

Chapter 10

SCHOOL DAYS AT WOODSTOCK

It was snowing on the December Monday morning when five new students stood in the school hallway of the Woodstock School. The identical twins, Roger and Rodney 18, with auburn hair; Thurman 13, with red hair; Hubert 11, with his unruly black hair; and Hildred 7, with yellowish blond hair waited for the principal..

These boys from the hills were descendants, now nine generations later, of Captain William Warner who brought his family to a location, part of which is known today as Fairmont

Park in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The Captain left England because he had been active in the religious Civil War that led to the execution of the English King Charles I in 1649. Captain Warner had been in Cromwell's army, and when it was defeated, Charles II was restored to the throne and sought to punish any who did not worship as he insisted, following the prayer book of the Church of England.

When the younger boys were asked for grade cards and what grade they were in, the response was to tell which McGuffey Reader they had finished and that they did not have grade cards. The principal consulted with the twins and determined that TG would be placed in the sixth grade and Hubert in the fifth. These two grades were on opposite sides in the same room. They were given a list of the books that their parents would need to buy.



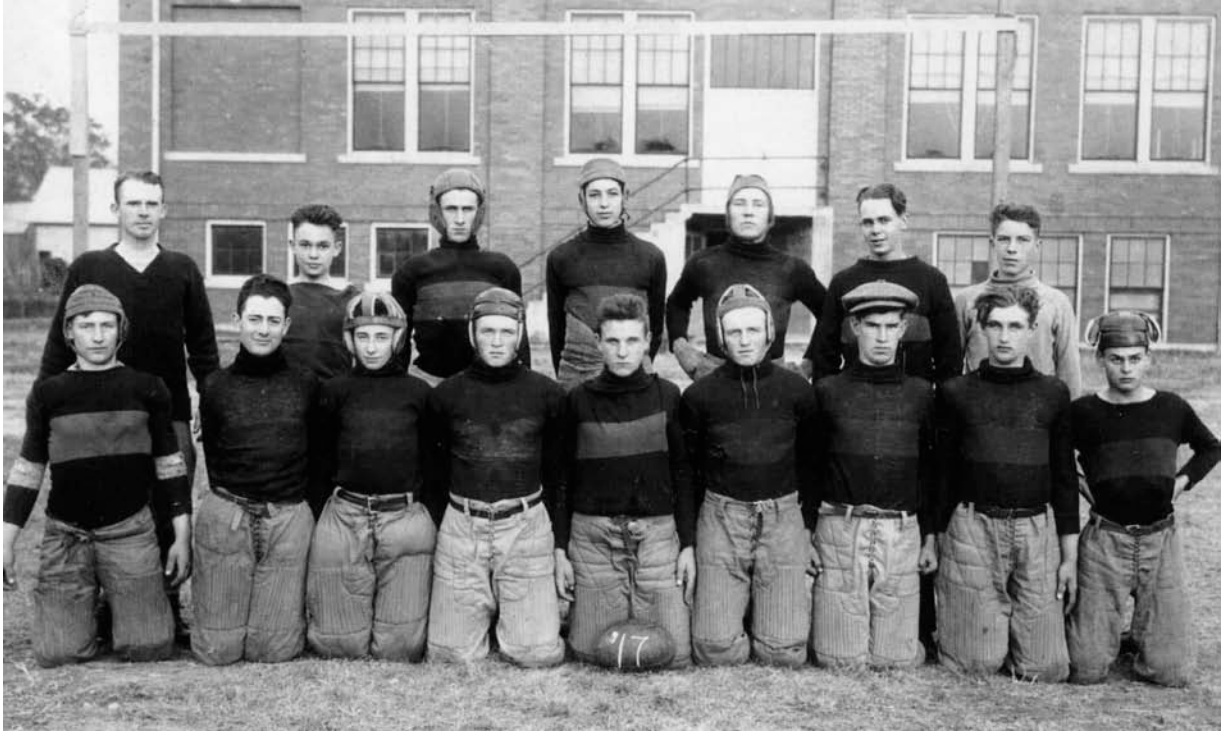
Woodstock Elementary School (H.S. until 1916)

Louisa Bell had packed their lunches all together as she had back in Calais. When it was lunch time they were able to gather around one desk which attracted a lot of attention. They had encountered snickers as names were read to their new classmates. The boys from the hills were not covered but rose to the occasion.

It took a snowball fight during recess to establish the younger boys could and would defend themselves. Thurman noticed a group of boys making snowballs. He and Hubert got behind a mound of ashes and began making snowballs, some packed around coal clinkers. When the attack began Hubert drew blood with a snowball laden with a clinker

that hit the forehead of a classmate. Thereafter any harassment soon diminished. Hubert said it was, “Dad’s rule – Do not start a fight: if someone picks on you, defend yourself. If he is too big for you, avoid it somehow.”

Athletics were much different at the new school. In the hills most games were student organized and the balls they had used were made by winding yarn, string or twine.



