a roman candle on the punk mother was holding. She didn't move it quickly enough and let one ball go into mother's lap, setting off most of our array of fireworks. Mother did get burned but not seriously while we moaned the fact that our fireworks were gone. One 4th, Johnny Sweet, Ezra Coler's farm hand (where Huffman's now live, across from fireworks place) had some pretty red and white paper balloons he was trying to send up. Two caught fire and burned but one went up and was beautiful. He sent them from Kline's lawn (the big house on corner, now torn down) which was just across the alley from us.

On summer evenings we kids played hide and seek all over the town, no one needed to be afraid, and after dark if we were near Ruanna Getter's place (later Dr. Hulls) we would reach thru the iron fence for some sweet-smelling shrubs.

Many summer evenings as we grew older, we would congregate around the piano at Kline's, Morrow's, Uncle Will's (when they were living in Liberty) and our house, and sing until bedtime.

Mom and Dad bought our piano when I was in the first grade. Cleora Coblentz, my school teacher, gave us lessons in the summer. Mabel and I played a duet "Waltzing Mice". I really never learned the notes I just memorized the piece. Later when I was in seventh grade, music began to be taught in the school. John Hughes was the teacher. Then I began to learn the notes and began to teach myself the piano. I would learn the right hand, then the left and then together.

Before I was old enough to go to school, I went "visiting" with Mabel (that was an accepted practice). Mabel did something she wasn't supposed to and the teacher, Florence Moats, stood her on the salt barrel in the corner. (Every school had an oak barrel of salt water in case of fire) I cried and she was taken down. The next year I started to school, was just five, wasn't six until January. I liked school and wouldn't stay home even if I had a bad cold and some temperature. My best friend was Hilda Wertz, others in the class that I can remember were Daisy Fryer, Lucy Lauver, and Robert Olwine. When I was in the 2nd grade, Aunt Audrey (Elwood's mother) gave me a pretty string of cut glass beads that I wore to school. Ray Holderman in 1st grade and I didn't like him but he liked me and tried to kiss me. As I pulled away, his hand caught my beads and tore them. I never forgave him that. Our teacher Cleora Coblentz drove a horse and buggy (she lived across from Lower Miami Church) and sometimes she wasn't there when the last bell rang. We would all sit down and be quiet until she came. When I was in the 3rd grade, Arthur Moss was teaching in the other room and his nephew, Wilbur Fryer who lived at the Moss home, always came in 30 to 60 minutes late. One day Cleora warned him that if he came late the next day she

would paddle him. He came his usual time and when she went for the paddle he went to the door between the rooms and said, "Uncle Arthur, come here." He came and the two teachers had a verbal battle. Next year Cleora was sent to District #4. After the incident we had no more programs together and our school pictures were separate.

We were fortunate to have a nice hill on our playground. As I remember, we always had many snows and all winter long we spent every recess and noon on the hill. We dried our gloves around the pot bellied stove in the center of the room. All of us had home-made sleds and someone had a "bob-sled" (big enough for 5 or 6). Naturally when coasting was good our sleds didn't stop when we reached the road and across we would go and into Eberly's field. The first ones down always broke the palings in the fence (like the snow fences). Eberly's never complained, would just mend it when spring came. Sometimes when we had colds mother would say, "Now don't go on the hill today," but we always forgot. She would doctor us with turpentine and lard, and "Knock's All" (a preparation she bought from a peddler).

Dad raised tobacco for many years at Eberly's and later E. Huffman. I do remember he did raise for Florence Jacobs. (Where Allie Nye had lived) One evening as we were coming home from taking in tobacco, we begged to ride the horse. Mabel had the reins and I held to her. She decided to make the horse run and I fell off. Many cold wet springs we laid on boards over the tobacco plant beds to pull the weeds, steaming came many years later. Then when the plants were big enough, we had to pull them, put them in boxes in the mornings while Dad worked the ground. After dinner they were set in the field with two people dropping them on a tobacco planter. From age 12 on I dropped every year. When much younger Dad cut a forked stick and when he plowed we had to follow and uncover the bottom leaves. Also had to pick off worms when they appeared. One summer when Mother was sick and Dad was working in the harvest Mom told Mabel and I she would give us each a penny for every 10 worms we picked off. We didn't kill them just put them in some cans and many crawled out before we got them home. Our next jobs were at cutting time, then we picked up the stalks and put them in piles so Dad could load them faster. As we grew older we did the loading and hauling in. At first Dad would stand high in the shed and let dangle a harness line which we would hook around a lathe of tobacco and he would pull it up to hang. As we grew older, Dad would place two rails close together on the second tier. One on the ground would hand it to us on second tier and then we to Dad to hang on the 4th tier. In the winter was stripping time (pulling the leaves from the stalks). When we were small we enjoyed playing in the empty clean boxes, but as we grew older we had to help strip also. I never liked that and was always glad when it was too cold to get the tobacco "in case" during the Christmas holidays. Tobacco was dry and brittle until a damp foggy day came, then it was soft like a rag. Dad usually took a lot down when in case, and then when it was cold and dry he would

sprinkle the piles at night with warm water and cover with old carpets. Next day it would be ready to strip. When Mom and Pop stripped all day they would come home and get supper for all. After supper Dad and I walked back to Eberly's shed to "knee" it into boxes. I always handed it to him. I always remember those clear, cold nights when we walked back home and Dad would show me the north stars and the big and little dippers.

