

Preface

This History of Fairhaven was written for Miss Laura Hawes by Miss Susan Pierce, in long hand, about 1911. "Suez" Pierce was famous for teaching school, in and about Fairhaven for fifty years. She taught country schools having pupils from ^(Foley)beginners to man-sized boys and grown girls. Lou started to school to her at the Railsback school about 1884. She taught the Primary room at FairHaven for years. I do not know at what age she went to her reward but it was before I came to Fairhaven in 1917 Mrs. Elvira Kramer had a copy made and "the Locier Girls" typed a copy for Lou. We lost it for a year neither could remember loaning it. When it came home from Flora Hays we loaned it no more. I am making three copies- one for Helen Furrell, one for Mary McDivitt, who has the origin and one for myself, to loan if anyone is interested. I find it has more local history than is shown on the records of either Church.

All in the Parenthesis is added to the original and are stories told by Lou or written on the backs of pages. The going out of the covered bridge was written in when it happened. The present locations were written for the benefit of this generation, if any should ever be interested.

Copied by Mary C. Foley, December 1958.

Recopied by Jeannette F. Hays, May 1961 after I had used Mary's for reference material for a term paper "The History of Fair Haven" for History 11 and 12 at Miami U. Oxford, Ohio.

In 1805 an old Quaker gentleman by the name of Joseph Caldwell, emigrated from North Carolina and settled in what is now known as Section 9, Israel Twp. He built his residence on what we call Morrow's Hill, now owned by Orla Ramsey. (That land bought by Lou Foley and now owned by Mary Foley.) In 1832 his son (Joseph Caldwell) laid out our little village that nestles cosily among the hills, and had it recorded April 20. At that time the western part of our village was a beautiful grove of Sugar Maples, and the eastern part, where the United Presbyterian Parsonage is built, (now owned by Oren Pierson) was an Elm Swamp, which was drained and filled ~~by~~ in some years later by Sameul Boyce. One lonely monarch of those early days is still standing on the sidewalk near William Charles' property. (now owned by Clara Thacker the tree was cut down by them to the deep regret of many older ones who loved it⁺ notably Lou and Willard Hays.) It is a beautiful old tree and is admired by everyone who sees it. Every year the beautiful "oriole" or "hanging bird" weaves it's nest upon its long flexible branches, secured from the reach of every foe.

Deep in the earth its great roots spread

But heavens own blue surrounds its head.

It bows when the south wind wanders past.

But breasts unmoved the fierce blast.

Not long after the village was laid out, a log tavern was built back of where Miss Laura Hawes' house now stands and that time there was a great deal of traveling through there, as it was on the direct road to Cincinnati. The road ran over the hill past Mr. Randolph Duvall's barn (north of the "Pinkton" house) in place of through the village, and across the creek where Miss Hawes now has a stile built.

(about in line with the big gate south of the "big house")

The farmers of south-eastern Indiana took there hogs, sheep, and produce to market. And the old conastoga wagons with there four, six, eight and sometimes ten horses with there fur collars and their arches^S of bells fastened on the hames, made merry music as they went along well ladened going to or returning from market. Every night large numbers of men were entertained at the lattle log tavern and immense numbers of hogs and sheep could be found in the barnyards. As traveling keep increasing Mr. Hiram Evans (Mable Williams Grandfather) replaced the little log tavern with the commodius brick building called Bunker Hill now owned by Miss Laur Hawes. For many years Bunker Hill was a noted place of entertainment in thais section of the country. As our village increased in numbers, it became evident that wa must have a general store and Captain Bonny of Oxford, Ohio, erected a small store house on the grounds now occupied by Miss Laura Hawes stable. Sylvester Stillson was duly installed storekeeper and delt out his wares to old and young alike. He also kept a good supply of snuff on hand fo which the older of those days were very fond. John Wilson was our next merchant and then John Ore, Sylvester Itvin, Fred Kramer, Edward Hawes, Wm. Pressley, Gilmore Ramsey, Morton Irvin, Dr. Logan Harvey Smith, Jesse Niccum, Thomas Simons, (I think it was he who had a sign "Tar, Treacle, Godly Books and Gimlets")and others. Mr. Hawes having returned from Iowa, where he had moved some time before, again started in the mercantile business and remained there until his death, May, 22, 1901. He was in business for some fifty years. He was succeeded by his daughter Miss Laura Hawes who last year sold out to Mr. Louis Foley, one of our high school boys.

