



I was in the Fredericktown elementary school when Mr. McKinley was the principal of the entire school; grades 1 through 12. There was no kindergarten and there was no Superintendent. Mr. McKinley ran the whole show and even coached the football team one year during the War years to an undefeated season. Of course, having Ollie Cline in the backfield does tend to make the coach more successful!

All the Fredericktown students looked up to Mr. McKinley because he really loved and cared about all the kids. This mutual respect and affection between student and Principal is quite unusual based on my later life experience.

I came across Roy McKinley's footprints on two other occasions after I left Fredericktown in 1961:

- 1) I read his very brief autobiography; which is available at the Fredericktown library. It is a short, easy read and chocked full of 1940-50's Fredericktown history and some very funny stories. I highly recommend this autobiography; just concentrate on the Fredericktown section and the jokes.
- 2) My friend, Dr. Dick Boyd, and I serve together on the Capital University Board of Trustees. Dick is a Coshocton native who has told me many stories about Roy McKinley. Based on Dick's stories, there is no doubt in my mind that Roy McKinley's footprints in Coshocton are at least as big as his footprints in Fredericktown.

Roy McKinley was a wonderful leader and a great human being; it was Fredericktown's good fortune to have some of his footprints in our community.

Roger Davis Class of '61

I remember when we were freshmen, Mr. McKinley had a class 5th period in study hall. As I recall, it was a class about being an upperclassman, planning our future, being responsible citizens, etc. One day he whispered something to one of the boys in the front, who left the room by the front door. Mr. McKinley started talking, and after a short time, the back door opened. Most of us turned to see who it was. Mr. McKinley explained to us—you don't stare at someone who enters a room, perhaps faints or has an accident. If you can help, then do so; if not, don't stare. I still try to remember this.

Kathryn Nauman Williams Class of '54

Roy McKinley was a kind gentleman who always found good in everyone. He worked hard for the town, in the school, church and many organizations.

Member Class of '51

Whoever thought of remembering Roy McKinley in such a special way should be commended.

Jane Shaffer Class of '49

THANK YOU FOR HELPING US!

We were living in Frederick, Maryland, when a telegram from the War Department arrived saying that our father, Major Robert Allen Lane, had been killed in action in France. Our lives changed and our mother LaVerne Shaffer Lane and three children moved to Fredericktown, Ohio, so we could grow up with our grandfather, aunts, uncles and cousins in a safe, small community where everyone helped one another. Our brother, Carl, was hurt and angry about losing his father and was always getting into trouble at school. In place of detention several times a month, Roy McKinley, our principal, would take time after school and we would try to help our brother improve his behavior and remove the hurt he felt. Roy McKinley believed in investing in the lives of students—an investment into the future. After graduation Carl went into the Air Force and later owned his own tax and accounting business. He became a national JAYCC officer and was involved in local, state and national community projects.

My sister, Sandra, adds:

"I believe Mr. McKinley was able to see well beyond the limited time of youngsters in school to their years as productive citizens—in contrast to an older spinster who thought outlining English sentences was critical to a child's full development. Carl respected Mr. McKinley. I graduated from Ohio State with a BS in Education, and MS in Dental Health Education at the University of Michigan and a BA at the University of Washington Honors in History and English."

I, Marilyn, graduated from Ohio State with several degrees in Education, Art and Design and Guidance. I was a secondary public school teacher in Westerville City Schools.

Yes, Roy McKinley chose to invest in our lives and in the lives of his other students instead of material things. He left a far greater legacy. THANK YOU FOR HELPING US.

By Marilyn Lane Wagner, Columbus, Ohio Class of '53
And Sandra Lane Walker, Seattle, Washington (Was in Nancy McKinley's Class)
For Carl Lane, Savannah, George, Class of '58 Deceased 9-23-98

This is a great idea!

Lee Ann Tindall Crider Class of '51

When I remember Roy McKinley, whom I always called Mr. McKinley, he was always smiling and laughing. Shortly after my family moved to Fredericktown, Mr. McKinley took his daughter, Nancy, and three other little girls to see the movie, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." I don't remember much about the movie, only how honored and excited I felt to be involved.

Louise Todd Taylor Class of '57

Received this from Marilyn. Her late husband was Willy Corrigan. She found it in some of Will's collections. She said this is how much Mr. McKinley meant to him because he cut it out and kept it.
Will Corrigan Class of '50

memories
Roy McKinley
is retiring

Roy McKinley is retiring from school work after 16 years as superintendent of schools at Coshocton.

He was at Fredericktown School 12 years before going to Coshocton, as coach and teacher, principal, and superintendent. In all, he has been in school work for 37 years.

McKinley has submitted his resignation to the Coshocton school board effective July 31.

He says his plans are indefinite, but include travel, recreation, and possibly part time work.