Davy, Mary Ann, and Worth Paulus, he was a nephew, lived across the street from our barn. Mary Ann took in washings and in the summer when we were sent "uptown" to the store she would be in the yard pushing the washing machine back and forth and smoking a corn-cob pipe. As soon as she would see us she would grab the pipe and hide it under her apron. Davy never did much but sit against a tree along the sidewalk and move around it to keep in the shade, or sit on the bench in front of Kline's store. One day Mabel and I were going to Aunt Mauds, when we reached the half-hogshead watering trough by the town pump, Mabel waded through and I followed. When I was in the middle Davy yelled (he was sitting on a bench at the grocery store), "Get the h--- out of there." It startled me and I slipped on the mossy bottom and went down. We went on. Aunt Maud fitted me in one of Saretta's dresses until mine dried.

Bill Gross, a brother-in-law of the Eberly's had a piano store in Eaton. Most of the pianos in Liberty were from his store and he by our standards was considered wealthy. He bought his daughter Glenna, a pony and cart. Nearly every summer she would drive to Liberty to stay with her aunt, Mrs. Arthur Eberly and then take us a ride.

Halloween was always fun early in the evening, we kids of the town dressed up and stopped at nearly every house. As I remember we didn't get many treats, maybe an apple, pear or some popcorn but would stay until they guessed who we were. Later the young people would make the rounds. I remember one couple wore an unusual costume. It was Mr. and Mrs. Phil Shank, Mrs. Woody Bowman's parents, they had sewed corn husks all over their clothing. Next morning we awoke to find gates removed (everyone had a fence) corn fodder in the roads and always someone's toilet or wood shed or some vehicle in front of each grocery. Years later when Fred Whittler ran the filling station where Kline's grocery was there was never anything in front of his place. Early in October he would get apples and cider and the boys could help themselves. Halloween was only one night, our biggest time was between Christmas and New Years when we had "Belsnickers" every night. Usually candy and popcorn were offered to eat. We never filled sacks to take home.

Liberty was the gathering place for all the young people who lived on farms in the surrounding area and I can still hear the sleigh bells tinkle as they came to town on a snowy night. One winter Uncle Walter stayed at our house and Mom usually made pancakes for breakfast. He and Lester, who was still in the high

chair tried to see who could eat the most. From then on he always called him "Pancake." One night when Uncle Walter went to see his girlfriend, Mabel said "Let's pin his pajama legs shut. So she slipped the pins upstairs and I helped put them in. Another night she sewed them shut.

Mrs. Reed always baked, made noodles and raised vegetables to sell at Market on Tuesdays and Saturdays. She had a stand on Jefferson Street in front of the Pony House, I think it was between 4th and 5th Streets. Many times she would take Mabel and I along for company. For our lunch she would buy us sweet rolls or cream horns. Nothing was as luscious as the cream horns, I still like them. She also took us along to the Loy Reunions held in Baker's Woods (just west of Route 4 on Farmersville-West Carrollton Road). Besides the good dinner (all Loy's were good cooks) they also had a refreshment stand, usually run by Perry Morrow. They had games, a program, and one time they had a contraption called Shute the Shute, where a swing was pulled high by a rope on a pulley on another tree, then released. We got Dad to fix us one in our orchard. Mrs. Reed had grandchildren our age and we always had a good time.

Another big day was Mass Day on the last day of school. All the township schools would go to the High School. There each teacher had put up an exhibit of writing and handwork usually embroidery or crocheting for the girls and some small items made by the boys. These were judged for ribbons, each school tried hard to get their share. Usually some farmer in the area would come to the school with a wagon with hay ladders on and haul us to the high school. Our parents would come later with picnic baskets. In the morning each school put on a program, then at noon tables were set up outside, unless it rained when boards were laid over the desks. Afterwards everyone visited before leaving for home. In later years we always credited the fellowship of Mass Day for the school cooperation we had.