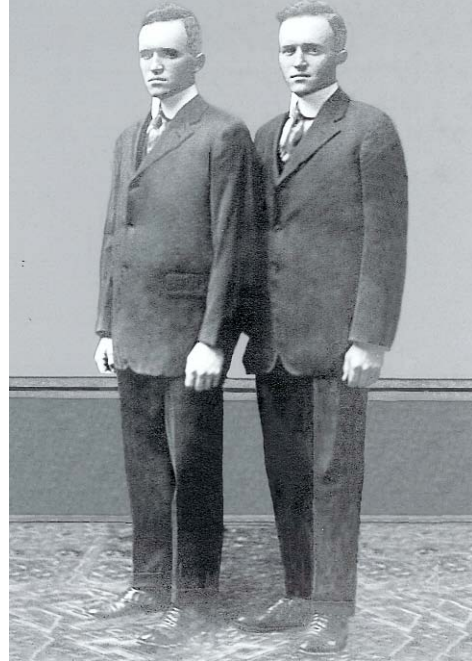
Woodstock Football Team 1916-17

Rodger and Rodney were on this winning football team 1916-17, their last two years of high school. They are kneeling on either side of the center. Note the leather helmets, the padded pants and wood goal posts.

Many of the citizens of Woodstock gathered at the People's Theatre on Friday April 12th 1918, to see a military drama presented by the senior class, a four act play, *Under the American Flag*.

Roger played the part of a general in the German Army, Baron Von Roeder, who was a prisoner of war. Rodney played the part of his son. A short time after this play was presented, local residents accused a German preacher of being a spy for the Germans and he had to leave town.

The twins had a year and one half at the high school level in Calais. During this first school year in Woodstock their classes moved to the newly finished high school as seen behind the ball teams in the picture above.



Roger and Rodney

The following credits were listed on RJ's Woodstock High School Transcript for Graduation 1918. The other Warner boys and Aunt Ethel would have similar transcripts for their college preparation classes. I was surprised that I had many of the same classes in my school days.

High School Transcript

English:	History\Civics:	Science:	Math:
Rhetoric and Comp. 1	Civil Gov 1/2	Physics 1	Algebra through and
Classics 1	Am. Gov 1/2	Geog 1/2	beyond quadratics
11/2			
Literature 1	General 1	Physiology 1/2	Geometry
English 1/2		Biology 1	plane and solid
11/2			
Advanced English 1			
Other Topics: Latin 1: Bookkeeping 1: Psychology 1/2: and Elements of Agriculture 1/2			

Roger and Rodney decided to go to The Ohio State University. They experienced the excitement of going to the state capital, registering for classes, and finding a place to live near campus. RJ later told me he wanted to get an education so he registered in Education. Roger chose Vocational Agriculture.

On September 12, 1918, the twins registered for the military draft. A discharge paper indicates that they had enlisted. Perhaps it was a choice to avoid being drafted. They finished basic training and were on the way to being shipped overseas when the Armistice was signed.



Rodney and Roger

On November 11, 1918, while they were on the train to Chillicothe, World War I ended. Their military career lasted for sixty-two days with an honorable discharge. RJ's college transcript indicates that he earned credits in Math, War Issues, of 1918.

The Ohio State Stadium (the Horseshoe) was being built while the twins were taking classes. It was dedicated at the Michigan game October 21, 1922. The first OSU vs. Michigan game was actually played one month after the twins were born.



The Ohio State University Football Stadium under construction

Uncle Hubert recorded that during his sophomore year the senior class had only three boys and he was asked to play a major part in their senior play. He had the lead role in both his junior and senior class plays. He continued with drama with the Milford Grange. Later he got a part with the school faculty where he took notice a former classmate, now his sister's fifth grade teacher, Helen Borst. A romance began and he wrote, "That was the beginning of the best thing that ever happened to me."

Aunt Ethel said she was not allowed to watch the ballgames because her brothers might get hurt. She worked at the popcorn stand. She does remember she cried when Thurman and Hubert had to be taken to the hospital. Hubert's shoulder injury ended his football playing.

In basketball, Thurman, Hubert and Hildred excelled and in turn each were listed on the Champaign all-county basketball teams. The Woodstock team was undefeated in 1921

when Thurman played guard and Hubert played forward. Hubert and Hildred were on the same team in 1923. Hubert wrote:

The First Champaign County Basketball Tournament by Hubert Warner

Woodstock won the first Champaign County Basketball Tournament which was played on Saturday, March 19, 1921. The tournament site was above the theater on South Main Street in Urbana about a block south of the public square. The floor was not regulation size. The ceiling was very low. One side boundary was the outside wall. The other side boundary permitted only about two people deep standing. The baskets were hung from the ceiling. There was only a small amount of spectator space back of the baskets. Teams dressed in the toilet room in the basement.

