Chapter 1

"Number Five"

I was the fifth child in a family of twelve children. When I was five years old we moved to a farm close to where the Blossom Music Center is located. Uncle Joe, my Mother's brother was a skilled carpenter. He came to America from Germany to build the house, barn, silo, carriage building, chicken house, smoke house and toilet. The "butdo" or toilet had a small, medium, and large seat. The door had a half moon on it. The new home was an incentive to have a large family.

From ages five to ten I enjoyed living, loving, and learning about plants and animals on the farm. The animals were real pets to me. I learned to milk the cows at age six. It was fun to sit on the milking stool, pail between my legs, pulling at the cow's teats, watching the milk stream into the pail. Once in a while a cat would meow for milk. A few squirts would satisfy the cat. A cow did not take kindly to be milked at times. Sometimes a foot would raise kicking the pail. A soothing pat and "Nice Bossy," would usually calm her down. Milking was fun. I loved the cows and they loved me.

Our four work horses performed their daily duties. They pulled the buggy to church and to neighborly visits. They pulled the wagon to town to get groceries mainly sugar, flour and yeast to bake bread. The horses pulled the plow. We had no tractor. The horses pulled the seed planter, mower, rake, roller and other farm equipment.

The horses needed to be fed, loved and be cleaned. The horses would roll on the ground in the pasture. Then they had to be brushed or washed. Their food was hay and oats.

The animal stalls had to be cleaned each day. The manure was stacked, later spread on the fields to enrich the clay soil.

The chickens, ducks and geese had to be fed twice a day. Eggs had to be gathered. Some of the chickens escaped the hen house. They went to the hay mow to lay their eggs. My job was to find the eggs. I had a straw hat to hold the eggs. One day the straw hat tore as I was going down a ladder to the main floor. The eggs splashed downward. The straw hat was replaced with a pail.

The ducks and geese were plucked once a year. The downy feathers were made into bed covers that proved to be soft and warm.

To fatten the ducks and geese, they were fed corn mixed with lard. Each bird was held, one by one, and fed to the limit. The last kernel was still in the throat and the crop looked like an inflated balloon.

We had plenty of meat to eat. A cow, a pig or two, and poultry gave us a variety. The meat had to be smoked to preserve it. We had no refrigeration. In fact, there was no electricity. We used kerosene lamps and lanterns.

We had no running water. Water had to be carried uphill from the nearby well. Our bucket carriers were my two older brothers and me. We had to help with the farm chores from daylight in the morning to darkness at night We were born to help by working.

We had a big garden. Weeding the carrots, okra, parsley, cabbage, onions, cucumbers, sweet corn, tomatoes parsnips, and other vegetables was a big job. My mother and I did a lot of weeding together. I learned early the difference of a weed from an edible garden plant.

We canned tomatoes in jars. We made sauerkraut in a barrel. Later it was put in jars. Sweet corn was dried, later soaked and boiled. The corn flavor was special.

By living and working close to the earth, we had plenty to eat. We had plenty of exercise, fresh air and sunshine. But we had to be educated to read, write and do arithmetic. This was done in a white, one room school.

The first day of school! My two brothers and I had to prepare for the first day. We had to take a bath in a round tub in the middle of the kitchen. We dipped hot water from a copper kettle that was on the stove. We used homemade soap.

The next morning I put on a brown dress that my Mother had made from bleached and dyed flour sacks. My shoes were button-up type. I had to carry a shoe hook in order to fasten them. My long hair was braided. I walked with my brothers down the long clay road. My shoes hurt my feet. I took them off, carried them until I came close to the school. Then I put them on my feet.

There were two front doors. The one on the right was for the girls. The one on the left was for the boys. The cloak rooms opened into the main school room for grades one through eight. There were desks for nineteen boys and ten girls. In the center of the room was a heating stove. The stove pipe went to the ceiling then across to the main chimney. The ceiling had been papered. Strips of paper hung downward. One day the paper was burning. The fire was put out in a hurry.

There was a platform in front of the room. An old piano was on the platform. The teacher's desk was on the platform. There was a long rope hanging down from the ceiling. It was used to ring the bell for school to begin and to call the children to come in from recess.

Every seat had an ink well. We learned to write with a pen dipped into the ink bottle. A writing supervisor came to the school to give us lessons. We had a writing pad with illustrations for us to follow. When the pad was finished all of the letters, big and little had been practiced. All of the numbers from zero (0) to ten (10) had been practiced. And all of the books were spattered with ink. We took pride in our writing lessons. There were no typewriters.

