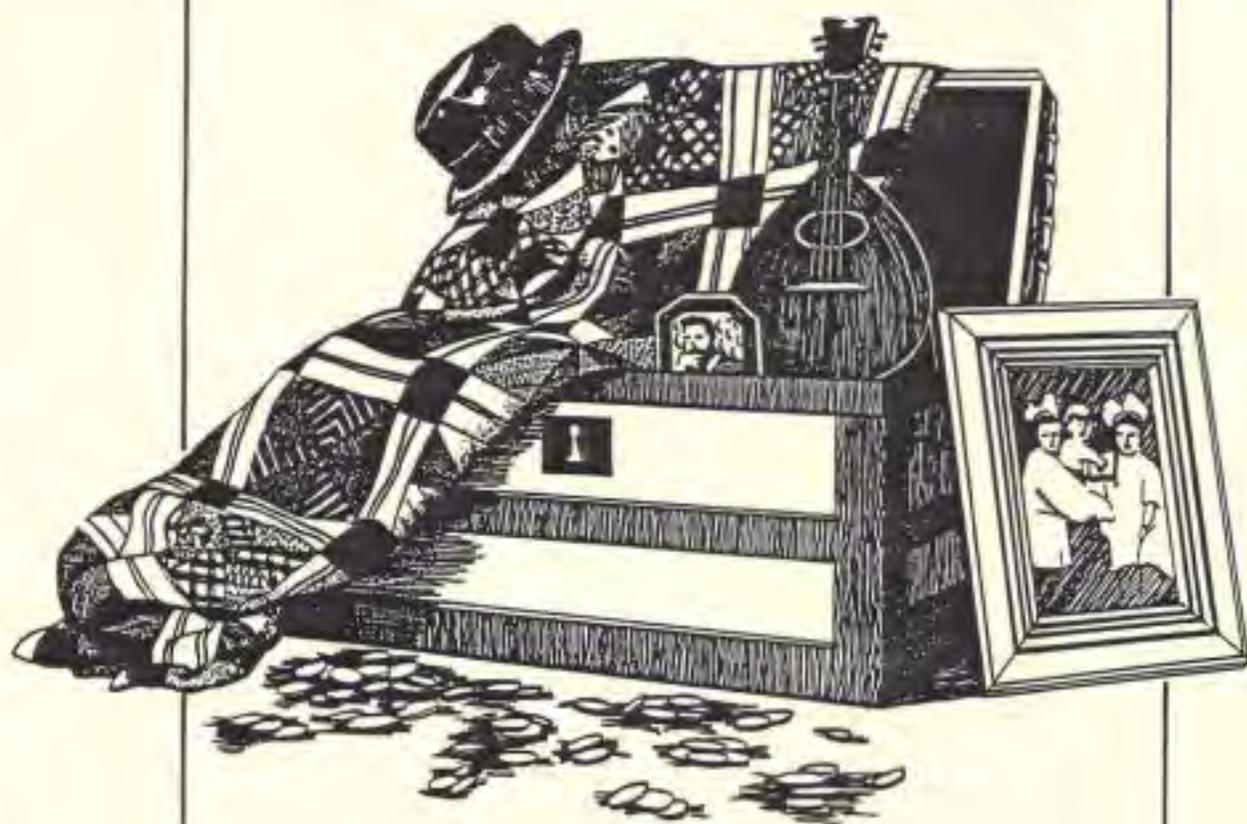


Buried Treasures



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CENTRAL FLORIDA GENEALOGICAL
AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

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Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary defines memory as 'the power or process of reproducing or recalling what has been learned and retained especially through associative mechanisms' or 'commemorative remembrance'.

Do you remember your first day of school? or reflecting some time during Kindergarten thru 12th Grade, "Oh, will school never end!" All that knowledge must be grasped in 13 short years and retained throughout a lifetime. Memorizing your name and address; how to tie your shoes and how to button your coat; the alphabet and number sequences; penmanship; phonics and pronunciation of words; word definitions (anonym; homonym and synonym); diagraming a sentence; multiplication tables; weights and measures; parts of the body; chemistry symbols; monarchs of the world; States of the Union; Capitals of the States; Presidents of the United States and years served in office; in athletics you learned how to be a good sport; in choir and band you learned how to be in tune with each other and in driver's education . . . the rest of the community covered it's eyes as you were coming of age.

Or, that there really was a reason for learning, memorizing and reciting The Pledge of Allegiance, Star Spangled Banner, Preamble to the Constitution of the United States, The Village Blacksmith, Lincoln's Gattysburg Address, Portia's Speech from the Merchant of Venice and many more poems and words of wisdom too lengthy to describe.

Did you constantly ask yourself, 'Why do I need to know that'?

What the teachers didn't relay to their pupils was:

Penmanship	now known as handwriting analysis
Spelling	the variety of ways to spell given names, surnames, villages, towns and cities.
Arithmetic	how to subtract a known age at death from the date of death to discover the date of birth
Geography	that the boundaries of communities would often be rearranged thru the centuries and that city, state and country names would change. By the way, where is Persia, Afghanistan and Ethopia?
History	is not an event of the past; history is being created every day in the world
Languages	not everyone was born in the United States and speaks English

As genealogists, we are constantly applying all the knowledge accumulated from our schooling, whether learned in our formative years or grasped along life's pathway. In this special issue of **BURIED TREASURES**, members have shared some 'commemorative remembrances' of school days. Remember, history is never-ending; however, **MEMORIES**, are a history of a lifetime.

Ralyne E. Westenhofer
President

During the 1920's I was a student in McLeod County, Minnesota School District #40. Ours was a one room school with one teacher for 20 to 30 pupils. . . She taught all eight grades.

I remember the walks from my farm home, about a mile away, morning and afternoon. I remember the old coal and wood pot-bellied stove the teacher "stoked" to keep the room warm during cold winter days. I remember school picnics; and Christmas programs we all worked so hard to perfect so that our parents and neighbors would be proud of us; I remember the "outhouses" (one for boys and one for girls).



Especially I remember the fun we had at recess when we would run off the excess energy playing games in the school yard. . . One time though, when I was about age ten, I recall a couple of us girls running to take refuge in OUR outhouse, the boys chasing us in a game of tag. I slipped and fell against the door frame cutting my forehead! That finished the fun for that recess period. The teacher treated my bleeding wound; then she walked to the near neighbor to telephone my mother who drove to school to get me. She and Dad cared for me, and I healed quickly. . . but to this day I have a scar of that incident so long ago! . . .

DEAR OLD GOLDEN RULE DAYS . . . 'READIN' & WRITIN' & 'RITHMETIC.

- Contributed by CFG&HS member Lorraine Block Hanson -



THE LAST ONE-TEACHER SCHOOL

Imagine my surprise when the teacher assignments were announced! My first job as a brand new teacher without any experience, I was appointed to the very last one-teacher school in Hillsborough County, Florida.

When I filled out my application for a teaching position, among the questions asked were: Will you accept a one-teacher school? I answered "No." Another question was, "What grade or grades do you prefer?" I answered, "second or third," since I had specialized in primary work. Well, guess what! I was going to the last one-teacher school in the county and I would have all grades from first through eighth, EXCEPT SECOND AND THIRD.

After the shock subsided, I realized that I was going to be principal, teacher, nurse, counselor, and janitor. Quite a challenge for a beginning teacher. But being young and excited about my 1st teaching job, I had no qualms about it. I felt that I could conquer the world.

This was a real job and I was going to make all of \$75 per month. I would live in the community and my room and board would cost me \$25 per month, and I would have travel expense to get from home to the community each week.

The community was located 25 miles northwest of Tampa at a crossroads known as Lake Fern, in the middle of a fine citrus growing region. The school itself was a big 2-story frame building painted brown and trimmed in white. It had been built back in 1914 when the forests in the area were being cleared. The building was set well back from the highway and there were two beautiful pecan trees in the front yard. I was surrounded by orange groves and in the spring, when the trees were in full bloom, the air was so fragrant and the trees so pretty. Downstairs were two large classrooms, one no longer used for school, but was used for Church and Sunday School. It had a beautiful old pump organ. The upstairs was used by the Masonic Lodge and the Eastern Star. It was also used as the school auditorium. The building was truly a Community Center.

The school room was rather basic. Desks had the usual lid to open for storage, blackboards, my desk, storage cabinets, hooks on the wall for the children to hang their clothes, and for winter, a big pot-bellied wood stove. On cold mornings I had to get to school early to light the fire to warm the room for the children.