His wife, Pauline, retired last year as home economics teacher at Coshocton High School.

When I was in the second grade, Gerald Strong and I cooked up a plan to have a picnic outside the fence on the north side of the playground under the pine trees. When the kids came out for recess, they saw us and told the teacher, who was Mrs. Thuma, I believe. She took us to Mr. McKinley's office. This was in April. He said, "It is kind of early for a picnic, isn't it, boys?" We agreed. He said, "Let's don't do that any more," and sent us back to class.

Leroy Swihart Class of '55

We think this was Struble Field:

One story that I have heard about Roy was the time when he was Superintendent in Fredericktown and land was needed to add to the existing school property. The logical and desired property was owned by a farmer, and Roy's board members told him there was no way the farmer would sell. But Roy went to see him any way. And the bottom line was that the school board got the property.

And as I recall the ending of the story, the farmer GAVE the land free of charge. Roy's board members are probably all dead and gone, but you or others from Fredericktown might either know the story or know who the farmer was.

Dick Boyd, Coshocton Friend of Roy's

ARTICLE FOR THE "ROY MCKINLEY" BOOKLET

After more than fifty years, memories of my high school principal are still quite vivid! He was a fine man and although he was a large man, physically, he was quite a gentle person.

I graduated in the class of 1952 and on our Commencement Day, we donned our caps and gowns and waited in the wings to march to the traditional Pomp & Circumstance. We waited and waited—but still no Commencement speaker arrived. It was soon obvious the speaker was not going to arrive! True to form, Mr. McKinley rose to the occasion and gave the commencement address! There couldn't have been a more meaningful address for the graduates, as he made it very personable, and it touched each one of us. I'm not sure there was a dry eye among the classmates as we crossed the stage to receive our diplomas!

He was leaving Fredericktown High School that year and, of course, we were all sad to see him move on—which made the whole event that much more memorable!

He was one of the chaperones on our senior trip right after graduation. The trip presented some difficult decisions, but as usual, he handled them with diplomacy. This trip was special to our class as it was his last senior trip to chaperone with Fredericktown High School! In looking back—he may have welcomed this!!!

Mr. McKinley was unable to attend our 50th class reunion (he had attended our reunions in the past) and he sent each class member a complimentary copy of "The Life Story of Roy and Pauline Gardner McKinley" enclosing a note, saying, "Since I couldn't attend your great 50th reunion, I am offering this "little book" as a peace offering. In writing this article, I got the "little book" out again and reread it. Thank you, Joshua, for giving Grandpa Roy a new ream of typing paper along with a book entitled "How To Write Your Own Life Story" for Christmas in 1998, so we could all share in his journey through life!

I feel very fortunate to have had a principal with the fine qualities of Mr. McKinley, who commanded respect, was a teacher in his own right, but also had a humorous side to him and certainly had an impact on my life!

Lois Kunkel Berger Steere
Fort Wayne, Indiana Class of '52

I enjoyed his magic tricks when he filled in for the regular teacher when absent. He was a person who would fill in for anything and a very pleasant person to be around.

Bonita Ruhl Class of '52

My Roy McKinley story is very special to me.

Early in my senior year at Fredericktown, I had little direction of what I might do after graduating. Mr. McKinley suggested that I give some serious thought to attending college. Although no one in my family had gone beyond high school, his suggestion prompted my thinking along those lines. I had looked at some colleges, but nothing was set until Labor Day when Mr. McKinley, who had moved to Coshocton to take a new position, volunteered to take me to Muskingum College. There we met administrators and worked out details for my enrollment. It was his recommendation that allowed my enrollment, and I decided that I would take advantage of this opportunity for an education.

Graduating in 1956 with a BS in education and in 1961 with an MS from OSU, I have spent 46 years in education-- teaching and coaching in high school and in three small colleges. Without Mr. McKinley's encouragement and guidance, my career would never have happened.

The other Roy McKinley story is unique and special to my graduating class, the class of 1952 because he gave the Commencement address. The scheduled speaker did not come and at the last minute Mr. McKinley filled in and did an outstanding job.

Joe McDaniel Class of '52

Mr. McKinley always made me feel special. It didn't matter if you were rich or poor, smart or not so smart; he treated us all the same. Had it not been for his encouragement, I would probably not have been a majorette.

I have always appreciated his wisdom, his humor and his kindness.

I am extremely grateful for his influence in my life.

Beulah Jean Hatfield Johnson Class of '52

On that particular day we were in Guidance Class and Mr. McKinley was our teacher. We had a student who didn't get very good grades. One time Mr. McKinley heard some of the students making fun of others who were not quite as smart or who did not get as good grades as the students who were making the fun.

So to make a point, Mr. McKinley asked a question that the students who got the good grades could not answer, but the student who didn't get the good grades answered correctly. He then proceeded to ask other questions of everyone and each one answered a question.