We had black slate boards, chalk and erasers. The boards were used often, one class at a time. The Goldenrod tablets and Penny pencils with small erasers were used for assigned lessons. We had to buy our books.

We had no well water on the school ground. Two boys carried water from the nearest neighbor. The water was poured into a container with a spigot on it. Each pupil had his or her own cup. Mine was a collapsible tin cup.

We had curtains on the windows. The white curtains made the school more home-like. There was a shed for coal and firewood. Two outdoor toilets, one for the boys and one for the girls were at the far end of the boundary.

We had a young, energetic, lovable, talented teacher--Alice Fate Murlin.

The first day of school, students kept laughing and pointing behind my back. When I went home, changed my clothes, I found out why they laughed. On the seat of my dyed dress was faint printing: Pillsbury's Best XXX.

Later in the evening came the orders of the day. Father was speaking. "We speak no more German in our home. We speak English from now on. Mady will be called Magdalene. Mady means little girl in German. She is now a big girl. Magdalene is her real name."

My feet had been hurting all day. My head was spinning. "No German, Magdalene. What next?"

The second day of school was better than the first. Lunch was eaten outdoors under the trees. We sat on the ground and ate from our lunch bags or pails. Then we played tag and Crack-The-Whip. I was at the end. My hand broke loose and I went rolling on the ground.

At recess running was the favorite game.

In the winter we went skating and sled riding on the neighbor's pond. It was a lot of fun. Our teacher enjoyed the outdoor sports. I had four years of living, loving and learning at the one

room school in Northampton.

Alice Fate Murlin, a talented piano player was my biggest inspiration for me to become a teacher. May we who had her for a teacher say a special prayer in her memory. She died in January, 1993.

Chapter 2

"Moving Many Times"

The farm was soil of clay. Plants did not grow very well. Plants needed good food to grow normally. After five years of struggling, the farm was sold. We moved to Akron, the town where I was born in 1914.

I was fond of life on the farm. The cows, horses, ducks, geese, chickens and dogs were my lovable friends. I dreamed about them often. Yes, even the snakes were in my dreams.

We had a Bartlett pear tree behind the barn. We children were allowed to pick the pears off the ground but not off the tree. My two brothers would get up early, go to the tree to pick up the pears. I thought, "If they can do it, I can get up earlier." I did it only once. Just as I arrived at the pear tree, a long Blue Racer snake was hanging downward from a limb. It was ready to release its tail from the limb to drop to the ground. Blah! Nuts to the pears!

Another time, I was sleeping on a blanket on the front lawn. My baby sister was beside me. We both fell asleep. When we awakened, a Blue Racer was stretched out beside us. The snake admired human beings.

I did not like life in the city. The houses were too close together. There were no trees, no shrubs, no land to grow plants. School was different.

There were many children the same age in one class. The teacher taught all of the subjects to the same class each day. We had indoor living, even the water faucets and toilet facilities. The living standards were different. My job was to adjust to them. I was in school to learn, upgrade my education. My new school friends seemed very young compared to my country friends. What a change! My teacher wanted to double promote me. If she did, I would be in the same room as my brother. That would not do, he was very capable, too.

I enjoyed learning in school. Alice Fate Murlin was my early inspiration to become a teacher. She was kind, lovable and understood behavior of children. If I could do as well as she did, I would be a true winner. I tried to live, love and learn to the best of my ability.

At the end of the school year, I ran out of the school with my all "A" report card. I stubbed my toe, fell onto my face. By the time I reached home, I looked battle scarred.

After about one and a half years in Akron, we moved to a rented

farm in Paris, Ohio. It was like a city house in the country. We had no livestock, We did have some turkeys hatched from eggs found on the farm. The one gobbler acted like a watchdog. He stayed close to the back door. When anyone of us went out the door, the gobbler would spread his tail feathers, circle around and say, "Gobble, gobble, gobble," over and over. Then he would try to attack us. Guess what happened to him? He ended up in a pot and was eaten by the family.

It was a joy to live on the farm in Paris. I was eleven but I was confused because I did not earn money. At the age of six I picked strawberries on the Kleer Farm. Mr. Kleer paid the pickers one and a half cents per quart. The baskets had initials. They were stored in the barn after being filled. Each evening, the pickers stood in line to be paid. I had picked one hundred quarts and took home one dollar and fifty cents.

