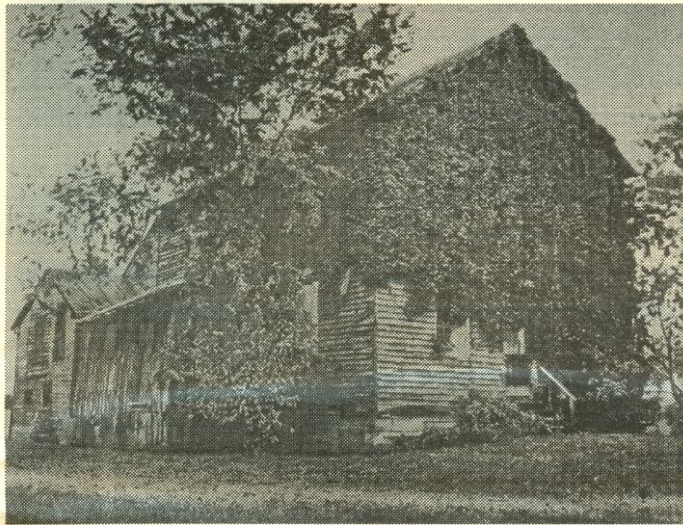
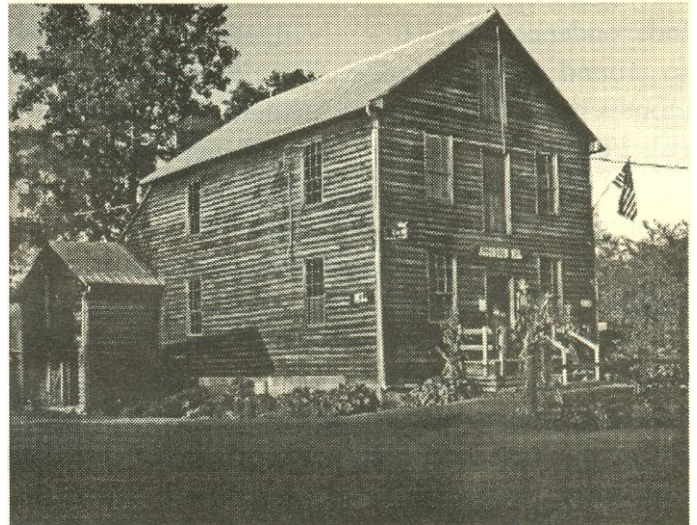


CARROLL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY Summer/Fall 2010



Velma Griffin

The Algonquin Mill in 1968, unused for decades and covered with ivy, shortly before being purchased by the Carroll County Historical Society.



Janice C. Petko

The Algonquin Mill as it looks today, with bundles of stalks decorating the entrance, ready for Fall Festival visitors.

FROM THE PRESIDENT

By Dave McMahon

This year the Carroll County Historical Society will celebrate the anniversary of a milestone event for the organization. This Fall Festival will be the 40th occasion where the Society will invite the public, in mass, to come and view what so many have put so much time and talent into to preserve. At the same time, it will again provide some of the financial resources necessary to continue this most valuable endeavor.

Our Historical Society operates in many ways that are unique when compared to other historical groups. Like some other societies, a large part of our collection of artifacts is displayed in a historic house (McCook House) that we operate but yet a house that we do not own. Like some other groups, we own historic buildings. We just happen to own quite a few of them

on a large piece of ground. (Not to forget the Perrysville Historic Church).

Where some other societies have found somewhat stable financial sources to operate on, such as tax levies, local government support, and grants and endowments, we depend on the financial success of our annual three-day Festival celebration. Unlike most groups that hold similar events, ours is not a collection of concession trailers. We invite other community based non-profit groups in to make the Festival a success, thus financially benefiting the community as a whole.

What has developed is a Society with many unique opportunities to "connect the past with the future." The success of anyone goal is only limited by the time and talents invested. Years ago a visionary group invested in an old empty mill on a small piece of ground and look what it has blossomed into. Today a dedicated group continues to build on the foundation

of that milestone event. Are you currently investing in making the connection? I hope to see you soon at the McCook House and down at the Mill.

MILL REPORT

By Mike Mangan

"Summertime, and the livin' is easy. Fish are jumpin' ..." and forget about "knee-high by the Fourth of July." The multicolored, profusely blooming hollyhocks down here are already over your head on Independence Day as this is being written (especially so around the septic tank). That means only three months remain until the 40th annual Algonquin Mill Fall Festival, the October Ordeal, and the biggest three-day party in the county. Those months will rush by at incredible speed. Why does time seem to pass by so fast as we get older? Brain researchers have proposed a few explanations.

One hypothesis has to do with what they have termed "neural conductive velocity." That activity is the speed which the thinking and remembering cells in our brain make electrical impulse connections with each other ... how fast the synapses spark and flash. It's part of the electrochemical model of consciousness. The invisible thing that is the steady passage of time as a linear, progressive arrow through the present and into the future remains constant, but the quickness of our brain cells' ability to put together the experiences of those moments slows down.

So, the seconds keep flying by at a constant rate,* but our ability to process what happens to us during those seconds decelerates. We get behind and pretty soon months and years have gone by too quickly. We wonder where all the time went. It's just another example of one of our typical biological abilities not being what it used to be. Not our fault.

[*Scientists now define one second as a unit of time equal to 9,192,631,770 complete oscillations of an atom of the radioactive element cesium-133, about the same speed the government spends money. This is an improvement from the old astronomical description of a second as 1 divided by 60 (seconds) x 60 (minutes) x 24 (hours) x 365 1/4 ± (days) or 1/31,557,600 of a year, which because of gravitational effects is gradually slowing down. Kind of like our brains, apparently.]

Another theory about why time seems to speed up is that the experience processing portion of our brains

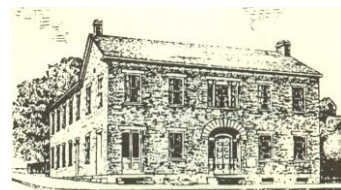


fast forwards through many of the activities that are familiar. By the time we are 50, 60, 70, etc., we've already done the things that make up our daily lives hundreds or tens of thousands of times. We don't pay that much attention to the events that are so common. We tend to unconsciously push the ~ ~ button hoping to get to something more interesting, pleasant, exciting, or something to eat. Have you ever walked very determinedly from one place to another, then stood there wondering why you went there in the first place? This kind of absent-mindedness causes days, months, seasons, and years to go by before we realize what has happened. The opposite of this effect is why people sometimes say a particularly unexpected event seems to happen in slow motion; we are hyperattentive to what is going on and time slows down.