Every summer a vaudeville group, (sometimes two) would come to town and set up a stage on the school ground. The audience sat on bleachers erected in the open, so no show if it rained. Along with the show they sold medicine at intermission. With each bottle you purchased you could designate the points to the "most popular lady." Several young ladies were chosen and their names and their charts displayed in the store. Naturally each girl wanted to win and it sold a lot of medicine. I still remember one skit. A man asks a woman, "Do you know Bill Jones?" "No" she says. "Lady, you should see how fast he is, he just zips in and zips out." Then Bill appears very slowly, dragging his feet, barely moving. When he gets to her he says, "Please _____ turn me _____ around." She turns him and he drags out. Sometimes these shows would have a fortune teller billed as the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter. One year when one was on the school ground, Wesley Schenck had lost his Black Hills ring. (They had gone west the summer before and visited Black Hills where they purchased beautiful rings) Aunt Jane went to

homes at the unbelievable price of \$2.00 per hour. Later \$2.50 and he became the contractor hiring help at \$1.50 per hour. Pure luxury for us. He also worked the next year and by the summer of 1915 he began to shop for a car. What fun we kids had. In the evenings after Dad came home the car dealers appeared to take us for rides. We rode in Wescotts, Buicks, Auburns, Maxwells, Chevrolets and Fords. Dad finally bought a Ford touring car for around \$490.00. That year Henry Ford said if he sold a certain number of cars he would send each buyer a check for \$50.00. He sold the cars and we got the check.

It wasn't long before Mabel learned to drive. One Saturday we washed the car and polished the brass and drained the radiator to flush it out. Just then our neighbor, Mrs. Dishong came and asked us to go to the traction at Eaton Pike to pick up Hazel. Dad said Mabel and I could go. Before we got there the Ford began to knock but we made it. One of the Snyder's from the blacksmith shop came out and took off the radiator cap. He said, "you don't have any water." Then we remembered it was drained. He poured water in very slowly and we got back O.K.

Going back a year or two, after the the flood Dad bought a beautiful horse named Goldie. We later learned she kicked. One Sunday Uncle Joe's and Uncle Jesse's came for dinner, we always met them at the traction. This Sunday it was getting supper time when we took them back and it was raining, Mabel and I went along. Coming back, when we started up the hill after crossing Bear Creek she stopped and kicked the front of our surrey and broke the shafts. We had to leave the surrey and walk leading the horse. He soon sold her and bought John from Clarence Getter.

Pearl Toms had taken him to the Eaton Pike and taught him to race the traction cars. One day as Mom was coming from Dayton, a traction caught up with them near the Soldiers Home. John took off, luckily the traction made a stop and Mom got John slowed down and turned off the pike.

Some summer days we would hang around the blacksmith shop. We liked to watch the sparks fly when Mac turned the bellows. Also like to watched him trim the horses hoofs and nail on the shoes and hear the clang of the hammer hitting the anvil when he shaped the red hot shoes. Mrs. McPherson was the "angel of mercy" in the town, they had no children, so she adopted the town and was always helping out when sickness came.

Another favorite spot for we Liberty kids was the Sam Huffman Woods on both sides of Liberty-Germantown Road. In the spring we were there watching for the first flowers to appear. We knew where to find hepaticas, spring beauties, trillium, yellow, white and purple violets and May apples. Sometimes we would go through the west woods then across a field where we often found snake eggs, to another big woods along Bear Creek that belonged to Stanley Huffman (later J.A. Rabold). There we found the

Dutchman's Breeches, Phlox, Jack-in-the-Pulputs. We usually went during recess and noon from school and sometimes we would be too far to hear the 5-minute bell and get back late but we were never punished for it.

In the fall after a frost, we again went to the woods for nuts, hickory, walnut and butternuts. At home we pounded the hulls from the walnuts, then Dad nailed a strip on the south side of the smokehouse roof and spread the nuts to dry. They were ready to use by Thanksgiving. Invariably every spring and fall I got ivy poisoning along with the flowers and nuts. The only days school I missed until I was a high school junior was 2 days for poison ivy.

Some winter evenings, Mom and we kids would go to Hulls or McPhersons to play Muggins, Dad usually loafed at the store. One time we came home from Mae's late and Dad had gone to bed and locked the door. He let us in. Another time at Hull's, Doc invited Lester (around 5 years) to go along hunting with him. He hunted at night using his car headlights to spot a rabbit. Lester went to sleep and when Doc shot, it woke him up and he asked "Doc did you blow your muffler off?" It had happened to us in the summer before. We had visited Uncle Howards on Pinnacle Road, later a part of Miami Shores and I guess Lester had sat in the car and monkeyed with the spark and choke. Coming up Pinnacle hill it began to backfire, got to George's and stopped, they helped readjust it and we got home.

