

Mrs. Cassell (1881-1970) was born and raised in Huntington Township and lived there until her death in 1970. She began teaching at one of the Huntington one-room schoolhouses upon graduating from high school in 1899 and taught in three other township schools over the course of the following eight years. In 1912 she graduated with a teaching certificate from Baldwin Wallace Normal School and subsequently taught school at the township Center School and at schools at Columbia Station and Creston. She and Richard "Addie" Cassell were married in 1918 and had one son, Ray, who currently resides with his wife Sara in Wadsworth, Ohio. Mrs. Cassell was an active member of Huntington Methodist Church and the later consolidated Huntington Community Church.

YESTERYEAR: A HISTORY OF HUNTINGTON TOWNSHIP

by Ethel G. Cassell

INDEX

1. BRIEF HISTORY

1. First Settlers.
2. More firsts • elections, post office, Indians.
3. Cheese, ag society, fair, churches, cemeteries.
4. Civil war monument, F. Ward, M. Herrick.

2. HISTORICAL REFLECTIONS

1. Bishop Ward - Methodist missionary to China.
2. High School Commencement -1899
3. Early settlers and their descendants.
4. Growth of Huntington churches.
5. Childhood memories - L. Ruth Haskins, poem
6. Congregational church -today's town hall.
7. Farewell song - Sarah Sage, 1806.
8. First day of school.
9. Decoration Day - Harriett Walker Lansinger
10. Dedication of the Soldier's Monument.
11. Development of the Huntington Church.
12. Bishop Ward's Memorial Service.
13. Tribute to a mother.
14. The one-room schoolhouse
15. The "country store."
16. Ralph Ansel Ward - a tribute.
17. Providing food for the family.
18. Manila Laborie, first settler -eulogy.
19. District School.
20. Log house to scalding barrel to Bible chest.
21. New resident minister -meeting minutes
22. Playmates - Ethel and friend.
23. Cook-stoves.
24. Spring housecleaning.

- 25. Huntington News - 1934.
- 26. Transporting slaves -B.Wadsworth
- 27. The Huntington Band.
- 28. Huntington Baptist Church.

- 29. Old Map - 1857.
- 30. Benjamin Wadsworth-early days.
- 31. Letter from a pioneer - 1837
- 32. Huntington's first election -1822.
- 33. Old time houses still here.
- 34. Epworth League - young people's society.
- 35. Huntington M. E. Church - some history.
- 36. Epworth League circulating letter
- 37. Preparing for winter.
- 38. Myron T. Herrick - lawyer, banker, Governor of Ohio, twice Ambassador to France.
- 39. Huntington reminiscences -J. B. Lang.
- 40. M. E. Church membership-1892
- 41. Pulpit Bible - Herron Eckels.
- 42. Christmas at church.

YESTERYEAR: A HISTORY OF HUNTINGTON TOWNSHIP

by Ethel G. Cassell

[Mrs. Cassell wrote this history of Huntington Township for the Lorain County Historical Society in 1950. In 1953 it was published in installments in the Huntington Community Church parish paper.]

1. HISTORY OF HUNTINGTON

Someone writes, "To one who can look back more than fifty years and compare the picture of life in those days to the present cyclodrama of existence, the difference is startling. At the same time it renews one's confidence in the future."

The township of Huntington, or what was afterward organized into a township, was No. 2, Range 18 of Connecticut Western Reserve. It was bought from Connecticut by a group of men in that state, one of which was Joseph Sage. In the year 1818 this Joseph Sage induced several families to emigrate from their old home in the east and commence anew in the nearly unbroken forests of Ohio.

The first to make the start was John Laborie, a son-in-law of Joseph Sage, with his wife Marilla, eighteen years old, and two small children, four young men and a hired girl.

They started from Huntington, Fairfield County, Connecticut, February 1818, in a sleigh, -found snow in abundance until four weeks later they reached Hudson, Portage County, Ohio. Much of the trip from Buffalo to Ohio was made on the ice of the lake. From Hudson by ox cart they journeyed over a path that had only an occasional marked tree to indicate the course. It was through Westfield, Harrisville (which is now Lodi) to Sullivan, where, the fall before, four settlers' families had arrived. There they lived in a little log house until a log house could be made on their lands in Huntington, a mile and a half distant. This family of ten finally moved into their new name on April 13, 1818.

There are recorded many interesting stories of these Huntington pioneers--of their journey, their early hardships, the long and tedious trips to places where supplies could be obtained. Wooster was the nearest village, and there they were obliged to go to find a store, grist mill, blacksmith shop, post office.

In June, Isaac Sage, brother of Joseph Sage, arrived with his family, living for a time near Laborie. In September Benjamin and Oliver Rising and family came and located about one mile south of the center of the township, and at that time Isaac Sage exchanged his first location for land near Risings. (Our farm.)

Also in September came Daniel Tilotson and family, settling about one-half mile from Laborie. Early the next winter others arrived--Ira Tilotson, D. C. Hickok, Henry R. Ferris, Capt. Timothy Culver (Mrs. Ferris was a Culver), Chauncey Barker and Benjamin Banning. This Benj. Banning settled on land about one-half mile south of Isaac Sage, and in 1826 his was the first adult death in the township. He was buried in his own orchard, the location--across the highway from the old Cassell home [28388 Rt. 58]. In December 1818 to Mrs. Tilotson was born the first white child born within the township, --name, Enos.

Joseph Sage returned east and came back with his wife and children, and soon came Thomas H. Case and Erastus Roice. Erastus Roice married a daughter of Capt. Timothy Culver and they were the first residents of the township to be married here. He built twenty-one log houses in Huntington township and set-out many trees. (The first orchard to be planted was on the farm where I now live--the old Sage farm--and two of the trees are still standing.)

2. HISTORY OF HUNTINGTON (CON'T) (By Ethel Cassell)

In August, 1822, notice was given by the committee of Medina County to "qualified electors of township No. 2, Range 18, and also tracts 3, 4 and 5 of the surplus on the west, to meet in said township on the first Monday in September and proceed to organize, by electing the necessary township officers required by law. The names of the voters at that first election were John Laborie, Ben Rising, Oliver Rising, Benj. Banning, Daniel C. Hickok, John Chapman, Joseph Sage, Isaac Sage, Henry R. Ferris, David Rogers, Extra Palmer, Dudley Lewis, William Lang, John Ferris, Erastus Roice.

About 1820 a post office was established at Sullivan on a new route running from Wooster to the Indian village now Milan. Salt, a very essential article, was hard to obtain. There was a place in Liverpool where salt was made by boiling the water of a spring, and to that place the people of this region had to go to get their supply of salt.

The Wyandotte and Seneca Indians caused no trouble here, it seems. The hunting season was the only thing that brought them here, from their home which was a little farther west. Here, as in the rest of the county it is reported that they took their final departure about 1828.

Beginnings of things always are of interest--here are some firsts of Huntington township. First white child born--Enos Tilotson, first death--a child of John Laborie, 16 days old. First marriage--Polly' daughter of Joseph Sage to John Munson, of Lodi, on January first, 1820.

The first religious meeting, held by Sylvanus Parmely, a Baptist of Sullivan at the home of John Laborie.

First school--1822--schoolhouse built on land owned by Isaac Sage about one mile south of the center. It was supported by subscription and taught by Miss Lovina Loveland. There were about 14 pupils.

The first frame building was a barn built by Isaac Sage. The first frame dwelling built by Reuel Lang, about where the Mohn home now is, south of the center. (Reuel Lang came into the township about 1824. His son, Josiah--J. B. Lang, as he was always known, wrote a history of Huntington in 1856. It is from this, that much of my information has been taken. He stated that Marilla Laborie, the pioneer woman, gave him much help in gathering information relative to the settling of the township.)

First physician who settled here was Dr. John Quigley. First manufacturing was done by Benjamin Rising, who had a lathe, operated by a spring pole, for turning wooden bowls. The device was quite a curiosity. A bark rope was attached to a long spring pole overhead, then passed around the mandrel and fastened to a treadle below. Pressure on this would throw the block around two or three times, and then the spring of the pole would turn the block back again ready for another gouge.

Isaac Sage had an ashery for the manufacture of pearlsh. The first blacksmith shop--William Lang, about forty rods north of the Case hotel. (This large hotel was kept by Thomas H. Case--stood on "the hill"--a half mile north of the center, where the home of Frank Rice now is. It burned in 1922, and all through the years had been a landmark.)

The first shoes were made by D. C. Hickok. First "meeting house" was a log building in the rear of what is now the Grange Hall. First sawmills, built by Urben Kelsey near west line of township--and one by Ferris on Wellington Creek, one mile north and a half mile east of the center. Isaac Sage, Jr. opened the first public house--called Isaac Sage Inn, on the corner one mile south of the center. Darius Perkins kept a hotel at the center--now the Lorence home--and Thomas H. Case, the one on "the hill", north.

3. HISTORY OF HUNTINGTON (CON'T) (By Ethel Cassell)

The first cheese-factory was put in operation in the spring of 1866 by J.C. and C.W. Horr. It was located one and one-half miles east of the Center. The successors to this firm was the Horr Warner Co. with a number of cheese factories in the township,

The Union Agricultural Society, which grew to be a permanent institution in the south part of the county, had its origin in this township. It was organized in 1854.

Its first fair was held on grounds fitted up by volunteer labor, on the farm of A. S. Taylor, just west of the Center--south side of road).

Churches. Amos Foote, the great-grandfather of James C. MacDermott, cut the first log for the first Methodist Church building, just east of the Center. (His home was .about two miles east, on north side of road.) The early history of the Methodist Church seems rather obscure, In an article by Mrs. Esther Lang Horr, she says "Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ferris organized the first M. E.Church in the township, the charter members being Mr. and Mrs. Ferris, Mr. and Mrs. Culver and daughter Amanda. Mrs. Ferris was Lodema Culver." The present location of this church was built in 1847.

Baptists were organized in 1833, the present building built in 1842. The Congregationalists organized in 1839; their building--this one in which we are meeting today--was erected In 1849.

Wesleyan Methodist Church built in 1844, on northeast corner, one mile south and two miles east of the Center. Universalist Chapel was dedicated in 1878.

There are two cemeteries--one on a former farm of Isaac Sage, which for long was private property--the other, north of Center, was a gift from Jesse Johnson, and enlarged by a gift from Henry Tracy and a purchase from Reuel Lang. The first interment in this cemetery was a child of H. M. Humphrey. The first adult buried there was Welcome Hart, a brother of Mrs. Reuel Lang. These graves may be seen today if you look for the old markers in the cemetery, as can stones marking burial places of many of these pioneers.

J. B. Lang, in his history, gives the names of the men who held the office of township Trustee beginning with 1823 until 1856. From these names I give a few of those best known in the township history. Besides men already mentioned we find H. M. Humphrey, C. F. Crosby, Zelotus North, Samuel D. Bradner, Zepheniah Sprague, Whitney Clark, Henry Tracy, John Wilbur, Abram Holland, N. D. Griggs, M. D. Smith, S. S. Warner, L. B. Sprague, John Chapman, James M. Clark.

Reuben Knapp, born in a log cabin in Huntington in 1833, lived to be 100 years old. Abram Holland, grandfather of Homer, came in 1834--on his way, fording the Cuyahoga river in the center of Cleveland. Abner Chapman came in 1833. His daughter married Joseph T. Haskell, who had come at the age of three years to live with the family of Ansel Clark. The Ansel Clark home, built in 1840, is the house where B. H. Pratt now lives. There was a building in the yard, called a cocoonery, where silk-worms were raised. Before the Civil War this home of Clark was a station on the "underground railway" for run-away slaves. This Reverend Ansel Clark was pastor of this Congregational Church from 1846 to 1858.

Joseph T. Haskell enlisted in Second Ohio Cavalry in Civil War; became an aide to Gen. Custer. He was on duty outside the McLean residence at Appomattox while Grant and Lee agreed upon the terms of surrender, within.

From 1891 to '94 he served in the Ohio legislature and introduced the pioneer temperance legislation which was, and still is, known as the Haskell Bill.