Mr. McKinley said, "No one knows everything, each one of us knows a little, but together, we know a lot!"

Herb Litt Class of '54

Roy McKinley was the very best friend and superintendent one would want to know. I didn't realize until years later what a friend he was. I venture to say one of the top ten small school superintendents in the nation.

I recall in my final year of FHS while all were getting ready for the class trip to DC, he called me to his office to talk. His words: "Barbara, you are a good student and a fine person. I won't see you hurt. We live in a 'small world' here, but out there, it is very different; you will see as your life unfolds. In DC you are not allowed to room with a white person. In fact, you can't even stay in the same hotel or even in the same part of town! I am not sharing this with your fellow students as they have no need to know. I will only tell them you choose not to go. I will give you your portion of the class money made from concessions," etc.

I accepted the \$35 or \$40, I think. It might have come from him, who knows?

Years later in the work force, I ran across another "negro" girl who gave me her horror story in DC. She was from a small town in Ohio, also, with maybe five or six blacks. Upon arrival (they weren't told) they were bussed across town to a run-down, dirty motel and had to commute for their trips. She said after all those years past, it was heavy on her mind. She was now in a supervisory position and was struggling with how to treat white employees.

At that moment, I really thanked Mr. McKinley for being wise beyond his years and saving my feelings.

First Afro-American Graduate of FHS Barbara Ward King Class of '52

There was a story of how Mr. McKinley asked each student entering the classroom to shake his hand. When we were all in the classroom and seated, he explained the proper procedure for shaking hands—firm, not limp and not too firm. Then, he shook hands with all of us again to see if we had learned our lesson from him. We had and still use this lesson today. Thank you, Mr. McKinley, for another usable tip. (No Name)

When I was in the third grade, there was an issue with the teacher. Mr. McKinley called her, my father and me into his office. He talked with us after listening to our complaints. In doing so, with his kind manner, he pointed out how we were both in the wrong. He asked us to apologize to each other, which we did. There was an unspoken forgiveness in our hearts and no hard feelings toward each other. I am sure it was because of the way Mr. McKinley handled it.

He used such kindness, unaccusing wisdom. He taught us a lot that is still hidden in our hearts today. Thank God for him!!

Jean Marts Reed Class of '54

Even though I was never a student in the Fredericktown Schools, when I read of the project to honor Ray McKinley in Fredericktown, I felt compelled to respond.

I was a junior at Coshocton High School when Mr. McKinley moved from Fredericktown and became the Principal in Coshocton. I was very fortunate to have several opportunities during the next two years to have one-on-one chats with him in his office. Some of these opportunities came as a result of leadership positions I held in the class, but others were for reasons more involved with disciplinary matters!

We talked a lot about the value of a college education and his belief that I should pursue such a course. Being the first and only member of my family to consider college, I had many doubts and reservations. Mr. McKinley offered encouragement. When cost was raised as an obstacle, he told me about delivering milk in the wee hours of the morning in New Concord while attending Muskingum College.

I have been fortunate to obtain both an undergraduate and a graduate degree, thanks in great part to Mr. McKinley's interest and encouragement.

Mr. McKinley was loved and respected by the students in Coshocton. He was an amateur magician and occasionally entertained students with his magic.

I saw him occasionally over the years but hadn't seen him very much since moving to Mount Vernon in 1967. I believe it was in the 90's sometime that I saw him having lunch in the Alcove. I approached, assuming he would not

remember me. I put my hand out and started to say "Hi, Mr. McKinley, I'm . . .", and he immediately said, "You're Dick Murray and you married Susan Wallace and you're now living here in Mount Vernon!"

He was a very special person and deserves all of the honors which have been and may be bestowed upon him.

Dick Murray, Mount Vernon, Ohio

Back in early 2000, Earl Bechtel and the Class of '50 arranged a luncheon at Roscoe Village to honor Roy McKinley. I suppose there were 50+ from Fredericktown who attended. Several people got up and told little stories about Roy and each one got funnier than the last. Several former teachers were there, but for the most part, it was former students. The luncheon was served by high school and college students and after the meal when the college students were cleaning up the tables, Mr. McKinley got up to thank everyone for coming. Then he started telling stories, and one by one, the servers stopped what they were doing and just listened to every word Mr. McKinley was saying. I later talked with one of the boys and he and his co-workers were very impressed with Mr. McKinley, even though they did not know him or anything about him until that afternoon.

Betty Lamb Hatton Follett Class of '52

My Remembrance of Roy McKinley

I remember Roy McKinley so well as my mentor, my boss and as a great friend. I had a great deal of contact with him during my one year in Fredericktown and in the years that followed. We played on the same softball team during the summer, attended Lions Club together and also golfed and fished together one-on-one fairly frequently. He was a warm, friendly companion in all of these activities.

