

The Signal
Manchester, Adams, OH
Letter to the Editor
Sept. 1978
by Ida May (Ailshire) Polly

Be sure to read Mrs. Ida Polly's letter to the editor this week. Just reaffirms the fact that once you get a taste of Adams County's water, it never leaves your blood-stream.

A Look Backward

The subject of this letter is Autumn. The month's Sept., and the events of my life and what they meant.

I want you to print it in The wonderful Signal, that gives the news North, East, South and West. It started like a little acorn, and grew into a sturdy oak, and branched out all over the United States. How great thou art.

Ida M. Polly was born in Adams County, Ohio, on Amos Bradford's farm, below Manchester, Ohio, in a little log cabin, on Sept. 18, 1884. In those days, only people that were wealthy owned and lived in fine homes. People were thankful for what they had. Things have changed since 1884. I was a frail little girl. I didn't get to attend school like other children in my younger days. As I grew up, I was stronger, and attended school then.

Sept. 23, 1906, I was married to G. C. Polly. We had our 50th anniversary. Mr. Polly passed away Sept. 24, 1964. I moved to Calif., Sept. 23, 1965 to live with my daughter, Better Lou, and her husband, George J. Driver. It has been 13 years they have cared for me.

I had lived most of my life in Adams County. We owned two farms in Liberty Township, and operated a first class milk dairy. Mild was sold A grade. We sold our farms and herds of cows when his health failed, and moved to Manchester, where we built a new home. We only enjoyed the new home a short time before Mr. Polly passed away. After moving to Calif., we later moved to Caldwell, Idaho, in 1978. As far as health is concerned, there's too much smog in large cities. My daughter and her husband have a lovely, all-electric home.

Sunday, Sept. 17, I was honored with an open house given by my daughter and son-in-law for my 94th birthday. I received many cards, gifts, and flowers. The table was beautifully decorated with a birthday cake shaped like a piano, along with other cakes, fruits, nuts and punch. A large crowd from our church, the Seventh-day Adventist, came to honor me. It was a beautiful and wonderful birthday.

I have seen many beautiful places and scenery in Calif. Man-made. The 17 miles of ocean drive is one you pay to see. It is beautiful. Only the millionaires and movie stars live there. I want you to take a drive with me that's more beautiful. Not made by man, but what God created. Drive through the Ohio Valley on Route 52. Start at Manchester (my home town), with its beautiful hills, the trees flaming with red and gold, September! No artist could picture or paint more lovely. The winding Ohio River on the

other side makes a complete picture. The first stop was the little village of Wrightsville. It had been a thriving little village, but in 1937, Old Man River took almost every house away during the flood. He left a landmark, the John McHenry home. They had reared a large family, five boys and three girls. They were a very famous family, three teachers, two doctors, Oscar and Joe. All the large steamboats landed at the wharf, where boats took on freight and left freight.

Now, let's drive onto another little village, Rome. It too, has been a thriving little town. The 1937 flood caused some to move out. I had many friends there that since have passed away. Next stop, before we get to Friendship, is a lovely little house, tucked upon a hill with the beautiful scenery behind it. The flaming torches of red and gold leaves make a beautiful sight. The couple that lives there is Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kress. I am proud of them. Nellie is my only close relative, now retired.

The next stop is Portsmouth, a city we all liked to go to. Used to be a great shopping place for the ladies. We will not go any farther on this drive, but memories still linger of the beautiful hills, that I still call home.

I will end this with a poem.

Come little leaf, said the wind one day,
Come over the meadow with me and play.
Put on your dress of red and gold,
Summer is gone, and days grow cold.

I hope to meet you all in a land where we will never grow old.

Ida M. Polly
Caldwell, Idaho