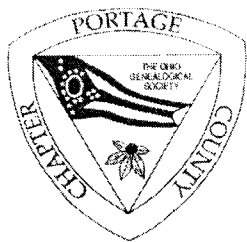


Portage Path to Genealogy



Volume 27, Number 4

July-August 2005

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Message From Our President

Greeting to all,

Members of the chapter enjoyed an outing to the Akron Public Library in May. The new library has a wonderful room of genealogical material, books, atlas, and lots of microfilm. If you haven't stopped in yet plan a trip in the future. You will be glad you did.

Your President,
Eloise Clark

THE PORTAGE PATH TO GENEALOGY is published by the Portage County Chapter, OGS, P.O. Box 821, Ravenna, Ohio 44266, 6 times a year in January, March, May, July, September, and November.

Membership dues are \$10 per year for an individual membership \$12 per year for two people at the same address. Dues are payable in January of each year.

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Meeting Dates—3rd Saturday of the month

Where: Portage County Historical Society, 6549 N. Chestnut St., Ravenna (located next to the Ravenna High School Stadium and just south and across the street from Maple Grave Cemetery), unless otherwise noted.

Time: 2:00 p.m. unless otherwise noted

September 17--Guest speaker will be **Michelle Wardle**, from the Kelso House in Brimfield. She will speak on the history of the house as well as how to protect genealogy documents. Chapter members are encouraged to bring along their own papers and Michelle will give guidelines on how to protect them.

October 15-First Settler's Luncheon

November 19-Jana Broglin, professional genealogist, lecturer and writer will be our guest speaker. Jana is from Swanton, Ohio and is a trustee on the board at Ohio Genealogical Society. Her topic will be announced in a future newsletter. Our annual election will be held.

December- No meeting.

The following obituary was provided by Russ Kinsey of Mansfield, Ohio. He is researching the Chapman line and is still looking for Edward E. Chapman, his g-g-grandfather.

Rootstown.

DEATH OF AN AGED PIONEER.—The death of Ephraim Chapman occurred at his residence, on Sunday morning last. Mr. Chapman was born Nov. 11, 1779, in North Bolton, Tolland Co., Conn., since called Vernon. There, and in the vicinity he passed the days of his boyhood and youth and gave early promise of that vigorous physical constitution which had carried him through a far longer term of life than is usually allotted to man. If ever a man possessed an iron constitution he did.

On February 22d 1802, he was united in marriage with Miss Fannie Clark, and in company with about 40 others, soon after left his native State and started overland for what was then the far West. The company arrived in Deerfield on the 11th of Nov. 1804 and young Chapman at once came on to Rootstown where he had purchased a farm with the privilege of locating on any unoccupied land in the township, and put up a log house into which the family, consisting of seven persons, viz, His father and mother two brothers and one sister besides himself and wife at once moved, without a floor in the house, and commenced pioneer life in earnest. This house which stood near the north end of the farm was the fifth house erected in Rootstown. Some years afterwards he built another near where the house now stands and where he has lived ever since till his decease which occurred on Sunday morning, Nov. 5th 1871, making a period of sixty-seven years lacking a couple of weeks that he had owned and occupied the same farm. He was the father of nine children, five of whom survive him. The first child Asa C., was born Feb. 11, 1803, and died on the long and toilsome journey. He was buried at Reading, Pa. The next were twins, born June 4, 1806, and were named Asa C. and Lois J., both of whom are living, the son in Ravenna, and the

daughter, widow of Joyce Paine in Rootstown. Esther the fourth child was born Oct. 9, 1809, and resides with her son G. P. Reed, of Ravenna. Feb. 3, 1811, a daughter was born, but lived only 6 months. Tryphena and Almena, twins, were born Dec. 29, 1812. Almena died August 10, 1836, Tryphena is still living the wife of S. R. Mix, of Rootstown. Sophia, born June 8, 1815, is still living, the widow of J. E. Barnard late of Rootstown. Orrell, the youngest was born July 7, 1823 and died Feb. 26, 1825. On the 5th of August 1845, after over 43 years of married life his wife died, and in March of the following year he married Mrs. Ann Goods, a widow lady with whom he lived until August 5, 1867, when she too was called away and he was left once more alone. About six years ago his daughter Tryphena and her husband moved into the house and have lived there ever since, doing all they could to make his declining years as happy as possible.

What a change since Ephraim Chapman and his wife settled in Rootstown. Then there were but four houses in the town, now every road is dotted with happy homes. Then, where the great city of Cleveland now stands, there were but two houses. Mr. Chapman was in the city of Buffalo after it was burned by the British in 1815, when there was but one house left standing. He took part in the chase after the Indians at the time Diver was shot, and helped bring back those who were captured. It is believed that there is not a person living in this County, and perhaps not on the Reserve, that was here before he came. He had enjoyed good health with the exception of the ills that always attend old age, until three weeks before his death, when he was stricken with a paralysis of the right side, under which, and the weight of ninety-two years, he sunk quietly and without a struggle to his last long rest.