In the forties a fine pike was built from Richmond Ind. to Hamilton Ohio. Old Four Mile Creek washes the northern and western sides of the village. Its winding course is marked by the lovely Pussy Willows which grow along its banks, whose sweet willowy odors attract hundreds of bees to get nectar.

" The Bridge "

In 1847 a splendid wooden bridge was completed across Four Mile Creek at the northern part of the village, and from that time^{on} in place of traveling over the hills they came through the village. When the bridge was finished it was painted red. It was known for many years as "The Old Red Bridge", and in speaking of it every^{one} knew its location. For sixty-four years it has weathered the storms and gales. (This is the only thing that dates the time of the original history 1847+64=1911) A few years ago during a flood some of the abutments were loosened and washed out and the old bridge had to be repaired. When the county Commissioners had it repaired and painted white the citizens were very sorry they did not paint it red again because it did not seem like the same old bridge. John Wiley and Silas Glover were the contractors and builders. (The following was written on the history of the bridge when it went out. Later in Miss Hawes's history I see that Willey and Glover had a sawmill in Crothers Pasture. That is the field just south of the bridge- now Turners. I think it was there that the bridge lumber was made. Now-- after the days of heavy motor traffic in the late 1930's the old covered bridge was struck many times by drivers who were in too much hurry to keep to their side of the bridge, it being two lanes with a partition in the middle. About 4 A. M. Friday, May ^{May 8} 24, 1940 the old bridge was struck by a tractor-truck loaded with 12 tons of potatoes bound from Mickigan to Cinninnati.

It knocked the east side out, the truck going into the creek, So ended the days of our beloved covered bridge. The bridge built for the horse drawn loads, was so well constructed that for many years it withstood the speed and loads of motor travel, and would have stood longer had the drivers used care. The truck that finished it had bad brakes. In the early days these words were printed on a board in the south edge of the bridge-

The genius of man is hard to discover

This bridge was built by Wiley and Glover

Lou told that for years but one side of the bridge was used, especially at night, as Charlie Pierce's sheep slept in the other.' The author's father-. In those days the horse sense was in the harness., not behind the wheel). In the early forties Joel Eperly had a large pork house built where Mr George Coopers house now stands.(now Jones) He carried on a extensive business in pork packing for several years. At the same time James Phillips made the barrels for the pork and lard packing. He had a cooper shop where David Bostick's house now stands, Built by Hiarm Evens in 1863. (now Pierat) About the same time a need for building lumber was felt. Mr. Silas Glover and Jahn Wiley built a saw mill in what is now Mr. James Crothers pasture field south of the bridge., and Mr. Joseph Green built a grist mill just below the village on what is now known as Mr. Ruby's farm. (Crosleys) These mills were a great benfit to the people fo this section of the country saving them many a mile of traveling. Which on accdunt of the roads at that time ment much to the people. Those old land marks have long since passed away. Our flour is now delivered to our groceries every week from Oxford, there are excellent pikes in every direction. Mr. George Cooper now has a nice saw-mill in the south-eastern part of our village on the eastern bank of the beautiful Four Mile and does a thriving business. (When Cooper left he sold it to Orla Ramsey who moved it just above the bridge. He later

sold to Oren Pierson. The mill burned the spring of 1958 and so far, Dec. 1958 has not been rebuilt.) In 1839 Charles Pierce came there and began shoe-making (from Mass.) and John Sliver started a blacksmith shop about the same time. A few years later Hamilton Brigga built a shingle factory where John Fouts residence now stands and his brother Horace did weaving there. (Rosa Harts) He wove beautiful coverlets which today are highly prized by relic hunters. Then Thomas More, Jacob Caldwell and David Lough had Taylor Shops and furnished the gentleman with their wearing apparel of the best quality and always in the latest style. After them came Wolf, Degginger, and Greenfield in the clothing business. They were Jews and they did a fine business here for years. 'I think they must have been in the north end of the Hawes block as I have heard Mrs. Cramer and Miss Hawes tell how they hung geese in sacks and stuffed them so they would be fat and have big livers). Jacob Norris always had a brick kiln on what is now the western part of the school ground and he was ready at a moment's warning to commence a building. He erected nearly every brick building in our village. Stephen Jones had a saddlers shop here for many years. You could buy anything from a tie strap to a fine saddle or a nice set of harness from him. His shop stood where Mrs. Minnie Austin's grocery is. (Corner of Jesse Keller's lot across from present store). Mr. Fisher and Mr. Hunsaker had a Tin and Stove store and they made all kinds of tin ware and spouting and did a fine business. (Mr. Fisher, grandfather of Russell McDivitt, Mation Fisher and many decendents in this locality.)

