

Memories of Orville William Hawes

By

Orville William Hawes

Circa 1984

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Preface

Orville William Hawes was born on a small farm in Ohio on March 28, 1910. On January 3, 1984, he died of diabetes complications at Good Samaritan Hospital in San Jose, California. During Orville's last few years he began writing his personal history.

We are not sure, but we feel that the last pages of Orville's notes were lost. Where this ended was a visit by his daughter and son-in-law from North Dakota. Shortly after that visit, they moved to Cupertino, California.

When Orville died, his wife, Leolo, his first son, Marvin, his daughter, Arnajean, second son, Dennis, and two grandchildren, Christopher and Timothy survived him.

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Memories of Orville William Hawes

Personal History of Orville William Hawes, His Antecedents and Descendants

Where did we start? The logical beginning, if we accept the Biblical version of creation, was with Adam and Eve. I believe the Old Testament is a good history for the uneducated people of the day. It is a Jewish history, but I don't believe our ancestors were Jewish. The human race has been evolving over many thousands of years and is still evolving. Note the vast increase in knowledge over the past hundred years. We also know that a suit of armor made three hundred years ago might fit a five foot four inch man of today. There were practically no seven footers until very recently. Man's knowledge of cures for diseases and nutrition are making big strides in the length of an individual life.

What you read in these pages is the truth as I heard it, read it, saw it, or did it.

The Hawes Family

What was the native land of the first Hawes member of our family? Mother said we boys were Scotch, Irish, and Black Forest German. Her side accounts for the Irish and German, but not Scotch so I believe the first Hawes to come to America was Scotch¹. The Hawes name is very common in Northeast England and Southeast Scotland. There is a Hawes Inn over 200 years old at Queensferry, Scotland on the South Bank of the Firth of Forth in Scotland.

I guess that David Hawes² migrated from Scotland to Virginia after the Revolutionary War. It may be that he came here as a member of the English army in the war, but I believe he came later. He settled in Rockingham County³, Virginia. We don't even know if he was married when he came, but I doubt it. Anyway, he was married and had a son in Virginia named David Hawes.

My great grandfather, David Hawes was born in Rockingham County February 13, 1813, which leads me to believe his father came about 1800. He married Elizabeth Evers, born November 23, 1806 on October 21, 1834. Their eight children are listed in (1) of the Appendix.

I know nothing of six of the children⁴, but assume there are Haweses in the Rockingham County area. John Hawes went to Missouri. Zeno Hawes, my grandfather, left Brox Gap⁵, Virginia in 1854 when he was twelve years old. Since he was a younger son, he had no right to any of his father's holdings, so he had to go out on his own. He lived with Samuel Miller, near Concord, Ohio for several years. In 1869 at age 27, he married Delilah Ammon. Some time thereafter they moved to about two miles south of Palestine⁶, Ohio on his farm. See the Appendix (2) for his children. Delilah died about 1910 or earlier. Zeno lived to 1931, dying at his son, Alfred's home.

Dad (William) known as Bill left the farm relatively early. He was a carpenter in Gary, Indiana, learned the blacksmithing trade, and returned to farming in the area of his father's farm before marriage.

¹ Research has revealed that earlier the name was Hause and originally might have been Haas or Haus. The origin is likely German, but could be Swiss. No ancestor is known to have come from Scotland.

² David spelled his name "Hawse". David's father was Christian "Christly" Hause who was born in Bucks County Pennsylvania in 1784. David's grandfather, Christian Haas, was born in Pennsylvania in 1752. Christian Sr.'s father might have immigrated from the Palatine.

³ In the Shenandoah Valley.

⁴ David Hawse moved his entire family to Champaign Co., Ohio in Oct. 1853. David's two brothers and two sisters remained in Virginia.

⁵ Today, "Brocks" Gap is where the North Fork Shenandoah River flows through the mountains from West Virginia into the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia. David Hawse's farm was on what is now called Hawse Road between Brock's Gap and Harrisonburg, Virginia. At one time, a large area in the northwestern corner of Rockingham Co. was referred to as Brocks Gap.

⁶ Now called Tawawa.

The Conner Family

Maurice Conner was the ancestor who came from Ireland¹, year unknown. Many of the Irish came for a better life or to avoid the draft. Apparently, neither of these reasons fit him. Perhaps it was the Hawes wanderlust, which still crops up in the family. He settled in Shenandoah County, Virginia² and married a German (Black Forest?) girl, name not known and they spoke German in their home. At that time, Shenandoah County was very large. Several other counties were later made from it, but it's still a big county. I believe the Hawes' Rockingham County was once a part of Shenandoah County³. Since Maurice Conner was my great great great grandfather and David Hawes was my great grandfather it seems quite logical that our Conner ancestors arrived several years before the Haweses - perhaps forty or fifty years earlier, maybe about 1750. Isn't it fortunate for us they both did get here? Otherwise we wouldn't be.

Perhaps Maurice's wife also had money. They bought a five hundred-acre plantation complete with slaves in North Carolina and moved there, keeping the Virginia farm⁴. Their children, John⁵ and Maria, were both born there. They remained there several years, then, for some unknown reason, returned to their Virginia farm. Maurice made a yearly trip to visit the plantation, but after a few years failed to return from a trip. After waiting for some time, his wife journeyed to North Carolina and found the plantation had been sold for taxes. No word of Maurice was ever again received. This lack of communication was common since you sent a message with someone going in the general direction as telegraph, telephone and even mail delivery were years in the future. The message usually never got delivered.

John Conner, Maurice's son had married Susan Mawyer and farmed the family farm. They had another farm a mile away on the other side of the mountain, which required a two-mile trip to get there. Marketing cattle was a chore requiring a cattle drive through the woods blazing a trail to follow in returning home. Grain was taken to the mill in a sack on horseback. They were on the east side of the mountain and close to it so that the sun went behind the mountain after three o'clock. There were wild dewberries and huckleberries and many peaches. Peach brandy was a staple drink.

Education was in a "prescription school." A receipt shows that John Conner once paid William Adams three dollars for teaching two children for three months. That's even less than I made. The Connors were considered well educated. The family always spoke German until they moved to Ohio.

John and Susan Conner were the parents of nine children (see Appendix 3). David, the eighth of the children was fourteen when the Connors moved to Ohio in 1835. Apparently Leah and Noah, the other two youngest children also moved with their parents. Apparently, the daughter Sarah

¹ There is no confirmation that Maurice/Morris/Morriss Conner himself came from Ireland.

² It is not known for certain where in Virginia he originally settled and married.

³ In 1734 Rockingham and Shenandoah Counties had both been parts of Orange County, Virginia. This was long before either the Connors or Hawses arrived.

⁴ Maurice's "plantation" was about 25 miles SW of Wilmington, North Carolina. He was there in 1769 & 1772. He had 200 acres. According to a "1772 List of Taxables St. Philips Parish, Brunswick County, North Carolina", Morris Conner had one male slave. In December 29, 1773, a Morris Conner published a notice in the Cape-Fear Mercury newspaper in Wilmington saying that his wife had "eloped from my Bed and Board and otherways treated me ill,..."

⁵ The census of 1850 & 1860 say that he was born in Virginia... According to the Shenandoah Co., Virginia 1783 Personal Property Tax List, his father ("Morriss Conner") lived in Virginia the year before John was born.

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McInturff with her husband brought them. We have a letter from the McInturffs dated in 1834 saying they would buy a wagon and next year come by to pick up her parents in moving west next year¹. I believe they did since there are McInturffs in the Sidney area². Since Connors lived in northern Virginia, they would be moving generally west in coming to Central Ohio. Perhaps Elizabeth Conner Clem³, another daughter and her husband, Ephraim, also came about that time since there are Clems in the area.

The Conner farm was three miles east of present Rosewood, Champaign County, Ohio. It was known as the Hardin Hall farm. They built the first house of logs. The two boys slept upstairs with an outdoor entrance. That area, about forty miles north of Dayton had just been opened for settlement.

John Conner's son, David, was married three times, first to Rhoda Evans. They had twelve children between 1843 and 1854 of which Susan and Rhoda, born in 1850, were twins. This is the beginning of the possibility of twins in the Conner line. His second marriage was to Jane Pine Houseman, apparently a widow. His third was to Margaret⁴.

¹ The letter was sent from Sarah and Fred McInturff in Fort Furnace, Va. to John Conner in Champaign County Ohio, Carysville post office.

² Sarah, known as "Sally", never did move to Ohio. Sally died prior to 1845 when Frederick remarried. Frederick McInturff then moved his new wife to Champaign Co., Ohio.

³ Ephraim Clem moved to Champaign County, Ohio in 1835 where he married Elizabeth Conner. They lived there about twelve years, then they moved to Indiana. Later, they moved to Kansas. There were other Clem families that moved from Shenandoah Co., Virginia to Champaign Co., Ohio.

⁴ Margaret Rexroad Halterman.

The Union

After wandering, Dad returned to his home area to farm. The big social event of the week for the young adults was Sunday evening Church Services. William went and eventually became aware of a small, fun loving girl. He started taking her home after services. Interest in each other grew until on April 7, 1892, he and Ida Alice Conner were married by the Reverend J.C. Kite at Millerstown. He was just past twenty-two years of age and she was nearly nineteen. And so the Hawes clan as I have known it began. They respected each other all their lives and passed that along.

William, or Bill as he was commonly known, rented a farm, I don't know where. Grover Lee Hawes joined them just nine months and one week later. That one week was a relief when I checked. Lawrence Monroe Hawes came on October 6, 1894. I'm sure Mother had hoped he would be a girl.

A few short years later the family moved to a farm, still renting, a mile north of Tawawa, Shelby County. There, Willard David joined the family on May 22, 1904. Disappointed again.

With three sons and no daughters, I'm sure Mother was very dissatisfied. This time she would have a girl. Thinking positively, she selected Margaret for her little girl's name.

The spring of 1910 was a very early one. On the morning of March twenty-eighth, Dad and Lawrence went to finish oats planting leaving Willard with Mother. Shortly after ten she sent Willard after Dad. I was born at eleven o'clock. My name was supposed to be Margaret. I tell a story about them taking thirty days to determine which sex I was because they weren't sure. The fact remains that they had no boy's name and it took awhile to decide on one.

I've always felt I was named after Orville Wright, one of the inventors of the aeroplane, but Mother said not. Anyway I became Orville William Hawes, a rather large name for such a little guy. I was about the third generation of William. Bill, Lawrence's son, is the fourth. Maybe it will disappear in the present generation. The requirement to register births had just become law a short time before my birth.

Memories of the Early Days 1910–1920

My only remembrance of early days was one morning Mother got in our buggy with me and looked back with the remark that we wouldn't be seeing that house again. I asked why and was told we were moving.

Mother told me later of Willard's first day of school. I was five months old and she got me ready about the time school was out, put me in my carriage, and wheeled me out the lane and about a mile until we met him coming home. He was in misery. He had been too bashful to go to the toilet at school. She sent him to the ditch for relief. Then we went home.

She told me later of an earlier move when Willard was perhaps three years old. He didn't like the new place and she spent much time talking to him about how much nicer it was than the old place. They were slowly unpacking and hadn't yet found his beads. Finally one day they found them. Later in the day, he told her "I like this living since I found my beads."

Our new home was at Lena, where we rented a bigger farm. Dad usually had a live-in hired man in the summer in addition to Willard who was then about eight¹. I remember one thing there. After the noon meal in the summer time Dad and Lon Purk, our hired man, were relaxing on our side porch. Willard was also there. It was hot. Dad leaned his chair back against the wall and I climbed up to sit on him. I was having so much fun, but soon they went to work.

I do carry one memento of our time there, although I don't remember the cause. I have a sliding lump in my left forehead. Mother told me its history when I asked her why I had the lump. I was riding my tricycle on that side porch with Lon Purk's hat on my head. Of course, it was down over my eyes and I rode it over the side, landing on my head on the concrete sidewalk. Apparently, the hat saved my head because the development of the lump was my only injury.

I don't remember our move to the sixty acre farm we purchased when I was three, approximately three miles southwest of Palestine (Tawawa). I do remember a very pleasant childhood here for about six years. There was a "woods" across the road which was well thinned, the Moores with my cousin Lawrence, were the farm back of our back fence, the Sturms, with Howard and Hobart, were east of us, and the Princehouses were our nearest neighbor, about a half mile west. Then the Browns, with my cousins May, Goldie and Clara were about four miles away. We rarely saw any of these more than once a week because we were busy at home.

I was still wearing dresses, which would make me less than four when a stranger came into the house and told me that he was going to take me home with him. I promptly went to the bedroom and hid under the bed until he had gone. Since I was wearing dresses, I know that I was not housebroken yet. The stranger was my brother, Grover. Grover and Alice were freshly married. Alice was not yet an adult psychologically. She only did what she wanted to do. One Sunday they were to come to dinner (at noon). Grover came by himself late which was unusual. When questioned, he said Alice must have gone somewhere else. Actually, she had gone to Russell's Point, a recreation area, with friends. She was peculiar, but she could fix up a shack to look good. She also kept Grover broke and eventually made the Hawes name suspect for credit in the Sidney area.

¹ That would have made Orville about two years old.

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Another early memory was Lawrence showing us his and Chloe's wedding presents. I enjoyed the salt and peppershakers with lead in their bottoms so they couldn't be knocked over. I played with them for some time.

When I was four I was awakened one night, dressed, and taken with Willard, Dad, and Mother to Grandmother Conner's home where she was very ill. I faintly remember the living room of the house where Mother was born and lived until married. My Grandmother died that night in 1914. I'll always remember the fear I had that night that I would go to sleep and fall off my chair. I didn't, but it was a struggle.

In my early years, when I could not sleep at night, mother would lie down beside me and let me use one of her hands for a doll. That was very pleasant and usually put me to sleep quickly. She had the softest hands.

Our attendance at Sunday School in Palestine was very regular. I have Cradle Roll cards from our church for first, second and third birthdays. I then went into regular classes until we moved to St. Paris.

Farming was done with horses, wagons, sledges, wagons and buggies with a binder, and little else. Corn was cut by hand. Butter and eggs were sold to buy food we didn't grow. We even bought a grinder to grind our own wheat for breakfast cereal. Grover did have a motorcycle. We bought a car about 1918. In fact, Willard and I used to hide in our barn and yell at autos before we owned one.

One time we were all in a field at noon. Dad usually went to the house to eat and rest a little. We had two horses with us. Dad and Mother decided to walk in and gave Willard our youngest horse to ride and I got our older plodder with a difference. If you rubbed between his ears, he seemed to go a little crazy. Mother cautioned me not to put my hand between his ears. We started off with Willard quickly ahead of me. I decided I might be able to beat him if my horse had encouragement so I really rubbed between his ears. He took off with harness and little boy bouncing along with him as I hung on with both hands. Mother was yelling at Willard to catch us. Soon my horse was approaching the stable door and I was wondering whether to try to jump off or lay down on him and attempt to go in the door with him. Willard caught his bridle about six steps from the door and stopped him. Several people, including me, were greatly relieved. I decided I would think about these things a little before I tried one again.

We had a very cold winter of 1915-16, with snow in drifts so deep and crusted so much that I could walk up to our grape arbor and sit on top of it without climbing. Fortunately, this was my last winter before school. I would have missed many days because school was very enjoyable.

Willard and I started a tunnel in the snow to our mailbox from our house. We made it about six feet wide and four feet high but very quickly ran out of easy places to put the removed snow so our tunnel only got about three feet deep before we quit.

We had about an acre of strawberries and had raspberries and blackberries as well. Much of these were canned and some sold. Picking strawberries was pure drudgery to me, but I did it. We even went to Granddad¹ Hawes' farm to pick strawberries. Woe unto you if he found one you had missed. His tongue was sharp.

¹ Zeno

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Our bedtime in winter was 7.00. Just before that, I usually ate canned raspberries with cream and sugar. I was a skinny kid but that kind of food tasted so good that I developed a taste for cream and sugar.

I had little difficulty with lessons in school but one day in First Grade our teacher sent my class, three or four of us, to the blackboard to write our numbers to one hundred. I quickly got to ninety-nine and then stuck. I really had very little reasoning power at that age. After thinking awhile, I decided to look at the work of the others and get my next number so I decided to drop my eraser on the floor by accident. I wanted to see all in a quick glance so decided to drop my eraser a distance away so I pitched it on the side away from the teacher about six feet. Now that was some drop, but he didn't say anything. As I picked up I looked and saw that no one else was past sixty. I went back to my place, stood awhile, and said I was stuck. Our teacher asked me what came after nine so I wrote one hundred with great surprise.

This was country school and discipline was strict. One day in first grade, I was reading in my reading book when I suddenly became conscious of my teacher, a man, calling my name. I looked up and seeing the rest of our class sitting on the recitation bench in front, closed the book, and hurried up. I was usually in the middle but they all slid over to let me sit on the end. Our teacher proceeded to lecture me on doing as I was told, etc. Soon he stepped to his desk, picked up his paddle, and took a step toward me; I stood up because I wasn't about to let him jerk me out of my seat. He promptly calmed down and returned the paddle to his desk. I believe he had visions of an interview with two irate parents. I am surprised to remember I was quite innocent. Any first grader who gets carried away reading something definitely is to be commended. I believe if he carried through I would have disliked school for the remainder of the year and maybe after that. I wonder what I would have done to make a living. I know I wouldn't have had the fine memories I've had.

Kenneth Moore, a cousin, was in the third grade, my first year in school. I was brought to the front one day to tell him that $\frac{1}{3}$ was one-third. I was embarrassed but he didn't hold it against me.

One day, when I was about eight, Willard was cleaning his rifle in our living room. I was doing something sitting on the floor beside him when the gun discharged, sending a bullet in front of my face into the wall molding. I learned never to clean a gun without making sure it was unloaded. I was close to being killed or severely brain damaged. Mother had told him to be sure it was unloaded. I never owned a gun.

At Plattsville School¹, I became a star shinny player using sticks and tin cans. I was as fast as anyone on offense or defense and was able to score. One day I faced the boy facing off from the school step. When he hit it, I put up my stick. The can hit the stick and fell at my feet. That was an easy goal.

In winter, we had snowball fights along the river with one side storming the heights defended by the other. One day on defense I caught a boy in a gully and started throwing snowballs. He threw one at the beginning, a nice juicy one which hit me in an ear and stayed there. Not having time to make others, he retreated, as I was ready with a good supply.

¹ Orville's 2nd grade report card says that he was attending "Palestine School", Green Township", "Shelby County Public Schools".

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I took my new ice skates to school one day which Mother forbidden me to do. One got broken. When I took it home was never fixed and I never another pair.

Willard and I made gunpowder one summer, often. One time he was sitting in our overturned empty rain barrel with a wooden cannon he had made. I was sitting by the barrel. He loaded the cannon and fired it. It made a wonderful noise, but the thing I remember best was how badly his big toe, which was in front of the cannon, got burned. Of course, we were barefoot. I laughed long and loud which didn't improve his humor. We quit making gunpowder when we set off a batch on the seat of one of our kitchen chairs. After seeing the burn, Mother said, "no more gunpowder."

On November 11, 1917, Armistice Day of World War I, we set out for Sidney to help celebrate. Dad was driving; Willard sat in the middle with Mother on the right, holding me. We were nearing Lawrence's home after dark when some cows near the fence to the right of us suddenly started to run. This scared our horse, which jumped to the left overturning our buggy into the ditch. It was a new storm buggy so some glass broke. We climbed out with me howling to high heaven. The others talked in low tones and we started to walk up the road to Lawrence's -- Mother and Willard. Mother carried me still howling. She thought I was hurt. Dad stayed with the horse and buggy. An extensive check of me showed no injuries. I hadn't said I was hurt, just scared. Then they took care of Willard's cuts from the broken glass. We could hear the revelry in Sidney, but never got there.

Just before Christmas of 1918, we were in our new auto in Sidney, on icy streets. As we tried to cross the streetcar tracks, we stuck on them just before a streetcar hit us on the right side. It had almost stopped, but there was a good bump. We drew quite a crowd. No one was hurt.

Christmas of 1918 was one to remember. We had a big tree decorated with popcorn, paper chains, and candles which were lit each night for a short time under careful watch to see there was no chance of fire. I felt great. This was Dad's last Christmas. I was always under foot as Dad farmed. There is a picture of Lawrence, Dad, Willard, and I in our wheat field with our binder. I faintly remember the back field of our farm where the picture was taken in 1917.

In the fall of 1919, our house burned one evening. Mother and Willard were milking and I was on the other side of the house smoking corn silk cigarettes made from corn silk and part of the day's newspaper when Willard saw the fire and yelled. The fire had just broken through the roof. (For weeks, I had guilt feelings, but in no way could I be blamed.) Mother called a few neighbors and they called others. Soon we had a yard full of people. The men organized a bucket brigade to attempt to put out the fire and a group to carry out our furnishings and clothing.

Mother and I sat in our buggy and watched. About dark, Dad got home from working rented fields some distance away. Mother never said anything to me but I believe she wondered what she had done to allow the fire. Dad didn't think she was at fault. It was rats with matches in their nest, probably, he said. There I saw parental solidarity. It was a big for me. We have a walnut table which had a leaf broken during the fire.

We ate and stayed that night at Princehouses. The next day, Dad moved in a thresher sleeping car. Mother set up a makeshift kitchen and dining room in our blacksmith shop. Those were dark days, but things went on. I never saw Mother cry then or later. Mother read to me before I went to sleep that summer. I didn't see much of Dad as he was very busy with farming, clearing away debris from the fire, planning a house, and helping with the new foundation. I have a picture of three men, Dad and me on the nearly complete foundation.

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When the foundation was nearly ready, Dad, Lawrence, another man, Willard, and I went to Quincy to buy lumber, with two wagons. We got to the lumber yard about eleven o'clock. When the order was made, Dad was told it would be ready about one o'clock so we arrived unannounced at the little hotel in town at eleven thirty. They were preparing food for their regular customers, which was served to us. We ate it all. The regular customers waited awhile to eat. That taught me to be on time to all meals.

Speaking of time, Mother often quoted, "Tis better to be an hour early and stand and wait than to be a minute behind the right time." That became gospel for me and I'm still concerned when I'm late to anything. Mother went through the equivalent of third grade, enjoyed reading almost anything.

The new house was built with Dad doing the bulk of the carpenter work. Willard helped a lot. I was allowed to nail wooden lath on the bathroom walls preparatory to a plasterer putting on plaster with a trowel. I was proud of that room.

I nearly forgot the many times, when I was younger, when at night I would climb into Dad's lap for him to read or talk to me. It was always a great joy.

One time he took me with him on our sledge to get a load of corn fodder from our back field. It was cold, and we had an inch or two of snow on the ground. After he loaded the sledge I got on the back, top bundle and we started home. He struck a bump and I realized the bundle was leaving with me. I thought of the corn stubble and me impaled on one or more of them. Somehow, by luck or choice, I landed exactly in the middle between two rows with the bundle on top of me and Dad driving on. He heard my yells, stopped, and got the bundle off me and both back on his load. Remembering the fortunes of Willard and me, I believe he was rather careless and I was relatively careful.

One day that winter, Dad met us after school with the sledge with loose straw in it. That was a joyful trip home. I'm sure he was having a great time, too.

One winter day Dad was building a toilet in the barnyard to be moved to its location. He was preparing to cut the holes inside. Mother and Willard were talking as they watched from the kitchen window. I believe it was November 1915. Then Mother turned and told me she wanted me to put on my coats and go out to Dad with a message. When I was ready, she told me to tell Dad, "Well, Dad, I'm ready." Then he will say, "Ready for what?" Then tell him, "Ready for you to measure for that little hole." It worked exactly as she said. Dad laughed long and loudly and immediately went to the house to tell her about it. She pretended to be quite surprised.

Incidentally, Dad had a hard time learning to drive our auto when we got one. I know he hit our corncrib once when he was pulling back on the steering wheel and yelling: "whoa." One neighbor told of him going off the road, through his fence, around in the field, out the same hole in the fence and back on the road.

Dad lost half of his right thumb one day when he was doing auto repair and the jack slipped. While he recovered he often told us that thumb was wiggling unbearably. Once I looked and couldn't see it move. I later learned that damaged nerves do that at times.

Willard was our best driver, although, one time, a neighbor wouldn't ride in our auto until Mother assured him that Willard was a better driver than Dad.

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I have a saying that I trust everyone, but always count my change. I also believe everything people tell me after I've checked it out and found it true. I found a glass of sugar in a strange place in our summer kitchen at an early age and asked Mother about it. She said it was sand. It looked like sugar; I put a spoonful in my mouth. She was right.

On a very cold day, she mentioned that her hand had stuck to the pump handle when she got water. After questioning her and getting a full explanation, I still didn't believe it. She suggested I go outside and put my tongue on the metal door latch. I did, and it stuck. She let me yell awhile while she warmed some water to thaw me loose. I was most grateful.

One summer day Willard and I got in a fight in the summer kitchen. Mother couldn't let these go on very long since I was always trying and Willard was six years older. She set two chairs where we couldn't reach each other and told us to sit there until we could get along together. I promptly asked, "What are you going to do if we don't?" She said, "Why don't you find out?" As soon as she got to one side of the room, I ran out the other door and started around the house. I got to the front steps when she caught me. She turned me over her knee and put her hand very hard a few times where it would do the most good. I had thought her hands were soft, but that hand felt like a rock. I made the correct reaction by wiggling and yelling. She then stood me up and told me to walk back the way I came, get in that chair and stay there until she told me to get up. I did with a feeling of awe and relief. I didn't know she was so fast. That's the only time I remember being spanked by either parent. It was certainly deserved and appreciated.

Willard and I were heckling Mother in our kitchen one Saturday. She was getting more and more frustrated because we wouldn't shut up. Finally, she said if we wouldn't quit, she would leave home. Willard told her to go ahead, but I suddenly had doubts. She took her purse, went out the front door, looked both ways on the road, and started for Princehouses. I'm sure she was just desperate. At that first step to leave, I called her back. She came after both of us agreed to behave ourselves.

Willard told me one time about a neighbor boy about my age peeing from their haymow on his brother as he passed underneath. That sounded interesting, so I went to the haymow a little bit before Willard went to the barn to do his chores. I found a knothole in a good location and waited. He came and stood just under me and I must have soaked his straw hat. He didn't react, so I climbed down and asked him if he had noticed anything. He checked his hat and hammered on me a little while I laughed.

I was reading about a happy family one day and went to Mother to ask why we weren't a happy family. She was quite surprised and said we were and why didn't I think so. I told her of the verbal battle she and Dad had a couple days before. She told me that any two people living together occasionally disagreed, but that didn't matter, you could work it out without any loss of feeling for each other. That was a very valuable experience for me.

Some time after I started in school, Willard got a new bicycle and I inherited his old one. It had a chain which was too big for the bicycle so it jumped off the sprockets occasionally. I took the bike to our front steps, climbed on, and pushed off pedaling. After maybe six yards, the chain came off and I fell off. Several times, I did this with the chain coming off at the same place. Then, I pushed off, and fell at the same place, but discovered the chain still on. I didn't fall off any more when the chain didn't come off. A piece of the chain taken out kept the chain on the sprockets and I became a bike rider. This is the bike I rode to school and the only one I ever had.

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Willard and I rode bicycles to school daily in good weather. A mile from our house, there was quite a grade ending in a left turn. Willard was always wanting to bet he could beat me around the turn. I didn't bet, but insisted on the inside position on the turn. I was often even with him going into the turn, but usually skidded and fell in the turn. After falling, I would go to the outside ditch, get my bike and ride on to school.

Willard was always heckling me because I reacted. One evening he was sitting on our back step washing his feet. I was sweeping the walk. Finally, I'd had enough. I reversed the broom and swung it across his shins as hard as I could. Mother was there and stopped it at once, chewing me out in the process.

Another time his mouth became too much for me as I was setting the table for a meal. As I was carrying two glasses full of water his remarks became too much and I let him have the contents of both glasses in the face. Mother said that was enough. I believe she let him go each time knowing that each time I would retaliate rather well. Then she would see that he didn't lay a finger on me. That way she kept it about even.

One day Willard fell out of the haymow at our feet on a rock. He broke his arm.