The following is from the Ravenna Republican, Thursday May 16, 1918

BRIMFIELD

Brimfield, May 15:—Mrs. J. C. Waldron spent last week in Chicago called there by the death of a brother-in-law.

Rev. LePage will deliver the baccalaureate sermon at the M. E. church Sunday evening, May 19.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. Eliza Bard Thursday afternoon, May 23. The time of meeting being changed on account of Memorial Day coming on the regular day.

Mrs. Asa Shuman isn't gaining as fast as her friends wish she might.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Underwood Friday, May 10, a daughter, Violet May.

Mrs. M. S. Chapman spent last Saturday with her daughter, Mrs. John Meloy, in Kent.

Mrs. M. C. Caris of Akron spent from Saturday night until Monday morning with her mother, Mrs. S. A. McConnell.

The B. H. S. commencement exercises will be held in the town hall Saturday evening, May 25, beginning at 8 o'clock. The following program will be given: Invocation, Rev. I. J. Swanson; music; Liberty For All—For ever, Nelson Russell; I Can't—Versus I Can't, Mattie McHenry; The Almighty Dollar, Cecil Clapp. Rev. I. J. Swanson, D. D., of Ravenna, will give the class address. Not being able to get the entire program, it will be given in full next week.

Perry Ewell of Cleveland visited in the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ewell, Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Weaver and two children spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Weaver, in Kent.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Kiefer and daughter, Esther, visited her mother, Mrs. Laubert, Sunday, in the home of a granddaughter at Limaville.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Wise, sons, Leon and Glen, of Kent, and R. L. Ewell of Ravenna, spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ewell.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gregory of Ak-

ron were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ned Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Maurer entertained their cousin, James P. Gill, of Ravenna, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Porter, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Gearhart have moved into the new home purchased of Mrs. C. W. Lewis.

Nineteen years ago the 10th of May, the first class of the B. H. S. was graduated from the Universalist church, the class numbering seven. A. M. Douthitt, principal. Two years later, May 2, a class of sixteen was graduated from the M. E. church, under the same instructor. Only five of this large class are now residing here, the rest are scattered in many different places. Only one death, Clar M. Twitchell which is remarkable for such a large class.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Basel attended the funeral of a cousin in Akron yesterday afternoon.

The Brimfield high school will give the comedy, "Lost—A Chaperon," on Saturday evening, May 18.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Beal and three children and Ray Meloy of Akron were Sunday visitors at Wm. Meloy's.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Meloy and son, Robert, with their guests called on their daughter, Mrs. Guy Summers, and husband, Sunday afternoon in Ravenna.

Mrs. Frank Knapp and Miss Mildred Swanson spent Saturday and Sunday at Camp Sherman. Mrs. Knapp visited her son, Richard, the latter visited friends.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Porter took their son to his home in East Akron Sunday afternoon and was detained at his home over night on account of the heavy rains.

CAMPBELLSPORT

Campbellsport, May 13:—The following Mothers' Day program was given by the Sundayschool scholars Sunday afternoon: Song, "Savior Like a Shepherd Lead Us," school; rec., "The White Carnation," Harold Dunlavy; song, "Wear the White Carnation; children; rec., "The Life of Motherhood," Flo Pascoe; rec., Teddy Cope; song, "My Mother's Songs," Choir; rec., "Prayer For Mother," Dorothy Cope; rec., "Mother Knows," Kathryn Sampson; song, "My Mother," choir; rec., "Thoughts of Mother and Home," Emra Workman; song, "God Bless Our Mother Dear," school.

George Gatts while working on a poultry house for his soninlaw, Walter Stewart, of Edinburg, fell from the roof and sustained a sprained ankle which has laid him up for a week.

George Echnat who works for the American Shipbuilding Company of Cleveland, is home on a short vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Kays of Cleveland came Monday for a week's stay at E. S. Dunlavy's.

When I was about 12 years old, a friend of mine had a friend from another school whose name was Stormie. Stormie had two sisters --Rainie and Hayley. Their brother's name was Sonny.

Perhaps their father was a meteorologist?

Thanks to Julie in NSW Australia

From:RootsWeb Review: RootsWeb's Weekly E-zine
1 June 2005, Vol. 8, No. 22,

The following word test is from the *Concise Genealogical Dictionary*, found in the MCS Newsletter Jan/ Feb1998 and the Mountain Genealogist Newsletter, no date listed. Items were checked by your editor with the *Universal Dictionary of the English Language Vol. IA-CRE 1898* (Collier), not all words were listed in the dictionary.

