



# SHARPSVILLE AREA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

## Newsletter

**F**inancial statements for the Historical Society are presented semi-annually to the Board and those attending our meetings, in addition to monthly treasurer's reports. We want, though, to give an idea of how we stand financially to a wider audience.

Our major endeavor—at least in terms of cost—is the maintenance and restoration of our historic headquarters, what was built as the First Universalist Church of Sharpsville. (Utilities and insurance run about \$3,800/year. Any other overhead is minimal in this all-volunteer organization.) That leaves restoration of this building, nationally recognized for its architectural significance, as our major fundraising focus.

We are delighted to report that the Pittsburgh-based Allegheny Foundation recently awarded us with a \$22,000 grant that will significantly advance our restoration projects (described in more detail on page 8). We have also received donations of \$5,150 during 2016. Seventeen fundraising projects and events have netted nearly \$11,000 for the year. This money, along with accumulated funds from past years, is allowing our current work.

Prior to this year's work, we have completed an estimated 39% of the final restoration plan (not including the initial purchase of the building). The current projects will bring this to 68% completion. In addition to three years of normal fundraising, this leaves \$48,000 remaining. (This may also be a conservative estimate—any of you who owns an older home knows there's always "something else.")

We are aggressively seeking further grant money, but, frankly, historic preservation is a low priority for most foundations. Governmental money in this time of stingy budgets is likewise hard to come by. We are thus reliant on our generous donors as well as those who support our fundraising efforts. Any help, large or small (and always tax-deductible), will allow us to soon open up the building for regular hours to provide a home to display and interpret our burgeoning archives, to provide a distinctive space for community events, and to establish a focal point for civic pride.

### Upcoming Events

**MURDER MYSTERY  
DINNER THEATRE**

at St. Bartholomew's Center  
321 Ridge Avenue, Sharpsville  
Friday & Saturday, February 24<sup>th</sup> - 25<sup>th</sup>  
7:00 p.m.

Tickets \$30  
*available at Sharpsville Floral  
and Mehler Insurance or at  
[www.sharpsvillehistorical.org](http://www.sharpsvillehistorical.org)*



### GAMBLING SPREE BUS TRIP

Rivers Casino Pittsburgh January 18<sup>th</sup>  
Hard Rock Casino Cleveland February 15<sup>th</sup>

*Call 724-813-9199  
for info and reservations*



Join us for a performance of  
*The King and I*

Benedum Center, Pittsburgh  
April 8<sup>th</sup> 8:00pm

Cost \$95  
Includes First Tier seating  
and motorcoach transport

Call 724-962-2392  
for info and reservation.  
*Reserve early—limited tickets available*

## A Look Back

### 5¢ for the first pound, 1¢ for every two pounds thereafter

*“Some men see things as they are and say why. I dream things that never were and say why not.”*

—Robert F. Kennedy

On January 1, 1913, the United States Post Office inaugurated Parcel Post service. A year later, and likely sharing Bobby Kennedy’s motto, Mr. and Mrs. J.W. Davis handed over their daughter Martha to Sharpsville rural carrier James Byerly and mailed her to relatives in Clay Hollow (that is, the Clay Furnace Road area). Postage of 45 cents was required.

Rarely do we think of Sharpsville in the vanguard of new trends. But the Davises’ thrift and faith in the reliability of the Post Office is only the second instance found of the mailing of children. A year earlier, rural carrier Vernon O. Lytle lugged the 10 <sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> pound baby boy of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Beagle of Glen Este, Ohio to his grandmother about a mile away. The “parcel” was even insured for \$50. More such deliveries would follow.

Indeed when the Parcel Post was started, the possibility of mailing children was raised, though in an entirely jocular manner. In a widely carried newspaper article in January 1913, Postmaster General Frank Harris Hitchcock addressed the issue:

The mailing of babies by parcel post is the real infant industry which Postmaster General Hitchcock is asked to foster.