A third possible explanation for the phenomenon of time speeding up has to do with fractions. When you're, say, 10 years old, the period from fourth grade to fifth is 1/10 of your whole life, even more if you figure memory doesn't really make much of an impact until age two or three. That year is a huge fraction of your entire existence. In senior citizen territory that same amount of time makes up a rather insignificant 1/60 or 1/70 or even less of one's life experience.

So the three months remaining (less by the time you get this in the mail) until the Fall Festival 2010, a mere 11240 of the life of a 60 year old, 11280 of a septuagenarian's, will come and go in the blink of an eye. That is why we are thinking of and doing things about it now. Hoping for a good outcome, meaning enough of our volunteers to do all the jobs, enough money to pay all the expenses, and particularly fine weather on the critical weekend so the Festival visitors come in big numbers allowing us to take in the receipts necessary to keep the place running.

MCCOOK HOUSE REPORT



By Shirley Anderson

May was quite a busy month for our museum. We had a visit from Peter McCook, his wife Jacqueline, and their son Anson. Peter and Anson are descendants of John, the brother of Daniel McCook. They reside in Florida. In addition to the usual tours for school children, there were several visitors from the Ohio Historical Society along with restoration specialists.

A mason carefully removed several bricks from three different areas of the wall facing Lisbon Street to check the internal integrity of that wall. The bricks were replaced so expertly that the incursion cannot be detected.

Structural engineers also opened the ceiling in both the law office and the Civil War Room to check the beams and determine their load bearing capacity.

An archaeological survey of the back yard was done, but we don't have the results yet. After the article covering this project appeared in the Free Press Standard, Mr. Joel Rogers contacted me and identified the site of the McCook barn. After researching early photos and maps, I feel sure he is correct. The structure stood in the corner of the back yard facing Lisbon Street and bordering the alley which runs beside the present Post Office.

Hopefully the house can be stabilized to prevent further deterioration. The process of deciding what to do and how to proceed in the most effective manner is slowly moving forward.

CCHS IN REVIEW

By John Davis

[Editor's Note: FY means Fiscal Year. CCHS FY begins on May 1 and Ends April 30.]

Assets as of:	May 1, '09	April 30, '10
Cash on Deposit	1712.11	2686.59
Savings Account	58879.83	49822.37
Endowment Account	26398.23	34149.24
Total Assets	86990.17	86658.20

Balance Sheet Comparison

Income	FY'09 (May '08 - April '09)	FY'10 (May '09 - April '10)
Membership	3509	2296
Annual Meeting	1224	186
Donations	1330	2789
McCook House	5324	5928
Mill Sales	4015	5106
Outside Use	280	150
Festival	181270	165498
Historic Church	458	204
Special Projects	1013	425
Special Functions	547	2539
Leases-Oil & Gas	379	1137
Interest (Gain/Loss)	-(6075)	8974
<u>Other</u>	---2QQ	0
TOTAL INCOME	193580	195232

<u>Expense</u>	FY'09 (May '08 - April '09)	FY'10 (May '09 - April '10)
CCHS Administration	50365	48123
McCook House	10108	7732
Mill	49465	42379
Fall Festival	101731	98618
Historic Church	182	167
TOTAL EXPENSE	211851	197019
OPERATING		
NET INCOME	-(18271)	-(1787)

ALGONQUIN SPINNING & WEAVING GUILD

By Nancy Ganyard

Our Algonquin Spinning and Weaving Guild is growing!! Several new members interested in the fiber arts have joined our ranks.

Many of our members participated as vendors or teachers or just "buyers" at several recent fiber shows. The biggest one in this area is the Great Lakes Fiber Show at Wooster, Ohio, over Memorial Day weekend. This year was perfect weather. There were over 90 vendors with fiber, equipment, books, you-name-it, somebody had it for sale!! I saw bags of varied purchases going out the doors of the buildings and maybe even some fiber "on the hoof."

We again planted flowering kale on the bank at the Farm House and used wool mulch to lay around the plants. The weeds cannot get through the wool, and the wool holds moisture that is beneficial to the plants. And it certainly saves the body on bending to weed!! No weeds!! Check this out the next time you are at the Mill Complex. If you'd like to try this "mulch," there are several members who would be happy to supply you. Try it around pepper plants or your flowers.

At a recent meeting Dave Lewis showed the membership how to skirt a fleece and explained what to look for in a fleece. Do you know what tippiness is? Do you know how to determine if the staple length has a break and what might cause this break in the fiber? Much information was given to very interested members. We then submerged the raw (unwashed) wool into pots of very hot water that had Dawn detergent and dye in them. This facilitated the washing of the wool and dyeing at the same time. This is NOT new. Over 200 years ago our ancestors did the dyeing and washing over an open fire in the same manner. It saved time and water.

Here is where we need to say a special thank you to Mike Mangan for his help whenever our Guild has a meeting. Not only does he provide coffee and hot water for tea and cocoa, but for this fleece preparation! wash/dye process, which was held in the steam kettle room behind the Schoolhouse, he made sure that we had tables to skirt the fleece, incredibly hot water, and access to the electric stove to keep the water hot. He also provided racks outside the building where we could lay the wet, dyed fiber to facilitate drying and multiple fans to keep the workers cool.

Our July meeting is under the direction of Ann Myers. We will assemble and warp a loom. This needs to be done in preparation for our Mill Festival. This is a great learning experience for our members who have never done any weaving. Anyone can throw a shuttle. If you want to be a shuttle thrower, that does NOT make you a weaver. Figuring out the amount of warp necessary, a pattern, and getting the loom all set to go is what makes a weaver. Time consuming? Yes. Exasperating? At times. Gives one a feeling of accomplishment? A definite yes.

Many of our members are honing their skills to participate at the Great Trail Festival in Malvern on August 28-29, September 4-5-6. This is followed by the Yankee Peddler Festival in Canal Fulton at Clay's Park on September 11-12, 18-19, 25-26. Our dress for these festivals is the same as at our Mill Festival, Early American attire.

For our Mill Festival, several members are already preparing natural dyes to be used in the Spinners' Cabin dye pots. Check out the colors. Did you know that the same dye bath will give a lighter shade on mohair (Angora goat fiber) than it does on wool?

Our guild meetings are held at the Schoolhouse on the third Saturday of the month. We meet from 10 a.m. until 3 p.m. Bring your craft of choice or come and learn something new. Carry-in lunch at noon, table service, and beverage provided.