Getting to school was another story. I walked 1-1/2 miles but the first 3/8 mile from the house to the highway was a rut road through the woods. It was fine during good weather, but when it rained, it was MUD. I would wear one pair of shoes to walk to the highway where I would change to a clean pair and put the muddy ones in a

paper bag and leave it in the back of the mail box (by special permission) and then walk the remaining mile to school. Going home the procedure was reversed.

The school district trustees provided all the supplies that were needed: Books, pens, pencils, paper, workbooks and art supplies. In a school of this type, the pupils received more individual instruction and the teacher knew each student, his capabilities and problems. They received an excellent education. It took planning, scheduling and organization to carry out all the lessons for the children in one room. The students had to work in groups with one studying, another reading aloud, another doing written work. A real challenge.

At the monthly principal's meetings, I usually sat next to the man who had been my principal from the third thru ninth grades. To me, this was a great honor because he was one of the best and I had always admired him for his special qualities: fairness, patience, humor, honesty, and a great educator.

I was boarding in the community and I became a part of that community in all of its activities. I knew all the parents. I attended the church suppers, civic meetings, fish fries, ladies club activities and fund raisers. It was a great community. The home in which I boarded was picked for me by the school trustees of the district. It was a loving family and I was welcomed as a daughter. The mother was of Swedish descent and the father of German and English origin. There were two sons, one my age. He subsequently went to work in Tampa and boarded with my parents. We would see each other on the weekends, going and coming. We finally realized that we were in love with each other. After nearly five years we married and have now happily celebrated our 48th Wedding Anniversary.

In 1967 the old brown school building burned down. A sad time for the whole community and all the students who had attended that "last one-teacher school." The wonderful memories still remain with all of us and especially with me for it was the very first teaching job of my career.

As I look back on all those years past, I feel that I was privileged to have had the honor of being the last teacher in that "Last One-Teacher School."

Contributed by CFG&HS Member

Leila Turner CLARK SHEWFELT

THE BURNING OF THE SCHOOL

Late in the summer of 1928, the year I was five, my father decided to take our family to California to visit relatives. The trip, as he laid it out, would cover about 9,000 miles and take a minimum of three months. Mother was very upset about the trip because my sister was entering third grade in September, and I was to start kindergarten. Undaunted, father obtained both third grade school books and lesson plans for Warda, and off we went, leaving upstate New York in August.

Like a sponge I soaked up Warda's lessons, lessons which were held daily in the car as we sped madly across the country. I loved learning "Barbara Fritchie", but most exciting was the singing of the multiplication tables at the top of our voices to the tune of "Yankee Doodle". I didn't understand their purpose, but from $1 \times 0 = 0$ to $12 \times 12 = 144$ I knew them all by heart.

It was early November when we returned and I made my kindergarten debut. I didn't like it at all. I was naturally shy and everyone had already picked their "best friend". My only claim to fame was my ability to belt out the multiplication tables at the top of my voice. My peers stared, put their fingers in their ears, and turned their backs on me. The first six weeks until Christmas vacation were a living hell.

I did better when we went back in January as I began to make friends, but still could not abide the smell; it seemed a combination of peanut butter, wet rubbers, and wet pants as the girl sitting in the chair beside me was always running over and leaking on the floor.

Tuesday evening, January 15, 1929 close to 6:00 P.M. our family was still lingering over dessert at the supper table when the fire whistle blew. We counted the blasts and were horrified! It was the school! Mother bundled me up and we ran the three blocks through the snow to the school. The building was a mass of flames when we arrived—none of it would be saved.

Mother stared at the flames and then looked down at me and laughed. "I should have known," she said, "if we sent you to school, it would burn down."

I sucked in my breath. I had done nothing, but, if she thought I had set the school on fire, it must therefore be my fault. I assumed a burden of guilt that night that tortured me for years.

Two days after the building burned we were back in class. Theaters, empty stores, American Legion and Red Men halls, mansions, Sunday school rooms, parish houses, you name it, and there was a class being held there. I finished kindergarten in the basement of the old Beaner mansion and attended first grade in the Episcopal parish house.

The new school was finished when I started second grade. It had taken two years to build but was beautiful, a three storied red brick, with massive stone pillars—and it smelled good. I took a silent oath not to be responsible for the burning of this one.

In third grade I was relieved to learn the multiplication tables did have their use—and gained prestige with my peer group when they demanded to be taught the song. I was, however, still troubled by the lingering fear that someone, some how, would learn that I was responsible for the burning of the school.

The fourth grade brought me my freedom. It was recess, and I was late getting to the playground. My teacher was standing by the door talking to the new substitute teacher. As I approached I heard my teacher say, "That was quite a fire the night the old school burned down."

"Do they know what caused the fire?" the substitute asked.

My legs turned to lead; they would bear me no further. I knew that I must now confess to the burning down of the school; but before I could speak, my teacher said, "Why, yes, it was the wiring. They were installing electric clocks in all the classrooms."

"Do you want something, Rhoda?" she asked, noticing me standing there with my mouth open.

"No," I shouted, jumping up and down. "I've been absolved!" I knew about absolution because during the past five years I had accompanied my Catholic friend Alice to confession many times. While she was in the church confessing the sins we had made up for her, I was sitting on the church steps praying that my family would turn Catholic overnight, so I could go to confession and be rid of the sin of burning down the school that mother had unknowingly laid on my shoulders that cold January night.

Submitted by Rhoda W. Rollin



LOCAL PHOTOGRAPHER CLIFTON A. PAYNE made this picture of the burning Watkins Glen High School building on the evening of January 15, 1929.

Report Cards

Report Cards of Clyde Rowntree,
submitted by his daughter, CFG&HS member Susan Rowntree Boykin

THE MARKING SYSTEM

A (excellent) signifies superior work, and denotes a rank of 90-100.

B (good) signifies good work, and denotes a rank of 80-89.

C (passed) signifies passable work, and denotes a rank of 70-79.

D (unsatisfactory) signifies that a pupil has failed in a subject, and denotes a rank below 70.

I (incomplete) signifies that the work of a pupil has not been completed, so that he is entitled to a mark of record.

A red 70 signifies that a failure has been made up.

College certificate grade is 85-100.

Pupils will not be regularly promoted who have failed in two subjects for the year.

Doris A. Whitman
Principal

PARENT'S SIGNATURE

Mrs W. Rowntree
Mrs A. Rowntree
Mrs W. Rowntree
Mrs. L. R. Jones
Mrs. J. V. Jones

To the Parent or Guardian

For certification to college a mark of B is necessary. While a pupil's conduct does not necessarily affect his scholarship, it is a fact that good school citizenship generally leads to good adult citizenship, which is the real goal of education.

The school seeks your advice and cooperation in its effort to educate your child. We hope you will feel free at all times to visit the school and to confer with the teachers.

Parent's Signature

As an indication card has been received and inspected.

1st quarter *Mrs. W. Rowntree*
2nd quarter *Mrs. W. Rowntree*
3rd quarter *Mrs. W. Rowntree*
4th quarter _____

THE MARKING SYSTEM

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Mrs W. Rowntree
Mrs A. Rowntree
Mrs W. Rowntree
Mrs. L. R. Jones
Mrs. J. V. Jones

REPORT OF

Clyde Rowntree
Grade 7

LACONIA HIGH SCHOOL

Laconia, N. H.

For the year ending June _____ 19 36

MOTHER'S SCHOOL DAYS

1906 - 1917

When Mother started to school, her family lived on a farm in the Darrow Community near Sheldon, Illinois. Their home was two miles from the one-room country schoolhouse, and the children walked that distance morning and night even during the winters when they waded snow up to their knees. One young woman who taught there lived in a town which was eight or ten miles to the west. Each day she drove to school with her horse and buggy. Mother took charge of the horse when Miss Clark arrived each morning. Then in the afternoon about 15 minutes before the other pupils were dismissed, Mother would leave the room to hitch up the horse for the teacher's return home.

Because of the distance the teacher had to travel, Mother assumed other responsibilities, too, which meant getting there before anyone else each morning. Some days it would not be light when she reached school. She had to start the fire to have the room comfortable by the time other students got there. Apparently, this teacher appreciated Mother's help because she gave her a gold ring with a tiny diamond in it. (I later wore the ring and passed it on to my daughter.)

In those days teachers were not required to have a high school education but could take the eighth grade classes a second time and then sit for the teacher's examination. This is how my mother became a teacher; however, she could not begin that career until she was 18 years old. In the meantime she took some summer classes at a college and began teaching in 1914.