4. HISTORY OF HUNTINGTON (CON'T) (By Ethel Cassell)

One of the big events in the history of Huntington was the dedication in 1868 of the monument to the 18 men of Huntington who gave their lives in the Civil War. (This monument you see today in the park just beyond where we are meeting.)

Two miles south of the Center was the farm of Aaron Ward who came in 1856. A son, Fletcher Ward, was a teacher--a Supt. of Lorain city schools for fifteen years, and a professor of psychology and Dean of Dept. of Education in Baldwin-Wallace College at Berea from 1905 to 1921. His wife was also a native of Huntington, Harriet Walker, and when Fletcher Ward retired from his profession, they came back to their farm here, and to the church and community they had loved all through the years. Their eldest son is Ralph Ansel Ward who is a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the China area.

Probably Huntington's most famous son is Myron T. Herrick, who was born here in 1854, and lived and went to school in the township until he was 12 years old. His home and birthplace was a log house built by his grandfather who came from New York state to Huntington in those early years. It stood on the "old Tim Herrick farm" one mile north and two miles east of Huntington Center. Myron T. Herrick was a lawyer, banker, Gov. of Ohio 1904-'06. Twice appointed ambassador to France -in 1912 and served three years--and in 1921 until his death in 1929. He is a national hero of the French people, who had grown to love him.

In a biography by Mott, his sister Mary, Mrs. A. B. Smith, has given an interesting account of his visit to this little town where he was born and spent his early boyhood. A few years before he died, his friends here invited him to come to Huntington and see them. He accepted joyfully and they got up a meeting at "the Center" in his honor. Friends of his childhood, friends of his parents, and some who remembered well the grandparents, old neighbors who call him "Myron", were all there. It was sweet and homely, a thing to tighten ones throat, and many a smile of greeting was brightened by tear of remembrance. He had come from the great world of men of affairs and accomplishment to the old simplicity of home in the country of his birth, one of them again. There were no eulogies; they were out of place. When it came his turn he said: (and I read--from page 361 through page 365 of chapter 44 of the biography by Col. T. Bently Mott. 'Tis so very fine, but too long to copy here.) The book is--Myron T Herrick--An Autobiographical Biography, by Col. T. Bently Mott--1930. This book can be found in the Wellington Library.

There is a history, "Memorial to the Pioneer Women of the Western Reserve" in which Mrs. Esther Horr has given an account of some of the pioneer women of Huntington township. Of some she gives most interesting and revealing anecdotes. Mrs. Horr was a daughter of Reuel Lang; a sister of the Josiah Lang in whose reminiscences of Huntington much of its history has been preserved. Mrs. Horr writes: "The pioneer women compared very favorably with the pioneer men, and though their names do not occur as frequently in tradition, they were quite as effective in the building up of good homes and good society as were the men. They left comfort, home, loved ones; braved a cold, forbidding environment, hard work and fear and loneliness. Huntington today, with its fertile, well-tilled farms, herds of cattle, fields of grain, its most comfortable homes and labor saving devices, great school's and

beautiful churches, bears little resemblance to that in which those brave, heroic pioneer women lived; and if from the "serene heights of the everlasting hills" they still keep watch and ward over these scenes of their earthly lives, they find few landmarks to tell of their cabin homes where for so many years they willingly toiled." And why? In speaking of the hardships of those early days, one of these women said, "Yes, father and I could have lived easier in the little Connecticut village, but we thought we could do better for the children by coming here." This was the thought that encouraged them and spurred them on so that the burdens of each day were cheerfully lifted.

I think that the oldest person living here at this time, descendent of pioneers, is Minert Laborie. He is 84 years of age.

In 1886 a pioneers' meeting was held in the township. After many experiences and historical tales had been related, a Dr. Hoyt talked to the people, telling them his impressions of the place, that the people who had moved away were glad to come back again, and telling them to stay in Huntington. "Make your farms the best farms in all the country," he said, "your homes the best homes in all the country; your schools the best. In fact, make the town a place to be proud of, and then live here and enjoy it." He might say that to us today.

(THE END)

YESTERYEARS

(Written for the Parish Paper of Huntington Community Church)

1. YESTERYEARS

By Ethel Cassell
(May 1956)

In the April issue of "Hong Kong Methodist News" there is an-article, "The Ward Story," and since it is about Bishop Ralph A. Ward, to whose Christian work we devote missionary funds of our Church, I'm thinking you'll be interested in knowing some of the facts of his missionary life as gleaned from this article.

Bishop Ralph A. Ward first went to China as a missionary of the M. E. Church in 1909, and after studying the Foochow dialect for a year, was appointed Foochow district missionary and gave special service in the founding of the Methodist Institutional Church in the City of Foochow.

In 1916 Bishop Ward became Secretary of the Methodist Board of Missions, having his office in New York City. His first responsibility was to make a survey of all the work of his Church in China. Later a similar survey of all the countries outside of the United States. He was the Association Executive Secretary in 1918 for the celebration of the first century of Mission work of the M. E. Church, at which time the Church subscribed 110 million dollars for its work in the United States and abroad. Bishop Ward continued with the Board of Missions until 1924, the last four years, as Administrative Secretary for work in China, Japan, and Korea.

In 1925 he returned to China, became President of the Anglo-Chinese College in Foochow until 1928. He was then made Executive Secretary of the World Service Agencies of his Church, residing in

Chicago. After this he again returned to China and became City Missionary for Methodist work in Nanking, which was then capital of China.

Elected to the episcopacy in 1937, he became the resident Bishop of West China with headquarters in Ghengtū. He was assigned to the Shanghai Area in 1941, having supervision of the Kiangsi, Mid-China, and East China Annual Conferences.

Bishop Ward was presiding at a session of the Mid-China Annual Conference when the Pacific War broke out. He spent most of the next three and a half years in prison, not being released until after V-J Day. He was hospitalized about a third of this time due to malnutrition.

The full measure of his devotion to the Kingdom is seen in the fact that after his release he did not immediately return to the United States for the rest and recuperation which he so well deserved. He spent six months traveling among his three Annual Conferences looking after the needs of his people and directing the reorganization and rehabilitation of the Church. After a few months in the States he was back in Shanghai, working steadily through those troublous days both before and after the Communists took control.

Bishop Ward remained for a year and a half under the Communist regime, leaving upon the earnest advice and request of his Chinese associates.

He was with us in Huntington for a "Ward Day" in June 1951 before returning to Hong Kong in January 1952. We hope to have the Wards with us this summer.

The Hong Kong Methodism have requested Bishop Ward's return to them for another period of service, according to the Hong Kong Methodist News.

2. YESTERYEARS

By Ethel Cassell

(June 1959)

How different from today was the High School Commencement of sixty years ago----near the close of the century. Let's go back with a class finishing Wellington High School at that time. There were twenty three graduates in 1899 ----- sixteen girls and seven boys.

The four years of study finished, each was required to write an oration, choosing his own subject, to be delivered at the commencement exercises in the opera house. These speeches must needs be short, and, after correction and approval by the superintendent, memorized and rehearsed from the stage.

Come the big night, the auditorium would be filled with parents, friends and relatives of the graduates; and here was the goal envisioned over four long years-of study.

There were no "caps and gowns, " the girls were in long white dresses, made as each girl chose, by a "dressmaker," and often at home----no two alike, and each a work of art. Come commencement eve, an open coach, drawn by a sprightly team of horses, from the "livery stable," would carry the girls to the town hall, quite in state. No one, I think, arrived in automobiles!

A large number of the graduates in those years became teachers---for a awhile, at least----since no further study was necessary to obtain a teacher's certificate for "teaching country school." And as there were several one room schools in each township, usually jobs were not too difficult to find.

In the spring term of high school the "senior reviews"----of elementary school subjects----were a part of the regular work, for those who anticipated taking the teacher's exams given each spring at Elyria.

It was quite a different trip to Elyria those days, too! This one, which was typical: a street car ran from Oberlin to Elyria, but as yet, none from Wellington; so a few of us, who had relatives or friends in Elyria with whom we could stay, went the day before the exams, by train to Grafton where we could change to a B & O train going through Elyria. This train stopped to let us off where it crossed the Oberlin-Elyria highway and there we waited by the roadside until a street car, Elyria bound, came along and took us to Elyria. Now that was indeed a much more exciting trip than going as we do today! And even had we gone by horse and buggy, we should have had to get up early morning to meet the examination time of 9:00 A.M. But if we got the teacher's certificate and had good luck getting a job we would "have our own money"----probably twenty or twenty-five dollars a month. But for at least one of those youngsters, that first school teaching job was a dream-of-years come true.

Five from Huntington graduated from W. H.S. that 1899 and each taught, the following year, a district school in Huntington Township. Of the twenty three in that year, thirteen are living to celebrate the 60th anniversary and that isn't a bad record, as to numbers, think you?

There was no centralized school in Huntington those years, and no requirement that a pupil attend high school. If he chose to do so, the school and the means of transportation were his problem, though the township board must pay the tuition if the pupil passed state examination for entrance to a high school.

3. YESTERYEARS By Ethel Cassell (*May 1960*)

There is a large wall map of Lorain County, published in 1857 "from actual surveys by John F. Geil." The scale: is 2 1/2 mile to the inch. It shows each township, marks each house, each farm with the name of the owner and number of acres of the farm. The population of Huntington at that time is given as 1163.

There are quite a number of people living in our township today whose ancestors lived and owned farms here at that time, or before, and some from those early families have lived in Huntington continuously up to this day.

Charles Griggs, great grandfather of Roscoe Griggs, settled on the farm where the Marschells now live. Their first home was a log house a little north of the present house. This Charles Griggs at one time taught school in Huntington. The homestead was owned in the Griggs family until the present owner bought it. Two of Roscoe's children, each with a family, now live in this township.

Hallie Kelsey's grandfather, William Kelsey, owned the farm where the Wellmers live, and there Hallie's father and family lived for many years. Two of his children, with their families, are living now in Huntington.

Clayton Chapman, whose father was Orange Chapman, still lives on the farm that his grandfather settled more than a century ago. I believe this is the only farm of those on the map of 1857 which is still owned and occupied by the same family; and some interesting history is connected with that location.

Harvey Chapman, son of John Chapman, is also a grandson of J.F.Chapman and lives here in Huntington.

Lena Krueck's grandfather, James M. Clark, settled on the farm, part of which is now the Bakos home. He built that house and also the house now owned by the Walters. Lena has a son and family living here today.

Lucille Simonson and a son and a daughter, who also have families, represent Lucille's grandfather, Charles Chapman, whose home in 1857 is now the Glenn Lamb farm. He later owned and lived on the farm that the Sessions have today.

Minert Laborie can trace his family in Huntington back to the first settler. Many of that family have been here all through the years. the families of three of his children live here and each of those have children and grandchildren living here.

Zemira Gillet, my grandfather, came in 1844 to the farm which Richard Reiffners own today. He built his house and barn and planted the old evergreen trees standing in the front yard.

So from that 1857 there are in Huntington this 1960-----a hundred years later-----somewhere about forty people whose fathers and mothers, grandparents, or 'greats' have lived in this selfsame town through the years. In this rapidly changing world of today, this isn't likely to happen again hereabout.

4. YESTERYEARS

By Ethel Cassell

(April 1960)

We have found pleasure recalling Huntington's yesterdays. Today let us try to take a look into the years ahead. Will that future be worthy of the past? And will those living here in those coming years also get happiness and satisfaction in "remembering," our today?

We have read in our town's history of that first log "meeting house", erected by those early Huntington pioneers--how it soon came to be too small and was replaced with a larger, better building for Christian work and worship; and then as the town grew and the churches grew, the present church building was proudly erected in 1847. Later, we read, after a stirring religious revival during the leadership of Rev. Winter, the front addition was needed and built on this church--not long before the turn of the century. That addition, then called "the church parlors", has served many needs for lo these sixty years.

That was not the last chapter, surely. There must be more to be lived and written, more to be as nobly dared. For, quoting Dean Bosworth, "God is surely carrying out a great plan for the betterment of men.

