

Henry Stickley

Shortly before I went away to school an epidemic of small pox broke out in south west Byron. Nearly a whole family was wiped out. Among the survivors was a boy of 13, Henry Stickley. He went to live with an uncle for a time. While out rabbit hunting with a cousin he shot the cousin so that he died. Of course it was an accident but the uncle could hardly feel towards Henry as he did before. Father learned of this just after I left for Albion and went to see if he could get Henry to take my place on the farm. He came gladly and lived with the folks for several years, until he had learned a trade at least. He was like a brother to us. He worked well and tried hard to make a go of his life there. In the summers when I was home he learned to catch for base ball. Almost every noon hour we would spend in playing catch, I pitched and he caught. However he never caught in a game for me. Why I do not know. Later after he had married and moved to Middleville where he ran a cooperative creamery he caught for the village team for years. He now lives in Battle Creek I understand.

Bula Webb

Once when Bula was very small she was taken deathly sick all of a sudden. No one seemed to be able to find the trouble until the doctor assumed she was poisoned. Sure enough in due time she passed on some small potatoe bugs that had died from being poisoned with Paris Green. Then she recovered very quickly.

When Emma came to East Orange to meet me she brought Bula with her to help with the boys, Max and Karl. She lived with us during the 1916-1917 school year and attended East Orange High School. She did well but nothing astonishing in a scholastic way. However in the summer of 1917 while she was at home in Allegan she went Blue Berrying with Floy and some other young folks. They were near a lake and went swimming. Both Bula and Floy were strong swimmers. They found an old boat and used a broken board for an oar to get out from the shore a ways. A friend of Bula's thought it must be very easy to swim from the way Bula got around so without ever learning to swim she jumped in and sank. Bula went down after her and failed. She came up for breath and went down again never to return. Later Fred Webb Bula's father found the girls locked together at the bottom.

At the time I tried to get some recognition for Jenny of Bula's heroic death. I failed to get a Carnegie medal but I did succeed in getting a bronze plate in the East Orange High School for her.

The lost monkey.

About the time I was 9 or 10 years old the village put out a baseball team that played with all of the surrounding towns. The games fell on Saturday afternoons so we all took a half holiday when ever a game was played at home. We all went. Father and Mother enjoyed the games as much as the rest of us. One Saturday afternoon I got home from the game before the rest of the folks. Don, the old dog, was just about throwing a fit out back of the house under the walnut tree. He had something treed. At first I thought it was a wood chuck and got the rifle. Then it was plain to see that it was no woodchuck but a small monkey. Both monkey and dog were about crazy. The monkey would climb down a ways and tell the dog what he thought of him and then climb back while Don took over. A telephone call to the central in the village got the information that a small circus in the village had lost a monkey. So a man soon came to get him and there by hang a long tale. The monkey was afraid to come down to the man so the man went up after the monkey.

MY TIMES.

Charles Lewis Fitch was born in Manlius New York and lived there during his boyhood. However he arrived in Antwerp Ohio in the early 1870s. There he married a girl whose last name was Herrod. She died when Gilbert her first born arrived on July 18 1873. He then hired Nancy Rumbaugh to care for Gilbert and married her on March 18 1874. He worked around there for a time and then moved to Michigan. He told working in a brick yard doing double work for double pay. He also worked as a night watchman somewhere for he had a dark lantern in later years. It was small and burned some kind of oil. It had a lens in front that could be covered by a small door or left open. I do not know just where the folkd lived in Michigan except in Rockford where he owned a cooper shop and Fred was born. He also lived in Grand Rapids for a time working as a cooper for the Grand Rapids Stave Co. However they must have moved to Byron Center in the early 80s for Frank was born there in 83. Father owned the cooper shop on the road from Grand Rapids to Dorr. There was a house on the grounds where there lived a few years for I was born there and I think Frank and Vera also. The Shop had room for six coopers although he rarely had that many. Usually only three worked there altho at times he did hire more during rush times in the fall. The barrel shed held about 3000 tp 4000 barrels. It was nearly always about full when the apples were ripe in the fall. All of us boys except Frank learned to make barrels. Gilbert was the fastest of the lot. On one occassion he made 100 barrels in one day. However it was a long day. Most of us made about 40 barrels in a dgy. Harry Cooper and Fred Webb also helped there.