In the circumstances of his bachelorhood Mr. Hitchcock is considering seriously the calling into consultation experts in the transportation of babies, as a letter which he received to-day presents to him a mail problem with which he is quite unfamiliar. To add to his embarrassment the letter contains a note of genuine pathos, which appeals strongly to the Postmaster General. This is the letter, identically as it was phrased and punctuated:

Fort McPherson, Ga.

Postmaster General,  
Washington, D.C.

— Sir: I have been corresponding with a party in Pa about getting a baby to rais (our home being without One.) May I ask you what specifications to use in wrapping so it (baby) would comply with regulations and be allowed shipment by parcel post as the express co are to rough in handling.

Yours, The name signed to the letter is withheld at the request of Mr. Hitchcock.

As babies, in the opinion of the Postmaster General, do not fall within the category of bees and bugs — the only live things that may be transported by mail — he is apprehensive that he may not be of assistance to his correspondent.

Eventually the Post Office came to the realization that mailing kids was an actual thing. Moreover, with a new Postmaster General, Albert S. Burluson having since replaced Hitchcock, his regime was unwilling to share the dismissive attitude of his predecessor. Shortly after the shipment out of Sharpsville, a Stratford, Oklahoma postmaster puzzled over the postal regulations, and appealed to Washington for a definitive ruling on the baby-mailing question. The decision fell to Second Assistant Postmaster General Joseph Stewart. Being more of a letter-than-spirit-of-the-law type, Stewart read the provisions of the Parcel Post Act narrowly: Live animals were prohibited except for “queen bees and their attendant bees” and beneficial or other live insects. He thus issued directions to the nation’s postmasters that all human beings were barred from the mails.

Nonetheless, deliveries continued even after the Second Assistant Postmaster General’s *fatwa*. Just days later, four-year old May Pierstorff found herself mailed to her grandparents 77 miles away from her home in Grangeville, Idaho. The delivery came as a surprise not only to the train conductor upon entering the mail car but to the grandparents who had no prior notice to expect a package. The following month, in March 1914, rural carrier B.H. Knepper carried a 14-pound baby from its grandmother’s home in Clear Spring, Maryland to the mother’s house in ten miles away. The baby was tagged around the neck and postage stamps stuck to its brow. He slept nearly the entire trip, whimpering only once. A year later, six-year-old Edna Neff, wearing a placard with her name, destination, and 15 cents in stamps was mailed from Pensacola, Florida to Christiansburg, Virginia. Little Edna was just under the 50-pound limit for packages. Not only was this likely the longest such journey, but it was also arranged by a probation officer who was charged with overseeing the child’s custody between her separated parents. On July 6, 1915, on the Tarkin, Missouri rural route, Helen Combs was shipped from her parents’ home to her grandmother along the same route.

Cont’d. on page 3

## 5¢ for the first pound, 1¢ for every two pounds thereafter, cont'd.

Parcel Post was a huge success, and spurred growth in mail order businesses such as Sears, Roebuck & Co. The initial weight limit of eleven pounds was raised to twenty and then fifty on January 1, 1914. This allowed older children to be mailed. However, as the number of stamps required was determined by weight, shipping infants and toddlers remained more economical.

One of the last instances of kids being mailed happened in September 1915 when Mrs. Celina Smith of Jackson, Kentucky fell ill. Anxious to see her daughter Maud, Mrs. Smith had the three-year-old shipped home from her grandparents' where she had been staying. The tot was provided a bag of candy for the journey. Postal officials in Louisville, however, caught wind of this clear breach of rules and regulations. Clerk J.O. Sebastian gave the investigators a defense that the postal train had already started when he first realized the little girl was a parcel. In any event, as he helpfully offered, it was the Caney, Kentucky postmaster who had personally delivered the child to the rail depot. The authorities thus turned their attention to the postmaster. Whatever punishment was meted out must have had a chilling effect, for instances of the mailing of minors were afterwards rare, with only one example (from 1918) found.

