THINGS REMEMBERED –

MORELAND HILLS
AT 50 YEARS
1979

VILLAGE OF
MORELAND HILLS
TOWN HALL
INCORPORATED 1929
THINGS REMEMBERED—MORELAND HILLS AT 50 YEARS

Conversations with "Charter Members" of Moreland Hills Village. The recollections — the challenges, the good times, the hard times, the friends, the neighbors, the open spaces — Reminiscences of an earlier year.

Published by Moreland Hills 50th Anniversary Committee
Robert D. Schregardus, Editor
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FRONT COVER
Florence Wilker, Giles Road resident in front of Village Hall with "Red Brick School" council chamber in background. School dates from the 1860's.

INSIDE FRONT COVER
Chagrin Valley Country Club's first club house — 1925. The former Edwin Mapes house was built about 1860. Boy sitting on front railing with white shirt and dark tie is Edwin J. Mapes, Jr. Note autos parked at left.
A booklet on Moreland Hills published at the time of our Nations Bicentennial in 1976 gave us an overview of the history of this area starting in 1815 with our first settler Serenus Burnett. In this volume too we'll be talking about history but it will be of a more recent vintage and will be told on a first hand basis by what we like to call "Charter Members" of Moreland Hills Village, those who were here near the time of incorporation in 1929 and who are here today.

There were 86 votes cast on the village incorporation issue on that election day of September 5, 1929 – 77 for and 9 against. The voting booth – the Chatham garage on Bentleyville Road. Given the great mobility of our American population (families move on the average of every 7 years) we are fortunate to have so many of our "Charter Members" still around. This, then is a story told by the people who lived it.

DEDICATION

This volume is dedicated to the "Charter Members" of Moreland Hills Village who shared fond memories, humorous anecdotes and personal insights with us. They gave generously of their time and shared a treasurehouse of memories. It has been a privilege listening to and talking with them.

"CHARTER MEMBERS"  Page
Edwin J. Mapes, Jr.  3
Florence Wilker  5
Almon Gleason  9
Daniel Groth  11
Mary Holt Kuhlman  13
Robert Milner  15
Lillian Schmidt  17
Lois Ackerman  18
Gertrude Gleason  19
Frederick H. Hadeler  21
Darrell Smith and Freeman Smith  22
Father Joseph Rutkowski  24

EDWIN J. MAPES, Jr. descendant of Seth Mapes who bought his section (640 acres) directly from the Connecticut Land Co. in the very early 1800's.

The Mapes brothers, John (my grandfather) and Perry, had a wholesale milk business, the Belle Vernon Mapes, Company and this farm was the major source of milk. Sometime around 1912 they merged with a milk retailer, Telling, to form Telling Belle Vernon Company, which in 1929 was bought by National Dairy Products. Telling Belle Vernon had a "certified milk" dairy (the cows walked on tile floors) on Ohio Route 306 just north of Fairmont at Novelty. Certified milk was non-pasteurized, non-separated Guernsey milk that was almost thick enough to stick to the roof of your mouth. I haven't had a good glass of milk since they shut down.

Edwin J. Mapes, Jr. seated on the carriage stone in front of the "Spring House", built about 1850. Note the lettering on the carriage stone.
By 1920 most of the milk production was farther out in the country, and a part of the farm was split off to form the Chagrin Valley Country Club, with 9 golf holes east of SOM Center and 9 on the west side. SOM Center was not that busy a road at the time, but some members objected to crossing the road for the “back nine”, so another 9 holes were built west of SOM Center. The 9 holes east of SOM Center then became Moreland Hills Golf Course – a public course.

A large “Sugar bush” was operated here on the farm by my great uncle Fred Mapes. Many of the large maples standing today hereabouts were tapped late each winter. I can remember riding the horse-drawn stone boat with its big tank for sap. The maple syrup was sold wholesale through the dairy to the restaurant trade.