At Mother's first school she had only 11 pupils, some of whom were nearly as old as she was. Those were the days when the teacher was responsible not only for teaching, but also sweeping the floor, washing windows, dusting, and carrying in the coal to feed the hungry heater on those cold winter days in Illinois. One freezing morning when Mother went to the shed to get the coal, she came face to face with a tramp who had spent the night in the coal shed. Mother broke all speed records in her retreat to the school room where she quickly bolted the door. The tramp had disappeared by the time the first students arrived. From then on the school room wasn't as toasty warm early in the morning because Mother delayed the beginning of her work day until she was assured that friendly faces would soon be joining her.

Janitorial duties were not the only responsibilities expected of a teacher then. One had to initiate and prepare visual aids as well as invent other ways to make school interesting for the students. Many of those who taught in rural schools "roomed and boarded" with families in the area, so it was not at all unusual for the teacher to live and eat in the home of some of her students. Mother must have been a well-liked teacher because former pupils remembered her with cards and letters when my parents observed their Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1967.

- Contributed by Alma Horton Holt, CFG&HS member -

MY ONE ROOM SCHOOL.

One thing we didn't learn at Normal School when I got my teaching degree was how to keep a coal fire going. It was one of those things that, in the early nineteenth hundreds you had already observed, absorbed, knew intuitively or figured out how to get someone else to do it. One-room schools, which were in prominence in rural Pennsylvania, as in most country areas, had no lights, central heat or plumbing in those days. But it was cozy to sit near the slumbering giant stove as it awoke from overnight banking. It spread its warmth across the room, taking in an odd assortment of children. Largely farm kids, they ranged from five years to fourteen or more. While occasionally the boys at the top of the age level might be a problem (disinterested or smart alecky at the most), they could be coerced by a peppy young teacher who wasn't much more than their own age, into carrying coal in from the coal shed...psychology taken from the college curriculum and put to practical use. Draping wet coats, hats and mittens near that center of the universe was, I'm sure, what inspired the humidifiers of today. It was also a smell (barnyard escalated by heat) that I can still, some seventy years later, recall vividly.

Then there was the privy! Actually two outhouses, one for girls, another for boys. Unisex was still a far-off concept. They were far enough away from the schoolhouse not to be reminded they were there, but on cold snowy or rainy days the walk to the little house down the path was something everyone avoided as long as they possibly could---sometimes with embarrassing results. Here the teacher also became counselor, consoler and keeper of the peace.

My first teaching job was where I had gone to classes for the first nine years of my schooling. I know it was an eight-grade school, I didn't flunk! When my father, a gruff country butcher, found I was serious about going on to high school, he agreed to let me go. "But not yet. You're too young." So I stayed in the eighth grade another year. Maybe that's where I got my motivation to become a teacher. I became a sort of teacher's aide, did some informal practice teaching, and certainly reinforced by repetition what I'd already learned. One-room schools were great open classrooms, with the more advanced younger children picking up from the recitation of the older students, and upper classmen helping the little ones when they themselves were caught up with their work.

After high school and a stint in an urban business school, I went to a teacher's college, then came back to the farm homestead and began a long and rewarding career by teaching in my own backyard, where former schoolmates were now my students. One of my charges was my youngest brother Harold, who was, to his chagrin, shown no favors. "A mite uppity". I'm sure the parents of some 30 children in the school thought, especially when I insisted they speak English in the classroom. After all, I'd been out in the world, I'm sure they reverted to their native Pennsylvania German as soon as they were out-of-hearing, but by golly, I was there to improve them. There was a lot of undercurrent, a hostility to these new ideas that must have sent sparks crackling across many supper tables. "Who does that Helen Strunk think she is? I bet they talk 'Dutch' at her folks house. She's not going to convert old Dan in a hurry." So into the school stomped a big rough farm Dad, six feet tall, 200 pounds, blue eyes blazing, he spewed out his anger---in Pennsylvania Dutch, of course. "What's this about making the children talk English? Dutch is good enough. You yourself are Dutch and it was good enough for you too." How do you answer that? Trying to keep my composure I replied, "Well, we're going to do better. The children must learn and anyway the textbooks are all in English."

When I started school, I too spoke only Pennsylvania German, a dialect evolving from the Palatinate in southern Germany, the country of my ancestors. It was an uphill battle, as I remember, and I didn't see any need for these youngsters to have the same problems I had. That outburst was not repeated. In general our informal

parent-teacher association worked out very well. On severe snowy days I'd have invitations from nearby homes to "stay over." One handyman parent installed electric lights in my school because he saw I stayed late sometimes and winter days are short. Some came to school for programs we put on- plays, recitations, singing and "side" spelling, where two sides competed until everybody dropped out but one, the winner. Once we even made a "stage curtain" in addition to costumes and back-grounds although we didn't have a stage, and the parents didn't fit too comfortably in their children's desks. Even though there were all sizes of desks, there were probably more large sizes of parents than seats.

Walking a mile or more to school was the lot of not only students, but also the teacher. In my 28 years of teaching and 13 years of going to grade school and high school, I must have walked from Hereford, PA halfway to the moon. Even later when trolleys and buses made the one-room school more accessible, there was still no door-to-door service and there was always another leg of the journey to be made on foot.

The day's schedule in a one-room school was a full one, opening with the Pledge of Allegiance and a Bible reading. I taught not only the 3 R's, but also spelling, grammar, U. S. History and geography. And Living. Chores and working together were an important part of daily life in the school. There was the room to keep clean, water for the "cooler" to be carried in from a neighboring farmhouse, tending the fire in winter, the outhouses to maintain and directing playground activities at recess time. Besides being the social director and arbiter of playground differences, there were the usual spate of accidents. Falls off swings and seesaw, hits from a ball, a turned ankle, a scraped elbow and punches thrown in play or anger. Now and then a more serious mishap, as when a boy, permitted to ride his bike to school, defied an order to keep off the playground. A hurt little girl, teacher and guilty biker walked to the child's home for repairs and apologies. Nursing I did, to some extent, but the profession never lured me from teaching.

The children were exposed to some extras, and I, too, learned from them. We had potted plants on the windowsills and, like blackboard eraser clapping, plant-watering was a sought-after special privilege. Despite care and attention, plants at the west windows weren't fairing too well. One of the little boys had the answer. "My Mom says what doesn't get the morning sun is nothing worth." It was a remarkably quaint transliteration from the Dutch phrasing, but a sound horticultural truth, too.

The pupils were usually very cooperative and anxious to help and please the teacher. The 7th and 8th grades were combined and since it was my solemn duty to prepare the 8th graders for high school, all then actually had two final years of preparation. I like to think I inaugurated that idea, if I might give myself a pat on my 93 year old back. The County Superintendent and several other teachers would test the 8th grade graduates, orally and in written exams. A passing grade of 75 was required to enter high school. My first 8th grade group to take the high school entrance test failed, all four of them! I was mortified. But parents came to the rescue of my deflated ego. "It's not all your fault", they insisted, pointing out that it was at the feet of my predecessor that blame was to be laid. If that didn't fire me up to become a better teacher! It must have been the inspiration I needed, because my reputation with the bosses (the County Superintendent and his assistant) grew with each official visit to the classroom. I had no on-site supervisor or principal. I was my own boss, so to speak, and my hardest taskmaster. Several times a year these top educators would come to observe me, and as time went on were generous in their praise of things I was doing, methods I was using, results I was getting. Time marched on, I married, had a family, periodically went back into teaching, sometimes as a substitute or to finish a term for a woman teacher who was "in the family way". Teaching and pregnancy didn't mix!

Many times those substitute stints were in one-room schools, even late in the 1930's, the little schools still serving the purpose in agricultural areas. And the furnace still had to be cranked up on a Sunday night, although lights were standard equipment and the automobile had replaced shank's mare. But always the kids were the same, the outcome just as good and the excitement never dimming. I went on to teach in two-room, three-room and larger schools, teaching one grade at a time (or two at the most) for an accumulated total of 28 years, updating with University courses, seminars and such. I was the first woman school director in our town (the electors felt a teacher would have a lot of insight), but had to resign later when they asked me to teach there (conflict of interest, officially).

Former students to this day recall, when they meet me, incidents from our school days together. Sometimes it's the children of past pupils who note that I was their mother or father's teacher. (They must have heard some of those stories.) One of my charges in later years was my own granddaughter. Ann, in second grade, was puzzled about addressing me in the classroom. She began by calling me Mrs. Mohr as everyone else did. 'You can call me Grandma, dear,' I assured her. But the encouragement was useless. Thereafter she just didn't call me anything. I can't say one-room schools were the answer to education's morasses, but they sure were successful fun.

By: Helen Strunk Mohr
as told to her daughter,
Jeanne Mohr Cook

Typed and submitted by her granddaughter, Ann Mohr Osisek, Central Florida Genealogical and Historical Society member.



Photograph of the Hereford School, Hereford, Berks Co., PA with Mary Wilker Fetterman, Teacher and Helen Susan Strunk in 1st row, 4th from right.