Mr. Kleer said we could eat the strawberries, as many as we wanted. I ate more than I should have. The second day there were many trips to the toilet, my picking record was low.

When we lived in Akron, the majority of the neighbors had ice boxes in the 1920's. Klages Ice Company was close. Neighbors would ask me to get a block of ice using my red wagon. I was paid ten cents for a trip. They gave me money to go to the Saturday Matinee at the theater. Would you believe, they tried to charge me adult fare? My birth certificate came in handy. I was only ten years of age, very tall and slim with a determined face.

There was a player piano in the living room. The rolls were in constant use. The melodies were beautiful.

There was a good sled riding road in the pasture. One day we children took our sleds, slid down the hill, started to cross the creek. What looked like solid ice proved to be weak ice. I broke the ice and went face downward into the water. I ran home, opened my bedroom window and climbed in the room. I changed my clothes in a hurry.

We moved to the city of Kent after the school year in Paris. The house was large with a very small lawn. My Mother got a job in a dress factory. My Father worked in a rubber shop making tires. My two older brothers worked on a muck farm weeding and hoeing vegetables. I stayed at home and cared for my five younger brothers and sisters. I cleaned the house, washed clothes, ironed the clothes and cooked. I was only twelve. The work had to be done.

At the end of the summer, we moved to a farm in Edinburg. A close neighbor had a daughter my age. She and I hiked along the creek Sunday afternoons to study the plants and animals. Mother Nature had a lot of beautiful plants and animals for us to study. There

were frogs, minnows, turtles, snakes and small fur animals. There were overhanging willows, maple trees and shrubs. Life along the creek was beautiful.

One day the Mother duck returned with only part of her ducklings. I figured a turtle had snatched them. A large turtle appeared near the entryway. I ran to the barn for a pitch fork. The turtle was pitched to the land, later killed and made into delicious soup.

We played "school" on Saturdays. "Let us clean the house first, then play "school". I'll be the teacher." Five brothers and sisters were eager to be my pupils. They were ages one to seven. We would count to one hundred, sometimes marching while counting. We would say the alphabet over and over. We colored with crayons. I read stories. We learned Mother Goose. We played "I see something in the room that starts with the letter-b." The "Happy Five" would guess. Answer- book.

I even gave them time out for recess, get a drink or go to the toilet. The "Happy Five" learned fast. "Let's do it again next Saturday," they said. I enjoyed being the teacher.

When I was in the eighth grade, I had the happiest surprise of my life. My primary teacher, Alice Fate Murlin, was to be my eighth grade teacher. Her husband, Jason Murlin was to teach the arithmetic and science. Alice taught English, spelling, reading music, and art. Two excellent teachers, highly admired. Alice was my inspiration to become a teacher. If only I could be like she was.

Our standard of living was improving. We had Maytag washer with a gasoline operated engine. No more washboard and washtub work. A hand operated pump was in the kitchen. We still baked our own bread. We travelled by way of a new Ford truck. A Kid Wagon drawn by a team of horses took us to school.

I enjoyed flowers. I spaded the inclined front lawn, then planted twenty-nine different annual flower seeds and plants. The bank was a sight for eyes to admire.

The Edinburg farm was small. We raised food for our own needs: potatoes, cabbage, green beans, yellow wax beans, carrots, parsley, corn,, lettuce, radishes, and tomatoes. The food for the 2 cows, 2 horses, 2 pigs, ducks and chickens were raised in the fields. We had no silo for ensilage, no corn crib for corn, no smokehouse to preserve meat. We had no ice box to preserve food. We did have a nice orchard of apple trees.

Two more babies were born in Edinburg. The boy died in infancy due to pneumonia. My sister survived, she was child number twelve, the youngest child. The five sisters and four brothers lived into adulthood, married and had families of their own.

When I was a Sophomore in High School we moved again. By this time I was fifteen, old enough to handle a responsible job. I was hired to be a live-in maid in one of the newest wealthiest homes in Barberton.

Chapter 3

"A Live-in Maid"

In the late 1920's, Mr. A.R. Henry built a brand new home on Third St. N.W. facing Lake Anna. Mr. and Mrs. Henry needed extra help because Martha, the wife, cared for an invalid, wheelchair bound sister. I was fortunate to be chosen to be a live-in-the-home maid. I tried my best to meet the high standard of living. The new lifestyle was a drastic change compared to what I had on the farm.