He will never grow weary and give it up. The Kingdom of God will surely come! Anything you may be able to accomplish today in the interest of that Kingdom will be saved up by God and made to contribute to a certain indestructible result. The results of your efforts will not be frittered away for lack of competent oversight by God Himself! Christianity should be more to you than a scheme for saving your own soul. It should give you a sense of belonging to a great movement, the beginnings of which are described in the New Testament and at the center of which stands Jesus. You should realize something of the exhilaration which you have a right to feel in view of your connection with this great world movement."

Surely those pioneers must have had a glimpse of the growth of the kingdom, and faith--yes, faith "even as a grain of mustard seed.' Now it is for succeeding generations to go on demonstrating the "law of Divine-human relationships working itself out in human affairs, in Huntington, where the foundations were laid in such work and faith and vision during those early years. With a prayer in our hearts and a mustard seed in our pockets--for a faith remembrance--we too can discover that with God nothing is impossible, as we carry on the Huntington tradition.

5. YESTERYEARS

By Ethel Cassell
(September 1960)

(The following poem was written June 22, 1931 in San Francisco, California, by Miss Ruth Haskins, formerly of Huntington, Ohio, to be read at the Huntington Methodist Episcopal church homecoming which was held June 28, 1931.)

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

Living memories cluster round the little white church
That stands by the side of the road.
The tall elm in front, now gone I suppose.
But charm to the scene it bestowed.

At the north were the sheds and the old hitching posts
There we left the buggies and teams.
I can still see our Daisy with white feet and face,
Only yesterday now it seems.

I can never forget the dear ones who came
To the church for worship and praise;
The fellowship sweet and the friends that we made -
We'll recall till the end of our days.

There were the Gillets, the Chapmans, the Hollands and Haulks
The Dirlams, the Pratts and the Wells;
Mrs. June, Grandma Minor, and Aunt Laura Russell,
Each name a long story tells. .

The Phelons, the Hulls, the Thomases, Smiths,
The Robinsons and old Grandpa Bartlett.

I can hear even now his hallelujahs of praise,
It makes me start, even yet!

Uncle Lucius, Aunt Jennie, Grandma Walker, too,
Uncle palmer, Aunt Sarah so tall;
The Wards, the Dubachs, the Rogers and Clarks,
And others I clearly recall.

Of the pastors who preached in old Huntington church,
Mr. Dawson was the first I recall,
Papenhagen, McCaskey, Reece and Has
And Winter, an evangel, as Paul.

Me, he baptized and received in the church,
With others of every age.
Forty years have passed by since those hallowed days,
And there's many a blot on the page.

The choir loft, the pulpit, the little reed organ,
Mrs. Pratt at the keys I still see.
And Mr. Pratt sitting near blowing his horn,
All of such interest to me.

Then there is the altar where we knelt to receive,
At the hands of the pastor, the cup.
I can still hear the words, "Arise, go in peace,"
While the people were getting up.

Those Junior League meetings were food for the soul,
The first one I now can recall;
My father took Eton and Ellen and me,
On a log 'twas his duty to haul.

We arrived in due time with hands and feet chilled,
But our voices we lifted in praise;
"I am so glad that Jesus loves me,"
Was one of our favorite lays.

There's a spot to the south of the little white church---
The graves where the friends are asleep;
All my nearest and dearest are lying out there,
--I selfishly pause to weep.

They are gone where the land is fairer than day,
So why should I wish their return
To this earth where heartaches and turmoil are rife
And the sense of duty is stern.

O God up in heaven Who hearest our cry,
Grant me, I pray this request,
When life's afternoon wanes Thou can't say unto me,
"Child, you have done your best."

L. Ruth Haskins.

6. YESTERYEARS
By Ethel Cassell
(July 1961)

May thirtieth seems to always bring a picture of Huntington old "town hall" as it used to be. For there the Decoration Day services were always held, though the Memorial Service was on the Sunday before at one of the three churches----Universalist, Baptist or Methodist.

The town hall of today is one of our landmarks----the beautiful Congregational Church of early years.

On May first, in 1839, the Congregationalists living here organized their church, and "built a two-story building at the south and facing the public square." They used the upper story of this as a place of worship until 1849, when the new church was erected----where it stands today, 112 years later.

The members of that early church, as the history tells, were Spencer Clark, Julius Mead, Beckford Land, Otis Boyce, David Lang, Allen Taylor, Erastus Clark, Darius Perkins and M. L. Sage----those men and their families.

The architecture of the building is worthy of note, reminding of the old New England churches. The pews faced the pulpit, which was at the west end of the auditorium between the doors from the entrance hall. The choir was a high dais extending in a sort of curve across the east end of the building, with a brass rail at the platform's edge. Its extension at the center was for the choir leader, and there was a pipe organ at the center back. The choir seats were like those in the church below, high backed pews, deep cushioned.

The church's steeple, which was tall and of noted architecture, was removed some years ago---probably for the sake of safety. There is a picture, taken of the present school building, which shows in the background the old church with its steeple.

The Rev. Ansel Clark was pastor of this church from 1846 to 1858. He it was whose home was the late Burt Pratt place, of which we have written. And it was that Rev. Clark who made that house a depot on the underground railroad for escaping slaves from the South.

But time does change even beautiful old buildings, and today this one is "just the old town hall."

7. YESTERYEARS

By Ethel Cassell
(August 1961)

A Farewell Song

(This poem was composed by Sarah Sage, wife of Joseph Sage, when on the journey from Connecticut to Worthington, Ohio, in the fall of 1806. Mrs. Ethel Laborie had this poem in her Family Bible.)

Farewell, farewell, my friends, farewell;
Farewell, a long adieu.
Perhaps we ne'er shall meet again
While in this world of woe.

Adieu my native country now,
Adieu my parents dear,
Sweet recollections and these lines
May cause one falling tear.

But now to yonder fertile lands
Our journey we pursue,
Where gloomy silence now is hushed
Our songs must wake anew.

Our offerings likewise shall ascend
From every peaceful grove,
When all created nature round
Is harmony and love.

There may we end our days in peace,
From thence our souls arise
To worlds of light; there may we meet
Beyond the azure skies.

(Editor's Note: This poem certainly reveals the early pioneer spirit. Distance was a great problem in those days`)

8. YESTERYEARS

By Ethel Cassell

(September 1961)

The school bells are ringing again! The first day of school seemed always to be a magic date, since the first one I remember, some long years ago.

There would probably be a new teacher, but the schoolmates would be much the same, for all grades attended the one-room country school.

Were our school things ready? The new books had been covered and the old ones re-covered, by mother, using some calico print of pretty design from "left overs." Our names were written neatly

inside each precious book. Then our slates with the slate-pencil tied on by a length of nice red cord. Of course a new sponge to tie at the side of our desk, for cleaning off the slate.

Maybe we would have a nice new dinner pail, probably tin, shiny and round, with wire handle. For an older pupil, there'd be a writing-book, or copy-book for practice writing, and maybe pen and ink. The bigger desks had built-in inkwells where the pen was dipped in ink for writing.

On this new first day of school there would be a new tin water-pail and dipper. A privilege for us was to "go fetch water"-----two to carry the pail-----to a well at a neighboring farmhouse; or to "pass the water" when it arrived. Each pupil drank from the bright long-handled dipper, as the passer went up and down the aisles with the pail of water.

At recess the "big ones" played ball, and small folk, hide-and-seek, goal, or pom-pom-pullaway. Ever play those games? And "ante-over-the schoolhouse" used to be a favorite game that used all ages, though some of us small ones were not allowed to throw the ball lest we hit a window.

In winter we played "fox and geese" or skated on a nearby pond. I can see plainly yet, the wet togs drying; all around that old wood stove in the center of the room on a snowy day.

Back of the house was a grove of oak trees where lived squirrels and bluejays through the winter, and they often came to the windowsills to peer at us.

I remember just one old fashioned spelling bee in that country schoolhouse on a winter evening. The room was lighted by oil lamps brought from homes, the whole neighborhood joined in the spelling, one man pronouncing the words from a MoGuffey's Eclectic Speller. Afterward, a sort of picnic supper. Wouldn't it be fun to have such a Bee nowadays - why don't we? I still have that old spelling book.

If you boys and girls could go back with me for a day at that little school, you'd think you were living a fairy-tale - but you'd have a jolly time - and find things worlds apart from your first day of school next week. But you too, are, as we were then, "building beautiful memories" to carry into the years ahead.

9. YESTERYEARS

by Harriett Walker Lansinger
(no date but c. 1961)

As spring comes, there is one event of the yesteryear that stands out so vividly in my mind. That is Decoration Day. To my knowledge, there were few communities that honored their soldiers, living and dead, more sincerely than did Huntington.

At least a month before the special day arrived, the general chairman of the previous year called a meeting of all the interested persons in the community. Different committees were named and general arrangements made.

Some of my earliest memories include going with my mother with Topsy and the buggy to collect flowers. Each school district was to send flowers by noon, as well as a committee, to help make them up into crosses, bouquets, crescents, and any other designs the men could make from wood or wire.

By noon, a number of wash tubs, plenty of wire and twine, besides the flowers, had been taken to the Town Hall. By one o'clock the chairman was there with her committee, ready to make the snowballs, iris, red peonies, lemon lilies, yellow and red roses and the fragrant syringas into the bouquets. The men carried water from the town pump to fill the tubs.

The Sunday before May 30th was observed as Memorial Sunday. The soldiers and all patriotic minded persons attended services at one of the three churches—Methodist, Baptist, and Universalist. The special sermon and music was of patriotic nature.

By one-thirty the Town Hall would be filled with people. The splendid Huntington Band had played several numbers and had marched into their section at the rear of the hall. My, that band was enough to make the most unpatriotic person's heart thrill. Kent Robinson behind the big horn, Dud Finkel with the bass drum, the Hawley boys and all the rest; and last, but not least, the Leader, Johnny Robinson.

The rest of the program included a prayer for our nation, for the heroes of our wars, living and dead, and their families. Special music, solos, music by the school children. Then there was a Memorial Essay, written by a senior or person of that age, which included the names of the soldiers, their rank, and where they died in the service. Then, to close the program, some prominent citizen would deliver the address for the day.

Now came the best time of all for the children. Boys and girls formed in line and the bouquets given to the girls. The boys carried the flags. One of each was placed upon each grave.

Our cemetery was not the beautiful place it is today. By May 30th the grass was as tall as some of the children, and if it happened to be raining, it was just too bad. However, the Township Trustees tried to help the situation by having a path mowed from one soldiers grave to another.

What a memorable time we had marching from the hall to the cemetery, especially if we had maneuvered it so we had "that special partner."

So ended a red letter day in my life in Huntington. I have the Memorial Essays of 1879 my mother's, 1901 my brother's, and 1909 my own.

I often wonder if the patriotic spirit which prevailed in Huntington and other places years ago had not been outmoded, if communism could ever have made the impression it has on our country.

(Thanks to Mrs. Lansinger for this interesting article)

10. YESTERYEARS

by Ethel Cassell
(March, 1958)

One day some years ago, a man stopped his car at Huntington Center to talk with Mr. Roberson, who was at that time custodian of our school property, and happened to be working near the highway.

This traveler was interested in our little park with its "beautiful granite column surmounted by the American eagle." He told Mr. Roberson that he had driven through the country quite extensively and had seldom if ever seen in such a small community, so fine a monument and well kept ground as he found here.

I'm wondering if the folks living here ever stopped to appreciate our town park and monument, to know its history or how it came to be here.

I have a small pamphlet printed in 1868, its cover stating, "Address of Attorney-General West, and ceremonies on the occasion of dedicating the Soldier's Monument at Huntington, Ohio, July 4, 1868. Inside the pamphlet, a description of this "cenotaph of dead heroes," the address; the remarks by the monument committee, transferring the monument to the custody and keeping of the Township Trustees," and their response. We read the toasts - given to " the Day, " "the Union," "Our Honored Dead," "The Orator of the Day," and to "The Ladies of Huntington," for "a sumptuous collation." The Committee - J.N. Elder, J.M.Clark, N.T. Chapman, Mrs. C.M.D; Perkins, Mrs. S.S. Warner, Edward West, C.M.D. Perkins and S.S. Warner.