This staged photo dating from the early 1900s shows that mailing children was a humorous idea firmly in the public's consciousness.



## A Look Back

### Pioneer Days

Accounts of life in Sharpsville from the 1840s and 1850s are rare, both because of the separation in time, and, frankly, because the Shenango Valley was so sparsely settled then with less than 2,700 living here. We are thus lucky to have the account of one Sebastian Runser who in 1891 wrote a manuscript autobiography. The life in pioneer days he describes is so strikingly foreign that in many respects it seems further away from the year he set pen to paper than the 1890s seem to the present day. Acknowledgement must be given to Jonathan O. Runser who transcribed the original manuscript and to Jerry Carter who made it available on his website. Thanks also to Dave U'Halie and the Sharon Historical Society for bringing this to our attention, as part of their Oakwood Cemetery Tour during which Sebastian's grave was one of the featured stops. The spelling of the original is preserved.

A four-year old Sebastian came with his family from France and arrived in 1832 in New York City. They then journeyed to Buffalo via the Erie Canal, with one of the five children dying on the way. Wary of the Indian tribes in the Buffalo area, and finding no suitable work, his father took the family via a Lake Erie sailing vessel to Cleveland. They then travelled via canal to Massillon, Ohio. The circumstances leading up to Sebastian's arrival in Sharpsville is described:

As soon as I was able to do some work which was when about twelve years old or the year 1840, I worked for other parties for four dollars a month and took all the money home to my mother. At the age of fourteen I went on the Ohio Canal as driver at \$8.00 per month during the summer season and in winter got a little schooling in a little log house about three miles from home and in 1843 or 4 I was sent to learn the shoemakers trade at the cross roads in the country. This I could not stand, sitting and leaning forward did not agree with me and I had to quit it. The next move I made was to

cont'd. on page 5



Bruce Lozier recently allowed us to scan an important collection of photos from Shenango, Inc. They mainly show various stages of production of the ingot mold. Though dating from fairly recent times (the 1970s), they chronicle the pre-eminent industry and employment here throughout the 20<sup>th</sup> century. These dirty (and often dangerous) jobs provided good wages, at least during the era of strong unions. They are responsible for the middle-class homes and lifestyles that predominated here during the past several decades.

### Items for Sale

**Brand New**

### Scenes of Old Sharpsville

**volume 2**

a DVD slideshow featuring 100

ALL NEW

photos of Sharpsville in years past

\$10



**Still Available**

### Natural Stone Drink Coasters

featuring lithographed scenes of old

Sharpsville

many different choices

\$8 each, any 4 for \$30

*available at Mehler Insurance or through  
our website at*

*[www.sharpsvillehistorical.org](http://www.sharpsvillehistorical.org)*

### Collections update

**Don Eichelberger** donated a collection of documents dealing with local involvement in the First and Second World Wars, the Sharpsville American Legion, and the Shenango Furnace.

**Don Greer** donated an original Jackson Oiler.

**Carolyn Roberts** donated a panoramic photo of the Class of 1955 on their senior trip to Washington, D.C. and a 1951 newspaper clipping of Sharpsville Boy Scouts.

**Ralph W. Mehler** donated a 1974 centennial celebration program and history of St. Bartholomew's Church.

**The Traverse City Michigan Historical Society** donated a ca. 1890 photograph of the Pierce Opera House.

### Contact Us

website: [www.sharpsvillehistorical.org](http://www.sharpsvillehistorical.org)

email: [sharpsvillehistorical@hotmail.com](mailto:sharpsvillehistorical@hotmail.com)

see our website for officers' phone numbers

Headquarters: 131 N. Mercer Ave., Sharpsville, Pa.

