



Puppy Tails

MIALIE T. SZYMANSKI

*As the moon goes to bed,
the sun comes up
And here we meet a sleepy pup,
Who was walking through
G-ville one bright sunny day,
Then saw The Villager
and decided to stay.*

It's that time of year again and Doodle Dog pattered from one store to the next, taking a moment to look in at each brightly decorated window display before moving along to the next as his little paws pattered on the slightly chilly sidewalk. It's that time of year again and although Doodle Dog recognized the swarm of shoppers crowding the streets, hustling here and bustling there like they seemed to do every year, something wasn't quite the same as it was every year. The ground was still quite brown! As the floppy-eared puppy peered at the jolly little make-believe scenes playing past the windowpanes, with the fuzzy white blankets pretending to be snowflakes under the hooves of Santa's pint-sized reindeer, he had a glimmer of an idea. As he headed home, his paws pattering even faster along the path, the little glimmer seemed to grow and grow so that by time he reached the office door, the idea was now very much full-grown!

Doodle Dog went to the corner of the office where he knew scraps of this and bits of that are

kept. He carefully climbed up on a chair to reach a higher shelf, and with a tug here and a yank there, a certain box came tumbling off the bookcase. And out of the tumbling box came tumbling down dozens of round foamy pieces, as white as the blankets of fuzzy fake snow in the windows in the town. Yikes! Doodle Dog hurried under the chair, tucking his arms and legs and paws and tail inside the safety of the wooden legs so that he wouldn't get smacked with all the flying pieces. They were lightweight and kind of spongy, so they shouldn't hurt TOO much, but there were SO many of them Doodle Dog decided not to take any chances. Out with the snowy white foam came tumbling scraps of fabric, their colors bright and bold against the plain softness of the airy golf-ball-like globes.

Once all the bits and pieces skittered to a stop across the floor, Doodle Dog set to work. He nudged one of the biggest spheres closer to a tinier one, and lined them both up with a medium one in between. Taking a thin colorful straw out of the pile of bits and pieces, Doodle Dog carefully carried it in his mouth and worked it through the stack of foam until the whole lot of it stood up, straight and stiff like a soldier at attention. The blank canvas was stark and bare in the middle of the floor rug and Doodle Dog quickly chose a scrap of fabric from the nearby pile. A swatch of bold blue wrapped just under

the smallest orb made a perfect scarf for this little snowman! The floppy-eared puppy dipped the tip of his paw in some ink and soon dark eyes and a smile appeared on the snowman's face. An orange pointy nose followed, fashioned from more bits and scraps. Soon the entire box of flying foam balls were neatly lined up in rows and rows of these snowy soldiers, a mini army about to set off and spread good cheer wherever they marched. And Doodle Dog knew just what to do with them!

It would be dark soon, so the little floppy-eared puppy hurried outside and behind the office where he knew a small sled is kept. Though there was no snow on the ground, the sled would work just fine to help him with his task! He carefully but quickly put each and every one of the snowmen on the sled and then tugged it behind him down the street. Doodle Dog had many places to go and not a lot of time to go there!

As the streetlamps flickered with the approaching dusk, Doodle Dog went back to his favorite shops and left a snowman on each of their doorsteps. The blue scarf one guarded the bakery; a green-decked snowman settled on the welcome mat next door. He made his way to his favorite meadow, leaving one or two among the blades of dewy grass, and tucked a small snowman in the crook of a giant oak tree for the squirrels and woodland creatures who would travel that way. Then he crossed through the playground, gently setting one on the swing set and one on the teeter-totter, one on the spinner-go-round and one at the bottom of the slide. Doodle Dog continued through all of his favorite places and although there was no snow to leave his tracks in, it was unmistakable all the places the little floppy-eared puppy had been. Doodle Dog tries to always be home before dark, but tonight he found himself still out and

about as the sun completely set and the moon and stars began to glisten in the night sky. It would be all right tonight, as Doodle Dog's steps were guided by millions of tiny twinkle lights glistening like the stars from the rows and rows of houses his paws pattered past on the way home. There was one house with traditional red and green bulbs lining its rooftop; another house with a rainbow of hues glowing brightly, and yet a third with all white dots beaming through the darkness, quiet and plain but just as pretty as the rest. That one reminded Doodle Dog of the fireflies that had led him home on more than one evening. And as the little floppy-eared puppy made his way up the office steps with his empty sled trailing behind him, a tiny single flicker of chilly white fluff swirled around him. Maybe, just maybe, there would be snow for Christmas after all.



Ask The Librarian

CAROL BAKER

The caller said to the Newton Falls Public Library staff, "I have an old book that says it was given to Clyde Howes by Ada Alderman, teacher. It was dated Feb. 24 1893. I was wondering if this could be true, that these people really existed."

Library users in Ohio can access Ancestry.com through the library's databases on OhioWebLibrary. We typed in both Ada Alderman and Clyde Howes. Looking at the dates and locations given, we found some compatible people in the 1930 census. There was an Ada Alderman born about 1867 who lived in Windsor, Ashtabula County, Ohio. This would make

her about 26 years old in 1893. The same census says that Clyde A. Howes was born about 1884, so he would have been about 9 years old when the book was signed. In 1930 he lived in Mesopotamia, Trumbull County, Ohio. These communities are not far from each other.

Extending the search to the birth, marriage, and death indexes at the aforementioned site, we found that Clyde Howes was born on January 21, 1886 in Windsor, Ohio. The death records for Ada Alderman were inconclusive, so we extended our online search using a popular search engine. Using the words, Ada Alderman teacher Windsor Ohio, we found a link to starbeacon.com/archive/x1449203863 which has a photograph of "Ada Alderman, teacher at the Alderman School in Windsor, was photographed in her sleigh in front of the school . . ."

We next searched for the Alderman School in Windsor. History of the Western Reserve, Volume 2 by Harriet Taylor Upton, Harry Gardner Cutler digitally stored at books.google.com, included the history of the Alderman family. Ada was the eldest of the children, born March

13, 1867. She began teaching at 16 years of age, and taught in Windsor, Huntsburg, Trumbull, Mesopotamia, and New Lyme. She was also the first woman to be elected to the Windsor School Board. The Upton History also includes a photograph of Ada, her parents and her brothers.

Searching using the words Clyde Howes 1886 Ohio, we found a link to the site www.findagrave.com. The information there said that Clyde was born in 1883 and died in 1971. He is buried in the Windsor Township Cemetery. We were able to inform our caller that the information in the front of the book seemed to match actual people during this time period.

For answers to your questions, visit the Newton Falls Public Library, 204 S. Canal Street, Newton Falls or phone 330-872-1282. Information and answers can also be found online in the library's databases, at www.newtonfalls.org as well as the ones available through Clevnet.org. For information about all the free library programs or hours, also visit our website or our Facebook page.

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