MILL AND MACHINERY REPORT

By John Miday
Mill

Some of the grains for the Festival have been ordered. The work that was being done on the elevators has been completed. There is some work that still needs done on the Mill floor under the shaker boxes. We want to try and eliminate movement and

dust. There are a few other odds and ends to be completed, but they will be ready for the Festival.

We still have all flours (whole wheat, buckwheat, and cornmeal) and apple butter on hand for sale at the Mill.

Machinery

As we were going over the machinery for spring, we had to replace some batteries, oil filters, fuel filters, oil and grease, and some blades. Thanks to our Thursday workers, everything was ready for mowing season.

As mowing season continues, we have had to do work on fuel lines on two tractors and other minor repairs on the mowing equipment. A big thanks to all for your skills and time.

FROM THE ART BARN

By Sheila Cobb

With a few small changes, the entry forms have been mailed to the exhibitors and a new show is being born. Our exhibitors come from far and near and are once again ready to bring some really wonderful work for all of us to observe and enjoy. The artwork of these people is done over the last 12 to 36 months. They work hard so we can have an interesting show.

The changes we have made this year are nearly all due to economic reasons. Due to the lack of businesses that are willing to donate prize items, only ribbons and cash will be awarded as prizes. We will not be having a program on Sunday, which means that our show will be open until 4:00 on Sunday afternoon. Please tell everyone that you know that this show is open to everyone. You do not have to live in Carroll County to enter. We do our very best to try to be fair to all entrants.

Our judges are highly qualified and do a splendid job of judging art for art's sake. They are all volunteers. This job takes one entire day to do. We thank them sincerely for their interest in this show.

The rules that we have are good rules and protect the artists as well as the Carroll County Historical Society. An artist may enter up to four pieces. The entry form contains all necessary details concerning the show and can be obtained by calling Sheila Cobb, Art Show Director, @ 330-947-2547. I will mail the form to you.

Again this year we will have our gift shop. This is a special gift shop with items made by the artists connected with the show. They are either exhibiting artists or artists that work on the committee. You will

find many unusual items and great buys for Christmas in the gift shop.

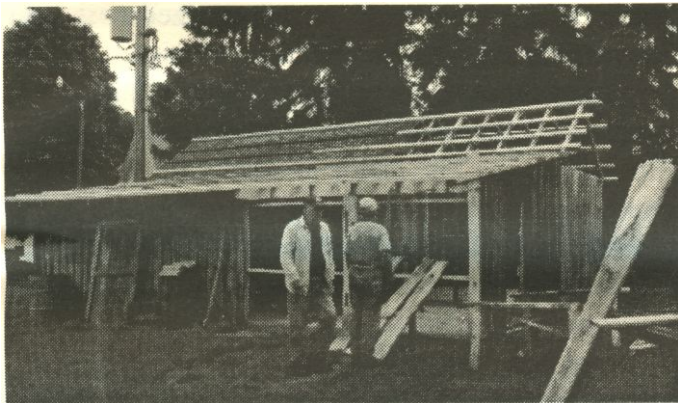
We also have another venue that is quite unusual: FACE ART for kids and adults, and the painting is done by artists. You will find some really unusual subject matter as well as ordinary paintings. The paint is absolutely harmless and will wash right off.

We will have our helium balloons for sale by our own clown. They are reasonably priced and make for a fun day at the Festival.

We do have lots of fun at the ART BARN. Come and visit us to add to your fun experience at the Festival.

NEWS FROM THE KRAUT HOUSE

By Diane George



New addition to the Kraut House being worked on by John Miday and Harry Hill.

Exciting News!!

We have added a 12' x 22' extension to the Kraut House in order to accommodate the storage of more barrels of cabbage. This means we will be able to make more than enough sauerkraut to, hopefully, last throughout the entire Festival. Many thanks to John Miday and his crew who worked on the addition. By the time you read this, we may have processed eight tons of cabbage into kraut.

It will be processed August 3, 4 and maybe 5 depending on how many volunteers come to help. We want to thank all who help in any way, as this is a big undertaking.

BIRD DROPPINGS FROM THE MILL



By Janice Petko

As I'm writing this in mid-July, the nesting season is not yet over at the Mill. There are still a few Tree Swallows nesting, and the bluebirds are into full swing with their second nestings. I will be able to give you a full report in the next newsletter.

In this issue, I would like to share some interesting facts about the nesting activities of six of the most frequently seen birds at the Mill.

Most of the following information was gathered from "A Field Guide to Eastern Birds' Nests" by Hal H. Harrison that is part of the Peterson Field Guides series.



Eastern Bluebird nest and eggs.

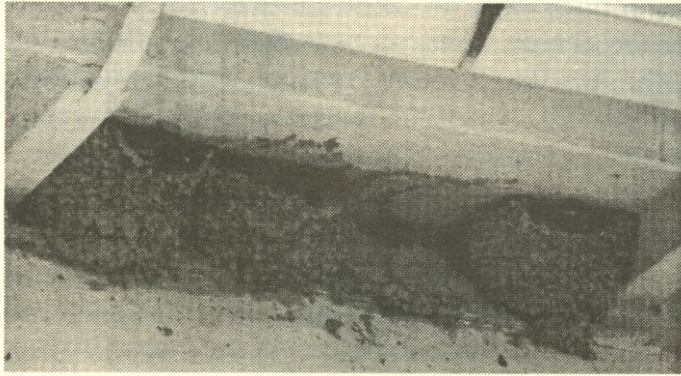
Eastern Bluebird - nests in a natural cavity in a tree or in a nesting box. It normally takes the female 4-5 days to build the nest using fine grasses. She will lay three to six eggs, and only she incubates the eggs for 13-15 days. The eggs are usually pale blue, although 5-10% of the time they are white.



Tree Swallow nest.

Tree Swallow - nests in a tree cavity or nesting box. Nests are made of dried grasses, sometimes coarser than those used by the bluebirds. The nest is lined with feathers (often profusely, sometimes only

sparingly) and frequently placed so the curved tips curl over the eggs. The female builds the nest in a few days to two weeks. She is the only one that incubates four to six white eggs for 13-16 days.



Cliff Swallow nests under the eaves of the Schoolhouse.