The “big house” on the east side of SOM was built in the late 1880’s. My earliest memories of it had gas lights, which were fueled from a central carbide generator in the basement. Along about 1928 the house was wired for electric lights. The lights were not bright white lights like they are today, but had sort of a yellowish glow. All the lights in the house were turned on that Sunday afternoon in 1928 to test them out. We were all standing across the road to look at the sight. A passing motorist saw the yellowish glow through the windows and concluded there was a fire, so summoned the Chagrin Falls Volunteer Fire Department. They arrived shortly in their Model “T” fire truck, saw all the folks standing outside and were convinced that the house must be on fire. They quickly departed, however, when the reason for the yellowish glow was explained.

Patrolman Bill Busch (later police chief) mounted a red light on the pole in front of his house on Chagrin Blvd., west of SOM Center. Whenever a call came to his house his wife would flip the switch inside the house lighting the red light and when Patrolman Busch went by or when he went past the corner at SOM Center would look down to see if the light was lit. If it were, he would scoot home to find out what the call was all about.

FLORENCE WILKER, Giles Road resident for 55 years appears in the photo on the front cover.

We moved to the Giles Road area in 1924, 55 years ago. We built this house on Giles Road. It was on my husband’s folks farm. His folks lived in the house on Chagrin Blvd. by Ellendale, but the Grandparents lived in the old farm house just to the west. Aunt Mabel, Mrs. C. J. Wilker, now lives there. The farm went south all the way back across Giles Road and down to Wiley Creek. There was a path going straight south from the bend in Giles Road where we used to walk down to the interurban car. In the spring, if the water was high, you had to take off your shoes and walk across the creek. We could go either way, into town or out to Chagrin Falls. The fare was 10 cents to go to Chagrin Falls and 25 cents to go into town. When we first moved here it went to downtown, then it went to 154th and Kinsman and then just to Van Aken. Then the Cleveland-Warren-Youngstown bus went through on the highway. That killed the car. Nobody would go down there anymore. It was too bad. The buses came in with this cheap transportation. But as soon as the car was gone, buses raised their fare and instead of being 10 cents to go to Chagrin, you paid 55 cents on the bus.

The interurban car went down through the valley because it couldn’t make the hill. West of Hiram House Camp it cut off through the fields and over to Lander Circle. There was a sizeable wooden trestle where the interurban went across Wiley Creek. It continued over toward Miles Road and crossed the old Miles Road bridge and on into Chagrin Falls. The car barn was on Miles Road, near Solon Road and Maple Street. When we came here it didn’t go into the village, it had the barns and that on Miles Road and it turned around there, but it used to go to Garrettsville, and Hiram and then it went through Chagrin.

When Hiram and Garrettsville discontinued, they didn’t want it in Chagrin so you had to go out and meet it out there at the car barns. You had to drive to it. Dumb, and they had the tracks and everything there. That is the way all the kids up here at Orange got to high school. You know Orange didn’t have a high school, they all went to Chagrin and took the car to Chagrin to high school, or else went the other way – to town. When my kids started in school up there, there was just the one building for all 12 grades, there on Chagrin Blvd. When I first came here my husband John’s nephew lived on Chagrin Blvd. Orange school was not yet built. It was in the process then, but the nephew went to the district school at the corner of River
Rd. and Chagrin Blvd. The district school was about 300 feet north of Chagrin Blvd. on the west side of Chagrin River Road. It was a one room school much like where the Moreland Hills Council chamber is.

The district school on Jackson was across from the Stearns Estate between Lander and S.O.M. Center. That one was where my husband, John, went to school to the 8th grade. That was as high as it went. His people lived on Emery Road. His grandparents lived there too. The farm is still intact. The only one that is, and has never been allotted. This is in Orange Village.

That district school was made into a house and it is still standing. It is not obvious that it was a former school. They covered it with siding too. I don't see the brick anymore. The students used to go across the street to get their water. There was a stream that came right out of the ground, an artesian well, and they used to get their school water there. I tried to find that artesian well, but couldn't. If my husband, John, had been living, he would have known just where it was.