Test Your Genealogical Vocabulary Knowledge

Can you identify the following words?

- | | | |
|-------------------|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Cadastre | 10. Caroche | 19. Compos mentis |
| 2. Cadette | 11. Carter | 20. Congeable |
| 3. Calebs | 12. Causidic | 21. Consensual marriage |
| 4. Cairn | 13. Chandry | 22. Consort |
| 5. Calmative | 14. Chester | 23. Copeman |
| 6. Camerist | 15. Chimney-money | 24. Corserie |
| 7. Camp fever | 16. Christ-tide | 25. Costermonger |
| 8. Cankery | 17. Coffle | 26. Cowboy |
| 9. Canting caller | 18. Collateral consanguinity | 27. Cracky-wagon |

Answers:

1. A register kept for taxation on real property containing amount, value & ownership of land; a poll tax.
2. A younger daughter or sister
3. Unmarried (bachelor or widower)
4. A pyramid made of stones used as a boundary or burial marker
5. Sedative
6. A lady's maid
7. Typhus, typhoid, dysentery, etc.
8. Gangrenous, infection
9. Auctioneer
10. A luxurious coach or chariot; two wheeled pleasure carriage
11. A Wagoner, stable headman or charioteer, cart driver
12. Lawyer or attorney
13. A place in the home where candles were kept
14. A city or walled town. (2) One who puts a corpse in a coffin; embalmer
15. A duty or tax paid for each chimney or hearth
16. Christmas
17. A group of slaves chained together; a gang of slaves going to market
18. Persons who have the same ancestors but do not descend from one another, such as an uncle and nephew
19. Of sound mind
20. Lawful or allowable
21. Common-law marriage
22. Wife or husband, spouse or mate
23. A dealer, merchant, especially in horses
24. Buying and selling, bartering
25. A seller, or hawker of fruit, vegetables, fish, especially in the open street
26. Name given to a band of marauders who during the American War of Independence infested neutral ground between the two sides & plundered the Revolutionists.
27. A spring-less wagon drawn by one horse

The following letter was written by a member of the Frankfield Progressive Farm Women's Club. The author is unknown. The Benedict Progressive Farm Woman's Club started in Brimfield in May 1919. The eight women met at the Benedict School House and elected Laura Riedinger as President. In November 1919 they joined the Federation Club and the name was changed. The object of the club was to better educate farm women to their present day needs and to provoke a spirit of cooperation between home, school and community. Taken from the files at the Portage County Historical Society.

SOME OF THE THINGS I REMEMBER ABOUT THE CLUB AND ITS MEMBERS

I had a dream that I would join the Club sometime. At first, I would go about once a year. I would go to Anna Rhodes and Mrs. Ludick's.

At Mrs. Ludick's one cold day, Mrs. Dollie Longcoy was there. She was bragging about her husband having so much patience. At that time her husband came after her with their two horses and buggy. She said "just wait and see". So she sat down and waited until she was ready to go. Everything was fine.

I think the club men are fine. Elton Horning and Harry Sapp helped entertain at picnics at their homes. I think the men are better than we women give them credit for.

One day Mrs. Moody was telling about when Emma went to school. She wanted to go to the Ravenna school instead of Kent. The school board said if Mr. Moody would build a bedroom on the east side of the house for Emma, then she would be in Ravenna Township, so that is where she went to school.

I went to school with Chloe Burnett at the Breakneck School.

One day I was picking strawberries, when Helen Horning went by, going to the Club. Oh, how I wished I could go, too. The club ladies were always so nice to me. When I was sick in bed so long, two ladies I had never met, Mrs. Drake and Mrs. Buckalew, came to see me, and brought me a nice plant from the Club. Later, I entertained the Club at my home. When they were almost ready to go home, Chloe Burnett said that now I must join the Club. I did, and I have enjoyed it so much.

Now, something about the club members, old and new:

Mr. Rufener lived up on the hill, Mr. Miller in the valley, when they were boys at Marietta. When Grace and Gertrude were eight years old, they moved here and were our nearest neighbors until the girls were sixteen. Gertrude told at one of the Club meetings she stayed with Mrs. Miller as much as her mother would let her. I still think she is my little girl.

I knew Lillie Bricker when she went to school. I thought she was the happiest girl I ever knew. She is so good to everyone.

Anna Rhodes helped me get my first supper in my house. She has always been so good to me.

I saw Ruth Dobson the first time she came to Kent. She walked by our house and I admired her pretty blue suit.

The first time Hazel DeLeone came to my house, she was in an old car with several children with her. The wind was blowing her hair all over. I will always see her that way. She was so cute.