Forty Years Ago

(Week ending Nov. 10, 1939)

With the upper end giving a striking account of itself in Tuesday's general election, Pennsburg in particular provided the spectacular in the form of the first woman school director in the history of the community.

Mrs. Paul Mohr was named through Tuesday's balloting to fill this unique role, and polled 351 votes, running on the Democratic ticket for one of the three Pennsburg school board posts.

Mrs. Mohr, a former school teacher and director of publicity of the Perkiomen Valley Woman's Club, will become a new member of the board along with C. Henry Kurz, Democrat, who led in the voting with a count of 446.



Point Pleasant
PUBLIC SCHOOL

District No. 141

Township #6, Iroquois County, Illinois

NETTIE PURGET, Teacher

Pupils

Charlotte Williams	Earl Bookless
Amy O'Donnell	Max Williams
Elsie Wilson	Tom O'Donnell
Ethelwyn Garfield	Lloyd Wilson
Golda Kane	Rescoe Williams
Mildred Purgett	Warren O'Donnell
Flora Belle Williams	George Horton
Zazel Kane	Burgess O'Donnell
Marjorie Wilson	Wilbur Jimison
Etness Bookless	Elnor Kane
River Williams	May Jimison
Wanda Kane	Charlie Horton

School Board

M. L. Dooley	M. C. Williams
James Bookless	

This roster of students in the early 1900's is on a 3 3/8" x 5 1/2" piece of posterboard. The list is framed with embossed leaves on branches amidst what appears to be acorns. My father, George Horton, and his brother were pupils. Lloyd Wilson and Max Williams became brothers-in-law of my father.

- Alma Horton Holt -

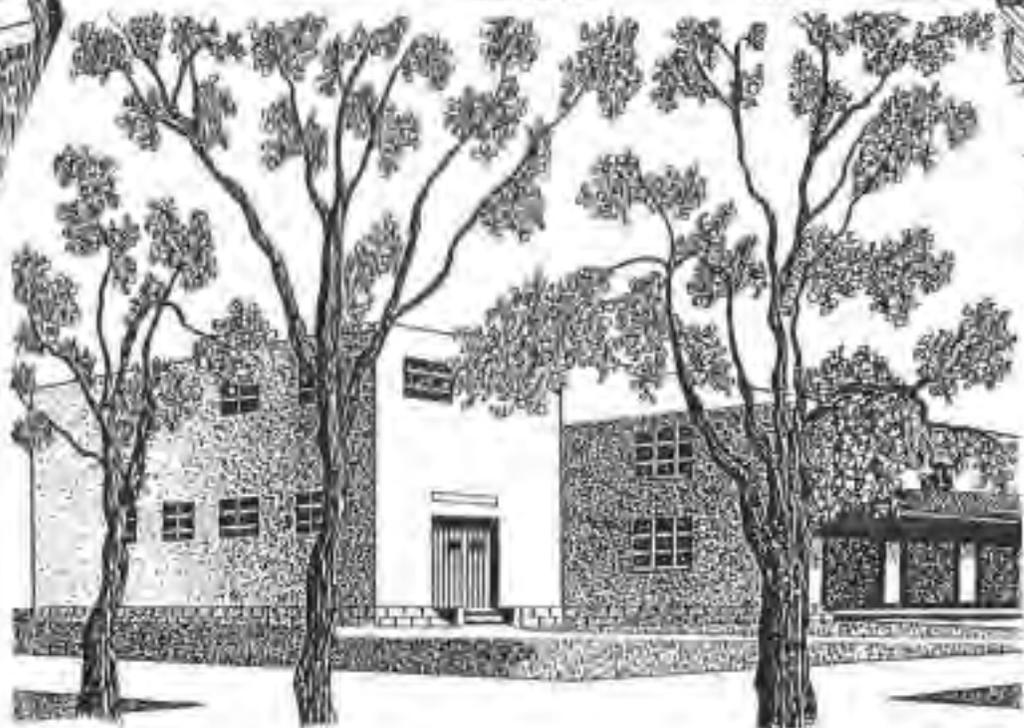
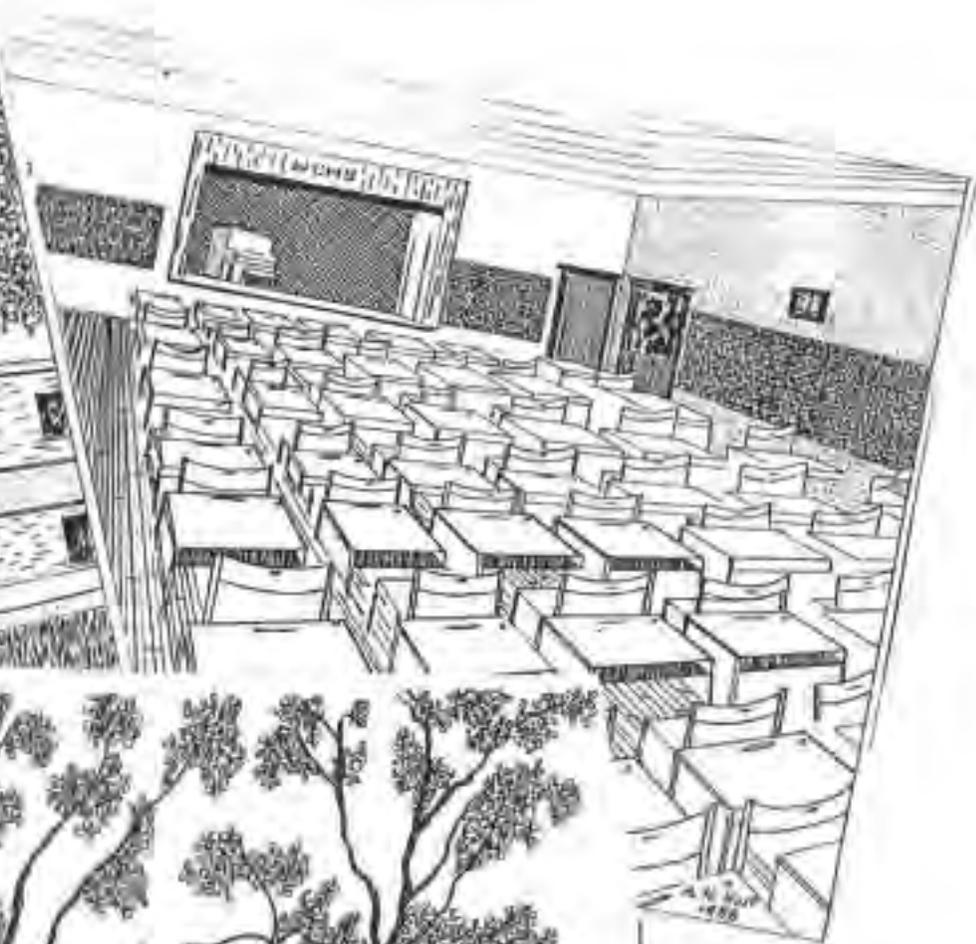
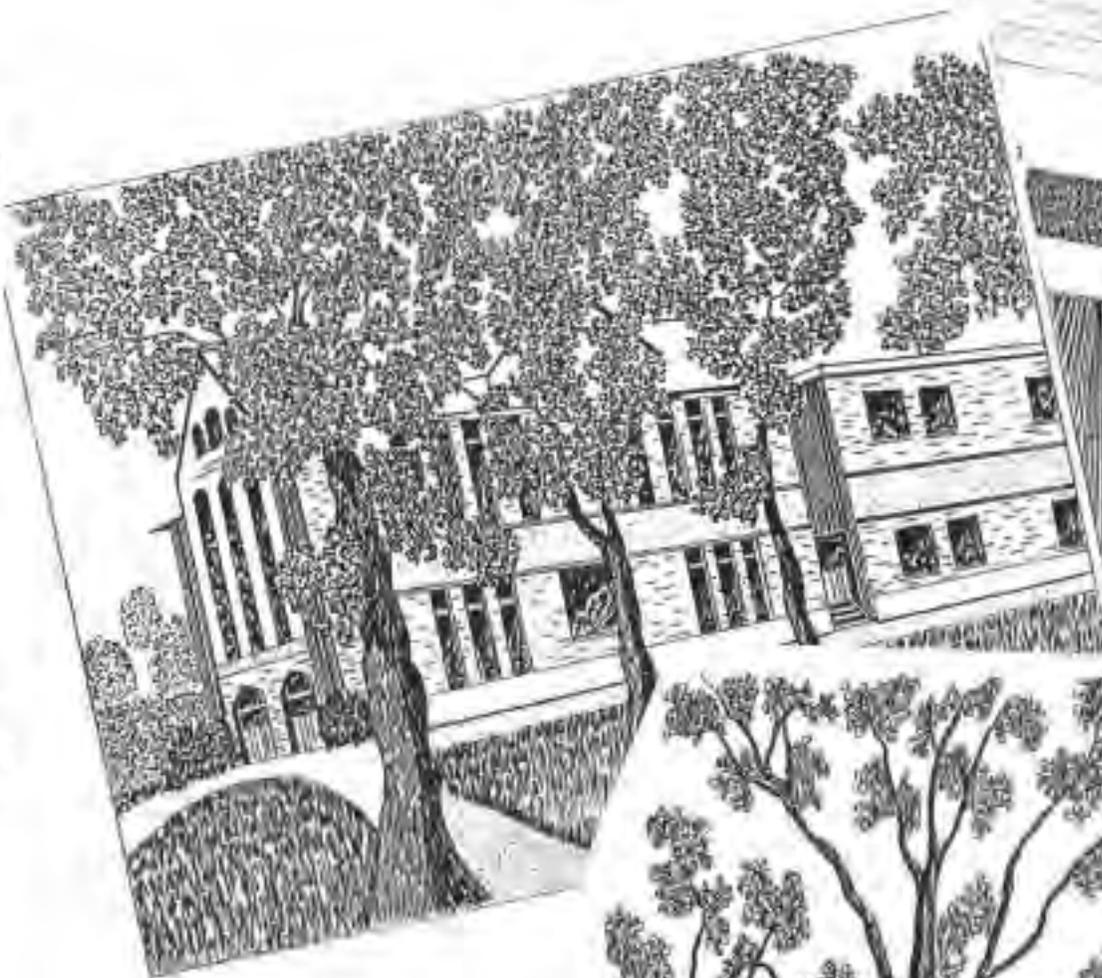
A Different Kind of Gift
(contributed by Cliff Duty)