Mailing address: 955 Forest Lane, Sharpsville, Pa. 16150

Meetings are held the First Monday of the Month at 7:00pm at our headquarters

### With Gratitude

We received a generous donation from

**Rod Alexander**

and a significant grant from the

**Allegheny Foundation**

## Pioneer Days, cont'd.

learn the blacksmith trade and after a few months took sick and went home, when well again went on the Canal for a short time and then went back and apprenticed myself for three years at 40.00 per year. I this time stayed my full time and during that time my employer concluded to come east to Sharpsville, Pa. and I come with him and finished up my time with him from 1846 to 1848. In the winter of 1848 I felt anxious to see my parents and other relatives who then lived near Ada, Ohio and I started from Sharpsville in the month of Jan. to walk the whole distance between two and three hundred miles. I stayed with them till spring in April and then walked to Findlay and Tiffin where I had relatives and from there I walked home to Sharpsville. On my arrival home I engaged to work at the [Blanche?] Furnace. The wages was \$1.00 per day and board which was big money at that time. I remained with this company intill the spring of 1850 and then made another trip west. This time I rode out in a wagon and walked back. On my return home I started a smith shop for custom work in Sharpsville and in the same year get married to Adeline Dunham [grandniece of Sharpsville's first settler, Jonathan Dunham] who lived but a mile or so from Sharpsville [on present-day Buhl Farm Drive near Ridgelawn Drive]. This union resulted in twelve children being born to us of whom four are now living, two girls and two boys. In the spring of 1852 I bought a piece of land on the road leading from Sharpsville to Trout Corners being near where my wife was born. [This is on present-day Buhl Farm Drive near Woodbine Drive. ] I done so by her request. Here I built a smith shop and continued in the business for ten years or till the spring of 1862. I found out the first year that I must do something more to draw trade so in the spring of 1853 I put up a small wagon shop and hired a wagon maker. This brought me trade and in the course of a year or so I run quite a business and employed several men. The times were hard most of the time and money come slow and some of it was not good when it did come but I made a practice of saving state bank money and when I accumulated \$100.00 I put a label on it and marked it 100 and this I would never open again but kept it in the dresser drawer in my bedroom for then there were no banks near to deposit it in and when I moved to Sharon in the spring of 1862 I had 25 of these packages worth \$2500.00 and had my land and building all paid for. This was making money slow but it was sure. Wages were low and everything else low but we all lived well and were happy. In the spring of 1862 I moved to Sharon and bought the corner on Dock st. opposite Wallace and Carley Planning mill and started in wagon making, smithing, building small coal cars and general jobbing.

### On life while apprenticing for his brother at Sharpsville:

While serving this I was kept very busy and worked hard and so did my brother for he was very anxious to accumulate as much of this worlds goods as he could, hence we got up early and worked till late hours some times when we obliged to do so for we did a good deal of work for heavy freight trains that brought in goods from the east for there were no railroads then and when we comenced to shoe one of the six or eight horses teams we always finished them if it took till way in the night, we made it a rule to get to the shop early for my brother Andrew said, 'Early birds get the worms,' and many times did not feel as wormy as he did but had to come to time. I had the water for the house to bring for nearly ¼ mile distance and had to draw it with a windlass with 105 feet of rope, it was good and fresh when it came up to the surface if I was a little warn myself. We then took our early breakfast and went direct to the smith shop nearly a mile distant. This kept us in very good health with out being compelled to take to football or bicycle as they are nowdays besides this we lived quite plain, drank mostly rye [whiskey] and bread or Just coffee, Peneoil [pennyroyal] and sassafras tea and used plenty corn rye and buckwheat and common vegetables such as grown in the propper season but we never indulged in hot house vegetables in winter season, neither did we use oysters, shrimp or planked shad. Wheat was worth 45 to 50 cents a bushel and was not considered so healthy as the cheaper grains and then the fat pork and corn pone were nice when the weather was cold enough to freeze it. We would sit on the forge and warm our feet and eat our dinner quite comfortable and did not look for a change of plate or a course of dessert as is the custom in this fast age. I suppose this was better in the end than richer food for we seemed to have good health and were able to stand hard work every day and I was able to go to the apple cuts and corn huskings in the proper season of the year and sometimes I was given the day off to attend a log rolling or a flax pulling or a party of some kind. Our parties were not expensive but mostly a gain to those that held the party for we all had to work both male and female. There generally was a quilting or a family fall sewing or knotting for the little ones and then when night came on our music did not cost as much for there were plenty of fiddlers that made music good enough for reels and french fours and if there were no fiddlers we took turns in singing for the dances and saved the expense of an orchestra. When the party broke up some of the young men had horses and would take their girls home behind them and them that were on foot if they succeeded in being accepted and did not get the mitten [when a woman turns down a man's proposal] as we called it, they would shoulder their axes and take the girls home on foot, sometimes three or four miles. this was hard work but it did not cost much and always found plenty to take the chances. Everything went merrily unless sometimes it happened that some fine young man got what we called the sack (or mitten) from some girl he had his eye on for a home trip but this did not