You may read the names and ages of the honored soldiers, also the "Inscription," on the memorial.

And now a new memorial is to be erected - one to Huntington's men and women of later years who have been in the military service our country. The site for this has been obtained and the work upon it awaits only the remaining amount of necessary funds. For we of today are no less appreciative of the service of our youth that was the Huntington of earlier times, and soon we shall be proud of this new proof of our appreciation.

From one part of this address of 1868 we might quote these words "We are here to dedicate this memorial shaft, in grateful memory of the young men of Huntington who offered their lives in defense of our country. People of Huntington, it is a holy service, and may your example inspire universal imitation. It is the humble offering of gratitude to the valor and devotion of patriotism, emblematic of the affectionate and enduring remembrance in which we hold the sacrifices of our children in the cause of liberty and progress."

It seems that the Huntington of ninety years ago did bequeath us a little beauty spot and lovely memorial, of which we can be proud today.

11. YESTERYEARS

(This article by Mrs. Cassell was given at the Consecration Service).

Getting this assignment only a week ago, there's not been much research on the subject, but maybe this will give you some idea of the development of this church, which was begun 137 years ago by a very small body of Christian pioneers.

The Pioneer Anniversary of the Huntington Church where J.B. gave the address from which Mrs. Knauper quotes, was held in 1886. In 1856 Mr. Lang had written Reminiscences of Huntington in a small pamphlet concerning the early days of this section of Ohio.

In 1822 - only four years after the first families settled in Huntington—this original Methodist class of five that met for the first time were Capt. Timothy Culver and wife, Mr. & Mrs. H. R. Perris and Amanda Culver. It was the first religious society formed in Huntington. It seems uncertain when the first Methodist Church here was formally organized« though the history tells us it was organized by a Rev. James Murray* Among the names of those early ministers that were sent out by Huntington are some whose names might be of interest here because connected with relatives now living hereabout.

Rev. Amos Foote - you may have heard the farm where Rozborils live referred to as "the old Foote farm." This Amos Foote was the man who furnished the logs for that first meeting house. He is mentioned as often preaching here when no regular pastor was available. Then there was Zepheniah Sprague, for many years a class leader in the young church. James Bartlett - lived where the Huggins family lives now.

The first regular minister who ever preached here is given as Angel Brainard from Medina County. And Lang wrote, "The women of those days do servo more than a passing notice, for their self-sacrificing devotion and efforts to build up the church."

The Baptist Council-first convened in 1833 using the center schoolhouse until a church was erected on the same spot in 1842. The Congregational Church and Society was organized in 1839. One of their well known preachers was Ansel R. Clark, whose home was the Burt Pratt place and was a stop for slaves on the underground railway. And it was for him that Ralph Ward was named Ralph Ansel, so his mother told me. The Universalist Church was built in 1877.

That Pioneer Anniversary meeting of the Methodist Church in 1886 comes down to my day, and though I do not remember it, I imagine that I attended it, because my parents were Methodists and very likely went to those meetings. The pastor hero at that time was Rev. W.C. Dawson, the first pastor I ever remember, and while he was here I quite vividly remember speaking my first "piece" at a public program in this church.

Some pastors down through the years are remembered for connection with certain events. A Rev. Appendage was here at the time the sawmill exploded. Rev. Kneeled was an elderly pastor whose wife we young folks loved as a Sunday School teacher.

It was about 1890 that Rove. E.A. Winters came. Ho had been a missionary In India. He was a strong evangelist)) his young wife a lovely singer. During his evangelistic services many were won for Christ and a long list of names added to though church roll. Some stayed, some didn't. It was during his pastorate that the addition on the front of the church was built* About 1892 or 1893 I think. That pastorate I suppose was another milestone in our church.

Several years in the early 1900s we had pastors who were here but short times - young men - some students or just entering the Methodist Conference, trying out on a small congregation. Some of these men were sincerely interested in their work and in the young people and those we remember best.

After this period Fletcher Ward and his wife came from Berea each Sunday to their home church here which was without a regular minister. This was the church where they had boon raised and was so dear

to thorn. They came to hold Church Services and Sunday School until the congregation was able to support a non-resident minister and so continue on. After that we were able to get retired ministers from Oberlin, and supplies from the Spencer charge. It was when Rev. Quad, then with Spencer, was our pastor, and through his efforts, that the three churches - Universalist, Community, and Methodist - joined forces and became the United Church we have today, with the Methodist Conference supplying preachers.

And finally, Rev. Clark came as a resident pastor, and after many years of devoted service, here we are, with this beautiful new building, and another milestone reached.

12. YESTERYEARS
by Ethel Cassell
(Bishop Ward's Memorial Service, June 21, 1959)

This little word may be of interest to readers living away, who knew the Fletcher Ward family in years gone by.

Today was held a memorial service in the Huntington Church for Ralph Ward, followed by the grave-side service and burial in the family plot in Huntington cemetery.

While Ralph was not exactly a native of this town, being born in Leroy, a few miles beyond Huntington, he always regarded Huntington as "the old home town." Both of his parents were born here and his grandparents were among this town's early settlers. The families of aunts and uncles lived here and worked and worshiped in this same church. He spent many vacation days among us, sharing in the pleasures of the young people in the Sunday School and church activities, and later came sometimes to preach from this same pulpit.

When his parents returned to their home farm here, Ralph's wife and two little girls came to spend one summer time with them; and thus his family also came to know and enjoy Huntington, its little church and its people.

But few are living here today who knew this family. However, many of you met Bishop Ward and Katherine, his wife, a few years ago at a church home-coming here, when he told of his work in China. And this church makes its yearly missionary contribution to that work.

June has given us a beautiful summer day. Many relatives and friends were here to attend the morning church services; and Mrs. Ward so thoughtfully had planned for them a "so good" dinner in spacious Ward Hall, prepared and served by the Huntington church women. Here, in the early afternoon, Ralph's loved ones and friends renewed old acquaintanceships and talked with his friends from distant places of the world.

Memorial services in the church auditorium were at 3:30. It was cool and comforting in the familiar room, with the beautiful floral arrangements and quiet organ music played by Mrs. Clark. Rev. Clark read the scripture, Psalms 23 and 27. The message was given by Dr. Hazen Werner, the Methodist bishop of the Ohio Area. The hymn sung by the congregation is 527 in our Methodist Hymnal.

The church was filled with friends as it had been in long ago days when Ralph had given some forceful messages from its same pulpit. And I'm sure that this June day in Huntington, this memorial from loved ones, must have been for him a happy and rewarding time. And we know, too, that he would want it to mean for us, a renewed effort to carry forward God's kingdom here - and in all the world.

With us yet we have one of "the Ward boys," Locius, and his wife Ruth Smith Ward, whose girlhood home was on the Sullivan farm where the Meeks now live. Their home is in Euclid, Ohio, and we see them in Huntington now and then, to renew old associations.

13. YESTERYEARS

by Ethel Cassell

The oldest of my many scrap -books was started "once upon a yester-year." Today I happened to re-read a clipping pasted there. The author's name is not given and I do not know who wrote it. But the thought I'd like to pass on to the mothers of today, so I'm copying it here for you.

"Some day, O Mother, when the notable women of the earth come bringing their gifts to humanity, you shall stand with head erect, the center and cynosure of that illustrious throng. All will be there, the Jane Austins of literature, the Rosa Bonheurs of art, the Madam Curies of science, the Sarah Bernhardts of drama, the Carrie Jacobs Bonds of music and each will present her particular contribution to the age in which she lived - a book, a painting, a piece of music a bit of radium.....brilliant achievements, valuable gifts, but they will all pale to insignificance beside yours - the gift of human life.

"For of what avail are our books, our paintings, our music, if no hand turns the pages, no eye views the canvasses and no voice sings the melodies we have set down? How meaningless our wisdom, how futile our culture if it does not serve as a stepping stone to a civilization yet undreamed, a pathway to a golden era of achievement is whose splendor our groping minds can scarcely grasp! And it is your gift, your boy, your girl, who becomes the connecting link between the present and the future, who takes up the torch of progress where we lay it down and who bears it on triumphantly to generations yet to come.

"So remember, O Mother, if the day is long, the duties many and the burdens heavy, that the awards are equally as great, and that it is you, who, regardless of the passing triumphs or the brief applause that others may receive, are patiently, painstakingly, day by day, modeling the future of mankind. And if that is not a worthy cause, if it isn't a big enough career to call for and to receive the best you have to offer, then life itself is but an empty gesture."

14. YESTERYEARS

by Ethel Cassell

(The following poem, "Dedicated to District Number Six, 'Huntington, Ohio" was written July, 1936 in San Francisco, California, by Miss L. Ruth Haskins, formerly of Huntington, Ohio.)

To that pleasant valley where the little schoolhouse stood
With its single chimney smoking from chunks of corded wood,
Let me take you back in memory forty years or more ago,
When you were young and I was younger and life was lived just so.

It was in the Walker District at the township's western end.
The children came from far and near its sessions to attend;
It faced the sunny south at the foot of Walker's hill.
Below, in father's pasture ran the Charlemonte at will.

Across the road were locust trees, sweet smelling in the spring,

While by the creek wore sycamores with easy limbs to swing.
On the east aide was the woodpile of neatly corded oak,
Exposed to storm and sunshine, so 'twould either burn or smoke.

The teacher built the fires, and kept the schoolhouse tidy, quite
But there were childish helpers who assisted with delight.
Not many pupils all at once attended this small school;
Sometimes there might be twenty, though a dozen was the rule.

To go into this small building, there was choice of either door,
Though the key the teacher carried fit the western one no more;
So we entered at the east door with not a little noise,
(The west side was for girls, and the other one for boys.)

Inside each small entry there were nails upon the walls .
Where we hung our wraps in winter- cloaks, or capes, or shawls.
With mud or snow outside we replaced our boots with shoes;
On the floor each had a space so to tell which ones were whose.

Now we've come into the schoolroom - what memories it stirs.
(Ill jot down a few of them as each to mind occurs.)
There were water pail and dipper in a corner on a shelf,
If you were very thirsty, you could go and help yourself!

The water must be carried down the long, steep, Walker hill,
And the ones who did the toting had a chance to drink their fill!
Germs were never reckoned with when you and I were young;
Right not; I'd like to taste that water with my thirsty tongue.

There wore double seats and desks- three rows of them- no more
All fastened down securely with screws upon the floor.
The smaller ones in front for the tiny little tads,
In the rear, those larger, for the lasses and the lads

Who had broadened out and heightened and needed room to stretch,
And room too for books and things that they were wont to fetch.
On the walls wore good smooth blackboards, with trays below for chalk;
What fun it was to use them - make our words and figures talk!

The maps we had were up-to-date, geography was simpler then
Because the countries were not changed by hordes of warring men!
A bench along the western wall we sat on to recite;
We stumbled oft but anyway, we tried to answer right.

In spelling class we toed a crack our faces to the east;
Receiving "headmarks" was our aim and rivalry ne'er ceased.
The platform where the teacher sat enthroned in purer air
Was several inches higher and contained a desk and chair.

Ah, those were happy times, those years we spent together
In the golden months of autumn, and in wet and stormy weather.
Now I'd like to ask forgiveness for the many times I've erred-
Strayed from the straight and narrow path, in thought, in deed, in word.

One thing that I remember that has meaning to me now:
The teacher read a Psalm each mom and then our heads we'd bow
And all repeat the prayer, "Our Father" straight through to the end,
Or the teacher made one up that we could comprehend.

In my heart is warm affection for the teachers, every one,
And for the little one-roomed schoolhouse where work was linked with fun.

Ruth L. Haskins

15. YESTERYEARS by Ethel Cassell

Remember the old time "country store?" - the big stove with folks warming around it perhaps a group of the village men playing games or telling yarns; and always the cracker barrel—I well remember when we bought our crackers measured out of that big clean barrel.

That old-time store at Huntington Center would be an interesting place to visit today.