Sometimes, a poor thing becomes richer with age. Such is the case in this little story.

It was just before Christmas, about 1928, in a little farming community near Dupu, Illinois. The setting was a little four-room school, eight grades, two grades per room, and one teacher per two grades. It was a cold winter, with much snow and ice. A basement in the school served as a lunchroom and a place to store the wet coats and woolen hats. Excitement was in the air as Christmas drew near, and young boys and girls in the third grade drew names for gifts...a boy drew from the boys' pile of names, and a girl drew from the girls' pile. If you drew your own name, you threw it back and drew another. The recipient's name was attached to the gift selected, but the donor remained anonymous.

The gifts of choice were marbles in a sack, tops, dominoes, checkers, books and the like for the boys. One little boy had saved his pennies, and bought a nice sack of marbles, complete with an agate, called a jaw. The gift was wrapped and a boy's name put on it. On the last day of school before Christmas holidays began, presents were brought to school and exchanged. The one little boy received a nice large gift, wrapped in paper that had seen more than one Christmas, but that didn't matter. Opening it carefully, he was startled at the gift...a nice, sturdy piece of wood. That was all the giver could afford. The one little boy took it home, and used it as a whittling block. Disappointed? Of course.

But, as the years went by, that block of wood took on more meaning, especially when the one boy heard the story of Jesus and the widow's mite. Sometimes, all you have is just a block of wood. But, that too, can be a lot.



These pen and ink sketches by Alma Horton Holt are pictures of the schools she attended in Watseka, Iroquois County, Illinois 1938-1940.

Difficult Beginnings

My mother was born to Slovak immigrant parents in Clifton, New Jersey. Although her father had learned enough of the english language to get by at work, the parish priest encouraged his parishioners to speak slovak in the home, to preserve the language and the heritage of the Slovak people. As a result, my grandparents only spoke slovak at home and my mother started school not knowing any english.

On her first day in school, she had to go to the bathroom but didn't know how to ask, so she wet her pants a little. When she told them at home, my grandfather went out and asked one of his friends what she should say. He came back home and told my mother that she must raise her hand and say...."Teacher, I have to go pish." My mother carefully practiced the sentence and the next day proudly asked her question. She was very surprised and hurt when the whole class laughed. She remembers that the teacher was very kind and took her by the hand to the girl's room and waited for her. But the children in the class all snickered and teased her. Mom went home and cried. She made it a point to teach her younger brothers english before they started school, and she's never forgotten the experience.



Mary Anna Vincek (top row standing, far right)
No. 7 School, Parker Avenue, Clifton, New Jersey (school is no longer there)
5th. or 6th. grade.....circa 1921

submitted by Maryann Forster (Mary Vincek is my mother)

FOUND TREASURES

CPG&HS member Claire Heatherington recently "unearthed" treasures buried in a trunk belonging to the family of Claire's husband, Mark. Ancestors of the Heatheringtons were early settlers of Orange County, Florida, and some of the items found by Claire provide interesting information about this family as well as other pioneers of the area. Beginning below and on the following pages are excerpts from the material found by Claire.

THE ECHO Christmas Number 1914

Published by the Senior Class of Orlando High School
(O. H. S. was then located on southwest corner of Orange Ave. & Jackson)

Staff: Sidney P. Newell, Editor-in-Chief
Beatrice Davis, Assistant Editor
Stuart W. Gould, Junior Editor
Kimble P. Hughes, Business Manager
Willis W. Rogers, Assistant Business Manager

Freshman Class Officers:

President - Raymond Lewis
Vice President - Margaret Schumann
Secretary - Helen Smith
Treasurer - Howard Cook
Class Historian - Sophia Lockhart

The Freshman class boasts of an enrollment of fifty-one. This is the largest Freshman class in the history of O. H. S. Three cheers for the "new edition."

Sophomore Class Officers:

President - Albert Fisher
Vice President - Lena Fields
Secretary/Treasurer - Monroe Patch

Junior Class Officers:

President - Eugene Hoffner
Vice President - Donald Helms
Secretary - Charles Limpus
Treasurer - Justin Schumann
Class Historian - Beulah McClure

Senior Class Officers:

President - Kimble Hughes
Vice President - Carl Henderson
(Mark Heatherington's uncle)
Secretary/Treasurer - Arthur Newell
Class Historian - Ruth McCullough

The senior class enrolled with fifteen members. We are the only class that has not decreased in number. Good example.

Class Notes:

Freshmen -

We regret that Jessie Gedge will not be able to take up her work with the Freshman class this year. Jessie, however, is one of us.

Mildred Dovel is among the new members of the Freshman class this term. Last year Mildred attended the Cathedral School.

Genevieve Brasfield is also a new member of the Freshman class.

Hallie Hansel, who attended school at Pine Castle last year, entered the Freshman class during the second week of school.

Sophomores -

Miss Agnes Kamper, of Duval High School, has registered with the Sophomores.

Juniors -

Among the new members of the Junior class are Minnie Ryan, Jeannee V. Berry and Knox Calvet, graduates of the Junior High School of Apopka.

We regret the fact that Hazel Bennet has been absent from school for more than a month. At present she is in Camden, N.J. growing well and strong. She hopes to be able to take up her work again after the holidays.

Miss Harriet Thornton, a graduate of O.H.S. visited us on November sixteenth.

Seniors -

Miss Beatrice Davis has the distinction of being the only new member of the Senior class.

Miss Agnes Kamper joined the German class, Monday, November sixteenth.

Mr. Sidney Newell was greatly missed from the Senior class when he was compelled to make a trip to Washington.

Organization Notes:

In nineteen hundred fourteen the orchestra was reorganized under the leadership of Mr. Stuart Gould. Messrs. Justin Schumann and Gould played the violins, Charles Limpus and Eugene (sic) Hoffner, the cornets, Langenback the drums and Miss Elmina Gould the piano.

A Classical Club was organized by the students of Virgil, with the following officers: Miss Ruth McCullough, President; Mr. Arthur Newell, Secretary and Treasurer; Miss Nina Swearingen, Historian; The Club will meet every two weeks to discuss matters of interest in the classical world.

The Senior German class met, and reorganized the German Club, with the following officers: Miss Ruth McCullough, President, Miss Theresa Warner, Vice-President; Miss Annie Crux, Secretary and Treasurer. The first monthly meeting was held Saturday, November fourteen; Miss Roxana Irvine, Miss Theresa Warner, and Mr. Sidney Newell, being the committee for entertainment and supper.

On December fourth, O.H.S. defeated the foot-ball (sic) team of Sanford High School, winning with a score of 14 to 0.

Contributors to the Christmas, 1914 edition of *The Echo* were: Elizabeth Yowell, '18; Arthur Ivey, '15; Theresa Warner, '15; Helen Hurlburt, '17; and Corinne Barker, '15.