THE NEW HOME	THE FARM HOME
1. Brick, yellow	1. Wood frame, no paint
2. Green tile roof	2. Tin roof
3. A rope controlled elevator	3. No elevator
4. Wall-to-wall carpeting	4. Wooden floors
5. Coal-fed furnace with steam radiators	5. Ben Franklin stove heated with wood
6. Vacuum cleaner, electric	6. Broom and dust pan
7. Four bathrooms, glazed tile, bath tubs, and showers	7. A wash tub in the middle of the kitchen floor.
8. An ice box that held 100 pounds of ice. Mr. Henry operated the Henry Coal an Ice Company in Barberton.	8. No ice box. Food was canned to be used later.
9. Electric lights	9. Kerosene lamps and lanterns
10. Electric iron	10. Flat iron heated on the stove
11. Gas stove with oven	11. Stove fed with wood. Good oven
12. Linoleum on the floor in the kitchen	12. Bare wood floor in the kitchen
13. Closet in every bedroom	13. One closet in the house. Nails in the wall held clothes
14. Water from the faucets in the bathrooms and kitchen	14. A hand pump in the kitchen

15. Toilet in each bathroom	15. A three-holer with a half-moon on the door and a wasp nest near the ceiling about 200 ft. from the house. Cold butts in the Winter!
16. Fire place in the living room The finest of fabric covered furniture	16. One large room with a wood-fed stove. There was a large table, wooden bench and chairs.
17. Queen Washing Machine, Electric	17. Maytag Washing Machine, gasoline engine
18. Two telephones	18. No telephone

My job as a maid was to do the cooking, cleaning and ironing. I did not have to care for Mrs. Henry's invalid sister. I did not have to do the washing of the clothes, a lady came to the home to do the washing.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry treated me kindly. I did my best to please them. I respected and loved them. They encouraged me to finish my education in Barberton High School.

I took my report card from Edinburg High School, showed it to Mr. Pieffer the Principal. He impressed me as being handsome, young and talented. When I showed him my report card, he smiled and said, "You've done a good job. Welcome to Barberton High School. I hope you enjoy it here."

He assigned me five subjects plus physical education, a heavy load considering I was to continue doing my work in the home of Henry's. At the end of the first grading period, I had six B+'s. I was happy, so were the Henry's. I kept improving.

During the school year my time schedule was strict, 5:45 A.M. to 9:45 P.M. with no breaks. I did miss my Saturday Pupils, my brothers and sisters were eager pupils. I enjoyed teaching and hoped to become a teacher. I saved most of the eight dollars a week that I earned. The money was put in the bank for future college life.

I had a carpeted bedroom on a highly organized and finished third floor. I had my own bathroom. I had peace and quiet at all times. I was a poor girl living a rich life. I had the best of everything. 1929 to 1932, Depression years. People were suffering. Those were my best years, learning high standard living.

The dining table was always covered with a white linen tablecloth. The center piece was a flat mirror covered with a vase of flowers.

The table settings were placed in advance. The white linen napkins were used at each setting. The fork was to the left, the knife and spoon to the right of the plate. The water and milk glasses on the right. I served the cooked meals. Mrs. Henry planned the menu and her husband did the shopping for the groceries.

Ironing was a big job. The linen tablecloths and napkins had to be wet when ironed. Mr Henry wore a clean shirt each day. The collar and front of each shirt had to be stiff starched and ironed while wet. Golf knickers had to be ironed. Mrs. Henry had daily, self-made gingham dresses to be ironed. Bed sheets, pillow slips, towels and many handkerchiefs were in the basket. Pajamas and nightgowns, the invalid sister's clothes, plus my clothes had to be ironed. It usually took me two evenings to complete the job after school.

My recreation was limited. I would stroll around Lake Anna, the beauty spot in the center of Barberton. I took in a movie at the Lyric or Park Theater. Barberton had a nice public library, I had a library card to withdraw books. There were streetcars that ran into Akron. A quick ride was very seldom. There were many churches to attend. I chose St. Augustine Church. Barberton was growing fast, it was nicknamed, "The Magic City". I shopped at Marshall's Clothing store for dresses, coats, and undergarments.

I managed to read The Times Press every day of the week. I also read the weekly Barberton Herald. A Saturday Evening Post with Norman Rockwell covers was special reading.

