

**LITTLE YORK - PART 2**

**MEMORIES OF A GIRL'S CHILDHOOD**

**IN LITTLE YORK**

**AT THE BEGINNING OF THE  
20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY**

**BY CLEO LEACH KINGZETT**

Aug. 3, 1964.

It was thought at one time that Little York would prosper rapidly and become the center of Northfield Township, but such was not the case. It flourished for a few years and then seemed to stand still. Today there are many more people in that section of the Township than at any time since the first settlers moved into that area.

In 1825 Henry Post built a sawmill on the site of the banks of Brandywine River. He did not own the land, but merely "squatted" there. The dam, as well as the mill, were both of poor [construction](#). George Leach came from Hudson and bought 500 acres of land from The Connecticut Land Grant Company at 32 cents per acre. He obtained possession of the mill built by Post. Proceeded to build a better dam and two sawmills on the north side of Brandywine River and to the west of the Akron-Cleveland road on the land which is back of the [home](#) Mrs. Emily Meleher (1964-66). There is quite an acreage of low-land here which is level and has a rock foundation.

From now on the writer will continue in the first person, which will be not only easier, but I believe I can express my thoughts better that way.

As a child I skated during the winter months on this low-land (as the River always over flowed its banks). In the summer months went wading in the River (or creek which it had become by now--much less water). There were many willows in bloom to be had for the picking, very large blossoms for the wild variety.

When George Leach built his two sawmills there was much more water in Brandywine River than there is now, so the name was changed to Brandywine Creek. Indian Run which flows thru Macedonia and drains that land, empties into Brandywine Creek (or river) just east of the bridge which is built over the River to allow the traffic to continue towards Akron from Cleveland, and vice versa. This bridge has been built many years, as I can remember it in my childhood, which I can assure you, was many, many years ago. There is quite a deep hole just west of the bridge, which was our old swimming hole; see page 8 in "Little York - Part 1"

The Little York that I grew up in is not the same as the Little York of to-day; neither was it the same in 1889, the year I was born; nor in the days of my grandfather and great grandfather. I moved away from Little York in August, 1905, when I was 16 years old. My father sold the farm and bought the General Store in Northfield from George L. Bishop. The post office automatically went

to the owner: of the store---the only large general grocery store in the Township; so Dad became Postmaster, and we all became clerks as we grew up, even to Bill Burns after he and Alta were married. Lota, my youngest sister, did not have good health, so never worked in the store very much. In fact I worked there from the day we moved into the store until I was married and moved to Cleveland. Alta took my place even before that, as I took a business bourse and became a stenographer, working in Cleveland; later I taught school three years.

In the early history of Little York a blacksmith, a shoemaker, a tanner and a few other tradesmen and mechanics were located there. The tannery was located on the flat lands back of the house now owned by Mrs. Emily Melcher (and where the barn stood that George Leach built). I never did learn all their names. There was one blacksmith by the name of Cross, an early ancestor of Frank Cross now living on West Highland Road (or the old Brandywine Rd.) and married to my niece, Norma Seidel.

At one time there was a shoemaker by the name of Harbian Nichols who married Lovena Ford. He had originally come from Maryland where he had owned many slaves. Marvin Ford was a half-brother of George Leach- same mother, Sallie Gaylord, but different fathers, as her first husband, William Leach, died, and she married Marvin Ford. Conrad Schoch was also a shoemaker, a trade he learned in Germany.

When George Leach bought the 500 acres it was covered with a forest of tree.; oak, maple and white wood. George cut these and sawed them into lumber which he shipped to Cleveland via. the Ohio canal and the Cuyahoga River, west of Little York. It was used to build boats for the canal and for larger ships on Lake Erie.

I think my Dad was much like his Grandfather (a very hard-working man) and also owned a sawmill; His mill was on the east side of the Akron-Cleveland Rd. and on a piece of flat land between the old orchard and the creek. He used steam for power whereas his grandfather used water power, the only kind of power available in those days. Howard (Kid) Humphrey ran the saw mill for Dad. He was Dad's right hand man when it came to operating an engine. I can't say for sure, but it looks to me as tho Little York grew out of the different tracts of land that great grandfather George and Grandfather Luman sold off the original 500 acres. I know that ever since I can remember, and that is about 70 years or more, there were only 187 acres of land belonging to grandfather Luman that my Dad rented and farmed from the time I was born; yes, even before because he was farming it when he and Mother were married.

Our farm was scattered on all four of the corners of the center of the community. To make 500 acres it would be necessary to include our 187 acres and all the surrounding farms and lots in all four directions. I had never given it much thought until I started to write this History of "Little York" as I remember it; and from what I gathered from statistics in histories. George Leach, Sr. (mentioned above) gave his daughter Lydia (Leach) Schoch 10 acres of land where new Rt. 8 running north and south intersects the old Macedonia-Little York (now E. Highland); it included the land on which the Lindsay Mfg. Company is now located (1966). It has been there for several years. I can remember the families living on and owning this property.---Otto, having three children, Mabel. Frank and George. A family by the name of Myers (no children) and the John Collins family. Some of the younger members are still living in and around Macedonia. Jessie married a Mr. Frank; Florence married John Sisler; and Boa married George Johnson; all three of the men are deceased. There are at least two boys living in or near Macedonia at the present time, I believe.

Taking the intersection of roads Akron-Cleveland (old Rt. 8) and Macedonia-Little York road (now E. Highland) going EAST and old Brandywine Road (now W. Highland) going WEST as the center of the little community of Little York, I can best tell you who lived in Little York and where. There is a little Jog in this road; Brandywine road is a few rods farther south where it intersects the A.C. Rd, than is the Macedonia road where it intercets the Akron-Cleveland road.

In the very early history of Little York there were three young women who come from Massachusetts. One was Electa Cook and she married John Cross, the blacksmith. One was a Philla (Cook) Wood, a widow, and she married my great grandfather (his second wife). His first wife was Lydia Wolcott, mother of Lydia (Leach) Schoch. The third one, also named Cook, married a man by the name of Phipps---descendants still living in Macedonia, Lucille Phipps Smith. Frank Cross. is a descendant of above mentioned Cross.

Going NORTH from the center of Village, the Leach homestead, on the west side of the A.C. Rd. and facing east, was the only house in this section of Little York. It is still standing, owned by Mr. Gleason, who re-modeled it (inside and outside), but the gables still run in the same direction as they did when built by George Leach, Sr. He first built a cabin across the road, facing the Macedonia road, and it was in this cabin that my Grandfather Luman and his brother Sherman, were born. The large house (the real homestead) was built sometime between 1832 and 1862. It was first built without a front porch; then someone added a porch (in fact two porches), but the one to which I refer was on the south-east side of the house; it was torn off by Mr. Gleason and he found a penny dated 1862 (the year my father was born). I have that penny, or rather I gave it to Paul, who was saving his pennies at that time. I traded a copy of the

picture of the house that my great grandfather George, built for the penny. It was built sometime before this as my Dad was the fourth child born to Luman and Elen (Brower) Leach, and they never lived in any other house prior to our moving to Northfield. By putting the dated penny on the old sill, was a way of dating the time the porch was built.

I have the original photograph of the house built by George Leach. It was originally a sketch and then photographed. It has no porches, but in my girlhood there were two porches: on the front of the house; one on the south wing, which my parents occupied; one on the north side which my grandparents, Luman and Ellen occupied. The boundary line of Little York (and incidentally of our farm as well), was the deep ditch running east and west, just north of the little green house located on our old farm. I think on the eastern side: of the A-C. Rd., it probably drains into Indian Run. There were no houses on this side of the road; it was our pasture land for many years, until the farm was divided.

Going EAST from the four corners, there were no houses on the north side of the Macedonia-Little York road. If I remember correctly our farm was the one just west of the old George Pope Farm (now known as the Harrington farm), but that was considered to be part of Macedonia. Across the road, though, Little York went farther east, as the John Collins farm was part of Little York. It was this section that George Leach, Sr. gave to his daughter, (Lydia Leach Schoch) just a short time before he died. There were no houses on this side of the road from the Collins farm to the A.- C. rd.; it was farm land. And on the south-east section was our old orchard. The Lindsay Manufacturing Company (in 1966 sold to another company) is located just about where the house stood.

The land that George gave his daughter comprised 10 acres. Later they sold and moved to the location next to the Frank Oviatt home the A.-C. road where they lived the rest of their lives.

The Brandywine Creek over-flowed its banks (as did Indian Run), and we had acres of ice to skate on in the winter time. All the way back of the Frank and Loren Oviatt farms going south to E. Twinsburg Rd. But you had to learn to jump over the bunches of wild grasses that stuck up thru the ice; otherwise you took a good spill and landed on your face. Boys and girls from Little York, Northfield, Macedonia, and all around, came down here to skate. We couldn't drown as long as we stayed away from the two creeks. We would build a big bon-fire to keep warm by, and to thaw out our feet. If you could skate fit and good enough you could keep warm.

Going EAST when I was a child our farm ended at Indian Run. Beyond Indian Run. There were no houses until you came to the Collins farm. In the corner of the farm between the A.-C. rd and the Macedonia Rd. was a shelter house built by the A.B.C. Electric Co. This car line was built the year I started to school (1905). In payment for this small parcel of land (or rather I should the use of it as it reverted back to the old farm) the A.B.C. Co. issued Life time Passes to Grandfather and Grandmother. The Brandywine Tavern is now located on this spot of ground.

I think I had better explain right here that a few years before we moved to Northfield, the 187 acra was divided among the four Leach boys, George, Jr.; Eugene; Perry; and Jay.

George had the land between the A.- C. rd. and the Little York- Macedonia Rd. a large tract of land; with the exception as noted below.

Jay inherited the woods (swamp land) and the 10 acres (a narrow strip of land between Indian Run) and the George Pope farm; (Harrington farm,1965). Acreage was small but land very valuable as it was black loam.

