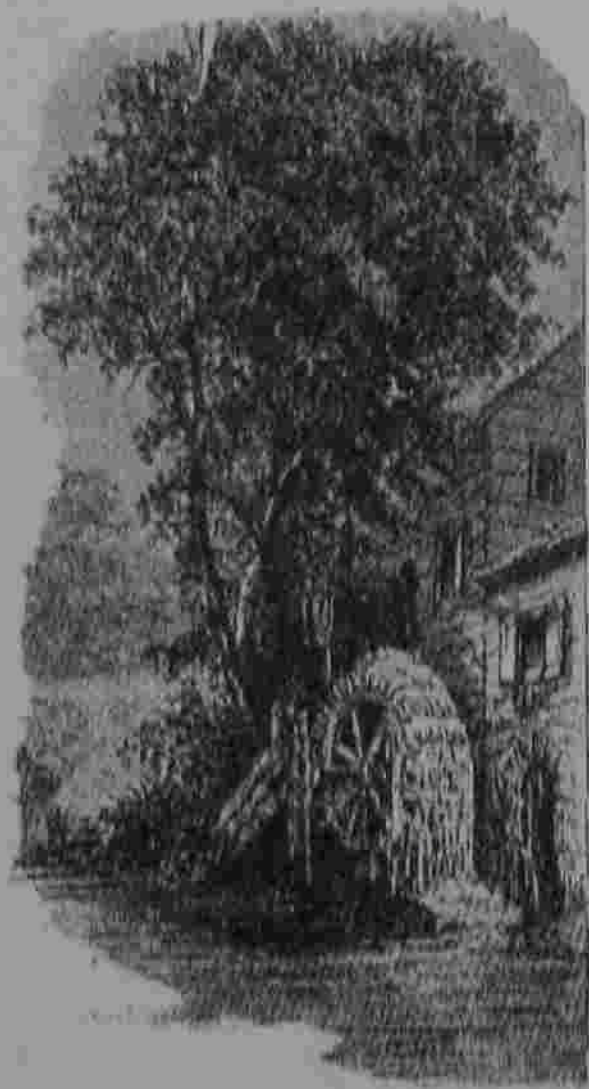
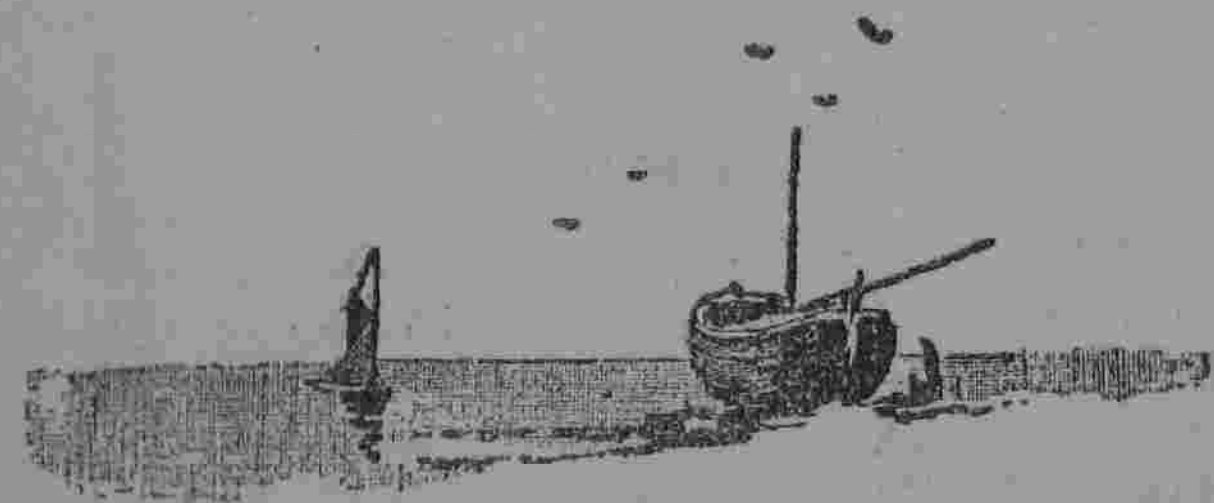


Hawkins School / Watson on Watson Rd.
1904 -1905 Teacher - Florence Rhoda Osborn
Booklet from Deana Ralph. 1904
Photo from Edwin and Ester Westbrook 1905
1915 Map









*Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me
As I gaze upon the sea!
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams come back to me.*

HAWKINS
Public School

DISTRICT No. 6.