NOTE: Claire's husband, Mark, had two relatives in the 1915 graduating class at Orlando High School: His mother, Annie Henderson, and his uncle, Carl Henderson. Carl was to become an Orange County school principal and inaugurated a hot lunch program for his students at the Fairvilla School. From an article, "50 Years of Food for Football and Phonics," in the October 13, 1968 edition of the *Orlando Sentinel* we have summarized the following:

Shortly after World War I the Orange County, Florida School Board had a strange request from Carl Henderson, principal of the Fairvilla School. Of all things, he wanted an oil stove, fuel, and cooking utensils. The purpose of this most unusual request was to provide hot lunches for the children. Each was to bring his or her own bowl and silverware. The food was to come from a vegetable garden planted and cared for by the boys on nearby land which had been donated, and the girls were to prepare stews and soups from the harvested produce. The Fairvilla School was one of the first in Orange County to make hot lunches available for its students.

Mrs. F. E. Godfrey of Winter Park became interested in lunchrooms and cafeteriums in the early 1920's and eventually advocated them statewide when she became first state president of the Florida Congress of Parents and Teachers. Among the first schools in Orange County to have lunch facilities were Magnolia, West Central, Delaney, Orlando High School, and Princeton. What a treat it must have been for those early students to be able to have a nourishing, hot meal at noon!

Gems of wisdom from *The Echo*:

Miss Mollie says we're just like buckets into which she pours information and most of us leak. (Freshman)

Fannie T. - The schedule calls for "plain" geometry in our course. Well, if it isn't any plainer that it was last year, I guess I'll fail it again.

The following articles appeared in *The Apopka News and West Orange Advocate*, Apopka, Orange County, Florida, Friday May 21st, 1915 (Vol. 3, No. 3, page 1).

Graduation Exercises of the Senior Class

Prof. Henry A. Truslor Delivers Stirring Address and Hon. W. R. O'Neal Presents the Diplomas Stage Very Tastefully Decorated

The graduation exercises of the Apopka High School took place in the New City Hall, Friday evening. To the class of 1915 is given the privilege of being the first to hold their exercises there. The stage was very tastefully decorated with ferns and foliage and the graduates wore pink roses, the class colors being pink and green.

PROGRAM [Edited into a condensed format.] Music; Invocation - Rev. E. Lee Smith; Song - Greetings - Chorus; Salutatory - Bernard Wilkens; History - Town, School and Class - Erma Corton; Music; Class Will - Barbara O'Donnell; Class Prophecy - Robert Chapman; Music; Junior Paper - Inez Corton; Valedictory - Harry Starbird; Music; Class Address - Prof. H.R. Truslor; Song - Call of Summer - Chorus; Presentation of Diplomas - Hon. W.R. O'Neal; Benediction.

In beginning his address Prof. Truslor, of Gainesville, Fla., said he was going to talk about Education although he had been warned that it would be safer to talk about [illegible] the less was very fine and listened to intently by the audience.

The Professor said he had done his best to condense the subject into a thirty-minute address, and it is puzzling the reporter how to "boil it down to a stick-full."

He practically defined education as "knowing something about everything and everything about something," and also added that it was an instrument and not an achievement. In order to give weight to his remarks the Professor, who is a lawyer, introduced them with the little boy's question, "Papa, do lawyers ever tell the truth?" and the father's reply, "My son, a lawyer will do anything to win his case."

For many years past Hon. W. R. O'Neal, of Orlando, has been chosen to present the diplomas, and in order to be here this year he had to make a special trip of more than a thousand miles. His tribute to the thoroughness of the work of the Apopka High School was highly appreciated by the trustees and teachers.

Music during the interludes was furnished by Mr. Wm. Gage and Miss Maggie Shephard, both of them artists, whose selections are always pleasing.

Number of scholars enrolled 135. Average attendance 105. Number present every day, four: Leland Hawthorne, Lura May Meore, Gladys Cooper, and Bernice Cooper. Graduates, five: Harry Starbird, Bernard Wilkens, Robert Chapman, Barbara O'Donnell, Erma Corton.

Following are the promotions announced, and one of the class essays. The others will be printed in full in subsequent issues.

Promoted from Primer to First Grade: S. A. Edge, Bennie Wilson, Carl Jarrett, Ada Lee Yates, Ernest Rimel, Maggie Dixon.

Promoted from First Grade to Second: Howard Anderson, Justin Lovell, Lorena Deering, Alice Dixon, Ira Erickson, Faye Hyde, Celesta Corton, Isador Smoot, Eva Johnson, Emery Love, Cecil Bowman, Ethel Fox.

Promoted from Second to Third: Myrtle Haile, Vera Johnson, Hazel Brewington, Louise Wilson, Oscar Olsen, Percy Starbird, Lester Sherman, Edwin Brewington, Elwell Baker, Clinton High.

Promoted from Sixth to Seventh Grade: Gertrude Haile, Agnes Witherington, William Berry, Lillie Johnson, Bertha Olsen, Lillian Starbird, Allen Van Buskirk, Kate Walker, Edna Minor.

Promoted from Seventh to Eighth Grade: Bernice Cooper, Gladys Cooper, Grace Fox, Lionel Starbird, Clara Paschal.

Promoted from Eighth to Ninth Grade: Winston Wiley, Sue Womble, May Drew Johnson, Helen Blomgreen, Willard DeHaven.

Promoted from Ninth to Tenth Grade: Inez Corton, Anita High, Winnie Walle, Nat Ryan.

Promoted from Tenth to Eleventh Grade: Erma Corton, Barbara O'Donnell, Robert Chapman, Harry Starbird, Bernard Wilkens.

ZELLWOOD ITEMS

The play, "Rose Brook Farm," was given on the night of May 7th at the Zellwood schoolhouse. It was attended by parties from Bay Ridge, Tangerine, and Plymouth. There were twenty characters in the play and all did their parts exceedingly well.

Wednesday night, May 12th, the senior class of the Zellwood High School entertained the members of the "Rose Brook Farm" company and a few others at the schoolhouse. Mr. Cress, of Plymouth, gave several beautiful numbers on the piano. Games were played, and ice cream, cake, and punch were served during the evening. The crowd dispersed at a late hour, all acknowledging that they had had a fine time.

The commencement exercises of the Zellwood High School took place Friday evening, May 14th. This was the first class to graduate from the Zellwood school, consequently much interest was shown in the occasion. There were five in the class. The program was as follows [now condensed] Invocation - Supt. McKinnon; Music; Salutatory - Hester Morton; President's Address - Jessie Gardner; Class History - Hamilton Jones; Music; Class Prophecy - Linna Pike; Class Poem - Jane Tatlow; Music; Class Will - Hester Morton; Class Address - Supt. McKinnon; Presentation - Hamilton Jones; Valedictory - Jessie Gardner; Music; Presentation of Diplomas - Prof. C. A. Nixon; Song - Grammar School.

Newspaper contributed by CFG&HS member Claire Hughes Heatherington
Articles transcribed by CFG&HS member Claire Miller.

The following articles appeared in the *Orlando Reporter-Star*, Orlando, Florida, Friday [afternoon edition], February 17, 1939, page 4(E). The page carried a banner heading, "News of Orlando's Schools."

Honor Society Gets Members

Ceremony Held at Memorial High by Jewel Scarboro

The familiar candlelight ceremony of the National Junior Honor Society installed 15 new members in the Memorial Junior High Chapter Friday, Feb. 10.

Shirley Harris opened the program with an account of the activities of Memorial's Honor Society. Then four student talks on the ideals of the society were given. Geraldine Morrison, holding a yellow candle to represent the gold of knowledge, explained the value and necessity of scholarship. James Brownell lighted a blue candle for service, the topic of his talk. Beverly Young with a green candle discussed leadership, and John Robert Dumble spoke on character, represented by a white candle.

The old members then descended into the audience and pinned blue ribbon emblems on the following students chosen for membership: Nettie Lee Butt, Eleanor Lang, Norman Heatherington, Donald McAllister, Carl Righer, Lois Tanner, Oscar Tetenbaum, Edith Watson, Mary Alice Wise, Edwin Young, Robert Doering, June Fleischman, Bobby Fullenwider, Pam McDonald and Marjorie Patter.

The new members were conducted to the stage where they repeated the Honor Society pledge given by Mr. Davis. Mr. Judson B. Walker, County Superintendent of Schools, spoke to the Honor Society and student body on the subject of attaining success. Bob McLeod acted as program chairman and introduced the speakers.

Citizenship Awards Go To 19

Memorial students recently elected 19 of their number to the Citizenship Roll from which the recipient of the Citizenship Cup is chosen at the close of the term.