We did our shopping in Chagrin Falls. We used to walk down to the car during the daytime on weekdays and take the car down to Chagrin Falls. I didn't have too many groceries to get. On the weekends we would drive our automobile down to Chagrin Falls to shop.

We had a coal furnace there. It was a hot air gravity type. Mr. Orcutt over there on Ellendale used to be our coal man. As he shoveled coal he would get black from the coal dust and all the while he would be swinging a mile a minute. He was really a character. He worked for C&S and he just delivered. That was Chagrin Falls and Solon Farmers Exchange. That's the same building that Hancock Lumber is in now. Mr. Orcutt was an uncle of Lucille Ball.

During the depression my dad gave us a cow. We pastured it in the acre next door. Stricks, on Chagrin Blvd. had a farm and told us we could take it over. By the time we finished with that we had five cows. Everybody on the street was getting milk. We sold it for 6 cents a quart and we had a separator - I still have it. We made our butter and had our skim milk for the pigs we raised. We were almost self-supporting. Had a garden and no work. Everybody on the street but us were on relief or whatever you want to call it. In later years my boy says to me, "I was reading about the depression and the bread lines in Cleveland at the time and I never realized it was as bad as it was". My boy, Herb, said, "I don't remember a depression". "We never had anything like that". "No," I said, "because we had what we needed". All we had to buy was sugar and coffee and things like that. But I said, "dad wasn't working". He went over to those woods over there and cut wood and hauled it home - you know, trees that had fallen down - he got permission. Sterns owned a lot of land in there - it wasn't fun. That was the days before the chain saw so when you sawed wood it warmed you twice. You cut it with a cross cut. You hauled it home and put it in the basement. But a load of wood didn't last long. It supplemented the coal. It helped. My husband, John, hauled it home in the car. We had a Chrysler that had a rumble seat. That is where he piled it in.

When we moved here we had a telephone, but we didn't have electricity. We did not get electricity until about 1927. We had kerosene lamps. There is one of them. It is electrified now. I have another one in the bedroom and I have a couple of lanterns. We used to light the lantern and go down to the fields - at night you know.
The Van Sweringens owned lots of land around here. When the Vans went bust all of these people were out of work. They had a hard time. When we first came here, you didn’t amount to much if you didn’t belong to the people who worked for the Van Sweringens. Everybody worked for Vans and it was the Vans who had frequent parties for their employees. It was one big happy family. They would have Christmas parties and would give the employees such beautiful gifts—the kids all had Christmas. Everybody worked for the Vans. It was great until the bubble burst and it was all on paper I guess.

The Swedish Club, down on Giles Road, was operating when we came here. It was very active. On Saturday nights they used to have big parties back there and the beer cans were strung from all the way back Giles Road. They had a nice club house. One winter evening, about 1941, when we had a really heavy snow, the club house on the edge of a hill, slid down into the ravine. It was never rebuilt.

My husband John built an airplane in his parents garage on Chagrin Blvd. back in 1931. A young man named McCabe from Miles Road helped him with the project. McCabe had a pilots license, John didn’t. It was flown several times from a field off route 422 in Bainbridge. Its last flight was from Murfetts pasture on route 422, where Murwood is now. McCabe hit a rut and broke off a wheel on take off. When he landed the plane was damaged beyond repair.

ALMON GLEASON of Bentleyville Road came out here for his health in 1909 and he’s still healthy 70 years later.

My first experiences in the Moreland Hills area was tent camping in the summers of 1909 and 1910. I had whooping cough and the doctor told my parents to get me “out in the country.” They closed up the family house on Eddy Road in East Cleveland and came out to a site on the south side of Jackson Road at the top of the hill.

We lived in a tent both summers. The tent had sleeping cots, chairs and a table inside. Cooking was done on an open wood fire. I don’t remember anything unusual about the food we ate—cereal for breakfast, meat etc. for dinner. There was lots of fresh milk we got from the farmer up the road.

Tent where Almon Gleason and his family spent the summers of 1909 and 1910.