The old house was torn down before I can remember. The first I can remember was living in the Keeney house across the road from the shop. Grandmother Rumbaugh spent one winter with us there. Vera was small. During Grandmother's stay Vera fell on the door step and hurt her eye. The corner of the step just missed the eye itself. At that time I was starting school. The school was on the same block in the village so I did not have far to go and come. However school was a bore and I ran away at each opportunity. After several trials the teacher told mother I might as well stay at home for I would never learn anyway. She kept at me however and at last I stayed in school but apparently not to learn. I was slow indeed. The fifth grade had to be repeated. The second time over we had Carl M. Ferner as teacher. He was a real teacher. In some way he wakened me up and always after that I was at the top of the class. Our report cards had a space for Rank in class. As I remember it Robert O'Meara and I divided the credit for heading the class through the eighth grade. At that time we took county examinations for graduation from that grade. After the grades were all in and averaged he beat me by a fraction of one per cent. His mother never failed to twit me about that as long as she lived.

After a time the folks moved to the Will Wright place west of the village. Father farmed that place and the home place for a couple of years and then moved to the home place. That lay back in a section of land a quarter mile from the highway. When he bought it the place was heavily wooded. He cut it off and shipped the wood to Grand Rapids. It was here I spent the most of my boyhood. While the farm comprised but thirty acres, we did make a good living from it. We had an orchard of five acres of apples. This orchard was also planted to rasp berries about one half were red and one half were black. These were picked

I did of course have things stolen from me but usually got most of what was due me. Once when Gail was with me I sold some potatoes to a store keeper. He wrote the address on a piece of paper for me. When we got there the address was a fire station and no one knew the man. What to do was a problem. The market was closed so we could not go back. I stopped at a grocery store and sold the potatoes again. So I had twice the price of the load when I got home. In a day or two the sheriff called up and father answered him. The upshot was I left the man's money at the market office the next time in. In the early fall father was about again so I returned to college.

The years went fast. I worked at everything I could to earn my way every year after the first I earned my way. Most of the time I paid no tuition for I got a scholarship. I earned board by washing dishes or waiting table. One year I baked the cakes for a large bunch of student at Fisk Hall. I tended furnaces for room rent and for several years I swept out the chemical and physical laboratory building for pay. For one year, my junior, I helped to teach the first year physics classes. Professor Greene was working at Ann Arbor for his doctor's degree. He lectured to the students and I held the recitation classes. That of course was for pay.

In all I put in 2 years in preparatory work, 4 years in college work and a half year towards my master's degree at Albion. Then I received an offer of a fellowship at Illinois and one at Michigan. At that time there was a student at Albion who was a teacher in the Christian College in Soule Korea, Becker by name. I had just about agreed to go back with him when these fellowships came along. I went to Michigan for I knew several advanced students there. One was Mark Putnam now vicepresident of Dow Chemical Co. One was Glen Ransome a medical student. Who later went to Europe in the first world war and was killed. For him we named Glen. Then there was Karl Weller also a medical student. I ate with these men and played with them.

At that time there was a lot of fake advertising about lost manhood. There was a capsule that if taken by mouth would turn the urine green if one had lost his manhood. Weller and Ransome knew it was a fake and wanted to try it out on the four of us. Putnam balked and would not take his. They roomed together and invite Putnam and me to a Sunday evening lunch. They had stuffed olives. Putnam's were stuffed with one of those capsules. So we all took the dope and all of us found of course that we were lost.

My fellowship at Michigan was for \$150 for the second semester of the year 1911-1912. It paid all of my bills. When it ran out the University had just adopted a plan of giving each college in the state one fellowship for one year for \$300. The student to be picked by the college. I was picked to represent Albion the first year. So I returned the next year with \$300 to spend. It came in 10 payments of \$30 each. Again it paid my way including tuition. I did work hard and I did make good but I got fed up and wanted to teach. So I left college to teach science and mathematics in Allegan High School the fall of 1913.

Here I was the only man teacher in town. I roomed for a time at the home of a druggist. But ate with a group of women teachers. In the late fall I found a house that was being let for rent. I attended the auction and bought quite a bit of furniture and took the house. From that time on I ~~xxxxx~~ roomed in the house but continued to eat with the women teachers. They had some wonderful times trying to find out just why I had rented the house. Then they found out

They were fine but tried their best to kid me and pry out information. It was too good a chance to pass up so I told them most anything except the truth. We did have a lot of fun.