There were only a few rules in 1921. The game was relatively new. There was a center jump after every score or every rule infraction. There were three major rules about fouls. A player could not deliberately shove an opponent. He could not hold him with both hands. He could not hold an opponent with one hand. A player was permitted to wrestle the ball from an opponent with one hand so long as he did not actually hold him. No two on one was allowed. Not many fouls were called.

Each team had a foul shooting specialist -- their most accurate shooter. There was only one shot per rule infraction. Either the shot was missed or made; it was back to the center jump. Shots at the foul line or from the field were nearly all two handed underhand shots. Everyone seemed to know that you could control the ball better with both hands than one hand. To shoot with one hand was called grandstanding. Dribbling the ball was grandstanding too. You were supposed to pass the ball.

A player was allowed to bump or interfere with an opponent in the act of shooting or passing so long as he did not actually shove him or hold him. Most shots from the field had to be banked because of the low ceiling -- even the foul shots. There was not much team play. The guards were supposed to keep the forwards from scoring and to score if they got the chance. The centers were supposed to get the tip off on jump balls and to out score each other. There were only two referees --one per game. They were from Wittenberg College. They called the game closer than we were used too during the season.

Our team did not know there was to be a tournament until the week before. We had only a mediocre season losing half our games mostly by small margins. Superintendent R. D. Conrad was our coach. We had played all season with only one old oil soaked ball that was giving way at the seams. It was heavy lopsided with a big bulge on one side, and larger in circumference than it should have been.

Conrad got a new ball and scheduled a practice game with Cable on Wednesday night before the tournament at Woodstock. They had won from us twice during the regular season. Conrad had us practice a strategy he had in mind. The strategy was for each of us to take turns at every jump ball and then return and play our regular positions. This

befuddled the Cable boys and we beat them 47 to 3. That new ball helped. It was my highest scoring game in four years of high school basketball -- thirty-two points.

On tournament day my brother, Thurman, and I were up at 4:00am, rushed through most of the farm chores for two hours, grabbed a bit of breakfast and were off to catch the train to Urbana with the rest of the team. We walked from the station to the tournament site. It was a wet cold blustery March day with a little snow and ice on the ground.

Our team had three substitutes besides the five regulars. Robert Bradley, a junior, was our center. Bob was one rough tough player. He had to contend with our opponents big men, most of whom were larger. He seldom tried to score. His delight was to outplay his opponent which he did in every tournament game. George Kenfield, a junior, was our best guard. He was very quick a foot and with his hands, very strong and just loved to wrestle the ball away from an opponent. He was a real scrapper. He seldom tried to score. His man never scored much.

Thurman Warner, a junior and my brother, was a steady dependable guard. He mixed it up with the best of them. We all used to say he could not hit the side of a barn if he tried. He never took a shot in all the tournament games that day. He psyched his opponent by continually talking to them. Gail Hayes, a senior, played left forward. He was probably our strongest man. A little slow a foot but an accurate passer and he always got the job done. His man did not score much. He preferred to wrestle the ball away from an opponent rather than to score.

These four team members had been rough tough football players who liked to mix it up all the rules would allow. None of them mastered underhand shooting. They all liked that wrestling the ball from an opponent. None of them are alive now. I, Hubert Warner, a sophomore, played right forward. I was usually the smallest man on the floor at five foot eleven inches and 140 pounds. I did not play football. I happened to be both fast and quick, could handle the ball well, and was able to get shots off from out on the floor. The rest of the team all depended on me to score. Too much so because I usually drew our opponents best guard bigger than I was and they stuck to me like a leech. They really made it tough for me. Our subs, Marvin Borst, a senior, Lawrence Borst, a junior, and Earl Roberts, a sophomore, did not get any tournament play except for Marvin who was in our second game only a few seconds.

No teams were seeded. It was all the luck of the draw. North Lewisburg had an excellent winning season and was the favorite to win. They had a lot of big players. Urbana Township and St. Paris had a lot of support; and so did St. Paris. Westville was considered a strong dark horse.

Early in the day Urbana Township beat North Lewisburg nine to two in one of the unusual games of the day. It was considered an upset. Charles Bicking of Township and Draper of North Lewisburg were opposing centers and the two biggest players in the tournament. Bicking out dueled Draper and that was the difference.

Our Woodstock team played next about 10:00 o'clock and 'won over Rosewood twenty-eight to six. It was an ordinary game. We did not show our secret strategy.

After this game, we dressed and went to a restaurant in the southwest corner of the square for an early lunch. We sat around the lunch table and talked about how to handle Urbana Township, our next opponent, until game time about 1:00 o'clock. We decided to use our strategy plan, plus going with a four guard defense. We decided we had to stop Bicking. Hayes was to handle his guard and help Bradley keep Bicking from scoring. , That left me to do the scoring. I was to stay near mid-court out of most of the wrestling anticipated because they thought I was too small to mix it up with the bigger fellows. I was to break for the basket every time we got the ball. For Woodstock this was the game of games and one to be remembered in detail even more than the championship game.