Almon Gleason surveying the countryside from stump near tent site. 1910.
Of course in those days we didn't have refrigerators. A neighbor showed my dad how to make a cooler for the butter etc. He piled out some rocks by a spring at the base of a nearby cliff. This made sort of a square pool of fresh cold spring water. The food was kept in heavy covered crocks that would not float when surrounded by the spring water.

We didn't have a car at the time--my dad took the interurban car to town to work each morning and back each evening. My brother and I played by the Quarry and on the track spur that went from the Quarry to the Interurban main line. The Quarry always had water in it. I too have heard stories about there being quarrying equipment in there but the quarry was filled up with water from my earliest recollection.

After camping out here those two summers, my dad bought property here on Bentleyville Road. We had a car by then. There were very few others out here at that time and water was difficult to get here on Bentleyville Road. Finally, in the middle 30's, the WPA put in a water line connecting us to Chagrin water system - they used onsite pipe for the water.

In the 30's, I helped organize a riding club in the area. We had our first horse show in 1940 on the Polo field in the Metropolitan Park. It was the first horse show the park officials had permitted there. It was the forerunner of the much bigger shows held there today.

Back in the late 20's and early 30's, there would be a dozen fireworks stands between Lander Circle and the Chagrin River. Most of them were run by local people. There were a couple of fireworks wholesalers up in the area where Woodmere is now. By 1936 all of the fireworks stands were gone.

We shopped once a week in Chagrin Falls. Before we had a car we walked down there and brought home the groceries in a "Little Red Wagon". It was 3 1/2 miles each way. Later we had a Model "T" Ford. The big shopping time was Saturday night. It was also the biggest social event of the week. Stores would be open till 10:00 p.m.
You could see a movie — and grocery shop afterwards. Bank Night at the Falls Theater was a big event. Names, not ticket numbers, were drawn for the prizes. When you didn’t have lots of spending money you would wait around outside the theater for the drawing. Then, if your name came up you would quickly buy a ticket and go in to claim your prize. I recall we won an occasional bag of groceries, but the most unusual prize was a billy goat. We kept it around for a couple of years and finally gave it away.

We raised chickens, ducks, etc., prior to World War II. We also had a big garden plus raised some grain to feed the chickens. I’m not sure if the corn we raised was sweet corn for the family, or field corn, but when picked young it didn’t taste too bad. When times were tough, you were glad to have food on the table.

My favorite teacher at Orange School was C. Ray Snider, a football coach, shop teacher, Boys Club adviser and good friend. He sometimes would call the shop class students to his desk as a group, for special interest instructions on how to build a fire in the woods using only available wood or how to tie a fishing fly. Boy Scout troops didn’t have much coverage out in this area at the time, and Ray Snider filled the role of Scout Master to many of us. It was through him that I became interested in Boy Scout type activities which led in adult life to my 16 plus years as an Adult Scout Leader.

MARY HOLT KUHLMAN remembers huge elm trees at school.

I was born in the family home on Chagrin Blvd., a dark red brick house which stands between the Moreland Hills and Pepper Pike schools. Dr. Cameron came over from Chagrin Falls (Editor’s Note: Doctors not only made house calls then, they made home deliveries.) It must have been a cold winter because my dad said the doctor kept telling him to fire up the furnace, all the while the frost kept coming through the baseboards.

Mary Holt Kuhlman by front steps of house on Chagrin Blvd. where she was born. This building located between the Pepper Pike and the Moreland Hills Schools now houses the Orange Recreation Dept.
I really don't remember the interurban — but I remember them talking about Stop 28 which was up here at Lander Circle. I found an old insurance thing that was marked Stop 28. That was the address of the area. And then there were numbers on it, Route 4. The mailman knew everyone. You had names on mailboxes, but no house numbers. This was considered rural route out of Chagrin Falls at that time, also. It was nice that you could just write someone's name and Chagrin Falls and they would get it.