One night when I got home I broke my key in the door. So I looked for a window and found one that opened into a locked room. However there was a small window between the rooms thru which I thought I could crawl. Half way thru I stuck. Mr. Stedman happened to be in his room and came out to see what was up. He unlocked the door and let me in.

January 1 1914 we were married in Manchester and went directly to Allegan by train. We got there in the early evening and had difficulty getting a taxi to the house because of some kind of scrap among the drivers. Bernath Brown, a high school boy, who lived next door had a fire going so all was warm. It had been a long time since a teacher had married while there, so everybody treated us swell. We stayed in that house and I taught in the high school the rest of that school year and the next. Max was born in that house in November '14. Dr. Smith a former Byron Center boy was our physician. His mother played nurse for a while.

The University of Michigan awarded me a ~~xxxx~~ fellowship again for the school year 1915-1916. It was again one of the state college fellowships. This time one of the colleges failed to send a candidate so two of us from Albion were there that year. The other was Florence Fall, a girl we knew well in Albion. We went back to Ann Arbor and found a small house directly across from Dr. Randall's home. That summer I took in summer school in order to get enough German and French to pass a reading examination. I had two years of German and one semester of French at Albion. I did well in German but rather poorly in French. At the summer session I was in a class of High School French teachers. We read about the Fishers of Iceland. Needless to say I was no star in that class. However I passed the reading test easily. I had taken scientific German all the time at Ann Arbor and nearly failed that test. It was on WASSERFALL ELECTRICITAT. Assuming it had to do with the generation of electricity by water falling over dams I got off to a bad start. As a matter of fact the article dealt with electrification of water drops in falling thru the air.

I had decided to study the aluminum rectifier under Dean Guthe for my thesis but he died in Oregon during the summer of 1914. I always thought the out break of the war in Europe had a lot to do with his death. He was a native born German but a loyal American citizen. Tall and rudy with a definite lisp it was a pleasure to listen to him lecture. He was head of the department of Physics and dean of the graduate school when I first went to Ann Arbor. So on my return I had to find another man to supervise my work or change the topic and find another man to supervise. Dr. Noel Williams agreed to look after me so I went ahead with the first topic. He did very little but let me alone to do about as I had planned with Dean Guthe. I had a hard rubber disk about 30 inches in diameter made with another disk of brass bolted to it. The brass disk was cut into many segments. This disk was bolted to the shaft of a direct current motor whose speed could be held very constant. Brushes rubbed on these segments to charge and discharge an aluminum cell at known period of time. For details see thesis. This was the same problem that Professor Greene had worked on while I was his student in Albion. He had failed to solve it however. My thesis in abbreviated form was printed in Physical Review Jan 1917. It stirred up quite a bit of discussion by Gunther Schultze a German physicist who thought he knew all about the rectifier. In a book written by a General Electric physicist on Rectification of Electric Currents a whole chapter was devoted to my thesis and accepted whole.

One winter in N.J., I think 1917-18 coal was very scarce so we had great difficulty in keeping warm. Cleone was with us that winter. It finally got so bad we kept the gas burning in the kitchen to keep from freezing. The furnace fire of course had gone out. The water pipes froze but did not burst. At last the gas meter froze but by that time we did get a little coal and start up the furnace again. During this time Max and Karl both had whooping cough. It just hung on and on. Our physician was a lady. At last she said to take the boys out on the street. The city health nurse saw them and threw a fit about it. As a result, I got a notice to appear before the city council to explain matters. They treated me fine, and took my word for the nurse's instructions.

In the summer of 1917 we got notice that our space was to be used by others so we had to get out. Emma canvased the surrounding towns and found a house in Lyndhurst that had been empty some time. It was agreed that it would be cleaned and made ready for us on a certain date. While I was at work the truck came and moved the family. When I got back of course all were gone but I knew where. We spent one night there and Emma hunted up another house in Rutherford. We moved the next day. Bula was born in that house in August 1918. The folks there were kind to us but for some reason we moved again in Rutherford. This time we had a larger house. But it was so damp that summer. The shoes molded in the closets and the stove rusted in the kitchen. The mosquitos were bad too. We had a small screened bed for Karl. He would roll his bear hind end against the wire and call out "Mother the bees are biting me."