The first "storekeeper" in my memory was A. J. Burrell. Of when he first came to Huntington I know only that it was earlier than 1880. Ho kept the store and was also Postmaster until 1898, selling it then to Erwin Buck. Rollin Horr hi "kept store" there before Mr. Burrell came, but had lived in the house where George Simonson's live. The store and home of the Barrel's was a pretty place in those years - before the big hall was added. There used to be an ell on the south side, where was their parlor - a lovely old-fashioned room; and the lawn in front was separated from the sidewalk by an attractive white fence with its "front gate."

Mr. Burrell was also clerk of the school board here for many years. His hobby was horse racing, and he often entered horses at the Wellington Fairs.

Mrs. Clyde Chapman is a grand-daughter of the Burrell's. She and her sisters spent many summers in Huntington with their grand-parents and she has written some memories of them and the store, which you may enjoy.

She says, "Grandfather was such a reserved man that I stood in awe of him as long ago as I can remember. However we were never afraid of him, as he was always kind and also generous. We could have anything we wanted from the store - candy always - and I remember Mother choosing the pretty yard goods from the store for our school clothe when we went home to Cleveland. There was also the thrill I had when I could choose the first high-heeled shoes. The shoes were at the back of the store. And I recall the interesting holder for buggy whips.

"The sewing supplies were along the side of the store opposite the Post Office. We were seldom allowed to go into the store - almost never when there were customers. It was a great treat to be allowed behind the glass of the Post Office with its mail boxes, and watch Grandpa sort the mail and stamp the letters. One sad day we girls played with the interesting horse-shoe shaped magnet that he used to pick up the letters and

numbers from the case - for stamping letters, - for we lost the little metal bar across the magnet! I'm not sure we were ever allowed back there again.

"However, the candy counter was next to the Post Office and we were never barred from that. But we were in disgrace when Grandpa discovered that we had found which butternut squares had a surprise penny attached, and were choosing most all of them.

"Some cigar boxes had pretty pictures that we could have, so we were glad when the tobacco salesman came, as well as the candy man."

Through the vacations spent with their grandparents, the three "Sumner girls" made many friends in Huntington and became a happy part of our young people's activities of those days.

Before rural mail delivery came to us here, our mail came to the Huntington Railroad Station and was carried to the Post Office at the store - Andrew Mcquate was one of those carriers. Andrew says that before the railroad came to Huntington, the mail came from Polk, Ohio.

16. YESTERYEARS by Ethel Cassell (1959)

A Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church has lately died, Ralph Ansel Ward. To us older ones, just Ralph, one of the happy Ward boys who frequently used to join our old crowd of Huntington young folks in our parties, sleigh rides and picnics. So many of that old group have gone, I guess we shall need to have our next reunion "over there."

It was in May of 1856 that Aaron Ward, Ralph's grandfather, bought the first 62 acres of the farm two miles south of Huntington Center, now the Howard Jordan farm, and that farm was in the Ward family for seventy years.

Though the Fletcher Ward's did not live here during the years of his teaching career, the family were, through all the years, Huntington folks and intensely interested in this community and this church. He sometimes preached here, as did also his son Ralph. And when the church was without a pastor at one time, for lack of

enough members in town to keep a minister with us, it was Fletcher Ward who was enough concerned about it to come out here from Berea; on Sundays nearly every two weeks and conduct services and teach, in our Sunday school until we were able to get a retired minister assigned to this church. It was the home church of himself and Mrs. Ware and they would not see it closed.

Mrs. Ward was a native of Huntington also; her childhood home the old Walker farm "over west on the hill," (now Szabo's) where four generations of the Walker family have lived.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward, after his retirement from the faculty of Baldwin Wallace College, came back to live on their fan during the last years of his life, and they were our neighbors. Their sons and families came to enjoy the farm home whenever opportunity gave them some vacation days.

I remember that Ralph's mother told us the "Ansel" of his name was for the Rev. Ansel Clark, an early settler who, you've read, built the "Burt Pratt house" in 1840, and was pastor of the Huntington Congregational Church from 184 to 1858.

I thought this little sketch might be of interest to some who are the Huntington folks of 1959.

17. YESTERYEARS

by Ethel Cassell

When old people today, "stop to think about it", they can only marvel at the change in modes of living which have taken place since their youth - far greater changes, perhaps, than during the lifetime of any generation.

"Our daily bread", for one. Within the memory of some of us, note the change in the providing of food for the family; Some seventy or eighty years ago, a super-market as we know it today, would have been a wild dream. Away from the cities of that day, our farms and gardens provided us with food.

Vegetables had to be raised in our own gardens, from seed carefully selected and saved from the last year's crop. We must sow and hoe and gather, store what could be kept in the cellar, or go through the next winter without. Each farm had its orchard of fruit trees, providing those lovely big apples stored in bins or barrels, to be eaten around the cozy winter fire, or made into many delicious pies; and apple-butter, made in big iron kettles hung above an outdoor fire. Some kinds of fruit could be canned. Mostly we depended for berries on the wild ones growing along fence rows and in the wood lots - "going berrying" in the hot summer sun, being fun or not, as you thought of it. But we couldn't pick such things off grocery shelves

Our meat? It was grown, butchered, processed, at home. "Butchering day" was fun for the youngsters - neighbors usually helped each other, and to kill and cut up the pigs or beef was a sort of picnic day. Then 'twas salted down, smoked, dried how we waited for the cured beef to be dried - and methinks the dried beef we buy today can ill compare with that. Ham, hung in the smoke-house till ready, was something special too. Most farms had a tight smoke-house, insulated with sawdust, where the hams and "dried beef were hung and smoked.

Some folks kept bees for honey; everyone raised chickens and geese for eggs and meat—also using the feathers to make pillows and those big, soft feather-beds ready when the Master shall call us to "come up higher".

It is of interest that this Marilla Laborie was a great-grandmother of our Minert Laborie, and thus Robert's little girl, Michele, is the seventh generation of the first family of Huntington township. And Huntington, it appears, will have its 138th birthday next April.

19. THE YESTERDAYS

by Mrs. Ethel Cassell

"District School"

There were seven of them in Huntington. One room buildings with desks of different sizes, to accommodate boys and girls just getting acquainted with the ABCs, up to the "big boys and girls", some often of high school age. Some place near the center of the room stood the big black heating stove. If the morning happened to be severely cold, or the fire provokingly slow to burn, we could bring our books and hover as near the stove as possible, to try to study. There were times when fingers were too stiff with cold for writing

or figuring, till things warmed up. The shelves where the "dinner-pails" were kept were usually in the entry room, and to keep the lunch from freezing on winter days, these need be brought around the stove, along with wet boots and mittens.

All the way from "near by" to "a mile or two away", truded the pupils through heat or cold, or rain or shine, to the little white school house—usually on the corner. In spring we gathered wild flowers that covered the roadsides; in autumn, brought colored leaves, acorns—and plenty of "stick-tights." In winter, overtimes, some daddy in the neighborhood might hitch a team to his big bob-sled and gather up the children to give them a ride to school. Always in springtime came the afternoon when teacher would take us all to a near-by woods to gather spring flowers. If some farmer not too far away had a pond, it was the skating rink hi winter at "recess" and noontime.

The teachers of these country schools were free to use whatever teaching methods they preferred and whatever books the pupils provided. However, in general use was the series of McDuffie Readers, Ray's Arithmetic's and Harvey Grammars. Each scholar had of course the proverbial slate, with the scratchy slate pencil, and a sponge hung on a cord fastened to the desk. "Teacher, can I wet my sponge?" Many school locations had no well or cistern and drinking water must be carried by pupils and pail from the nearest farm. But "going after water" was a privilege, not a chore - took time out from class and afforded adventure on the trip.

Once a month or perhaps more often, a Friday afternoon was given to "rhetoricals"—singing, speaking pieces, dialogues, and maybe a few visitors. Highlights of the school year. Promotions were not by grades so much as by books—when you finished the "fourth reader", for instance, you were passed to the "fifth reader class", or finishing Ray's Primary Arithmetic you were introduced to Ray's Complete—and when and if you learned what that book taught, you knew something about arithmetic.

No one was obliged to attend high school. If a pupil had desire to do so, the parents paid tuition and found a place for board in town—usually Wellington. If the mud in the roads was not too deep or too rough, you came home on Friday eve and went back to town and school on Monday morning. There were some brave and ambitious ones who did succeed in living at home and driving—a horse, not a car—to and from school each day. Though many improvements, comforts and blessings have come to the schools today, there are happy memories and much sound education for which to thank those little country schools.

20. YESTERYEARS

by Ethel Cassell
1818 to 1960

Some time ago our church purchased a lovely Book of Remembrance, in which to record all gifts to the church - gifts however large or however small - with names of the donors. But this book, to be cherished through the years, needed a place of honor and beauty for its safe keeping. And now it does have such a place. Mr. Glenn Lamb has made a lovely receptacle for the book, with a stand upon which it rests. And thereby hangs a bit of Huntington history.

Some of you read in the Parish Paper a few years ago, the story of the first families (other than the Indians) to locate in this township? that a Joseph Sage was one of a group of Connecticut men who had purchased this land from the Connecticut Western Reserve. In 1818 he induced several families to migrate from their old home in the east and commence anew in the nearly unbroken forests of Ohio.

The first family to make the start was that of John Laborie, a son-in-law of Mr. Sage. With him came his wife, Marilla, eighteen years old, and two small children. Mr. Sage, four young men, and a hired girl accompanied them. After five weeks travel from their old home, they came to Sullivan Township where

four families had located the fall before. There this family often lived for a few weeks while their house on Huntington land was made ready.

On April 13, 1818 they moved to their new home—the first house built in Huntington Township——located on land which lies a ways to the north of the present Weber home on Baker Road.

At that time it was supposed that the road, when built, would lie farther east than it does, so the new house was made to face east. As was usual in the pioneer homes, the house had a puncheon floor——thick slabs split or hewn from oak trees and smoothed or polished.

When this log house was replaced by a newer house, John Laborie's son Anthony used those slabs from its floor to build a barnyard fence; and later, when the fence had served its usefulness, Anthony's son Louis, who was Minert Laborie's father, made from this same puncheon, barrel staves for a large barrel to be used at butchering time for scalding hogs.

When Minert moved to his present home, he took with him this scalding barrel, which he, and later Ellsworth, used as long as they butchered their own hogs. After this it was stored away in a barn. Then one day Ronnie Laborie showed one of those old puncheon barrel staves to Mr. Lamb, who does cabinet work, and it was decided that some articles made from them would be an heirloom well worth preserving,

So it is that puncheon hewn from the primeval oaks in Huntington's forest for the floor of that first log cabin, has been fashioned into the chest to hold the Book of Remembrance for Huntington's Church.

21. YESTERYEARS
by Ethel Cassell
(1964)

(This article is not too many years old, but perhaps many do not know about this meeting of the Trustees and Steward that caused Huntington never to be the same again. It was the meeting that set the stage for a resident minister in Huntington. Newcomers might be interested to know that Huntington had not had a resident minister for 29 years before the darks moved here September 4, 1947).

Tuesday evening, May 20, 1947, the Trustees and Stewards met at the Rollins.

The meeting was called to order by Chairman, Glen Rollin. Mr. Rollin explained the purpose of a meeting which was held on April 28, 1947 at his home. This was in the form of a discussion as to a resident minister.

Lena Krueck read the Constitution of the Huntington United Church. Phases of it were reread and discussed.

Mr. Rollin appointed Lena Krueck, Helen Easterday and Jim Rollin to make a list of Charter members and members of the three churches, Community, Methodist and Universalist.

The Board voted on whether to decide this evening as to changing Pastors now. Most of them were in favor of deciding tonight.

The amount needed to keep a resident minister one year would be about \$2,000.00.

Then a discussion followed as how best to finance the minister's salary. A few members agreed to pool a certain amount to take care of the bills for at least eight months, hoping that collections during that period would take care of the remaining year.

Mr. Rollin reported that an apartment was available for the minister.