When I went to Orange School, it had 3 floors — I really don't remember them putting on the third floor. My father was a brick layer and he worked on the original building and we felt that that was our school. We had a very close feeling about school. I think of all the old elm trees that were huge then. We used to have our class picnics out there. That was before the football field was there. I was trying to think of the number of school busses they had then — I think it was 10 or 12. But, they have a picture of us lined up. We knew everybody. We knew the janitors, the bus drivers. We had two sections of each class and when we graduated we had the biggest class ever, which was like 45.

My dad planted an orchard in back of the house. Some of it is still standing today. We sold apples, peaches, blackberries, etc. from a fruit stand out on Route 422, in front of the house.

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ROBERT MILNER moved to Miles Road in 1916 and recalls going to school in the "kid wagon".

My folks moved out to Miles Road in 1916. We had electricity, telephone and running water (from a well and pump, of course). Some of the other things were not so modern. We rode to school in a "kid wagon" — a canvas covered horse-drawn wagon with two long benches, one on each side where eight to twelve students sat. The driver showed great skill in flicking the whip at the horses he drove or at an unruly student in the back of the wagon. In the winter months we had a sleigh. After a couple of years the "kid wagon" was "retired" and I walked to the Miles-River Road Stop on the Interurban and rode it into Chagrin Falls to school.

The same Interurban was the way that commuting was done then. I remember the fellows that commuted every day. They'd ride the same car, same group of people and they had a big board for cards. The first one aboard would get out the card table. They would sit opposite each other, two would ride backwards and two forward and they would play cards all the way into town. That was a way of life. It made the hour ride into town go quickly.

Robert Milner by "old swimming hole" on the Aurora branch of the Chagrin River. (The editor is in the background.)
There were 3 old swimming holes on the Chagrin River that we used. The first was on the main channel just upstream from the high Miles Bridge; the second was on the Aurora branch one-quarter mile above the Main branch; and another was just below the falls above Square Rock. The latter one was a very small hole — you had to know where you were diving or you'd come up and hit your head on rock down there. We had to abandon swimming in the main channel of the river when the paper mill contaminated the river so badly, about 1923. Of course the swimming was always skinny dipping. I don't think anybody owned a bathing suit.

My father was a nut about farm animals. He was raised on a farm but after his father's death, he had to go to work. He was sixteen years old at the time. My grandmother moved off the farm. It was my father's first love — the farm. She rented a boarding house, a big house in Cleveland on Cedar Road and took in some boarders and supported the family that way. There were four children. My father was the oldest and he went to work as an errand boy for the D. Williams and Company. The other three kids helped make beds and serve meals and that sort of thing. My grandmother made pies and cakes and bread at night and they would sell them in the neighborhood and that's the way she supported her family.

The farm blood never got out of my father — he would go to an auction sale — I'll never forget the night he got home — we had a Model T Ford, he had three Jersey cows that he had bought at the auction. He was bringing them to our place on Miles. I said to him, what are you going to do with those cows, I must have been 12 at the time, and he said we're going to have our own milk and butter. I said who's going to milk them? And he said, who do you think is going to milk them? And I said I don't know how to milk them and he said tonight you'll know how to. I learned how to milk that night. He'd milk in the morning before he went to work and it was my job to milk at night. And my poor mother was buried under milk. We'd make butter and cottage cheese and my father gave it away. He never sold it. He knew people that were poor and needed help. He'd deliver the milk to them.

I once rode the Wheeling and Lake Erie Railroad from Chagrin Falls to Falls Junction south of Solon. We changed trains there to one bound for Zanesville where we attended a High Y meeting. It was an all-day trip. It was just awful. It was about the only time I rode it. The car had half dozen passenger seats in it and the rest was baggage and freight.

LILLIAN SCHMIDT, resident since 1919, now living on Chagrin Blvd., recalls the Butcher Wagon and the Delco Equipment.

When my parents moved here we had no electricity. Utility poles weren't down this far on Chagrin Blvd. In order to run the lights we had a Delco system. It was located in the little house in the back yard. It had a bunch of batteries that ran the lights, and a gasoline engine generator to charge the batteries. Charging was done a couple of times a week. After the electricity came in — we did away with it. More or less, it was a real nuisance. You always had to watch and make sure you had enough juice in there so it wouldn't run low. It was all right but you couldn't use as many lights as you do now.