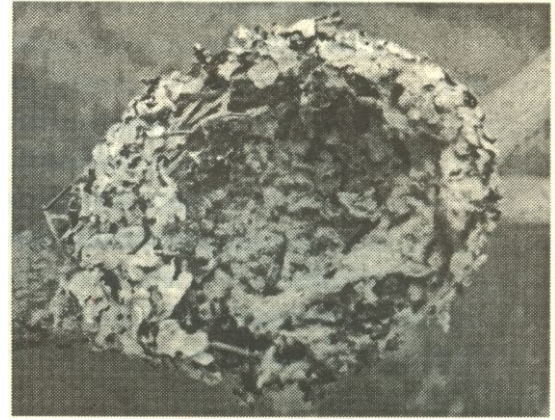
Cliff Swallow - nests in colonies mostly on man-made structures such as under bridges, on the sides or under the eaves of buildings. The nest is gourd-shaped with an entrance hole at one end and is lined sparingly with grasses, hair, and feathers. Both sexes build the nest that typically contains 900-1200 mud pellets. Commonly four to five brown spotted or dotted white eggs (indistinguishable from the eggs of Barn Swallows) are incubated by both the male and female for about 15 days.

Barn Swallow nest on an old electrical fixture at the Country Store.



Barn Swallow - nests often in colonies, almost always on man-made structures such as barns and other outbuildings, sheds, old light fixtures, under bridges and wharves .. Their nests, which take six to eight days to complete, are made of mud and straw and are attached to beams, upright walls, or platforms made by man. The half saucer nest frequently tapers downward into a cone shape. Both sexes build the nest carrying the mud pellets in their mouths, but the female does most of the lining of the nest with numerous poultry feathers that are usually white. Both sexes incubate four to six

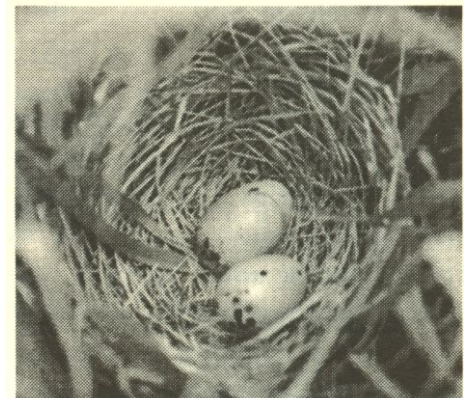
spotted and dotted white eggs (indistinguishable from Cliff Swallow eggs) for about 15 days.



Ruby-throated Hummingbird nest.

Ruby-throated Hummingbird - nests in a variety of trees, 5-50 feet above the ground, but is usually located at a height of 18-20 feet. It takes the female about five days to build the walnut-sized nest, and some construction may continue throughout the life of the nest. The nest is built on a base of bud scales and attached to a small downward, horizontal branch with spider silk. The inside is lined with dandelion, cattail, or thistle down and greenish gray lichens camouflage the outside. Strands of spider web, woven into the nest, help to keep it together. The nest fits tightly around the female to minimize heat loss as she incubates her two white, pea-sized eggs for 12-16 days. After the eggs hatch, the nest expands as the nestlings grow.

Red-winged Blackbird nest at the Algonquin Mill.



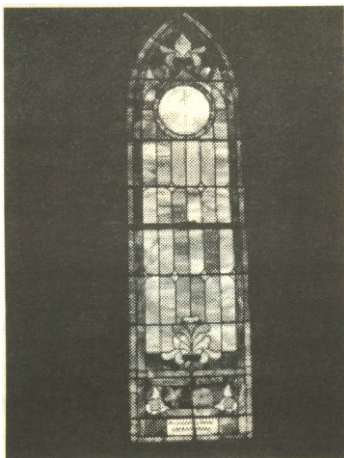
Red-winged Blackbird - nests in marshes, swamps, weedy ditches, wet meadows, streamside bushes, dry fields, and pastures. The nests are comprised of sedge leaves, rushes, grasses, rootlets, and mosses bound to surrounding vegetation with milkweed fibers and lined with fine grasses. The nests are built entirely by the female in three to six days and placed 3 inches to 14 feet above the ground or

water. The pale bluish green eggs are spotted, blotched, or marbled with browns, purples, and black and concentrated mostly at the large end. Only the female incubates the eggs for 10-12 days.

"WRITES OF JASON KIRBY"

By Karen Gray

Perrysville Church stained glass window presented by Jason and Lettitia Kirby.



Recently President Dave McMahon and I had a conversation about the historical church at Perrysville. He spoke about the beautiful stained glass windows and how they had names with them, which evidently designated the donors of the windows. One such name was Jason Kirby.

In the course of investigating the age of the windows, I was looking through a scrapbook and ran across the following testimonial letter published in January of 1929 in the Carroll Chronicle. It answered many questions about Jason Kirby.

Editor Chronicle: Jason Kirby an aged citizen of Perry-tp, who died Jany. 20; I think was one among the most outstanding and substantial citizens who ever lived in that township ifnot in Carroll-co. Having lived near his home most of my life I know whereof I speak. Mr. Kirby was a remarkable man in many respects. He was a man 5 ft. 8 or 9 inches in height; would weigh 150 to 160-lb. His early education was very limited, yet he was a great reader and a student all his life. He was well posted and kept abreast ofthe times. In his talk and conversation he used the best of English. He was born and lived his long life in Perry-tp. It was a severe stroke to him when he lost his bosom companion, less than one year ago with whom he had enjoyed 65 or more years of married life. Living near the cemetery, it is said, he would visit her grave several times a day. No doubt this helped to shorten his long and useful life. Mr. and Mrs. Kirby, having no children, early in life adopted a little orphan boy (this orphan boy was the late Hudson Atwell) and when he grew to manhood and became married he had a family

of several children, and their parents passed away. Mr. and Mrs. Kirby took them in their home and cared for them. Mr. Kirby learned the wagon maker's trade early in life and worked at it for many years. He was an expert at the business and would use only the very best of all kinds of material. I am using one of his make at the present time. It has been in constant use for nearly half a century, as I bought it second-hand nearly 35 years ago. Outside of being re-tired several times it has never had any repairs of any consequence and bids fair to last a number of years yet. Later when wagons were being manufactured in big factories he just devoted his time to repair work and bought a small farm near his home and took great delight in that pursuit.

In addition to Mr. Kirby's other activities he followed the undertaking business for nearly 60 years. For many years, as was the custom, he constructed his own caskets. I have attended a great many funerals conducted by him, and I have known him on different occasions to serve both as minister and undertaker when requested to do so. Being well versed in the scriptures and gifted in song and prayer he could do this work exceedingly well. *Mr.* Kirby was always very reasonable in his charges. He and my father were full cousins, and as I remember, he visited my father in his last sickness a short time before his death. He was there part of a day and all night, and I remember of him reading a portion of God's word and then making quite a lengthy talk on the love and mercies of our Savior which was quite interesting. In politics Mr. Kirby was a staunch republican and he had been elected to local offices in his township at a time when that township was strongly democratic. He was urged often to become a candidate for county office. He was the type of man who could have commanded votes wherever he would have gone and could have filed probably any office in the county with credit. Yet he would never permit his name to be used. In the early '60's when the nation was about to be rent asunder and the old "stars and stripes" trailed in the dust, he answered the call and went to the front. And then after the war was over and the nation had recuperated sufficiently to look after the boys who had been in blue, pension laws were passed, but Mr. Kirby refused to apply. I heard him state that he was a vet in the prime of life and amply able to make a living, and he felt it would be an imposition to ask the people or the government for a pension; but finally after being urged over and over by friends he yielded and applied and

received a pension which he was justly entitled to. Mr. Kirby was a member of the M. E. church at Perrysville nearly 70 years or more and served efficiently in all the activities of the church during that time.