Birdie Richardson entertained the club at her home, on Amanda Riedinger's 80th birthday. We all had such a nice time.

We went to the club picnic at Springfield Lake, when Stella Burnett's boy John was a tiny baby. We did not stay for ice cream, as I did not belong to the Club then.

I admired Bertha Young's smile the first time I saw her, and knew I would like her very much.

Continued:

Adena McKelvey used to live out Summit Street extension, and Carl McKelvey would give Grace a ride when she was working at the old Mason tire plant.

Mabelle Sapp went to Pennsylvania to see her sister. Jane Sapp was doing the work for her. She cooked for threshers. I helped her and we had so much fun.

Nellie Smallfield had the club for Christmas different times. We had such a nice time.

Florence Tabor entertained the club for Christmas the first year she joined. Margaret Smallfield Spurling had just been married and she was there. Santa Claus gave the oldest lady a white rose. She was Mrs. Susan Bauer. Santa should have had two whiteroses, one for Christine Cook. I think she deserved one, too. Santa will try to remember next time.

Esther Rufener is a very nice neighbor. The longer you know her, the better you like her. She has a new accomplishment - raising turkies. She had a nice one for our Thanksgiving dinner last year. I hope she will do as well this year.

I remember Pearl Pemberton telling about remodeling her house. If any of us need any advice about remodeling our homes, just let her know. I think she would be fine.

The first time Mary Theiling entertained the club, she served strawberry shortcake with whipped cream, and was it delicious!

The firsttime I met Ora B. Jenkins and Ruth Speakman was when Mrs. Lang entertained. I am glad they belong to our club. Mrs. Jenkins seemed to have such a nice time at the club picnic last year.

I loved to hear Alberta Fish tell about the little church where they were married. I think one of her children was married in the same church.

I have always admired Adah Swigart's beautiful flowers. They were so pretty when we had our pictures taken there last summer.

Mrs. Fred L. McCarroll bought a pretty apron at our sale, when I was auctioneer. We were sorry to have her give up the club.

Helen Cook came to my home for two Thanksgiving dinners, but last year she could not come, and we missed her so much. One year, she had the best pumpkin pie.

I think we should go to see our neighbors sometimes. Violet Truax lived close to us, but she moved away before I ever saw her. I bought two little turkeys from her later, and they were just fine.

Helen Horning is a good sport. She entered into all of the games we had at our parties at our house. One game among others was Ring on a String. All who were here seemed to have so much fun.

Anna Drake had the last Christmas party. Santa came just in time to give out gifts. We enjoyed having Mr. Drake there.

Caroline Wallace decided it would be nice living on a farm, so she has her dream home. I wonder if it is as she dreamed it would be.

Mabel Plum said her rooms were too small to have the club. I told her just to put her chairs closer together. Everything was fine, and we had the best time.

I hope Mary Longcoy will get her nice trip west, going to see her son.

Elsie Meeker did not get to the club for some time, but I was very glad she came to our Thanksgiving party.

Continued:

I went to see Laura Clapp when Jerry was a little chap with a Christmas tree. He wanted blue lights on his tree, and liked them so well. Now she has two girls, and the ~~boys~~ boys do not have it all their own way now.

It is nice Hazel Mohler moved here so she can belong to our club.

Hope Emma Young will soon be well, and come to the club again.

Evelyn McPike is our newest member. We all like her very much. I went to school with her father at the old Breakneck School, where three generations of our family went, papa and I, and Grace went there. And now the Breakneck School is no more.

One day, Dorothy Basham called me on the telephone, saying she wanted to join our club. You know, no one joins this club unless they want to. We all want to thank Dorothy for entertaining us today, (April 20th, 1946.)

Obituaries from notebook on shelf at Portage County Historical Society

IN MEMORIAM.

We have received the following notice of the death of Sister Sarah L. Stanford of Elmwood, Nebr. Our sincere sympathy is extended to the members of the stricken family.

The notice of her life and death is as follows:

"Mrs. Sarah L. Stanford, a pioneer of Nebraska and an old resident of Cass county, died at her home in this city Monday forenoon, from uremic poisoning, after an illness of but a few days, at the ripe age of 81 years, 11 months and 10 days. Funeral services were held from the home Wednesday morning, conducted by her pastor, Rev. D. B. Lake. Interment in the Elmwood cemetery.

"Sarah L. Shewell was born in Rootstown, Ohio, March 18, 1826. She was married March 29, 1850, at Rootstown, Ohio, to Hiram Stanford. To this union were born three children, namely: Henry, Nettie and Fred. Fred died several years ago, Henry lives on a farm near Elmwood and Nettie made her home in Elmwood with her mother and aunt, Miss Mantie Shewell. Mr. Stanford died in January 1902. Mrs. Stanford was a devoted Christian and for years has been a member of the Methodist church.