PERU TWP., MORROW CO., OHIO.

FLORENCE R. OSRORN, TEACHER.

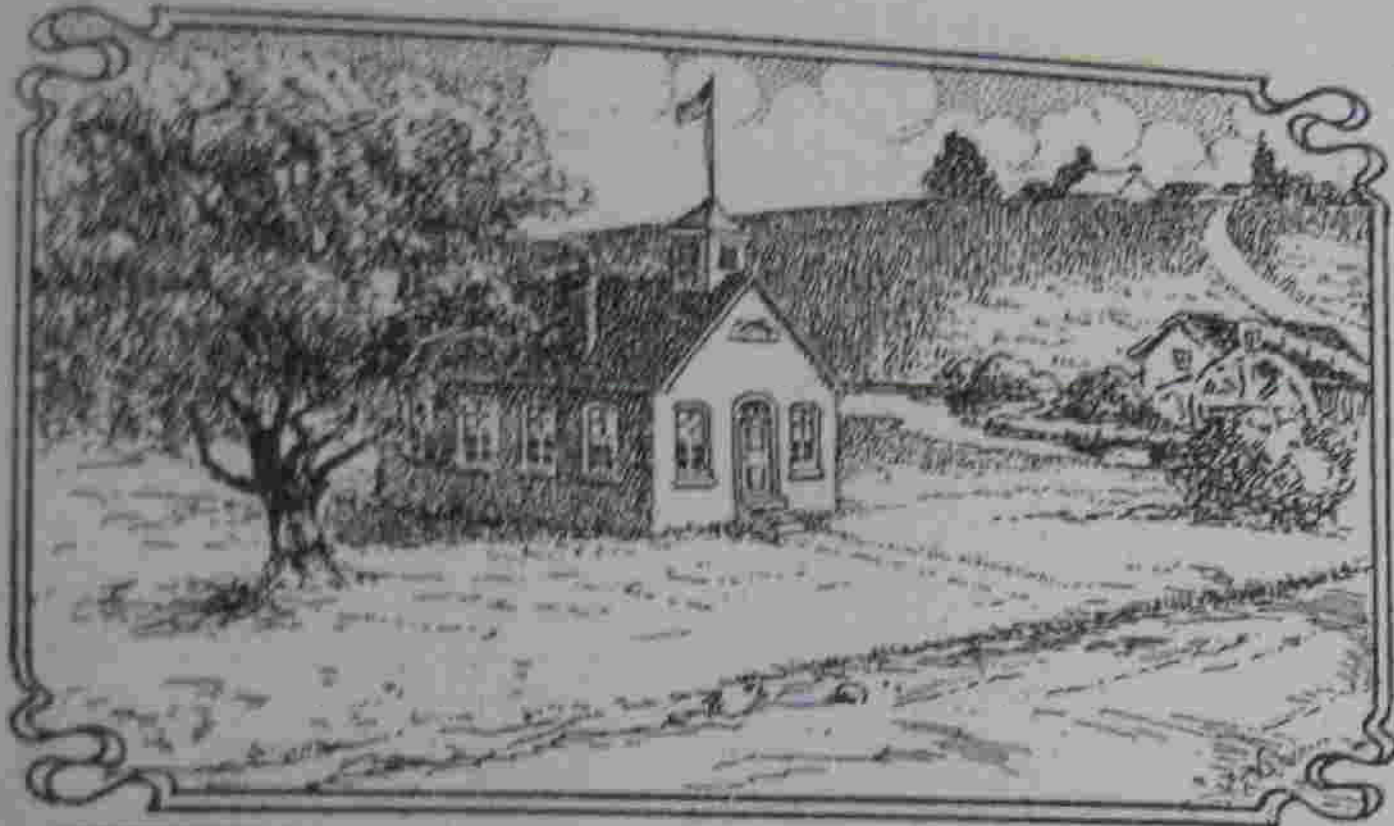
Pupils.

Harry Chambers	Walter Chambers
Annie Grant	Raymond Grant
Elsie Green	Maud Green
Osco Green	Zella Green
Bertha Hart	Rhoda Hart
Harry Hickson	Jay Hickson
Ray Hickson	Fred Jordan
Harry Jordan	Stella Jordan
Mildred Moore	William Moore
Millie Randolph	Walter Schorr
Willis Schorr	Lewis Van Houten
Hubert Van Sickle	Mabel Van Sickle
Bessie Westbrook	Helen Westbrook
Lawrence Westbrook	Printie Westbrook

SCHOOL BOARD:

Jacob Hickson, Alvin Van Sickle,
Frank Chambers.