By 1932, the Depression was hurting. The schools were low on funds. The faculty was being lowered. We Seniors graduated one month early. My diploma was a stepping stone to becoming a teacher.

1932 was a transition year. I worked in the Diamond Match Company in the summer. I worked the third shift. The best part of that job was watching the sun rise in the morning. At night, I inspected sheets of wood to be used as lids for small match boxes. Then I trimmed wood on the cutter block. I learned to dye the sheets in two vats of red dye. The sheets were placed on a conveyor belt, dipped into one vat, then turned upside-down into the second vat. Then the sheets were packed into a box and sent to another department.

Early one morning, I was feeding the sheets onto the belt. The sheets slipped, I reached down into the red dye vat. The red dye on my right arm could not be washed off. I had to walk to my boarding room looking like the "murder victim". A policeman followed me, I looked suspicious.

The Summer of 1932, I went to Kent, Ohio, to make plans to go to Kent State College. Dr Engleman was a cousin of my girl friend,

LaRue Heffleman. We registered to attend Kent State College in the Fall of 1932. We signed to become teachers, taking the two-year diploma course.

Chapter 4

"From Kent State College to Family Days"

The Fall of 1932, I started my training to become a teacher. The Kent State College Campus was the most beautiful campus in Ohio. There were six buildings in the semi-circle: the library, two dormitories for women, a liberal arts building, a science building and a Training School for grades 1 through 8.

Behind the buildings were meadows and forest land ideal for studying birds in their natural habitats. I enjoyed roaming the area, studying birds.

I shared a room with a widow lady that has three sons and four men students. I had to help clean, wash, and iron for my room and board.

The time she went to Florida for a vacation, the Dean put me in a home that had eight lady students. It was noisy, carefree and lacked order. I did most of my studying in the library about a two-minute walk from where I lived.

The Barberton bank where my savings were, closed the doors after my first term. The lady next door, Professor Ethel Gowans promised to pay my tuition if I would wash the bedding for the lady professors that roomed at her home. It was a deal. I worked for my room and board where I stayed. I had to have some cash for incidentals. I got a job working at McCrory's on Saturdays.

In 1934, I was in the last class to be awarded a two-year diploma. With a college rating, only four-year degrees were earned afterwards.

The Depression was hurting. Nothing seemed to be going right. Teaching vacancies were scarce. Barberton had none. So I continued my studies working toward a Degree.

There were two vacancies at Highland Junior High in 1935, mathematics and science. Harold Kuhn and I were hired. I was a TEACHER, my prime goal. I liked my job and loved my pupils. I had many.

There were eight, forty minute periods a day. The first period I had fifty-five pupils in Ninth Grade Commercial Arithmetic. My knees were shaking, my voice was weak. I introduced myself. Then I said, "We have 185 days to live together. Let's do it with love and respect for each other."

The majority of my pupils were sons or daughters of immigrants from central and southeast Europe. There were Germans, Hungarians, Polish, Czechoslovakians, Croatians, Bulgarians and Lithuanians.

We lived, loved and learned together like one big family. I had super children.

I taught ten classes in eight periods. The last period had as many pupils as the first class. The other classes were smaller, closer to forty-five pupils.

Commercial arithmetic, science, and Geography of Ohio were a real challenge to teach. Supt. U.L. Light said, "She was the best beginning teacher I ever hired." This comment was directed to a professor from Kent State College.

Six years at Highland Junior High were very outstanding. I decided to get married. The school policy was: If a single woman teacher married, she lost her job. So in 1941, I was discharged. Five children were born in six years. I had my very own school. I wanted to be a good mother and teacher to Paul, Carl, George, Joan and Donald.

My children went straight through the Barberton schools from Kindergarten through the twelfth grade. We lived in the same home all those years. We were Barbertonians. We did our best together.

My husband was serving as a soldier in the 37th Division during World War II. He was run over by an Army truck while sleeping in the field. His leg was broken but his life was spared. He worked in the hospital using a walking cast. He was discharged with honors within a year. He returned to his former job as an electrician at the Chemical Company.

Chapter 5

"Family Fun"

The seven of us enjoyed life doing things together. We filled the first pew on the right in church for many years. We were taught to believe in God and His guidance. We even helped pay for the upkeep of the Church by offerings in each of the envelopes. Each child contributed from his or her allowance.