Shopping was mostly in Chagrin Falls, but on Saturday the butcher used to come around with his wagon and he had all kinds of stuff in there. Whatever you wanted he had in there. Once in awhile a fisherman would come by, you know a fish peddler and he'd blow his horn. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson had the place built across Chagrin Blvd. at Ellendale and they were going to have a grocery store there, but there weren't enough people around here. We almost had a grocery store right across from us.

One big attraction in Chagrin was the band concerts on Saturday night. All the stores were open. The Falls Theater was running. That was the biggest time of the week for everyone. Folks came from all over. Many farmers around there came in to shop, etc. They would work all day. In the evening they would come into town with machines or horses.

Lillian Schmidt with Delco Equipment house. In here were the batteries and battery charging equipment used to run the electric lights before electric service was available on Chagrin Blvd. 1919 to 1927.
LOIS ACKERMAN, Wiltshire Road resident, came out here for her health — is still healthy today.

When I was born in 1929 my family lived in Cleveland. I was a rather sickly baby so the doctor prescribed fresh cows' milk for my diet (non-pasteurized). For my first couple of months, my father went down to the Telling Belle Vernon Dairy at 4 a.m. to get the milk as it came in from the farms. When I was only 2 months old my family moved out to the Moreland Hills area because we had a relative who had a cow out here. (Editor's Note: The prescription must have been a good one because the patient survived very well.)

My parents had the first telephone on Wiltshire. It was an 8-party line so it was often busy. Other people on the street would come over and ask to use the phone, so before long we had a parade of people through the house. The next thing that happened was that they would give our phone number out as the number where they could be reached. Soon we were getting calls coming in for many of the neighbors. It was my job to run over to the neighbors and bring them back to our house to answer the phone.

GERTRUDE GLEASON stoked the pot bellied stove.

My father, Emil Grueloch, wanted to be a builder, but when he was age 18 his father died and he had to take over the family shoe making business to support his mother, sisters and brothers.

In his spare time he designed a steel form for casting a hollow concrete wall with a three inch air space for insulation. Total wall thickness was twelve inches. The form fixture was designed in such a way that the interior plates could be collapsed inwardly and the outer plates hinged away allowing the fixture to be pulled up and reset at the top of the wall for the next "pour".

Father bought twenty acres at Sheriff's Sale on Bendleyville Road in about 1914 and there planned to build his "dream house" with the poured concrete walls. He was unable to get a builder to construct the house with the special forms so he undertook the project himself. It took much longer than anticipated and of course, cost

MAYORS OF MORELAND HILLS VILLAGE

Frank J. Lynch 1929-1931
Allen M. Boyer 1932-1935
Herman A. Leisenheimer 1936-1947
Denton K. Swartwout 1948-1953
Samuel D. Llewellyn 1954-1971
Harvey J. Schach 1972-1975
George L. Keeter 1976-Present

House built by Emil Grueloch — Rumored to be a German Fort.
more too. In order to economize, he bought windows and frames from a hotel being torn down at 14th and Euclid where the Hanna building now stands. Cost was one dollar per window and they were plate glass!

The time of the construction was World War I. With the German-sounding name of Gruedolch (it was Swiss) and all the tons of concrete being poured, the rumor circulated that he was building a German fort!

Bentleville Road was not surfaced back then — just a dirt (clay) road that was quite a mess when it rained. If you came out from Cleveland on the interurban and were not prepared for an unexpected downpour when you got off the car, you took off your high top laced shoes, tied the strings of the pair together and hung them over your shoulder as you hiked up the hill in your bare feet.