This preliminary list is made up of students from all three grades and includes Bob McLeod, Harriet Cheek, Beverly Young, Shirley Harris, Bobby Fullenwider, James Brownell, Mary Jane Hutchins, Betty Warren, Donald McAllister, Bertha Thorndike, John Robert Dunkle, Harry Underhill, Bobby Branch, Betty Ann Shriver, Charles Ahart, George Cooper, Ben Blackburn, Alex Stevens, and Jane Daugherty.

The Citizenship [Cup] is the highest honor that it is possible for the student body to bestow.

Exploration Talk

The students of Cherokee recently had the privilege of hearing an interesting talk by Mr. Entriken, a retired explorer. He was one of a group employed by the United State many years ago to make a survey of Greenland.

9th Grade Leads Honors

Coveted places on the semester honor roll of Memorial Junior High School were gained by 81 students, the ninth grade leading with 33 representatives.

The seventh grade list includes: Charles Alexander, Margaret Clouser and Juanita Ault of 7-1. Clarence Rose, Tom Tabbot, Stanley Tetenbaum, Marshall Tucker, Margaret Shanley of 7-4. Jane Albrecht, Jeanne Ambrose, Lillian Bouton, Kathryn Cash in 7-5. Kenneth Keene, Herbert Kirk, George Kirk, Betty Jane Jones, Betty Kennedy, Virginia Losey, Dorothy Lott, Jacqueline Magee, Madge Martin, Ann Masek.

From the eighth grade were: Leone Falls, Velma Fields, Laura Meyer, Betty Ann Shiver, Frances Askue, Margaret Davis, Pam McDonald, Helen Matthews from 8-5. Melvin Anderson, Ben Blackburn, Robert Doering, Paul Harding, Lewis Porter, Joyce Caldwell, Carol Congleton, June Fleischman, Mary Knox, Elaine Prather, Marjory Potter, all 8-6 pupils. Bobby Fulenwider, Freedal Rauch, John Vreeland, Broyles Yon, Marjorie McMillan, Ann Morris, Bertha Thorndike, in 8-7.

The 33 ninth graders were: 9-3, Lois Tanner, Juanita Rye; 9-5, Norman Heatherington; 9-6, Richard Alshouse, James Brownell, Edwin Guernsey, Loomis Leedy, John Dunkle, Helen Berry, Nettie Lee Butt, Virginia Frazier, Shirley Harris, Mary Jane Hutchins, Eleanor Lang, Margaret McCann, Geraldine Morrison; 9-7, Edwin Young, Oscar Tetenbaum, Carl Ricker, Beverly Young, Mary Alice Wise, Ann Wise, Edith Watson, Hazel Robertson, Lois Pence, Margy Lee Mitchell; 9-8, Charles Ahart, Mary English, Joyce Fox, Frances Graham, Donald McAllister, Carolyn Faircloth, Kathreen Spanos.

School Chiefs Have Party

The Student Council of Cherokee Junior High School held its annual party Friday evening, Feb. 10th, at the home of Robin Hill.

Both the incoming and the retiring councils attended, and those students present included: Myra Baird, Frances Buroon, Charles Collins, Sally Lou Hesseley, Barbara Hill, Jimmie Davis, Eleanor McGarity, Kenneth McCall, Alice Peel, Bryan Murchison, Shirley Thompson, Barbara Bell Swearingen, Mary Sargent, Cleve Atkins, Marjorie Carmichael, Buddy Harris, Pat Murphy, Beverly Foshee, Marjorie Young, Sherman Evans, Robin Hill, Neale Ensign, Joan Miller, Jimmie Ogilvie, Joy Turner, Wayne Heasley, Edgar Andrews, Theo Langley, Bill Simpson, Robert Stratton, Lucille Rish, Jack Teller, Howard Dobson, Glen Phagan, Robert Miller, Jessale McCalla and James Poole.



Senior Has Play Program

By Betty Thorpe

The Senior High Assembly program Feb. 10 was one of dramatic interest. A one act play was presented by the Dramatic Art Class entitled "Now Don't Laugh." The cast included Shirley Bowstead, Myrl Jones, Dorothy Yates, and Ennis Tolson. The play was under the direction of Mis Mildred Murphy.

The furniture used in the play was graciously loaned by Purcell and Company, who have cooperated with the school in this way for many years.

A monologue entitled "A Day at the Races" was given by Sara Norman. Hartwig Achenbach brought a message to the students about the Tigando contracts and the votes as they run so far in the Who's Who contest. Mr. Magarian made a pep talk on the coming senior class play "It Happened in Hollywood" to be given Feb 17. The devotional was read by Sam West and the program was announced by John Crank.

Historic Album of Central Florida



Ocala High School graduating class of 1910. The picture was taken in front of the high school building that is now the City Hall. The platform was where the City Court holds forth on the second floor of the building. Kendrick Guernsey, who is now an insurance official in Jacksonville, a member of the State Road Department, and chairman of Gov. Caldwell's education com-

mittee, was the class president. Left to right: Grady Matchett, Prof. J. W. Simmons, Laura Lewter, Leiper Branham, Eula Smith Banschback, teacher, Hugh Murphy, Jane B. Hunter, Ken Guernsey, Marie Norment Phillips, Cyril Vivian, Lillian Smith Lindorff, Jenkins Dolive, Nora Amik Bookout, Prof. Conklin, Harry Hoffner, and B. Beacham Jr.

Singers Will Give Show

By Joy Babcock

The Senior High School Choristers under the direction of Mrs. Julia E. Campbell will give a concert at the city auditorium, Sunday, February 19 at 3:00 under the auspices of the chamber of commerce.

The solos will be sung by Joe Peoples, Billy Fullenwider, Dick Fletcher and Lamar Simmons. Bertha Jane Robinson will play a piano solo. ... The chorus is composed of 80 voices and recently produced the opera "His Majesty's Ship Pinafore" by Gilbert and Sullivan. ...

Play For Orlando:

OHS Seniors Will Give Play Tonight

All-Star Cast Promised for Production
Which Will Start at Senior High At 8 o'clock This Evening

The time -- tonight! The hour -- 8 o'clock! The place -- Orlando Senior High School Auditorium! The reason -- the 1939 Senior class play, "It Happened in Hollywood," featuring a "cream-of-the-crop" all star cast.

With a background in that fabulous city where great names are made is, a day, the lightning-like plot of "It Happened in Hollywood" brings together a few of the innumerable personalities to be found there. Alan Tremayne (Jim Robinson) and his wise-cracking press agent (Harold Goforth) rent the mansion from a butler (Frank Mebane) left in charge while the owners tour Europe.

Josie Pembroke (Joan Miller) returns unexpectedly with her friend Princess Dolores (Sara Norman), and upon discovering the situation at home decide to have a little fun, and pose as maids in the home. Meanwhile Alan makes a great name for himself in the movies, and also falls in love with Josie, much to the agitation of Doreen Downing (Betty Arvin) and her pal Polly O'Connor (Mary Wherrette). Josie's mother (Martha Ann Mattox) returns from Europe, the real Prince Umberto (Leonard Lang), whom Alan has been posing as, turns up, and gales of laughter are aroused during the untangling and confusion of mistaken identities.

The excellent plot, the outstanding cast, the new scenery all under the supervision of Miss Mildred Murphy, are just a few proofs of the fun of a well-spent evening.

Teachers Turn To Writing

By Eleanor Yothers

In the February issue of the Journal of the Florida Education Association, two Orlando principals turn their hands to writing. Orlando Senior High School Principal William R. Boone and Principal O. R. Davis of Memorial Junior High are the authors of articles in this teachers' magazine ...

"Exchange Programs" is the title of Mr. Boone's article. Mr. Davis discusses typical problems of junior high school students.

OHS Gets New Students

By Melvin Wilson

Students entering O. H. S. during the past week are Elmer Mutchler of Shamokin, Pa.; Vincent Dees, Marianna, Fla.; Marie Agnes Court, Winter Park, Fla.; Paul Kirkorian, Union City, N.J.; Rachel Clarke, Marlborough, N.Y.

The students dropping school this week are Charles Yaryan, Ocy Jane Johnson, Iberbert Schnell, Rachel Clarke, Teddy Hey, and Tommy Overead who has gone to St. Petersburg, Fla.

Lillian Sunderson, who graduated from O. H. S. in 1933 and finished a nursing course at Charity Hospital in New Orleans, is entering Louisiana State University, University, La., and plans on taking a degree in nursing. She is now living at 8202 Nelson Street, New Orleans, La.

Forensic League Initiates New Members at OHS

The boy wears a green artist's tie, one white sock and one green sock, and carries a little wooden soap box under one arm and a sign on his back. He is not a seller of cure-alls and he is not a politician. Who, then, is he?