"In 1860 Mrs. Stanford came with her family from Wisconsin to Nebraska City, traveling by team and driving their cattle before them. They were five weeks making the journey, fording every river between Wisconsin and Nebraska except the Mississippi and Missouri. They farmed there for five years when they moved to Nebraska City.

"In the spring of 1866 they came to Cass county. Deceased was a veritable pioneer, seeing much of life on the prairies. None ever entered her home without a warm welcome nor left without feeling the warmth of a genuine hospitality, so characteristic of the people of early Nebraska. Disease did not destroy the charm of a kind, indulgent disposition, nor old age diminish her unselfish solicitude for her friends and loved ones. Adhering to the faith of her fathers, she united with the Methodist church in early life.

"Life will never be quite the same to those who knew her, while those who were nearest to her will long for her with unutterable longings—long for a mother's counsel, advice and loving sympathy. She was a woman of strong Christian character; patient, loving and self-sacrificing."

SKULL FRACTURE RESULTS IN FRED SMITH'S DEATH

Fred Smith, colored workingman, who is supposed to have been struck by a street car at Lake Brady last Friday night a week ago, died at the county infirmary last Saturday night after much suffering.

He was buried at Maple Grove cemetery Monday, and Mrs. Smith and their four-year-old son returned at once to Pittsburg, from where they came about a year ago.

The deceased was born of slave parents, and he did not know of having any relatives in the world unless it was an older sister who was sold into slavery as a child. Smith came to this state last year to work on the paved road at Twinsburg, and most of the time was employed by W. L. Yeo, who regarded him as a first class workman.

DEATH RECORD

DEC 14, 1918 KEAM

BLANCHE L. SHEARER

Blanche L., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Schearer, of South Water street, died early last Thursday morning with influenza, with which members of the family have been afflicted. Rev. E. R. Brown conducted the funeral services Saturday and burial was at Standing Rock cemetery. The sympathy of the community goes out to the stricken parents.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Maria H. Shewell, daughter of Wm. R. and Margaret Young Johnson, was born in Randolph, O., June 1, 1830, and died in Rootstown, O., Feb. 8, 1908. She was married to Jared W. Shewell Dec. 16, 1845. He died Dec. 28, 1898. She leaves to mourn her loss four children, Geraldine H. Umstead of Salem, W. Riley Shewell of Randolph, J. B. Shewell, who took care of her, and Mary E. Kreinberg of Randolph, and four grandchildren, Hazel, Florence, Walter and Ralph Kreinberg. She was a woman of the most beautiful Christian character; a lifelong member of the M. E. church. Covered with flowers and followed by a large concourse of friends she was laid to rest in Homeland cemetery Wednesday, Feb. 8, 1908 +

10-8 Mrs. Ellen Skelley 1916

Mrs. Ellen Skelley, wife of Michael Skelley, whose death occurred last Sunday morning was born in County Carey, Ireland, and came to America in 1859. She was married to Michael Skelley May 4, 1871, at Ravenna where she spent the remainder of her life. She is survived by her husband and three daughters, Mrs. Ellen Papinpoos, Mrs. Lizzie Mack and Miss Kate Skelley, all of Cleveland.

Older residents will recall the burning of the Skelley home in 1875 by which the two little children of Mr. and Mrs. Skelley were burned to death. The mother had gone to the barn at an early morning hour, leaving the children in the house, and it is supposed that they overturned the lamp. The house was located on the site of the present building.

The poem below, which continues on the following two pages, was found in the Garrettsville Journal newspaper, September 10, 1931. The original newspaper is located at the Portage County Historical Society.

A Pioneer Poem of N. E. Portage County

By F. J. Crane, Garrettsville, O., 1910

(Dedicated to His Mother and her Pioneer Sisters of North-Eastern Portage County, O., and to the Cleveland Members of the Garrettsville and Cleveland Maple Sugar Association.)

Introduction

When summer rests upon the hills
Surrounding Garrettsville,
At morning when the mists betray
The river creek and rills,
Or when the sun at zenith
Floods the valley with its beams,
Or when the hush of evening
Changes all to golden dreams,

Then the glories of the landscape
Presented to the sight
As one succeeds the other
In the march of day to night,
Not so rugged in their blending
As to startle or appall,
But in gentle undulation
The grandest after all.

Or when midnight's gloomy mantle
The hills and dales enfold,
Or when the constellations,
Abysmal, we behold,
Or when the inconstant moon
Fills the air with witching light,
Revealing all the valley
Half in day and half in night.