Gene. was given the land between the A.C. Rd. south and the Little York- Macedonia Rd. going east, bounded on the east side by Indian Run, and extending south to Brandywine Creek; it had the large apple orchard (and what apples!!! every known variety) on the back of this land, and north of Brandywine Creek. He also inherited the corner on which stood the old original barn built by his grandfather, George Leach, Sr. Mrs. Emily Melcher owns this corner now (1966). Dad had started a small apple orchard on the west section of this corner, facing Brandywine road, and next to Mrs. Holt's house It takes twelve years for an apple tree to mature and bear apples. This property had changed hands several times before Mrs. Melcher acquired it. I have seen some of the records.

Perry, (my Dad) inherited the 50 acres: on the north-west corner of the center of the Village; also the Homestead; He paid the difference in value in cash. He was the only farmer of the four boys (and including his father). During the time that he farmed the 50 acres (he had previously rented the whole 187 acres from his father and mother), he also owned and operated a threshing outfit, consisting of an upright steam engine, using coal as fuel; it consisted of threshing machine, hay baler, silo filler, corn cutter: (by the last I mean a machine for cutting corn into small chunks to be fed to stock and the chickens. Kid Humphrey was his engine man, and right hand when he had to be absent (at home). He kept only about 15 milch cows now, ' and Mother did most of the

milking, with the help of some hired help when she could get it. When he farmed the 187 acres, he kept from 35 to 40 milch cows.

Going SOUTH from the center of the Village, after the shelter house, and just before crossing Brandywine creek, Dad had a tenant farmer's house. I can remember only two families living there; (there were more, I know). The Jim Irwin family (direct from Ireland), and the Will Forbes family. This is where Lee Forbes lived when he went to High School in Northfield.

His widow (Lena (Williams) Forbes tells the following little incident: Shepard Burroughs (later the famous surgeon of Ashtabula General Hospital) lived down at Burroughs' corners (intersection of Brandywine road south and W. Highland road going to Boston (1965). He had a horse and buggy to drive to school to Northfield. He always stopped and picked up Lee. Shep was always late. Then when they got to Northfield, he would hop out of the buggy, dash for the school building so as not to be late. Lee had to unhitch the horse and put it into the barn; he was usually late. Dr. Burroughs (at his request) had his body cremated and the ashes scattered over Brandywine Falls (his childhood playground). After this happened, Man Burns, (Bill's brother) would never go coon hunting in that area again. Warren, Lee's younger brother) was a very small boy, about 3 years old, when their home in Brandywine burned to the ground one night. It was Warren's crying that awakened the Family, and all they saved was the clothing on their backs. Just when they came to Little York, I do not remember, but I do know that their mother died there. Both Lee and Warren were born in Brandywine. Will Forbes never owned any of this farm; merely worked as a tenant farmer for Dad. When Will married the second time, Lee came to Mother (we were living in Northfield) and asked her for a home. He was a carpenter and paid board. Lena (Williams) Forbes has some remembrance of Mrs. Mrs. Henry (Ella) Brower giving them a bed. She says that Henry Brower owned property and lived in Brandywine. I think this an error, and at last I have proof. Jean (Brower) Holbrook daughter of Henry and Ella Brower told me just recently (Oct.1965) that her parents never lived in Brandywine. I think Lena has the Pinkney Brower [homewith](#) the Henry Brower's. Pinkney owned the house on top of the hill (later owned by Donald Johnson, funeral director). He was the father of Cyrus, Luther, Henry and Ellen Leach, my grandmother. This house can be seen from Rex Burns' [home](#) W. Highland. After crossing Brandywine Creek, the first house was the home of Mrs. May VanNostran (sister of Mrs. Frank Oviatt), with her two daughters.

Lena Forbes mentioned Will owning and driving a team of gray horses. He did drive a team of grays - Henry and Mag, but Dad owned them - Mag was a quiet wind-broken mare, large, but otherwise a good working horse. Henry was a

tough horse to handle -- full of life and inclined to be a little mean towards anyone who entered his stall, by pushing him against the side of the stall, and only after Henry had been thoroly disciplined with a few blows from a shovel, would he move over and let Dad in to curry and clean him.

Her husband had died some time previously. The younger girl, Arline, married Henry Holbrook and they had four daughters. Mildred married a man by the name of Birnbach - changed to Baker (I think). They had three children. Both Mildred and Arline have been deceased for some time. May VanNostran was a seamstress, and a good dressmaker, making her living that way. She made my graduation dress, and there were plenty of tears shed on both sides before it was finished. I was so fussy about every little detail, and May worked so hard to please me. Results were fine.

After May VanNostran's home came the old Little York school building the bend of the road; 1/4 acre of land donated to the School Board by Loren Oviatt (per Cliff L. Oviatt.) One girl is still a close friend of Ida Colton McMahon of Macedonia.

From there SOUTH there were no houses on the east side of the A.C. rd. until we came to the Loren Oviatt farm. It was a large farm extending far back from the A.C. road and south to the E. Twinsburg road. Much of it was planted to grain for stock; part of it was pasture land. He usually had quite a large flock (in the west the word is "herd"). He also kept a large dairy and was a cattle dealer; going to the middle and southern part of the state and buying up two or three car loads of cattle; selling some at private sale and then having an auction. He was also a butcher.

Right here I am going to tell you of one of my experiences; it was with a lamb that Mr. Oviatt gave to me. Dad wouldn't keep sheep. I wanted a pet lamb. One sheep had twins and the mother will never nurse but one; the other one has to be bottle fed. So he gave me one of these twins. Of course it had to be bottle fed for some time, day and nite. Kid Humphrey living at our house would get up at midnite and go with me to the barn to feed that lamb. She became more of a pest (Mother's opinion) than a pet. We could hardly keep her out of the house at all, followed me where ever I went. Well, when winter was approaching I was to take that lamb back to Mr. Oviatt. (That was our agreement) but I thot Dad would relent and let me keep her. Mr. Oviatt didn't say if he would keep her or butcher her. She was a beauty. So, one morning I started up the road to Mr. Oviatt's with Doxie following me. We got as far as the school house, and there were some telephone men working on the poles. They started to kid me and scared poor Doxie. She turned tail and ran for [home](#) . I tried two or three times to get her past that bunch of men, but she

would always turn tail and head for home. Finally as a last resort I tied a rope around her neck and led her up to Mr. Oviatt's farm; crying alligator tears all the way. My poor Doxi! And poor me.

I just happened to think of another one of my sad and funny experiences. I was the only "boy" Dad had on the farm. One morning he went to the barn only to find a litter of 11 little piglets, and a dead mother. We just didn't know what to do at first. Finally Mother and I gathered together some baby nursing bottles, and sat down on the kitchen floor. We kept the others in a box while we tried to feed one. How they squirmed and squealed! When we got enough into to one to stop its squealing, we put it into another box, and grabbed another one, and start all over again. Someone pounded on the kitchen door, but we couldn't hear anything but those hungry squirming little pigs. He finally pushed open the door; it was the telephone man. He nearly died laughing. But it was no laughing matter and a big job! We did raise either 5 or 6 of them, and then had a lot of trouble keeping them out of the kitchen. So it was not an entire loss.

Back to Mr. Oviatt again. He also shipped milk to Cleveland as did all the other farmers. He never liked it very well when Mrs. Oviatt would snatch some of the cream for a special cake or dessert, but she did it just the same. And she and Vinna were wonderful cooks.

The large white house was the Oviatt Homestead. It was built ell-shaped and in practically two sections but joined together. The south end or wing Has been sold (since I left Little York) and used by Welcome Airport as a lunch room. Lynn still owns the property, altho he no longer lives there. He and his wife, Alice live on a large farm "a gentleman farmer" just outside of Lowell, O.; the latter is their address. They live out in the country about 5 miles. He still owns (or did in 1962) controlling interest in The Bedford Hardware Company, where he worked many years.

Well, Grandmother Leach got into one of her visiting moods, of which she had many, and went to call on Nellie Oviatt one afternoon (Mrs. Loren Oviatt, to be more exact). Dr. Stork flew over the house top and left her a bouncing big boy, Gene. Some surprise. So he cannot say he was born in the Leach Homestead.

There was a second airport in Little York, nearer Cliff Oviatt's home, and it was known as "Sky Haven". It has since been abandoned. A Housing project has taken its place.

Going EAST on the E. Twinsburg Rd., there was only one house that I can remember

belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Pitt Pratt. They lost their only child, a little girl when she was about 8 years old. Pitt was a brother of M Pratt, Sr. (deceased), who lived in Boston Hts, 0. north of Little York but in a different township. Most of the family still live in Boston Heights. M Pratt, **Jr.** is Chief of Police and the Law in that neighborhood.

on the SOUTH side of E. Twinsburg road was and is the big stone house known as the Jim Wolcott house for many years. It was here that Mrs. Perry Curtice drowned her four children and herself in a well one night. Harold, the oldest child was by a first marriage. She was foreign born and spoke very little English. Harold was in my class (8th grade) in school, and a husky boy. Mr. Curtice had gone to Cleveland the night before with some produce.

In looking thru some of my papers I found a letter Gertrude (Porter) Martin. She lived much of her younger days in Little York. She now lives with a daughter on the Akron-Peninsula Road. At the time of the Curtis tragedy, she with her family were living on what was then known as the John Maxam farm; about ½ mile south of the intersection of old Rt. 8 and E. Twinsburg Road, which would bring it about the same distance from where the Curtis family lived.

She said in that letter that she remembered that their dogs (her father kept a number of hunting dogs) did a lot of barking and carrying on at about dawn on that particular morning. Gould they have heard the children scream?

Before this Perry Curtis had asked her father if he would go down to the Curtis farm and do the milking for a few days as he had to make a business trip. On that particular morning when he (John Maxam) went to the well to draw water to cool the milk, he discovered all these bodies in the well.

He immediately took off on horseback to Hudson to notify the authorities. So she claims her father was the first one to discover what had happened.

This does not coincide with what Lynn Oviatt told me, whose father owned the farm south on old Rt. 8 about 1/4 mile. You will note by reading the article on Page 11 of the Curtis tragedy. He said Tom Lamkofsky had gone to the Curtis farm to do some work for Mr. Curtis and discovered the bodies in the well. He ran down to the Oviatt farm and told them and soon all the neighborhood were up there. So he claims his family were the first to know about it.