He threw a hoe over a gate and jumped over onto the sharp edge with one bare foot one day. It seems he was a little careless at times.

Mother and I were in our shed by the corncrib one day with our cat climbing above us. Suddenly she jumped and said something like "damn it" but I'd never heard her use profanity. I asked her what was wrong and she showed me her apron and said "That damned cat shit on me." The language was so surprising that I laughed long and loudly which only made her madder.

One day we got word that my cousin, Lawrence, was very ill. Mother decided she would go for a few days to help her sister. I violently objected since she had always been at home with me. So successful was I that dad hired someone to take her place at Moores.

My cousin, May Brown, was badly burned when their cook-stove exploded. She ran in flames a hundred yards to the barn instead of wrapping in something. When I later taught, I always discussed what to do if your clothing ever caught on fire. I hope her death caused someone else to live. She lived in great pain for about three weeks. I know, because I was often there to hear her scream for extended periods of extreme pain.

I read with interest the daily war casualties in our newspaper to see how many from our area were included.

The winter of 1919-20 came on and with it a second year of the influenza epidemic. Mother didn't get it, as she didn't have time. I got it and only felt uncomfortable for a few days. Willard had it badly. Dad got it and steadily grew worse. Then he got pneumonia. He suffered great pain. After I was in the room where was groaning, he later apologized to me for his groans. It was cold, but his doctor had the windows to his room left open to cure the pneumonia. It didn't. He died in the early morning of February 24, 1920 at fifty years of age. When I got up in the morning Mother told me of his death and I was devastated. I wondered how we would get along without him. He had literally worked himself to death in the past year.

After his funeral, Mother collected his insurance with Lawrence's help, then put the farm up for sale.

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I well remember our attorney coming to see us one day in settling the estate. Among other questions, he asked what had become of the quarters used to keep Dad's eyes closed after death. Mother said she still had them. The attorney said he wanted them. I was aghast. Lawrence promptly asked why and got a very indefinite answer. While Mother got the quarters, the attorney got an idea of what Lawrence thought of him. I didn't trust attorneys for years and still am not sure of their honesty.

Memories of Orville William Hawes

Youth 1920–19??

We moved to Palestine, just beginning to be called Tawawa and I changed schools¹. Willard quit school in the seventh grade. Tawawa was a little town of about fifty people. We had an enrollment of nine in our school which was about nine miles away. Not much happened in Tawawa except sunrise and sunset and maybe Sunday church services.

Lloyd Jackson, Alice's nephew, was in our block so we spent a lot of time together bicycling and walking to school.

One day I took one of Willard's shotgun shells to the barn, removed the pellets, put the shell on an empty keg, and tried to light it. When it didn't seem to be lit, I leaned over it to see why it didn't burn when suddenly it flashed in my face. I must have shut my eyes to it, as they didn't seem to be damaged. I was in the haymow and took off from its door, running when I landed. I walked into our kitchen where Mother and Willard were and said, "Hello" with a sickly grin. Mother asked what happened to my face and I told her. She sent Willard to see if the barn was on fire and started treating my face which was mostly blackened and very slightly burned except for the lobe of my left ear which was more burned. I got over it without scars.

Another time at Lawrence's, I found a rifle shell and decided to hit it with a hammer. I aimed it from me and got a very satisfactory crack. Willard soon arrived to ask what I had done. After I told him, he told me I might have shot myself. I didn't think until then that I might have shot someone else.

Willard and I plowed corn for Lawrence with two cultivators. He always wanted to race so we often plowed out a little corn.

Somehow, Willard and I got whooping cough. Our house was quarantined and we were supposed to wear yellow armbands when we went away. Willard didn't use his very often when he went out.

A farmer living on the town's edge had married, and his stepson, about eight, was from Sidney. Most of the time we walked home with him. I'm sure we added to his many fears by building on them from our vast experience, but, all in all, were friendly. One day when I got home, Mother asked me if we had mistreated the boy in any way. I told her we hadn't, but he surely had a lot of fears. She told me his new dad had visited her and Mrs. Swiger, Lloyd Jackson's grandmother, asking why we didn't treat his boy right. To this day, I can't think of a time up to then we hadn't. He was just homesick for Sidney. This blew over.

Lloyd and I were irritated, me mostly. With my long time friend and classmate, Wilma Apple, we devised a plan to scare him. That evening Lloyd and I disappeared so he couldn't walk home with us.

Wilma invited him to go with her and her brother in a different direction. When they were about to the corner, where he would turn off Wilma noticed two figures in the middle of a field going in the same direction. She said they looked like tramps. Two kids? The boy got scared and didn't turn toward Tawawa, but went on up and past Tawawa to get home. I'm sure, because we waited

¹ There is no record of the name of this school or where it was located. He seems to have attended it for only four to five months since by October 1920 he had started school in St. Paris.

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awhile. He didn't come past us. We quit while we were ahead and let him walk home with us after that.

That same creek where we planned to hide ran through the Moore farm. Mother often said if she got her arms in water to her elbows, she lost her breath. She wouldn't let me go swimming. Lawrence¹ and I got in the creek at every opportunity. It was never more than a foot deep except after a severe rainstorm in the summer when we used it. One day she did see us and expressed her displeasure but I kept doing it.

One day Willard caught Lawrence² and me in their shed and asked if we were smoking corn silk. We said we were. Willard pulled out a pack of Burly Cubs (little cigars) and told us to try one of these. I lit it up, took two puffs and lay down on the running board of Moore's car, I believe, before I fell down. I got very sick and at first, thought I would die. A little later, I wished I would, but soon recovered.

Lawrence³ challenged me to a race up their drive with our eyes closed one day. I always accepted challenges and started on a dead run with my eyes closed. I got off the drive and tripped over the tongue of their mower in the barn lot. Oh, did I bruise my shin.

Willard was out of work and Mother needed work so we moved to the east side of St. Paris. They both started working in the underwear factory, downtown. The school was a mile farther west so I got my exercise.

Since the high school was in the same building as our grade school, we had the use of a gymnasium for recesses. I got very interested in basketball and was on the second team of the fifth grade, also, a first team substitute. I remember the day I got the ball and started dribbling toward our basket. When I got there, I stopped to see where everyone else was. They all seemed to be entangled in a brawl. I shot and missed about the time the other side arrived.

I particularly disliked writing class. I made ~~ until I was tired of it every day. Maybe I got a little better.

Most of us took our lunches to school. We were all herded into the high school assembly at noon. There was no water there because it was bad to drink water while eating. One day I went outside in the middle of my meal to get a drink.

St. Paris was a town of about thousand people. It even had street names.

Lawrence had moved to a farm outside Quincy. The underwear factory wasn't doing well and laid Willard off. Mother then quit to move to Quincy. I wanted to stay in St. Paris to complete the year, but finally decided to go along with the family.

Mother hired a man with his truck to move us at the end of March 1921 into a rather large, one-story house a half block from main street and just over a block from school. We lived there two years, until I entered high school. Quincy was then a town of about two hundred persons. I

¹ It was probably, Willard, not Lawrence. Lawrence was 10 years older than Willard and 16 years older than Orville.

² It was probably Lawrence that caught Willard and Orville.

³ Probably, Willard, not Lawrence.

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regularly attended the Methodist Church, a half block from home. Lawrence's farm was two or three miles away.

On my first day in school, our music teacher had me stand before the class and sing the scale. I was a timid kid and never liked her after that.

Roley Chambers, a big kid in our class, started bossing me on my first day. After about three days, I was fed up. We were standing facing each other while he instructed me in a dictatorial voice. Suddenly I had enough. He was about a foot taller than I was so I jumped up, wrapped my left arm around his neck, and started punching him in the nose. He wept. I was a little ashamed of attacking a baby. He never instructed me again.

My teacher who I liked very much accused me of talking in line as we marched out of our room. I hadn't, and said so, but I stayed in for a week at recess time.

In seventh grade, we got a new gym and a high school basketball team. I couldn't go out of town to see games, but attended all of them at home.

I also attended high school baseball practices regularly. A team of seventh and eighth graders was set up. I was the right fielder, but we never played any games. Our coach, Mr. Sanders, was quoted to me as saying I would never amount to anything as a player.

Willard taught me to play poker with a Rook Deck (a popular game with fourteen cards in each of four suits). Mother was glad to see the boys playing together so nicely. She didn't know what we were playing as she wouldn't let a deck of playing cards in the house. That was the reason Dad had played on Sundays in Moore's woods.

I was a substitute on the high school baseball team when in the eighth grade. I played shortstop for a time in each of two games. After that I was a regular shortstop and in my last year, I was also our relief pitcher. One of our pitchers would work two innings until his arm got very sore, then the other would work two until his arm was useless, too. Then old iron arm would go in the fifth inning and go the last three. I couldn't throw a curve then so I never hurt my arm trying to throw one. I was supposed to throw a fast one at each batter, then send up easy stuff. How they would swing, but only one fellow ever hit one hard. He put one down the left field line a long way. Fat Blake, our left fielder, got it to the infield after the hitter had crossed home plate, but it was a foul ball.

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High School 1924–1928

I was drafted in my sophomore year to be in the senior class play because their class was small. I was a female impersonator and got carried away in doing a lot of funny stuff. I thought it was funny and the audience roared. For a few days I was the talk of the town. The next year I was again a female impersonator in the Senior Class play and again thought I was funny. In our senior year I was the male lead in our class play and apparently did well. I was hooked.

We had two Literary Clubs in high school and each of us belonged to one or them. I don't remember that we ever did anything very good in our meetings which were every two weeks.

Except for my sophomore year I always took five courses. I decided to rest a little that one year. I took English, History, all the Mathematics we had and two years each of Latin and French. My grades in grade ten were all E's. The remainder were nearly all A's except in deportment. I was valedictorian of our class and my cousin Alma "Fatty" Snapp was Salutatorian. We took Latin together. We are corresponding now after nothing for fifty years. She got the coveted Librarian job which I wanted, but I understand that the library would have been a social club for all the boys if I had been selected.

I started the 1926-7 basketball season as our standing guard but was demoted after two games. However, I played about a third of the time. We were Logan County Champions that year. In our county tournament finals I met their center at the foul line. He was dribbling and stuck an elbow in my face hitting me in the left eye and depositing me backward on my neck. Maybe I was knocked out briefly. When I sat up, I wondered where all the people had gone. The balcony had been packed and now I saw all the empty seats, but no people. A few minutes later I saw them in their seats.

Since we won our Tourney, we went to Dayton to play in the District Tournament. We were a school of about fifty and played Eaton High with a school population of four hundred plus. In the second half, a fast colored boy came dribbling down the floor right at me and ran over me. I bounced and, shaken a little, missed the foul shot. Almost a repeat of the previous game.

On December 31, 1927, in a home game, I took a pass, faked left and started to the right but the bottom half of my left leg fell left making me fall right. That hurt. I was helped to the bench and started to the dressing room. Sanders sent a boy to tell me he wanted me to go back in the game. I told him I couldn't run so he suggested I basket hang as I was the only one who could score. I went in and didn't score.

With that leg, I became the verbal punching bag of the town as they said I pretended I was hurt. The doctor gave me some salve for it and a rubber bandage. Later I wondered why one of the town team ran over me intentionally in a practice game and why they crabbed at me from the sidelines. I put a ligament in place myself which helped it. Every time someone hit me from the right side, I went down and out until I decided to hit anyone coming from that direction first. The knee was very painful all through college and occasionally swelled.

Speaking of scoring, we lost a game 19-17 in our senior year because I only scored fifteen points. The others helped a little on defense but gave me the ball and got out of the way. My last two years, I was running guard whose job it was to dribble up as far as possible, then pass off. This was all very well, but no one ever did anything with the ball.

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Finally I would start up the floor until almost stopped, throw a hard pass to "Dolly" Journell who couldn't catch the ball, but who had a great chest. The ball would bounce off his chest. I would grab the ball and shoot. I was hitting that night.

When I first went to Quincy, I wanted to throw a baseball well, but was never taught how to throw until college. In trying to throw hard I slipped my shoulder out so I had a very sore arm all through high school including my pitching chores.

Mother took a job as housekeeper for Hubbells, the druggist for my last three years of high school. Our living was a little easier, but I often lived on bologna and lettuce sandwiches.

In high school, I learned to keep my nose out of other people's business. We were playing basketball out of town one night. Max Detrick was our back guard and a dirty player. We took the ball down to our basket, missed the shot and they recovered. I looked for my man and found him and Max standing, looking at each other in front of our bench so I went down that side. Not wanting to go around as I was tired, I pushed Max aside and got my nose where his had been just as our opponent brought up his fist. It landed on my nose and the blood flew. I looked at our bench just as our assistant coach went over backwards with laughter. So I didn't kill my opponent because the coach thought it was funny. I couldn't breathe well for the remainder of the game.

A friend of mine, Mort Watkins, played for Huntsville. The new uniform was with pants having a half belt sewed to them. I was guarding him and told him he should buckle up his belt or he might lose his pants. He didn't think he would. Later he was dribbling the ball up the floor and I was thinking about his pants as I followed with the referee right by us. Suddenly I grabbed the top of his pants, set my feet and gave a big jerk as I innocently looked at the referee. Mort suddenly moved up and backward while the ball bounced on. The whistle fell out of the referee's mouth. Fortunately, it was on a cord around his neck so he didn't lose it. Soon he got the whistle in his mouth and blew it pointing to me. I faced him, spread my arms and told him I had warned Mort he might lose his pants and I had decided to help him.

We were in West Liberty one night with my knee badly swollen and sore. Some time during the game I was dribbling close to our basket in heavy traffic when my guard grabbed my right wrist, which I had left a little behind me, and gave a big jerk. My knee immediately folded and I went down. I looked up and there he stood with a look of satisfaction on his face. I told him I'd be going out of the game for a little while but I'd be back looking for him. He seemed very fast because I never caught him. However, when they played in our gym, I believe I gave him several bruises and he fell a lot.

In my sophomore year, after the district tournament, we spent several days in Columbus where I got an idea of life away from home.

I was in our county track meet which was held in our senior year. I was drafted for the baseball throw and, much to my surprise finished third. Remember my story of a weak arm? I tied for first in the high jump, was second in the two hundred twenty yard dash, and fifth in the hundred. I got a great sunburn, but not much of a kick out of the meet.

Since I had no transportation, I was a late bloomer in dating. Occasionally someone, usually Max Detrick or Gerald West, would ask me to come along on a double date which I always accepted. I was out several times with Edith Thompson, a DeGraff preacher's daughter. They moved away, eventually, in my senior year. She died that year. A broken heart? Diantha Fry, a Junior, and I arranged to go along on her brother's dates. This was about once a week and weren't very

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exciting. At the end of the last summer, I just left town. Later I got a letter telling me she wanted to marry and I pointed out college would take me four years and I planned to graduate. Meanwhile, she had been going out with Eob Neal. They were married a year later and began farming. Eob was killed and Diantha severely injured about 1948 in an auto accident. Diantha is still living in Quincy. We correspond.

I always dreaded our church's revival services because each year someone would sit down by me and talk about giving my life to Christ. It was high pressure and I always said "no". In my senior year I was again propositioned about becoming a preacher. I said I couldn't. When asked why I said I didn't like chicken. That ended a very short session.

My last summer, I fired a steam shovel in Sidney which Grover operated. Most of the summer was on a hillside on quicksand.

There was another Quincy activity I enjoyed greatly. It had two roads going down the hill to streams. One was our main road north down a steep hill with two turns then a bridge, then a sharp right turn. Traditionally this hill was our social gathering on winter evenings when snow was on the ground. We got chased off that hill in my senior year because there was more horse and buggy traffic and now a number of autos used it so it wasn't safe. I never liked the other hill so I quit sledding.

I had been President of the junior class and was re-elected to the job in my senior year. Our advisor decided that all class ring money should be given to me, not the Treasurer. I didn't appreciate it, but now believe that was a vote of confidence for my integrity. There were thirteen of us, the biggest class to ever graduate from Quincy.

Mother was always supportive and the last two years attended all home games until I was hurt. I told her I was glad she hadn't come on the floor that night. She said she would never do that, but seldom came after the injury.

At our Junior-Senior banquet in 1927 as Junior Class President I welcomed the Seniors after help on my talk and much practice, all with my advisor. I was supposed to pick up the proper implement as the signal to start eating. Which I did. I'd never seen spoons and forks like some of them so my advisor touched the proper one each time. This was Miss Riegel, teacher of English and French, who still lives in Quincy as she married Eric Weeks. I have always been grateful to her.

At our Senior Banquet I gave the response to the welcome. I had written this myself so gave it from notes. To me, our Senior Banquet was a huge success as I walked Maynard Wert home that night. I never saw her again as she married the next winter. She was the first of our class to die several years ago.

Memories of Orville William Hawes

College 1928–1933

With my desire to study Electrical Engineering at Ohio Northern University, Mother decided to move to Ada with me to keep down expenses. She cooked at the College Cafeteria, the favorite student eating place. We moved into the first floor of a house on Main Street across from the Law Building. We stayed there about two months because the landlady didn't live up to our agreement, then moved to High Street, about two blocks from campus. In my Junior year we moved about three blocks farther away from campus, a block from the main business area.

The college included five buildings with about four hundred students in Law, Engineering, Pharmacy, Education and Liberal Arts College. The College and its students were nearly all hard up but I didn't notice because I was used to it. Attendance at Chapel at 8:30 was required and I had a 7:30 class. Freshmen men sat in the balcony. All girls, which was about thirty percent of the student body sat in the center of three sections on the main floor.

There were plenty of men students on the streets of Ada in the week before classes started — nearly all freshmen and no one knew anyone at first. It was a very warm, friendly group. Johnny Kolb and Kinnison Young were probably my first two acquaintances.

I substituted in the cafeteria washing glasses and silverware. It was educational as we need to get it out fast at certain times. I worked mostly on weekends. Martha Goodman, who washed dishes, shined her shoes with the wiping cloth once in a slack time. I was shocked. I ate well when I worked but didn't starve when I didn't.

Freshman football was under a coach I didn't like very well. He didn't teach us. We were cannon fodder for the varsity. One time I was part of a defensive line against the varsity line. At 160 I was double teamed by a guard and tackle interminably. They'd come into me shoulder to shoulder and push me about three feet. I decided to be aggressive so I reached in and partially separated them and stayed, mostly. The next time they came at me I sidestepped. After that they hit me and drove me each time about ten yards. It got good naturedly rough with me complaining about having to walk back.

I was the fullback once when we were running plays against other freshmen. On my signal I received the ball from the center, went off tackle and tried to dodge the halfback on that side. This I did twice and got chewed by the coach both times which irritated me. The third time I went through tackle and aimed at the halfback who wasn't very big. With my head down I hit him and knocked him some distance. The coach told me that was the way to do it.

The varsity coach would put us on defense on the ten yard line regularly and have the varsity try to score. They weren't very good and didn't score often I occasionally was defending on our right side back of the line and they usually ran the other side. Once they threw a pass down the middle I jumped up, carefully not hitting the receiver, and batted it down. I got chewed again.

I was in a scrimmage with the varsity one time. We kicked off and as we ran down the field one of their backs threw a wild block in my direction and kicked me in the throat, not slowing me a bit. He was varsity? We had the ball at the side of the field later and my play was called. I took the ball and when I got to the line there was a pile. I tried to jump over it. I then discovered I should have taken it out so we could be in a better place on the field. Learning little except when I made a mistake I quit near the end of the season. I missed the cold weather by going into boxing class.

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There were about thirty of us from bantams to heavy weights. Three of us at 165 were about even in ability so two of us always boxed and the other boxed someone else. I was boxing an Italian boy lighter than I early in the winter. I had the reach so he backed away from my jab. All at once he rushed forward just as I brought a right from away back. When his head and my glove met I was jarred back on my heels but he was knocked silly although he had caught it in the eye. Our coach always said, "If your opponent leaves an opening hit it with everything you have so he won't leave that opening again". That night was the last for my opponent in boxing class.

The third man of we three then was given a bigger man to box. Frenchy Geneviere was boxing a fellow by the name of Jackson who had a very peculiar style once and got hit and turned around. With his back to his opponent he really started throwing punches until we stopped him. He was out.

I got a Polack named Hafzuk, a light-heavy, one night. He was taller so he had the reach and kept punching my nose. I decided to get in close so he couldn't hit my nose but very shortly later discovered my mistake. His right started pumping up in my belly and he shortly hit me in the solar plexus just as I was getting ready to back out and let him hit me in the nose. With the solar plexus blow my hands dropped and I ran backward rapidly. He chased me all over the gym. Fortunately, he couldn't run fast as he never caught me until after many trials I managed to raise my hands. I lived through that one and stayed until baseball season.

I reveled in attending football and basketball games, and later baseball, plays, parties and Epworth Leagues. I went to fencing and track contests. I also spent a lot of spare time with Kinnison Young.

One night in early fall I answered a knock on our door by a fellow looking for freshmen. I assured him I was one so I got my cap and went with him. We freshmen rolled up our pant legs and snake danced through campus. I don't remember anything else.

I was impressed with the caliber of students at Ohio Northern. I had been Valedictorian of my high school class and felt I was "educated, by gosh" when I graduated. There were fourteen valedictorians in my first algebra class, many from big schools. I learned I really didn't know much.

Spring baseball wasn't much. We were out with the varsity and I got acquainted but felt I could play as well as most of them and didn't see much coaching. It was a poor team. I didn't get a freshman shirt for it and was disappointed. I hadn't drawn attention to myself.

At Christmas time we returned to Quincy. Lawrences were living in the house. I volunteered to hitch hike to save money so I hitched both ways.

I had a peculiar experience when Lawrence took me with him to the Rosewood elevator. I was in the office with the manager who asked me why I had that Northern sticker on the back of my coat. I explained I was a student and had hitch hiked from Ada. He told me not to kid him because no one from that area went to college. I told him I did and later Lawrence verified it for him.

Lawrence and Willard and their families went to Montana to homestead at St. Ignatius that spring, stopping to visit us in Ada on the way.

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Back to Quincy for the summer — very little work, lots of softball and many trips on the lumber truck. Time passed rather slowly with mother back at Hubbels for the summer.

¹I was rushed by the Delta Sigma Phi Fraternity and pledged very early in the fall. Probably this was because Eddie Wagner, a close friend all through college, was my chemistry lab partner as a freshman. In this phase I borrowed a lead dish to melt something and then couldn't find the lead dish after I left for a time. Eddie did point out that there was some lead lying on the lab table. I wasn't proud of that one.

J.D. MacCollum was my physics lab partner, what a character. I enjoyed him. We had to come within five percent error on all lab experiments. We became very adept at recalculating those showing more than five percent error so they were under the limit, but I believe we worked harder than most.

The Fraternity had a house just across the street from the engineering building and was known as a house of "jocks" as many fine players of recent years had been Delta Sigs. It had been very poor scholastically. Keeping up the athletic tradition, we won the fraternity scholarship trophy in my senior year.

I enjoyed all Delta Sigs but Howard Dunlap who was peculiar. He came to play and opened his books about two weeks before final exams studying day and night so of course he would fail everything. He was also hard on pledges, but not our class.

There were nine of us including Joe Uhl and others. On Saturday mornings we worked cleaning the house under the direction of Pete Castelli, Pledge Master who even checked above the windows for dust. Every night we had "children's hour" at 10:00 when we pledges were the entertainment. Like me, Uhl laughed when anything was funny so in any line we were on opposite ends. One night one of the pledges was told to do something silly and Joe laughed. Another pledge was sent to get the scrub broom and told to wipe Joe's smile off. I laughed so I then got mine wiped of f and Joe laughed, etc.

On our last night as pledges we were supposed to work all night. About 2:00 Jack Evans suggested we had all needed work done so we gathered in the living room and slept. We did, but I was in a draft and caught a severe cold.

The next morning someone took me into a room, when two brothers and Jack Evans were. In the midst of a discussion on how many coat hangers were in the closet, Jack counted and came out as another brother came in with a bottle and offered it to Jack. After he drank someone suggested he count again and I was given the bottle. Not knowing the contents I took a quantity, which I didn't like. Jack came out and gave another number -another drink and another count while I had another drink, etc. By the time we were initiated I wasn't very mobile but didn't know I was drunk. When I crossed the Nile, a very rough crossing, I was lying in a box shaped like a coffin in our cold basement and someone had a hose trained at my nose. I thought I'd drown so I sat up and wouldn't lie back down.

The next day we all went to church. I had a very severe headache, the beginning of a very bad cold. However, I'd earned the respect of all members.

¹ Sophomore year.

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In Economics class we were taught by Professor Geeting, an albino with very poor sight -nothing past the second row in front of him and nothing at the sides. He was something of a joke among the students. One day something happened that made the class roar in laughter. He happened to be looking in front of him, saw me laughing and pitched into me verbally which quieted the room and made me mad. In teaching this is the way to quiet an unruly room. After class I stopped by the desk where he was sitting and asked him if he meant me. He said he had. I then asked "Why me, when everyone was laughing?" He evaded the question and I gave up.

This was the second time I'd challenged an instructor. The first time was the chemistry lab instructor when I was a freshman. He held up an exam paper so I went after it. He told me I had copied it from Carl, the Drum Major of the band. I asked if he'd noticed me turning around to see the paper of Carl who had been sitting directly behind me. He then told me one question had been answered in the same words by the two of us and gave me my paper after completing the grade. This instructor was so popular we called him "Old Droopy Drawers".

One chemistry exam I got 43 percent. I was sure I had failed it until I found the top was 85 and the average was just below 40. I got C's in chemistry.

To beat a C you had to attract favorable attention - knowing the subject, good test scores, hard work, or the instructor liked you. Often a little of all. I was a little lethargic in class, not promoting but usually knew a little more than most. I didn't try to sell it.

On one night when I was a pledge I was sent to the Zi Beta Chi house to shine shoes. I even had a pair of the son of the landlady to shine. Later, when he pledged to our fraternity I let him shine a pair of mine.

The engineers and pharmics always had a day of competition at that time. A big event was the football game. I was the back-up right tackle, light but fast. The day was cold and the ground was frozen hard. When I was in the game no running play came my way and the passer came my way only once but he got rid of the ball about two steps before I got to him. We won.

I played on the fraternity basketball team that year. We weren't very good but won several games. Eddie Wagner and I played a lot of handball, too.

I was finally in gym class and found it not too bad under Harris Lamb, football and basketball coach. One cold day we went out on the football field to play soccer. I'd never seen the game and couldn't conceive of a game in which you didn't use your arms. My only remembrance is that two of us broke out in front of everyone kicking the ball between us to the point where the goalie started to edge out. My partner said, "When we get to him I'll kick him in the head and you kick the ball". We did as he dived for the ball. I think we scored, but am not sure.

This year we lived in the same house as the first year and mother worked at the college cafeteria.

I set a record in intramural softball my first game. Playing shortstop I had seven chances and booted six. On the other I slipped and my foot got in front of the ball to stop it. I threw the man out. I wasn't very proud of that game. After that I caught.

I hit well. In one game the opposing pitcher was being battered when Jess Long, football fullback, came to the plate. He hit a one hopper at the pitcher who got his head turned in time. He stopped it with his ear. On the next pitch I hit one even faster exactly like it and split his ear. I guess they thought if I could hit his pitches like that they'd better get him out before he got maimed.

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Bernard Stiles, “Bud” Uhl and I went to Quincy one weekend to pick up three girls, taking them to Lima for our fraternity formal. I’m afraid mine was rather disappointed as we didn’t mingle much. The remainder of the weekend was spent in Quincy at the Stiles home. I was intrigued with my formal shirt which made me sit straight, starched front, and collar which didn’t let me turn my head gracefully.

This summer I spent with Grover in Tawawa hauling gravel for his gravel plant. The Ford truck I used was cranked to start and it had quite a kick at times. I always cranked with my arm bent to keep from breaking it but one time it kicked me over the fender. (A kick was a backfire, turning the crank the wrong way. Aeroplane engines when started by someone turning the propeller by hand also very often kicked and often injured or killed the cranker.)

I dated Doris Weimer of Rosewood, my date at the formal in Lima, when I had transportation. She drove on occasion, Lawrence Moore, my cousin, on occasion, and Lloyd Jackson, a Tawawa resident and former school mate drove often. I borrowed Grover’s auto on occasion, also. I remained second choice with Doris and didn’t care. She was an only child and was used to having her way.