This game was more a game of keep away than of good basketball. It was a continuous wrestling match between first one couple then another couple for possession of the ball. Urbana Township had control of the ball fully seventy-five percent of the time. It was a real defensive struggle on Woodstock's part and each man did his part.

Bradley struggled valiantly and even though Bicking scored some he played him about even. One of Urbana Township's guards, I think his name was Stallsmith, hung to me like a leech and I never had a decent shot until one near the end of the game.

The game was seven to seven with about a minute to play. For some reason Conrad took Bradley out and put in Marvin Borst. Immediately after the jump ball Borst ran hard into an opponent and gave him a big shove that sent him sprawling across the floor. An obvious foul and they scored on it. The score was eight to seven.

I thought it was all over for Woodstock. Conrad put Bradley back in. Urbana Township got the jump ball as usual. Our defense was fighting like mad to get the ball. A tired Urbana Township man made an errant pass that was deflected by Kenfield into the hands of Hayes who threw the ball to me headed down the court. I caught the ball far to the right of the foul line and banked it hard with a lot of spin and it dropped through. It was the only decent shot I had the entire game. Hayes had yelled "make it or I will kill you" on the pass. Something he had "often done all season. We won the game nine to eight. This game was the upset of the tournament. Defense was the key to our win. Bradley with a little help from Hayes had held Bicking in check. Hayes scored two points. I made only seven. The lowest score I ever made in four years of high school basketball. I would guess there were fewer shots attempted in this game than any game ever played. It was remarkable that we committed only five fouls and Township only one the entire game.

Our team went back to the restaurant for a snack and loafed around until our third game about 4:30 with Cable. It was a rather uneventful game. We won nine to three. It was a very slow game. Everyone was tired. Cable had won from Concord seventeen to twelve. After this game we ate a regular big meal and went to the hotel on the square where Conrad had rented a room for us to rest --all of us in one small room. I grabbed an extra blanket, folded it and laid on the floor between the bed and window. Conrad ordered us to

lie very still and not even to talk. He left to see who our final opponent would be. When he returned he announced it would be St. Paris.



Hubert is last on right in front row and Thurman is first on left in back row

We decided defense was the way to win. And that we better slow the game 'down all we could. I was to take only high percentage shots. We thought we had an advantage because they played after our last game and would have less rest. Even though they had played one less game we won from St. Paris in a well played game thirteen to eight. Everyone was too tired. It was a slow game. We were evenly matched. Four games in one day was at least two too many. The five of us played every minute of all four games except the few seconds Borst was in for Bradley...JH Warner

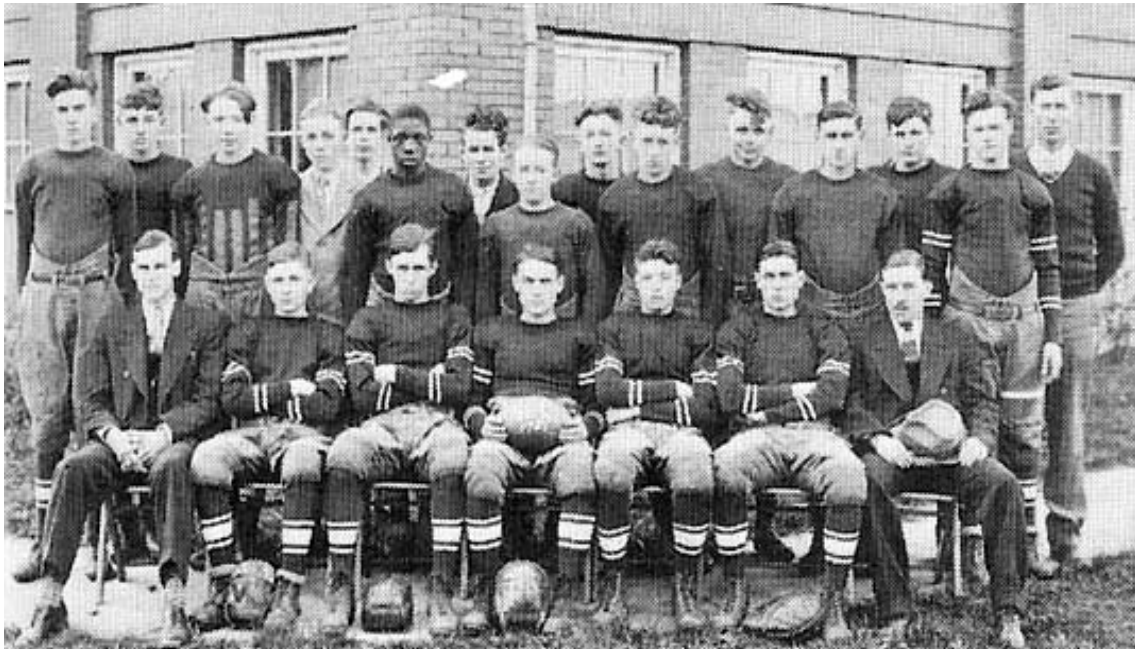


Hildred's team was undefeated his senior year 1926. He is seated here in the center of this team picture holding the ball.