Ellsworth Laborie, George Krueck, Hart Leininger, and Glen Rollin were to make a trip to Oberlin the next day to tell Dr. Wagar of the change being made.

The meeting was adjourned." (Acting secretary, Hazel Koons.)

22. YESTERYEARS by Ethel Cassell

Memories of some days of the yesteryears come today because my very earliest playmate has just finished this earth-life and has gone away.

Twas back in the 1880's that Homer Holland and I were the only small children in our neighborhood, and we lived next door - his home where the Don Mannings now live, and mine, the home today of the Richard Heiffhers.

On the way between there was no traffic hazard - no autos roamed the dirt roads (or any roads) and only occasionally a neighbor's 'buggy' or the milk wagon plodding along. So it was safe to loiter on the road between our homes, and stop to watch the tiny stream beneath the little culvert, or to sit on the stone and dip one's toes in its ripples.

At each of our homes we had a playhouse - on the porch or 'neath a tree. One hour was usually the allotted time "to stay," whenever we were allowed a visit; and when someone in the house came to say that time was up - the little visitor dropped the playthings and went home!

Sometimes we could go to Homer's grandmother's house, "down the road a piece" the other way. Grandma Holland was the "cookie lady" of that entire neighborhood and her big sugar cookies were, I'm sure, the best I've ever known

Compared to those of today's child our playthings were very few, but, I think, much dearer, for we ourselves made most of them out of materials at hand and our own imagination and ingenuity. And I believe we were as contented and happy as children today - maybe more so. Anyway, the happy memories lingered to be recalled with joy and appreciation, after long years of living.

23. YESTERYEARS by Ethel Cassell (1958)

"COOK-STOVES"

Her mother's kitchen is modem - light, airy, convenient, In the electric oven, dinner cooking with the timer to call when it is ready, And I hear Polly say, "Oh, it's so hot in this kitchen when the oven's on." Could I but take her back with me to kitchens of some sixty or seventy years ago it would so

interesting - though hot - and to Polly, like visiting far-away, fairy-tale world of which the youth of today know very little.

The first cook-stove I remember was shaped somewhat like a large iron box, raised from the floor on four iron legs, and a sort of shelf extending at the front - this was the hearth, and here was the small door which slid open for draft to keep the fire burning inside. At the back was the stove-pipe which reached up through the ceiling into the chimney; above. This stove had four lids on the top, to hold cooking utensils or lids lifted off with the "lid handle," to set the black iron kettle directly over the fire. I have a relic, which is one of those old iron pots on three tiny legs, and which was made in the old Wellington Foundry on Johns Street.

Below the cooking surface of the stove was the oven, its door opening at one side. Beneath the stove was plenty of room to keep the "stove poker" and "lid lifter," and a nice place for the pet kitten to keep warm and cozy.

Well remembered is that old stove-hearth. We laid our wet mittens there to dry. In the ashes under the draft, our mother would roast onions—all wrapped up in their own skins. When done, the juice pressed from those onions was sweetened and used as a cough syrup for winter colds. It really tastes good too.

To ready this stove for baking or cooking a meal was far more than pressing a button or turning a switch—the kindling and the sticks of wood carried in from the wood-shed, or maybe from the wood-pile in the yard,

Later there was a big coal range, with hot water reservoir and "warming-oven;" then a kerosene cook-stove—and probably Polly will live to have only memories of her mother's 1958 electric range which made the kitchen "so hot;" and will be trying to describe to some grandchild the way they cooked in the days of her childhood.

24 YESTERYEARS

by Ethel Cassell

(June 1956)

"Spring Housecleaning"

Housecleaning wasn't quite the same in grandmother's day as it is today, either. Let us "youngsters" just drop in on grandma, or maybe great-grandma, for a few days during her spring cleaning. Maybe we can pitch in and help in the fun. So many routines of other times we've never known in our homes today.

I wonder how grandmother went at this Job. First of all the men must take out the stove - that big heater around which the family life revolved all the long winter. It could be stored in the woodshed or some place until next fall. Then came removing curtains and furniture and "taking up the carpet". It is a rag carpet covering all the floor, tacked down at each wall. Underneath was a layer of straw which must be carried out, while the carpet is hung across a clothes line and beaten to remove the dust. It made a dandy tent in which to play, if only we are not asked to help "beat carpet".

Later, after the floor is scrubbed and dry, windows washed, etc., the floor is covered with bright clean wheat straw. The carpet must be tightly stretched over this and so tacked down. One side tacked, grandfather put on his rubber boots - clean, of course - to help stretch the carpet to the opposite side. And so it went, until the carpet was "down" -over a nice springy cushion. Furnishings back in place,

what a refreshed,, cool room, and what fun to walk about on the soft carpet-. Later, of course, that straw cushion would mat down and help to keep the floor warm next winter.

In the bedrooms, more straw change - from the bed-ticks - no. not bugs, but chose things that took the place of what today we call a mattress. We helped carry it to the barnyard, empty the worn-out straw, and after the tick was washed and dried, filled it with the clean new straw. On top of this straw-tick grandmother placed her soft, warm feather-bed and when we went to bed that night the bed was as bouncy as the carpet had been.

To us children this housecleaning business was a jolly time - until we were old enough to help too much. But for grandma, with a good to take the place of a vacuum cleaner; a stout "wash-board instead of our automatic washer home made soap., and all water heated on a wood-burning cook stove - well, maybe it wasn't any more satisfactory than the way we clean today, but she accomplished the same result - a clean, fresh homo ready for the busy happy summer ahead, on the "grandfather's farm".

25. YESTERYEARS

by Ethel Cassell

(The following is copied from a letter written in 1934 by a friend then living in Huntington.)

Well, we have no Methodist Church in town anymore. The two churches have united ——name, The United Church of Huntington. There seems to be a fine spirit of cooperation, a fairly good attendance at the church service, and such an enthusiastic Sunday School growing up. We now have a Sunday School enrollment of about 70, and a good percentage of attendance for winter time in the country.

Now that our church life is becoming more satisfactory, we feel more than ever that this is a good place to live.

We are quite proud of our school, its work, and the P.T.A. We have some fine new busses to bring the children in al warm and safe, and four splendid teachers - and so far they've been able to pay them.

The Grange is working well; and there is a very good Juvenile Grange of 26 boys and girls. They have their own meeting room, upstairs in the old Baptist Church. We try to learn to love and make beautiful real living in the country.

There "be" a lot of things about the town that I'm not telling, of course, but as we joy in the happy things of the community we tend to get away from those others, and thus the less desirable fades as the better things loom larger.

I must tell you of our school orchestra. You know we have no high school here, so the pupils are all younger. There are over 20 in this orchestra. They have become good enough to play at public entertainments. Many are able to do solos. Sometime soon there is to be an all county band playing together - over 300 pieces from the rural schools. And all of our band instruments go from here.

Last week was our Country Life Institute. There are two days of meetings and this year a very good attendance and interest.

26. YESTERYEARS

by Ethel Cassell

From a Huntington boy who now lives and raises some of the "tall corn" out in Iowa, the editors of our parish paper received an interesting and welcome story to pass on to you.

Herron Deckles gives us - "a story out of the life of my grandfather, Benj. Wadsworth. At the time slaves from the South were being helped to get through to Canada, five - a grandmother, a mother and three children - were brought to Grandfather's house one night at twelve o'clock, by two men who did not tell their names. But they gave the location of a house in Oberlin, to which Grandfather was to take them the next night. Grandmother fixed a bed for these slaves in the haymow, where they would be hidden and of course Grandmother fed them. The next night Grandfather took his team and wagon with hay in it and a canvas over the top, the negroes all lying down under the canvas, and left home about midnight, unloading them safely at the house in Oberlin. A neighbor went with Grandfather. He never told us the neighbor's name, but we always thought it was Ansel Clark."

Thank you, Mr. Deckles, for contributing this to our Huntington story.

Very probably it was the Rev. Ansel R. Clark who was the cooperating neighbor, because his home, the late B. H. Pratt house, was often a helpful side station on the "underground railway" through Oberlin. No doubt Mr. Wadsworth had a dandy team hitched to that wagon, for he was interested in fine horses and owned many of them. One historical note tells that in 1869 he was one of a group of Wellington area men who succeeded in getting a one-third mile race track at the Fair grounds and introducing horse-racing there.

The Ben Wadsworth home was the beautiful place surrounded by those stately old pine trees, near the north edge of our township, on State Route 58, where the Wilhelm family now live. The Eckels home was a little ways south, on the east side of the road - now a part of Findlay Forest. Mrs. Herron Eckels is also of Huntington - Bertha Chapman, whose home was where Sonny Rice now lives.

27. YESTERYEARS by Ethel Cassell

THE HUNTINGTON BAND

From a number of sources have come interesting memories of the Huntington brass band and its experiences.

Clayton Chapman writes: I have knowledge of three Huntington bands - a brass-band before 1880, the Kelsey brothers fife and drum corps, and the brass band that John Robinson organized about October, 1898. I recall 29 who played in this band at some time in its existence. I wish I knew just what has become of each' one."

The following names are of boys who were "regulars," though there were others who belonged part of the time during its years. Always their leader was J.B. Robinson. Boys now living include Elmer Griggs, of California; Dudley Finkel, Wellington; Bob Cole, Ashland; Clyde Cassell, Wadsworth; Floyd Davidson, Tennessee; Frank Hawley, Michigan; Maurice Hawley and Clayton Chapman, Huntington. Others were Kent Robinson, Arthur Handley, Dick Boone, Albert Jones, Ira Stone.

Maurice Hawley tells us that one year this band attended a meeting of the Buckeye Band Association at Shelby, Ohio, and carried off the honors of being the best showing band in the state. They also attended several G.A.R encampments, at Chicago, Cleveland and Washington D.C."

Clyde Cassell tells of the trip to Washington, that the delegations from G.A.R. of this area had a chartered car, and the Huntington band, engaged to accompany them, joined the groups at the Sullivan station,

A band hall was built - just east of the Center, north side of the road - by the band members with money earned from playing at fairs, etc., and from ice cream socials and oyster suppers which they sponsored. They used to have big crowds in the Center park. For instance, at a chicken-pie dinner they served on one occasion, there was so large a gathering that the park grounds were literally crowded.

John Robinson, who organized and directed this band, was injured very seriously in 1907 and thus, after a colorful run of years, his band was separated.

28. YESTERYEARS
by Ethel Cassell
(March 1957)

We have wanted to give you some history of the Huntington Baptist Church. Through the courtesy of Harvey Chapman, who was the clerk of that church at the time it disbanded, we have looked through the church record covering the years from 1910 forward. It would be interesting to have the records back through its earlier years.

The Huntington township history tells that the first religious meetings were held by Sylvanus Parmely, a Baptist of Sullivan, at the home of John Laborie. The Baptists were organized in 1833, the present church building (the Grange Hall) built in 1842. It is recorded that Daniel Tilotson, one of the earliest settlers here, was an official of this church, though he later became a Universalist minister.

In 1910, when this minutes book picks up the record, the Pastor was Rev. W. Preston Napier; later ministers were Rev. B.C. Myers, Rev. Herbert D. Rugg.

In 1912 a special meeting was called, of all members, to discuss the financial condition of the church and the number of members who had moved to Wellington and to Spencer, requesting letters to churches in those places. But it was not till 1920, when the membership was very few; that a vote of all was taken, to dispose of the church property - the proceeds to go, "two-fifths to the Spencer Baptist Church and three-fifths to the Wellington Church." This was voted unanimously, the property sold, and proceeds so divided.

There were sixteen resident and twelve non-resident members at the time. To each of these was issued a letter of transfer to any church with which they chose to unite. Eight of these are now living - Mrs. C. S. Griggs, Mrs. George McQueen, Mrs. Waneta Bowen, Mrs. Nellie Palmer, Mrs. Dewey Griggs, Harvey Chapman, Norman Griggs, R. A. Cassell.