Sometimes when still in Liberty we would hear a putt, putt, and yip and see Mr. McCarthy and Mrs. Evans in their 2-cylinder, chain driven car. It looked like a buggy coming down the street with a dog between them and some cats on her lap and another shaggy dog yipping behind them. Never knew much about them, the front of their porch was covered with vines. We never stopped there on Halloween.

Uncle Will was a building contractor, he built Liberty, Ft. McKinley, Beardshear, Beavertown, Carrmonte (now Souther Hills) and another on Lakeview Avenue and Miami Chapel U.B. Churches and Dad often worked with him. One early spring when the roads began to thaw he and Uncle John were driving home from the Beardshear Church. It got dark before they got home. Arriving home they learned one wheel of their buggy had no rim on only spokes. Next morning they found the rim 1 1/2 miles east.

Robert Moats and wife lived across the street from us for several years. Nearly every day she would come over, walk past our pump and then call for me to bring her a drink. One day when Wesley Schenck, Esther and I were playing she called for the drink. Wesley said, "lets fix her." I filled the cup and he dipped a bar of soap in it. I must have looked guilty and they made me confess, then she got sick. I know there wasn't that much soap in it. But she never asked for another drink.

We had 4 or 5 cherry trees in our yard, and we kids always climbed the trees and picked the top branches. I liked to pick them but how I hated sitting and seeding them. Uncle Will's lived across the street and Aunt Jane would come over and help. We loved her for that.

The first good music I ever heard was on summer evenings we would stand on the sidewalk outside Kline's and listen to Bob practice. (Later Bob was organist for NCR) He and his cousin, Herbert Getter were usually playing with rifles and shot many birds. Some orioles had a nest in the big cottonwood across from us and they shot them. One evening he and Herbert were messing with their guns in Bob's bedroom and his accidentally went off and killed Herbert.

Whenever it snowed, Ed Olwine, who lived with his son and family on Snyder Road, would make a "V" contraption with pine boards and hitch a horse to it and make paths for all the school kids to get to school, then hitch a team to a larger one and plow out all the streets.

Early in 1917 Dad and Mom decided to move to a farm and rented the 40 acre farm on the corner of Farmersville-Liberty-Germantown Road from T. V. Lyons. We were told there were bed bugs in the house so after Weavers moved they went down and sealed the doors and windows and put a gallon of formaldehyde in a pan on an oil stove with just enough oil for it to burn several hours. Next day they opened the doors and windows for it to air out. They found dead bugs but no live ones. Then they scrubbed, put new wall paper on and we moved in. I had started to high school the fall before and was riding with Ida Keener but now I had to walk, only one mile. Mom went to a sale and bought a nice Jersey cow that gave a lot of good milk. For once we had all the milk and butter we wanted and butter to sell. In the spring when we turned her out to pasture she ate too much and bloated and died. Mrs. Michael then loaned us a cow but she wasn't as good as the one we lost. A few weeks later Lester, 7 years old, was riding the tobacco planter when it came to the pump for water. His foot slipped off the brace and got in the wheel and broke his leg. That didn't slow him down long, he soon was going everywhere on crutches. That year we planted 10 acres of Spanish tobacco and 2 acres of seedleaf. I would harness Bill, hitch him to the wagon and hauled it all to the shed. Esther and Lester piled it. With all the tobacco and the hoeing of pea vines from the corn we kept busy. Think that was the summer when Mabel and I was piling hay and when we lifted a windrow we also lifted a bee's nest and they all took after me. Had many stings on my legs and arms.

Mom and Dad finished husking the corn by hand the day before Thanksgiving and on Saturday we had a snow blizzard. I am not sure if it was that snow or a later one, but we could not go any direction because of the drifting. Around two o'clock in the afternoon we saw a group of men coming from the north shoveling out the road. Dad joined them and they shoveled the road east of

us and back to Liberty. Grandpa Kline was in the group and we laughed at his shovel. It was about 10" wide and flat with a big hole in the middle. Then it turned bitter cold, 12 degrees below zero many days when I walked to school. I froze the toes on both feet and they would swell and burn for some years later whenever it got cold. Our house was very drafty and we would huddle around the heating stove, shutting the kitchen off because John L. Lewis had called a miners strike and coal was in short supply. Dad cut a lot of wood. Some nights we wore toboggan caps, I took warm irons to bed. Dad would crank and crank the Ford until he would drop to take Esther and Lester to school in Liberty. He wasn't a cussing man but he could let out a string then. That year we got the fabulous price of .29 cents for seedleaf and .30 cents for the Spanish tobacco. Then they bought a Dodge with a starter and a 12 volt battery, no more cranking. So what was a bad beginning turned out good in the end.

In the summer of '17 Mabel and I often "peddled" in west Dayton, quite often we would get a flat tire but she knew how to get it off, patch the tube and get it pumped up. One day we had to patch three times.