## Pioneer Days, cont'd.

discourage him much for the next time there was another party or spelling school he would offer his services again to the same girl and perserved on in the matter untill he succeeded in capturing her or some one else. This whole affair was not costly for our styles and fashions were nearly all home made and we were not waiting for the fashions to come from the slums of Paris or any foreign country with great expense but they grew right among us and did not cost much so we lived cheap and were mostly happy and contented. We did not wear long toed shoes nor late styled clothing. It is true that some kept a change for extra occasions. It usually consisted of a pigeon tailed coat , calf skin boots, and plug hat and some had straps on the bottom of their best dress pants to keep them down in good shape and they were not obliged to have them creased every time they wore them. But it was hard on the suspender buttons in climbing fences and they frequently met with accidents, the toes of their boots were short and they were not liable to meet with any trouble from them ingoing through the mud and climbing fences. I do not know when the style of long toed shoes will cease but there is one thing sure, they dare not make them much longer or finer pointed. The old dutch wooden shoe or the Indian moccasin looks no worse in my eyes than this style of shoes. No more nonsense now.

This brings me back to Sharpsville of which I have already related. This was in the spring of 1846 and I had two years to serve yet to finish my time of apprenticeship, some call it to finish my trade, but I look on it different and claim a man never finishes his trade till he dies for there is always something to learn. You can see that it is 51 years last spring of which I have given a short history, but will give more before I conclude this narative. The two years I put in at Sharpsville were not very instructive for I was kept dressing furnace bars most of the time and did shoeing but did not get much of a variety of work.

This was a time when Sharpsville was little more than a crossroads. Any sort of general store here was dependent on whether the our sole furnace was in blast.

My wife and I talked over how we would manage matters. As for farm produce, that was allright, for that would all come in and more than we needed but we must have some store goods so we concluded it would be a good idea to make arraignments with some merchant in Sharon to get what we needed for there was no store in Sharpsville for the Furnace had stopped and so had the store. So I went to Sharon to what was known as Strawbridges store and laid the matter over among themselves and they informed me that owing to the passage of the 300.00 act they had made it a custom to trust no one except those that had farms. [This was the Debtor's Act of 1849 which exempted \$300 in any proceedings made by a creditor.] I next went to W. C. and Hames Bell's store and laid the matter before them and met with the same results. I then went to Mathew L Murdock's store which stood on the corner [ State St. at Water Ave. in Sharon] beside the Exchange Hotel. It stood there many years and finally burnt down. He heard my proposition and told me that I could have all the goods I wanted and I could pay him in such pay as the farmers paid me. This made things in good shape for us and we wanted for nothing to live on. Finally Bell's also sent me word that they would accept my offer but I dealt with Murdock a long time and whenever I could get grain or anything for my work I would have them to deliver it to him. He even gave me orders on the Sharon Iron Co. to get what iron I wanted and when I got a little further on and had hired help I sometimes gave them orders on him for goods and this came quite handy and made a nice trade. After I moved my business on the ridge near Trouts Corners [the present intersection of Buhl Farm Drive and E. State Street]. I got many customers from Strawbridges coal bank that opened on the state road about  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile from Sharon. I made tools for the miners and also shod the bank mules and shod many teams that hauled coal to the docks at Sharon.