About the time our pike was finished, Mr. Varhes, of Hamilton, Ohio received the contract to carry the mail from Hamilton to Richmond, Indiana, and he carried it in a stage coach. He drove four beautiful gray horses and as he drove through the village blowing his horn, we children enjoyed

it almost as much as Tom Brown, the morning he went to Rugby. Mr. Gilbert owned the omnibus line and carried passengers through there daily. He always drove six horses to the omnibus. Among our early postmasters was Hiram Evans, David Lough, and Charles Pierce. Later were Isaac N. Sliver, Jas. Caldwell, Robert Becket, Charles Pierce, Wm. Sliver, Frank Pierce, and Daniel Davis. (After Dan Davis, Harry Austin had the P.O. in his store and for a little while Koons had it in a garage until Fair Haven went off the map as a P.O. and had R.F.D.)

(This is a story of Lou's handed down by some old timer. At one time Robert Becket hauled the mail from Hamilton to Fair Haven and there came a heavy snow. "Bob" had no sleigh but Jim Henry had, and he offered to sell for ten dollars, or rent for fifty cents a day. Mr. Becket chose to rent, and hauled the mail for 90 consecutive days in sleigh. Sounds unbelievable now. One of Mr. Henry's sayings was "the lame and the lazy are lucky". He, no doubt felt lucky on the deal. We don't know how Mr. Becket felt.)

Stephen Pierson had a wagon shop for many years and also made fine buggies. (Grandfather of Oren Pierson.)

The early physicians were Dr. Eli Gilmore, Sloan McDill, Porter and Pinkerton. Dr. McDill was married to Ex-Governor Morrow's daughter. Later Dr.'s Fouts, Beverly, Potts and Wm. Gilmore. Then came Drs. James Porter, Logan, Howe, Larimer, Monfort, and Arthur Gilmore, son of Dr. Wm. Gilmore, who is now our physician.

Our milliners were the Hiley sisters, later came Rosanna Cramer. Then came the Milan sisters, Siler sisters, Miss Sue Beal, and Miss Maria Campbell as milliners and dressmakers.

Daniel Gift worked at cabinet making for many years. We had a prosperous Odd Fellow's Lodge but a number of them moved away and some of

of them died. Finally the rest went to the Eaton Lodge.

Churches

The people felt the need of a church in the village. The Associate Reformed Church in the Presbyterian (Presbytery?) at their meeting at Greenfield, in October 1834, ast off about fifty families from the Hopewell congregation to be known as the Fair Haven congregation. The people leased a one acre lot from Dr. Alexander Porter and built a brick church 60x55 feet. David Richie was the contractor and builder. It was begun in the autumn of 1834 and finished in the spring of 1835. The first paster was Jeremiah Morrow, son of Ex-Governor Morrow. He began his labors in May 1835, and was pastor until 1842 when, on account of failing health he resigned. The church was practically vacant from the fall of 1842 until the spring of 1845. The Presbyterians met at Concord, Ohio, April 11, 1845 when a call was made out for Rev. John Reynolds, which he accepted. He began his labors in April 27, 1845 and died September 4, 1846. In the spring call was made out for Rev. J. Scouller, and was accepted June 1847. He began his labor June 1847 and resigned in 1897. The name of the church was changed from Associate Reformed to United Presbyterian in 1858. During the fifty years of Dr. Scouller's pastorage he worked hard and faithfully and was loved by all who knew him. Rev. Orth received the next call, but was only there a short time when he resigned and moved away. Then Re. Shaw received the next call, but had to resign in a short time on account of failing health. Rev. R. J. Kyle received the next call and is still here. In 1867 the old church was taken down and a new brick on in the place of the old was built on the same site. Mr. Coxan was the contractor and builder. (When Mr. Coxan was building the church Wm. Larsh, seeking information himself, said, "Mr. Coxan, many people have asked me

how much you got for building this church." Mr. Coxan replied, "Well, Mr. Larsh, the next one who asks you, just say that you do not know.") The church is in a flourishing condition, they have regular services every Sabbath, Christian Union , Sabbath School, Junior Midweek, Prayer Meeting and Missionary Meeting. Thirteen ministers have been sent out from this congregation. The congregation owns a nice frame parsonage on the corner of Main and Cherry Streets.