I was a convention reporter (stenotypist), working out of the Cleveland office of a national reporting organization. I was assigned to report the Common Brick Manufacturers Association Convention in Columbus, starting on a Monday in February, 1919. That week the interurban work crews had been unable to clear all the snow from the right-of-way section between Miles Road and Lander Circle. My father had learned that a work car would leave Chagrin in mid-afternoon on Sunday to try to break through the piled-up snow. He arranged for two horses from the local livery stable to get us and my paraphernalia to the work car (or the work train, as they called it). I had to transport my stenotype machine in its case, a huge manual typewriter, a bag of papers, and a bag of clothes (I had never ridden a horse before).

We started out in mid-afternoon on Sunday. I was certainly not dressed warm enough for the cold weather, so the men assigned me to keep the small pot-bellied stove burning. It was not long before we had used up all the coal and wood. I then took my place outside shoveling with the men. We could only operate the car so far, buck the snow, come to a grinding halt, then back up and try again.

There had been long pieces of thick rope hanging on the walls of the car which had been destined for towing purposes, but we had cut them up and used them for fuel. By daybreak when we reached the Lander end of the right-of-way, all possible fuel had been burned up.

The occupants of a house in back of the saloon at Lander Circle brewed large pots of hot coffee for us to warm up on. It was great to get in out of the cold after that harrowing night!

FREDERICK HADELER, a Giles Road resident since 1925, remembers when electricity was ten cents a kilowatt hour.

We moved from the 64th and Broadway area in Cleveland to Giles Road in 1925. We had kerosene lamps until the house was wired for electricity about 1927. I can remember that the cost was 10 cents a kilowatt hour — pretty high compared to now but then you didn’t use many lights and very few appliances.

The Swedish Club was across the street and south a ways down near the Quarry. They had a dance hall, a bar and a play ground out in back. A cousin of mine was married there sometime around 1930.

John Wilker who lived down the street was a prince of a fellow. His folks lived over there on Chagrin Blvd. He helped a lot of the neighbors get started. He was always ready to lend a hand, give advice, or lend you some tools.

Al Brown, who lived some ways north of us on Giles Road, and I, put together a number of garden tractors — the two-wheel walk-behind variety, using any kind of gasoline engine we could buy. I recall going over to the house that is now the Moreland Hills Village Hall to look at a second-hand Harley Davidson motorcycle for $15.00. At that time I couldn’t see junking the motorcycle and all the rework on the engine. Looking back I should have bought it and stored it!

Saturday night entertainment back then was going to Chagrin Falls to shop, to listen to the Band Concert or go to Bank Nite at the movie house. Some of the Chagrin Falls residents would park their cars around the Triangle Saturday afternoons and then walk home — then after supper they would walk back down, sit in their cars and have a front row seat at the Band Concert.

Once each summer Chautauqua would come to Chagrin Falls. It was usually held at the “Fairgrounds” up on Washington Street. Henry Giles was the one who backed it — he was the guarantor. The Fairgrounds, where the Chagrin Falls High School Football Field is, used to be a Cuyahoga County Fairgrounds.
FREEMAN and DARRELL SMITH had their first experience out here living in a tent.

FREEMAN: Dad bought an acre of land out here on Ellendale about 1920. He sold 1/2 acre to his brother-in-law and both families moved into a tent on his 1/2 acre. My uncle built a one room cottage over the next couple of months and moved his family into it. DARRELL: Yes, and then we had the tent all to ourselves. Shortly thereafter dad tore down the tent and we moved back to Cleveland.

FREEMAN: A couple of years later dad built a one room cottage. We were sure glad to get back out in the country! It was near the rear of the lot between two large elm trees. He eventually intended it to be just a storage building, but changed his mind and moved it forward on the lot on heavy timbers.

DARRELL: He decided he wanted it turned 90 degrees, so he and mom jacked it up, set it on a huge ball bearing, and turned it around by hand the way he wanted it.

FREEMAN: Over a period of years he added a number of rooms to the house and I helped as I grew older.

Another family who bought on this street moved a covered wagon onto the lot and lived in it for two years while they built their house. It must have been cold in the winter in that wagon.

Eddie Orcutt then built across the street from us — he was our coal man for years.