One January, the Family financial report showed an unequal contribution by one of the children. This act was followed by a lesson in trust and honesty. A dime a week from a child meant a lot to a church in the 1940's.

All seven of us participated in Scouting. One year the Lloyd Smeller, Jr. Family was the only family in Summit County that was 100% Scouting. Lloyd served as a Scout Master and as a Cub Master. I served as a Den Mother for six years. I had fifteen boys in my home every Saturday.

My children enjoyed "dressing-up", then marching down the front walk within the block. One was a pretend band leader. They sang and marched to the tune of "Band, Band, Band". It was good outdoor fun exercise.

Reading aloud was a very important daily duty. Lloyd would sit in a chair, extend his feet across a hassock to make a long sitting area. The "Happy Five" sat on the long lap while Daddy read stories. The books were from the library in Barberton.

I would read stories at nap-time and at bed-time. The "Happy Five" enjoyed reading, aloud or silently.

During the Summer they belonged to The Reading Club for children. They withdrew books, read them and reported each story aloud to the librarian. At the end of the Summer, each child having read and reported on a given number of books was invited to a party with refreshments.

We went to the library once a week. Each child withdrew the limited number of books. Yes they became avid readers.

We used to take one daily walk. We would walk several blocks each day. The "Happy Five" enjoyed the walk to Edgewood Park. They would play on the swings, bars and teeter-totter. Or if the pool was available, they enjoyed playing in the water. That was a lot of fun. I sat on the pool edge in bare feet prepared for any possible emergency.

Another fun thing was going on short trips to a park, zoo or country home. I would pack a bushel basket full of food and drink.

We would eat at a roadside bench, under a shade tree or sit on the ground. We talked about what we saw. Mother Nature showed us her best in plants and animals. If we were in the woods, birds attracted our attention. Learning the ways of Life was important. I enjoyed teaching the "Happy Five" about plants and animals. I had a Major in Biology.

We went to the Cleveland Zoo once a year for years. One time the "Happy Five" plus three other youngsters took a first train ride to Cleveland. The ten of us decided to see the animals by walking around the fenced-in area. My husband and I watched the children carefully. About half-way around, Carl was missing. So I retraced the path. Carl was kneeling by the fence, hands extended through the fence, petting a deer and saying, "Nice Deer, Nice Deer."

All four sons played Little League Baseball. They were active Dodgers on the Chemical Field. They lost every game they played the first year. The Coach had faith in the team. He said, "Boys, you lost every game this year. I want to have all of you next year so we can win every game." And they did win every game the next year.

Highland Field was close to our home. The children would go to the field to play baseball, football, track and pole vaulting. Joan went to the field to practice cheerleading or to tease the boys.

I am mighty proud of Paul, Carl, George, Joan and Donald for having learned how to wash clothes, how to iron, how to clean rooms, how to cook, and how to share work in the home.

The sons helped their father with his (Lloyd's Electrical Contractor) work. They learned what was required to keep the business operating.

Busy people are nice people. We were always busy.

Chapter 6

(Untitled)

The Chemical where my husband worked was on strike for seventy-eight days. During that time, he said, "I'll never go back to the Chemical. I want to go into business on my own." Lloyd's Electric was born with low money on hand. With hard work and faith in his efforts the business kept growing.

We had five children. I said, "I'll help if I can be rehired as a teacher." I inquired and was hired to teach first and second grades at Washington School. I hired an elderly lady to take care of three children during the day while two children were in school.

Business was booming in the South End. The B&W, Yoder Brothers, Limestone Mine (Chemical) were hiring. The people settled in the housing area name Housing Project on Van Buren Avenue. Across the road were Mobile homes. Three rooms were used in the Project for teaching grades one through three. The auditorium in Washington school was made into classrooms.

I had a nice group of youngsters. They came from poor to middle class homes. I loved them dearly. I moved forward with this class for the next five years. One girl said, "Is you trying to fetch me up?" I had had her six years.

U.L. Light Jr. High was under construction. The seventh, eighth and ninth graders from the East and South were to become students in the new school.

The Superintendent asked me if I would be willing to teach in U.L. Light Jr. High. I said, "Yes."

After teaching fifteen years at U.L. Light Jr. High, my health failed. I retired.

I spent twenty-seven happy, rewarding years teaching children in school. The "Happy Five" were taught at home. All five children were in college at the time of my retirement.

My children lived in the same home until graduation from High School. They had twelve excellent years of education in Barberton.