Political affiliations during this era were apparently based less on ideology than on a personal appeal:

I was a Democrat, was converted to that faith by an old lady by the name of Craig who lived near the state Line in a log house and she promiced me a fine dinner if I would vote as she said when I became of age. I promiced her I would do that so one Sunday morning one of her sons came to Sharpsville and told me his mother wanted me to come that day as they had killed a nice little pig a day or so ago and wanted me to have some of it. So I looked up my sunday suit and it was not hard to find for I had but one and it was in style for the styles did not change as often as they do now days. We wore the same hat all year there were no change in spring or fall hats, one hat was allright for both seasons. My boots were also in style, were long enough for my feet and no longer and fit like a new kid glove and gloves we did not use much, when the weather was cold we wore the good old home made mitt of glove knit by our mothers. They were made of American wool or cotton to suite the season of the year. Now we started for the dinner and when we arrived at the good old home the good old lady had the meal nearly completed which was good indeed. The menu consisted of home grown articles except the coffee and it was good and strong and the good rich cream that she used in it made it look like gold. The table was a house made one of nice poplar lumber, made by some carpenter. It was as bright as snow

cont'd. on page 7

## Pioneer Days, cont'd.

and the dishes were nicely arraigned on the table with a plate, cup and saucer at each place and the victuals all set on the table with a large plate of fried meat set in the center so that all could reach and help them selves for the table was not very large, yet the whole bill of fare was put on the table at one time and it was not necessary to have a servant to bring course after course when we comenced eating. The family consisted of two boys, Ben and Ira and the old people, four in all and my self which made it necessary for two of us to set together on one side of the table. Finally dinner was called and we took our split bottom chairs and seated at the table. Ira and I sat on one of the long sides of the table and the lady sat on the other side and Ben and the old Gentleman sat at the ends. The old lady had her coffee pot set by her side on the floor and we all held our cups to her as she filled them, then she said, "Now help your selves and reach and eat harty". We commenced and took such things as we liked. I reached and took a little piece of fried pork which was in nice little pieces. Soon after I took some more as it was good. After a while she urged me to reach and dont be backward for this is your dinner. I concluded to take a little more pork. I succeeded in getting the meat nearly to my plate when Ira by my side struck across my hand and knocked the piece off my fork and said, "D———???" You eat something else, Dad Just killed this pig a few days ago and we want to save some for our own use". His mother said "You are too bad" and he replied, 'D———??? let him eat some other things for the meat is nearly all gone" and he looked very cross. This at first confused me a little but found out after that he was a good kind fellow but was a little kokey and profane in his language but otherwise he became an ordinary citizen and was a friend of mine as long as he lived and we visited him after marriage. He married Susan Groscoat [Groscoat ]who is yet living I think. This is the commencement of my political career and I have voted Democratic ever since and always thought of my old friend Mother Craig when casting my vote. I well remember the first vote I ever cast and so I think the board of election will if they are living yet. I think it was Dave Baker and Titus, I got one of my friends to arrange the tickets for me in proper shape. I stepped to the window and passed in my vote after some little they asked me if I had been born in this country, I told them I had not, then they asked if my father was naturalized or whether I had been. I showed them my papers which I had received some time previous from M. C. Trout who was Prothonotor of Mercer County at that time. This settled the matter and they handed me my vote back for to hand in again seeing them depositing the votes in pigeon holes of the ballet box. I concluded I might as well drop them in there and I proceeded to do so and was stopped by the Board of Election. I finally took the vote and handed it in the window again which ended my first vote. I now felt that I had done my duty and filled the agreement I had with Mother Craig.