DARRELL: And Eddie swore like a trooper as he worked, but he could outwork ten men. His niece was Lucille Ball. She lived here on Ellendale one summer back in the 30’s.

FREEMAN: We always had a large garden each summer, plus we raised chickens, ducks, geese and even a couple of turkeys. That was the largest of our livestock.

DARRELL: There was a Hungarian couple who lived down the street on the “Farm”. They had several acres, a barn and a haystack out by the barn. When the husband would get drunk, the wife would grab the shotgun and chase him around the haystack. Just as soon as he’d disappear around the other side of the stack, she would shoot off the gun just to scare him. She didn’t want to hurt him. They were a couple of comedians — she was a worker — he was a loafer.

FREEMAN: We swam in the Chagrin River. Usually downstream from the Chagrin Blvd. bridge.

DARRELL: When you got through swimming, you picked the leeches off! We also swam in the pond above the bag mill in Chagrin Falls.

FREEMAN: One time when taking a short cut across Stonemans pasture to the east, I looked up and saw their bull coming my way. I turned and ran as fast as I could toward the fence which separated the pasture from our backyard. I swear I could feel the bulls hot breath on my back as I reached the fence and dove head first over it. The bull fortunately stopped at the fence. That was a close call!

Freeman Smith center with (left to right) Sister, Mother, Aunt and Neighbor by tent on Ellendale. Circa 1920.
FATHER JOSEPH RUTKOWSKI retired parish Priest, recalls paying $24 per year property taxes on his lot and cottage.

Many people who years before had moved to the city, later missed the country, the fresh air and the "wide open spaces". These were the ones then who wanted a cottage in the country. The Kleinman Realty Company acquired this tract of land about 1914, and laid out the streets of Wiltshire and Ellendale into 45 foot lots. These were not big by current standards, but most buyers got two or sometimes three lots to build their cottage on. Lots were cheap — less than $500 each — and $1,000 would get you a small cottage back in the teen's and 20's.

We had an extensive garden and also planted an orchard. We got some bees to help pollinate the trees in the orchard, and to make our own honey. At one time we had over a dozen hives. We no longer keep bees, but had them up to 1977, a span of over 40 years.

Sunday afternoon, in the 30's, was party time in the neighborhood. Friends and relations of many of the residents came out for a party — often a chicken dinner. Many of the folks on the street raised chickens. One neighbor whose Sunday visitors kept increasing in number, even was giving away chickens to the visitors to take home. This guy finally had it up to his eyeballs when one woman who asked for a chicken (gratis) also asked that her host pluck and clean the chicken. With that he cut out the free "take home" chickens, and also cut down on the invitations to Sunday chicken dinners.

Contributions from the following people and organizations have made possible the publication and distribution of this book and has underwritten Moreland Hills participation in Orange Community Days, 1979 and Moreland Hills 50th Anniversary celebration.

BUSINESSES

Developers Diversified
Three Commerce Park Sq.
22200 Chagrin Blvd.
Beachwood, Ohio
Dick's Sobo Service
Cor. SOM Center & Miles Rd.
Moreland Hills, Ohio
Fisher & Associates
Consulting Engineers
5351 Naiman Parkway
Solon, Ohio
Forest City Enterprises
10800 Brookpark Road
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Kenny Kings
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Bond Court Building
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Shaker Heights, Ohio
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100 North Main Street
Chagrin Falls, Ohio
Lee Road Nursery, Inc.
34500 Chagrin Blvd.
Moreland Hills, Ohio
W. J. White Co.
3570 Warrensville Center Road
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Compliments of Mayor and Mrs. George L. Keeter

SPECIAL GIFTS

Plates for Charter Members
Schreiber Jewelers, Inc.
Painting of 50th Anniversary Seal
Mrs. Maureen Cavotta
Granite Memorial Plaque
Cleveland Memorials —
Andrew J. Zelenak & Sons
50th Anniversary Decals
Moreland Hills Womens Comm.
50th Birthday Celebration
Landersword Merchants Ass'n.
Refishments

Tent
Mr. William M. Gall

25
### PATRONS

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