Causing deepest meditation
As our memories recall
The sorrows, joys and pleasures
That have visited us all,
And we hope the past and present,
Like the landscape that we view,
May be blended in a vision
Ever old and ever new.

If the ties, the loves, the friendships
That seem to us as past
Might all be like the present
And could forever last
There would be no time for grieving
Or despairing, or for care,
And no need to long for Paradise
For when you're here you're there.

Then let our circle widen
In concentrics as we sail
Between the shores of river Time
Before each favoring gale,
And if hailed, "Whence from and whither bound?"
And give their place to laughter
And to rapture should they start
For this day is a reunion
Of joys and sorrows past
And no thought of pain or sadness
Shall disturb it while it last.

Preface

There's a tenderness within the soul
At times will stir the heart
Whose strings by memory's fingers swept
Cause hidden tears to start;
Tears and memories united
Precipitate in pearls
As memories make parents dead
Resemble boys and girls.

Tearfully they plead us tell
The story of their century—
What churl among us would refuse
An angel plenipotentiary?
Should mortals such as we are now
Decline the boon they ask?
Our conscience spurns such negligence.
Then, Harpist, to your task.

As we look into the faces
Of the friends we loved of yore
And see again the happy smiles
That greet us o'er and o'er,
We can hardly comprehend
The many years that intervene
Since the time when first we met them
And the changes we have seen.

We now are filling places
Of the generations past
And the sands within the hour-glass
Are running very fast.
But before we join the circle
Of our friends among the dead
Let us strive to be remembered
For the good we've done and said.

The friendships formed in Garrettsville
That bind us to the past
Are all renewed again today
And shall forever last.
And if sadness is awakened
By memories of the lost
We must learn to love the sorrow
No matter what the cost.

The beauties of the summer
That are lost in winter's gloom
Are all restored again to us
By spring's resplendent bloom;
And so their forms and faces,
Mingled here with ours today,
Are apparelled in a loveliness
That cannot fade away.

Cannot fail but to remind us
That our pleasures once were theirs,
That our happiness and sorrows
Alike resolve to tears,
That the glories of the dawning
Of eternity's endless day
They will share with us in Paradise
Forever and for aye.

Then wipe the sympathetic tears away
That well up from the heart
And give their place to laughter
And to rapture should they start
For this day is a reunion
Of joys and sorrows past
And no thought of pain or sadness
Shall disturb it while it last.

We'll endeavor to enumerate
In halting verse and rhyme
The families of Garrettsville
Since honored Garrett's time.
But should our feeble memory fail
As well as feebler pen
You must each forgive the writer
And he'll not offend again.

Let us venerate the memory
Of those brave old pioneers
Who blazed the trail now hallowed
By their blood and by their tears,
For with hearts that never failed them
And with feet that knew no rest
They chose the path of sunset
And the "Star of Empire" west.

They crossed the wilderness of Maine
And New Hampshire's snowy crest,
The Green Mountains of Vermont,
To Champlain's placid breast,
The Adirondacks of New York
Ne'er checked their onward way,
They forced the hills and forests
Of old Pennsylvania.

Then down the slopes and ravines
To the river Ohio
To the sweet Mahoning Valley
From whence they could not go,
For the visions that had haunted them
In fevered western dreams
Found fruition in the glories
Of the forestry and streams.

From the red soil of New Jersey
And Connecticut they came
For the slogan now was sounded
An "Empire" was the game.
They met the common enemy
The panther, wolf and bear,
They slew the wiley savage
In the Mohawk Valley fair.

From Massachusetts's storm-swept coast
They came as flows the tide
And all New England to this day,
In honor and in pride,
Recounts the deeds of her brave sons
And of her daughter's fair
Who turned their faces to the west
And braved the dangers there.

We'll cite recorded History
Of their sufferings no more
But dwell upon their home-spun life
Best known as "Old Folk Lore"—
How they felled the forest giants,
How they planted corn and wheat,
How the wild deer and wild turkey
Furnished them with food to eat.

'Twas before the days of deadly germs,
Microbes and parasite,
Before the days of oil and gas
And fumes of anthracite.
But the traveler in the wilderness
Caught the gleam of tallow dip
As the beacon from a lighthouse
Points a harbor for the ship.

We do not claim that all who came
Made homes in Garrettsville,
Some dwelt in Freedom, Nelson, Windham,
Hiram, Mantua and Spalersville.
Some chose the forge or factory,
Others the plane and saw,
And some were tillers of the soil,
While others practiced law.

They are gone from us forever
 And are now pathetic dust
 But the heritage they left us
 Is still our sacred trust.
 A continent they won for us
 Bounded by oceans grand
 Ours to uphold, our to defend,
~~Safe~~ and holy land.