I mention these few things. Much more could be said, but I feel my inability to do justice to the grand character of a man I knew so long and so well. A. C. Hendricks

Mr. Jason Kirby died on January 20, 1929 at the age of 91 years.

FLOSSIE

By Helen Truesdale

When my sister Ruth was born, I went to my grandparents house to live for awhile. I loved that. I called them Pap Pap and Mamie. I was 16 months old. I don't remember that but as I grew older, I think maybe I do remember it. They were strict in a way, but I had no one to boss me so I suppose I was spoiled. I was taught good things and good manners and lots of church. That was a big thing in our families. Everyone went to church, or it had to be a good excuse why you didn't. I knew no other life and didn't want to.

I loved my sister, but I loved Mamie and Pap Pap too. Then when Ruth was 18 months old, Evelyn was born. I was told I had a new sister, and I said, "When can I go back home?" Of course, everyone teased me about that. My mom and dad were happy we had a place to go. Ruth was always homesick so as soon as Mom could get on her feet, Ruth went home. I was glad because I liked being over home at Mamie's.

My mother had asthma, and we always had help. I realize in all my later years how much help we did have. Girls worked for us all the time. There were a lot ladies that worked by the month too. Believe me when I say we had to be good to listen and take orders. So most of my younger years were spent at Mamie's house. Pap Pap had me help him with the outside work and Mamie had me learn all the work the woman of the house did. I did learn it all too. I always felt very grown up. I loved all of that, and I had lots of playtime too. They both taught me well.

They planted big gardens and had a lot of fruit trees and all kinds of berries. Pap Pap sold all that produce in Carrollton. He had a regular route and kept all the orders and sales on a record.

I was allowed to go to town if I helped and didn't be a pest. When I did it well, he let me go to the door and help carry what the ladies bought. I also told the ladies we

had beans, potatoes, corn, and beets. Sometimes if I was careful, I could carry the money. When I was about eight years old, I was a regular. Pap Pap had a nice car too. It was a Model T Ford with four doors and side curtains for when it rained.

They had a big berry patch and there were long rows of blackberries, black raspberries, and strawberries. Of course, you had to watch for snakes. He also had sweet and sour cherries, early and all summer apples, and peaches. They kept pests under control using all natural things. Mamie made up a special solution with lye soap water. It worked very well too.

Mrs. Beadle always helped and told me what to say. She had a big family so I knew she was a good cook. She showed me how to count things and Pap Pap said she was right. Just be sure to write it down. Her husband Sam was a barber. He always said our stuff was the best. I carried the stuff into the house and took the money back to the car. Pap Pap laughed a lot and told everyone how good our stuff was. It was barely out of the ground until it was in their kitchen.

I always felt sorry that the town kids missed keeping up with the farm animals. They never got to ride a horse or milk a cow. I don't think they missed that at all. Of course, they went to the picture show and had picnics. I never did it so I never missed it.

Another nice family was Faber Hosterman. His wife always had a beautiful big pan to put the vegetables in. I would recognize it today. She would always get Kentucky Wonder green beans, cucumbers, and apples. Faber had a repair garage. He always had a lot of cars that wouldn't run, but he would fix them. Sometimes he fixed things on Pap Pap's car.

His kids were about my age. Johnny was the boy I remember. He always had a dog, but I didn't think he was very good to it. He pushed the dog away all the time, but it came back.

One day we went there and everyone seemed to be in a happy time mood. Johnny came running up the walk to the car carrying this beautiful little white dog. Her fur was so beautiful - soft and curly. A picture to me of an angel. She probably weighed 5 pounds or less. Johnny's dad yelled at him, "I told you no more dogs. Put it down. We have too many." When he dropped the dog and yelled "git," she ran over and sat on my foot. I petted her and wished she was mine. I'll never forget her eyes. I reached down to pet her, and she gave me a kiss and jumped on my arm. I never put her down.

Faber called his wife out to get her order. Pap Pap was telling Faber a serious story. Pap Pap said to Faber,

"Doesn't Helen do a good job?" He said, "She sure does." The men didn't know about the dog on my arm. I'm thinking I love her. Pap Pap said to give the dog back because we had to move on. Faber said Johnny wants the dog, but we can't keep her because we have too many. Pap Pap asked how much he wanted for her. Pap Pap handed me two dimes so Johnny grabbed the twenty cents. His eyes were dancing. He said he didn't want her anyway and off to the store he went. I grabbed her and held her tight.

The Hosterman's were all happy. They petted her and told her she would have a good home. She sure did. I ran to the car crying and telling her she was mine. Teddy, our other dog, accepted her and kept her in second place, but she didn't care about that. Evelyn had asthma like our mom. We didn't know poodles have no scent so they are good for people with allergies.

The day this happened we had lots of stops to make. The first one was the bank. Of course, I took her in and put her on the floor. Mr. Saltsman said she was nice. Everyone said not to let her out because she will get hit. She didn't want to go any place, but when she hit the cold floor - whoops. Mr. Saltsman looked over my shoulder and said, "I'll have to keep her." I grabbed her up and through tears asked why. He said, "You will have to get a mop." Pap Pap said, "You can't let her do that." I was crying and afraid to go out. Mr. Saltsman came to me and said, "Don't cry. It's alright. Nellie will get the mop, and we will have a clean floor." And they did. Then they got me an old belt and fixed her a nice leash, and I could lead her. That was nice. Mr. Saltsman was a nice man, and I called him Mr. Banker.

I could hardly wait to get home. Pap Pap just bought three nice ham sandwiches, and we went home. Of course, Mamie loved her but made sure she went to Leavittsville to live with my parents and sisters. When I went over to Leavittsville, I took her there and everyone loved her. Most people then had never seen a poodle. My sister Evelyn was like me. She adored her and said, "I know her name." We guessed but Evelyn popped up, "I want to call her Flossie." We thought that was perfect. We had Flossie a long time. She was happy with us, and we adored her and Teddy. She was a great rabbit hunter. She could make a rabbit jump better than a rabbit hound.