Our neighbors, west of us in Michael's place were the Longs. They had two sons at home, Leslie was a very good pianist and Basil a good singer. In the winter they often would come down and Leslie would play and then we all sang and sang. When they moved southeast of Miamisburg Roy Markers moved in, she too was a good pianist and invited us often for a song fest. She had a lot of music and whenever I was to sing at a literary program I would go to her for music.

In 1920 when James M. Cox of Dayton was campaigning for the presidential election against Warren G. Harding of Marion, on election night we were invited in to Aunt Julia's and Ray and Bob Love's for an oyster supper. They lived on Warren Street. In May before that Uncle Sam's were living where J D Ney now lives and as was the custom, he pastured the cows along the road in the early spring. On a rainy day he went to check on the cows but he didn't come back. Aunt Julia went to look for him and found him dead on the Lutheran Church Road. So she had a sale and moved near Bob Loves. On this election night we walked down to the News office on 4th and Ludlow to watch the returns. We went back before the count was in but Ray had friends in the Republican headquarters and just before midnight we learned that Harding won. Then we started home, when we got to our barn, our car stopped, out of gas.

In the summer on Saturday nights, we often went to downtown Dayton to listen to the Salvation Army and other street corner preachers. I believe my parents were starved for music and they enjoyed the singing. Dad enjoyed vaudeville and took us to Keith's Theater quite often. I can't remember names but the best artists came to Keith's so I know we saw them all. I liked stories better and enjoyed the movies. Saw most of Charlie

Chaplin and Fatty Arbuckle shows. Quite often we would go to Lakeside on Saturday nights, Mom and Dad loved to watch them dance and stayed at the ballroom, again I think it was the big bands that played there, Goodman, Glen Miller, Dorsey, etc.

When Dad got the new Dodge in 1918 he remarked, "I got Mabel now, she doesn't know how to drive a gear shift car." Mabel said, "that's what you think." Aunt Myrtle and Uncle Rube were there, Aunt Myrtle said, "I'll go with you." So they got in the car and drove around the mile square. Dad was standing in the middle of the road looking for her when they came back.

Every summer Mabel and I would stay a week at Aunt Mary's. One year they were living on Olive Street and we played hide and seek with the neighbor children and exchanged caps. We came home with head lice, mother had a time washing our heads in coal oil and sitting up nights to pick the nits off while we slept.

When Uncle Joe's lived on Sprague Street we visited at Christmas holidays and they often sent Mable and I to the Gem City Ice Cream Plant near 3rd and Williams.

On November 11, 1918 when Germany signed the Armistice, we went downtown in the evening. There was a huge parade and everybody was going wild.

The years from the fall of '16 to spring '20 were happy years when I was in high school. I loved the singing, played a violin in the orchestra and in the junior and senior years was in the operettas. Was also in the Senior Class Play. Cecil, Ida and I were given the parts no one else wanted, they weren't sophisticated but we stole the show. Years afterwards someone would mention it.

I hadn't known Cecil until we were in high school, although we lived only 2 1/2 miles apart. Since I was only 12 when I started to high school he didn't pay much attention to me until our senior year. He didn't care for school and didn't study as he should, so he always tried to sit near me so I could help him with some problems especially in Physics class. One day when we got to Mr. Zehrings room he said, "Miss Schenck you sit up here," so Cecil couldn't get my answers. We didn't date in high school just had good times together. After graduation I went with my parents to an 8th grade commencement exercise and afterwards Cecil came to me and asked to take me home and would I get a girl for Roy. I couldn't find any and was about to go home with Mom and Dad when he said, "Can't you go anyway?" That was our first date. We didn't go steady that year because he couldn't often get his dad's car.

I always wanted to teach, but during the summer of '20 Mr. Staver said that I couldn't teach until I was 18, so after a year in college I would still be too young. He was a field man for Miami

Jacobs and talked me into going there. I went one day and quit. I still wanted to teach.

I helped Mom and Dad husk corn on cold frosty mornings but the air was so crisp and clear I really enjoyed it, also helped strip tobacco. By next fall '21, we had learned about the Dayton Normal School and I started there. Stayed with Aunt Julia and Rodney until January. Ruth Schenck had died, Uncle John's had the grocery in Ellerton and stayed open until 10:00. Aunt Susan got lonesome and asked me to stay there and ride the bus.

That year, I think in the fall of '21 Cecil went to a 6-week dairy course at Ohio State. Didn't get a job, then Uncle Ed Stebbins needed some help and he went to work for him. The next summer I went with the folks to the Bear Creek dance. (in the bottom land just north of Bear Creek bridge at Miamisburg). Cecil appeared and wanted me to go with him. He had a surprise for me a new Ford touring car with a one-man top that had just come out. Now he could come every week and we had many good times.