We went home for dinner (lunch) when working and Grover needed to lay down for a time after he ate because of gas. His heart? After nearly an hour we would return to work.

One Sunday mother, Aunt Mary, Uncle Wallace and I don’t remember who else visited Grover’s. They lived in a big old house designed very oddly. Aunt Mary challenged me to a foot race after dinner. I knew she couldn’t beat me so I asked her to set the rules. She suggested we go to the front door, I go right around the house, she go left and see who got back first. I really ran, expecting her at every corner. When I came in the front door there she was, rocking. She looked up and said, “Where were you?” There were two doors on the front porch; she went out one and in the other so she won. She didn’t say she’d run around the house, just that she’d get back first. That was Aunt Mary, always jolly and having fun.

¹When I returned to College as a junior, I roomed on South Maui Street with Stiles. He was never there on weekends, always home, but during the quarter his girlfriend died. I never knew why. After that he stayed in Ada on weekends. He had the most disgusting habit of going to bed first and leaving his house slippers on my pillow. Later he moved into our fraternity house and I changed into a front room with Fred Erwin, a sophomore engineer.

Fred was about six feet three and to sleep would curl up in the middle of the bed. I had little sleep except on weekends because he always went home. I had many frustrating afternoons and nights in the fall because I didn’t seem to be doing well in math, but I got B’s.

One thing that helped socially was that I was known rather well in the University because I’d been there two years and was a Fraternity man. Three classmates lived next door, Martha Goodman, Jewish; Irene Pugsley, Irish and Rose Genevriere, French, all from Cleveland. When they needed a fourth at bridge on weekends they drafted me willingly. They were a lot of fun. Evans and Uhl started dating Goodman and Pugsley so Genevriere and I occasionally went along.

¹ Junior year.

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Sororities often invited our fraternity for parties. We played bridge at one party at the Theta Phi Delta Sorority and my cards were phenomenal. Afterward, one girl said I was the best bridge player she ever met. Still being a little bashful I didn't follow up.

At the Phi Chi house I met among others, Dorothy Bolles, who had the cutest lips, many of the fellows went for. Many years later, when I became Stryker Superintendent there she was teaching third grade her home town, still single. She later did marry.

The Xi Beta Chi Sorority invited us to a party. Several of my brothers were almost affiliate members there as they seemed to think Xi Betas were something. I didn't want to go as it was a lot drawing affair to see which of us ate with each sorority gal who had prepared a basket lunch. I finally agreed to go.

During the evening we played Pit. The purpose is to trade cards until one person corners the market. There is a Bull card and a Bear card which you don't want to keep. I don't remember who was in the game except that Leolo Suber, a little girl I had seen around campus but never spoken to was on my left in both games in which I played. I soon discovered that she would trade with me any number of cards, anytime, so I got rid of the bull and bear and did rather well in the games. I failed to ask about her basket, bashfulness? Anyway, I got to eat with Mrs. Needy, wife of the Engineering Dean and her two kids. I still couldn't believe she was interested -maybe just dumb.

The next day Howard Dunlap told me one of the girls at Xi Beta thought I was nice. Growing up with the idea that no one ever thought I was, this was a surprise. After learning it was Leolo Suber, I asked him to arrange a date for Friday night at 7:00¹. When we got there we met her on the street just leaving for the library. She later told me she thought I wouldn't come and wasn't going to be around on exhibit.

I discovered this girl had an inferiority complex nearly as bad as mine, but had a lot going for her. I became another affiliate member of Xi Beta but she often went home on weekends. She was later able to stop her parents' demand that she come home every weekend and we started enjoying the campus and Ada. Occasionally, later in the year, I went with her on weekends.

Our fraternity was without a cook at the beginning of the year so I proposed my mother and she took the job. We were living just below the railroad on South Gilbert, not terribly far from the campus.

One cold day early in the year Eddie Wagner and I got on the gym floor early for gym class. I started to run down to the other end of the gym. Eddie picked up a basketball and threw me a pass. When it was nearly there he yelled, I looked up, threw up my right hand, but the ball caught my little finger as it went past. My finger looked funny and hurt very much. When I showed it to our instructor, Harris Lamb, he said it was sprained. What really happened was the outside of the joint which holds the finger in place broke. It was later absorbed. The finger was very painful for months and nearly stiff. Later it got movement but I have a finger permanently out of joint when bent. Later, in general science I used to teach about dislocations using it as the example. I could also get a laugh from students by asking a question, looking straight ahead, raising my right hand, straightening out that finger to point over to the right and say, "You."

¹ According to Leolo's independent account of this event, one of her sorority sisters arranged a date between them.

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I believe I've always had a high pain threshold which allowed me to play hurt most of the time.

Intrafraternity basketball was a tough racket that year. It was a little rough. In one game I was just ready to shoot when an opponent came flying through the air and landed on top of me. I got up, turned to him and said, "You son of a bitch." Later Leolo who had been watching asked me what I had said because she couldn't read lips.

Another time, I fell with one of the football quarterbacks on top of me. I got up with him sitting on my shoulders and took three steps before falling down. I had thought he'd fall off.

Eddie and I represented our fraternity in handball this year. We were phenomenal and beat everyone to win the championship.

When the baseball call came I had noticed a fellow who couldn't play at all got the first uniform the year before and kept it until the first game. I felt I was better, and to be noticed I got the first varsity uniform.

Wagner had played the previous year so he helped me with remarks about me at the plate -he was a catcher — in practice games so that the coach could hear. Just before the final selection I was in left field in a practice game and the third out was a high fly to me. When I came to the bench Eddie met me and said, "If you had dropped that I would have given you away because I had yelled 'That's out' and headed for the bench. I was selected to play left field.

I didn't hit much so I was often taken out for a pinch hitter and batted eighth. However, we won the Ohio Conference championship.

My arm got so sore I couldn't comb my hair right handed and I got a severe charlie horse in my right thigh. (A charlie horse is a pulled muscle in the back of the thigh) I also got a stone bruise on my right heel so severe that I couldn't touch it to the ground. I played with a sponge under my heel but I played.

In one game our pitcher, Swede Melkerson, had a no hitter going into the fifth inning. With a left hander up I was fairly shallow. He hit one and I turned for the fence. Looking back I saw it was falling behind me so I changed directions but fielded it on the first bounce. Then they started to hit. Two hits later another player was sent out to replace me. My, that was a long trip with everyone looking at me.

Another time, I got on first with two out. There were frantic signals from the bench although I didn't see the steal sign. I asked the base coach what they wanted. He said he guessed they wanted me to steal second so I did. Our pitcher moved me to third and our center fielder came to the plate with the squeeze sign all the way. Melkerson asked me if I saw the sign. We agreed he had it on so at the pitch I went for home. The catcher with the ball and our coach met me about three steps from home plate. I couldn't even slide. After peeling the hide of f me verbally he asked what I was trying to do, steal home? I said, "No." Then he went to Melkerson about why he didn't keep me on third. Swede told him the squeeze sign was on. Then he came back to the bench, but only said that maybe I was right. I had nearly gone to the dressing room.

Again I was helping Lawrence farm and pick berries. It was a long summer.

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¹Returning to campus I was elected vice—president of our Fraternity and Treasurer of the local college chapter of American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

Mother and I lived a block off campus, across from a grade school. I remember that well because I got indigestion (a belly ache) and missed two days of classes because I couldn't get that far from our toilet. A doctor even visited me. Mother was cooking at our fraternity house. I had visitors, even Leolo.

We had a new professor of Electrical Engineering who liked Jay Chamberlin and me because we worked hard and steadily. This year I made Nu Theta Kappa, honorary Engineering Fraternity. My grades had not been good enough my Junior year.

We had added space for laboratory work, but not much added equipment.

Wagner and I didn't play handball well so we didn't win that championship.

Fraternity league basketball was as rough as ever, but I guess I had learned to stay of rough spots and to hit anyone coming at me on the right side. I had little knee trouble.

This was the depth of the depression so money was scarce and students were not many. Somehow we got through. Leolo and I occasionally went to a movie — twenty-five cents a ticket.

One night her Sorority had a dance. That afternoon I severely sprained an ankle in basketball and told her I couldn't dance and I wouldn't mind if she asked someone else. She didn't and I went to the dance.

Baseball this year was different. Harris Lamb, our football and basketball coach, was our coach. Before the snow was off the ground we started throwing and running in the gym to get in shape. He said a lot of us knew more about baseball than he did, but he'd get us in shape. Wagner, Uhl and I were three of the few returning lettermen so we were very important. I started out feeling very confident of my abilities and played that way all year. I had quite a race with George Hindall, our first baseman, for the batting Championship. He won because he got more hits than I did in the last game.

I was so confident that for two strikes I crowded the plate and refused to swing at anything over the inside part of the plate. I would then step back a little and swing at anything over the plate. One day I had two strikes and the pitcher threw a change up a little outside. I hit it over the first baseman's head for a double. I got three other hits that day including a line drive between the shortstop's legs. That was my best day.

One day at home someone hit a ball out my way and I turned and started for the fence looking over my shoulder to see where it was. As it was a pop fly which would land behind the shortstop I reversed directions and with a dive and slide caught the ball. I was a hero on campus. I was in center field at Heidelberg when another pop was hit in my direction. A big tree behind home plate kept me from seeing the ball. There had been quite a crack of bat on ball so I again started for the fence. Suddenly I saw the ball just starting down to land not very far behind second. This one was a little tougher. At the end I stretched my legs in front of me and with a sitting slide caught the ball. I used this because if I had missed catching it my body would have blocked it. Again, a hero.

¹ Senior year.

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In practice the next week a fraternity brother came to me. He asked why the coach chewed him out for trying a diving catch while I was a hero. I told him it was simple. I caught mine.

Just after the annual carnival Eddie Wagner challenged me to box with him. I tried to back out gracefully but he asked me if I was afraid so I put on the gloves. In less than a minute he left his jaw open so I hit it as hard as I could as I had been taught. He got mad and took off the gloves. Then I told him I was afraid this would happen and why it did.

We played hearts at the house on weekends and I got rather good, but no money ever changed hands.

Late in the fall Leolo and I went to the movies and when we got out it was raining hard. There was nothing to do but go out in it. She suggested we run. I was amazed at her speed.

That winter she wrecked a knee in sorority basketball and was laid up for a time. I visited her every night until she got back to class. In the spring I walked her to our house and Mother joined us for a walk which was rather extended. Later, when I asked Mother about her she said she seemed nice enough and if she suited me she was alright with her.

I proposed at the Xi Beta Chi house on the front porch in the spring. Much to my surprise I was accepted. It was understood that we would not be married until I had a secure job.

Our graduation week pictures to us seem to show our intense interest in the future.

I sent out about a hundred applications and got fifty rejections. The others didn't answer. I never knew until then that there were so many ways to say "No."

I enrolled in summer school to complete my teaching subjects¹. Leolo did, too, as she hadn't found a job. We lived just across the corner from each other, two blocks from the campus. We were together as often as possible and shared a meal ticket which I got punched more than she did, much to my embarrassment. I designed a Rose Window for her and together we made a replica of an old Dutch house and a few other things for a course in which she got an A. She told me one day she could do cube root which I doubted as in Engineering we were taught that no way was yet discovered. She showed me how to do it with the one number that could be used. I gave her another number and asked her to do that one. Then I explained that number she had used was the only one on which you could take the cube root by the method shown her. Of course, she would never use it. Some of our teachers weren't the greatest.

One day half of our class under Miss Akron (she was as big as the dirigible, hence the name) were sent to the blackboard and told to outline the book, the books being on our desks. I promptly told her I hadn't learned the names and order of the chapters because if I ever wanted to know them I would look in the book. I got away with it, too. It was well known on campus that I was a member of the Engineer's scholastic fraternity, Nu Theta Kappa.

One Thursday I asked Miss Akron what would be happening on Friday, as I would be at an interview. She told me that the class session would not have anything special in it, just the regular things. On Monday, I found I had missed a test and she was very irritated at me. I told her I had informed her on Thursday I would be gone to an interview on Friday and she had said there

¹ He stayed at ONU another year to get his teaching credentials. In 1933 he again graduated obtaining a BS in Education.

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would be nothing but the regular class. I took the Friday test and all was forgiven. Incidentally, I got the job. Leolo was hired for a country school outside Deshler.

I had noticed that the other members of Miss Akron's class were long winded. One day our teacher told us she wanted to read two of the themes turned in the day before. She picked up a single sheet of paper about three—quarters full and read my paper. I was surprised and wondered what was wrong with it since I had covered the subject. Without comment she picked up three full sheets and read them. This paper also covered the subject — four times. When she was finished she asked which was better. Few said anything but they seemed to feel that the latter was better for some unknown reason. She then said the first covered the subject and quit while the second also covered the subject and repeated three times. I felt better. I got a good grade in this course.

Our college days ended and I went to Quincy. However, I must relate three things that were interesting and so far left out.

There was a strike in the onion fields around McGuffey, just south of Ada which was a little rough. The strikers were nasty and so were their families. We went to McGuffey one Sunday to look. The kids threw dirt at the automobiles - dirt streets and it was rumored that tacks were being spread on the road to Ada. After we got tired of glares we started home. At the edge of town Leolo took over the wheel and I laid over a front fender looking for tacks. Tires had tubes then and they punctured when a tack or nail went in one. I didn't see a tack and we didn't get a flat. I've often wondered why every visitor was an enemy of the strikers, they thought.

Part of my last summer I picked berries for Lawrence. The remainder, I played softball in Quincy. My reputation preceded me. I was supposed to be good. In one game the bases were full when I came to bat. The first pitch was slow and a way outside. It was obvious to me I would be walked so I *set* the bat down behind me with a hand on it and leaned lightly against it. The next pitch was across the plate fat and slow. Before it arrived I picked up the bat, got both hands on it and really hit that ball for two bases and three runs. Then I laughed.

One of the high school boys wanted to box me that summer. He boxed left handed so it took a little "getting used to". The second day he left his jaw unguarded and I hit it as hard as I could. He didn't go down, but he didn't know where he was for a time. That was my last boxing until Dunbar and Marvin.

When Franklin D. Roosevelt closed all banks until their assets were checked I tried to withdraw some money for a trip to Deshler. I didn't get the money but went anyway. That time I was really "broke". The trip was nice, as always.

One more college story. Baseball players umpired fraternity softball games my last spring. I didn't like it very well - lack of confidence - but I did it. I was base umpire one day in a game for the championship. One man was at second so I was just to the right of the second baseman and a little behind the bag. The batter hit a hard grounder to short so on a close play I called him out at first base. The man on second went for third and I called him safe on a close play. Both teams got after me. That's the only time I ever saw both teams yelling at the umpire at once, but my decisions weren't changed. I am sure I called both right. However, a classmate told me, "no wonder the varsity is losing games if all are as blind as you". I never forgot that crack.

Life after College 1933–19??

The summer after graduating in Engineering¹ I considered joining the Navy but decided not to do so because I was sure I would have a job before three years were up. I'm glad I didn't so I went to school.

I stayed at Grover's for my first year of teaching², having about a two mile walk morning and evening. I received a hundred dollars a month for nine months that year. In the winter there were some really cold days and no stops on the way. Grover and his family were on relief. The meat they got was really good, but I was a paying guest and was quite embarrassed about the relief.

I taught seven periods a day and had gym class the eighth period – no time to prepare lessons at school. My subjects were science, agriculture, math, and seventh and eighth grade arithmetic. Early in the year the county superintendent decided I wouldn't do because I wore a jacket instead of a coat to school. I couldn't afford a suit. He resigned before mid-year and his successor liked me. All my agriculture class knew more about the subject than I did, but someone had to do it.

One problem I had was interesting. The music teacher's granddaughter wasn't the best in physics but she was the best in the Senior Class. The music teacher talked to Bard, our Superintendent, who talked to me, then the grade stood because it was an honest grade, a B, not an A.

The seventh and eighth grade arithmetic classes gave me some problems. One class would be in the room theoretically studying while the other had class. We had some great talkers and clowns. One day Jay Sherwood, a bright little seventh grader in the front row was particularly obnoxious and wouldn't settle down. Finally I picked up the paddle and told him to come out in the hail with me. I left the door open for effect, but we went around the corner. I told him to bend over and discovered a very flat fanny about the size of a book so I alternated, one hard swat square on the book for the others to hear, then a lighter one on his legs to make him dance. What a fine, well behaved group I had when we got back in the room. They were scared, all but Jay and he smarted a little. He had been like he was so he could get me to hit the book, but I missed half the time.

I developed an early return to the room for miscreants. They didn't think that I, too, had to come to the room early. There was an older midget in the eighth grade. One morning he was unbearable so I told him to return at twelve-thirty and sit in his seat. I came in at that time and he was standing at the back and the room was half full of observers. I told him to sit in his seat and he suggested I make him to, so I went back, grabbed him from behind, and pulled him to his feet with him grabbing every desk and me jerking him loose. Finally I sat him in his seat and told him to stay there. He did.

With various seats temporarily changed one day one of the bigger boys was sitting just in front of me and to my left a little. He was making a lot of noise and I told him to be quiet. Suddenly he came out of his seat with his fists doubled. I gave him a slap in the jaw which caught him off balance. He fell back in the seat and broke it loose from the floor but he stayed there and quieted.

I didn't go around beating up pupils but there was one other time I got physical. One cold day we froze out of the science room and went to the Home Economics room for General Science class – on chairs. One of the boys decided to disrupt the class by talking aloud and making a general nuisance of himself. I set a chair up by me and told him to come there and sit. He told me to make

¹ In 1932

² At Green Township School, Shelby County, Ohio where he had attended 1st through 4th grade.

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him. I started back not knowing what to do when he told me to be careful as he was a wrestler. As I got to him I told him I was glad he was a wrestler and that I had fooled around with it a little, too. I went behind him and put a full nelson on him (my arm under his arms and then up to press behind his neck.) I yanked him out of the chair and one of my vest buttons popped and hit a glass across the room. We marched to the seat I had designated and I sat him down hard and told him to stay there. He did. I stopped him after class and urged that we get along together in the future.

I had left Green Township Schools after Dad died when I was in the fourth grade. Mostly the people remembered me as a ten year old.

Early in the fall I went with Bard to a Superintendent's meeting in Toledo. As everyone was much older than I it was difficult for me to fit into the group of four strangers at our table until I stuck my fork into my bird, tried to cut it and it slid off my plate over by the plate of the man on my right who looked at me for an instant and said, "Shall I hit it in the head and throw it back?" That was the ice breaker for me. He looked so dignified.

One day Grover said he had heard that we were having school on some holiday. I told him we were. He told me to tell "them" that Maxine wouldn't be there that day and if she was marked absent he would really hit the roof. I told him I took the roll and on that day if she were missing I would mark her absent just like everybody else who were missing. I did and he didn't.

We won both boy's and girl's county basketball championships that year. I coached the boys. This was the school where Hazel (Wiles)¹ Hawes had been on a championship team. We didn't do well in the District Tournament as both guards were sick but playing. Leolo came to our tournament in Sidney.

As the only faculty member with stage experience I was director of the school play this year.

In the spring I bought a Ford Roadster with a rumble seat so I could get to Deshler and take some baseball players to games. As we were leaving Pemberton on a rough road one day Bob Moon said, "you missed one." When I asked him what he meant he said I had missed a chuck hole.

After school was out I moved to Willard's to help farm. On June 8 I left for Deshler. Mother knew why I was leaving² and told Willard after I got out the door. He called congratulations and good luck. I wish Mother could have gone, too, but there was no way to get her back.

We were married by Dr. Robert Williams, Ohio Northern University President, on June 9, 1934. We lived in an Ada apartment, downtown over a drug store which was a gathering place for the young men of Ada. We received many suggestions from them which we heard very well in our apartment, but we failed to follow through. I was enrolled in summer school and played baseball with Ada that summer. My first game after our marriage was a disaster as I struck out each time up with roars of laughter from the remainder of our team. I also played softball as I had the previous summer.

One evening we went with Hale Messenger to Kenton to visit Avanelle McCloud, a sorority sister of Leolo's, who Hale later married. Hale decided to pass an auto on the road with another coming toward us and discovered another in the right lane moving slowly. He tramped on the brake and

¹ His brother Willard's wife.

² To get married.

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turned around in the road. The auto he had just passed was able to pass us on the left but for an instant I thought we had it.

We enjoyed Ada that summer, knowing we would never live there again. The term ended and we went to Deshler. A very few days later we left for Chicago and the World's Fair. By now we had moved to a much better Ford Coupe.

On our return we moved into an apartment in Sidney, about eight miles from Green Township School where I had been the previous year¹.

I just remembered, in the summer we played a baseball game with a team of girls. They had two high school boys pitching and catching. We started hitting rather well and their shortstop came in to pitch. I believe I had just singled. On the first pitch I stole second. I then took a good lead and she whirled and threw. I just stepped back with my back to her and got the ball in my ribs. It hurt, but I wasn't going to rub it. When I came to bat the next time she threw one at my head and I backed away. The next one was at my left shoulder and I fell away. The third pitch was at my ribs and I hit the dirt. I backed out of the box, told her I must have insulted her and whatever it was, I was sorry. She then had control. Now back to work.

I had little discipline problems in school as they had tried me out the previous year.

I had started a mechanical drawing class which was quite popular and successful at the beginning of the year.

One night we called Bards to say we'd be out for a duck dinner, we would bring the duck. We did. We were there often.

One day we heard a pop in the kitchen, went out and saw an egg which had been cooking, on the ceiling. For a time at every evening meal I got a very painful neck. I guess Leolo's cooking was a pain in the neck. I had told her in Ada that as long as she cooked like she did there I'd let her stay around.

I played basketball with a club in Sidney. One night I got a very sharp blow in the eye which I had to explain often as my eyes always turn very black.

We had a regular forward and a substitute in basketball who were very close. One home game the substitute fouled out in a peculiar display of alleged basketball. Shortly after, his friend fouled out and ran past the referee with a fist out and ran it into the eye of the referee who told me about it after the game. The following Monday I called in their uniforms. Every game after that those two were present and very vocal in their criticism.

I wrote and directed a tournament skit after basketball and directed two school plays.

We practically lived on round steak at ten cents a pound.

We returned to Deshler for the summer. I spent my time playing baseball with the Deshler team, moulding in the foundry and looking for another job.

¹ He taught a second year there.

McClure, Ohio 1935–1938

The McClure coaching job was open. I applied for it, worked at getting it, and finally got it, promptly resigning from the Green Township faculty. P.E. Teegardin was my new superintendent.

I had a good year at second base for Deshler and hit well as a clean up hitter and was a base stealer. I started a triple play, the only one I ever saw, catching a low liner just off the ground, throwing to the shortstop on second, who threw to first. It was quick and left the crowd speechless for two or three minutes. I could have made it all by myself.

I always liked helping make things in the foundry so that was fun too.

We got our last two months pay in the middle of the summer and we were able to go to the Dallas Ft. Worth World's Fair¹. Halfway there a tire blew and we went the rest of the way there and back with just four tires. Our first stop was Mammoth Cave in Kentucky which we had visited with the Subers two years before, and then on to Dallas.

In Dallas we found a room in a private home for two nights. Was it hot!! The first evening after dark I went to our coupe to get a cupcake. I bit the cake and it bit back. I turned on the overhead light and found big black ants in our cupcakes. We threw them away.

Our room was next to the bath. We heard a peculiar low scratching noise and finally caught big cockroaches running up and down the door. We went to the family kitchen, turned on the lights and an army of cockroaches fled to their holes. I had never seen cockroaches before.

Leolo got a cigarette burn on her arm in a crowd. She was just tall enough.

Dr. Pepper, the soft drink, was being introduced there. It was difficult to get a cold drink so we existed on Dr. Pepper samples and still like it.

Billy Rose's Jumbo Circus was the major event to me. It and it's elephants were big. Bananas Robinson, a clown, was my favorite performer. He had an endless variety of things in his clothes and a very good act.

We were in the front row for Sally Rand's strip show not from Leolo's choice. She was embarrassed. However, I looked very closely and didn't see anything that I didn't recognize, but not quite enough. We got away from Fort Worth before a divorce was imminent.

We were in Fort Worth one night. The day was our hottest. The next morning we started north to see the grasshopper eaten crops. They all were. We got into some small Iowa town just before a rainstorm. We filled with gas and then the rain came in torrents. Suddenly everyone came pouring out in the streets laughing. I asked the filling station operator if everyone in the town was crazy. He told me this was the first drops of rain for about four months.

Heading north, we saw many grasshoppers and few crops. Leolo got a close up photo of a stripped corn stalk. One day after we got home she showed ~ this picture and described it as grasshopper eaten corn. The fellow looked at it and with a blank face said, "I don't see a grasshopper eatin corn." He roared when she explained it.

¹ This was not actually a "World's Fair", but was a fair to celebrate Dallas' centennial.

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We visited with Leolo's Uncle Ben in Omaha, Nebraska for an hour or so then went to Chicago, and back to Deshler. The total cost of the trip was \$83.27. We drove 2,765 miles.

The McClure Schools started the day after Labor Day. My salary was \$1,400 for the 1934-5¹ school year, an increase of \$200 over the last year at Green Township.

Our rented house was seven rooms, without water, and a kitchen range, a base burner and an auxiliary coal stove for added heat as needed.

We went to Deshler on Labor Day, the day before school started, with Leolo driving. Halfway there an auto came out of a stop road and hit us in the door on my side. We were going thirty to thirty-five miles an hour at that time.

Neither of us saw the car until just before it hit us. I remember reaching for the door handle and faintly remember running backwards down the road trying to gain my balance. Then I remember picking myself from the road with a big knot on the back of my head and running back to check on Leolo. A Deshler neighbor girl had lost~ an arm the year before in an auto accident. I noted that our car was turned around, headed the way we had come, and Leolo's lower right arm showing under the edge of the top. I tried to lift the car and couldn't. I then went to the car that had hit us, which was resting in the ditch aimed in the direction from which they had come to get help. They were all in shock. About that time several fellows from a little town north of the accident arrived. They had heard the accident. They helped me lift the auto onto its wheels and retrieve Leolo who couldn't walk. One fellow was on his way to Deshler, so he took us to the Subers. Dr. Johnson was called. She had received a broken arm, broken nose, and sprained ankle. I left her there, missed the game, and eventually went to McClure alone. It was really lonesome for the next few days until she came back.

I played baseball and basketball with the McClure teams all three years we were there. I hit poorly the first two years and resorted to bunting a lot the last year. I was rarely thrown out on bunts.

Our Basketball seasons were not good as the high school team had been very poor for several years.

It took me very little time to find that my first McClure High School team was very poor, so we started learning how to play - all the things I had learned in college from a very good coach. We ended with a fair team. Our third baseman hit .625 in the fall and dropped out of school to work at home before spring. Otis Heiserman, a freshman who came to me as a slow learner took to baseball. He absorbed everything I said and was very fast, but I had no uniform for him. One day our best pitcher came to me with a gripe which I felt was not legitimate and threatened to quit. I asked him to turn in his uniform quickly if he planned to quit and he did. I gave it to Heiserman. The next day the pitcher wanted it back but I told him I had given it to someone else. I did say that if he really wanted to come back I would see what I could do. I looked in our extra equipment and found a holey sweat shirt and a pair of pants that were about to quit and offered them to him. He accepted them and never after criticized.

I started Heiserman in left field in the next game. His first time up he singled, went to third on another single and on an infield grounder slid home on his back with his spikes kicking. The catcher, who had the ball, got out of the way. Heiserman did well in baseball and his grades

¹ This would have been the school year of 1935-6.

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jumped because he studied hard. He was proud of what he was doing in baseball and felt he must make good grades.

We always drug our skinned baseball infield the night before a game. Twice someone drove an auto around on it making grooves that night so I got the players together and asked who did it. They said they didn't know, but would find out. Two days later they told me it was a certain boy from another high school. I suggested they give him word that if the field was messed up again they would beat the hell out of him. They told him and he didn't.

The boy's basketball team when they assembled was the worst I had ever seen — even worse than that Quincy team in my senior year. We tried that year, but with the exception of one game I was very dissatisfied.