Which story is the correct one, I have no way of learning. And it is possible both are true. One man may have been there first and in his absence the other man came and thought he was the first one. There was such a commotion and

such a feeling of horror that anything like that had happened that it is possible it was never definitely determined which was the first man on the scene.

She put the children into the well when they were asleep Evidently Harold woke up and put up a fight. There was an ax near the well, and his forehead showed a large bruise. Poor woman! &he had been release from the Cleveland State Institution just a week before. The funeral was held in the school house--- four caskets, the baby was placed in the same casket with the mother. ( see next page) 12a

There was a rumor that Mr. Curtice and his housekeeper were leaving on an extended trip, and possibly his wife learned about it. He would lead a white horse thru the house from room to room; just to scare her by chasing her around the house. She was deathly afraid of horses. He was a heavy drinker. Probably his cruelty was in part or mostly to blame for her mental condition. Lynn Oviatt. and Gertrude (Porter) Martin will both confirm my story of this tragedy.

Lynn says that his family were the first on the scene. Tom Lamkofsky had gone there to do some work for Mr. Curtice. When he discovered the children in the well, he rushed immediately down to Oviatt's. Gertrude says that Mr. Curtice had engaged her father to do the milking for a few days while he was away on this trip. They lived just north of the Curtice home. She said their dogs howled all that morning. When Mr. Porter found the children in the well when he went to get water to cool the milk, he took off immediately for Hudson to get the Sheriff. Beth may think they are right. One man may have come while the other had been there and left.

Going WEST on the W. Twinsburg Rd. there was but one house that I can remember---the Fred Wurrell house. He was a bachelor and lived with his mother. I think he died first but am not sure. Anyhow when the authorities went into the house to clean it up for an auction, they found dozens of pieced quilts. Guess Mrs. Wurrell had a mania for making them. Some were very pretty, but many were soiled and moth eaten. Opal Hansen from Brandywine Road said sh bought one of the better ones<sup>4</sup> of a beautiful design.

\*\*\*Lynn Oviatt told me that his family were the first ones to know about this drowning (and I think he thinks they were.) Tom Lafkofsky (his parents lived in Northfield when we had the store.)field when we had the store) Tom had been engaged by Mr. Curtice to go down and do some odd chores while he took this"trip" he had planned. He discovered the bodies in the well, and was so frightened all he could think of was to run down to Oviatt farm and tell them and get help.

Gertrude Porter's family lived on the John Maxam farm just about 1/4 mile south of the Curtice farm, on the Akron-Cleveland Rd. John Porter had been asked to go down and do the milking that morning as Mr. Curtice would not be back from Cleveland in time to do it. Gertrude said their dogs barked considerably that morning in the early morning hours. Could they have sensed the tragedy near them? Anyway, when John went to the well to get water to cool the milk, he discovered what had happened. He hopped onto a horse and rode to Hudson to inform the authorities. So Gertrude has always had the impression her father was the first to discover the tragedy. I think she really thought he was.

Well, in my opinion each Lynn and Gertrude could think they were right. One man (which one no one will ever know) came there first and left as stated above. In his absence the other man came and discovered the same thing, and left, as stated above.

There was so much confusion and such a horrible feeling that I do not believe they ever got it straightened out which one was first. No matter, now. Just wanted to tell you what both Lynn and Gertrude told me.

I almost forgot to mention that Gertrude told me she worked for my mother one winter and one summer, and went to school during the school term. She said she was 11 years old, and washed dishes and helped to look after we three girls. I imagine it was the summer when Lota was a baby, and that would make Alta about 2 years old, and me about 4 years old. She said she worked for her board; but I imagine Dad paid her a little money.

Going NORTH on the west side of the A.C. Rd there were no houses for some distance; just an old tumbled down barn opposite the Oviatt house. The house had burned down many years: before altho my cousin, Jessie (Leach) Day of Bedford (deceased) was born there. She was the daughter of George Leach, Jr. (middle name Pinkney for grandfather, Pinkney Brower). Farm was known as the Kirby Farm. I can just remember Alice Kirby. She had red hair, and it was her distinguishing feature as it was not a pretty red--sort of light colored carrot red.

Then came the George Williams farm. He did not farm much, but rented out pasture land. Had a wonderful apple orchard directly across the road from the school house. We youngsters helped ourselves: to the apple to eat (not that anyone cared). We kids in the neighborhood (the girls) would play house, each one using a tree for her house. Some fun! George did sell many apples; also worked by the day for his neighbors, as also did his wife. She helped my

mother thru many a hard house-cleaning day. George was the Clerk of the Board of Education for the Township for many years. He could write the most perfect Spenserian hand-writing I ever saw. My High School Diploma, also my invitation to the Senior Dinner and Party were written by him. I still have them. The Graduation exercises were held in the U.P. Church, and the Dinner in the hall upstairs in the old Half-Way House.

Next to the Williams orchard was the Conrad Schoch acreage--small farm. They lived ``by selling chickens, eggs, milk, cream, butter, berries, fruit and all varieties of vegetables. He had a small barn and one horse and one cow. That was his refuge when Aunt Lydia and Maude would get into a squabble. Uncle Conrad may have gotten a small pension as he was a Veteran of the Civil War; had a metal plate the size of a silver dollar in his skull. Almost in front of Uncle Conrad's barn was a big mud puddle in the Spring of the year. I had worn my gum boots: to school that morning and carried my shoes. Coming home I was walking on the track of the A.B.C. cars (we all did), when whiz! a-round the bend came a car at full speed. I jumped off the tracks, right into about 4 or 5 inches of mud; (thick yellow clay). I tried to get out, but my boots stuck, and my feet came out of them and I fell headlong into all that mud. MAD - that doesn't half express my feelings at the time.

Next to the Conrad Schoch farm was the Frank Oviatt Homestead, still standing, 1965). Some acreage which my grandfather Luman and grandmother Ellen Leach sold to them. I saw the records. The buildings and part of the farm stood on the west side of the A.C. rd. He also had some acreage across the road that he farmed. All his buildings were on the west side of the A.C. rd. His property was bounded on the north by the Brandywine creek. The land on the east side must also have been part of the original acreage (500 A.) bought by George Leach, Sr. in 1832. Cliff still owns a section of this land on which his new home is built, and also back of it. The barn that stood next to the creek was built by Frank Oviatt. The house next to it (now moved back some distance for a new road-1965) was built by Opal (Oviatt) and Homer Cross. After they moved away Frank and Emma Oviatt and Cliff lived there Later Cliff and Leota, his second wife, lived there before they built their new ranch type house<sub>1</sub> The new road going thru there has de-valuated Cliff and Leota's proper considerably.

Going WEST on the old Brandywine road, first we come to the old George Leach, Sr. barn; in reality there were two barns, one standing north-west corner of the one that faced the A.C. rd. and somewhat closer to Brandywine Creek. Which one was built first, I do not know. Both were so old when I was a child I could never have told. Back of the first barn on the low-lands was the tannery.

It was not much good as farming land; some pasturage. George L., Sr. had his two sawmills down there. Many rocks and stones. Made a good playground for the neighborhood youngsters. Next to barn was the new apple orchard Dad had planted. Takes 12 years for an apple tree to mature and bear fruit, and the other orchard was growing very old.

Going WEST from here on the south side of Brandywine road there was one house; a small one belonging to Mrs. Theda (Viers) Holt. Mr. Holt had been dead a number of years It was just large enough for a small garden and some flowers. She did have all the old-fashioned sweet smelling flowers and shrubs and gave us many a bouquet. She also kept two ground-hogs in a wire cage. Why? I do not know, unless she wanted some kind of company. All of we children loved to go there to see them.

Next to Mrs. Holt's house came the Mitchell barn. Down back of the barn on the hills was his pasture and farming land. Also our favorite coasting ground in the winter time. Across the road stood the Mitchell house (now owned by George Hansen). I heard a few days ago(May, 1966) he had sold it and he and his sister (who has kept house for him since Opal died) are moving to Cleveland or Parma. It was just a lot large enough for a garden, a few chickens and ducks. They brought in the spending money for Mrs. Mitchell.

Next came the Chill Vails, the Ephraim Phipps, the John Handgens, the John Porters; and the last and also the smallest house I ever saw, merely a little old shack, which belonged to Neil Dozenberry. I never could figure out how he made a living; other than shooting wild game and keeping a few chickens. and a dog. Maybe his younger brother, Frank, who owned a farm not too far away (to be exact on the corner of old Brandywine rd. (now W. Highland) and the new Brandywine Rd. going to the Brandywine Falls and on to intersect the A.C. road (old Rt. 8). Gave him some assistance. I always remember him, Frank Dozenberry, going to the milk factory in Macedonia. He had a one-seated buggy. He was a heavy-set man, and that side of the buggy nearly touched the ground, but it never seemed to trouble him in the least. His horses always looked well-cared for. As far as I know, neither man ever married.

Back of this row of house was Dad's large pasture land. He really had two pastures, as he kept a very large dairy for those days. He also had

plenty of farming land; the second one being the land that George, Jr. inherited when the farm was divided among the four sons.

There were also the transients; Erna Wilhelm, who made his home between the Mitchell home and our house. Dad often hired him as an extra hired hand; but he would get drunk, and then Dad would fire him. He would come sneaking in the back door; untie Mother's apron strings, and then say "Got anything to eat? Then Dad would hire him again. He drove the team on the water wagon on the threshing outfit and was responsible for their care. He could be trusted to always feed and water them, as he loved horses, (and that meant a lot to Dad); so many men could not be trusted to always see that they had feed, water and a good bed of straw.

There was also Theodore Hullinger (an orphan raised by the Mitchell family); they never took a boy from the orphanage until he was old enough to earn his bed and board. He worked for Dad also. He is still living on his own little place????? may not hold the deed but lives there and takes good care of it. He married and also became a painter, painting part of the Bedford High School Building from which both Budd and Ola graduated. He lives opposite the new High School building on S. Bedford road. He was just the opposite of Jerome Geier, much cleaner and neater in all ways. More about Jerome Geier later. Not long before Bill died (he used to hunt for herbs and roots with Bill), Ted reminded me how he used to carry the baskets of potatoes: to the end of the row, that we girls had picked up. Dad never allowed us to do heavy work, but we had to do light work, in and out of the house. Rome Geier lived with John Porter after Mrs. Porter died, until John could not put up with his filthy living habits, or his cooking any longer. Rome was a Naturalist, of whom I will tell more about later.