At their last meeting a commendable motion was passed, "recommending to the resident members of the church that they adapt themselves to the existing situation with reference to the Huntington Methodist Church as a church serving the community, by assisting in associate relations with the local church, and thus show their desire to be known as helpers in the religious interests of the community,"

Clerks of the church during the time of this record were Elbert Chapman, B. H. Boone, and Harvey Chapman; the trustees: Alonzo Rush, E. H. West, R. A. Cassell. The parsonage was the house where the Whitney's now live.

29. YESTERYEARS by Ethel Cassell

I have a large old map of Lorain County, which shows location of roads, farms (acres in each), homes and business buildings for each of the counties townships and villages. The map is "from actual surveys by John P. Geil, 1857, published by Matthews & Taintor of Philada." The scale is 2 1/2 inches to the mile.

Some interesting facts concerning the Huntington of that date may be gleaned from a study of this map. It is a very worn old map, partly from being tucked away, through many years, with other relics, in the granary on the Gillett farm. But it tells us that in 1857 the population of Huntington township was 1173, of Wellington 1555, of the entire county 25,822.

You would note with interest the number of buildings, both homes and shops, on the half-mile north of the center. On the west side of the road, a cabinet shop, a "carpenter and joiner shop", a shoe shop, (the shoes were made, there, as well as repaired), two tailor shops, a tin shop, and the Perkins Inn, which is now the Lorene house. The east side of that bit of road had a harness shop, foundry, a "store by J. and P. Laborie", the Case hotel, a tannery, a store and a tin shop, the church and a cemetery. There were a number of "just homes", also along that short distance. As you drive along there today, a hundred years later and in your car on a hard smooth road, can you see it as it looked in 1857? Nor could those folks in their small "manufacturing plants" have visualized Huntington as it looks to us today.

Did you ever know that the Pratt road by the Boyd home, at one time extended on across the "West" road and a half mile farther east to the township line? And there were three houses on it, besides the one where Boyd's now live.

There was the Wesleyan Methodist Church, one mile south and two miles east of the center, on the northeast corner; the school house across the road on the northwest corner. And I notice on the map a "cheese house" near the dwelling on the old Sprague farm east of Huntington - now the Rudy farm. So many of the names are familiar to those readers whose early years were in this place - or they are perhaps your own family names. .

This big map isn't stout enough, anymore, for public display, and the southern townships are "the worse for wear", but you would find it interesting if you happen to be history-minded.

30. YESTERYEARS by Ethel Cassell (November, 1956)

Some Huntington young folks of the not so far away yesteryear are Mr. & Mrs. H. A. Eeckles, living now in Iowa. You'll remember a story in this column some time ago, of his grandfather, Benjamin Wadsworth, whose home was where the Wihelms now live. And here s another - one which so well depicts the ambitions of the young people of those days and their courage and determination in striving for their goal,

Mr. Eeckles writes, "I notice from your last paper that you need some reminiscing, so I'll give you an account of one of the highlights of my grandfather Wadsworth's young manhood.

"In an early day, a young man came from Massachusetts to Wellington and started a little academy, I think his name was Chase. My grandfather went to school to him one winter, which was all the formal education he had. The rest he worked out by himself with the help of his father. When I was a boy, he still had his algebra with the mark halfway through, where he had worked the problems in it.

"The people of Mount Vernon, Ohio, offered him \$100.00 and his board to teach their three months of school in the winter. He boarded a week at a time with the parents of the scholars. There was a large attendance of scholars, from beginners to young men of eighteen and twenty years old. At the end of the school year, in order to keep that one-hundred dollars in one piece, he walked home from Mount Vernon to his father's farm in Wellington Township. The farm is now occupied by Mr. William Bennett, of the Wellington Bank.

"I have a letter that grandfather wrote to his sister while he was teaching at Mount Vernon, dated 1845. That was before envelopes came into use. It was written on one side of sheet of paper, the four corners folded together and sealed with wax. The address of the recipient put on the opposite side.

"I also have a letter written by one of his former pupils to grandfather after that pupil had become a Senator from the state of Michigan. Grandfather was very proud of the fact that this man remembered him after he had become prominent."

Thank you so much for this interesting account. We're glad someone noticed that this column needed help and that they did something about it. We've been hoping to get more stories of the olden times from you readers who must remember many interesting events connected with the Huntington of by-gone days.

31. YESTERYEARS by Ethel Cassell

(Excerpts of a letter written by Huntington Pioneer in the year 1837. The pioneer was a bachelor named Cornelius Kark who lived somewhere 1 1/2 miles west of Rt. 58 and one hundred rods north of Bursley Rd.)

I shall proceed to give you an account of our situation and state of health, and then a little about the country according to the best of my judgment. We have bought fifty two and ninety eight one hundredths acres in this town, situated in a peaceable and quiet neighborhood which is a great privilege in my estimation. It is very heavily timbered with beech, maple, and some hickory, a small piece of creek flat, which is limbered very heavily with elm, walnut and butternut, some maple and sycamore or buttonwood. We are one hundred rods from a public road, have the privilege of a private road to get out. It is not opened yet, but we go through woods much better than through the road to our place to a school house three fourths of a mile from us, where is Baptist preaching, but not regular yet. It is two and three fourths miles to the center of this town where are regular meetings of Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians every Sabbath, They have commenced building a church this summer at that place, as the old one is of logs.

If the surrounding country was good and productive soil, there would be a flourishing village there in a short time, I think. The highest store is three and one fourths miles away.

The country is poorly watered in the summer season. Water is hard and can not be used for washing without cleansing. It is very unpleasant to the taste also. Very few who have not had the trial of it, realize the value

of pure and wholesome water. If I had known the water would be so bad in summer, I think we would never have bought here. However, some think it more healthy than soft water, but I do not. Some wells, however, are tinctured with sulphur, which is not so injurious to health, but there are others who think it is tinctured with copper, as it turns red after being boiled and a water bucket decays in a few years .

It is very dry here this summer, and I am informed there has been more rain than usual. We had a little rain week before last, which has revived the crops a little. Potatoes, which I thought a man could cultivate to his profit, I find will be a very uncertain crop in this country in consequence of drought. Corn looks very unpromising in this town, excepting a few pieces which were manured before planting. However, if frost holds off till the last of September there will be some corn in town.

Wheat came in well this year on new land. Old land is no better than I have seen on the great flat, not so even as I have seen there. Old land will not produce grain here to much profit in consequence of its winter killing. Some of the sandy broken land however I think will be good for grain. Grass also came in light to what I expected to see. However, grass will do well here, if there could be a sufficient quantity of rain, but I think it will always be dry here in the summer.

32. YESTERYEARS by Ethel Cassell

Are you tired of history? I've just found this chapter, most of which has not been noted here before. Tis about Huntington's first election and the voters.

This territory was at first a part of Medina County; and in 1822 - four .years after this township began - that county gave notice to Huntington residents that all qualified voters should meet on the first Monday in September, and organize their township by electing the necessary officers required by law.

There were fifteen voters. The officers required were "three Trustees, a Clerk, Treasurer, two Fence Viewers, two Supervisors, two Overseers of the Poor, and two Listers and Appraisers. The history tells us the names of those voters and what became of each in later years. The stories of some are of interest here today.

We know of John Laborie, who was our first settler. He was one of the "Listers and Appraisers." The other was Ben Rising who lived here to be 98 years of age.

One of those Trustees was Benjamin Banning, who died about 1826, being the first grown person that died in this township. He was buried in his own orchard on land that is now a part of the Behlke farm, east side of road and aero from the old Cassell home until just a few years ago, the grave was marked by old picket fence and large stones, but later owners, not knowing of the grave, removed such markers. It is recorded that the burial casket was hewn from a large walnut log. The Behlke's plan to restore and mark this historical gravesite.

One of the voters at this first election was Erasmus Royce, a great, great grandfather of Huntington's Dean Royce c today. He married the daughter of Capt. Timothy Culver(a very early settler) and they were the first residents of the township to be married here.

Can you guess how many persons living in Huntington today are descendants of those who were living or owning farms here one hundred years ago or earlier? It may be more than you think. When the reports are in, we hope to be able to tell you.

33. YESTERYEARS

by Ethel Cassell

Do You Remember?

When Mrs. Murray and myself were scouting about among historical writings, personal recollections, cemeteries, etc. to find facts of Huntington's early years, we discovered many interesting things that could not well be included in the short history we were writing for the Lorain County Historical Society.

Of interest to us were the people who long ago lived in the same houses at the same locations where some of us today have our homes. For instance, from Mary Sprague, who lives in Wellington, we learned that the interesting low, square house in which the Peter Finches lived so long, was built by Miss Sprague's great grandfather, Zephaniah Sprague. In the early church, it is recorded, "Father Sprague was class leader and Father Bartlett led the singing." James S. Bartlett, Agnes Rappings grandfather, lived in the "little red house" where Mr. Huggins' house now stands.

The house across the road from the cemetery, which has just been sold by Eslye Jones, was built by Dr. Nored Elder, grandfather of Homer Holland. Homer's mother, Delia, gave to me a bedstead which her parents had bought for her when the family came to Huntington in 1856. It is of colonial design and after all these years of use, is as stout and true as ever- much more so than many modern beds. (And though built a hundred years ago, it is not a "corded" bedstead, as might be supposed.

There are other old-time houses and locations about which there is interesting information recorded. If any of you older residents have some memories along this line, send them on at this time and we will share them together.

Reminiscences can be profitable as well as fun. "It's time to remember."

34. YESTERYEARS

by Ethel Cassell
(1956)

"Epworth League" Way back there when I was a youth, our Methodist young people's society - the youth fellowship - was called the Epworth League. There was a magazine published - The Epworth Herald - to which most of our members subscribed, which kept the local societies in touch with activities of Epworth Leagues every place and giving the devotional topics to be used each week by all Leagues. We were issued a charter, which was framed and hung on the wall in the meeting room.

Here in the Huntington church our meetings were held in the "front room" on Sunday evenings during the half-hour just preceding the regular Sunday evening church service.

To League members were issued an attractively printed little folder containing the topics for each weekly meeting date, with the Bible references and names of the leaders for each service.

We used the S. S. song books of the Gospel Hymns, for the singing; and always there would be the "testimony period" when each individual was at liberty to give some thought or experience of his own - his "testimony for the Lord."

As I remember, there was usually a very good attendance at these Epworth League meetings. Afterwards we just moved in to join the service in the main room. Many of those young folks were members of the church choir and took their places there. Many times, today, from down the years,

come familiar remembered phrases of those old loved songs, to be, oft-times, a very present help in times of stress or happiness. "Keep on the Sunny Side", "Count Your Blessings", "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms", "No, Never Alone" - and oh, so many more.

There was also a Junior Epworth League for the children. Their meetings, I believe, were on some week-day afternoon, with an older person as Junior League Superintendent but some Junior member acting as leader at each meeting. They studied the church catechism, learned Bible verses and had a Junior Hymnal of their own.

I have a picture of a Junior League group that I think was the last one using that name. It must have been during Rev. A. H. Perry's pastorate, for three children in the picture are young Perrys. Others are Lucille Chapman and Nellie Richards, assistants to the leader, Dewey and Tressie Hull, Jay and Louisa Myers, Eva Handley, Myrtle Pifer, Ruth and Ralph Reynolds, and one face, blurred, which I do not remember.

35. YESTERYEARS by Ethel Cassell

Mrs. Kraeck, whose mother was for many years an officer of this church, has among her "antiques" a large volume of the Church Record, dating back to 1875. It contains records of the pastors, names of all members of the church with date of their reception into the church and of their transfer to other places, etc., even any remarks of special interest concerning each. Also listed we find Official Board members for different periods, trustees, stewards, local preachers, class leaders. This record book was kept up - and well - until 1896, when the minister was the Rev. R. McCaskey.

There is a section with records of baptisms, and one of marriages. The earliest marriage in record is of Joseph Gariss of Brighton. And second, the marriage of "Fletcher D. Ward and Hattie G. Walker on Nov. 9, 1875", the officiating minister being Orlando Pearce. Then Dec. 30, 1875, Edson A. Clark and Ida D. Perkins (parents of Mrs. Gleason).