In 1926, Hildred played the lead part in his senior play, "What Ever Happened to Jones." This was a play about a salesman who traveled for a publisher of hymn books.

Woodstock Basketball Champions 1926

Another Championship Team, 1927, includes the future husband of Ethel Warner, Eskham Hayes (standing 4th from the right), and two of his brothers.



Woodstock Football Team 1927

There is a story about the African American in this team picture and his later employment with RJ Warner. As I remember what my Dad told me, Richard Bennett had gone to Wilberforce College and had been unable to find a teaching job. Dad saw him working on a road crew, stopped, and later employed him to teach in the still segregated schools in

Xenia, Ohio. Richard became an elementary principal and later taught driver training classes. He taught my mother to drive after my Dad died.

The Warner gang all had nicknames. The twins were called “Rah” and “Rah Two”; Thurman was known as “Windy”; and Hubert’s was “Hube.” Hildred was “Hildy?” or maybe just “HH” and Eskham called Ethel “High Test” after he saw the first ads for a new powerful gasoline with the additive of “Ethel.”

Aunt Ethel Wrote in *A Little Bird Told Us* (selected excerpts, pictures added)

I was 21/2 when we moved to Woodstock. I remember going to the Red Cross Auction during WWI and I rode on my Father’s shoulders. I remember my twin brothers coming home from OSU and there was always candy, peanuts or gum in their pockets for me. At that time I was wearing high top laced shoes and I always made them tie them for me.

Before I started to school someone put on a Tom Thumb Wedding. Eskham and I both were in it. But I didn’t know him. Eskham sang a duet in the wedding; He was John McCormick, the great singer. He sang “I Want to Live in Loveland” with Dorothy Martin, who became a very talented singer.

One year when I was quite small I went to the Ohio State Fair with my folks. Mother and I were looking around in a building that was wall-to-wall people. I got lost from Mother. I started to cry and a policeman came up and asked what was wrong. When I told him he promised he would help find her. It wasn’t long until we found each other.

Mother always told me that policemen were there to help and not to be afraid of them. I always tried to tell my children that they are our friend and not to be afraid of them.

Thurman was the one that usually walked me to school. We lived in the last house that didn’t get to ride the wagon. (See examples below) When the water was high under the bridge (RR) Thurman would ride with me on Ole Bill. I walked past an open field and when the snow was blowing it was just like pins being stuck into my legs. The area between my shoes and coat even hurt today when I see blowing snow blowing.’

*A typical scene of
school wagons
arriving ((or*



departing) from school in the early 1900s.

A variety of wagons were adapted to bring children to school. Most had ways to close the sides during bad weather. Some had wood stoves.

The housing was removed when school was out and the wagons were used for farming activities.



Kenneth was my neighbor. He was a year younger than me. He used to carry a sack of hard tack candy in his pocket. I have eaten many a piece that he had sucked the outside

coating from. This same Kenneth used a match to look in their gas tank to see if they needed gas. Needless to say, his face and hair were badly burned. My older brothers and

Kenneth's older brothers used to give us pennies if we would kiss each other. Those kisses didn't mean a thing to us. Kenneth Smith was killed in one of the first battles in WWII.

Rodney and Esther were married in Chillicothe. I got to be the ring bearer. I was only six years old. I went down with Rodney a couple of days early. It was a long car ride. Mother packed us sandwiches but I got hungry and had to eat before we got very far from home. It was September 9th and Esther's folks had Concord grapes. They couldn't

keep me out of them.

They taught me how to go down the aisle but I went so slow they let me get almost clear

down before they started. After the wedding, they had a sit-down dinner and I guess I never had eaten where they served the meal in courses. I was sitting by my Mother and

as soon as we sat down, I saw the small dishes of appetizers and looked up at Mother and asked if that was all we were going to have to eat. She really was embarrassed.



We used to have an ice box which had an insulated box at the top that we could store ice in and keep the lower part cool for our butter and milk. We didn't have ice all the time because it was expensive and we could take our things to the basement by the well to keep them cool.

I really hated the trip to the basement because I had to go down the steps and back around them into another room where the well was. And our basement had an outside door in that room and I never liked to go there...

Ethel (Warner) Hayes

The work crew, Hubert and Hildred, on a break with Thurman's kids. This picture may have been taken about the year I was born in 1928.



Left, Joy May is seated on her Uncle Hubert's (JH) lap. A young Joseph Harvey (Pat) is in front center and left, Lenabelle is in front of their Uncle Hildred (HH).

Ethel entered 4-H when she was nine. She very did well in sewing, making many of her own clothes. Later she made many of the clothes her children wore in school.

She was also in the calf club. She had one Angus that was a real kicker. The only way to keep this calf from kicking was to hit him on the nose with a knot in the rope. She wrote that his nose must have been sore and he did not make the best impression on the judges.