I think (in fact I know) that Cliff L. Oviatt is the only remaining resident of the Little York of the old days, the days I remember. We have all left Little York.

Little York for one reason or another, at some time He and Leota have built a very modern ranch type home (doing much of the work themselves); except the Fireplace. A man who knew how to build fireplaces built it and is not only very beautiful, but burns without smoking. Almost on the exact spot where May VanNostran's home stood years ago.

Nov let's get back to the Leach [homestead](#) . It stood (and still stands) on the north-west corner of old Rt. 8 (the A.C. road) and West Highland or the old Brandywine road. Going north from this home, there was not a single house on the Leach property. It extended north as far as the big ditch just directly north

of the little Greenhouse which has been built in the last few years. I helped with the farming on this particular piece of land. Drove the horse on the one-horse hay-rake, and rode and guided her when Dad cultivated the small stalks of corn. This was Old Buff, the family buggy horse, as well. Our vegetable garden was between this farm land and the north side of the house. Drove the horse- and milk wagon with the extra milk to the cheese factory in Macedonia--in the summer vacations. We shipped the bulk of the milk to Cleveland. The man in the factory (sometimes it was our Uncle Will Holbrook) would empty the Bilk cans (10 gal. cans), and then I would drive around to the back of the factory and fill the cans with whey---milk and water left over after making cheese. Ugh! how it smelled. We fed it to the hogs. I sometimes wondered why the meat didn't taste like it smelled. We dipped the whey into the cans, by using a small pail. Alta can remember going to the milk factory. It stood S. Bedford road, just at the end of the row of houses where Lorna McRitchie lives now (1965).

One day I was driving the team on the mowing machine (short of hired hands). I jumped off the machine and left the team standing (unattended) while I went to look at a bird's nest. Holy Gee! did I get a bawling out for that! The team could have run away and cut themselves badly on the long cutting knife. Our Dad was very good to us but he sure did discipline us, and in no uncertain terms;. Alta was younger and did not like to work out-doors as well as I did, so she had to help with the dishes, dust, and some-times sweep the carpets with a broom, which always raised a storm of dust, that she had to clean up. Lota was younger, and not very strong or well. She could bake a good cake at 10 years of age. We all had to learn to bake and cook. I also often helped bed down the horses at nite with straw.

Beatrice Burns was my first teacher, and it was her first year of teaching. She stayed four years. I nearly had a fit when she was taken ill one day, and we had to have a substitute. Her future husband, Harvey also a teacher, same one day in her place. OH! Mamma what if I have to leave the room! We didn't have modern bathroom facilities. What will I ever do? Well, it happened! I raised my hand. Harvey called me to his desk, put his arm around me and said "You may leave the room".So that was that. There was a Miss Jobe, and a Miss Theiss that I can remember;. Miss Theiss was the last teacher I had in Little York before I went to Northfield to School.

Another thing I had to do in the summer time was to ride the horse that was hitched to the big hay fork. When Dad took over the 50 acres, he built a bank barn; that is a fill of dirt was made from the ground up to the second floor where the hay was stored on one side, an wheat and oats; on the other side. When the driver brought the load of hay into the yard with the team, they were made to run while on the level ground, and by the time. they reached the second floor, they were at a standstill. I sometimes wondered---would they be able to stop in time; there was a heavy plank across the doorway at the far end.

Horses can be trained in many ways. Well, one horse, usually Queen, and it was my job to ride her down the hill while the hay fork full of hay was pulled up and swung over; on a track (guided by the man on load of hay). By jerking a rope the fork (made like an anchor) would loosen, and drop the hay onto the mow, where another man stowed it away in the haymow. I was small; Queen had a broad back, and when she settled down to pull, my legs would be sticking out straight by the time we got to the bottom of the hill, and I was hanging on for dear life. The most I had to do otherwise was to turn her around and drive her back up the hill. OH! the life on a farm! To me there was never a dull moment.

Dad was a member of the Maccabee Lodge and they had their meetings in a hall in Macedonia. They frequently put on a program for the entertainment of their families. This particular nite Dad decided it was better to drive two single buggies instead of the two-seated surrey (yes, with a fringe on top). So we went to the Social Affair. Dad drove a gray gelding, Bill, and took Grandmother and Lota with him in his buggy. Mother drove Queen, a chestnut mare we had raised from a colt (we owned her mother, Buff) and took Alta and me with her. It rained the entire evening, simply poured part of the time. Everything went along fine until we were almost home. When we got to the curve in the road just east of the bridge over Indian Run, we ran into water which covered the entire road, even to our buggy. On both sides were ditches, very deep on the north side and quite wide, where the ditch ended and the road began was anyone's guess. If we got into the ditch on the north side someone would surely have been drowned. So Dad called back to Mother to lay the reins loosely over the dash-board and let the horses take us thru the water. Both Mother and Dad did this; of course the horses had been over this road many times. They carefully picked their footing and each horse stopped at the bridge and tested it with one forefoot) if they were on solid footing. A horse is like an elephant; will not cross a bridge until first testing his weight with one foot on it. Their intuition is better than man's common sense. My! were we glad to get home that night, safe and sound.

We used to have spelling bees to see who was the best speller. They had a spelling contest that nite and anyone could enter, if they so desired. Some of the older people talked me into entering it, very much against my wishes. I was scared to death. The word "bul-rush" was pronounced. Several people went down, unable to spell it correctly. Came my turn. Well, I was sure of myself, and spelled it correctly-- "bul-rush". Everyone before me had used two "l's". What they didn't know was that I had had that same word in my spelling lesson that day. I wasn't any smarter, just a little more lucky.

Another thing we had was kitchen dances; family affairs, always held on Saturday night. Each family packed a big basket of food, and we had a big meal at midnite. Well, there were always more men than women, and some women didn't dance (my mother for one; altho she always went with us). So my father taught me to dance all the old-fashioned dances; when I was but nine years old; I danced with all the old men in the neighborhood, while Alta and Lota went to [sleep](#) big chairs. Mother and the other women who didn't dance, or couldn't for some reason, gossiped with the other women. I always had a good time. We usually got home about 4 A.M. in time for the men to start the milking. And how I slept the next day! One night we were going down to Brandywine to a dance, and we came to a big snow-drift on a hillside. In spite of all of Dad's efforts and the team co-operating, we tipped over into that big snow drift. We got dried out at the Clifford home.

George Pinkney Leach, oldest son of Luman and Ellen Leach, built a house and barn on his share of the Leach farm. The buildings were situated near Indian Run facing Macedonia Road. He farmed for a few years, and then sold out and moved to Bedford. I guess the girls were glad, because I heard Hazel (Leach) Clotz say she can remember rustling those big empty 10-gal. Milk cans before they went to school. They had no boys either. George went to work in the chair factories, where he remained the rest of his working years. He had to have one leg amputated at the knee because of diabetes. It surely hurt his pride, as well as his ability to get around the house.

I think the house is still standing, with all the new ranch type houses all around it. Maybe the owner wanted to live there and would not sell. I think the property had changed hands a few times before the Kitner Realty Company bought it at a price of \$900.00 per acre. WOW! My great grand-father, George Leach, Sr. paid 32 cents per acre for it in 1832. In a little over a hundred years, note the tremendous rise in price. Mr. Gleason sold the corner lot; on the A.C. rd. and W. Highland (our old calf pasture) also a place to keep Buff if we wanted to drive her in the afternoon) for about \$13,000.00, so he could remodel his home. Dad had put two very large, tall poles, up and hung a swing for all of the kids in the neighborhood to use, in this lot. It also had an apple tree, King apples, both good eating and cooking. Now it is an oil station and a garage, which was no more needed than a dog needs more fleas. The Realty Company built just as- many ranch type houses in their property as the Trustees of the Township would allow; even using the swamp land where our woods used to stand, and the strip of land across Indian Run. I wouldn't live there if they gave me a house.

There were a few more houses in this vicinity, built after Uncle George had sold out his farm. Uncle Jay had built a small cottage for his retirement years

on the Macedonia Rd. Back of that he had previously built a nice little small house for Edgar and then sold it. Edgar had come back from W.W. I, a very sick man. Doctors called it shell-shock. He was a promising artist, and a very sensitive man. Uncle Jay hired a guard to stay with him when Edgar lived in this house. Edgar died of pneumonia. After Aunt Emma died, Uncle Jay lived in his cottage alone for awhile; but then had to go to Cleveland and live with his other son, Orville. He finally died in a Nursing home . He was an architect, contractor and cabinet maker. Made a lot of money but spent most of it in caring for Edgar. When he sold the last "two acres", that was the end of the Leach name owning any property in Little York, of the original 500 acres, bought in 1832. We didn't own a single pebble. I've often wished I could have bought the homestead .

Written on October 10, 1966: I just had an opportunity to see Indian Run where it flows into my grandfather Ossian Holbrook's farm. It starts up in the "Ledges" (Rocks) about 2 miles north of the Holbrook farm.

Written on Oct. 10 12, 1923: This afternoon Henry and Marie Holbrook drove through Indian Run Village. This is a housing development on the old Joe Carter farm. It is here in "The Ledges" where Indian Creek starts and flows through several farms and empties into Brandywine Creek just north of the bridge crossing the Akron-Cleveland Road, between our farm and the Cliff Oviatt farm. All of the streets in Indian Run Village are Indian names, such as "Apache", etc. Very appropriate.. In the house where Edgar had lived, old Jerome Geier lived for many years with his dogs for Company. He and Bill went thru all the woods far and near, searching for roots and herbs, which they sold to nurseries; often many of them were later sold for medicinal purposes. Rome was one of the best known "Naturalists" in that part of the country. When he became ill and had to be taken to a hospital, an later to a Nursing Home, he didn't live long. He was very old, and maybe the bath and shave he got was too much for him, as he lived close to Nature in more ways than one. Theo. Hullinger then went hunting with Bill in winter, and looking for herbs and roots in the spring and summer months. Ted was the most pathetic sight I ever saw, standing underneath a large blue umbrella at Bill's burial, during a terrific thunder storm. He knew he had lost his last and best friend.