On the prevalence of whiskey, and an earlier race of men who could hold their liquor:

I can mind when whiskey stills were almost as plenty as churches and where any quantity could be bought from a drink to a barrel, the price from three cents a drink to twenty five cents a gallon. I have seen a pail of whiskey with a tin dipper in it setting in a fence corner or under a shade tree at a barn or house raising with free access to same and not a man would be intoxicated when the job was finished. There were no coolers to put men in when they went wrong which was the case some times but it seemed not as frequent as now days. I have seen places out west where whiskey was almost as common as water. Everybody had some in the house, could take when they pleased or give some to a neighbor when he called and scarcely ever would they get so they were not fit to transact their duties. Whiskey was made those days from the pure grain without the adulterations that are used now days. Did not make men so crazy and helpless as it does now. There was no inducement for adulteration, the price was so low used nothing but water in it, when they did wish to increase the stock and that was not injurious to the system. Many men used it daily for a beverage and lived to be quite old. Many used it regular in harvest or when at any hard and fatiguing work. In this County even as late as 1845 or 50 there were then several stills in the county yet. One had only been abandoned a short time that stood within a mile of Sharon and operated by C J Carver. One some distance below Sharon operated by Applegate and only ceased some few years ago and many sold Applegate whiskey long after there was no more in the County. I can remember of repairing the Exchange Hotel in 65 or 66, when C J Carver told me to look out for a bottle of Applegate whiskey in one of the boards he had it put in when the house was built and he wanted to see how it had improved by age. I gave direction to the men to be careful but when they came to the place they accidentally broke the bottle and lost all but a little which was given to a certain lad living there in town and he sold old Applegate for a long time. I can remember of traveling through Jackson County Iowa in 1854. I stopped where some men were erecting a water saw mill. I inquired of them where some people lived who had located there from Mercer Co. They asked me where I was from. I told them I lived in Mercer County, Penna, then they asked me how far from Meanses Still House. I asked them why they asked me such a question as that, they laughed and said there were lots of people in that County from Mercer and when asked what part they were from they always answered, one, two or ten miles from Meanses still house. I later found some families who had gone from here and we had lots of fun about the experience I had finding them.

## Building update

As noted, our 2016-17 Restoration Plan represents a significant step forward in the ongoing restoration of our headquarters, built in 1882 as the First Universalist Church of Sharpsville. An architectural gem, the building is recognized by the National Register of Historic Places as the fullest expression, locally, of High Victorian Gothic architecture and as a nationally significant example of the Akron Plan of church design.

J. M. Holtz Company, master art glass artisans, has replicated a large stained glass window, thought to have been broken in a storm in the 1950s. The mild Autumn has allowed Joe Fuoco of Respond Enterprises to make good progress, especially toward the painting and reglazing of the building's thirty stained glass windows as well as painting and repair of the wood trim. Steeplejack work on the church tower, will resume in the Spring.



We are also proud of our new sign, created by Signs of an Art Attack, that replaces the 1960s utilitarian signage and that echoes the building's decorative motifs.

Stop down to see the work!

The following additional projects are underway or soon to be started:

- Restoration of the Sunday School room ceiling.
- Rebuilding of the front steps and installation of Victorian-styled handrails
- Electrical upgrades.
- Refinishing of the wood floors.



Our members and friends have generously given consistent support towards the building's restoration. Among the projects that we still seeking funds are:

- Refurbishing of the pipe organ (the oldest in Mercer County!): \$19,300
- Restoration of the James Pierce memorial stained glass window: \$4,350
- Restoration of the James Morford memorial stained glass window: \$4,750
- Rebuilding the decorative brickwork of the north chimney: \$8,300
- Refinishing of basement to accommodate expanded display space: \$10,000
- Restoration of interior woodwork: \$5,000