I started intramurals of various types after school and they were very popular.

The girl's basketball team hadn't won a game in three years and, with the exception of Jeanette Shively who came in from another school, only one player, a guard, had played before. We got beaten badly the first game and as the season progressed our scores went up and those of our opponents went down. Near the middle of the year I showed Leolo the record and said we would win a game soon. We won the next game and all the remainder of the season by increasingly large scores.

I scouted our toughest opponent and noted their favorite play was a simple pick-off play with a forward blocking an opposing guard. In a team meeting I diagrammed the play and pointed out how to stop it. Then I said when the trailing guard sees the play coming up she should yell, "Shift". Maxine Ballmer, with a straight face, asked what the guard should yell. I told her I had said, "Shift", but if they wanted to use another word they could substitute. I think they did although the word sounded something like shift. Then all of them would laugh. I had a very happy team.

One night I was working on passes and breaking. The center would pass to one forward who was supposed to pass to the other for a clear shot, but she never got one. I said I would show what to do. When the pass was made, I faked right and drove left putting my head about six inches into Ila Rose Adams' tummy before I bounced back and landed on my fanny with a thud. She had simply taken a step to the left and braced herself. Anyway, guards and forwards learned from this.

In the fall we joined the Methodist Church and attended regularly.

In our spare time we played much cards and monopoly and attended picnics.

I had taken the teacher's examination in Biology and English the last annual ones given last year so I could teach biology. This year I went to Defiance College daily to get certified. The remainder of each day I worked in our garden which hadn't been used for years. The ground was hard Williams County clay. When I picked beans I put on an undershirt two shirts, wrapped up my head and often wore two pairs of pants to partially protect against the mosquitoes, which were bred in the settling pond at the sugar factory¹ near us. The stench from the plant was not noticeable in our area but the other end of town was ghastly.

Again I played baseball, rather poorly - no hit.

¹ This might be a misplaced memory. The sugar beet factory was in Paulding which came later.

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My second year began, with a salary of \$1,350, a decrease of fifty dollars because a vocational agriculture teacher was hired.

In baseball we won nearly all of our games as our team had matured. The outstanding play was made by Otis Heiserman. In left field one day, he saw a high fly hit to center field and ran over to help if needed. He stopped about eight feet in front of, and facing, our center fielder and waited. The ball hit the center fielder's glove, popped up about five feet, and Otis grabbed it. I had talked of this, but this was the first time I ever saw it.

Pete Chamberlin, our catcher, got hit with a bat on the top edge of his mask on a swing, was knocked silly for a time, and bled like a stuck hog. We stopped the flow and he came out of it and caught the rest of the game

The boys basketball team was a little better, but not worth talking about.

Our girls had quite a year in basketball, winning every game in the regular season. The only thing of note was the dislocation of Evonda McClure's shoulder away from home. She and another girl had both hands on the ball and at that time the referee should have blown his whistle, but he didn't. Evonda was rather slow in her reactions so when the other girl turned her back and pulled the ball over her shoulder with one of Evonda's hands under it, then jerked, out went Evonda's arm. She wouldn't allow her new wool basketball jersey to be removed for two weeks. It must have been a big discomfort to her.

The tournament was for the boys but each year the two best girl's teams played the preliminary to the boy's final game. Of course, our girls were one team. I don't remember who the other was. When we went out for practice I never saw a prettier team than ours. Each girl had a new permanent, thick powder, beautiful nails and was very conscious of the crowd. They couldn't catch or throw the ball and their shooting was terrible. I knew they were really out of it. We returned to our dressing room which was a sixth grade classroom with an oily floor as they were then, to keep the dust down. I tried to settle them, but got no attention as they were repairing the damages of the pre-game practice with compacts. Just as we had to go I had a brilliant idea. I said I had noticed the balls were slippery so before they went on the floor I wanted them to get down and rub their hands on the floor until they were nice and oily before they went. They wilted as I stood at the door and checked hands. I sent two girls back to get them oilier. We all know oil makes hands slippery, but these girls were so mad at me they wouldn't and didn't fumble for anything. They gave our opponents quite a lesson in an easy game. One of the girls several years later told me how irritated they were.

Our house was heated by a base burner – hard coal – and a stove and kitchen range. The kitchen was a converted back porch with a sloping floor. Since only our base burner was banked all night I often hit ice when I stepped on the kitchen floor and slid under the range.

Our upstairs bedroom was, of course, unheated this very cold winter. One night we came home and I hurried to bed to get warm. Leolo was a little slower. As she rushed into the room she yelled, "Timber!" and jumped over the foot of the bed landing on top of me. The head of the bed promptly gave way and there we were with our feet well above our heads. After Leolo got under the covers and I quit laughing I got out and took out the remaining slat, letting the bed go to the floor. We slept there for two weeks.

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Of course, we had no bathroom and we got water from a pump across the street. Leolo once said she got a bucket full of water and before she got it home it was frozen solid. I think she meant she was frozen solid.

At Halloween time the Subers¹ were visiting us and some boys came along to soap our windows. John was helping by telling them where the soap wasn't thick enough so I suggested they soap the windows of the car outside. I believe they left the windshield clean. John² was a little irked.

We were again successful in baseball this year.

During the winter the House of David of Michigan came to play the McClure town team. They had a seven foot center and mostly small fellows in the other four spots. When I went into a room where their center was dressing I noted that his belt was at eye level for me. During the game they would make several points, their captain would yell something and then we would score so the game was close. We had a good crowd. My man asked me to go easy on him as he had been injured very recently. I told him I would unless he tried to make me look bad. Things went well until he got on the front end of a fast break and I flattened him. He reminded me and I said I would do this every time he tried to beat me to the basket so he took it easy. Our center finally got on a chair at the end of the gym and launched himself on the big man's back because at six feet five he was too small to stop him. The big boy stood inside the foul line for a pass and didn't miss the basket. With my man quiescent I moved over under their center and when he took a pass I would grab his arm. One time I got my hands laced over his arm halfway between elbow and shoulder. He stood to his full height and I discovered my feet were just off the floor. Then he started to shake me. With my feet flying and my hands slipping, I tried to bounce my toes off the floor, missed and slipped, landing splat on my fanny. He leaned over, looked me in the face, shook a big finger at me and with a big grin said, "You're a dirty player." Another time I hit him at the knee while our center jumped on his back. I was flattened. Again he shook that big finger at me with a grin and said "you're a dirty player." Everyone had a good time.

The next night they were at a neighboring school with a small crowd and the big man sat in the crowd half the game while the other four won by a big score.

One night in spring I came home and our cat went wild about a closet in the house, literally asking me to go in it with her, which I didn't. I went into the kitchen and she tried to get me to go into the summer kitchen which I wouldn't do, either. Later, when the guests came for my birthday party and Leolo brought presents from the closet and still later, when we got the dessert from the summer kitchen I knew what the cat had been trying to tell me. I understand cats better, now.

The year ended and I started working in the Deshler Foundry. John came out often where I was moulding, sat on a mould and visited with me. He had a great variety of dirty stories and intimated that Leolo and I were well versed in sex. I always assured him we had never even thought of such a thing. This was incorrect, because the thought had crossed my mind but surely not Leolo's mind. It was very educational. John Romaker was the other moulder and Skip Wink was more or less our "gofer". Skip was about seventeen that summer and gullible. He always chiseled the hardened iron out of the cupola after we poured our moulds. He stood on a trestle in a very confined space in the cupola. John would slip upstairs with a full water bottle and give Skip an extended squirt and then disappear. Skip would come out fast, turning the air blue with his comments and looking for John. One day John stayed at his moulding and I squirted the water.

¹ Leolo's parents.

² Leolo's father.

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Skip came out looking for John, but he was there and I wasn't. He asked John where I was and was told I went over to another shed to get something. He never looked for me.

For the first time we had a very nice garden.

School started. My salary was \$1,300, another fifty dollar decrease because we had a higher priced agriculture teacher. I decided I couldn't afford to stay after this year.

Our baseball team lost two games that year of 1937-38, both to Holgate by one run. Holgate was state champions. We clobbered several other teams. In one game I put Ikey Mowery in the outfield in the sixth inning as a pinch hitter with the bases full. He hit a home run. His dad was visiting all the school board members that evening saying, "There! My boy hit a home run and he won't let him play!" Teegardin, our Superintendent, asked me about it the next day. I said Ikey didn't know much about baseball, was a poor fielder, and just had a ball hit his bat. I could have added, "Who do I take out?" That's the last I ever heard of it officially, but I knew Doc Ruder, a board member, was after me.

The main item in boy's basketball was that Paul Moon stopped a wild elbow with his nose which was broken. He was our main point getter. The number of elbows and even fists aimed at the nose was truly amazing. The team, generally, was a little better.

Maxine Ballmer, a forward, hurt her knee something like mine was, in a game and had trouble a few games after that. The first time it happened I went out on the floor and treated it in front of everyone causing a scandal for feeling a girl's leg. After that, she went to the dressing room and I disappeared, into the dressing room to treat it.

The girls played the old basketball, only taking one bounce before passing or shooting. In an out of town game Maxine started for the basket with a big bounce and charged into an opposing guard turning her out of the way as Delores Wilcox took the ball and with another bounce shot and made a basket. The referee then called Delores for a double dribble. I was on the floor at once asking him if he had seen the play and explaining it to him. I then told him to watch the ball closer as he would probably see it again. In a matter of time the play developed only this time Maxine took the guard with her shoulder and dumped her at the side line. The referee didn't see this as he was watching the ball. We had never practiced this one.

We won all our games and played Deshler in the tournament exhibition game. That one got interesting. Our girls were not in the clouds as it was just another game, but Deshler was. They had a female coach who was right up with them. I suggested our girls make a lot of noise, a device at which they were very good. Very early in the game one of their guards got to the middle of the floor and drew her arm back to *pass*. As her arm started forward Maxine stamped her foot behind her and let out a yell. The pass beamed a bald headed man in the third row of the bleachers. The guard was no lady. I read her lips as she turned to Maxine and her remarks were very unladylike. And so it went on defense. They used a zone defense and our girls couldn't puncture it. Our fastest girl was Mary Ballmer, a freshman and our fourth forward. I instructed her to go in for Jeanette Shively, our slowest and smallest regular, and just run in and through the defense to confuse it. She did and it worked. We beat them nicely.

Somewhere during the second half their coach went on the floor to object to something. He then came to me and told me I had to keep our girls quiet. I was noncommittal and said nothing to the girls. Again their coach came on the floor and again I had a visit from the referee. Later she went out again and he visited me to tell me he had told me to keep our girls quiet. I asked what he

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would do if they didn't quiet down. He said he supposed he would have to call a foul on me. I told him to go ahead, but be ready to explain the foul. There were no more interruptions. When the game ended he came to me to ask what this was all about. I told him he had heard our girls out there yelling. He asked about our girls on the bench. I told him only the girls in the game yelled. He told me he assumed it was the girls on the bench. I told him I knew it and that ended. We won rather easily because everything bad happened to the Deshler team because of an up in the air coach.

Leolo was pregnant this spring¹ – immaculate conception I suppose. She went with me to one night of the county tournament and heaved copiously in the crowd waiting for the doors to open. One Sunday we were a little late to church and she also christened the front steps of the church. I don't remember any other displays.

Leolo had been substitute teaching at Malinta the latter part of the basketball season. She was even asked to coach the girl's team in their game with us, but declined.

We were both in a play directed by Teegardin, in the spring. In one scene I accidentally shot Chauncey Connelly and said, "Oh mother, I've shot Bud." When we first practiced that I laughed each time until Teegardin told me he would beat my ears off if I ever laughed one more time. I wasn't afraid of him, but withheld the laugh after that.

We had a Womanless Wedding in the gymnasium that winter. I was Mae West and was a rather attractive woman. As I came in the back of the room and worked my way to the stage I sat in laps and left a lot of lipstick imprints on various men including a perfect print of lips on a bald head. I enjoyed it and the crowd did, too.

We had a cat all the time we were in McClure. Our last year, we got a pup. The cat continued to dictate, but he didn't pay attention. She started jumping on a chair and waiting until he walked under, then jumping on his back, sinking in her claws and running. As he was about to catch her she would stop and roll over. He would come up over her and she would claw his soft belly until he got away. I wondered how soon the dumb dog would quit chasing her but he kept at it until one day as she rolled over he turned around and sat on her. As she tried to scratch his tough rump I could see him straining to sit hard. She finally got away and never tempted him again.

Our first year, she was asleep on the piano when the Methodist Ladies Aid Society met at our house. They were quite talkative as usual and then one gal who was afraid of cats sat down to play the piano. At her first notes, the cat jumped on the keys in front of her and paraded up and down on the keys. Of course, the pianist left fast when she landed.

Leolo and I were driving south of town along the river one nice spring day when a left wheel came off an approaching car and passed it coming at us right down the road. I slowed and let it go past in front of us and into the river.

I was not rehired before school ended because of Dr Ruder, but Teegardin told me I would be. However, I started working on the Principalship at Paulding and getting ready to go to Ohio State for my Masters Degree in School Administration². On our last day in McClure we gave up the house and we rented a third floor apartment near the campus.

¹ This would have been a year later, in 1938.

² He had started attending Ohio State the summer of 1937.

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Leolo enrolled in three Home Economics classes. Our apartment was hot.

I joined a softball team which wasn't very good, but we had a lot of fun. I played third base and learned not to block the bag after picking myself up in the coach's box one evening.

Classes were big and teaching wasn't very good. I worked very hard in reading and writing as needed. One paper I wrote was on the subject of how I would adapt in a new school – try to meet everyone, join all available clubs, etc. My instructor called me in to tell me that wasn't the way to do it. He had taught in a rural school, then went for further education and didn't teach any more until he got his doctorate, then he taught in college. I finally told him, with his philosophy, he wouldn't last the first semester in the school to which I was going. Then the meeting broke up.

We had taken our cat to Columbus with us. Whenever we left we always left plenty of food and water for her. We arrived near our apartment and discovered the neighborhood in an uproar. A poor cat had been left for the weekend by unthinking owners. We checked, and it was our Nancy, still with plenty of food and water. I guess she just got lonesome.

Our money was very short so our last meal at the end of the summer was three boiled potatoes. We each ate one. I was starving. Leolo was pregnant and said, "You don't want that other potato, do you?" Oh, how I lied. I said, "No."

¹We went to Grover's in a little town a few miles north of Columbus to wait until Saturday's commencement. This was Thursday. On Friday Grover asked how long we planned to stay and was much relieved to hear we were leaving the next day. This was late in the depression.

On Saturday, we drove to Ohio Stadium and had to park a little crooked because there was one space and someone had parked over the line. Later, when we came out we had a flat. A policeman blamed our car for being parked wrongly. I changed tires.

The commencement was a big thrill. About five hundred of us were graduating and the armory was full of relatives. I had Leolo there, no one else. After changing the tire we went to Deshler, stayed overnight and went to Paulding to look for an apartment. We found one, on a second floor, a block away from the business section and maybe a quarter of a mile from the high school.

¹ This commencement at Ohio State University is probably out of sequence and happened two summers later.

Memories of Orville William Hawes

Paulding, Ohio 1938–1943

Our apartment was HOT at night and I, for one, couldn't sleep as the storm windows didn't open. I eventually got used to it, but in the month very pregnant Leolo was there, she didn't. Near the end of October I took her to Deshler as there she would have a quick trip to the hospital in Toledo which she wouldn't have at home. It was safer.

Our classes started in the old building. I was not familiar with some names and called a boy Git Guy which drew quite a laugh. His name was Getchey. All the boys and girls seemed a little more sophisticated. Boy, were they. Educated in physiology, too.

One evening I got a call from Deshler saying Leolo was about to start to the hospital. I promptly went and spent the evening with her comfortably leaving at midnight. I was in school the next afternoon when I got an urgent call and left immediately. Even then nothing happened until late at night. After I checked out our new son's arms and legs I was ready to leave as there was nothing wrong with his lungs and I couldn't be sure of anything else. I checked on Leolo who was sleeping, and went to Paulding. Each afternoon I visited and we found Marvin very healthy. I took both home to Paulding after a few days in Deshler.

At freshman initiation, I, as a freshman, was required to don a girdle which I did with much embarrassment.¹

We didn't have many boys out for scrimmage, so our coach asked me to scrimmage with them one day. We had the ball and the coach as quarterback set up a pass play to allow all of the varsity line to get through toward him, me to take two steps forward from my fullback position and take a pass. Everything worked except that the line rushed so that he threw the ball quickly, just as I jumped. The ball hit my hands the instant the varsity fullback, backing the line took my legs out from under me. I lit on my shoulder blades on ground that felt like concrete. I rolled over, got up slowly, and with galloping black spots before my eyes said I had had enough and slowly made it to the dressing room. That was my last appearance as a football player.

One day in Biology class I called on a boy to answer a question. He couldn't do it and told me their teacher last year (my predecessor) didn't teach like that. I asked how he had done it. He always called a person to stand up and then asked him several questions, then he put down a grade. I had met this type of teaching in college and didn't like it. I leaned on test scores mostly. I told the boy this was another year and I didn't conduct class that way.

When we moved into the new building we had 234 students. I taught Algebra, Biology, General Science, Physics, and Chemistry, and kept one study hall. I also kept a one hour detention group one evening a week after school. I was High School Principal and Athletic Director except for discipline which Buchanan handled.

One evening I saw a boy who belonged in detention go out with the others. I intercepted him at the front gym door. He said he wasn't staying, but I persuaded him to come with me under threat that I would send the law after him if he didn't.

A few of us formed a new group – four couples. Very near my birthday we hosted the group at our house with a ham dinner. Later I noticed the men going to the kitchen for a drink of water often. I went there and discovered the left over ham on which we planned to eat during the week nearly consumed. Later in the evening they decided to swat me to celebrate my birthday. I dived

¹ This seems to be out of sequence and referring to Ohio Northern.

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to get under the table, but didn't quite make it as I discovered when I received two well placed kicks before getting farther under.

Over our five years in Paulding our group had many very pleasant get-togethers and did many interesting things including seeing the initial showing of "Gone with the Wind" in Bryan, Ohio together. At the end of our years we were playing "Hell" or "Pounce", eight handed solitaire. We all rolled up our sleeves so nails would not break by catching on clothing and slammed down cards hard. Rarely did anyone escape at least one scratch.

And so I again enrolled at Ohio State for the summer¹. We had a second floor with an open stairway and a crawling Marvin. We laid a chair across the opening when we were there to keep him with us. We often took him in his buggy for a walk on campus. Since Leolo was not enrolled this year she needed exercise. He was young and eager. He would get in a standing position at the front of the buggy holding to the sides and yell at every co-ed. I really think he yelled at the men too. We were quite in the limelight.

Since our softball team had asked a few of the better players of last year's other teams to play with us we had a better team, but no catcher. I became catcher by default. Our pitcher was FAST! Our catcher wasn't too bad.

In our class I sat by Woody Hayes, a graduate of Miami University and a high school assistant coach who was moving up to head coach the next year. They were class A state champions. Under Woody they were far from that, but before he was fired he joined the Navy and was on Paul Brown's staff in coaching Naval service football at Great Lakes Naval Training Depot. When he finally got out he became head coach in an Ohio College, made quite a reputation and was hired at Ohio State when Paul Brown left. He finally resigned under pressure in 1979 after many great teams because he slugged an opposing player on television.

After returning to Paulding we somehow had time and money to take a trip to the Gaspé area of Canada with the Fosters, leaving Marvin with his grandmother Hawes at her house. It was a great trip.

In preparing for the Canada trip with Don and Dorothy we got all the information on Eastern Canada we could find and each weekend got together to discuss our route. We finally settled on it and on where we would spend each night. Things went very well except that our route was changed in route and we didn't stay at any of the places we had listed.

We left Marvin with my mother and we four took off on July second going by way of the Thousand Islands and then east on the Canadian side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. We were in a two room motel on the night of July third and it was cold. During the night I heard Don up tending the fire. I got up about daylight to attempt to get the temperature higher. That was our coldest Fourth ever. In Montreal we saw the changing of the guard at the Parliament Building and I bought a necktie. Then on around the Gaspé Peninsula. On our way we were intrigued by the highway department - an ox cart, a man, and a shovel in charge of a certain length of road - maybe a mile or two.

We bought a loaf of bread at a roadside Dutch oven and some bologna and had sandwiches for lunch. They were funny looking because we had no knife so we broke off a piece of bread to go

¹ This memory should probably have been combined with the one from the following summer below. Marvin was only with them at Ohio State in 1939, the final summer.

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with the meat to eat. A little seemed to go a long ways so we had bologna and bread when we were through with no desire to eat more of it. Don, that night, took a walk from our motel room and disposed of it - on top of another unit. We had left it in the auto, locked, in the sun for a time that afternoon and were nearly knocked down by the rich odor when we opened the car. Our room was a two double bed room with a very thin curtain between, and a shower.

The next day we were at the point of the Gaspé Peninsula in a small town where we obtained an evening meal and beds for the night. The house was immense. There was a part for company, where we ate and slept, living quarters for family, and living quarters for daughter and son-in-law's family.

We went to bed about eleven and I immediately started to regret the 25 cents I was spending for my use of the bed. I had heard of beds of Revolutionary War period but never expected to sleep in one, but here it was, complete with ropes across and up and down to hold the tick. I finally worked out a place fairly comfortable on my side at a certain place, but that was a long night until I heard the family at five o'clock. We then got up to experience the joys of fishing. We then went cod fishing with the two men of the family. We four and the two ~ men went into the Gulf of St. Lawrence in about a 20 foot boat and anchored 7~Out came 20 9 fathom chalk lines tT2U~f~it)~ with two large hooks on the end to be baited. Out came finger stalls for the men's forefingers with two extras which Don put on. Each then threw out his line, holding it rather taut. Sooner or later there was a little tug and a pull up with a medium or large cod on a hook. I put on one finger stall (that was all there was) and got out the other line. I had fished for small fish when I was a kid that bit harder than it felt like these cod were biting, but the cod were about 120 feet away. I caught 13 and one or two dropped off as they came to the surface. Eventually one of the men told us we were about out of bait so very soon we would have to go in and get some more. Don promptly said, "If I get on land, I'm going to stay there." I had been looking at the water rising and lowering in front of me at the side of the boat, and suddenly felt the urge. I looked at the fisherman in the back with me and said, "I've been feeding these fish herring for some time, now. I'm going to try something else." I promptly leaned over the edge and heaved a very large quantity of the "tong" fish (tongue) I had eaten for lunch. As I came up he said, "What's the matter? You seek?" To which I replied, "Not now but I sure was." So we promptly got ready to go back. Suddenly I noticed Leolo had developed a very sickly looking green color. She went to the side and heaved. She told me later she had felt terrible, but couldn't heave until I did. She did it one more time on the way in and her color improved. Incidentally, I skinned the finger without the finger stall pulling in the fish.

Right after our lobster lunch we started out. The road was a series of ups and downs and we were in a hurry which combined, churned my lobster very well. All at once I asked Don to stop but after I went to the ditch nothing happened. When I returned, Don suggested I had better drive so I could judge any necessary stops. I drove slower, but all at once I braked hard, pulled for the roadside, turned off the motor and jumped for the ditch before we stopped. After I filled the ditch and stood up I saw Don closing his camera. I kept on driving - feeling better all the time. I gave driving back to Don just before we got to Quebec.

We found a "little ouse" just of f the Chateau Frontenac's formal gardens for \$4 a day for two days. We went for a walk along the Esplanade (a long walkway along the river) down to the Fort and return, then gave up because we needed to recover from the previous night.

The next morning we secured a guide (French speaking, but English spouting about the city sights) and first went down to the narrowest street where we were quickly surrounded by ragamuffins each saying "Penny! Penny! One penny!" with his hand out. The guide kept them

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away from us with directions in French. We then got in Don's car and toured the street, then left. I had studied the battle of Quebec a lot and was much taken with the old city wall and gate and the battlefield outside the wall where the English found a way up a cliff at night and attacked the French, driving them from the field. We even saw where "General Wolfe fell died on this spot," as our guide put it. It was a great tour. We then went to the business section where Leolo and I were taken for honeymooners by a few people.

Then back to Sous le Cap, the narrow street. We quickly discovered that without a guide the kids crowded in on us so we got in the auto to leave. They got on the fenders, hood, spare tire and everywhere but inside – the doors were locked and the windows up. There was barely room, but Don started out, losing no one, then opened his window and started knocking them off the fender. I followed suit with several lusty pushes. The street widened and Don started to accelerate. Our hangers-on dropped off one by one before we went very far.

The rest of the day we looked over Chateau Frontenac which by then was a hotel and its gardens.

The next morning we were ferried across the river and went on to the U.S. border where we discovered we lacked the necessary papers to get in. Finally, they let us in because Don was an employee of the U.S. Government. I believe it was at Houlton, Maine.

Then on to lunch at a house which fed a few University of Maine students at the state capital, then to Cape Cod where we viewed the sailor's monument at Gloucester.

Then to New York where we registered at a downtown hotel. Since the Fosters had been there and we hadn't they suggested we split for the evening. Leolo wanted to see Radio City. In my mind I decided to hold out for a stage production. Olson and Johnson's show started with a brief few movie shots so I bought tickets for that and told her I had taken care of the matter and that there were movies in the show we would see. Then we got on a rubber neck bus and got caught in a traffic jam due to a fire with a fire truck bumper about a foot from our bus on our left. When we start out things happen. Later we ate at an automat and they were taking publicity shots of a well known actress, Betty Hutton, getting her food not over six feet from us.

We went into the theatre, got seated, and waited a little while Leolo got a little grouchy. We were on the right end of a row near the back. Eventually a fellow who seemed to be out of it came wandering down our aisle to the second row, took out his ticket, compared number with the fellow on the end, conversed awhile, lifted his hat, apologized and climbed clear through the whole row - at least 25 as the next to end seat was open. He climbed into the aisle, tipped his hat, compared his ticket, and a lady came in and sat in the seat. He looked all around. Finally he went on the stage looking everywhere for a seat. The orchestra leader finally handed him a chair, which he took with thanks, went to the side of the stage sat on it, propped himself against the wall and opened his paper. He only stopped reading once, when a chorus girl kicked the paper out of his hands.

Then the production began. It had about everything in it even to a fellow jumping out of the top front balcony, holding on with his hand, of course. I was very happy. Leolo was completely satisfied.

The Fosters said the next day they should have gone with us as they didn't do a thing.

So we went home. It was nice to see Mother and Marvin.

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As usual, I played baseball in Deshler every other week, returning from Columbus.

Again I was teacher of the ladies class of our church. Leolo decided to let Marvin play outside with a line from a tree tied to the back of his suspenders. His first time out he got to the end of the line leaned out and howled. She took him in. The next time, after suitable conversation in preparation she tied him again and went back in the house. Just as I drove in she came out to check on him. The line and his overalls were there, still tied, but he wasn't. We found him two blocks away, naked as a jay bird walking along. He was never tied again because it was obvious that he didn't like it and would figure some way to get loose without disobeying.

Incidentally, that fall we had an area band festival in Paulding one day with a night program so many families kept visiting band members overnight. We put two in our bedroom and were out that night with an adult baby sitter keeping Marvin. We got home about 4:00 A.M. and were in bed in his room just as the sun started to come up. We must have made some noise, because he sat up, looked over, said Ba-va very enthusiastically, pushed on the wall with his foot to get his bed to the foot of ours, climbed on our bed, up me and sat on my left ear, I since I was on my right side, put his chin on his hands, elbows on knees and watched the sun rise without a word. I wished for a little while that we had never had him.

We bought Marvin a Taylor Tot for him to exercise instead of running all over the house all the time. One cold day I lifted him in it to the kitchen table and went into the next room. Hearing a steady loud noise I returned to the kitchen to find him jumping in it and the back coming off the table quite a distance at each jump. I put it back on the floor so he wouldn't jump off the table.

I bought him a little football and we were amazed, but understood when he called it a shoe ball.

One day he brought me a grape from our vine saying "Is this good for moufes?" I didn't understand even when he repeated. Since Leolo was better at foreign languages than I was I suggested he go in and ask her. Then he blurted, "Is this good for my mouth?" I told him that they were very good when ripe and that one 'looked ripe. He ate it.