Methodist

In 1840 a few Methodists began holding meetings in Mr. C. Phillips cooper shop, and also at the residence of Mr. Joseph Green. In 1847 their meetings were held upstairs in what is now known as Mr. Louis Foley's store room. At that time the Methodists of this part of the country belonged to the Ohio Conference. In 1852 the Cincinnati Conference was formed and a section was taken into it. We became part of the Camden Circuit, In 1848 Hannah Dunn presented the lot the church now stands on, to the people to build a Methodist Church. The contract was given to Thomas Jain, and in 1849 a commodious frame building was erected, In 1870 our charge was separated from the Camden Circuit, a lot was purchased from Wm. C. Swan and a frame parsonage was erected. In 1883 our old church was erected under the pastorate of Rev. Witham Wilson Pottenger was the constructor and built. From a handful the church has grown to be a very strong congregation with regular services every Sabbath, Sabbath School, Class Meetings Epworth League, Midweek Prayer Meetings, Junior League, Missionary Meeting and Ladies Aid Society. In our congregation we have a large number of Young People who take an active part in the church and help the pastor in every way they can. In 1903 our old parsonage was moved back for a barn and a \$3000.00 parsonage was built where the old one had stood. It is beautifully situated on top of a hill and from the second story windows there is a

lovely view of the surrounding country. Ten large stone steps lead from the yard down to the Main Street.

School

Religion and education always go hand in hand, as soon as the Associate Reform School was finished a school was commenced in the session house. After a time that building became too small to accommodate the pupils and a frame building of two ~~stories~~ rooms was erected where the school now stands. In 1857 that was replaced by a much more commodious building and in 1882 the present building of two rooms was erected on the same old site, and in 1892 a third room had to be added. From that time we have had a high school. Mr. John Gibbs was our first High School Superintendent. Our first Commencement was in May 1892. From our High School has gone forth men and women in nearly every vocation in life, and they are scattered far and wide in our country and many in the Middle West and the Eastern part of our country. Among our members are Ministers and ministers wives, Doctors, Lawyers, Farmers, Teachers and Laborers by the score. One of our number had graced the Hall of Congress and been Lieut. Governor of our State. Some are lying in the sunny southland in unknown graves. During the most trying time in History of our country, when brother was taking up arms against brother the Mothers, like the Spartans of old, sent their husbands and sons to fight for their country and they and their daughters stayed at home attending to the work, some even having to assist in harvesting the crops. At every school house almost there were Ladies Aid Societies where the ladies met to prepare boxes of clothing and food to be sent to our boys in blue or to the hospital. In the early nineties our village and vicinity erected a monument in our cemetery to the boys whose bodies are lying in unknown graves. It is a monument of Berry Granite, not so very high and has a granite cannon ball weighing eight hundred pounds on top of it.

The names of the eighteen boys and their regiments are engraved upon it. The dedicatorial address was delivered by Colonel Andrew Harris, of the 75th O. V. I. several of the boys belonged to his regiment. The gentleman of this vicinity made a beautiful mound to erect the monument upon. Our cemetery is located northeast and is beautifully ~~located~~ situated. We have beautiful scenery around our village for any one that enjoys nature. Strangers are delighted to picnic for a day along Old Four Mile. In the Spring there are some very nice bass to be caught and nice carp too. Many come with cameras and take views along the banks, These views make nice views to send to friends. In what used to be Dr. Porters stone quarry, now owned by the Foley Brothers (Harley Blacker's) are beautiful Falls. As we go north to what we usually called the double ford, near the iron bridge, we again come upon fine scenery. In our childhood days there was a small spring about 8 inches in circumference and 3 inches deep the water was sulphur ~~sulfur~~ and we called it Sulphur Springs. It was first discovered by Uncle Charley Larsh, probably hewn out by Indians of by gone days. The spring has long since washed out. Around our bridge and Mr. Randolph Duvall's Robert Hays's and Robert Schouller's hills the scenery is beautiful especially in the spring when the leaves are just coming out. Also in the fall when the leaves are clothed in their lovely autumn colors. In the winter the town looks lovely when everything is covered with ice and snow. In summer you will not find a lovelier little town in the state. The streets are bordered on either side with the beautiful maples which stands in front of our doors sheltering numerous ~~birds~~ birds and giving us shade all through the summer. In the autumn heaven sends then a rainbow for a crown when the put on their dress of red and gold and in the winter with their branches glistening in the sunlight ridged inches deep with pearls. In driving through our little village it might be thought by strangers that the young people would have little enjoyment, but just call around in coasting time

if you want to see real pleasure. The pupils of our school enjoy themselves immensely. They coast from the school house to near the Methodist Church, and as soon as their sleds stop, back they run up the hill not a lazy Ned among them/ The young people for miles around come to coast with them and have a jolly good time. Their laughter can be heard all over the village. When they cannot coast there is lovely old Four Mile to skate upon. What fun they have, just the kind of enjoyment to make strong healthy boys and girls. In the summer they have their picnics and ball games and little social gatherings to spend their time when not engaged in their daily toil.