In the summer of 19, Dean Stevens of the University of Maine wrote to several Universities asking for a man to teach in Orono. I was recommended by the department in Ann Arbor and entered into a lengthy correspondence with him. The result was that we moved to Orono to start work in the fall of 1919. That was just after the war and the school was at a low ebb. There were few students and a small faculty. About a half dozen new men came to Maine that fall. Brautlecht in Chemistry, Ellis in English, Willard in Mathematics Bailey in Speech and I in Physics.

We moved into Miss Patch house and got along as best we could until the furniture arrived. We slept in her shed attic the first winter. She and Alice were just fine too us. From that time the children have called them Aunt Edith and Aunt Alice.

Dean Stevens taught one three hour class in Arts Physics. A Mr. Steffee and I taught all of the rest. He stayed but a year or two and went to run a filling station in Mexico, Me. He lived but a short time after leaving.

While we were living in Miss Patch's house we had a pet crow. In fact I think two pet crows. One we got back in the woods back of the house, the other on the island near Stillwater. The crows grew very tame. They would steal anything. Once they stole Miss Patch's watch, another time they stole Mr. Southard's glasses. One of them would follow me to the University and fly into the class rooms to carry off the crayon. One went over to Dean Corbett's home and nearly scared the wits out of the baby daughter. They seemed afraid of nothing. One would sit on the trolley track and make the motorman stop the car to chase him off.

All the time we were at Miss Patch's house we were looking for a place to buy. In the early summer of 1921 a fire damaged the house at the corner of Park and College Road. When it was up for sale I bought it for \$2700 as it was. I gave \$400 in Liberty bonds on the sale and when Prof. Craig could find no place to move we agreed he could stay there another 10 months at \$40 per month

In November 1934, we purchased the Hale farm in New Sharon from the Federal Land Bank through C. H. Bailey and Loyd and Marjorie moved on April 1, 1935. During their stay Loyd built over the kitchen and made a bathroom of a former pantry. We bought two horses, Babe and Ruth, of George Davis early in 35. Ruth gave birth to Smokey early in 36 and died shortly after. We then bought Beauty of Dr. Russell to go with Babe.

Early in 1936 the Sandy changed its course to cut off A. B. Sawyers interval and flood our back interval with water and ice at least four feet. During the same year Marjorie gave birth to a daughter that did not live. We buried her in the woods at the back of the interval. The spot was not marked and location is now unknown. July 1, 1937, Loyd and Marjorie returned to Michigan and I resigned at the University of Maine. Dr. Hauck saw that I received all I had paid in for retirement plus what the University had added.

Beginning with 1936 we dug out under the barn and built a stone wall around it for a stable and pen for hens. We also built the brooder house and large shed for tools and corn.

In 1940 R.E.A. came to town. I was president. We canvassed a large area here but failed of Public Utilities approval to build. However, the power companies agreed to build and supply us with power. Our line united to buy and set the poles so that we got power cheaper from the start.

During the summer of 49 the school building burned while I was selectman and member of the school board. So I was a member of the building committee. The town went all out to build anew. We subscribed \$200 like others. Our Ford tractor was used for cleaning up. Glen used the truck later to borrow furniture from the Catholic school in Farmington and public schools of Wilton. He later returned them also. I secured a \$1000 from Dr. George Averill of Waterville and about \$1500 worth of apparatus for the school laboratory from the Maine colleges. Miss Edith Patch gave her bound volumes of National Geographic - Max secured a set of encyclopedia and a microscope. Glen and Jim both gave labor in constructing the building. The school moved in at Christmas 1950 or January 1, 1951. I was defeated for school board by Gerald Grant and later by Frank Brown. Since then I have been Moderator of Town Meeting several times and Trustee of Methodist Church. Later I was a Director of the Farmington Mutual Fire Insurance Company with Stanger as President.

We have added to the farm by buying from Perkins 56 acres where Glen now lives and the land across the road from Donald Ames. Glen and I built the house he now lives in from the cellar up. Jim and I built the house he lived in before moving to Bangor. It is now used by Roger Allen. There was an old cellar hole there which we enlarged and on which we constructed the cellar wall. We built all, even the chimney.