We promised in a former verse,
 In due time and in order,
 To give the names of families
 That dwelt upon the border;
 And so to make our promise good
 We'll sense a pleasant thrill
 By telling you the BEST that came
 All stopped at Garrettsville.

Did we say "all"? Beg pardon!
 We'll except one, Moses Cleveland,
 Who settled on Lake Erie's Shore
 And founded there a dreamland.—
 So now, old friends, and dear friends,
 While passing down Life's hill
 Let's clash the wine cup, shout the toast
 "Cleveland and Garrettsville!"

We boasted prematurely
 Now, much against our will,
 The best with one exception
 All stopped at Garrettsville.
 For now we take a broader view,
 And thus enlarge our bounty
 We apologize—insisting! 'Twas
 Northeastern Portage County.

We'll now endeavor to recall
 The pioneers who came
 And beg you kindly to forgive
 Should we forget a name.
 Some families are now extinct,
 Death claiming every tie,
 Others by fate or Providence
 Have left a progeny.

When the fires of Revolution
 Had thrown off the British yoke
 And, husbandry protected,
 'Twas then the settler spoke,
 "We'll take our goods and chattels
 And build another nest
 In the new State of Ohio
 On the border of the West."

Out spoke a stalwart yeoman:
 "I'll be the first to go,
 Come as the spirit moves you,
 Come to the West and grow."
 The path of least resistance took,
 He knew his wife would share it,
 I need not tell you more of him,
 You know his name was Garrett.

Heroes from Bunker Hill were they,
 Concord and Saratoga,
 Trenton and Brandywine,
 Valley Forge, Ticondaroga.
 Bearing aloft the Stars and Stripes,
 They knew no North nor South,
 Victorious from Saint Lawrence
 To Mississippi's mouth.

The Dysons came with ax and limb
 That bade all foes defiance,
 Then Andrew Nichols' family;
 In those days there were giants.
 Daniel Tilden came among the best
 Soldier he was and brave,
 He met a Hessian in the fray,
 The Hessian met his grave.

Doctors and surgeons also came,
 Bennett and Ferris they;
 One hung his shingle in Shalersville
 The other in Mantua.
 And later Webb, Tidball, Crane and Manley
 Drove pain and care away,
 Skillful practitioners in the art
 "Materia Medica."

And one there was of merry mood
 When times were hard and blue,
 Streator his name, poet he was
 "When this old hat was new."
 A family of Coes came out
 And Hezekiah Hine
 His tavern's hospitality made known
 By means of swinging sign.

One Silas Crocker, man of brain,
 Possessed of mighty powers,
 Surveyor and philosopher,
 He knew no idle hours.
 And dear old Colonel McIntosh—
 Homage to him resounds
 From every loyal citizen
 In Portage County towns.

Sylvester Beecher joined the throng,
 First dealer in merchandise,
 He cleared a farm in Shalersville
 The envy of all eyes.
 On crooked river, Indian name,
 Cuyahoga, called today,
 His home extended welcome
 To all who came that way.

Then all at once a rattling flight
 Of Massachusetts Cranes
 Was heard above the forest top
 Resembling clanking chains.
 Some drove the plow as farmers should
 While others hunted game
 But Ichabod he stopped in New York
 Of "Sleepy Hollow" fame.

Soldiers from Lundy's Lane with scars
 In the war with England won;
 Sailors who fought with Jean Paul Jones
 From rise till set of sun.
 Many there were not known to us
 Whose descendants bear their name
 But each and all deserve a place
 In Memory's Hall of Fame.

To give the names by townships
 Is now our arduous duty
 Well knowing if we make them rhyme
 We'll meet some difficulty.
 But we'll trust to muse and memory
 And your forbearance ask,
 Tho' we never will surrender
 Till we conclude the task.

Pioneer Mothers please forgive,
 As Nelson settlers claim our pen,
 We certainly intend no slight
 But we shall mention only men.

Pierce, Barber, Hanna, Lee, McCall,
 Dunn, Bancroft, Hedger, Curtis, Hall,
 Tinker, Prichard, Jackson, Stowe, Colton,
 Hopkins, Sherwood, Stockwell, Todd, Knowlton,
 Tilden, Couch, Wadsworth, Fowler, Brown,
 Mills, Adams, Fuller, Prentice, Down,
 Taylor, Graham, Clark, Lewis, Beardsley,
 Horton, Moore, Baldwin, Wright, Towsley.

Windham's a Massachusetts town,
 May time or tide ne'er wreck it,
 And should you ask them whence they came
 They proudly answer, "Becket."