Then Uncle Morris and his family came home several years later for Thanksgiving and to go hunting. They had boys and we played games and had fun. Mamie had a wonderful dinner. The men didn't come for so long. We didn't notice that when they sat at the table they didn't eat much. When it came time to go home, Flossie wasn't

there. We hunted and called and no Flossie.

We just had to go. I wasn't going to get in the car. My dad said, "We will stop up the road" and we did. By this time, we were all hysterical. Finally at the end of the road, where we turned to go to Leavittsville, my mom said, "Stop the car." When my dad turned around, he was sobbing and couldn't talk. My mom tried. She couldn't but finally said, "She won't be back." By that time, we were all screaming and running down the road still calling her name. Mom said, "Your dad will tell you the story." My dad finally got the story told. When Flossie jumped the rabbit, Uncle Morris shot the rabbit but instead he hit Flossie. One shot. He almost had a stroke. He loved dogs so much. When it was too late, that ended the hunt. Really, I don't think anyone in that family ever hunted again. The men had brought Flossie home and buried her in her favorite spot in the garden under an apple tree. We never saw them do that at all.

The next day we went back and everyone shed a bucket of tears. I'm in tears now. I have tried to write this so many times. I'm a wreck for days afterwards.

Aunt Florence got us each a beautiful doll for Christmas. I think we always had the~ and we loved them, but she knew they would never replace Flossie. When God made little, fluffy, curly haired, white dogs, he made angels. Flossie will always be an angel. We talked about this almost every time we got together and ended in tears as I am now.

The precious memories we hold so dear to our hearts will never leave us. Ruth, Evelyn, and I had a good cry not too long before Evelyn died. She said, "I'm so very sick, but I still miss Flossie. I loved her so much." We all said together, "She may be in a better place higher up." She should be, I'm sure. God loves dogs ... these special creatures.

I think of the song, "Oh Where Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone." When I see a group of angels in my mind, I see a little white dog with curly hair. She was so near to being human and was loved by all. I know this would be a teary threesome if my sisters were here.

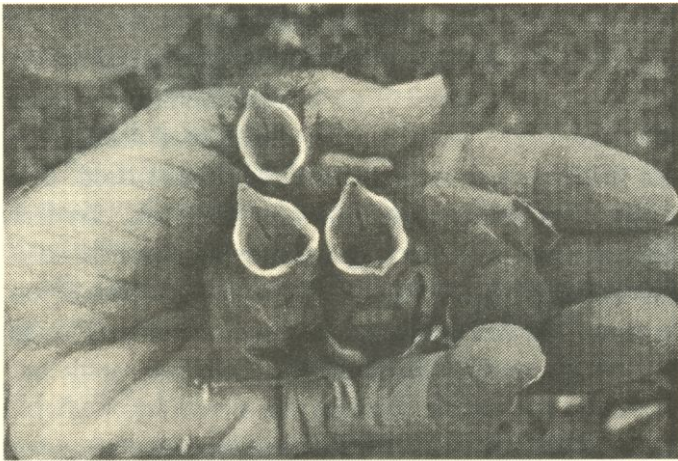
Please, I'll take that little doggie in the window,
The one with the curly, white hair.
She's in a special place on a soft, satin pillow
Waiting 'til we all get there.

This is my story of Flossie - our little angel. I knew I should have brought the big box of Kleenex.

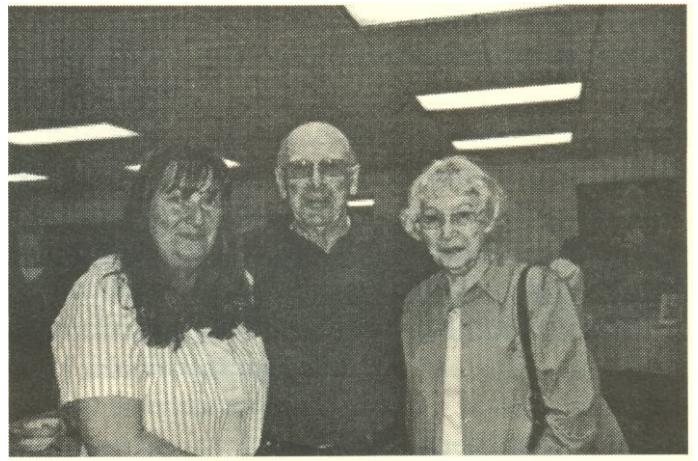
Thanks for being so kind to read this. It's a true story. I'm sure we all have a very special pet story.

'Til Next Time Cousin Helen

SUMMER AT THE ALGONQUIN MILL



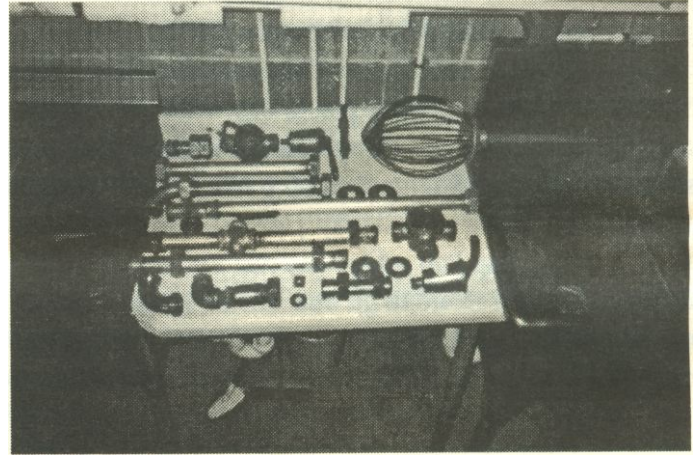
One sleeping and three hungry bluebird nestlings. After their nest was checked for blow fly larvae, they were returned unharmed to a parasite-free house.



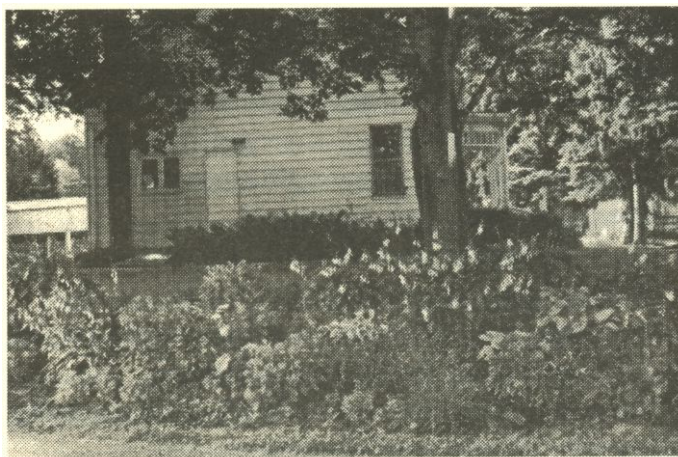
Left to right: Kimberly Reed, John and Mary Wadsworth at the 44th Annual CCHS Dinner Meeting May 16, 2010 at the Dellroy Community Hall.