Ever since Tuesday, Feb. 14, that question has puzzled students at OHS who halt and gape at such bizzare characters in the halls. A genuine crowd gathers when these freaks mount their soap boxes and commence in avid oratory.

And there we have our clue. They are initiates to the National Forensic League! When anybody suggests a subject to them, from now until Tuesday, Feb. 21, they must make a one minute talk on the subject assigned. Everything, even to a Marc Antony funeral oration, has resulted.

The probates are Max Brewer, Hartwig Achenback, Ed Atkinson, Eleanor Struble, Dorothy Boardman, and Charles Stratton. The sign which they carry has the limerick: "I'm an N.F.L. 'boob' from Orlando. I think making speeches is grand-o! You name the subject, and I'll mount the box. Adjust my green bow, and pull up my socks. And then 'orate' to beat the band-o!"

Mrs. Irene Lighthiser, sponsor, describes the Forensic League as an "organization for recognition of high school orators and debaters." To become eligible for membership a pupil must have participated in sufficient inter-scholastic contests to earn 20 credit points.

Sports Dope

By Cecil Butt

[Abstracted for names and basic information.]

The Orlando Tigers basketball team beat the Miami Beach Miamians last Friday night, 38-22. Three OHS players fouled out: Mundy Arnold, Raymond Morris and Harold Powers.

Saturday night, the Orlando Tigers basketball team beat the Miami Edison Cardinals, 24-17. Orlando coach: Walter Hovater; guard: Freddie Caldwell; Raymond Morris.

Weekly get-together at the track Friday: 100-yard dash: Charlie Limpus and Bennett Dominick; 220 yards: Charlie Limpus and Miller Phillips; 440 yards: Bob Trumbo and Miller Phillips; half-mile: Mac McLeod, Sam Turner; shotput: Bob Trumbo; discus: Raymond Morris; mile: J. Louis Lamberton and Walter Asylanian.

Confidentially Speaking

By Smitty

[A gossip column, abstracted for names.]

Exhibiting spring fever: Eddie Langford, Andy Serros, Charlie Limpus, Valdeen Thomas, Miller Phillips and Mac McLeod. Sporting sunburns: Ella Parshall, Virginia Sinclair, Harriette Ford, Billy Fulford, Valmore Ward and Miss Draper.

Annabeth Diekerson made honor roll at Judson College in Alabama.

Bobbie Coffey's houseguest, John Henry McBain.

Attended Phi Alpha Kappa's annual convention in Clearwater last weekend: Natalie Vance, Jean Langford, Gladys Lavin and Harriette Ford; state sponsor: Catherine Murphy.

US flag attendant at OHS: Vernon McAllister.

Attended DeMolay party at the Temple last Saturday: Lewis Guthrie, Caroline Kime, Bob Carson, Catherine Shell, Roy Donnell, Jane Parks, David Sloan, Sally Parshall, Jimmy Willox, Dotty Gee, Miller Phillips, Betty Asher, Jimmy Kuykendall, Malcolm Boon, Billy Bryant, Tom Hegler and Bobbie Wheeler.

Horseback riding Friday and Saturday, fishing at the beach on Sunday: Duane Langley, Jim Wheeler, Bette Lavin and Dick Fletcher.

Virginia Jones' cousin, Billy Summerille of Savannah, flew down Monday afternoon and flew back up Tuesday morning.

Ruth Farr and Billy Isbell took a ride to Lakeland Sunday. Mr. Boone spent Sunday fishing at Canaveral. Frances Blake, Jean Otey and Barbara Fox have been playing tennis.

At the local hangout: Oriene Cox and Charlie Limpus; Mary Dee Luff and out-of-town guests of Jimmy Willox; Daet Twins, Charles Brady and Jack Lee.

Basketball fans: Kitty Caine, Sara Norman, Marty Mattox, Alice Price, "Flash" Williams, Ralph Browning and Jackie Purdue.

ATHLETICS

from *The Echo*, published by the Senior Class of Orlando High School

The school year, 1915 opened with good prospects for a successful athletic year. There was plenty of material to be had for all the sports, and enthusiasm ran high.

The girls were jubilant over the prospect of a strong basket-ball team. Good players were with us this year, and much "raw material" worthy of training was to be found among the Freshmen. At the present time, however, no suitable floor has been found upon which to practice. The local Board of Trustees came to the girls' assistance and were untiring in their efforts to secure the use of a floor. Our past record is a good one, and basket ball should not be dropped permanently.

The Sophomore boys organized a ball team early in the term, and have played a number of games. The Freshmen not only have a ball team, but a football team as well.

On December fourth, O. H. S. defeated the foot-ball team of Sanford High School, winning with a score of 14 to 0.



Historic Album of Central Florida

Orlando High School's first championship football team, 1908 champions of Orange County, are pictured above on the steps of the public school building where the city hall now stands. The principal of the school, holding the pennant in the back row, was Pons A. Hathaway, now director of the United States Employment Service for Florida with offices in Tallahassee. He was a

candidate for Governor of Florida in 1928. Members of the team are, front row, left to right, Randolph Robinson, Leiper Branham, Bob Magruder, Donald Lee, Dr. Herman Bosse, DeWitt Miller, and Kendall (first name unknown); second row, left to right, Willis Palmer, Albert Branham, Hugh Murphy, Joe Cheney, and Ben Abberger.

EARLY CHRONOLOGY OF ORANGE COUNTY, FLORIDA SCHOOLS

(In particular, history of school in Fairville)

- 1869 - 100 pupils in Orange County - 5 schools
- 1875 - \$1.50 per month for teacher with 2nd class certificate
- 1876 - 46 schools - 749 pupils
- 1877 - April 12th - Rule established parent may send one child for two terms instead of two children one term
- 1884 - Jan. 7 - Bd allowed Supt. \$1.50 per day and use of horse and buggy in visiting schools and all expenses incurred in so doing
- 1887 - Oct. - Trustees for school were E. Martin and M.C. Eunice.
- 1894 - If Fairview school maintains a daily average of 9, teacher's salary \$30.00. If daily average of 7, salary is \$20.00. If less than 7, school must be discontinued.
- 1894 - Dec. - Fairview school may continue one more month.
- 1895 - Jan. - Bd. moved that school at Fairview be suspended and during suspension pupils may attend any other school.
- 1898-99 - Oliver W. Payne gave land to community for church and school use (Livingston School)
- 1901 - March 2 - J. D. Henderson, W. E. Martin, J. S. Gardner made trustees of property. (J. D. Henderson was Mark Heatherington's grandfather; W. E. Martin, his uncle.)
- 1907 - School gave \$200 for church's share. Church dedicated in September
- 1908 - Livingston changed to Fairview, soon to Fairville.
- 1909 - Room added
- 1916, '17, '18 - Carl Henderson, teacher, first hot lunch in county
- 1921 - Building burned. Used building loaned by W. E. Martin for 2 terms.
- 1923 - Fall. Started using first unit of present building.

(Copied by Claire Heatherington from items collected by a neighbor, Mrs. Violet Roddenberry, for Founders' Day at Fairville School - Feb. 1955. School now (in 1990) Silver Star Vocational Center.)





FALL 1944



TEACHER'S CERTIFICATE.

SECOND CLASS.]

Office of

Board Public Instruction Orange County,

Sept- 1890

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, That Wm E Martin
of Orange Co, having placed on file in the Office of the County
Superintendent of Schools of this County satisfactory evidence of maintaining a good
moral character, and having sustained an examination by

The Board.

in Reading, Spelling, Writing, Practical Arithmetic, Geography, English Gram-
mar, History, the elements of Book-keeping, and on the principles which underlie those
branches, together with the proper organization and management of a School, and the
improved method of teaching, is therefore entitled to receive this

TEACHER'S CERTIFICATE OF THE SECOND CLASS,

and is hereby pronounced competent to teach the Public School No. 4
at Fairview, in this County, or such other School as the Board
may direct, until the 30th day of Sept, 1891,
and will be respected accordingly.

(SIGNED)

A. Y. Beck
Secy & Depy

*N. B.—Boards of Public Instruction will issue no Certificates to Applicants who fail to answer
eighty per cent. of the questions submitted on examination.*

William Enoch Martin was the son of Dr. William Elijah Martin and Eliza Jane Terry Martin. He married Martha "Mattie" Chapman in 1910 in Orange County. They had one adopted daughter, Josephine. William Martin was Orange County Tax Collector from 1904 until 1934. Submitted by CFG&HS member Claire Hughes Heatherington, whose husband, Mark, is the grand nephew of William Martin.

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