In 1930 she had the Reserve Grand Champion at the Ohio State Fair. She is pictured here with "Chubby" the year she showed cattle in Cleveland, Ohio, and in Buffalo, New York.

After raising money at a steer sale in Urbana the 4-H group went to the Chicago World's Fair. Ethel also won prizes in cooking and sewing. She later became an advisor and was involved with 4-H for 20 years.



Chubby and Ethel

The first 4-H Steer (calf) Club

JH wrote an article about the first calf club that was published in the *Urbana Daily Citizen* August 5, 1983. In this article he recalled a conversation that took place in his home just after the Champaign county Fair, 1917. It was a wet day and the Warner boys were gathered around the dinning room table when Howard Martin came to discuss forming a silo ring. During the conversation Mr. Martin asked how the boys got along at the fair.

He wrote:

The first 4-H Steer Club in the United States began in August, 1917, in Champaign County at Woodstock, Ohio. My father, M. H. Warner, a general livestock fanner, with a major interest in Registered Percheron Horses and Howard Martin who lived on a small farm at the edge of Woodstock and owned and managed two additional farms organized this club. Martin was a large scale handler of feeder cattle and bought fat cattle on his own account or on order from packers in Pittsburg and Buffalo.

Martin asked my brother Thurman, two years older than me, and me how we got along with our pigs at the fair. We related our experience in more detail than I have written below. Thurman finished by stating that he was done with pig clubs and wished they would start a colt club. I concurred on the no more pig club.

During fair week we experienced a discouraging stay at the fair. It rained every day All week. More 4-H pigs showed up at the fair on Monday than they had space to accommodate. We were shunted along with a few others to some old broken down, dilapidated race horse stalls located along the south side of the fairgrounds, that had been abandoned for years. We were left to make the stalls usable.

We borrowed a wrecking bar, hatchet, nails and an old saw from senior livestock exhibitors; scrounged some doors and boards from other stalls and a board fence; and plugged up all the holes including the roof. We had to redo the manger to have a place to store feed and other items. It was near noon when we arrived at the fair. It took most of the afternoon to do the repair job and get settled in. It rained off and on. We had to move the feed and other belongings to the beef cattle bam where a kind exhibitor of Angus and Galloway Cattle provided us a place to headquarter. We slept overhead in the beef cattle barn.

It rained so much Tuesday night and Wednesday that they postponed the races. The pigs were judged on Wednesday between showers without taking them out of the pens. Those clay floors in the horse stalls were potted badly and were filled with water from Tuesday night through Wednesday night. Our 225 pound pigs had a ball much to our disgust. On Thursday we scooped the water and part of the slime out of that stinking place with our feed buckets. It was a mess, so were we.

Had it not been for the relating of this experience, on this occasion starting a steer club

would not have happened as it did. (note: rules were made, finances arranged, and calves were made available and distributed to thirty four boys.)

The judging was a bit like a rodeo. Three or four of the calves were impossible to control. Three or four more were much less than broke to lead and none were trained as of today although they could be handled. Mr. Dowdy placed the cattle in a row as best he could. He then stated his reasons for his placings. Thurman Warner was placed first with an Angus, Clyde Clark and Robert Fielder of Rosewood were placed second and third and I was placed fourth. The first four won the Chicago trip...JH Warner

Aunt Ethel's three older brothers were married while she was in school. In the spring of 1929 Ethel was in her junior year at Woodstock High School. A very caring and concerned brother shared his values and his observations of teenage behavior and offered some advice. Roger sent the following letter to her:

Ashley, Ohio April 4, 1929

Dear Sister,

I have been thinking for some time that I would write you a letter different from the kind a brother generally writes. I am unable to determine why, but I have learned in my dealings with boys and girls that they do many things thoughtlessly and carelessly and if someone will say the right thing at the right time, many heartaches would not need to happen.

I find that there are many girls ranging in age from 15 years to 18 years and sometimes up to 21 years who find it very hard to listen to advice and who seem to know more than anyone else, particularly that mother or immediate relatives on subjects which I intend to mention. It seems impossible to tell a girl that father mother, brother or sister is more interested in her welfare than any other person in the world. It seems that "fancy" generally called "love" when it attacks boys and girls causes them to lose their heads, and give up all their dignity and lower themselves to the very trenches to satisfy a fancy. One girl says, "All the other girls are doing it." Therefore there is no harm in me doing it once. The falseness of such means of hiding is generally well advertised and too often too late.

To start with you should remember that every young man has certain qualities that cause some girl to admire him. You pick one – another girl some other fellow. The truth of this is proven by the few bachelors we find in any community. Now there are certain points that men like in girls and certain qualities that they only "play with." I am sending you a paper that will bear out this statement. Many times after lovesickness is over and you have found an interest in some other chap you will look back and wonder, "How in the world did I endure that fellow?" And when another change is made same question may be asked.