We all admire old Four Mile, but every few years there comes a time, when in place of admiring, we fear her; especially if it happens to be a rainy spring when she sometimes gets out of her banks and comes rushing down our streets and several times has been known to get in to our homes. Take it all in all, we do not believe anyone would be willing to give her up if she could be removed. We would take our chances of flood and keep her.

Hawes Home

Another thing we all enjoy is the home of Miss Laura Hawes. When Mr. Hiram Evans built a large hotel and named it Bunker Hill, he built it three stories high in old colonial style. Some of the rooms are very large, as is the old colonial hall which runs north and south through the center of the house and is a thing of beauty. It has the nicest stairway in the country, built by Mr. Moses Nelson of Eaton, Ohio. (This place was bought by Mr. Edward Hawes, Father of Miss Laura and some changes were made. The large southeast room was the barroom and the room north, the Ladies Parlor, and the west side was all dining room. Later a bedroom on the south. The front upstairs was the ball room. Later divided into 2 bedrooms. Upstairs on the west and two steps down, a little hall and 5 small rooms like the center one- for sleeping rooms for travelers. Later made in a bedroom, dressing room and studio. I have heard the family, in tavern days, used the third floor.

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Old Timers say- a hundred wagons there a night! Sounds big but so it went. Some teamsters slept on the barroom floor others in there wagons, But I suppose man and beast were fed on the same premises. Wagons often had a feed box on the back and may have carried their own feed and perhaps for man also but he no doubt enjoyed the hospitality of the tavern. A huge fire place was in the kitchen. Another story was that the night "Bob" Evans was born his father held "open-house"- I suppose free drinks all around. A big barn was on the back of the place. We tore it down..)

Miss Hawes is a relic hunter with things from a great many places in our country and from lands across the ocean. Many of them quite costly. Also has a fine cabinet of Indian relics of the stone age, that she has been collecting for years and every year still adds something to it. At the World's Fair (Chicago) she bought many fine shells and beautiful specimens of coral and other things in that line. She is also an artist and has painted many beautiful pictures in oil, water colors and crayon. She has a fine collection of pottery from different potteries in the country and many beautiful and costly hand painted china which she painted herself. Last fall she and her sister Mrs. Elvire Cramer toured the western states and brought home many lovely specimens. They visited the Grand Canyon and Petrified Forest of Arizona and brought choice specimens back with them. Also lovely Indian plaques, Indian and Mexican baskets from California, a monkey fish, stuffed alligator, coyote head and skin, heads of a goat, sheep, elk-deer, tortoise, and many other curiosities from noted places. She has one room fitted with antique furniture--high posted mahogany bed with curtains all around it, a trundle bed, underneath it bed valences as they used to have 75 years ago, and all the accessories that belong to a bed room suite at that time. In another room another mahogany suite and beautiful patch work quilts on both of these beds. She has everything

in the way of antiques from old ovens, kettles, spinning wheels, reels, flaxhackles, bonnets, dresses, mantillas, coverlets, handsome old dishes that are rare and costly, also fine specimens of Chinese and Japanese wares, a lovely old table brought from England, supposed to be 200 years old and valued at 250 dollars. Besides her antiques she has plenty of modern things. A lovely grand piano and fine library. In her nice large living room, she has flowers of every description that will bloom in winter, and lovely palms, ferns, and stately calla lilies. You would almost imagine you were in a tropical climate, when you enter the room in winter. On the eastern wall of the old Colonial hall, she has the horns of a Gambok near the south door, next to it a large picture of hunting dogs. Over the sitting room door in the hall an oil portrait of her Father, Edward Hawes, next to that a large pair of Texas cow horns, lower down on the wall a monkey fish, next a pair of African cattle horns that measure six feet from tip to tip, next a deer head, an oil painting of an elk, Mt. sheep head, painting of a deer, the head and skin of a coyote, large painting of a ~~deer~~ horse head, stork and duck. On a stand near the sitting room door a small alligator sitting up holding a card basket in its front paws, ^{on} ~~and~~ the west wall near the south door the Mt. goat's head, an oil painting of a horse, next over the bedroom door in the hall a picture of the home of Mr. Edward Hawes taken by the oldest photographer in the United States, Mr. Josiah Hawes, Then an old wall sweep clock, then a large moose head, over the dining room door, an oil painting of a bull, next a large elk's head, oil painting of a ~~fox~~ of a dog's head, her Grandfather's sword, a native sheep head, and some native cattle horns, at the top of the wains-coating different kinds of plaques, We all enjoy going to see her home and the things collected there and she enjoys having us come and takes pleasure in showing us around.