In the back of the book some one has penned "A brief history of the Huntington M. E. Church." "In this church's history the first class was organized about 1822 with five members. Meetings were held in homes. As the number of the inhabitants in the township increased, the church correspondingly increased, until in 1835 the class thought it was strong enough to build a meeting-house at the center. That church was built of logs, donated by Amos Foote (who lived about 2 miles east of the center on land now owned by the Rozborils). The work was the greater part of the expense. A Mr. Ferris had a sawmill and sawed me boards for the floor. Reuel Lang made the sash and doors. It was about 20 x 30 ft. Two stoves did the heating. The pulpit was a raised platform about 5 x 8 ft., with a shelf in front to lay the book on. After this house was built Huntington became one of the most important preaching places on the circuit. In 1835 the 'Wellington circuit' was formed, to which Huntington belonged until 1866, when Wellington became a station and the 'Penfield circuit' was formed. Huntington was continued in this until 1875 when it became a station. (A 'station' evidently meaning same as 'a charge', having its own pastor). In a few more years the church grew and multiplied in numbers and wealth, and in 1847 they decided to build a new house of worship. (That being the 'old part' of this present church building). Huntington has probably turned out more Methodist preachers than any other township of its population in Ohio." (And a list of twenty is given).

Many of you folks who receive the Parish Paper and who once lived in Huntington would be so interested in looking over names and dates in this precious old record book.

36. YESTERYEARS
by Ethel Cassell

Once upon a time - in the dawn of the twentieth century - there was a group of boys and girls whose history is rather unusual and interesting. These young men and women, a goodly number for a country town, were the young folks of the Sunday-schools and Epworth League of the Huntington Churches. They grew up together in the life of this community. All through those years this happy group were together in their schools, church activities, parties, sleigh rides, homes and loyalties.

When business and marriage took many of them into other communities, other states, to make their homes, they still kept in touch with one another by means of some wonderful reunions, living over together the memorable days of their youth in the old home town.

In 1913, twelve of "the girls" of this group started among themselves a "circulating letter - sometimes called a round robin letter. As each receives it she takes out her last letter and puts in a new one. In this way, and with a reunion now and then, have these twelve families kept close together for over forty years in a priceless friendship.

Not until 1948, and again in 1953 was their circle broken and now ten of these women, grandmothers and great-grandmothers, still receive "the letters" every two or three months-from Ohio towns, Iowa, Virginia, California. It's an inspiring reunion when the big long fat envelope arrives in the mail! One wrote in a late letter, "This circulating letter is one of the dearest things in my life."

More than twenty, probably, of that old Huntington crowd are now living, and hold the experiences and inspirations of those days as one of their dearest memories. It seems as if the rafters of the old church still ring with their joyous, confident singing of "*When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder I'll Be There.*"

37. YESTERYEARS
by Ethel Cassell
(October 1955)

"In the fall of the year", sixty or seventy years ago! Preparations for the winter - a lot of work in those days, but also lots of fun. We were then akin to the squirrels, for it was a necessity that the food for our winter meals be garnered and stored - barrels of apples in the cellar, some pared and cored hanging to dry for pies later on; and apple-butter time - that was an autumn tradition. Over the outdoor fire hung the big copper kettle in which the apples were stirred and cooked, to be put away in crocks for delicious and plentiful spreads. A habit of the youngsters was to drop some pennies into the kettle - it may not have improved the apple-butter but the pennies came out bright as gold.

"Around these parts", today we lose the glorious picture James Whitcomb Riley's poem paints for us; "When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock". Now the pumpkins are mostly jack-o-lanterns and the fodder in the silo, which truly is not as picturesque as those fields of shocked corn with the big yellow pumpkins so thick we could almost walk across the field on pumpkins as we played hide-and-sock among the corn shocks.

We walked to school. And that was a worthwhile experience for any child on an autumn day. Along the roadsides grew the "goldenrod and asters", here was a big old acorn tree - blue jays scolding as we loitered there-darting fishes were in the rivulet running neat the little bridge. There were so many of nature's secrets to learn and enjoy as we went on our way to school. Then was butchering tune, fun and excitement for the younger ones, work for all the family. Piles of stove wood to be ranked in the dry shed for the days when we were to gather about the big heater in the living room to enjoy the apples, pop die corn and crack the nuts. Nutting parties there were, out in the crisp late autumn gathering the nuts - grant sacks of them - to shuck and dry for winter treats.

We would not go back to those older days; the richness of the memories seem due to intangible things - the essence (the life of those times and experiences. And the autumn seemed the fullest season of the year.

38. YESTERYEARS

by Ethel Cassell
(1957)

Do you ever wonder what story's an old, old house or farm could tell, could it talk? Of its hopeful builders, the families it sheltered, or the changes it saw through the years?

Little histories of the homesteads that are ours today - the homes of yesteryears.

We may find things of interest about many of the early Huntington hornet and farms -perhaps the one where you are living. And some of you readers may be able to contribute to a series of such stories. Since Myron T. Herrick - lawyer, banker, Governor of Ohio, twice Ambassador to France - was probably the most widely known of Huntington's sons, we may begin with his old home here. The house is long, long gone. But we car find today the place where it stood - two miles east from the Center, then a bit more than one mile north, on the east side of .the road.

Part of the house, in Myron's day, was the log cabin his grandfather Timothy Herrick had built with his own hands, c land allotted to him by the government at the end of the war of 1812 - for he had been a soldier, had fought at Sackett's Harbor and been taken prisoner there. He walked from Watertown in New York state, built the log cabin, then returned for his family.

In Myron T' s own words, only a few years before his death: "You remember the house, but you don't know that it w a beautiful house and one of the most interesting houses I ever knew. My mother papered the whole living room with pictures and literary gems cut from the "New York Ledger." There was always a lovely garden, and we had all sorts pets, including a pair of flying squirrels. Just across the corner was the center of culture and the debating society - the schoolhouse."

Herrick lived and attended that little school - then called the Oakdale School - until he was twelve years old, then the family moved to a farm east of Wellington. But he never forgot his boyhood home and the boys and girls who were his first playmates. Some of those boys lived out their lives in that home neighborhood and Myron often visited then" spending days with George and Walter Holland and Luden Gillett.

The last time he came, I think, was when he was home on a short vacation from Paris, and he took "the boys" for a ride about the old town, in his French car driven by his own French chauffeur. That day he said, "Probably the greater adventure of my life happened right here in Huntington. I want to tell you about it, for it is a strange thing that the echo of that day has followed me all through my life."

It's too long to relate to you here, but I wish I could tell you that poignant story. You may read it in a biography of Herrick, just as told to his Huntington friends.

39. YESTERYEARS
by Ethel Cassell

(Sketches adapted from J. B. Long's reminiscences Huntington.)

It might be of interest to know this bit of history about the church building where we worship today, as Mr. Lang remembered it. As we have read, there was a log "meeting house" at Huntington Center. That church membership grew and multiplied in numbers and wealth, so in 1847 they decided to build a new house of worship.

Capt. Tracy, whose land was that where Edward Wells now has a home, offered to the church a lot on what was called "the hill" - where our church now stands - and also a liberal amount of money. This created a division of feeling between those who thought the church should be built at the center, and the ones who wanted it "on the hill." Subscription papers were circulated, one for each location, it being agreed that the one getting the largest amount of money should have the new church location. Several meetings were held to report progress, with the amount being so nearly equal that less than ten dollars would turn the scale. The final meeting came and was kept open till twelve o'clock, when someone subscribed just one cent more than the amount required, to give the new building to "the hill." This, it appears, is why our church is located so far from the center of the township.

Also "on the hill" was the tavern - we call it the old Case hotel - on land offered by Capt. Tracy; and lots were laid out and given to those who would build on them. So, as one writer states, the town was "stretched out nearly a mile in length, on account of the strife between the Center and the Hill, with the cemetery between them, where all the strife of earth are ended."

40. YESTERYEARS
by Ethel Cassell

(Mrs. Cassell found the following article in her mother's scrapbook and she felt that it would be of interest to many in the Parish Paper readers. This event took place in the year 1892.)

"Last Sunday was an intensely interesting day for the M.E. Church, when sixty-five persons were received into church membership. Their names are given below. The first Joined by letter and the others from probation:

Aaron A. Lyon, Sewell H. Bliss, Mrs. Hannah A. Bliss, William Bailey, Bert Bailey, Mabel Bailey, Laura J. Bailey, Jennie Burnett, Ida May Clark, Bessie Clark, Cornelius Cousins, Edward Cousins, Frank Cousins, John W. Chapman, Mrs. M.E. Chapman, Mrs. C. Davidson, Leon Dubach, Ellen Dubach, Theodore Dirlam, Charles E. Dirlam, Arthur P. Dirlam, Lena A. Dirlam, Adam Finkel, Peter Finkel, Lillie Finkel, Charloa M. Gay, Mrs. Carrie Gay, Minnie Gay, Charles S. Gay, Luden S. Gillet, Ethel Gillet, Ruth Haskins, Mrs. Nora S. Hull, Milton Haulk, Mrs. Emma Haulk, George H. Holland, Homer Holland, Walter E. Holland, Martin L. Loomis, Frank Loomis, John M. Long, Rosie Long, Mrs. Mary A. Long, Nettie J. Long, Elmer E. Long, Mrs. Emma Leach, Melvi M. Kelsey, Edna McClelland, Lewis Meachim, Jennie McQuate, Emma McQuate, Jennie Owen, Leon Rogers, George B. Roice, Mrs. Mary Roice, Elwood C. Russell, Kent Robinson, Park Rose, Mrs. Elizabeth Secrist, Lepha Secrist, Samuel W. Shaw, Mrs. Anna M. Shaw, Claude Shaw, Ransom Shoar, Elton Walker.

41. YESTERYEARS by Ethel Cassell

As a memorial to his wife, Bertha, who died in November, 1957, Mr. Herron Eckels has presented to our Huntington Church, in their names, a large and beautiful pulpit Bible commemorating this town, where they both were born and where they spent their younger years.

Herron's home was a farm which is now a part of Findley Forest, his grandparents were the Benjamin Wadsworths who lived where Wilhehns do now, and his great grandparents - Ames - owned a farm, as of my 1856 map, where Wackers live.

Berths Chapman's home was what is now that of Sonny Rice; her grandfather's old home, where the Glen Lambs live. Her mother's parents were the Miners, whose home was n large farm, part of which is now Kenneth Fennel's, and the Miner cheese factory was back by the creek, a bit west.

As long as our church stands, this lovely gift - this large Bible in the Standard Revised Version, with large print and its genuine Morocco leather binding, will be a joy and convenience on its pulpit. And if Huntington were to follow the Book's precepts faithfully, there could be no better town on earth in which to live.

42. YESTERYEARS by Ethel Cassell

And again the world is looking toward Christmas. Christmas at home, Christmas at school, Christmas in the Church.

If you have lived many years, you have stored in memory all those dear Christmas days of your childhood and youth, and the happy times of your children's Christmases. If you are young, may you be tucking away in your heart the precious memories of each happy Christmas through the years.

I've been remembering the Christmas times at the church - this same church - away back before "the turn of the century", of the fun we used to have "drilling the children" for the Christmas concert. Some of the high school girls usually were chosen for that work.

Practice days could be on several Saturdays preceding Christmas, and we put on quite elaborate programs - or so it seems from this distance. At the last practice, after the children were dismissed, our whole group of young folks gathered to decorate the church.

There was the large tree to be put up and trimmed - and not, in that day, with strings of twinkling eclectic bulbs; there were the wreaths to make from evergreen boughs we gathered, and there was joyous gaiety along with the work.

I think small Christmas trees in homes were not so generally used as today, and the gifts for all - young and old, use< to be hung, by parents and friends, upon the big church tree and distributed after the concert.

The Baptist Church, at the center, also had their Christmas concerts, usually on a different evening, and folks might enjoy both programs.

If there happened to be snow for sleighing, that of course was a very welcome gift; but there were times when the roads hereabouts wee deep mud, yet somehow a faithful team of horses could usually plow through, and get us to the "Christmas doings" at the church.

THE END