In the spring of '22 we moved to the Heller Farm back the lane from Number 11 School on Hemple Road. I liked it there but mother got lonesome, she missed Mrs. Michael. We had a nice orchard with lots of apples, cherries, and pears in the lawn. Mabel had married Carl Troutman in 1919 so there were just the 5 of us.

After a year at normal school, I got a teaching job at Number 8 on Farmersville-West Carrollton Road and most of the time I walked to school. Later Dad got a used Model T (we had a Buick by then) and I drove it to school. Sometimes I wasn't sure I would get it cranked but I did.

In order to continue teaching I had to go to college for a 6-week course each summer. Summer '23 I went with Goldie and Mabel Schell to Wittenberg. Ruth Getter also roomed with us in a private home, 22 West Ward Street. There were 7 more girls and 1 professor, Mr. Holycross rooming there. There was a piano and Goldie played and we sang every evening. We had to walk down LaGonda Street (I think) to the main town for our meals.

Back to school at Number 8 in the fall I forgot to mention the children were all nice, some mischievous and some slow learners, and half of them extra smart. Ralph Focht had older sisters and a brother and he read Shakespeare when in the 4th grade. Virginia Palmer, Evelyn Lambert, Orville Shell, Mary A. Schell were very good. Then there was the Feeger Family who just couldn't get very far with book learning.

Cecil and I became engaged in December 1923, so the next summer Alice wanted me to go to Manchester College with her. Had good times there. I roomed at Cecile's home, Katherine Eby was also out there so Cecil, Roy and Carl came out two weekends.

In the early spring of '24 when I was teaching at Number 8, one evening just as school was over a new Ford Coupe drove up. Cecil had just got it and had come to take me home. After touring cars with curtains on in the winter, I really felt in a gold fish bowl going up the road, but loved the new car.

Cecil started building our home while I was still at Manchester College. That year I got the primary room at Liberty, only 4 grades and much easier than 8 grades. We planned to get married as soon as I was 21. That latter part of December we spent many evenings looking for furniture and Cecil would be there almost every night. Mom became concerned about what the neighbors would think of his coming every night.

January 10, 1925 was a crisp, clear day. We went to Dayton for the license and shopped for last minute items and grocery supplies and were married that evening in our new home.

Back on the farm I had to sleep over an unheated room, would take a hot iron to bed would waken with cold feet when the iron got cold. Esther had married in September. So after we married we had a house heated by a furnace and Cecil also kept my feet warm. I finished the school term and did some substituting the next winter.

Mom and Dad had a sale and moved to the house on Germantown Pike they had bought. One summer day Esther and I were both visiting and we decided to go get our hair bobbed. Cecil came there after work and Mom felt sorry for him when he saw my hair cut.

The place on the pike had 7 acres and they put out tobacco. On November 16 as Cecil was walking home, his father stopped him and told him my Mother had been struck by a car. He came and said she was struck but was all right. I said, "Let's eat supper first" but he said, "No, will go now." He knew she was bad. She was unconscious when we got there but lived 45 minutes. She was gone before Mabel and Esther got there. Dad had been working with Uncle Will and Mother had stripped tobacco, when Dad got home he told her to go get supper and he and Lester would put it down. She evidently had crossed the road to get mail or to see if Jesse Howard had shot a pheasant and didn't hear the car because of her bad hearing. It was hit-skip.

In April of 1926 Cecil decided to start his own business. Carl and Mabel had left the farm and Dad built them a house on part of the 7 acres. So Carl worked with Cecil, can't remember if it was a year or 2 before he got a job at NCR.

Dad was lonesome so he said he would give each of us a lot. Janice was born in October 1926 and the next summer we sold our house to Frank's and Dad built a house for us. We moved in July. Then he started Esther and Luthers and they moved in December.

Dad would spend a lot of time with us but later he hired a housekeeper, fired her, then hired Nell and married her.

Don was born in 1928 and Arlene in 1931. Cecil's work was good, usually a slack time in early spring. During the winter of '31-'32 he decided to trade his old truck on a new one, so he would be ready when work began in the spring. But the work didn't start, we then traded our new home for Mrs. Sears old home on Farmersville Road. It had 7 rooms, 25 acres of ground, a barn and shed, some other dilapidated buildings. There was no running water, no furnace or bathroom, dirty paper on the walls, single pine floors with no varnish on the area around the rugs. It did have plenty of filth. The people, Marcus, that moved out had raised 100 chickens in boxes in the kitchen and sitting rooms. They had been there more than 2 months. We scrubbed the kitchen floor for two weeks before we put linoleum down. I wanted new wall paper but Cecil said we didn't have the money. I knew a clothing store man in Germantown owed him money. Luther wanted a new suit so we got him to give Luther the suit and Luther gave us the money. I then went to Rosenbergs on Fifth Street and got enough wall paper for the 13 x 19 room for less than \$2.00.