Now here are some of the points that girls play with carelessly and which lead to ruin, disgrace, or to the kitchen of some worthless cuss who will never care for you – perhaps to the divorce court. Hanging around on the outside of the school with boys – parked in

a car while a program is in progress is going on – loitering around on the streets with other girls with eyes fixed on anything that has pants on -- climbing into machines with a high percent of strangers. Boisterous laughing continually when in crowds, careless in the quality of language she uses, etc. At the present time she thinks it perfectly “dumb” if she can’t smoke, drink, dance, and get her leg felt every time she goes out or go a little farther. Then when she is caught she offers the answer that other girls do so why should not I? Girls all talk and run down the character of other girls particularly one who got caught..

Now sister mine, there is no young man (nor old) that is worthy of having a secret with you that you would be ashamed to tell your mother at any time. Every girl loses her reputation the first time she submits herself to secrets, particularly to the young chap who wants to feel her leg with, “Oh, I am alright” or “Don’t you love me?” and “You are the only girl I know that won’t” and “If you don’t want to die an old maid you will have to.” etc. Taffy Blind Girls! The minute a girl gives up respect, dignity, etc. is gone and quite often dragging father and mother with it. The young man goes on thinking less of the girl – satisfying himself telling others, “Boys she’s a hot one, I must hurry to her, etc.” Dates to often and to late at night, aid in leading blindly many girls. Generally I find that these girls like to disobey mother or had a fuss with her because she did not want them to go out and then they feel that this gentleman thinks more of them because of his “taffy” and they give up to him feeling that they are in heaven at least for the time being. Here in Ashley the story goes of one girl and one boy who held another girl while her gentleman friend forced her to do what he wanted. I am not sure how far the forcing had to be done. Why keep company with a girl of that type? Why keep on going with the young man who keeps on insisting? Remember there are no secrets in this world anymore. I have learned to read secrets in the boys and girls faces and can call them into my office and make them tell me.

Sister mine, I have had a few cases, some recently, that I am basing a lot of my letter on. I have a senior –a skeleton – going with a young devil. He has told all kind of stuff about her. She worships him. He goes to her a couple of three times per week – and is now pulling away from her – leaving a physical wreck and when she learns from some friend what he has been telling how will she and her folds feel? I may have a talk with her to satisfy my own observations.

All I have tried to do in this letter is to help you avoid the mistakes of thousands of girls. I talked with a doctor recently and he told me that 60% of our populations in many towns are nursing venereal diseases. We have some cases here in Ashley. Some of them very young girls. They are not fit to be mothers and have something to fight all their lives, and all because they took a chance with some cuss who did not give a darn for them. More cases of girls –suicides – and many illegitimate babies are proofs. This “blindness” – “fancy” or “love” is a terrible contagious (disease?) which makes many people happy – and which causes many heartaches.

I would be glad to talk with you about any part of this letter or to tell you many experiences backing up what I have said. It has been written only with this one

thought that you will read it carefully and then think on the side of right and not let any young man make a fool of you. I do not know the young man who has been calling to see you and I assure you this is in no way intended for him.

Your Big Brother, Roger B.

P.S. I can write a similar letter on the good times and the happiness that comes from following the course of right which every girl deserves and can have – if she will be her own leader.

Ethel enclosed this letter when she sent it to Harvey on Mar 24, 2005:

Dear Nephew,

Please read this letter before you read the enclosed one. I dreamed about it last night and in my dream I thought I should give it to you to read. None of mine even know about it. It has been in my lock box for years and I have wondered what I should do with it. I received the letter when I was a junior in high school and just began to have dates. The letter may be the reason I saved myself for my one and only. I thought you would appreciate it more than any one else.

This is a rather sad day for me. EB left me 2 years ago today. I showed him the Letter but I think it was after we were married. I guess my brother cared for me too.

Love to all, Aunt Ethel

Ethel treasured this letter and kept it in her lockbox for over 75 years. When she shared the letter with Harvey, he thought that it should be read by future generations.

Ethel wrote about an auto accident: “My dad and I had an automobile accident between my freshman and sophomore year. We had gone to Eastern Ohio and brought back crates of blackberries. The crash caused the windshield to break and hit me in the face. I was taken to Grant Hospital and the doctor used 150 stitches across my face. He said he matched the freckles. He said he laid my nose back on my forehead to sew it together underneath. I have very little scar. While lying on the ground waiting for the ambulance, some woman said, ‘Her jugular vein was cut.’ That scared me but it didn’t hurt.”

In high school Ethel became the piano player for the school orchestra and other music events. She wrote about winning a music contest with her ability to play the piano. Her teacher challenged her to learn Beethoven’s *Moonlight Sonata*. Her dad bought a recording and she said she worked really hard.

Ethel also played for the silent films at the Woodstock movie theatre. She played the part of Nan in the senior class play, *Lighthouse Nan*, and also entertained the members of the senior class and faculty with a dinner at her home before graduation.