My biggest problem this year was Joe Malone, our new coach. He was a big Ohio Northern graduate with a bigger idea of his own importance. He objected to almost everything, most violently to our schedule and to our class A basketball rating. I pointed out a few problems if we changed, but he never changed his mind. I didn't either. I suggested we win a few games and see the pictures from there. That year he scheduled a Christmas vacation basketball trip to his home area apparently with Buchanan's approval and took Ed Keysar, Junior High School Principal along. Joe wouldn't speak to Ed from the time they got back until he resigned. Ed said he didn't know what the problem was but believed it was because he had objected to being the baby sitter for the team every night while Joe was out.

Suddenly athletic eligibility became a problem with Buchanan and I needed to check carefully. Ed Beamer, the band base drummer was failing two subjects and I brought this up in a conversation with Buchanan, but got nowhere.

This year we had more boys out for athletic teams and had better teams. Our income at games was up. We still lost in the Class A Tournament.

I joined the Masonic Lodge that fall, a thing Leolo had wanted since marriage, but a Lodge had not been convenient. It was a rather rough one, but I enjoyed it. We both then joined Eastern Star. She was not eligible to join until I became a Mason. There was a pool table in our hall which I

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used often and I learned to play hearts there. There were Saturday night dances which we attended.

World War II was declared that year and in the spring the Paulding Company was called up. The send off was very sad to Leolo and me. The second Lieutenant was shot in battle within a month in the Pacific. I had told my chemistry boys that they and I would be in service not far in the future. I got a high number in the draft and later was declared exempt from military service because I taught science and math and later also was in administration. I often pointed out that I was the only civilian in the war who didn't make any money because of it.

We were in the country on a Sunday winter day and saw a strange vehicle driving the road. It was a snowmobile designed for North Pole exploration being taken to be loaded for the trip. That was the beginning of later snowmobiles.

That spring we set up in Paulding High School a plan for exemptions for certain worthy students from final examination. I set up to finish our book in each course two weeks before the final day and reviewed for two weeks with a test each day. An 85% average on all tests allowed exemption in each class in my courses. Four to six students made that average or better in each class. I then took most of the final questions from those tests. A fair student should have had an easy time. I had very few failures.

And so to my final summer at Ohio State¹. I enjoyed my summers, but they did get long.

We returned to the same second floor apartment with Marvin a bigger problem as he always wanted to move the chair and go downstairs. This year we attended several afternoon college movies with him and were often out with him.

I still played softball on campus and occasionally baseball in Deshler. We won the college championship in softball with about the same team as last year.

One of our players got a bad case of poison ivy on his knees. After much questioning he finally admitted there was a girl and a secluded place involved. I let it drop.

In a course I got carried away on a term paper and spent many hours researching superstitions of many kinds. Suddenly I discovered I should have written the paper the week before because the end of the term was at hand. I got busy and whipped out a real gem of a paper – the best I ever wrote. I think my instructor thought so, too, because I got an A.

I had arrived that summer with two chapters of my thesis which I promptly gave to my advisor. Two days later I got them back and started over. I turned in a new chapter the next week and got it back the next day with words to submit any future work to his assistant as he was too busy to waste his time. I got MAD. I discussed the subject with another professor, then began to write. It flowed and I had the first chapter quickly, but waited a couple of days before turning it in. The assistant looked it over, made a few suggestions, and told me I could now turn it in to my advisor. I did and he liked it. The rest of the thesis followed very easily and I knew it was good before I submitted it. After he had approved it he told me he knew I was very angry, but he wanted to see what I could really do. He suggested I write articles in the future. I was very proud.

¹ 1939. This memory should probably be combined with the one above. Marvin was only with them at Ohio State in 1939, the final summer.

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My written exam was next and I was scared as were many others, but I sailed through it.

My oral exam by my advisor and another professor was really something. They asked two or three questions about my thesis, then settled back, put their feet up, lit cigars and visited with me socially. They had decided I would graduate before I went to them.

About three weeks before the end of the term I got a letter from the office saying I couldn't graduate because I didn't have enough credits. I assembled my records and went in to the Bursar's office. They didn't have all my credits listed. About a week later I got a note from that office saying I would graduate. I particularly wanted to graduate in three summers because a fellow told me it couldn't be done.

Commencement day was a big day for me as I had never been in such a big class and, of course, never before got a Master of Arts degree.

One more item on Ohio State softball. We being at the top of the league we were fair game for all other teams. In one game, I as catcher, heard at the end of each inning from our infielders how attempts were being made by opposing base runners to knock anyone who was close down – intimidation. Late in the game the Ada High School football coach was on second for them when another player grounded through our infield. He rounded third and took off for me. I was standing just in front of the plate, not in the baseline when I caught the ball just before he came aimed just above the knees with a flying body block. When he got there I bent my knees and hit him on the back with both hands, one with the ball in it, as hard as I could. He was driven into my knee chest first and rolled to the pitchers box. I told him I was tempted to hit him with the ball as he lay there and he said, “Go ahead.” But I didn't. They picked him up and sent him to his room. The next day I heard he had at least one cracked rib. Their dirty play ended as did that of all teams. We were ready for more though.

I got home to a kitchen needing paint and a call from General Electric in Fort Wayne about hiring me. They put me through three of four days of indoctrination and then I got to the final man. He promptly asked me how I was in the draft and I said, “2A (exempt because of a job).” Then he told me there would be no use of them hiring me because I would then be 1A and shouldn't have applied. I said, “I didn't. You offered me a job.” We called it off.

Then school started and Malone was back. He spent much time this year telling me my baseball letter was for a minor sport while his football letter was for a major sport. I really didn't care. He was also a big critic of my scheduling. In football, we had helped start a league of area schools a little better than our county ones so we were playing better teams, and won the league championships. Malone sawed my combination lock from a locker in the dressing room and kept storing up points with me.

This year I had two Solid Geometry students I tutored all year as we had no class in that subject.

My pre-flight course was very popular and, I felt, although no one had flown they went far in it. Of course, I got criticized for teaching a course about something I had never done, by some.

Oh, yes, the kitchen got painted before school started and I fell off the stepladder doing it.

I set up a Biology unit in Patent Medicine to show the requirements and lacks in regulations. I divided the class into committees of five after we studied the law on this and then set them to making, naming, labeling, and writing ads for their medicines. On one label I noted this medicine,

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with much sulfuric acid in it, would grow hair and eliminate hair. I doubted the growing part but knew the elimination part was true. Probably the slowest boy in the class came to me in the study hall one day with a book and pointing to a word asked if this name would be good for a patent medicine. The word was formicarum, which means a temporary home for ants. I told him I thought it would. Somehow his grade improved a little for that.

The year got near the end and Malone went to our five school-board members telling them that if they let Buchanan and me go, 'he would stay. Apparently he was having problems with Buchanan, too. I've often wondered if he wanted to be superintendent, principal, athletic director and coach. I believe he did. In a meeting, the Board decided that they would allow him to leave, not mentioning Buchanan and me. He promptly resigned, but a week later told them he had changed his mind and would stay. One Board member came to me to ask if I would work with Malone if he were rehired. I told him it was my job to work with whoever they selected. About two weeks later he finally resigned. Happy day!

Right after school Leolo and I hosted a picnic for our four couples previously mentioned at a park along the Miami River. This was our last get together as the Fosters were leaving town. We played Red Light, which entailed one person blindfolded and the others scattering until the one blindfolded called, "Red Light." Everyone then stopped and the one blindfolded found and identified a person. Things went well until I was caught and blindfolded, I heard a little giggle, went toward it, and fell over a low fence. I finally caught someone with a large fanny, swatted it and said, "That's Don Foster" and suddenly got the idea it could be Blanch Todd - one characteristic in common. It was Don, however. We played until dark and then went home.

In the summer of 1942, Paulding schools issued ration books for the government – sugar, etc. Arnajeau was only a very few weeks old so I arranged a picture and article on her being the youngest sugar baby in Paulding county. She was born in Paulding County Hospital.

I surveyed roads for the county that summer and had a great time. I had only a quarter of college surveying behind me so I was no expert. When I got stuck I asked my rod man what to do and he told me what others had done. I did likewise and it worked. We were surveying roads and I was making cross sections of them on a map for use in the next depression. They were never used. I often wonder what became of the sleeping¹. I put in one cross section. I expect he died since it has been over thirty years since then.

Buchanan was in New York that summer starting on his master's degree. Since Buchanan was not in town my job entailed taking the designated (by Buchanan) new coach, Don Ogden to be interviewed by each board member. The last one operated a shoe store and as we entered he was just finishing with a customer. After introducing them I stepped back to observe. After a short interview it was clear to me that both were satisfied. As we turned to go the Board member said, "By the way, which church do you attend?" Don said he was a Methodist. Harry let it stand until Don's hand was on the door latch, then said, "I've often said a Methodist is as good as anyone when he behaves himself." Don wilted and opened the door defeated. Then Harry said, "I'm a Methodist, too. Welcome to the community. After the door closed behind us I told him I was a Methodist and so was Buchanan.

Don was hired. Just before school started I was visited by a committee of three football players protesting his employment, saying he was not a good coach. They suggested he be let go and another man who could coach hired or I take over football coaching. I pointed out the fact that

¹ The word "sleeping" is probably transcribed incorrectly.

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they only had known two coaches so their ideas might be a little in error. Second, that Ogden had been hired because of his good record. Third, that he had a contract that could not very well be broken. Fourth, that I had no football coaching experience and, anyway, had no time. They said he had no new plays, but planned to use those from last year. I suggested these must be good plays because they won last year so they might, again, if the players cooperated with the coach. I attended part of each practice for a time to see if they were. They were.

After the first game the upheaval ended because we began a very good season, again winning the league title and nearly all games. Ogden's brand of football was hard blocking and tackling. In one game a colored boy, very black, was about to tackle an opponent when two other players hit both of them, from different sides. The colored boy was helped out of the game. I saw him close up and noted his blackness was a dull gray. He was almost out.

That year Bob Lucas, our fast, 200-pound Junior fullback was on the All-Ohio Football Team, deservedly so.

During basketball season I went to our doctor for some reason. He told me he thought Ogden was running our boys too hard as many were losing weight.

Because of the labor shortage school had been postponed for two weeks and I had been asked to be chemist for the tomato cannery. I accepted, but testing the specific gravity of the cooked tomatoes to find when they were done was easy. I was a laborer in that department by choice the rest of the time. We cooked in large open vats in fly season. The flies were numerous over each one and often, a fly suddenly fell into the liquid. There was no way to get it out. The liquid was pushed through a screen so that no large lumps of anything was left before canning. On visitors' day someone asked the boss's son if flies didn't fall in the vats. He said they occasionally did, but they were strained out before canning. They weren't, just broken up.

Somehow we, with Marvin and Arnajeau went to Michigan Dunes region. Marvin and I played in the dunes while Leolo and Arnajeau were by—standers.

I got appointed in the officer line in blue lodge – Masonics – and joined Chapter and Council (Scottish Rite) this fall. I found myself busy as senior steward as I bought supplies for refreshments, without any help, prepared it, hurried upstairs to be appointed Senior Deacon and participate in the meeting, rush down and serve the refreshments, clean up and put away, all without help, then go home — never a dull moment.

We had a dramatic club this year and presented a three act play. Buchanan was the director and I was the male lead. It was well received, but I remember little about it.

This year I was not a Sunday School Teacher and I enjoyed the men's class very much. One day I walked in about four inches of new snow about a mile to church. Our preacher was surprised to see me as a lot of others, living closer, didn't come. This was Rev. Rodeheffer whose son, Calvin, was a High School Junior that year. We were hoping the church would allow Calvin to stay for another year, because a good team was developing. Our front line was 6ft3, 6ft2, 6ft1, and one guard was 5ft11. However, three years was it and the Rodeheffers left at the end of the year.

I was teaching a High School Mathematics course which was more Arithmetic. My best math student asked about taking this course for a fifth subject. I allowed it and told him I would allow slide rule results for him. They~ were close but not always exact.

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Two girls who were twin sisters enrolled in my advanced algebra class. Both had very good grades, but practically no math courses so I doubted their abilities. At the end of the first grading period one of them dropped the course as she scored a “C” grade courtesy of the teacher when she was a candidate for valedictorian. The other stayed in and by year end could think fairly well.

In our regular review of Physics that year Carolyn Crowell came up to the last test needing to answer all twenty test questions correctly to get her 85 percent average. Everyone in the class including the teacher was rooting for her. I made the test a little easier and held my breath. I graded her paper before anyone left and she had answered all questions correctly. She had really studied and the adrenalin was really flowing.

During the spring we had several delegations of board members from other schools to visit Buchanan and me about me¹. Stryker board seemed the most consistent and set up a date for me to go to Stryker for a Board meeting in May. I accepted the job at \$3,600 that night. We then contracted to buy a Stryker house.

Leolo, Marvin, and I went to see Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus in Defiance. There was such a crowd I thought we would be in the traffic jam the rest of my life.

In August this year we went to Holland, Michigan to see the tulips – all four of us.

¹ He was being considered for a Superintendent of Schools position.

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Stryker, Ohio 1943-1947

We discovered that the tenant in the house we had purchased was not moving until he was paid for the coal he had bought for the winter. We immediately paid him and they moved quickly. We moved in late August.

The house was a big one with four bedrooms, a bath, and a balcony upstairs and large entry way, living and dining rooms, kitchen, and pantry downstairs. The kitchen was a poor one. We had two lots and a garage. The third floor was an attic and we had a full basement with one room unusable because of an old cistern outside which leaked water and mud into our basement. It was the best house we had ever had. It was located half a block from the town center and about four blocks from school. The Post Office was just off the back of our lots. Soon after one woman expressed her surprise to me at our buying a house. When I asked, "why" she said, "maybe we won't like you." I promptly said we had never yet lived in a town where we wanted to spend the rest of our lives.

The town was a farming community of about a thousand people. There were a grade school and a Junior-Senior High School in different buildings. There were about 80 in the upper four grades.

Bill Rex was the new coach and high school principal -attendance and title only. He had an office above the stairs. Mine was on the first floor with a full time secretary.

Needing to learn traditions, feelings, etc. of the school almost every day I called one or two persons separately to the office to talk. Each came boiling mad, to my surprise. Finally I called Bob Cowling and he, too, came mad. I asked him why and he told me a trip to the office previously had been very unpleasant so, of course, everyone was angry. I said that I only wanted to talk. He said, "we know it and are talking about it. Give us a little time to get over the past." He was so right. The feeling quit.

We had fall and spring baseball, rather poor, and winter basketball, poor the first year under Rex.

In fall baseball, a vicious line drive foul hit one of our younger girls on the side of the head. She didn't seem to have any ill effects, but I took her home at once. She never had any problems, thank goodness.

One of our junior farm boys was kicked by a horse at home one evening shortly after we arrived and was killed instantly.

We started a kindergarten and enrolled Marvin. The teaching was not very good. I had picked the teacher. It was on the second floor of the grade school.

I taught math and science courses — a full load and tried to supervise the school. One day I visited our first grade on a cloudy day and was amazed at the darkness of the room. We got larger bulbs that year and better lighting the next year.

We often went places with the Kellermeyers. He was on the Board of Education.

I was also active in Masonic Lodge – Junior Warden – and was on our church board. Leolo was active in ladies events in our church and the community as well as in Grange. We were very busy.

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That spring after school I drove daily to Paulding to survey ditches for the county. Some ditches had no fall while others had 0.5 inches per foot (the minimum allowed) or better. On one ditch which most of the farmers abutting the ditch wanted cleaned out was specified by them as mostly draining another farmer's land, meaning he would pay for most of the cleaning if correct. I was directed to survey the land in the area and found that the one man who supposedly had his farm drained by the ditch had three-quarters of an acre draining into it. This raised the cost to each of those requesting the clean out that the idea was dropped.

I had to survey a very thick second growth area to get true readings on that drainage. I set my transit out in a field and sent two rod men into the undergrowth with an unjointed stick which they would put together at a spot and raise. I would record two readings from it in my log book, then tell them to move and they would disassemble the rod, take so many paces in a given direction, put the rod together and lift it up for another reading. It was very slow work, but we got the job done. I spent a lot of time that summer in the office making plats and other things. This job was a joy but I finally had to go to Stryker full time.

This year I joined the local volunteer fire department as able bodied men were few. This was a learning experience as I had never been close to a fire department.

One day we were called to Evansport, a little town south of ours to a house fire – upstairs, with a lot of smoke. We put out the flame, but had even more smoke, so two of us went up, with gas masks, to see the source of the smoke. We couldn't see anything at arm's length away so we felt from wall to wall. Somehow, my hat, which I shouldn't have been wearing, was knocked off and I couldn't feel it around my feet. I decided that, since my mask's lenses were clouded with a fog because of the heat, if I took off my mask for a quick look and then put it on quickly I would be all right. I yanked it off, saw my hat, and tried to get the mask on quickly. I couldn't. The only thing left was to grab my hat and run for the stairs. I did. When I got to the front porch I laid down, sick as a dog, and was for a few hours. So I learned not to put on a mask if I could help it. I don't believe I ever did again.

As the years passed I remembered our family activities which were more numerous and less of school affairs which were alarmingly much alike each year. We now had three children so we could expect things to happen at home.

One day we were eating in our kitchen, which we classify as the worst one we ever had. Arna Jean kept dropping her spoon from her high chair and I kept picking it up. Finally, I told her, "The next time you drop your spoon I'll get a string and tie it around your neck". The inevitable happened. I dropped my spoon. Our resident comic, Marvin, promptly got up not telling Leolo when she asked where he was going, went to a drawer, brought back a piece of string, handed it to me and said, "Here, tie your spoon around your neck". I did.

Being on the church Board I was very concerned about the lack of order in Marvin's Sunday School class and one night in Board meeting talked about it. I was assured that others were concerned, but no-solution was at hand. I found that the teacher wanted to quit and I was asked to take the class. I said I didn't need the class, but would take it. They were very restless my first Sunday. Finally Gene Emery Bowles, a neighbor, climbed out the window. I told him to come back in and sit down. He wouldn't until I said, "If you don't, I'll come out, bring you back and set you in a chair." He came, but was conspicuously absent after that. The class settled down. I asked for relief and got it the next year.

Memories of Orville William Hawes

Rex and his student secretary from the previous year continued and Kellermeyers continued on me.

I was Junior Warden in the Masonic Lodge this year and we were active in Grange. Leolo was active in her sewing circle, church women, and was an Eastern Star Point.

Marvin decided to go home with his kindergarten teacher's son after kindergarten. We wanted him to go home from school, so Leolo called me about his absence and I went after him. I explained why he must come home first after school. I then warmed his pants before taking him home. I hated to do it, but he always went home first after that.

We put on a "Womanless Wedding" in Stryker that year. All the cast were men, of course. I was Mae West and when I was introduced came in from the back of the auditorium walking leisurely and stopping with various men to sit on laps, neck and distribute lipstick copiously. I was quite a hit. We have a picture of me as Mae West. Two fellows made colossal fools of themselves by getting drunk and lousing up their parts. I've often wondered why some men do that.

It was in this year that I determined to get out of the school business as soon as I became unfrozen after the War.

This summer I was working for the U.S. Employment Service getting cannery help for Archbold and another cannery. My job was to find women for the lines as there were few unemployed men who were worth hiring. I simply went door to door offering jobs to housewives and got plenty.

The local company sent a school bus to Harlan County, Kentucky to get men. The next morning when I walked in their front door I was met by thirty-six men sitting on the floor with their legs stretched in front of them. I was very careful not to step on any as I moved the length of the hall. As these men had not worked for some time it was decided to pay them that evening. No woman was safe outside her own home that night. There were two known rapes, several fights among the men and the next morning several were in jail. Several others had taken off for home. The same pay plan was in effect the second day and fights were quite general with more in jail and more leaving. Then pay was withheld until the end of the week. After three weeks three or four of the men were still there and one of them stayed in Archbold to work after his time with the cannery. They didn't need this again, though as a few more local men were available the next year.

I was also trying to get a full time job with the company but was never successful.

I worked later in the summer at Bryan Manufacturing Company, a part of Essex Wire. There were probably thirty-six women in three shifts and two men and two boys on each shift with the boss on our shift. Our shift worked either day or evening on rotation. The job was to take thread from large spools and rewind it on small spools for use in the machines insulating electric wire. My job was to take incoming shipments to our stockroom in the basement and then bring it to the factory floor as needed. As I had additional time I helped prepare the jobs to put on the machines, helped in shipping and often ran a spare machine when we had one. I always had the thread by the machine where it was needed when the job started and re-supplied as thread was used. It was educational and interesting as all my jobs had been.

Arnajean was a great friend of our postmistress as the post office was close, and visited her often. She also had Mrs. Would Do, a fictitious lady, who often visited her as Marvin had had Hawk who got left in Athens, Ohio. He had outgrown him.

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Denny was born this summer – another example of a change of water for us – again immaculate conception.

The Fire Department was called to put out a fire in a vacant house. The chief had given us a talk about loafing close to a building on fire and the dangers. This time another man and I were sent up a ladder in the attic with a hose to put out a small fire. As we were doing it we heard two other firemen just outside below us talking. Obviously they were standing. As we extinguished the fire I began a discussion on the dangers of standing near a building and we decided to give them a lesson. With full water pressure I pointed the stream of water at the shingles above them on their side and gave them one squirt. We then got down fast as they beat a retreat wondering who the jerks were in the top of the house. It was good to know we got them wet.

One night the fire alarm rang, but I wasn't feeling very well so finally got up and went to the fire station after the truck had gone to Archbold, a town a few miles from us. Two of us stayed at the station in case of other calls. The others were gone nearly all night as the fire was a factory with a room full of paint, much of which blew up. Two of the fellows later told of being behind a metal drum spraying the fire when the paint blew. I was glad I wasn't there.¹

This late summer we had starlings – many in our large maple trees². It wasn't safe to walk outside in the evening in our yard and our ground was covered with dung. A neighbor came over each evening and shot into a tree to scare them away. We then picked up dead birds, killed crippled ones and buried all in our garden.

Just before school began I went to Capital University in Columbus to interview a possible English teacher as our last one had resigned late and we had no other source. Late that day I loaded the new teacher and her gear in my auto to make the trip home. As there was no place prepared for her to stay we put her in one of our upstairs bedrooms right next to ours. Later at night Leolo and I awoke to an awful stench which we finally decided came from the adjacent room. I was up very early and was soon joined by the new teacher ready to go home saying that something in her bedding caused her a severe asthma attack. By this time I had had enough of her and prepared to take her back, in the meantime starting feelers for another teacher. We got a local person. I was certainly glad to get home after this second trip counting my blessings that we hadn't signed a contract with her.

We had a working agreement with another school that we would have their music teacher one day a week. She knew nothing of discipline and caused me problems all year. She also mistreated Marvin on occasion to get back at me.

This year I was Senior Warden in Masonic Lodge.

I was still trying to get a job in Archbold industry. No luck.

Miss Chronoberry, senior class adviser and I took the senior class to Detroit, then by boat to Niagara Falls and return, then to a radio station before returning home. My main job seemed to be caring for sea sick seniors. Leolo was along, too.

¹ Orville failed to mention another favorite story: One day, he was granted permission to drive the fire truck. This was one of those trucks where the fireman rode standing on a platform in the rear. Orville drove across railroad tracks at about 50 miles per hour. Although all of the firemen managed to hang on, Orville was banned from ever driving the fire truck again.

² The entire town and surrounding area was plagued with them.

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Another summer, the second at Bryan Manufacturing doing the same things - everything but with one difference. Our boss asked me to be in his place while he was on vacation. I thought of several reasons why I shouldn't, but he always came back with an answer. Finally, he said that if I wouldn't, since there was no one else to do it he would just not take a vacation. He was a nice guy, so I promptly said I would do it, but he might have a few unhappy women when he came back. There were two machines no one wanted to run. I always assigned those on time to the better machines leaving these for the usual two late comers. One girl, mostly late, got one of the least desirable machines several times in a row and established for herself a policy of leaving at the mid-shift break. I had all of my work done by that time so I ran the machine the remainder of the shift.

This summer I took a little skin off my right forefinger with a rope and later it started to swell and get very sore. The outer skin even separated from the inner layer and I carried it above my head to keep down the pulse beat in it. Our family doctor diagnosed it as gas gangrene and cut the outer skin away with scissors. Then I really had a touchy finger for a time.

One day our cat¹ came across our yard with another tomcat – very friendly. They wandered up to our enclosed back porch (without a door), our cat stepped aside, politely, to let his guest precede him and waited until the other put his nose in the bowl of food. Then he jumped him from behind being careful to guard the way out. The guest cat fought frantically to get out and finally made it, going across our lots and around a store with George after him.

That was typical of George. We found a dead cat in a neighbor's yard one morning. Another day a dog got after George who ran to a place where nothing could get behind him and then came out after the dog who got away as quickly as possible. He was a nice cat for our kids, however — very gentle.

We had been buying milk from Kellermeyers for over two years. This fall Mrs. Kellermeyer decided we shouldn't get any more milk so we went elsewhere for it.

This year I was master of our lodge. Leolo was Associate Matron of Eastern Star and I was Associate Patron. She had been a star point for several years.

We had a boy move into our fifth grade who was an epileptic. Fortunately I heard of it when he moved and talked to his teacher about it and what to do. One day a fifth grade boy came running into the office to tell me his teacher wanted me right away. I went at once and found the boy on the floor in the middle of the room with his teacher down by him with a pen wrapped in her handkerchief in his back teeth to keep him from biting his tongue. Most of the boys were looking but most of the girls were hiding in the cloak room scared to death. She asked me what should be done with her class. I declared recess sending all of them out to the playground while we got him to the restroom. I stayed with him and she called her class back, then gave them a talk on epilepsy, among other things saying we had known this might happen but not wanting to make him appear strange. The next day he was again one of the kids. If he had had another seizure they would have looked, saw he was having a seizure and gone about their business. I had great respect for that teacher.

Paul Baltosser had two children in high school, a girl doing well and a son not doing very well. He had almost thrown my predecessor out of his own office one day. We didn't know what to do

¹ Named George.

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with the son, but I felt I must call Paul in soon. All of his teachers were studying the situation. One day a younger teacher came to me saying she believed he couldn't hear well. She had tried him out. I called Paul in and told him we believed we had found his son's problem in school and explained. Instead of blowing up he listened with interest and then said he believed we were right. He had been knocking his son around for not paying attention. I told him of the hearing testing possibilities near us so he asked to take his son out of school that afternoon for tests. Later he brought him back and told me he definitely was hard of hearing and had been fitted for a hearing aid. After he got it the boy became a different person personality wise and a good student. Occasionally we won one. That winter we had a violent sleet storm which broke many limbs of our big trees around the house. Feeling very bad, I had to go out and chop the wood into convenient furnace lengths. I had had jaundice¹ the last half of basketball season so I wasn't in the greatest shape and kept feeling worse as the year wore on.

In February, the Board President announced at the Board meeting that this was the time to hire the superintendent. I immediately said this should, then, be a short meeting as I was feeling badly and wanted to get home early since I wasn't coming back the next year. This created a very lengthy discussion asking why I wasn't coming back until rather late. I was then asked if I would help hire the teachers. I said I would recommend all those we had, but would not help hire new ones as they would not be working for me.

The remainder of the year was as much of a vacation as I could make it as I was feeling terrible. I even told our senior class advisor that I couldn't go on our senior trip. She promptly told me it was part of my job so I made plans to go and leave Leolo at home with our three children. In the mean time I tried not to act sick but the war was over and I was going to work for the Ohio Society for Crippled Children as soon as the senior trip was over.

I forgot to say that the seniors had decided to have a "skip" day and all stay home just before examinations and I had said that if they did there would be no commencement. Olin Kellermeyer stopped the "skip" day so we had commencement.

So the seniors, their advisor and I took off by bus for Detroit on a morning soon after. I felt worse and worse as we went – motion sickness. We then got on a Lake boat for the trip to Niagara Falls with a high wind – rough sea, so of course I felt even worse, sleeping very little that night. By the next morning I was up and moving almost in a daze. About this time our adviser must have decided it would have been better to leave me at home. Mostly I sat that day.