Another event which was very important was the Christmas tree, we had at the Little York School house-. Someone would bring- the largest evergreen tree they could find in the gully back of George Williams house. Everyone dug down into boxes: stored in attics and cellars for all the old trimmings they could find. Grandmother Leach mended "Old Santa Claus" suit to make it do for another year. Everyone was sure of at least one present. Liza Jane Mitchell

bought and wrapped a gift for every man, woman and child in the neighborhood. I still have a plate she gave to me. I hope some of the older people remembered her. She began right after New Years Day to buy from an old pedlar (with only one arm) who came thru Little York probably five or six times a year. What a vast amount of things that pack held It was more fun than any Dime Store of to-day. He would open it in the middle of our living room, and what fun we had looking. Mother always bought as much as she could afford. Bill often said he learned more from old Rome about Nature than from any other source.

Another peddler came thru in the summer months with a one horse wagon, and the skinniest horse that about ever walked. He brought fruits and vegetables before ours would be ripe, and also stems of bananas. The Oviatts and Mother always bought a whole bunch and hung them in the cellar to ripen. We could have one any time we wanted to go down the outside door and get one. We had an out-side cellar door, which we girls loved to slide down but our Mother didn't like this idea very well. We tore our panties and then Mother had to mend them.

One thing I wanted to mention with the Christmas tree parties at the school house. Very often Edna (Williams) Vail and I were asked to recite to help fill out the program. We were going to High School at Northfield. Frank Vail always played the violin for our music (never had a lesson in his life). I learned prose or poetry very easily then (not any more). Dad had taught ma a long piece of prose about "turning the old horse out to pasture to die after he became too old to work". A regular tear jerker. Well, I knew every word by heart, and Dad had drilled me as to emphasis and expression, etc. I came home from school that night feeling quite ill. I remember lying down on the bed several times, trying to get dressed. for party. I asked to be excused as I didn't feel at all well, but no one took me seriously. I gave in and went up onto the stage. Got stuck about half-way thru, and completely forgot the rest of the, selection. I was petrified to death, but all I could do was to go and sit down and cry. When we got home I went to bed and stayed there for two weeks, with the real old-fashioned grippe. I wasn't trying to fool anyone, least of all myself. But I lost my self-confidence in getting up before a crowd to speak again, right then and there.

Another thing in connection with the Christmas parties. I had my first date. Rex Way from Brandywine asked me, could he come over and take me up to the party. He rode horseback, and tied his horse out in front, throwing a heavy blanket over.. him. When Dad saw that horse out there in front of the house and knew we would be gone several hours, he immediately ordered that young man to put his horse into the barn. Of course

Rex (later Dr. R. IL Way, veterinarian) knew he should put the horse into the barn but was too bashful to suggest it. You should have seen the heads turn and the smiles. But my parents were there, also. Later Rex married a Columbus girl. Both are deceased. He had met her at college.

I wonder how many of you can remember butchering time in those days. Well, Dad usually butchered. three or four hogs, weighing from 150 to 250 lbs. Each After they were cleaned, and a corn cob stuck into each mouth, they would be taken down into the cellar and hung on heavy hooks to the beams to allow the animal heat to get out, and then the processing began. Sausage was made; we had a recipe belong to Grandfather Holbrook which was used by cutting meat into chunks and putting into this brine; I always thot it the best. part of the meat. Cracklings and lard were made, and all the fresh pork we could eat as long as we could keep it without refrigeration, as we didn't have that. Well, when those hogs were hung in the cellar, and Mother would ask me to go down and get some pickles, eggs, fruit, etc., I was scared to death, but didn't want anyone to know it. I scampered down (the cellar was dark) except for the small kerosene lamp I carried, and it thru shadows in every direction. There hung those great big hogs, dead and so horrible looking, just staring at me. I scampered down,,and scampered back f aster than I went down. They were the most gruesome looking things one ever saw, hanging there full size, except that the innards had been removed., and they looked so terrible, I'll never forget them.

Another thing I had to do on Saturday mornings---just as sure as Saturday morning came----clean all the lamps and lanterns. Wash the chimneys, trim the wicks( and if they flickered the least little bit, I could do it over); then fill them with kerosene. I hated the job, but no getting out of it.

One winter Dad bough 10 or 12 jersey and Guernsey heifers. It would later enrich the Holstein milk, as their milk contained more cream. They looked more like young does than cattle. He had then stanchioned out in the oldest part of the barn. Most of it was used for storing hay and straw. You could step from the north-west corner of this barn into the south-east corner of the other barn, which brought you directly behind the milch cows. One morning he went out to feed them and found the stanchion had broken at the north end; the post had completely broken off. For some reason they had become restless during the night, and in moving around had broken the old rotten wood. Mother said she never saw man so white and badly stricken as Dad was when he came into the house to tell her. Some were dead, others badly injured. Mr Oviatt came down and put them out of their misery. Some of the neighbors had steaks and roasts, but not one mouthful could we eat.

One morning I decided to go to the milk factory with Dade. It was a very cold morning. By the time had reached the Otto farm, I had had enough. So Dad let me out of the wagon and I went into the house. to stay with Mrs. Otto. Both boys, Frank and George, with whom I went to school, were out playing in the barn. Their hired man at that time had worked for Dad many times. He was a brother-in-law of one of Dad's, tenant farmers. (I think I told you I was a Tom-boy.) We were playing up in the hayloft, when some one yelled: "Don't go there"! Too late. I shot down that hay chute and landed at on my bottom-side right in front of a big red cow. There were several calves tied in between the two rows of cows as they faced each other. Calves were more contented if near their mothers, so were the mothers. I wouldn't move an inch until Floyd came and got me, and I had handled calves all my life. But was I scared!.

By the way the Williams girls had a buggy horse and she was the easiest riding horse in the neighborhood, and we all wanted to ride her. Our old Buff just bounced you up and down. One day I went up to Grandfather Holbrook's home to borrow the old side saddle that belonged to his mother. It happened that Aunt Ida Beaney had borrowed it and instead of being on N. Bedford road at Holbrook's home it was over on Shepard road at Beaney's. I decided to ride north to Ledge road and across it to Shepard road, as it was nearer that way instead of going back down to Macedonia and up Twinsburg road to Shepard road. Just after I had left Grandfather's house, a short distance, old Buff shied at something, I jumped sideways. She jumped completely out from under me. I landed on the ground in the middle of the road. The sad part: I couldn't get back onto her back until I found a fence I could lead her to and climb onto it and then onto her back. She did a little fast traveling for awhile until my temper cooled down. I decided to ride down Shepard road until I came to what is now Rt. 82; instead of taking that and riding directly back to Northfield and then down to Little York, I went on until I came to the road that is now known as E. Highland. It took me right to our dooryard. But the long ride and the continual bouncing, injured my stomach muscles and I suffered all the rest of the summer. Dr. put me on a light diet. Why do kids do such darn fool things anyhow?

Emma Oviatt had a beautiful cream colored mare with black mane and tail, her own buggy horse, that could really travel. When we heard the wheels squeal out on the turn from Macedonia road onto A.C. road, we knew Emma was late getting [home](#) , and Dawn really had to do her stuff; the faster she traveled, the better Emma liked it.

Cliff had such a very pretty light colored collie dog at one time; a real beauty, and he was very fond of her.

We had a farm dog, half Collie and half English Shepard. Could be depended on to always bring in the cows, daylight or darkness. He never ran a cow, unless she didn't get up and start for the barn in the early morning hours, and he would be sent back to look for her. She made it but fast to the barn then. We girls always took him with us when we went after berries, and he always stayed near us. He was not afraid of man, beast or snakes, only a thunder storm. When Dad had to be gone over-night, away threshing, (old Pete always slept under their bed,) he would get up and follow Mother if she had to get up to wait on one of we children. If Dad was home he would not budge an inch. After we moved to Northfield, we had to have him shot.

He was 17 years old and terribly crippled with rheumatism. At the first sound of a firecracker he would run away down to Bliss woods and stay for two or three days. We were afraid he would get down there and not be able to get home and starve to death.

One of the saddest things that happened in my young life was the death of my little 2-year old brother. Dad and Mother would have had six children, three girls and three boys. Fate ruled otherwise. My eldest brother died at 9 months of age; a second boy would have been born after Lota, but Mother went down a plank to the coal shed for some coal and slipped on some ice and had a miscarriage. Then when I was 14 years old, there was another boy, Clell, who lived but two years old. That winter I had to make the bread for Mother. Clell had pneumonia, followed by uremia poisoning, which brought about his death the last of February. We had to go to the cemetery in sleds. Our family carried the little casket on our laps, followed by the neighbors' sleds. On the west side of the cemetery is the Leach lot. There was a deep snow drift there, on a steep bank. Dad had to get out and walk to drive the team of horses; the neighbor men got out of their sleds and held up the side that was on the low side of the bank. The horses seemed to know what was expected of them. It seemed so cruel to put that little body into that cold ground. After we got home, Emma Oviatt came into the house and went over to the old couch on which Mother was lying, crying, and just put her arms around her. Never a word. What was there to say?

The last hope of the "Leach" name being carried on by our branch of the family was gone. Dad was never heard to whistle after Clell's death.

I know that I am probably going to be criticized for so many "I"s and "me"s" in this history, but I have tried to write the History of "Little York" as I knew it, and from what I had been able to learn from histories, and I knew what I had done but not always what the other people had done.

Thanks to Cliff L. Oviatt and Gertrude (Porter) Martin for their assistance in helping me to gather together these facts and stories.