Left to right: Ethel Mae Shaver, Nancy Ganyard, Martha Jones, Donna Mahoney, and Helen Truesdale at the 44th Annual CCHS Dinner Meeting May 16, 2010 at the Dellroy Community Hall.



A composition of steam kettle components, essential to the apple butter making process, having just been dismantled and cleaned at the end of the project.



Hostas on the roadside bank with the Farm House in the background.



Old-fashioned Hollyhocks flourishing at the Algonquin Mill.

THE FLOUR SACK

A poem by Colleen B. Hubert

In that long ago time when things were saved,
When roads were graveled and barrels were staved,
When worn-out clothing was used as rags,
And there were no plastic wrap or bags,
And the well and the pump were way out back,
A versatile item was the flour sack.

Pillsbury's Best, Mother's and Gold Medal, too
Stamped their names proudly in purple and blue
The string sewn on top was pulled and kept;
The flour emptied and spills were swept.
The bag was folded and stored in a sack
That durable, practical flour sack.

The sack could be filled with feather and down,
For a pillow, or t'would make a sleeping gown.
It could carry a book and be a school bag,
Or become a mail sack slung over a nag.
It made a very convenient pack,
That adaptable, cotton flour sack.

Bleached and sewn, it was dutifully worn
As bibs, diapers, or kerchief adorned
It was made into skirts, blouses and slips
And mom braided rugs from one hundred strips
She made ruffled curtains for the house or shack,
From that humble but treasured flour sack!

As a strainer for milk or apple juice,
To wave men in, it was a very good use,
As a sling for a sprained wrist or break,
To help mother roll up a jelly cake,
As a window shade or to stuff a crack,
We used a sturdy, common flour sack!

As dish towels, embroidered or not,
They covered up dough, helped pass pans so hot,
Tied up dishes for neighbors in need,
And for men out in the field to seed.
They dried dishes from pan, not rack
That absorbent, handy flour sack!

THE MINERVA FAIR

By Gerald Grimes

Ticket from the 1913 Minerva Fair.

On March 17, 1873, the first meeting was held to develop and organize an agricultural fair for Minerva and the surrounding area. The mayor of Minerva at this time was James Jerome, and this historic meeting was held in his office. The committee members took only three weeks to develop the first fair that was to be held on the southern edge of town in Carroll County, now known as State Route 183 on the north side of Valley Street.

The Agricultural Fair of Minerva was a stock company and each share sold for \$25. The legal name for this organization was The Minerva Agricultural Association and each share carried one vote.

The purpose of the fair was to promote agriculture, horticulture, and the mechanical arts. By-laws, a constitution, and a slate of officers were adopted and approved on April 13, 1873.

Horse racing was the largest attraction in the earliest days of the fair. The original grandstand was erected in 1874. During the years of 1875-76 the fair continued to expand and attendance increased. The location of the New York Central and Pennsylvania Railroads provided transportation for many visitors. By 1877 national lecturer Buck Pomeroy was paid \$125.00 to deliver "Palace and Poor House." In 1878 the band from Homeworth was paid in food and horse feed to play. A display of deer was added in the same year. By 1883 balloon ascension and a fortune wheel slicker had been added. The fortune wheel slicker actually drove people away, and that attraction was not invited back.

The most famous attraction was Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in 1885. People flooded Minerva from surrounding areas. The trains were loaded full and the fair expanded with displays of farm products, cattle, fancy needle work, paintings, hammered brass, Singer brand sewing machines, sport races, a roller coaster,



refreshment stands, bands, and horse racing continued. By now the fair had become a statewide attraction. This fair was one of the largest and one of the first fairs in the state to hold horse racing. The fair constructed new stables, added ox sulky races, goat races, mule races, tight wire attractions, and music by the Robertsville Band. Joe Carnes, a local gentleman, was both a trainer and racer.

To accommodate people who wished to remain in Minerva for the entire week of the fair, there was the Jackson Hotel, St. James Hotel, with O.E. Evans as manager, and Center House.

For transportation, people depended upon services of the numerous livery stables in town: Frank Miller on South Market, O.E. Evans on Short Street, St. James Stables on Line Street, and Jerome Miller on South Market.

By 1891 the fair building was too small for all the items brought for display and a two story floral hall was completed. This year also had an interesting highlight. It seems an agency sold the fair committee an act of Hawaiian girls to dance. Upon their arrival and at the conclusion of their first show, it was discovered the dance act was actually a strip act. The committee very quickly decided to screen acts more carefully in the future.

In 1892 a terrible rain and electrical storm, one of the worst in the history of the area, took place during the fair. Homes were struck by lightning, farms burned, and the Pennock Brothers Foundry was almost destroyed. The bandstand was swept away, the judges' stand was blown over, horse stalls were destroyed, and the fence around the fairgrounds was blown over. The repair of these damages left the fair board \$5,000 in debt.

The fair was a success for many years to follow. The last year for the fair was 1917. The very last day the attendance was said to have been around 15,000. Little is known as to why the fair ended. A local historian has indicated the Minerva Fair suffered the same fate as many other events in history such as lack of money, not enough individuals able and willing to help, poor economy, war, and even, perhaps a lack of interest.

NEWS FROM THE ONE ROOM SCHOOLHOUSE

By Karen Gray and Evelyn Jones

Passing Generation

As my mother and I man the One Room Schoolhouse during the Festival, we have noticed the "changing of the times." She commented that during the Festivals of the past, there were many visitors who passed through the Schoolhouse who had first hand experience with one room schools. They had attended such a school through the first eight grades of their education. Now there are fewer and fewer numbers of people who actually attended a one room school. The visitors are more like myself in that I share knowledge about the one room school experience from the stories others have shared with me or what I have researched from other sources. I have secondhand experience.

There was a time when adults would notice our maps and exclaim when they located a European country with the name that was familiar to them. In many cases it was the country that they had emigrated from, and in the modern world the borders and the name had changed. Fewer such comments are made each year.