The class saw the falls. I guess I did as I was with them. We started back to Detroit by boat that evening. The trip was smoother and I even slept a little, but I walked very poorly in Detroit at the baseball game and the bus ride home was very difficult for me. I couldn't even dare to turn my head. We finally made it home and I went to bed when I got home. Actually, I couldn't walk from our bathroom to the bedroom without Leolo's help.

The next day I couldn't stand up. In fact, every time I turned over I had to lean over the bucket and heave. All of this was so pleasant since I was supposed to be on my way to Chicago to attend a National Staff meeting for the Ohio Society for Crippled Children. In the evening Leolo called Underwood, Ohio's Executive Director in Chicago to explain why I wasn't there. He told her to tell me to wait until I was able, then come to Columbus to start.

¹ Hepatitis

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We needed a regular pay check so I went before I should have gone as I was still unstable and when I looked right or left had to focus before I could see, making it rather dangerous to drive, but I was very careful.

I failed to mention that Arnajeau started tap dancing here. She always enjoyed it.

I became Master of the Masonic Lodge my third year here.

We also had a severe sleet storm this winter that broke many limbs and we couldn't see out the next morning. I chopped up the wood although I didn't feel like it. I kept going down hill from there.

Now, my driving to and from Columbus was rather dangerous as I had tunnel vision. Great fun! I also staggered a little as I walked and considered carrying a card saying I wasn't drunk.

My first Monday morning I checked into the Y.M.C.A. and went to the office at 5 West Broad Street, the middle of town. I found I would have southeastern Ohio and was scheduled to live in Logan. I objected as I wanted to be in the office as often as possible. I won.

The office staff was Underwood, two secretaries, a publicity gal, a bookkeeper, another girl, and me. About the first week the other gal got fired. I wasn't in but was told it was almost bloody.

I promptly began consultations with Underwood and extensive reading and study on my territory which included Columbus which had a full time executive. About the second evening, Mary Elliott, our Publicity gal, pointed out to me that quitting time was at four. I had never before had a specific quitting time. I followed it, generally, after that.

My area was mostly unorganized as it was rather poorly settled – the dregs of the state, but I found interest there. Evenings I loafed around the Y or went to see the Columbus team play baseball in the American Association. On Friday afternoon I arranged to be out and started to Stryker a little early which was continued as long as our Stryker home was there.

On my third week end at home we had an auction sale of our two lots which was advertised in advance. The bid price was acceptable, so we made plans to move.

I had been looking for a house in small towns around Columbus and finally found one in Groveport, about ten miles away and arranged with a Canal Winchester bank for a three thousand dollar loan, some to be repaid each month plus interest.

Leolo was busy packing. The next week end we finished and on Monday had a trucker and his helper load us up and start out. We started a little later, got there and waited until we felt we would have no furniture that night. Eventually they did come, I believe a little drunk, but they unloaded before dark and left.¹ We camped out in the house that night and I went to the office the next morning. Leolo had a lot of the straightening up done, but we worked quite late that night.

¹ Orville and Leolo had made no arrangements for moving their cat, George. So, the movers said that they would take care of him. They stuck him into the trucks toolbox for the trip. Once released at the destination, George ran away. He returned about a week later.

Groveport, Ohio 1947–1951

The house was of about 1867 vintage with brick walls – the brick made right there – about two feet thick. This made a cool house in the summer time and a warm house in the winter. There was a living room across the front, a family room with gas burner and a bedroom side by side, then a dining room behind the family room and a kitchen behind the bedroom. A small toilet had been built onto the bedroom and there was a glassed in enclosure by the kitchen which we used for storage.

From the kitchen, stairs led to the partial basement with concrete floors and a furnace which heated our first floor rooms fairly well. There was an open front stairs from the side of the living room and a back stairs from the kitchen to the three rooms and bath upstairs with a front hallway. The upstairs was usually cold.

The lock to the front door was complete with a very large key which we used.

The front four downstairs rooms and the bath and two front rooms upstairs were the original structure. There was an abandoned fireplace in the family room.

There was also a cracked wall on the side street side which each year got a little bigger.

On our first day a man knocked at our back door. I went to the door and immediately said, “Hello Wells”. He had been our Stryker Vocational Agriculture teacher in Stryker two years before. He was living in the block. We rented a space in our old chicken coop garage to him.

The house is now an “Ohio Landmark” house.

Our move was made August 5, 1947. Arnajeau was five and Marvin, nine. He entered the third grade with no big problems. Denny was two.

The Gene Mohrs¹, living about a block from us had two boys about Marvin’s age² and Judy, about Arnajeau’s age. Our families got quite close.³ They had a television set so our children were always there. We bought a set in about three months to get them home and incidentally we were some of the first to appreciate Johnny Winters, a Dayton television funny man⁴.

Groveport was just another little town. We lived about three blocks from the business area and five or six blocks from the school. The high school played in a football, basketball, and baseball league, not well but. It had a very little gymnasium and nice facilities for football and baseball. There was a rather large high school district.

I joined the Lions Club our first year in Groveport. I had wanted to belong to a service club for sometime, but this was my first chance. I enjoyed my membership very much. On one of my early Society trips I talked interestingly to the Newcomers town Rotary Club. Its president was a friend from Ohio State days. As his introduction he told of me reminding him of a hungry horse

¹ Gene and Stella

² David and Tom

³ Orville and Leolo were also close to Clarence “Brownie” and Thelma Brown.

⁴ “Johnny” Winters had a late-night television show on WLW-D (now WDTN) called “Winter Wonderland”. He later became famous as “Jonathan” Winters on television, in movies, and on comedy albums.

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fly who was flying about, looking for food when he finally spied a large manure pile in the distance. He flew as fast as he could to it, landed, and started to eat. He ate and ate because he was a hungry horse fly but finally he was satisfied, and decided it was time to fly away. He spread his wings and nothing happened. He again spread his wings and jumped. Nothing happened. He looked around, saw a shovel laying face up, climbed on it and out to the end, spread his wings and jumped. He landed splat on his head. This teaches us not to try to fly too high when we're full of manure. The group, even I, laughed, long and loudly.

Arnajeau and Denny were enrolled in Tap Dancing Class and Arnajeau also took Toe Dancing. Both were enthusiastic and continued the classes for the four years we were there. Arnajeau most enjoyed clowning Toe Dances.

We discovered that a neighbor had been in Rosewood High School when I was in Quincy. We had called him Jackrabbit Downing. He was famous for coming on the basketball floor one time with his pants only half on. He had a son Marvin's age. They didn't get along very well.

Some explanation of my work schedule is in order. I was generally somewhere in my district four days a week, which meant gone from home at least three nights a week. I spent one Saturday morning a month holding down the off ice-with Maxine Elliott, my Secretary. I attended National staff meetings and often national conventions, state and local meetings in state and district.

Our summer camp for crippled children was held at Newark, about thirty miles East of Columbus in a rather good dormitory setting. We planned for about fifty, but had a few more, so we rented a tent for some of the boys. Leolo, a teacher from Groveport, and her sister were the camp cooks and I planned for them to wash the dishes, too, but it was too much. We turned the dishwashing over to the campers under the direction of their counselors. We had a program director who kept everything going. Leolo planned menus, I bought groceries and kept the whole operation coordinated.

We had a boy and a girl, both blind, of high school age. Everyone else went to bed at eight o'clock, but those two we let stay in the main building with off duty staff. The boy liked to play cards. He marked the deck failing to remember the rest of us could see. For awhile he was very surprised to find that we knew as much about the cards as he did.

One night we had a girl singer from Newark out to entertain. Afterward I asked Leolo to take her home. She asked if the blind boy and girl might like to go along. We agreed, so she asked them and they accepted. She later told me they necked all the way there and back. When I heard her drive in I asked one of the off-duty girl counselors to go with me to take them to their dorms. We got out on the drive on a moonless night and the counselor went to the flagpole and tried to climb it. I pulled her down and steered her up the drive to our Ford. She promptly climbed onto the bumper and started higher. Suddenly I knew she was night blind which made her very confused. I got her down, took her to the other side of the car, and said to the girl, "This counselor is night blind. Do you know where your dorm door is?" She pointed and I suggested she show the counselor where it was. She did.

I made a talk about camping at our Easter Seal Society Convention in the fall. I didn't time it before, but I used it all and we ran overtime quite a bit. I learned to check my watch and cut talks down to the time we had.

School started and Marvin and I went, to home football games. I doubt that he saw much of the games. We went to a few basketball games, too.

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My travel expenses were paid each week after I reported them, but one week I reported when our family was very short of money. The check didn't come. Another week went by and I asked Underwood, our Executive Director, about it, believing it lost. He told me I had been paid because when my report was turned in, he OK'd it and gave it to his Secretary, who wrote a check, marked paid on the report and filed it. I went to the file, found the report, the second from the front, without her mark on it, took it to Underwood and had my check within fifteen minutes. I never had that trouble again.

We attended the Methodist Church regularly and I became a Board member. When I expressed displeasure at a Board Meeting because Church for adults never started on time I was asked to be Church Superintendent¹. I said I would but the people wouldn't like it at first.

The next Sunday the organist, song leader, Leolo and I were the only persons present when we started on time. As people would come to the door looking surprised I would promptly stop proceedings, welcome them, wait until they were seated and start again. The first Sunday we didn't get much done but welcome latecomers and start. The second Sunday was much better. From the third Sunday, nearly all were in their places on time. At the end of the year I resigned as I had showed the way and another was ready to take the job.

As a Lion I helped organize Boy Scouts and somehow became chairman of the Scout Committee a short time later. When I became Chairman Marvin was in the troop and I had learned about certain problems of the troop. One night I met with the Assistant Scout Master and we agreed we must replace the Scoutmaster. We had a meeting and I accepted the resignation of the Scoutmaster which hadn't been tendered and then appointed the Assistant to replace him. He was rather surprised. Our troop's program did improve greatly.

When Arnajeane started to² school her teacher asked how old her mother was. After some thought Arnajeane said, "I'm not sure, but I think she's ninety-two.

One couple who had a son in Scouts criticized me very completely. I must have done something right, but they couldn't see it. They wouldn't even speak to me. They also blew a gasket when I didn't arrange for them to be sold tickets for some Scout affair. Another member pointed out it wasn't my job to see that they got tickets. Anyway, I resigned. No one else would take the job so my detractors got it by default. As he said that evening, "Now, you'll see how a Boy Scout Troop should be run." Marvin had quit as had several others and I'm not sure what happened, but I heard little of Scouts after that.

We were trying to get Girl Scouts started, but with no activity from their office we finally contacted Camp Fire Girls. The next day Girl Scouts was in contact with us ready to finalize a set up. It was done and Arnajeane became a Girl Scout. Leolo continued to help.

One day Underwood called me into his office for an interview which I soon learned wasn't an interview. He had a problem and wanted to use me as a sounding board. I was very busy, but I sat there all afternoon with an occasional grunt while he talked out his problem. He finally got it solved and let me go, steaming. This happened once or twice a week after that, depending on how often I was in the office. I finally saw that I was a very important person in helping him solve his problems while I was learning a lot about him and the Society's history.

¹ Sunday School Superintendent

² Kindergarten

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One day he started talking about his first job – in a Y.M.C.A. His boss was a holy terror. One day he climbed on Underwood verbally and Underwood climbed back. After that they got along very well.

One day I came in with some criticism of Underwood and the Society and wrote it in my report. My desk was about five feet from his door. About twenty minutes after Maxine turned in my report his Secretary came out and put a memo on my desk. It was really nasty, wanting to know why I hadn't done 1, 2, 3. I got mad! I went to Maxine, asked her to read the memo, then said I wanted her to take a memo to him, transcribe it, take it in and shove it under that so-and-so's nose. Would she do it? She assured me she would. I gave her the dictation, then went to my desk and started to clean it out, assuming I would be fired. Soon Maxine gave me a wink as she went into his office and came back quickly with a big grin. I kept cleaning. Suddenly Underwood popped out of his office, sat on my extra chair and we had a friendly visit for about a half hour. I never had anything but nice memos and nice words from him after that. Of course, I never quoted criticism of him, either.

Another side of the picture. We were having monthly staff meetings since there were now four of us field representatives. Franklin Buecker, our Southeast¹ representative always came in by ten o'clock for a meeting with Underwood. About the third month, the door closed as he went in and then Underwood shook the glass in the door roaring at Buecker. He was doing several things Underwood didn't like. Buecker was scared to death when he arrived each month.

My mother was losing her sight and was legally blind. I arranged for a worker for the blind to visit her and begin on work projects to help her pass the time because she had little to do but listen to her radio.

I had helped on our Society's first annual state report of services and enjoyed it. That was the first time we had ever had a complete report.

We opened the camp at Newark again with Joe Stahl, Southwestern Field Representative as my assistant then turned that camp over to Joe and we went to Marietta to operate a second camp. This was a summer of much rain and we were mostly covered with mud at Marietta. We had deaf and blind also in 150 acres of woods. I directed that no deaf child should ever be left unattended on a hike. One on one was the rule. However, watch that the blind ones didn't fall over a cliff. Arnajeau since then has borne out my feeling that deafness is the bigger handicap. Generally, we had a good camp, but I got poor marks from Stahl, who had never operated or had to get the funds for a camp. First he criticized the grade of hamburger which I had planned. He went far afield from there. Underwood showed me his first complaint letter, but no further one because I got very irritated while reading it.

When I returned to the office after camp there was Joe sitting across from me being very sociable. I wasn't. Later, Mary Elliot, our public relations gal came back to see me the afternoon before she and I were leaving for an epilepsy clinic which was a part of our on-going epilepsy program. Underwood had just issued an edict that we who traveled would not turn in expenses for lunches while on the road as those in the office couldn't. I was also knowledgeable of Joe's ideas and narrow vision. After we had everything set I brought up the sad state of the Ohio Society's finances and asked Mary if she agreed that we should do everything we could to help. She agreed and asked what I had in mind. I said, "You and I are going on an overnight trip which normally

¹ He must have represented another part of Ohio since Orville was the Southeastern Representative.

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means two rooms, but in this emergency can't we just share one room?" Mary smiled, glanced at Stahl, and said, "I agree. We'll do it!" and walked out. Joe jumped and his eyes followed her out, then shifted to me. I had gone back to my paper work. We didn't of course, but never mentioned the matter to anyone. I'm sure if Joe is still living he is still wondering.

I enjoyed attending the epilepsy clinics because it was a pleasure to listen to our New York doctor work with the patients and their families and to talk with him after hours.

We always had a secretary from the office along on these trips. On a trip into Zanesville we had a girl who was not too well versed in life. The county head nurse told her they were having another clinic, too. She asked what kind and was told simply "blood". She told me she'd never had a blood test so she thought she'd have hers tested. Later the nurse and I talked about the fact that she seemed not to know that was a V.D. clinic. I asked that after the testing was done the nurse whisper into her ear, "It was positive." I got back in a corner that afternoon and as our doctor got engrossed with a case the nurse slipped up to our secretary and whispered something to her. She immediately threw up her hands and loudly said, "Oh, good". This irritated the doctor who asked what this was all about. She said she had gone to the other clinic, to be tested and the nurse had just told her the result was positive. At this the doctor exploded into a good, hearty laugh. She turned to the nurse and asked what they were testing and was told, "V.D." She then found me with her eyes and said, "You so and so. You set me up."

When I went into the county health department one day I sat with the ladies who were waiting to be tested and got a lot of stares. I went to the secretary and asked what the clinic was for. It was V.D. So I didn't sit with the prostitutes again. There was a law that they had to be checked every month.

On about our second trip to visit Mother I asked how her work with the Instructor for the Blind was coming. She said that the work she was being given to do was too hard on her eyes, so she threw her out. I interpreted that she told her not to come back. I suppose no one had pointed out that she wasn't supposed to use her eyes to do the work.

About this time I discovered Leolo couldn't see at night -night blind – which, of course, has continued.

I came home from a national meeting one night near our June 9 Anniversary. Leolo met me all dressed up. I said I was really tired and would like to go home at once. She said she had expected to go out to eat, at least, before going home, but I promptly vetoed that. Relations were rather chilly until we walked into a good sized party at our house which I had planned before leaving. She was happy and I suddenly was much less tired.

Some time during nice weather Arnajeau got a kink in her neck when almost ready for Sunday School. I couldn't get relief for her so Leolo called our doctor. He came and obviously didn't know what to do. While he stalled, Leolo said, "I suppose we should have called the Chiropractor." He immediately got ready to leave and in minutes was gone. I thought we then called the Chiropractor but Leolo tells me I gave her relief and we went to Sunday School. Either way, I enjoyed the Doctor's reaction.

That spring I got a call from Leolo asking me to come home as Marvin had been involved in a meeting of his bicycle and an automobile. I got there as quick as I could. She told me Marvin had

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been riding up the street¹ when an auto door was pushed open just in front of him and he hit it with no apparent injuries to him or the auto. A little later the auto driver was ready to leave, but she suggested he stay until I got home because leaving the scene of an accident was considered bad form by the police. He stayed until a doctor checked Marvin and I checked the bike.

I was mowing the lawn at home one day while Marvin and David Mohr were climbing a big maple tree out front, going out on a low branch, sliding down it and falling off about three feet to the ground. It looked like fun but a neighbor lady passing on the other side of the street gave me a tongue lashing for letting those boys do that when they might hurt themselves. Reluctantly I told them they would have to stop.

One day Marvin and Dave Mohr went walking through some farmland. When they returned they showed me some very pretty plants with Oak leaves. After questioning, I learned they had found them in a field – no Oak trees around. I suggested they take them back where they found them and immediately hurry back to be treated for Poison Oak. They both got the infection, but Marvin didn't have a lot. Live and learn.

That year they constructed an elevator to a house they built in one of Mohr's trees. That seemed to be a lot of fun.

That summer our camp received many pounds of egg through Surplus Commodities. Our first breakfast using powdered egg I mentioned to my table when the egg had nearly all disappeared from plates that this was powdered egg and wasn't it good? One of our boys laid down his fork and asked if this was powdered egg. I told him it was. He who had eaten more egg than anyone else said, "But I don't like powdered egg". I promptly told him this was the last of the powdered egg we had and we would have fresh eggs after this. Two days later we had scrambled eggs. He asked if this was powdered. I said, "Didn't I say the other was the last of the powdered egg." He ate this saying it was good, but he didn't like powdered egg.

Incidentally, John Suber, Leolo's Dad, loaned us \$3,000 when we bought the Groveport house to make the total payment. We were paying him monthly at my insistence.

The Ohio Society's report of services for the year was in the process of being made under my direction all year. It was a joy to have all for the items at hand and to make the report about two weeks before the year's end.

We started renovating our two front downstairs rooms at home and the room at the head of the stairs early in the spring. It was an older house, lathed ceilings with plaster. When I got upstairs getting the plaster off, I created a very heavy dust of dried bird dropping several inches deep because birds nested there, coming in the ventilators. One day I leaned over and got about two pounds down the neck of my shirt. We also broke the loose plaster away from around the wall crack so it could all be plastered at once - a textured pink – very beautiful.

Marvin was our resident athlete since he played church league softball this last year. One day he was chasing Arnajeon when she fell and hurt her knee. She still has a scar. She says he pushed her. He says he didn't. I don't know what happened.

I had been talking to Underwood about moving up in the organization. He was talking to me about Assistant Director. I could see me being blamed for everything gone wrong so I was

¹ Going home from school for lunch

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looking for another State Executive Directorship. Suddenly West Virginia had a position. After some correspondence I went down to visit a committee of their Board. This was the weakest state organization I had seen with two or three local Societies stronger than the State Society. We agreed on a salary, they were to have a full board meeting once and notify me of their decision. I was then to write a letter of acceptance or rejection. The chairman of their Search Committee wrote me with no return address given. I wrote an acceptance note and sent it to the town I thought he was from. A week later he called me as he had heard nothing. I told him I had written to the best address I knew. He asked my decision and I said I would write a letter to him at his address at once. A few days later I received confirmation. So, after four good years of learning during which I had been National Easter Seal Society Executive's Secretary I moved to a big challenge.

Dunbar, West Virginia 1951–1961

Our office was one rented room in a Huntington office building, but Charleston was the State Capitol. First I went to Huntington, found a room and began work, going home on week ends. The former Secretary was still an employee of the Society and of no use I could think of. One day I was multigraphing a letter to be mailed to our counties and got some ink on the floor. She said to me, “Just look at the ink you have gotten on my nice clean floor”. I promptly said, “It’s also my floor, too, you know.” From that moment her days were numbered. I finally arranged for an empty school room in down-town Charleston through a friend of the Society to be used as an office. Then I started packing in Huntington and we also did at home.

Leolo and Denny came to Charleston to look for living quarters. On the third day she found a house in North Dunbar which was adequate for us.

The Saturday I went back to Groveport to move, a heavy snowstorm was predicted. Not too far from Huntington I got into snow and it got worse as I went north.

This was the day of the traditional Ohio State-Michigan football game to close the season, played in Columbus that year. The announcer told of his difficulty in seeing no yard markers which I could believe. Finally, he told of a punt which disappeared in the snow so neither side knew where I was until it came down. Conditions were getting very difficult.

I had no trouble until I stopped at a stop light in Groveport and had difficulty in moving. I finally made it home.

I don’t know how much snow we had – at least 6 inches and maybe 10 inches. Nothing moved for two days while our kids built snow houses. After three days back I went to Huntington and we were ready to move a short time later. I offered to take the former Secretary with me hoping she wouldn’t go and she didn’t.

We had already sold our Groveport house with a little profit but were still living there. We promptly moved.

I had given notice on our rented office room in Huntington and, not being familiar with big city ways, was surprised to see the building owner show up on our moving day to see that we took nothing that didn’t belong to us. So we moved in a rather small truck with other things being moved at the same time.

Our family moving day was not very exciting except that one neighbor boy had to be moved each time someone wanted in or out the front door. Our piano, which we had bought in Stryker was very difficult to get into the house. With the door frame out and the piano on end it did slide in, finally.

Our house was on a hillside with no front grass – new house – and no garage. Our back yard hillside was completely wild.

Dunbar was a bedroom town for 15,000 people with most families having one or more members working in the area. Our center was about six miles from the center of Charleston, the state capitol.

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We had planned to keep Marvin and Arnajejan at home for a week to get somewhat acclimated. The second school morning Arnajejan, a third grader, got up early dressed and expressed her desire to go to school. Why? Because she didn't know anyone in this town. She went. We decided that Marvin should go the next day, but he came home at noon, sick. The next morning he was still in bed, sick, when a member of the Junior High School office called about why he wasn't in school. He got right up and went. That call was very good for him.

Our new house needed curtain rods, towel racks, and many other things which we purchased, but it was instantly home to me. It had kitchen, living room, pantry, bath room and two bedrooms downstairs and two bedrooms upstairs. It was built about three feet above ground on a firm foundation and the earth underneath often got quite wet in rains from water seepage. I could get to everything under the house, but often got very muddy doing it.

Our back yard went up at about forty-five degrees and was wild.

We moved our dog, Pride, with us and she soon had eight pups. We gave away our pups and finally Pride to a country family. Later we got her son, Cocky, for our children. Cocky had a short tail which was caused by a rat biting off a major portion of it. He could make the tail turn in a circle. Our first welcome home each time was given by Cocky's big smile and rotating tail. After that we knew we were welcome.

That fall I was called to the Principal's office. Our office was in a school. I was taken to the front door on election day and shown the payoff of voters by certain people who had been pledged a vote for the party which was mostly Democratic. I promptly registered Democratic although I was a Republican. My thinking was that I could vote twice against the machine-in the primary and in the main election. At that time teachers were told to contribute ten percent of their salaries to the machine, for example. We finally overturned the machine when Cecil Underwood, a Republican defeated the machine. I feel I helped. I stayed as a registered Democrat, however, because I believed the machine would rise again. It did, after four years, but I was then out of the state. We had our material sent to the Northern Jurisdiction Methodist Church and very soon later the Southern Methodist Church called on us. It was a very small church while the Northern Church was large and was completing a building program. We forgot about the drive for furnishings for the new section so we helped on that. We never regretted our choice of church.

I transferred my Lions and Masonic memberships from Groveport to Dunbar where I attended when in town.

I was fortunate in hiring Loretta Lawrence as our office secretary. She stayed for three years, then moved to a better job.

Our National Convention was scheduled for San Francisco in November and I was expected by my Board to go. I hated to leave home after so short a time there, but Leolo drove me to the airport in Charleston one evening and I went by plane.

We landed at the old airport in Chicago so I saw quite a bit of the city on my way into our hotel. Checking in was rather quick so I took a nap before contacting anyone. Nine of us were to go west by train to San Francisco, more than two days away. We met in our car near take off time. I only knew three of the others, but we got acquainted quickly. What a bunch of characters they were, ranging in age from the forties to seventy-five. Many wild stories got told. I usually went to bed early and got up early to see the country.

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When we arrived in Livingston, Montana we were put on a little sight seeing bus to go to Yellowstone National Park. I was much taken by the hot springs, Old Faithful geyser, the animals and the terrain in general. In addition, our driver was a great storyteller and kept us entertained. Once we came close to some bears that seemed photogenic. Three of our group wanted to get out to photograph them. The driver said O.K., but if any bear moved toward us, get in quick. Most of the pictures were taken when a mother bear started ambling over to see what was happening. Two photographers got in quickly, our 75 year old was too busy taking pictures, but when the bear started to trot a few yells from us got him started toward the bus. I had the door open, because his seat was beside me, but when he got to the bus his coattails were straight out behind him. He gave a jump and landed on someone on my left while I quickly shut the door. That was a close one.

We got back to Livingston that evening and slept in our berths – all but one. He met a woman from a ranch far out of town so they went out there for the night. She brought him back just as the train was ready to leave the second day.

It had rained a lot in the Rockies so we saw slides and our train went slower, but eventually we got to Washington, changed trains, and started south. We were in a car with a number of young characters which we finally found to be Jose Greco's dance group. Jose was along, too, and often gave his group a pep talk for which we were captives. He didn't mince words when criticizing. We enjoyed the group very much.

That last morning on the train I again got a tooth ache which I had had before I left home only this time it got worse as we went. At noon I didn't want solid food so picked a garden salad. It came in a bushel basket and I got several laughs from our people, but I ate most of it.

When we got off the train in Oakland to take a boat to San Francisco I was hardly a member of the group and depended on two guardians to guide me properly. I was staying at a hotel below the hill where the Convention would be so I took a cab and then went to bed until morning.

The next morning I felt better so I walked up to the Convention Hotel and felt very bad. I saw a doctor from Zanesville, Ohio, one of our Board, in the lobby, told him my problem and got some pills which relieved me for the rest of the convention.

This was a big one because it was also an International Convention with many foreign countries represented. I met an Irishman who promptly asked what our fine American program for Cerebral Palsy was doing. I told him it was mostly talk now but would eventually get off the ground. He assured me it was the best, though.

We had a sightseeing boat ride around part of the Bay. I was waiting with a lot of foreigners for some food when an American came up, flashed money, and immediately was served. This happened several times I and could see no foreigner getting any food. I went to the Associate Executive Director, told my story, and she proceeded to lay out the man running the stand. He in turn told his employees not to do that any more. I watched, but there was no change.

We had box lunches given us when we boarded another time. The Africans promptly opened theirs and started to eat. The chicken had turned black-hot weather. Several of us tried to collect the box lunches and almost had an International incident, but it was corrected with fresher box lunches.

I enjoyed seeing San Francisco and its people. That was a real treat.

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The second morning one of the Kentucky Board members was in the program as a speaker. He said he had just learned that morning the difference between a high fog and a low fog. In the high fog you could see the first floor windows.

One night I was out in a small group including South Dakota's Governor who had been a World War II ace. I was asked by a check room girl if the man in front of me wasn't Joe Foss. I assured her he was.

We had good meetings, but they were 'matter of fact' to me. What I enjoyed was recesses and evenings with new and old acquaintances. This was true of all meetings. I did miss home, however and was glad when the Convention ended. Alice Stein and I promptly went South by train and took the Southern route, she immediately and I by the evening train, going through the Southwest and back home where Leolo met me. I was very glad to get home.