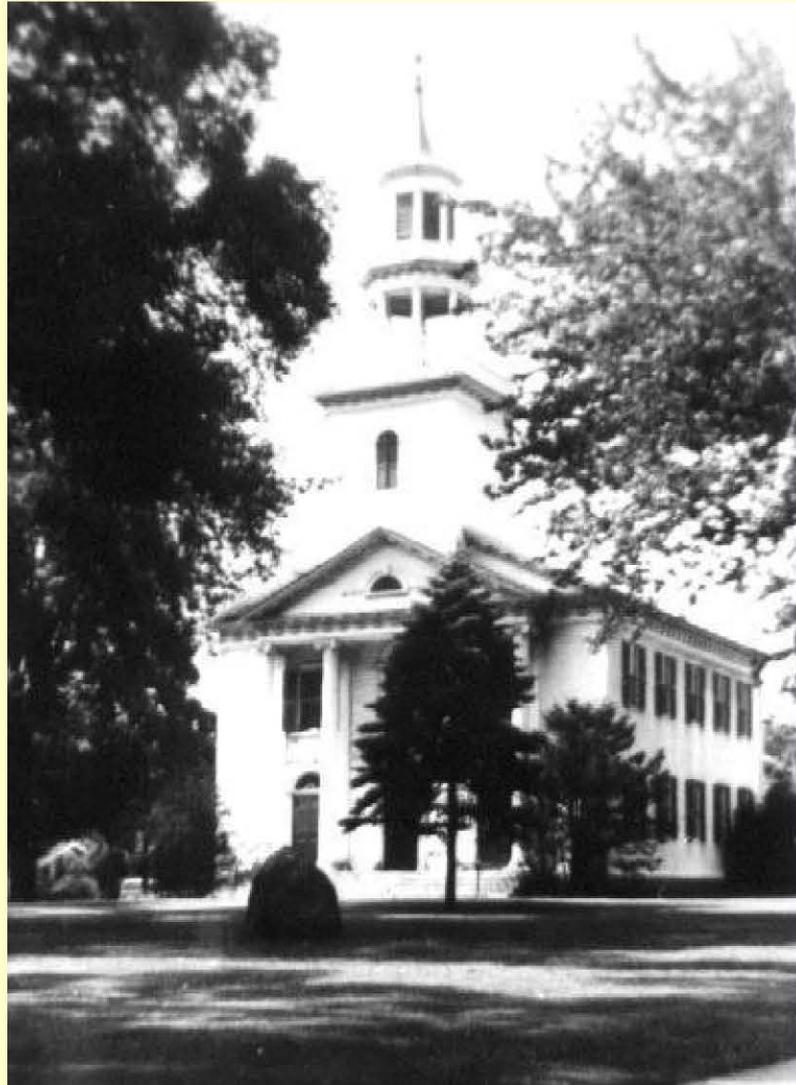
And to you, "The Historical Society of Olde Northfield" for permitting me to present it to your Library. Northfield is really my Home Town.

March 10, 1965 Cleo Leach Kingzett, 106 Chatham Rd., Columbus, O.  
43214Northfield, Ohio

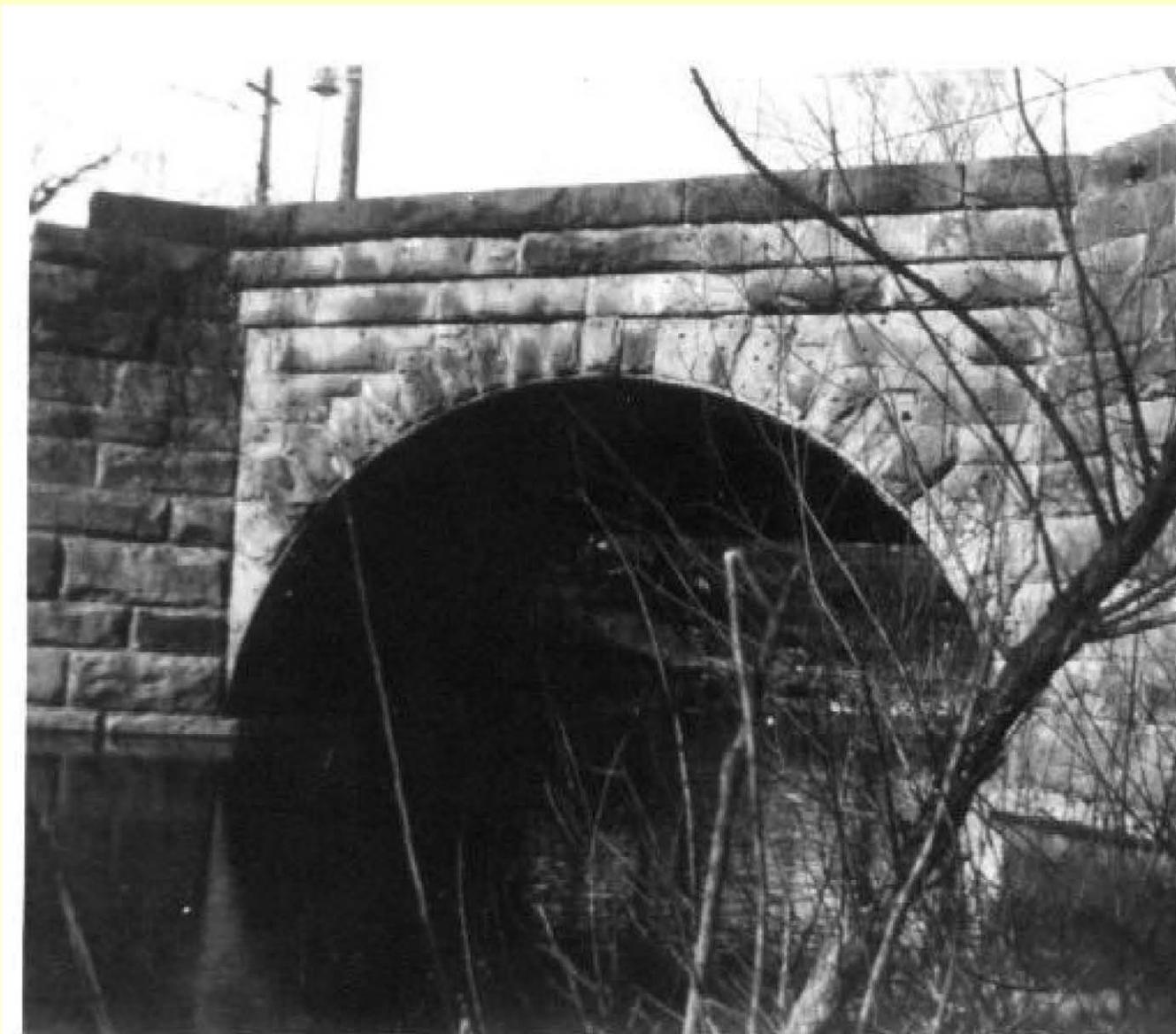
P.S.. I must write a very sad postscript to the above history. On March 9, 1966, Cliff L. Oviatt died very suddenly in his sleep, in his wife's arms. It was a great shock to me. Three generations of friendship--his: grand-mother and mine, his mother and mine, his sister, Opal and my sister Lota, were all close friends. Cliff and I had been friends for almost 75 years. We grew up together in Little York. He was the last old-time resident to live there. There are no more. All the other people have moved. into the area with the past 25 or 30 years. So goes the world.

Cleo.

**THE CHURCH IN TALLMADGE  
AN EXAMPLE OF WESTERN RESERVE  
"CONNECTICUT" ARCHITECTURE**



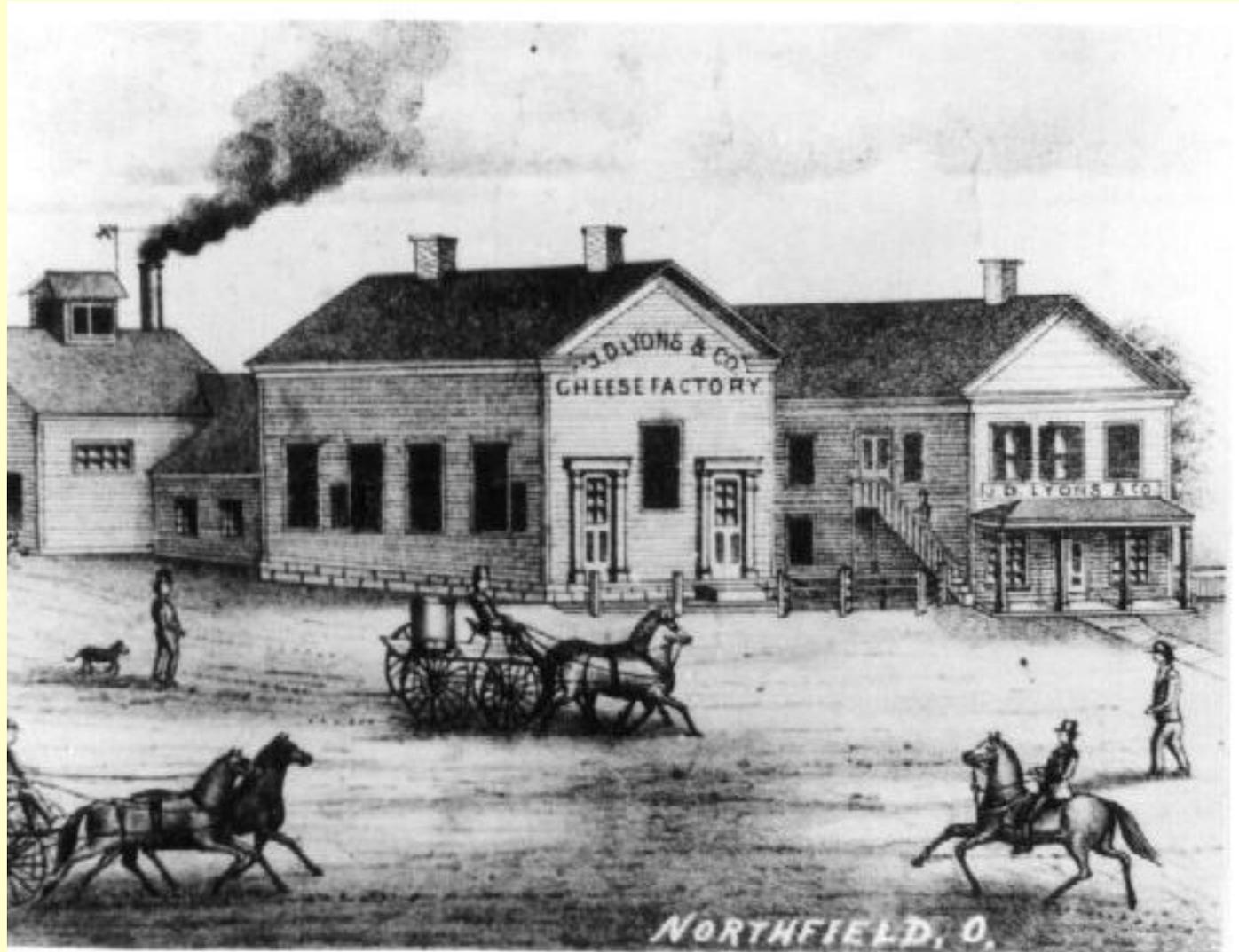
## THE BRIDGE ON OLDE EIGHT OVER BRANDYWINE CREEK