Young children often ask us if we taught in a one room school. Although my mother attended a one room school for eight years, she did not teach in one. There are very few living persons who were one room schoolteachers. Ruby Butler from Carrollton began her teaching career in one room schools.

Comments are often made about the paddle that we display on the teacher's desk. Many visitors speak about the discipline they remember from the "good old days." We listen to stories told to children and grandchildren about their own personal experiences with the "paddle." It is possible that some of these stories have been embellished.

Our picture display is of interest to some. On occasion someone will comment about the teacher or students in the photo, as they knew them on a personal basis. More often people find a picture of a parent or grandparent in the one room class photos.

Most of our adult visitors are those who have questions about items in the school and the operation of the classroom. Our handouts about the rules and requirements for the teacher in a one room school are very popular. Comments are made stating that their parents or grandparents attended such a school. These

visitors outnumber those who are sharing with us their personal experiences. It is a sign of the passing of a generation and the reason that it is so important for the Petersburg One Room School to exist and educate the next generation. We welcome all those who have firsthand experience and ask them to visit the Schoolhouse during the Festival and share their stories with us.

FARM HOUSE NEWS

By Donna Mahoney

We've been having a good turn out of ladies in the Farm House all winter and spring. We now have three looms working. We are using two to make rugs and one to make place mats and runners. We have a nice variety of colors and sizes of rugs. Our inventory of place mats was really low. The extra loom is helping with this. You can order any size rug or runner you would like.

We have a great group of quilters, and have had six or seven ladies working on Thursdays. Contact Clara Miday if you have a quilt that needs quilted. There is a nice selection of baby quilts available. They're a nice gift for a baby shower. We have a frame just to do baby quilts.

Some of the ladies are also busy making crafts, tote bags, aprons, and other items to be sold at the Festival. Remember, all these items can be purchased any time during the year. Someone is in the Farm House every Thursday from 9 a.m. until 3 p.m.

Come join us any Thursday. We have a covered dish dinner at noon in the dining hall. If you don't want to make a covered dish, you can give a donation to help buy meat, buns and chips.

The Farm House Ladies will have a raffle during the Festival. Tickets can be purchased in the Farm House during the Festival. They are \$1.00 each or six for \$5.00. A quilt, rug, and a couple of other items will be given away.

COUNTRY STORE

By Donna Mahoney

WOW, only three months until the Festival. If you are working on crafts or other items to donate for the Festival, please contact Donna Mahoney (330-484-2701) so we have an idea what is coming in. We usually clean the store the week before and then start setting up. I hope someone is making nylon scrubbies. If you have any ideas for items for us to sell in the

Country Store, let us know, especially items with the Mill logo on them. We have microwavable coffee mugs for sale with the Mill logo on them. We have T-shirts, sweatshirts, and ball caps available all year. If anyone has fruit that can be made into jelly or jam, contact Donna. We had 90+ jars of jelly and jam last year, and we were sold out by Sunday morning. New last year was quince jelly. Blackberry and elderberry seem to be the favorites.

We're always looking for people to help in the store during the Festival, especially during lunchtime. You meet people from all over, and we always have a good time. I can't thank enough the ones who have helped faithfully the last several years. You don't have to be a member to help.

This will be a difficult year for me as my co-helper and sister Marlene Kiener passed away very suddenly the end of May. I know the rest of the Country Store helpers will be there to help fill the gap.

We're looking forward to seeing you during the Festival.

MUSIC AT THE MILL.

By Ron Manist

I've made a few minor changes in the schedule this year to help some of the groups have more favorable hours. I have moved the Cedar Valley Cloggers from Wooster to 4:15 PM on Saturday to allow them to have more members present. These cloggers are very appropriate for our Festival as they do the old-fashioned music and dances fitting the age we represent. They will follow Roger Hoard, one of our leading talents. That should ensure a great turnout of people to witness our best talent and end the day.

Also added, to the delight of many fiddle lovers, are the Twin Fiddlers from Massillon who auditioned last year and drew such a crowd. Mary Manist is no longer appearing on Friday but will be on standby to fill in, in the event that we have a cancellation. Otherwise, the schedule remains basically the same as ever.

I am very glad that Paul Matson from Scio will be my Master of Ceremonies and assistant sound technician again, as his talents are irreplaceable for our program.

Our Music at the Mill stage improvement fund grew last year thanks to donations received and added to the base fund from the last two years. We now have a total of \$310 set aside in the treasury in hopes of eventually being able to erect a roof over the concrete

slab in front of the stage for the protection of the school groups and the cloggers, and for the purchase of overhead choir microphones. More is obviously needed to begin this project. Thanks to all who have donated in the past and who may be able to help in the future. Music at the Mill tags will be available for 2010. 100% of the donations will be used for planned, stage improvements.

Below you will find the tentative 2010 Music at the Mill stage schedule. I hope all will go as planned, the weather will be great again, and a large turnout will be the result of our planning and hard work.

An additional note of interest is that I have adjusted, downward, the cost of our program this year.

ALGONQUIN MILL FALL FESTIVAL OCTOBER 8-9-10, 2010 TENTATIVE ENTERTAINMENT SCHEDULE

Friday, October 8

9 a.m. - 1:15 p.m. School Units and Bands
2 p.m. - ? Singing Christians

Saturday, October 9

10 a.m. - 11 a.m. Dulci-More
11 a.m. - 12 noon Kick and Click Cloggers
12 noon - 1 p.m. The Rawson Family Band
1 p.m. - 2 p.m. Chestnut Hill Bluegrass
2 p.m. - 3:15 p.m. The Varmints
3:15 p.m. - 4:15 p.m. Roger Hoard
4:15 - ? Cedar Valley Cloggers

Sunday, October 10

8a.m. Religious service
on the stage
10 a.m. - 11 a.m. True North and Friends
11 a.m.-12 noon Summit-Up Cloggers
12 noon - 1 p.m. John Dendak
1 p.m. - 2 p.m. Old Fashioned Sing-Along
with Thorn Ebersole
2 p.m. - 2:15 p.m. Marlyn Warner singing the
Algonquin Mill song
2:15 p.m. -? Twin Fiddlers

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You may visit our website at:

www.carrollcountyohio.com/history

VACATIONING?

If you are going south during the winter, send CCHS your temporary address and the dates you will be gone so we can mail you your Winter/Spring issue of the newsletter.

Renew Your Carroll County Historical Society Membership

* Please note your expiration date on the mailing label!

How to read the membership information on your mailing label: You will note that on the top line, it says "Expires:" followed by a date, such as "2010 Aug" If your expiration date is 2010 Aug, this means your membership to the Carroll County Historical Society will expire on the last day of that month.