Leolo and I were scheduled at a Boone County Society meeting about our second week in Charleston. Always interested in going the shortest way I found on the map a short cut from Dunbar through the Kanawha forest. We were doing well until we came to a spot on a mountainside where the road had slipped down the mountain. Thank goodness it was still light. This was a one track road so I had my choice of backing for ten miles or turning around. I decided to do the latter. We picked a spot where a large tree grew on the edge of the road, Leolo got out to direct me in backing toward it and I did a series of backward and forward moves, always aiming to hit the tree if I backed too far. I didn't even touch it in our turn around. We went the right way, missed their dinner but very little of the meeting. That was our last West Virginia short cut.

The roads were very crooked as in any mountainous area, except in the plains which were few. The roads were also narrow, just wide enough for a car to stay on the hard surface if it stayed there, but not allowing anything wider to keep all wheels on hard surface.

There are one or two spots where water appears to run uphill along the road. It doesn't. I went home to Ohio my first week end after I took the West Virginia job and told how peculiar the state was as water even ran uphill. Denny was five years old. He repeated it several times until Leolo told me. I sat down with him and explained that I was just trying to be funny. I later showed the family one of the places.

Since we had no garage I withdrew my funds from Ohio Teachers' Retirement and we had one built with its front just ahead of our kitchen door across a small passage. We also planted grass seed and when we got a small stand I mowed it, which killed it. So we planted again and let it grow higher.

We had trouble with our neighbor on our left¹ who maintained we were dumping our hill water on him. We weren't – just keeping his water from coming on us. Fortunately they moved within the year and a couple with a daughter about Arnajean's age moved in.

We bought a folding ping-pong table and played in the garage. Marvin became very adept at cutting the ball to make it go over the net and then bounce back. He usually beat me as well as every one else in the community.

¹ Was actually on the right.

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He also had a bicycle which was stolen from the High School Campus. We never found it¹ so he got a motor bike. It didn't run much or often because he was always taking it apart or putting it together.

Marvin also played on our church youth softball team for a time. I believe I discouraged him by trying to make him a good player. He quit.

He and a friend built a drag racer and he drove it. It went fast, but his concern was making it over all the time, not racing it. He was definitely showing mechanical ability and know-how. We were very proud of him.

He also made the High School Band's Trumpet Trio which played on many occasions. I believe he was a member of that group for his last two years of high school.

He was not getting particularly good grades. In Biology, one of my favorite subjects, his teacher² told the class this was a dull subject, but they had to take it anyway. His English teacher didn't like him. His Science teacher³ did, and he was a whiz in her classes. His points at graduation weren't very spectacular.

In his senior year the Principal, I believe after he came back to school late, asked him if he had been with the other boys in the local hangout. He said he was, but wouldn't name any of the others. He was not allowed to go to Huntington with the band. It would have been a little short if the others had said they were loafing, too. I admired him. He didn't lie which had been his policy for a few years.

About this time Arnajean in her third year in Junior High became a Majorette. She was in Heaven after trying for two years unsuccessfully.

Denny wanted to play Little League Baseball when he became ten years old so I played catch with him and taught him how to stand at the plate and how to swing. He and several other ten year olds were given several try outs by League officials. On the selection day I attended and much to my surprise the State College player who was the only coach with experience had first choice. He said he had seen only one boy he wanted – Dennis Hawes. I later asked him what he saw to pick Denny above the others. He told me Denny was the only boy who knew how to use a glove.

Denny was the right fielder that year and so little. He did get a few hits but not many and mostly gave our team a full complement of players, but he was there every practice and every game and listened. I was often an umpire.

The next year I was assistant coach because I had shown I could be trusted and knew my baseball. I started teaching Denny and Joe Caldwell, who was new that year, to bunt, but the bunt wasn't used in a game. We were again in the also-rans.

The third year I was the coach because the other one had graduated from college and left town. I installed a series of signals to be given by me or the boy sitting next to me. I wanted all of our players to keep their minds on the game and carefully look for signals. Only a very few were

¹ It actually was found a few hours later. A classmate had "borrowed" it.

² Mr. Bowles.

³ Miss Velma Carpenter.

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missed all year. We had a steal signal and a bunt signal. The latter for everyone on base to start running when Denny or Joe got the signal to bunt. It got so each time one of them came to the plate the third baseman would come in close until the second strike was called, then he would return to his position, and the bunt sign would be made, the bunt laid down and the bunter beat it out while the others on base rounded the next base carefully ready to take another base in case of a wild throw.

Denny swung at very few balls while Joe wasn't so choosy, so most often Denny did the bunting. He hit a little over .300 that year. Doug Heater, our shortstop and a pitcher was our home run king. We had a young colored¹ boy playing first base. He could also lay the wood on the ball and was very bright.

We were an unpopular team with the parents because we usually won. I believe I got booed every time I went on the field, but it was a lot of fun.

After the season I was picked to select an all-star team and coach them in a game against South Charleston. However, our League President took over batting practices because I didn't have the ball thrown to our boys hard enough to suit him as South Charleston had a very good pitcher, so in my opinion, our boys lost confidence. They didn't hit much. Denny was substitute second baseman that day.

Denny had been our regular catcher because at the beginning we had no catcher so I assigned a boy to catch. Mostly he picked up as he rarely caught one and quit very soon. I asked Denny to take over the job although I had him at second base. He did. He got a very sore left thumb, but he caught almost everything with men on bases and caught third strikes. He really was a hero.

In Pony League Denny was designated to help integrate the former all colored Institute team which had been integrated into our league. Uniforms were issued and the season began under a black coach. I felt there was something wrong with the philosophy of the team and after the second or third game the coach came around to pick up all of the white boys' uniforms. Denny and his mother gave up his rather gladly. A neighbor boy didn't so they were stuck with him. They weren't a happy team.

I failed to mention that in Denny's last Little League season we decided to buy a Rambler Station Wagon to transport all the boys to non-league games. It was a new toy to them. Our kids were very proud of it.

Every summer while we lived in West Virginia we went to either a Florida or South Carolina Coast beach for a week. One week sticks in my memory. I had dislocated a bone in my foot stepping to the floor from a trip to the top of our garage which we had partially floored and lighted. This was a Saturday and I waited until Monday to see our doctor who was also an osteopath. I hobbled in with my foot looking like a watermelon. He took one look and told me it was dislocated and where, but he would x-ray it and show me. He did. Then he said, "It hurt going out, it'll hurt going back", and as I said, "How could it?" he gave a jerk, there was a big crack and it felt better. I did use crutches for a week and then a cane. I found it very uncomfortable walking barefoot across the hot road to the beach or back, so I usually stayed in our rooms and read.

¹ Black.

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We spent two other summers, both at Daytona Beach, Florida. There we discovered Dodge-ems¹, little bumpered electric cars we drove inside an area. We found it when no one was using it so we went in and started to use five cars. We were having so much fun that others stopped to watch and soon all the cars were in use and we couldn't get to each other. This happened almost every time we went, but we did have fun before the other cars all got in use. I'm still wondering how Denny hit me head on and almost knocked me forward over the steering wheel while he didn't move a bit. I was at least half out.

We usually started from home in the evening, stopped on the road for a nap as needed and arrived in Florida in early morning. We came back in a day, too. Those were fun weeks. Arnajeau started learning to drive on those trips. Marvin had already learned – mostly. One day he was following another car in a town too closely, I thought. I told him, but he assured me he could stop if they did. They suddenly stopped and he didn't. There was little, if any, damage to either car. I sprained a finger and Marvin's ego suffered.

He got a job from Brud Warner², our office supply man, and did well. He even was sent out to fix equipment he had never seen and often succeeded.

In that time he bought a car. After not many weeks a car load of drunks hit him on the Dunbar road and totaled it. He was thrown out and only got a bump on his head. I got a call and went to the hospital emergency room where he was. I had to wait to take him home as the police hadn't arrived.

Another car was purchased and a little later he started working for a Dunbar company that made curtain walls to build filling stations. Later he went to work for Bell Telephone as a repair man³ and found that at least one man in his job, after working ten years wasn't getting much more than he was.

He decided he needed college and I started pushing for Engineering School. He enrolled at West Virginia State College at Institute which was just beginning to integrate, having been a black school. His English teacher liked his work and, apparently, he liked her because he started to read books. He got an A in English.

Since West Virginia was a ten-year learning experience for three growing children I will discuss them here for a time.

Marvin and another boy built a dragster and Marvin raced it as indicated previously. He just wanted to build, not race.

After State College's summer school he enrolled in West Virginia Tech at Montgomery. He made the dean's list, but after two terms dropped out because he couldn't see himself taking a lot of unnecessary courses. He studied ads in magazines and finally settled on the Ohio College of Applied Science, a two year College in Cincinnati which gave an Associate in Engineering Degree. I argued, but his mind was made up. It was difficult for us to see him go.

¹ Bumper cars – still at Daytona Beach in 2005.

² Orville eventually went into partnership with George "Brud" Warner in a small printing business. Brud later became a state senator.

³ Installer for Western Electric.

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He found a room and enrolled at the College. At the end of the semester, which we paid for, he was on the dean's list, head of his class. Littleford, a paving company in Cincinnati, employed him on the alternate six weeks periods he was not in school. This basically paid his way.

A little later he moved in with two roommates in a house one of them owned and weekends became rather lively. I stopped there on a Friday on my way to Chicago once and wondered how they ever slept, but he said they did.

He was on the Dean's List every term and at Graduation, when we went to see the festivities he was honored as first in his class. He was offered a job by another company, but stayed for a time with his paving company, thinking of going to Los Angeles.

I want to pursue Arnajean's West Virginia career at this point. She was third in a beauty contest and after two years of trying, was elected a majorette in the ninth grade. Going to Senior High School the next year she again tried twice unsuccessfully for Majorette, making it in her senior year. In the mean time she had played a trumpet, as had Marvin, for a number of years.

A girl's basketball league was started by several churches of which ours was one. Arnajean tried out as a forward, made the team, but did not distinguish herself. After a year or two I was asked to coach the team. We were not very successful as our whole team was slow. Finally, in disgust, I asked Arnajean if she minded playing guard as I thought she would like it. Boy, did she! I always let her play the opponents' star forward. Often, I almost expected the star to be publicly undressed. The refereeing was a little slow and Arnajean's quick hands could slap at the ball or jerk it out of a pair of hands very quickly. She also became adept with knees, elbows, and feet. I got to feeling a little sorry for the opposing star. We were one of the best teams in the league without scoring much.

Denny joined a school league in Junior Hi. He was very small, playing guard and bringing up the ball. The boy who thought he should star wanted Denny to only pass to him which Denny didn't do. The other boys, too, were a little upset with their "star". Finally Denny quit.

The next year there was a church league and Denny was Methodist Church player. I was the coach after a couple of games. We had the same problem as the school team as one boy wanted the others to work the ball to him so he could shoot. They didn't. After a few games he quit and we got better. On defense our biggest boy promptly went back, Denny and another fast little boy went after the boy with the ball and the other two tried to police the other three. On offense our boys passed to whoever was open. It was fun basketball. We didn't win many, but we tried.

Now let's get back to other items in order.

When we moved our office to Charleston the Kanawha County Society didn't want us in town. We stayed. When I put our funds in the Kanawha County Bank at least one Kanawha County Board Member wanted it moved because some of their money might be put in our account. I suggested that if they didn't trust the bank's accuracy they should choose another bank, telling them that was what I would do. They finally forgot about it.

Leolo and I took Arnajean and Denny with us to the convention in Wheeling. One evening they ordered room service food by telephone and charged it to our room. They told us of it, saying they had heard of this and wanted to try it. We made no objection, but asked that it not be done again. It wasn't.

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In our third year I lost our Secretary to a better job. I wanted someone who could do bookkeeping for us. I finally hired a girl with much concern and shortly after I was balancing the books for her regularly. I fired her. I then called a girl who had worked at Lahey Clinic in Boston and said she couldn't keep books. She had impressed me earlier. Thus Mary Knighton, the best employee I ever hired came with us. She had married a service man who lived in Charleston. From that time on, Mary took care of office details and letter writing. I did the books. She was a great help. I would dictate most of the morning and she would have it in letter ready to go by mid-afternoon. She took over a great part of the mailing list and many other things to free me from office detail.

During our years in Charleston I got two plates for my mouth and Leolo walked me into an optometrist one day. I left with my first glasses. I often said I had lost my teeth and eyesight and my hair had turned gray in the service of the West Virginia Society for Crippled Children.

Early in our time there I spent a year as President of Ford School Parent-Teachers Association. Later I spent one of my last years there as president of the State Council for Exceptional Children. I also spent an early year as Secretary of the National Easter Seal Executive's Association. I would have liked to be President, but it didn't work out.

I was also chairman for Exceptional Children on the State PTA Board for two years. These were real characters. I objected to always being up front as I wanted to get acquainted with the members. That seemed to make me quite popular. Leolo and I used to meet lots of them in the evenings.

One evening we had a committee meeting scheduled for eight o'clock but I couldn't find it. Finally I heard that one member had asked to have the meeting postponed until ten o'clock so he could see the University basketball game. I decided I had a meeting at ten so I announced it and didn't go to the PTA meeting.

I had Fred Schaus, University Basketball coach, on our state board and enjoyed him very much. Unless his practices or games interfered he always attended our meetings. Jerry West, West Virginia's All-American Basketball Team member was our West Virginia Easter Seal Chairman one year.

I hired Alice Stein, an Ohio nurse, who I had met several times, to help, particularly in State program. We finally arranged for her to go to a county who needed to be chastised and later I would go to heal bruised feelings. It worked well, but she was lured to another state in two years – Minnesota. I doubt that she was really happy there.

Paul Billups our President, Alice, and I took Mary Knighton with us to the Boston Convention. She hadn't been home since her marriage. She didn't attend the convention, but took the time for vacation. She was a big help in driving and getting us into and out of Boston.

I remember one night after Marvin bought an auto he walked into our house and asked to use our auto. I asked where his was. It was stuck in the mud at the new Senior High School building. I loaned it and shortly later he brought it back. His was rather muddy the next day. He and others had been putting up signs.

While we were in Florida in the early years he got a lot of driving. One day a policeman stopped him on the beach for speeding.

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When he was still in High School I set up a summer program for the physically handicapped at the School for the Deaf and Blind in Romney, one summer. Having trouble finding staff I finally asked Marvin to join us. He was a revelation to me. He worked hard all day and wanted to play all night. Alice Stein was always on him to get some rest, but he was enjoying the experience too much. This was his first actual contact with handicapped people. I believe he, like all of our children had the same feeling – a willingness to help them help themselves, which was our way.

Two wheelchair boys were always racing until we definitely stopped them. Each had brittle bones and were taking a chance of injury in any race.

After two years home with Denny, Leolo became Loan Librarian for the West Virginia Library in Charleston. We had a few problems getting her home right after school, but it wasn't bad. The next year she started teaching in North Charleston near our home. She went through school integration there including colored teacher problems. She didn't have any problems. One day she was talking to the black teacher in her school who was bemoaning the treatment of the black children. Leolo said, "I treat them just like whites. If they need to be taken in hand I do it. If not, I don't." The teacher told her they knew it and appreciated it.

Leolo had one problem during her time there. The father of a hell raising boy who she had had to step on tried to get her fired, but didn't succeed.

Leolo and I were asked to chaperon Arnajeau's Junior-Senior Prom. I thought I knew why and I was proven correct when another couple who were chaperoning came to me to report a boy there who shouldn't be. I suggested they put him out. They couldn't do that. I would have to do it. I'd met gutless people before. I told them to take me to him. They almost did and pointed him out but didn't want to be involved. I walked over to him and told him I understood he didn't belong there. He thought maybe he wasn't supposed to be, but no one was going to put him out. I took his arm, walked him outside the door, said, "Goodbye", and came back into the gymnasium. He didn't come back. I was glad I didn't have a fight on my hands, because I was always a better lover than fighter as Leolo could attest.

For a time we chaperoned the kid's roller skating parties, but quit after one boy insisted on skating the wrong way and bumping into girls. He finally fell down near me. I walked over and grabbed his wrist. He promptly started yelling, "Don't touch me". I told him just one more escapade and I would touch him enough to help him to the exit for keeps. After that he behaved. We both quit chaperoning.

When we were chaperoning, one time we quit early and our Ford wasn't where we had left it. We walked around for a time and found it on our return. When Denny got home that night he turned in his keys. He still got to drive, but only after asking for keys and telling us where he wanted to go.

In the next to last year in Dunbar I was elected President of the Dunbar Lions Club which was quite a bit of extra work, but I learned, too.

The United Fund in Charleston had opposed the Easter Seal Campaign for several years. My last year there they had the city council declare our campaign illegal. The local Society had various fund raisers for its center, but it was decided we (the State Society) would do the mailing. The Charleston papers noted that with the city council deciding we couldn't have a campaign our mailing would be illegal. The Post Office Department disagreed since this was a Federal operation, as I was sure they would do. (I had checked previously to make sure my feeling was

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correct.) For several weeks as we prepared the mailing every time I went to the post office the man at the front window, seeing me go past, would stick his head out the window and say loudly, “Hey, fellows, here’s that man who is going to make the illegal mailing.” Then everyone would laugh. We had the very best cooperation from the post office and no further adverse publicity since it was helping us. I wasn’t very popular among some people in Charleston though.

We bought a white Ford – very stylish then. Arnajeau was very thrilled with it, but shortly thereafter she enrolled in Marshall College in Huntington. She lived there, of course, because it was fifty miles away with no transportation available.

With my job problems in West Virginia and my pay possibilities rather meager – I was getting less than \$7,000 per year – we decided to try to find another state Society job for me.

A friend was leaving the Executive job in Louisiana, so I applied and was called to New Orleans for an interview. After some planning, Leolo went with me. She went sight seeing while I went up state to the meeting. I had met Jim Blicht, Society President, who obviously didn’t like me. I finally discovered that was because he had had his pregnant wife with him to a session in Chicago and when she was introduced to a fellow I hardly knew he asked her name again and when the name Blicht came out again he went into a knee slapping paroxysm of laughter at it. I wasn’t even a bystander, but Jim Blicht spiked any chances I might have had of getting the job. I was glad I didn’t get it.

Meanwhile Leolo talked to a group of teachers about school integration which they faced, went sightseeing and when I came back to New Orleans made the rounds with me.

We got home in a heavy spring snow storm – by plane, of course.

Later, Bill Unti, one of my meeting roommates, was leaving North Dakota. I applied and they set up a meeting date. I went by train, arriving in Jamestown about eleven at night, carried my bag to the Hotel and was ready in the morning.

I discovered at least one of them¹ wanted a state workshop for the handicapped. The state was too small. I was hired and then pressured to set one up.

While in Jamestown I checked the office building which was badly in need of repair and the house for the Executive Director. The outside paint was peeling and the carpets were thread bare. I doubted there had been a nickel put in it in at least three years. Unti got three hundred dollars a year for its upkeep. I never got any. I also looked over Unti’s boat which they didn’t want to move. In a call home I told of the boat and, to my amazement, discovered we had bought it when I got home. I argued a little, but called Bill, offered a thousand dollars for the boat, and sent a check. Our two kids were ready to go at once.

We sold our house in due time, set a moving date, selected a mover and packed.

²Denny had the use of our automobile when we didn’t need it, or if Arnajeau needed it, so he often was out in it at night.

¹ Apparently, one member of the North Dakota Society Executive Committee.

² This is reflecting upon the period between accepting the job in North Dakota and before moving from West Virginia.

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One night he was out and I was listening to the Charleston Senators play baseball on the east of town. We were on the west. It started to rain and then to pour. I looked across the street at the houses in our low ground and they were leisurely enjoying the evening so I decided I would check our drains behind the house when they called the game, but I finally went out to look at our new patio. Dirty water was running down the hill and on to our patio. The drain couldn't take it all. I opened the back and front screens to our breezeway between the house and garage and then put a board between the wall and the house. We had a good flow of water down the drive.

Next, I rolled my pants legs above my knees and stepped into the space between the wall and the house where the drain was bubbling. I put the top on, let go and almost got the lid blown into my face. I then called for a rag and Leolo brought a pair of my pajamas which had just been declared rags. I stuffed them in the hole, put the lid on and it blew again. I put the pajamas back in the drain, again put the lid on and stood on it. It didn't blow.

Very shortly I started wondering when I would drown. Our new patio roof drained into the back house gutter and the gutter may have been taking a third of the water. The rest all seemed to be coming in a deluge on my head. I had no shirt on and the water was very cold. I called for an umbrella. Leolo brought me her best one, which was red, because it was nearest. There I stood—water to my knees, no shirt, holding that red umbrella over me and the water pouring down. I didn't think it was funny until later.

After perhaps a half hour of this the rain suddenly stopped. I discovered I could take the plug from the drain and we started a clean up. Once I looked across the street. Every house was frantically getting the furniture out of the lower floor. I felt better.

Again it started to rain and I returned to my post looking up the hill at the water pouring down and thinking of suing the developers of the housing project up there for draining their water on us.

Eventually the rain stopped and we cleaned up our property as much as possible. Then Leolo tried to turn on the television or radio. The electricity was off.

I had time to think of Denny and where he might be. I went to the left of our house down the street until I came to at least a foot and a half of gravel and mud thinking that was the way he would try to drive home. I then took a flashlight with me to the right. About half way to where the stream had been I turned on my light and found a river at my feet. I had nearly walked into it. I tried another way and finally made it to the top of the hill to a garage where he often loafed. They hadn't seen him all evening. He finally drove home. Of course, we were quite relieved.

The next morning, very early, the woman who had bought our house called to check on the damage to our house by the flood. I told her, "Very little. We just opened the back door and the front door and let the water run through." Then, after she breathed again, I explained what doors I meant and said there was no damage. Anyway she came immediately to see for herself.

That morning I took the bus to the office, not really seeing much damage. Leolo and Denny drove out to look and saw a log on the main road to Charleston. There was a wash-out of the road on the north side of the river in Charleston which you could see for a mile or more. Fourteen people were drowned, some never being found after over a week of digging. Unfortunately, Charleston is very hilly and rain has eroded hillsides for years. Many houses had been built in the hollers (hollows) and as the rain came the water found these hollers, often in deluges. One man told of hearing water coming, grabbing a child's hand, and going out the door with his wife and the other child just behind. He and the one child made it, she and the other child didn't.

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A neighbor lady went out in the downpour to check on her mother who lived just around the corner. A mass of water from the hill hit her and knocked her twenty feet down into the backwaters. Her husband had followed her and promptly went down to get her, in semi-conscious condition. That was only half a block from us. This made us determined to never live near a bottom.

¹Arnajean was a member of the cast of the musical, Annie, Get Your Gun at Marshall College. She also joined Xi Beta Sorority, a good national one.

Denny had gotten his cheek cut open near his lip when he and Carl Darnell collided on bicycles in front of our drive. Later, a few of the boys were camping overnight on a hill. He and another boy decided to bicycle down the hill for something. I suppose they were racing as I would have been. Denny got to the edge of the road, hit something, and went head first over his handlebars. He landed on a hand and his chin. Two of the boys brought him down to us between them in the seat of a pick-up. He was obviously knocked silly. We helped him to his bed and I started to clean the blood from his face when I found a chin cut which was bleeding copiously. We loaded him up and took him across the river to the nearest hospital emergency room. They discovered the chin cut, two lost teeth, broken jaw, brain concussion, and a broken wrist. They then couldn't keep him in bed. When no one was watching, he would get up and roam. He eventually healed apparently completely.

¹ Apparently, the following paragraphs are afterthoughts about life in West Virginia.

Jamestown, North Dakota 1961–1965

And so we moved a few days after the flood – Leolo, Denny, Arnajejan, and I¹. The trip was hot, but pleasurable as we had seen little of the area through which we went. We arrived at the house with a few pans and sleeping bags and existed there until finally our furniture arrived. I thought I'd go crazy at times with the whistle of the wind through the screens. Our house was the worst looking one in a nice section of town as it badly needed scraping and a coat of paint.

The North Dakota Society was known to have money, but I couldn't find any. Bill Unti had lived in New York while he was supposed to be taking a seven week rehabilitation center course, but was really chasing a National Society employee there.

I called an Executive Committee meeting for my first Saturday in Jamestown and broke the news that the Society was broke. I did this so that I wouldn't be accused of taking the money later. They asked where the money had gone. I told them budgeted receipts were too high by about \$5000 over what was received and budgeted expenditures were too low by \$5000 making a ten thousand dollar loss for at least each of the past three years.

I won my point but they put me on a short leash. I remember arguing a way to save \$50 in a meeting. When they hadn't decided after an hour, I told them that must be a bad idea because there were ten of us there and I knew my time was worth more than five dollars an hour. According to two board members I apparently never had a good idea and too many others followed them.

We did make progress. Jerry Baenen, our camp man and field representative, quit to devote full time to his liquor store. Our bookkeeper who was a poor one quit under pressure – mine. Edna Cusac became principal of the Crippled Children's School and I was left to literally run the Society alone, except for the two board members just mentioned. One suggested I arrange to get rubbings from statues, etc in India and sell them. I asked him if I also should fill my pockets with papers and go out in North Dakota and sell them. He thought that was a good idea. I developed a good mailing list group in the office and hired Julia Thompson as a speech therapist to work in the schools. Each year I hired a camp director.

Arnajejan enrolled at the University of North Dakota the first fall for her second year of speech therapy. She graduated two years later after finding Cord Bye. She then started courses in hearing, but found she would be priced out of the market with a master's degree. She took a speech therapy job in a clinic in Winnipeg, Canada for a year, then got a job in Park River, North Dakota. Cord had been in two or three colleges, but now set his sights to graduate. He did, and started selling insurance.

Denny was following his brother through school. As he said, "Marvin played in high school then settled down. I'm going to do the same." He did. He was a football manager one year and played in the band. He also socialized.

He told me he had settled on three girls he thought were very nice and was checking each out to see which would make him the best wife. It didn't take long for him to settle on Phyllis Steffan. A little later she used to drop in on Leolo occasionally to visit. I came home one evening, heard voices as I stepped into the kitchen and stuck my head into the living room just as Phyllis threw part of a pack of cards over her shoulder right in my face. She turned, saw she had thrown them in

¹ Marvin had moved to Cincinnati to attend school.

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my face, and almost literally died of embarrassment. I leaned down close to her face and with a grin said, "I think you'll do." Both liked to play cards. Phyllis was a sophomore at the time.

My first acquaintance with Jamestown weather was the wind blowing continually through our house screens. The average wind was six miles an hour. One day about our third year it blew much harder at about 20 below zero one Saturday. I was home and felt the house shake and couldn't get warm.

Jerry Baenen went to camp in early fall to meet with the Rotary Committee for the camp. I took my top coat which definitely wasn't enough. Jerry had brought an extra heavy coat.

When the first snow came Leolo went across a field to her library job, fell down in the snow which was over knee deep, rolled around in it awhile and got up and went on. When she got to the library she was told never to do that again. She had also worked up a heavy sweat. She never did it again, as I added my voice.

One night when I was home Denny had the Falcon. He walked in and asked for my help as he was hung up on the street in the snow a block from home. After a little shoveling out underneath, we got the wheels on the street and shortly were home.

I was going up the northeastern side of the state from Grand Forks in a snowstorm on an unknown road. A fellow passed me going rather rapidly. I followed him at his speed, but he suddenly disappeared. I promptly slowed as I thought he was going too fast to turn a corner. Soon I found him. He had gone into a deep ditch head first far enough down for the lights to disappear. I told him I had been following him because I thought he knew the road. He said he had never been on that road before. I took him to the next town for help. That was a case of both of us being thankful. He could have frozen there.

I was driving that road another late afternoon in a heavy snowstorm going to Grand Forks, the other way, where I was scheduled to stay that night. The snow had just started and was mostly ground snow, snow blowing, as I could see the tops of trucks coming but not autos more than about six feet away, so I was moving rather slowly. I finally got to the north edge of Grand Forks. I, unfortunately, had a motel room reserved at the south end. Conditions became much worse as it started to snow heavily and the wind blew down our road. It took me as long to navigate Grand Forks as it did to travel the preceding ten miles.