**THE PUBLIC SQUARE WATER TROUGH, CIRCA 1840.  
IN THIS 1950'S PHOTO, THE ORIGINAL 1844 TOWN HALL  
(CONVERTED INTO A GAS STATION)  
CAN BE SEEN IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND.  
THERE IS NOW A SHELL GAS STATION ON THE SITE.**



**THE CHEESE FACTORY AT THE FOLK BLOCK  
FACING WEST TOWARDS BRANDYWINE ROAD  
(NOW THE SITE OF THE CVS PHARMACY)**



**THE SAME CHEESE FACTORY BUILDINGS,  
REMODELED AND FACING EAST TOWARDS OLDE EIGHT ROAD  
(NOW THE SITE OF THE CVS PHARMACY)**



# THE AKRON-BEDFORD-CLEVELAND INTERURBAN



**THE MODEL "T" FORD OWNED BY THE FATHER OF CLEO KINGZETT**



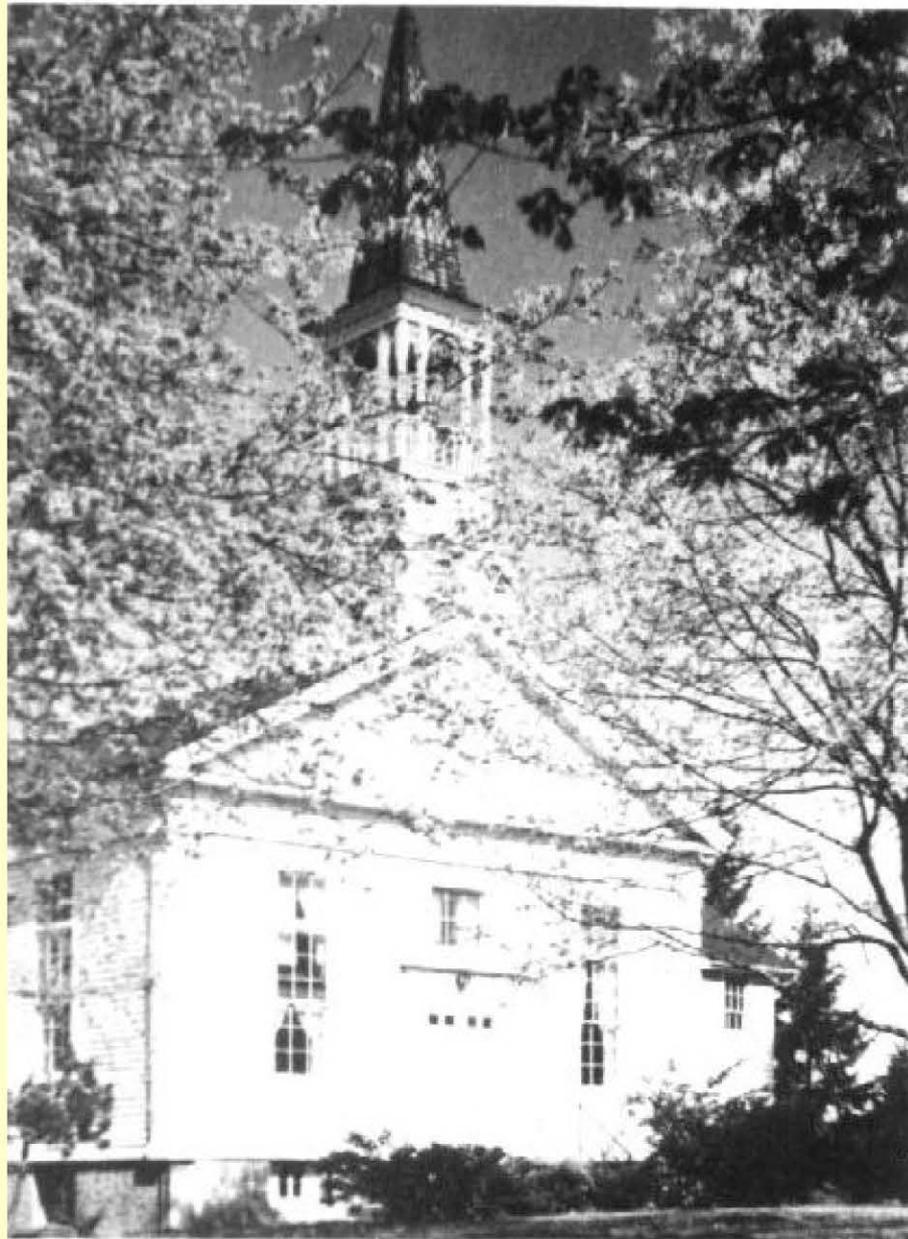
**THE NORTHFIELD CENTER PUBLIC SQUARE  
VIEW OF THE TOWN HALL AND HALF-WAY HOUSE**



**THE ORIGINAL NORTHFIELD CENTER TOWN HALL  
BUILT IN 1844, AND NOW THE SITE OF THE SHELL GAS STATION**



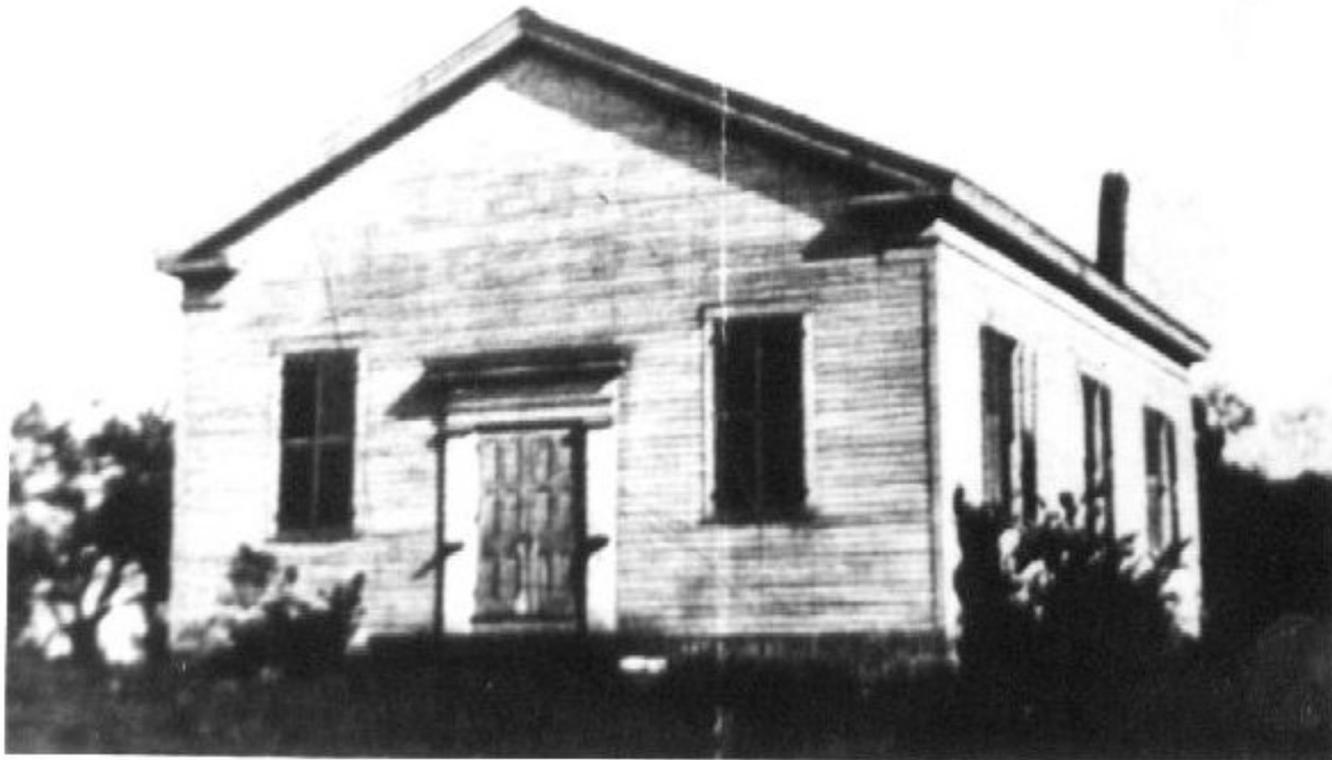
**THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BUILT IN 1834, THE FIRST CHURCH IN  
NORHTFIELD TOWNSHIP**



**CLEO KINGZETT'S FATHER, IN "THE SURRY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP"**



**THE 1847 METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.  
IT WAS LOCATED JUST SOUTH OF THE PRESENT CVS PHARMACY**



**UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH  
CIRCA?**



## BRANDYWINE FALLS (AFTER A HEAVY RAIN)



## BRANDYWINE FALLS (LOW WATER) CIRCA ?



## THE NORTHFIELD "TWIN" SCHOOL, CIRCA ?



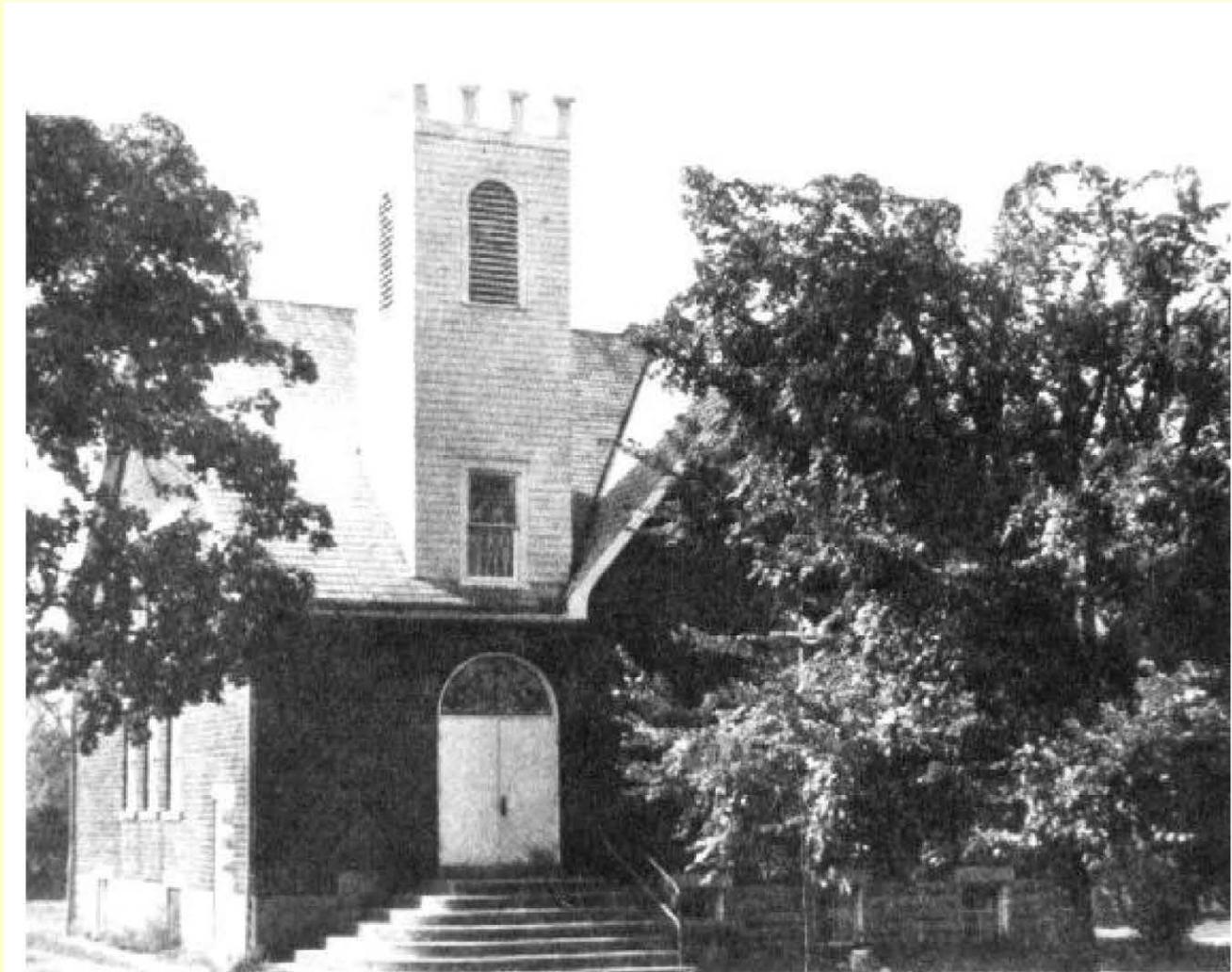
**IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE FIRST FRAME (LOG) HOUSE IN MACEDONIA  
LOCATED ON S.R. 82, WEST OF NORTH BEDFORD ROAD**



**THE FIRST CHURCH IN MACEDONIA, BUILT IN 1835.  
USED BY BAPTISTS, CONGREGATIONALISTS,  
AND OTHER GROUPS THAT DID NOT HAVE THEIR OWN CHURCHES  
THE CHURCH WAS LOCATED ON THE EAST BANK OF INDIAN RUN,  
FACING S.R. 82**



**THE METHODIST CHURCH, BUILT IN 1910-11  
LOCATED ON THE WEST SIDE OF MACEDONIA ON S.R. 82**



**THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD DEPOT.  
THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN IN 1959.**



## THE HOLBROOK HOMESTEAD (ON N. BEDFORD ROAD)



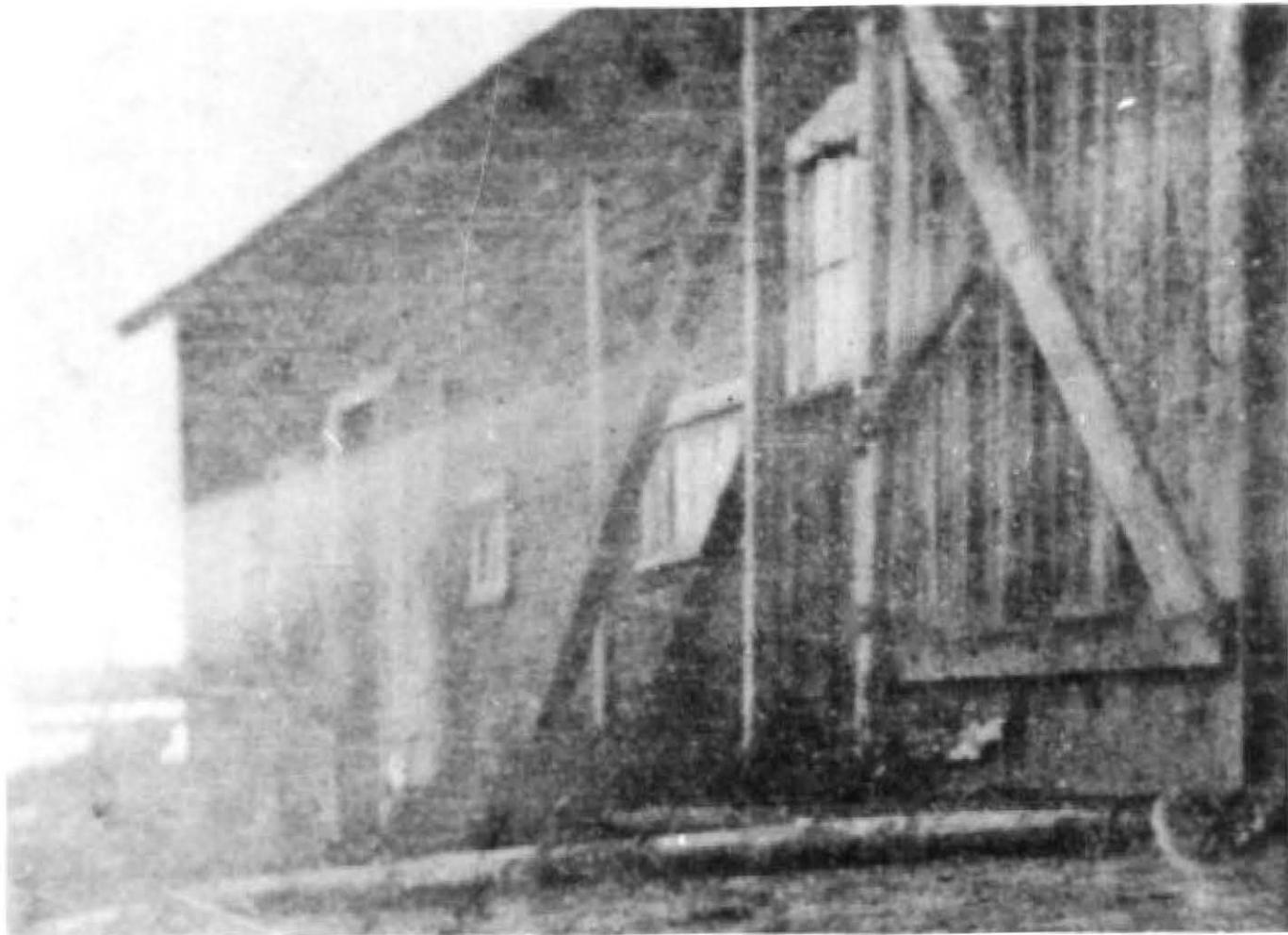
## THE HOLBROOK BARN (ON N. BEDFORD ROAD)



**THE GEORGE LEACH HOME (BUILT IN 1850)  
LOCATED NEAR THE INTERSECTION OF OLDE EIGHT AND E. HIGHLAND ROADS**



## THE GEORGE LEACH BARN (BUILT IN 1832)





Left - Folk Block (south) on old Rt. 8----(former Leach property)

Florist-Art Sieloff

Bee Hive Restaurant  
Burr B. Burns

Mrs. Folk's back lawn  
between these buildings

← / 20 W N - 2

Right - Folk Block (north) on old Rt. 8----(former Leach property)

Super Market (I.G.A.)  
Carl Muetzel

Presbyterian church in  
background



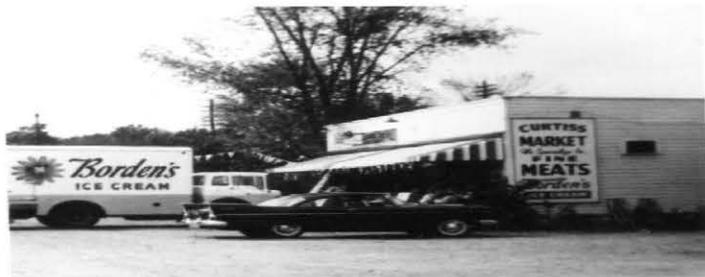
Left - Main Business Section

Corner old Rt. 8 and  
Leonard Avenue



Right - Architect's sketch of new Presbyterian church to be built in near future at intersection of Rt. 82 and Boyden Road





Left - Curtiss Food Market on north side Rt. 82, near Indian Run

where first frame house was built

Right - Postoffice, Beauty Shop on south side Rt. 82, near Indian Run

(former Frank Wise property)



Left - Wilson's Pharmacy  
Lawson's Chain Grocery

(former Frank Wise property)

(just west of Beauty shop)

Right - new Methodist Episcopal church

(intersection Rt. 82 and Shepard Road)