THE CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

THE school has closed, Hurrah! Hurrah!
Vacation days have come;
And we're released from rule or law,
And lessons' weary hum.

We lay aside our 'rithmetics,
Our grammars, maps and slates,
Our histories and rhetorics,
Chronology and dates.

The last of school for some of us,
We start with wind and tide
Out in the world adventurous,
And hope its storms to ride.



And we are free as birds of air,
Or savage of the West,
And ready now to do or dare
Whate'er we like the best.

And as we go our sev'ral ways,
And what seems right pursue,
Fond memories of other days,
Will sometimes come in view.



And oft we'll think of long ago,
Of school house 'neath the hill,
Where rippling past the waters flow
And lower turn a mill.



The grove of pines the verdant leas,
The silver stream before,
The spring that bubbled 'neath the trees
The ponds we skated o'er.

Our school-mates too, who with us went
Attended the old school,
Who fed on Learning's nutriment,
From top of long legg'd stool,

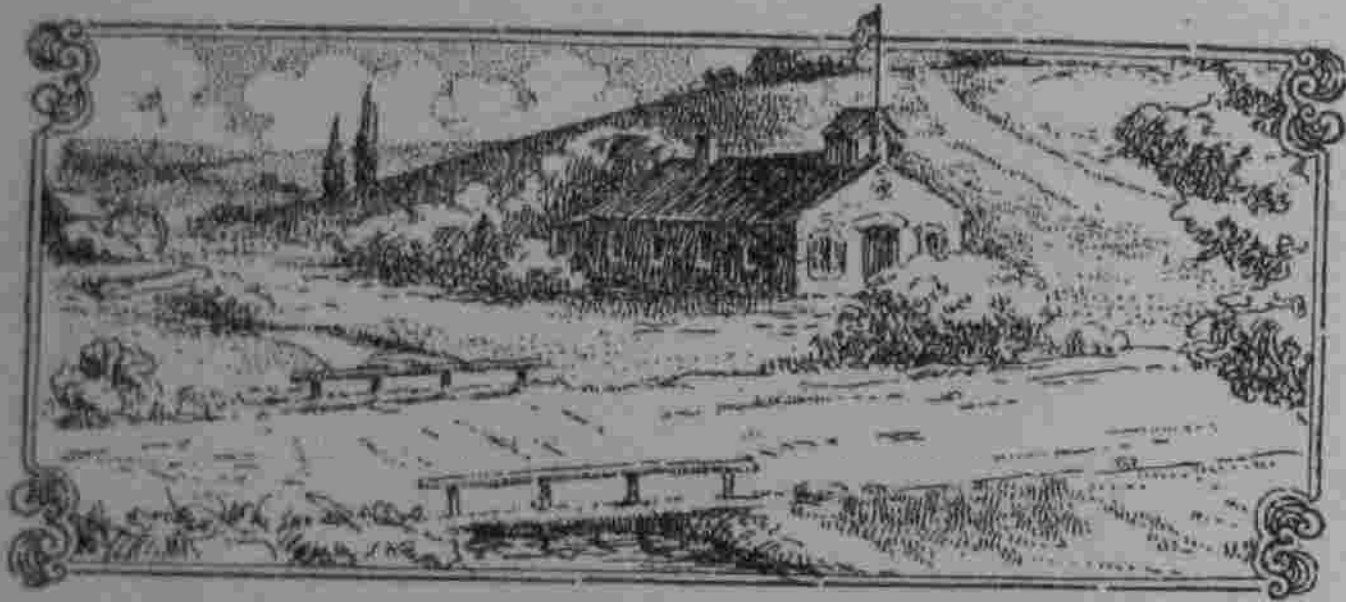


Oh! sweet their memories for aye,
And pleasant be their ways;
May shadows ne'er obscure their sky,
Nor mar their future days.



Impressions formed and there inwrought,
Will be forgotten ne'er;
They link us to the old, old spot,
The scenes of childhood dear.

When care and time our mem'ries blot,
When years our measure fill,
We'll think sometimes of dear old spot,
The school house 'neath the hill.



*Do you covet learning's prize?
Climb the heights and take it.
In ourselves our fortune lies,
Life is what we make it.*
—Longfellow.