Messenger, Clark, Higley, Pike, Goodsell,
 Streator, Reed, Applegate, Angel,
 Bryant, Rudd, Perkins, Pardee,
 Woodworth, Birchard, Ensign, Chaffee,
 Wilber, Fox, Delong, Belden,
 Alford, Spencer, Seymour, Sheldon,
 Donaldson, Beckwith, Allen, Snow,
 Chapman, Thomas, Walden, Moore, Gano.

Freedom, "Liberty or Death,"
 Words our forefathers sung
 Triumphant when the Stars and Stripes
 Were to the breezes flung.

Drake, Miller, Thayer, Phelps, Robinson,
 Hewins, Derthick, Daniels, Doud, Larcomb,
 Foote, Brown, Dudley, Shepherd, Harmon,
 Bryant, Loveland, Niles, Gardner, Dennison,
 Moore, Durkee, Williams, Isbell, Wheelock, Sage,
 Davis, Kneeland, Kellogg, Hawley, Taylor, Gage,
 Leet, Curtis, Yonker, Hunt, Wells, Cady,
 Beardsley, York, Burroughs, Olds, Torrey.

Connecticut and Massachusetts
 Combined in Mantua
 To clear the forests and till the soil
 The earliest settlers say.

Harmon, Pettibone, Frost, White, Kent, Taylor,
 McIntosh, Riddle, Blake, Tinker, Ray, Ladd, Baker,
 Plum, Ferris, Booth, Morris, Sizer, Turner,
 Burroughs, Moore, Wilmot, Bright, Snow, Atwater,
 Spencer,

Farr, Sanford, Jennings, Winsor, Hotchkiss, Honey,
 Edwards, Ingell, Foster, Bump, Herbert, Nooney,
 Merryfield, Merry, Blair, Morris, Reed, Sheldon,
 Bartholomew, Cochran, Sanford, Bowen, Mills, Carlton.

Hiram, crowned by lofty hills,
 In beauty and in pride,
 Stands guardian o'er Mahoning's
 And Cuyahoga's great divide.

Ryder, Reno, Vaughn, Bennett, Luther, Mott,
 Babcock, Raymond, Square, Abbott,
 Wheeler, Hinkley, Nichols, Rudolph, Strong,
 Munn, Udall, Hutchinson, Young,
 Packer, Loomis, Buckingham, Mowbray,
 Blathewick, Allen, Wells, Whitney,
 Crafts, Waters, Stevens, Gridley, Mason,
 Norton, Edwards, Pierce, Hazen.

The sun, the moon, the stars, that they
 Beheld in youth and age
 Remain as then and ever shall be
 Nature's unsolved page.
 And the love's that we experience,
 The marvelous works we see,
 Ourselves must leave as did our sires
 And face eternity.

Thus we might dwell on this pleasant theme
 E'en to the end of Time,
 And for fear you will say we already have
 We will hasten and close this rhyme.
 So we bid you farewell with a tear and a smile
 And a trembling in our speech,
 Hoping and trusting we'll meet again
 Where each may recognize each.

We, their descendants here today,
 Cannot in prose or verse
 Recount their struggles, hopes and fears,
 Nor would we such rehearse.
 We are the living children
 Of those brave pioneers,
 Tears today are forbidden
 We'll consecrate with cheers.

To give the names of all who came
 Required too many pages,
 But history has recorded them,
 Examples for all ages.
 And their loyal sons and daughters,
 As time unceasing rolls,
 Will chant the solemn requiem.
 Rest, rest to their ashes, peace, peace to their souls.

To Our Cleveland Members
 'Twas not alone our ancestors
 That prompted us to write,
 'Tis not alone their efforts
 That cause our country's might.
 'Tis the welcome you extend us
 And the important part you play
 In the solving of great problems
 That confront the world today.

And thus the noble children
 Of this little country place,
 Made famous for its product
 Of superior human race,
 They leave their homes as birds their nests
 Plumed for a higher flight
 And tho' residents of Cleveland
 They keep the old home in sight.

Could the primitive and modern,
 The present and the past
 In one grand exposition
 With us today be cast
 With all the world's new wonders,
 Wireless, submarine, torpedo,
 Our ancestors, if present,
 Would not know which way to go.

And in exchange for the homage
 Rendered them for what they won,
 They would all exclaim in wonder,
 "Children, what have you done!"
 We'd give them rides in aeroplanes
 And with telescope scan the moon
 Then waft them back to heaven again
 By dirigible balloon.

Wheeler-dealer's Final Resting Place

Thanks to: Mark and Kay Smith who report that they saw this on a
 tombstone in Riverview Cemetery (IOOF) in Monticello, Indiana:

"I've been in many a deal, but I went in the hole on this one"

From: RootsWeb Review: RootsWeb's Weekly E-zine
 22 June 2005, Vol. 8, No. 25 (c) 1998-2005

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