That summer we raised a tobacco crop (got next to nothing for it), raised vegetables, chickens and peddled in Dayton. In the fall Cecil went to a sale and got 3 cows for less than a hundred dollars. I had mentioned a new truck, when in the spring we saw we couldn't pay for it, Cecil took it back (got it in Miamisburg) but they sold it at auction and it didn't bring the price of the mortgage, so they got a judgement against us and began proceeding to get our '28 model Pontiac. Cecil talked to Walter and gave a mortgage to him on it. They came took the car but found it was mortgaged and we got it back.

When fall came Lester and Cecil began to cut wood. We had gone to an auction at New Lebanon and purchased an old range for the kitchen for \$2.50. Howard Bowers had loaned us a heating stove for the other room. We did buy 1/2 ton of coal to help hold fire overnight in the heating stove. Many winter days my kitchen didn't get over 40 degrees. Much of the wood was green and the sap would run out the end. In spite of the hardships we were happy, our families, Lester Stebbins, Troutmans, and Browns often visited together, we went to church, helped at church suppers, went to ice cream parties and after Christmas the Farmer's Institute at school, (we walked to it). Got each of the girls a nice doll for less than \$1.00. Don got a used bicycle that had been Herman Troutmans, Don loved it.

When we lived on the pike and Don was only 15 months old he got the German measles and then developed mastoid infection, had surgery on one ear and 2 weeks later the other one. Then in the spring of '33 he took a cold and got it again in one ear. Took him to St. Elizabeth hospital on Mother's Day, it was cold and rainy. I wore my winter coat. He continued to have some temperature and couldn't come home until Father's Day, 4 1/2

weeks. At the sametime, Janice hurt her knee and it wouldn't heal. Arlene ran temperature and complained of her ears, we feared mastoid and Cecil got quincy. I had to care for the animals and sickness at home, hunt wood to cook with, crank up the Pontiac (there was trouble with the fly wheel) and go see Don every day. He was very homesick at first and would cry and tell the nurses he needed to go home and help his mother. They thought that was a joke until I told them he did help me, especially helped get wood in. That summer Cecil got some work on the paving of Germantown Pike. If he got full time work, he got \$18.00 which helped a lot. In January and February every day he walked to Lakeside to get a streetcar for .5 cents and went to all the factories looking for work. Learning he was a plumber they wouldn't hire him on production, finally there was an opening at Inland and he went to work. Worked 2 months and was laid off until fall when he was called back. The Inland had a picnic every summer and a big Christmas party in December where each child received a nice toy. Later Arlene joined the Inland Children's Chorus and we got tickets to their concert with the Philharmonic Orchestra.

In the spring of '34 (I think) after Cecil got work at the Inland things were better. After he was called back in the fall he found a used furnace and installed it heating the downstairs (was able to buy coal). Inland had a Christmas party each year for the employees and the children got nice gifts. I think Cecil made only .80 cents per hour but we could live good on that.

Janice had started to school, two years later Don did and we went to P.T.A. and other school activities. Think Cecil was elected to school board in 1936, hence more activities to attend, especially all the basketball games at home and the tournament.

Bob was born in 1937 then Joe in 1941. Soon in '44 Janice graduated, worked at Inland and went to University of Cincinnati one year, didn't go back, found she could get a good job at Frigidaire. Don graduated in '46. The war was over. That spring Cecil came home and said, "I told my boss I am quitting to go back in business." He had been doing many small jobs of evenings. It was a little slow at first and we missed the weekly pay check, but he minded having to walk on cement. The next spring he wanted to sell the farm and build the new home on 2 1/2 acres. Milt Medlar bought the farm. In 1950 he decided to buy a place in West Carrollton for a shop and bought on Walnut Street. I started doing the book work at home so tried doing it in West Carrollton but I couldn't go anymore so we talked Arlene to work for us. After a year or so I could go back and she went to work at Little Exchange.

Am a little ahead of my story.

After the war was over Richard Denlinger came home. His cousin, Marvin Denlinger was going with Carol Leis and she got Janice and

Dick together. They married in 1947. Don graduated from high school in '46, the next spring he and Pauline were married.

Arlene graduated in '49, she was an honor student and I wanted her to go to college (by now we could afford to send her) but she and Byron Saul had other plans, they built a new home and were married in 1950.

Don was working with Cecil and Bob helped in summers while still in school. He graduated in '55. Again I wanted him to go to college but he just didn't want to sit in a schoolroom again. He and Eleanor married in '58 and soon built their home on Gebhart Church Road. By then we had bought the farm there. Sold our home on Farmersville Road and moved to the farm in '63 (I think). We cleaned up that old house and enjoyed living there. I liked to stroll down the lane beside the little (ditch). Also enjoyed the many birds.