Louisa Belle became ill in the early 1930s. My earliest memory of my grandmother was standing at the foot of her bed at the Woodstock farm. I remember seeing the listening part of a telephone hanging by her bed. For her comfort during her illness, a phone

receiver like the one pictured here hanging on the right side of this wall phone had been wired through a hole



in the wall near her bed. She could hear any of the nine neighbors on their party line. All the other phone subscribers knew she could listen and often spoke directly to her.

She depended more and more on Ethel for many of her needs. She protected Ethel from the progression of working the farm chores. Ethel said she did not learn to drive a tractor but learned to drive a car so MH could smoke his pipe. Some of us remember the red cans and the smell of Granddad's Prince Albert pipe tobacco.



*Front row from left: Roger Barton, Shirley Ethel, Rodney Johnson
Back row: Hildred Harvey, James Hubert, Thurman Gilmore*

The children of Mordecai Harvey and Louisa Belle Warner were together for the picture above as a celebration of Ethel's graduation from Woodstock High School in 1931.

After high school, Ethel drove fifteen miles from Woodstock to Urbana College taking courses to be a teacher. She wrote about an experience while traveling back and forth. "Coming home one day my car stopped and I pulled in at a farm house. The man looked at my car and said it was the fan belt. He had a car just like mine, a Dodge. He took the

fan belt from his car, put it on mine and told me to bring his back the next morning. He didn't know me and I didn't know him but he said he had seen me go past night and morning and he trusted me. Times have changed."

MH rented more land to raise crops to harvest for feed. He gradually changed from raising horses to more milk cows. When James Hubert decided to go to college, Hildred asked, "Who's going to help with all this work?" There was a hired helper for \$50.00 a week but Thurman's help was needed. A small house was purchased that had once been a part of the farm and he moved his family of five to the home farm.

During this time MH was often away from the farm for several days at a time. Sometimes he stayed with relatives back in the hills while he arranged to buy livestock. Some of his activities were to make things better for all farmers. He was a charter member and recruited members for the Champaign County Farm Bureau. He worked to help form the Ohio Cooperative Wool Growers Association. He helped to organize a local and county Livestock Shipping Association with the Coop-Commission Company at Pittsburg and Cleveland Terminal Stockyards. Some of the farm work he had done was now being done by the boys and hired hands.

After WWI, MH struggled to readjust from the higher prices commanded during the war. The rapid changes in farming and his belief in education motivated MH to support the congressional effort to bring the new information to farmers. An extension service was available through the nation's land grant colleges in counties that had a farm organization. He was not among those who were asking for help from the US Government. A statement was circulating that brought the farmers together to form the American Farm Bureau Federation.

"It's up to us to organize. No one can do it for us. See to it that your Farm Center endorses the State Federation at its next meeting. If the farmer does not demand a square deal no one is going to do it for him."

THE CATHERINE GOUGER STORY by Esther (Winget) Warner

Catherine Gouger was mentioned on page 12 of this book in the time period when she was captured by a band Indians (1744). I have included this story here because one of her descendants, my mother, becomes a Warner in the following chapter.

As a twelve year old girl, Catherine Gouger was captured by the Shawnee Indians and brought to their camp along the Scioto River in Ohio. She was treated kindly and given

her own teepee. They called her "Little White Squaw." She learned many of the things

Indian mothers taught their young girls.

One day some French-Canadians came to the camp to trade with the Indians.
Catherine

managed to talk with them and tell them of her captivity. Before leaving, the traders bargained with the Indians for her and took her back to their home in Canada. Here she remained two years to work out her ransom paid to the Indians.

Again through some traders who came from Pennsylvania to trade grain, she found transportation back to her old home in Berks County. Her homecoming was saddened when she found the cabin deserted and her family gone. The father and brothers had been killed at the time of her capture, and her mother and sister had succumbed to the hardships of pioneer life. She found a home with friends where she remained until she became the bride of George Goodman in 1756 and went to housekeeping in a cabin home very much like the one she had known as a child.

Catherine Gouger Goodman was buried on the very spot where she had been held captive by the Shawnee Indians. Catherine is recognized to have been the first white woman to have lived in Ohio as a captive and later returned to make her home and to leave descendants. In 1915 her descendants erected a monument on this historic location on old Route 23 about ten miles north of Chillicothe, Ohio. A copper plaque bears a brief description of the events of her life. I last saw this monument in the spring of 2003.

Catherine's son, John Goodman, brought her to Ohio in 1797 when she was 65. He secured 200 acres of Congress Land along the Scioto River in Ohio. This was the exact same area where Catherine had been held captive by the Shawnee Indians...Esther Warner

Catherine's great-granddaughter, Ellen, married Major Dunlap in 1860. They were the parents of my grandmother, Margaret Dunlap, who married Orris Winget, from Woodstock.

This monument was erected by the grandchildren of Catherine Gouger in 1915.

The bronze plaque tells the above story of her life.

Catherine Gouger is recognized as the first white woman to have lived in Ohio and left offspring.



Catherine Gouger Monument