One morning I was in Minot on a beautifully clear day in winter and ready to go home. I checked the weather report and found it fine except for a heavy fall of snow at Jamestown. You couldn't get in or out. I called our office and got the report that nothing was moving. I called Leolo and she told me to wait a day. I did, but when I got to Jamestown I was amazed at the snow.

On another trip I was to go from Minot to Bismarck. On that trip I saw the reason for the raised roads. There was a heavy snowfall with some wind which was blowing the snow across the road, but the windshield was too high. I drove all the way with my left door open looking at the center line.

A few other miscellaneous memories. I could leave the office at five o'clock, pick up Leolo, drive to the dam and be in our boat, up river, fishing. This was one of the North Dakota advantages. On weekends we often found ourselves on the bank, fishing, as the kids were using the boat to water ski. They did lots of that. I believe we got our money's worth out of that boat.

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I occasionally took staff out in our boat. One time I took my favorite, Virginia, out to water ski. I don't believe she ever had. We got her ready with instructions in shallow water at a dock and I took off. Down she went. A look back assured me I should try again. We got ready with the skis sloping up and I took off again, looked back, and didn't see her. Actually, I didn't want to drown her so I circled back, picked her up and we went riding. I asked her if she would like to steer. She would so she got behind the wheel. I told her about steering, and if she had problems, how to turn off the motor. She got us going wide open headed for the island, and froze. I was yelling "cut the switch". Finally I reached over enough people to reach the switch and suddenly we stopped. I believe Virginia lost her interest in water that day.

I joined the Shrine Clowns here and spent a weekend in Grand Forks with them. It was a great experience.

Never having had much to do with singing, I was flabbergasted one evening at Lions Club when I was called to lead the singing. I did, and didn't do a bad job, much to my surprise.

Our last year our Lions Club hosted the "Passion Play" of Spearfish, South Dakota. It was the first week of school so our promotion of it was not good. I was general chairman. Leolo had a part in it. We about broke even due to the gift of the owner of the production.

My four camp years were peculiar. The first year our director usually talked of what he did for the camp whether he or I did it. I called him on it every time. One thing I did all four years was buy food for it. The second year the director and a staff member were feuding, so I was met by he, his wife or a henchman at the gate and kept by them all the time I was there. I did find out what was going on and it wasn't to his credit.

Fortunately, the third year he left us in the lurch, he thought. I hadn't planned to hire him, anyway. I hired a Jamestown teacher I knew for the last two years and had an easy time except for rapid food increases.

Denny joined Arnajean at U.N.D. She had an auto which she had purchased from her Canadian job. He often used it. He didn't work too hard in class. He socialized. He eventually started taking flying lessons. When he was nearly through, he checked out a plane to fly home to Jamestown one evening. When he arrived it was dusk with no field lights, he buzzed the field. Still no lights. With his gasoline low he decided he would land on the access road which was lighted. In coming down he clipped one of the light poles, taking off a piece of wing. He called us and we picked him up, quite shaken. He got chewed out for taking the flight without proper training, wrecking the plane (not much) etc. We took him back and he has never taken another flying lesson.

After his time at the University, Denny worked in a filling station for a time and, fortunately, for a very good building repair contractor. He learned many things about buildings and how to repair them.

I eventually decided to buy the McGarry Printing Company in Crookston, Minnesota, with bank help provided. McGarry folded his "Shopper". I wanted to do printing only. The employees all agreed to join me so the switch was made to Hawes Printing.¹

¹ His interest in printing probably stemmed from his experience as a partner in a printing company in West Virginia.

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In the meantime, I resigned at an Executive Committee meeting which, I thought, got a little nasty on the subject of the \$1000 they had given me for my retirement account. I pointed out that that had been given to me and I would use it as I saw fit.

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Crookston, Minnesota 1965–1977

Leolo stopped by the Crookston Schools office and was hired. We went looking for a rental house and found one with the owner's furniture still in it. Denny and another boy moved us with a \$75 rented truck one day and we were in business with a house stuffed with furniture. We eventually got the other furniture moved out.

I immediately learned I had problems at the shop. We were 90% letterpress which meant Linotype setting which was slow. We had an unenergetic office girl that I eventually persuaded to quit by threatening to put her out picking up jobs. Then there was Fred who seemed to know too much. He shortly quit. I discovered Vernon was a fine workman and Al was a fast one who objected to anything new. I finally learned to sell Vernon on a new idea and then announce the change to the two of them in the back room. Al would promptly object and then Vernon would say he believed it would work, so Al accepted it. So we progressed. Al was a fast paper cutter so he cut nearly all of our paper. Vernon set type, Fred set up offset jobs and ran either machine, Al ran either and Vernon ran the letterpress.

I soon saw that our biggest bottleneck was setting up jobs for letterpress so I started learning hand setting and linotype setting. Our output slowly progressed. Fred and I did the selling. We occasionally ran McGarry's big press in the basement, too.

One morning I ran a platen press, open, hand-fed and in the process dropped my right hand between the platen and the work box in front of me. Suddenly I felt the platen pushing and stepped on the brake after I distinctly heard two loud cracks which I thought were bones breaking. I backed up the press, got my hand out, turned off the machine, and went to the Medical Clinic. No bones were broken, but I had a nice cut and a slightly mashed hand. That afternoon Fred ran the big press and I, in spite of a very sore hand, kept up in bundling the pieces coming off the press. I hadn't thought I could do it.

We had all of the paper stored in the basement when I started. When it came in, it was carried to the basement down a flight of rickety stairs and when we needed it, we carried it up. I started leaving all paper delivered to us on the main floor. Al liked this idea, since he usually had to carry it. So did I, because he had more time for useful work.

McGarry finally took out the big press so we carefully closed the hole in the floor with steel girders and heavy planks – very safe, but we never put a machine on them to operate.

I had joined the Rotary Club on arrival in Crookston as there was no Lions Club. Leolo joined the Business and Professional Women's Club and American Association of University Women. I was drafted to head the Crookston Boy Scouts Chapter but didn't do a very good job in the year I had it.

Leolo and I both started playing Flog (golf spelled backward according to Marvin) at once. Later we took lessons and got a little better. We even waded wet fairways to play.

Arnajean was in Park River and Denny and Phyllis were in Wahpeton.

Since the big press was gone we needed another big one. I found a Heidelberg, one of the best, slightly used, in the East for \$10,000. I borrowed the money and we were in business. I then found a young man who said he was an expert on all offset presses and we were more in business. But this fellow was always taking new stock to cut and carefully piling the scraps where we

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couldn't find it, but Al did. I told Tony, the new man, to cut up scraps if there were any but he said that took too much time. I said it had to be done. Then one day I got a garnishee of his salary. I paid it out of his check and asked him about it. He had an over two hundred dollar gasoline bill at his home town filling station.

I decided to pay on Friday mornings so he wouldn't have to pay another garnishee. There were six more and then he decided since he was paid he would not come back on Friday afternoons. This happened twice in a row and I fired him. He left for Minneapolis.

I had four happenings which were rather funny connected with his series of episodes.

Another time Tony left his check book in his unlocked automobile at his night job. Someone took two checks, wrote them to cash and cashed them. Tony told me about it. I told him leaving the check book in his unlocked auto was dumb, not to leave the check book there and to lock the car. He did the former and not the latter.

One day a Thief River Falls attorney who was much feared in the area for his tactics called me to say that I owed him a total of a garnishee. I told him I didn't. He told me if he didn't receive the money immediately he would sue me. I told him I wouldn't send it and suggested that before he sue me he contacted my attorneys, Ericson and Eric. He never sued – never called, either.

Another time I received a long distance call asking what was my relationship with Tony. I told him none. He argued with me and I told him he was wasting his money. He finally came to earth, asking where Tony was. I told him after I fired Tony, he went to Minneapolis and as far as I knew he was still there. He then hung up.

So that was my experience with garnishees and lawyers. It's best to have a good lawyer at hand.

I later was enticed by desperation to accept a printer, Dick, who had a drinking problem. This referral was from a place to cure him. He was great. He even ran two presses at once occasionally, but I got a garnishee. I paid it and told him another would be my last as he would be out of a job, but I started to pay him early Friday morning. One noon he left and didn't come back until Monday. I told him he owed me a half day's pay. He said he would pay me when he got back on his feet, financially. That Friday I paid him in the morning and he didn't show up after lunch. I called him at the bar where I thought he was and reminded him he owed me that afternoon. He promised to be there soon, but he never came back, thank goodness. So my training continued.

Al decided to seek his fortune in the west, which left us in a bad way for printers, as Vernon was it. I hired a high school boy by the name of Raymond to learn to run the small offset and tried to train Yvonne on the same press. Raymond got rather proficient while Yvonne didn't want to get her hands dirty, so she was a complete flop.

Raymond, a Mexican, had come into Leolo's third grade and she found his only problem was lack of English so she pushed him and recommended he advance the next year. He became a football line backer and very good boxer while in high school. He also played around little in school. Leolo talked to him about the importance of graduation and he always listened.

In Raymond's time with us Yvonne was our typist and began to do a little photography and layout. I was basic photography, layout, and hand type setting. Vernon did a little type setting and

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mostly ran machines. Yvonne and I took care of the office while I did billing, payment of bills and bookkeeping.

In this time Arnajeau became the speech therapist for the Crookston Schools for two years, she and Cord living there, while Cord graduated from the University of North Dakota in Philosophy.

Al was only gone a year as he couldn't do the job in another shop. He asked to come back and I re-employed him at a slightly smaller salary because he had applied for and received unemployment on us. However, his pay was soon up with the others. For a time I hired his oldest daughter on our tipping machine. She, too, was good, but went on to college.

I finally had an applicant for the typing job who was the daughter of a printer. She also helped on setting up jobs and later on photography and layout while Yvonne set type on a new machine. We were setting up jobs faster than before. Yvonne was in ill health and started setting Virgene the new girl against me. It got so Virgene would almost refuse to take my directions so that finally I told her, "One of these days you'll perhaps take your final move out of this place". She then tolerated me.

Then Yvonne told me she needed a long rest and would quit at the end of the week. I was very glad, but expressed my sorrow at her leaving. That long rest ended on the following Monday. I walked into the Crookston Times shop and there she was. She had started work that day. She lasted two weeks and then was laid off. She then started a campaign to get me to take her back, but she never asked me. It was just as well, because she wasn't coming back.

Over our remaining time together Virgene became a very good and trusted employee. She even liked me.

Denny and Phyllis graduated from Wahpeton School of Science, he in electronics, she in computer science and took jobs in their respective fields in Phoenix, Arizona. We went to visit them and, as I stepped off the plane, I felt like I was walking into a blast furnace. The next day we took their refrigerated car to tour the desert. I would be very cool, then step out into the heat, get up a good sweat, and back into the auto to freeze. This we did several times. The next day I couldn't get out of bed until three o'clock in the afternoon, so we saw very little of Phoenix.

I'm afraid that Denny followed my pattern of taking his wife as a matter of course, and giving her little attention. At least they had problems and suddenly Denny decided to quit his job and return to us.

Mrs. Steffan, Phyllis' mother, went to Phoenix and took Phyllis back to Jamestown. Over a period of a relative short time Phyllis and Denny were together again with him giving her much more attention. This taught me a lot, too. Leolo has had more T.L.C. since that time.

Denny and Phyllis went to the Minneapolis area where they both worked in their fields. Their last residence there was White Bear Lake.

Meanwhile, I was active in the Masonic Lodge, being Chapter head for a year and Shrine Club President one year. I was also in Eagles, Elks, and Rotary. I became President of the Crookston Colonels, a branch of the Chamber of Commerce because I suggested a better way to greet new businesses when I visited. That organization got quite lively as the town was growing.

Memories of Orville William Hawes

Leolo was a lady Elk, and belonged to Business and Professional Women's Club, American Association of University Women, United Methodist Women and Crookston Education Association.

Together, we belonged to almost everything. This meant a lively life for both of us.

We invested in a machine to cold set in even column end type which speeded up production a lot, and bought several kinds of type to cold hand set headlines.

We needed more help so I hired a young German lady who could type and put Yvonne almost all on setting up jobs.

Then, needing more help I hired Mark Fisketjon, a graduate of Wahpeton School of Science in Printing. He was slow but he got it done.

After five years we started to turn a small profit and almost had our debt retired. The next year looked better and Leolo began to look to September when she would retire from teaching.

By this time Arnajeau and Cord were in Fargo, she as the school remedial reading speech therapist and Cord as an insurance salesman. Denny had decided he wanted to return to Phoenix, but when Phyllis went in to resign she was offered a job in San Jose, California. She mentioned Denny's desires and they were treated to a trip for both to San Jose. He found a job with Atari, a small games company and they both stayed. Phyllis soon became a supervisor in computers and later moved to experimental work. Denny went into a two person department and being a fighter became in charge of production of "How to Fix It" Booklets with fourteen employees to date.

We decided to spend Christmas with Marvin¹. Never having been in California I didn't know what Christmas weather was like. I called Marvin to ask what to wear. He told me the weather was usually like spring. I asked about a rain coat. He said, "It never rains in sunny California." I didn't take the raincoat. As we stepped off our plane it started to sprinkle. This changed shortly to a down pour which lasted all seven days and nights we were there, but it didn't slow us down. My clothes were usually a little damp, but we persevered. On the eighth day we awoke to clear skies, mild temperature, and time to go home. Marvin went to work and we took the rented auto to the airport to turn it in. Before we boarded the plane we got a great view of the whole area around the airport and viewed the land with interest from the plane too. We got home in snow.

After Denny and Phyllis moved to San Jose, we started to think of possible retirement, not knowing where or when so we went to California to visit our two sons. Marvin was then living in San Pedro and had just remarried. We took about a week at each place and then came back by way of the Grand Canyon which was in fog when we were there. We kept on to Ohio for a week and then home with many unanswered questions. One question was how we could live adequately on what little money we had.

Incidentally, our German girl didn't work for long and we were forced to hire another who spent a lot of time yawning, looking at her watch, and repairing her makeup. She didn't last. I fired her.

We always had a boy around to clean up a little. I had had problems for a few years -puffing when I mowed lawn, my feet hurting when I walked, and, my continual losing battle with

¹ He had moved to Los Angeles in 1963.

Memories of Orville William Hawes

Diabetes, but about this time I got on Diabinese to correct the Diabetes and exercised only for very short times. I was also beginning to stay away from sugar foods and drinks.

Leolo and I went to the Social Security office in her last year of teaching. I learned I would have about' four hundred dollars per month on retirement and' she six hundred. That was a great relief.

Leolo retired September 1, 1975 and moved into our shop office to greet customers and proof read. That was another full time work although she didn't get paid, either. We just let the money snowball a little. She was suffering a great letdown after years of earning a pay check.

We decided we would plan what to do about keeping or selling the shop in the next year. One day in February, I was a block and a half from our office, and stepped outside in 30 degrees below zero weather with a 35 mile wind - about the equivalent of 85 degrees below. In a block I couldn't feel my face so I stopped into a store to warm up. As I stood there slowly warming my face I thought, "Gee, Its cold out there. I wonder how cold it really is? Anyway, it's too cold for me!" So I walked back to our office and said to Leolo, "This place is too cold for me. Let's get out of here." She said, "That's fine. First we'll have to sell the shop and house." So we put up the shop for sale.

Then we went to California to look some more. We stayed with Denny and Phyllis and looked hard, but found very little of interest. We thought Santa Rosa or Santa Cruz would be nice and told the respective chambers of commerce so that we got a stream of possibilities from both for a time.

We returned to Crookston and I found I had been drafted as Secretary of our Rotary club from which I had resigned. The Secretary practically runs the Rotary club so I did until we later moved and enjoyed it. I remember one day when some Democrat had arranged for the Governor to speak. I pointed out the Rotary Club's neutrality in politics and said this must be withdrawn. I was told it was only a public relations appearance, to which I added Yes, by a Democratic Governor. The Board decided to withdraw its offer. So I won that one.

Our shop was doing rather well with Virgene and I doing photography and layouts, Mark and Al printing and Vernon finish up as a blind printer on our payroll. He retired very soon.

One day we had a nibble from a Tech. Staff member who we passed along to our seller. They eventually worked out a deal and in very late spring we were out of business with a small down payment, a monthly payment and, after ten years, a balloon payment. Incidentally, Virgene was my friend when we left.

We then put up the house for sale, but, anticipating no offers until fall again went to visit Denny and Marvin in California. I again dropped Rotary. During this trip we visited Catalina Island. We were quite impressed by the island, but hurried back to Marvin's house and then home.

We then went to Ohio to visit as we had not been there for some time. We visited many relatives for perhaps the last time and went sight seeing to Minnesota. It was nice to get home.

Soon after our return we got a firm purchase offer and together we made it solid, for the spring of 1977.

As the property closing date drew near in late February, we decided we would store our furniture in Grand Forks and have it brought to us in San Jose, when we found a place. Accordingly, we

Memories of Orville William Hawes

contacted a moving company in Grand Forks and a man came to talk with us about costs. After our conversation was over Leolo suddenly asked if the man knew anyone needing a good snow blower, pointing out that we had one. He said he had been thinking of buying one but he was in a hurry now. I interrupted by pointing out that we always had a knee deep snow near the end of February and I wasn't supposed to shovel snow. She said we could just stay snowed in.

The next day I came home and there was no snow blower in the garage. I asked if the man had been there and she said the check was on the table.

About three days later we had a snow – a little over knee deep that piled up in our drive. In four days of picking at the drift, I had it so we could drive out if needed.

We had a Shrine Ceremonial in Grand Forks the day the snow came. Leolo and I were scheduled to stay at the Westward Ho Motel where festivities were. When we went out after the banquet we discovered we were in a lot of snow. The Potentate was with us and his hat blew off. The last we saw of it, it was sailing merrily over the motel.

We drove to our room, but found a lot of places where traffic was blocked. We made it. We hadn't planned to stay so we were rather unprepared – grossly, is the word. As I remember, Leolo slept in my undershirt and I in nothing at all, but we were warm. We were to meet friends for breakfast the next morning. After we waited an hour we got a call that they were snowbound. We ate, and about 9:30 decided the road might be broken by that time, but it wasn't. Shortly a big truck passed us and we followed in his tracks far enough back to see. So we got home, very thankfully.

The day before our settlement came, a truck arrived to pick up our furniture. We kept two blow-up air mattresses and cover as small as our two travel bags. The heat was still on in the house, but everything else was turned off except the water. I lost my bed that night as Leolo's had deflated and she was freezing so when I went to the john she traded beds. We were on carpeting so it really wasn't bad. The next morning when we got up we ate our little breakfast, called the water company, electric company, packed our Buick, received our down payment by 9:00 A.M., deposited it and by 9:15 took off for Fargo.

We stayed with Arnajean and Cord one night and then headed to Jamestown where we visited Mrs. Steffan, Phyllis' mother, and a few others, then on to Glendive, Montana overnight.

The next night we were in Bozeman, Montana, Lawrence and Willard's area when they went west to make their fortunes my first year of college. The next night we were in Lind, Washington, then Klamath Falls, Oregon. We left there on Wednesday, April 20, 1977. We arrived at the Econo 6 Motel in Santa Rosa that evening with dinner at Sambo's. We looked around Santa Rosa and the area for two days and I bought a pair of shoes before we left for Denny and Phyllis' house in San Jose.

San Jose, California 1977–1985

We looked many places for houses, but found none in our price range in the area. Denny finally suggested talking to Bill Wells, his neighbor, who sold real estate. He took us to several places and finally asked if we had thought of a mobile home. Leolo, I believe, said she wouldn't be caught in one of them, but Bill suggested there were many nice ones around and took us to see his mother's place. We liked the park and started checking on the six coaches available. We finally settled on one and made an offer. It was rejected. We waited a short time and made another, providing the dryer, too, was included. It was accepted and on Wednesday, May 4, 1977 we bought a \$25,000 mobile home. We didn't stay there, but went over every day to get ready for our furniture, which arrived eventually. Our May rent was \$106.34 including electricity and gas. Our license (trailer) was \$84.00 so we did rather well.

We joined the shuffle board club, were put on two teams and got very little coaching so we lost our games. One day our doubles captain met us on our way to play and told us to go back home, as the other players didn't want us. We were overwhelmed. Our Thursday captain kept playing us and we won occasionally. We kept going down to practice on the other three days. Suddenly our Tuesday captain invited us back as we had been practicing. We still lost. So the year ended, but I did play on our championship singles team. I even won a game in the championship match. We had moved in on May 22, 1977.

We took a trip to visit Marvin and Sheila¹, leaving June 22, by way of Route 5. Our first stop was at Fort Tejon, where camels were tried as cavalry beasts in 1888. They didn't work out. On Thursday we visited Ports O'Call where we were properly impressed. We also visited the Wax Museum. On June 25 we were in Palm Springs where it was HOT. We went up the tram to see the area, then off to see Marvin and Sheila, who was new to us.

On Sunday we went sailing. On Monday we took the Universal Studio City tour and saw the bridge break up and then put itself together. On Tuesday we were in Hollywood watching a taping of "Maude".

On June 29 we headed north along the coast stopping in Oxnard to see Lois and Ken Seaton, Leolo's sorority sister, but there was no one home. Then on to Lompoc with its beautiful fields and sweet smell where we stayed all night. The next day we stopped for lunch in Soledad, where a state prison is. I was very unimpressed with what I saw of the town. Then on to San Jose and home.

We promptly started a Gold Trail trek from Sonora to Columbia, Coloma (Sutter's Mill where gold was discovered) and on to Roseville. Somewhere we bought fried chicken to take with us and it made me sick. I just made it to Roseville. The next morning I was in terrible shape so we waited a while before heading toward San Jose. Leolo wanted to drive us, but, for a change, I overruled her. I was alright unless I turned my head quickly, so I didn't and we made it home.

On July 6th we took off for Fort Ross, the old Russian Fort. It was a great, quick trip. Then we settled down for a time.

We attended Aloha club meetings, listening only and Shuffleboard meetings. That winter I turned down the Shuffleboard presidency, but accepted the Vice Presidency. I was amazed at the decisions made only by the president. That wasn't my way. I often objected, but always lost.

¹ His wife. In the Los Angeles area.

Memories of Orville William Hawes

The first year Mary Bess and Austin Sprang visited us right after we moved in. We became Historical Society docents, (tour guides), Leolo joined a crafts class which kicked her out a short time later – Italians, and she started oil painting classes. We went on a one day Delta Cruise with Senior Citizens and haven't been on one since. I joined Sons in Retirement as I had planned with Ray McClintic as my mentor. Arnajeau arrived from Fargo on December 17. We took her to visit Marvin and Sheila¹ from the 19th to the 22nd and she left for home from the airport on the 28th saying she would be back next year, all during our fall rains. That day Leon, Shirley, and Tootie² Suber were here for lunch.

The 1978 year was about the same as before in local activities. In June we went on a Sir trip to the Salinas rodeo by bus. It was interesting and HOT. We drove to Fort Ross in July 6. We had been very interested in Russian occupation of our Northwest. The little fort supplied Russia's Alaskan fisheries with food for about 35 years and was eventually sold to John Sutter, owner of the fort at Sacramento with his name.

We got rid of a large thistle at the back corner of the house and planted a naval orange which has grown prodigiously over the years, being drastically trimmed each year. In 1981 it had three blooms which fell off and in 1983 it had two, one which grew into an orange. My neighbor recommends getting a cutting from an orange tree in bloom and laying it in our tree to fertilize ours, but in 1983 I hadn't gotten around to doing it and didn't plan to do so.

In August, 1978, we went to Angel Island in San Francisco. It was quite scenic, but too many old people get on my nerves. We also made our first annual trip to the county fair. On November 9, we went to Reno on a Leolo gambling trip and on December 9, we attended our first Sir Christmas Party. In between these events we visited Piedmont³ and went places near at hand with Denny and Phyllis, played shuffleboard and bingo and participated in park activities.

Arnajeau and Cord came in December for Christmas. I had arranged for Cord to play Pebble Beach Golf Course in Monterey, so we had a day there. I got slightly lost and missed his tee off time but there was no problem as it was a slow day there. We then toured the Peninsula and returned home. Arnajeau was trying to sell Cord on this being a great area in which to live. He still thought North Dakota was the place to live in when they left here.

¹ Then living in the San Francisco area.

² Leon and Tootie are Leolo's siblings and Shirley is Leon's wife.

³ Home of Marvin and Sheila.

Memories of Orville William Hawes

Appendices

Memories of Orville William Hawes

Appendix 1: Children of David and Elizabeth Hawes

From the family bible in possession of George Hawes, Dayton, Ohio.¹

Daniel Hawes	Aug 21, 1835
Suseannah Hawes	Dec 18, 1836
Mary Catherine Hawes	Oct 27, 1838
William Hawes	Aug 13, 1840
Zeno Hawes	Jan 16, 1842
John Hawes	Oct 13, 1843
David Hawes	Apr 14, 1846
Christian Hawes	Sep 13, 1847

¹ George Zeno Hawes died in 1988. His son, Darrell, does not know of a family bible.

Memories of Orville William Hawes

Appendix 2: Children of Zeno and Delilah Hawes

William T. (Ida Alice Conner)	4 children
Lucy (Mrs. Ed Young)	3 children
Amy (Mrs. Alfred Apple)	4 children
Elizabeth	unmarried
Alfred (Locky May McAlexander)	9 children

Memories of Orville William Hawes

Appendix 3: Children of John and Susan Conner

Abram	1806
Adam	1808
Sarah	1810
Elizabeth	1813
Catherine	1815
John	1817
Leah	1819
David	1821
Noah	1823

Memories of Orville William Hawes

Appendix 4: Children of George and Elizabeth Rexroad Halterman

Eleanor (Blakley)	1821 in Virginia
Samuel	1822 in Ohio
Isaac	1825
Sarah (Walton)	1826
Jane (Coverstone)	1829
Margaret (Conner)	1833
Lewis	1833
Elizabeth (McAlexander)	1835

Memories of Orville William Hawes

Appendix 5: Children of David and Margaret Conner

Clara	1867
Infant twins	1878
Dora	1869
Martha	1871
Mary	1871
Ida Alice	Jul 26, 1873
Maude	1876

Memories of Orville William Hawes

Appendix 6: Children of Zeno and Delilah Hawes' Children

William and Ida Alice

Grover Lee
Lawrence Monroe
Willard David
Orville William

Lucy (Mrs. Ed Young)

Delila
Stanage
Kenneth

Amy Conner Apple

Ellie
Grace
David
Paul

Alfred and Locky

Rosie Hawes Deal – 3 children
Florence Hawes Adams – 3 children
George Zeno Hawes – 4 children
Alfred Ray (infant)
Hazel Hawes Smith & Hunt – 4 children
Woodrow – 2 children
Imogene Hawes Bell – 3 children
Ralph Hawes – no children
Wanda June Hawes Bowers – 4 children

Memories of Orville William Hawes

Appendix 7: Children of David and Margaret Conner's Children

Clara Conner Rider	Wallace Elza Cory Ira Chloe Edna Ruth
Dora Conner Painsett	no children
Martha Conner Moore	Kenneth Lawrence Chester Glenn Goldie Gladys Leola Roy Eddie Flossie Jennings Earnest Carl "Peck"
Mary Conner McCashen	no children
Ida Alice Conner Hawes	Grover Lawrence Willard Orville
Maud Conner Brown	May Goldie Clara infant

Memories of Orville William Hawes

Appendix 8: Children of Grover and Alice Hawes

Wilma Hawes Shoemaker	4 children
Maxine Hawes Kaufman	4 children

Memories of Orville William Hawes

Appendix 9: Children of Lawrence and Cloe Hawes

Helen Hawes Kaufman & Price	1 child
Mary Hawes Cottrell	1 child
William	4 children

Memories of Orville William Hawes

Appendix 10: Children of Willard and Hazel Hawes

Dorothy Hawes Shultz & Friend 3 children
Virgil 4 children

Memories of Orville William Hawes

Appendix 11: Children of Orville and Leolo Hawes

Marvin Paul Hawes	no children
Arnajean Paula Hawes	no children
Dennis Allan Hawes	Christopher Steffan Hawes
	Timothy William Hawes