What we ^{need} most is a traction through from Richmond, Ind. to Hamilton, O.

In the fifties the Four Mile Railroad was graded from Hamilton, O. to Fairhaven, but through the rascality of some of the company it fell through and the people lost their money and the railroad. It was very inconvenient to live six and seven miles from a railroad, but looking at it from a moral and religious way, I presume we are much better off than we would be if we had a reaction line through. The majority of our young people are church people but if they had the temptation placed before them they might desecrate the Sabbath by going off to places of amusement, instead of going to Church.

Many have been the changes in our little village since 1832, but think they have all been for the better. The mud roads have given way to excellent pikes in every direction. Our streams are nicely bridged, The old constoga wagons have been replaced by carriages, buggies and nice light wagons. In place of the stage and omnibus horn, we hear the horn of the automobile. Our spinning wheels have been replaced by the sewing machine. A piano or organ is found in almost every home. In place of our young people attending dancing schools and balls, they attend lectures and concerts. The saloon is no more a part of our village.

/ When our young people go from here, they carry with them the memory of our churches and when new home ties are formed they cling their church and the ideas of education and thus the good seed so early sown is taking root and growing.

Rev. George Edward Hawes of Braddock, Pa. Rev. John Schouller of Philadelphia John A. Caldwell, judge of the Juvenile Court of Cincinnati Daniel Shoemaker of Washington, D. C., one of the inspectors of Agriculture. Dr. Arthur Gilmore, our present physician, Miss Margaret Wiley, of Los Angeles, Calif. prominent for many years in education at Monmouth College, also Chicago, Illinois, and also in W.C.T.U. work, Miss Ida Windate, for twelve years a teacher in the Chicago Schools, Mrs. May Pinderton, wife of Rev. Grant

Pinkerton, of near Detroit, Mich, Mrs. Vira ~~Kill~~^{wife}patrick, of Rev. Killpatrick
 of Pasadena, Calif. all received their education here. Among our High School
 graduates are J. S. McDivitt, Supt. of school, Miss Mabel Evans (Williams)
 our Primary teacher, Dr. Walter Scoot, of St. Johns, Mich. Clifford Scott,
 of Pittsburg, Pa. Mrs. Ida Henry Mason wife of Professor Tom Mason of Purdue
 Rev. Roy Coleman of Brownsville, Ohio. Mr. Louis Foley our own merchant, Mr.
 John Beckett, in a chemical laboratory in New York City. Mr. David Beckett
 of N. C. R. of Dayton, Ohio. Mr. Charles C. Newton, book-keeper at the Nation
 Soldiers home in Dayton, O. Among our graduates who have chosen farming as
 a profession are Levi Shoemaker, Howard Scott, Calvin Wilson, Charles Wilson,
 Edmund Stack, The Whitesell Brothers, John Orr, Harry Lybrook all in and
 around Fairhaven Ohio. Some of the ladies who have become farmers wives are
 Mrs. Ollie Brown Borradaile, Mrs. Odessa Charles Eaton, Mrs. Edna Charles
 Bishop. These are only a few of our graduates. In recalling the names of
 former pupils of our schools I find them doing well in different vocations.
 Some of our number have passed to the great beyond namely Mr. John Gibbons,
 Wilberforce Renolds, Supt. C. E. Simpson, Bessie Stack, Mrs. Ethel Fisher
 Wilson, Mrs. Marthe Shoemaker/ Scott, and Robert Shoemaker. I hope that in
 the future pupils that graduate from our school may do as well as the ones
 that have gone before. The Old Pioneers built better than they knew when they
 started the little school in the session house. We owe it all to our Church
 being started so early in our village. It is often thought that if the young
 people realize that their lines have fallen in such pleasant places when they
 have such good advantages in church and school. Our Ministers are men of
 sterling worth and integrity always willing to help along in every good work.

Compiled by Miss Susan Pierce, Fair Haven, O.

Primary Teacher for many years (50)

Written about 1911 for Miss

Laura Hawes