Joe graduated in '59. He seemed to enjoy the farm also, enjoyed getting the tractor out and plowing my garden. Every summer Don would truck his cows over to the farm for pasture. One time Joe forgot to close a gate and I came home from work with my garden full of cows. By this time the Vietnam war was "heating up", and Joe was drafted and sent to Fort Knox. We stopped and visited him on our way to Florida. He and Deana married in November 1964. Possibly it was the next summer he was sent to Thailand to build an air field. Luckily his time was up and he came home before going into Vietnam, (although Gene wasn't that lucky.)

I believe it was the spring of '65 that we joined a trailer caravan to Mexico. In the early spring Cecil took some time off and Arlene called and said "Go along to get two trailers. Arlene drove one and Ed the other. On the way back she said, "Dad you try it." He like it and ordered one. It came a couple of weeks before starting on the Mexican Caravan. We did pull it to Greenville then it was soon time to load it for the Caravan to Mexico. We enjoyed every bit of it, made a lot of nice friends. Mexico was very different and very interesting. We formed a club and enjoyed at least three more campouts that summer and every summer until the sad summer of '75 when Cecil could no longer go.

While still living on the farm Cecil was staying home in the spring of '65. We had tried to sell the farm before we moved on it, but that spring Bob Ballard (real estate) came and said he had a buyer for the place and said to name a figure. We finally said _____ (should have had more time). He came back at noon with the papers signed. Then we had to look at houses, finally buying the lot from Ben Suttman and started building.

We did enjoy living on the farm. The grandchildren would climb the hills and pick up a lot of fossil rock and pile them beside their cars. Their parents would say, "you can't take them" and Cecil would encourage them to take them just to tease. When we

came from Mexico we had a "pinata" and we have a picture of them breaking it while it was hung from the clothesline.

Finally our new home was finished and we moved here on December 13, 1965. Again, we enjoyed all the family dinners with tables set in livingroom and sewing room and the Easter egg hunts.

Dad and I had a wonderful life together and we were, I still am, proud of all of you.

sprinkle the piles at night with warm water and cover with old carpets. Next day it would be ready to strip. When Mom and Pop stripped all day they would come home and get supper for all. After supper Dad and I walked back to Eberly's shed to "knee" it into boxes. I always handed it to him. I always remember those clear, cold nights when we walked back home and Dad would show me the north stars and the big and little dippers.

Davy, Mary Ann, and Worth Paulus, he was a nephew, lived across the street from our barn. Mary Ann took in washings and in the summer when we were sent "uptown" to the store she would be in the yard pushing the washing machine back and forth and smoking a corn-cob pipe. As soon as she would see us she would grab the pipe and hide it under her apron. Davy never did much but sit against a tree along the sidewalk and move around it to keep in the shade, or sit on the bench in front of Kline's store. One day Mabel and I were going to Aunt Mauds, when we reached the half-hogshead watering trough by the town pump, Mabel waded through and I followed. When I was in the middle Davy yelled (he was sitting on a bench at the grocery store), "Get the h--- out of there." It startled me and I slipped on the mossy bottom and went down. We went on. Aunt Maud fitted me in one of Saretta's dresses until mine dried.

Bill Gross, a brother-in-law of the Eberly's had a piano store in Eaton. Most of the pianos in Liberty were from his store and he by our standards was considered wealthy. He bought his daughter Glenna, a pony and cart. Nearly every summer she would drive to Liberty to stay with her aunt, Mrs. Arthur Eberly and then take us a ride.

Halloween was always fun early in the evening, we kids of the town dressed up and stopped at nearly every house. As I remember we didn't get many treats, maybe an apple, pear or some popcorn but would stay until they guessed who we were. Later the young people would make the rounds. I remember one couple wore an unusual costume. It was Mr. and Mrs. Phil Shank, Mrs. Woody Bowman's parents, they had sewed corn husks all over their clothing. Next morning we awoke to find gates removed (everyone had a fence) corn fodder in the roads and always someone's toilet or wood shed or some vehicle in front of each grocery. Years later when Fred Whittler ran the filling station where Kline's grocery was there was never anything in front of his place. Early in October he would get apples and cider and the boys could help themselves. Halloween was only one night, our biggest time was between Christmas and New Years when we had "Belsnickers" every night. Usually candy and popcorn were offered to eat. We never filled sacks to take home.

Liberty was the gathering place for all the young people who lived on farms in the surrounding area and I can still hear the sleigh bells tinkle as they came to town on a snowy night. One winter Uncle Walter stayed at our house and Mom usually made pancakes for breakfast. He and Lester, who was still in the high