His coaching expertise and keen insight into human nature were readily available to me and I learned much from him. He mentored me and gave me encouragement during the '48 football season when we started slowly but came on strong at the end, and then in the '48 - '49 basketball season, he gave wise counsel as we wrestled with great success and bitter disappointment—winning the first 20 in a row, losing to State Champs Lima St. Rose at the Kenyon Field house, playing and winning 2 varsity games the same night (Gambier and Edison), playing regular games with the College of Wooster and Denison freshman teams and going 27 - 2 while losing in double overtime sudden death to London. All these activities involved mentoring opportunities where Roy was superb in his knowledge and insight.

I had many experiences during my career—coaching at 7 schools and colleges, heading a college Teacher Education program, serving as Dean of Students and Vice-President at two different colleges—and Roy was the best boss that I had in all those different situations, including principals, superintendents, college presidents, vice presidents and deans. He was the best—bar none!!

I kept in touch with Roy over the years and always felt that he was one of the best friends I ever had and also was one of the smartest people I ever encountered. I'm glad I came to Fredericktown, glad Roy was there and am only sorry that I wasn't there longer to enjoy more years with him.

Dr. Don Swegan Coach of Freddies 1948 - 1949

Roy gave me my first teaching and coaching job in Fredericktown in 1949 that paid a salary of \$2300 a year.

He was a true professional, the teaching environment was outstanding and he was way ahead of his time as an innovator. As a young teacher just out of the military, I taught social studies and biology.

One afternoon, I noticed a large crowd of youngsters gathered around the library. I jumped to the erroneous conclusion that there must be some kind of fight going on and having been on the regimental boxing team, I hurried down the hall to break it up. There, in the midst of the gathering, stood Roy doing magic tricks to the total delight of the youngsters.

Bill Follett, Biology Teacher

Another one of Mr. McKinley's sayings was: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." This definitely carried over into his classes, his work and his relationship with others as he was fun to be around.
(No Name)

My Story about Mr. McKinley

Mr. McKinley was my 10th grade English teacher. One of our assignments was to read a portion of Shakespeare. The next day most of the students complained that Shakespeare was not understandable. Mr. McKinley read aloud the assigned passage. His inflection of words and explanation increased our understanding and appreciation.

He wrote a different Proverb on the blackboard each week. I remember these two:

"Don't let the penny in your eye hide the dollar in your future."

"Ten years from now no one will remember the grade I received in 10th grade English. They will know if I am a lady or gentleman."

He had an open-door policy to his office. We only had to ask to see him privately. He always listened intently to our concerns. Mr. McKinley greeted parents and guests at all school functions and knew many people by name.

In the 1940's the school hosted Halloween Costume parties in the gym. He seemed to enjoy guessing the names of the contestants. One year my Dad, Wilson Davis, disguised himself. Mr. McKinley tried to get Dad to talk and reveal himself. Dad just nodded and shook his head. Everyone enjoyed the joke when all the contestants were unmasked.

Patty Davis Jones Class of '53

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My reflection of Mr. McKinley is two-fold:

- 1) Our Senior trip
- 2) Our last game football game against Danville

Our senior trip was the usual, D. C., Monticello, Gettysburg, etc. The most memorable part of the trip was one of the scariest moments of my life and perhaps one for Mr. McKinley too. We were riding in our bus through the mountains of Virginia--Jim Ewers and I were standing in the stairwell talking to Mr. McKinley who was sitting in the first seat behind the driver.

As we wove through the mountains, we went around a sharp curve, I lost my balance, and grabbed for the first thing I could reach; unfortunately, it was the door handle. Jim was standing below me, the door came partly open, and I still don't know how close he was to falling out, but I can still see the look on Roy's face. Needless to say, we returned to our seats and the stairwell was certainly "Off Limits" the rest of the trip.

The other was the Danville game, fall of 1949, and a play that Mr. McKinley fondly remembered. Danville was the most despised rival of our time, as they may still be today. We had lost only one game, to Loudonville, in the first game played at Struble Field (which Mr. McKinley was largely responsible for) and tied Millersburg. The Danville game was for The Knox County championship since we had beaten Centerburg. I am sure we were favored to win but had fallen behind 13-12 at half time. We did come back, however, and won 25-13.

There was one play in that game that Mr. McKinley always spoke of at our reunions and one that any Freddie fan

from that era still living would probably recall. Danville had tied the score 6-6 in the second quarter and they kicked off to us. Jim Ewers and I were back to receive. The ball came to me at about the twenty yard line, I reversed the ball to Jim, and as Dick "Scoop" Merrin described it in the KCC, "Ewers sauntered innocently to the far sideline before scampering 80 yards for pay-dirt as the bewildered Blue Devils were chasing decoy Bechtel out of bounds!"

Merrin later commented that many local fans termed the play the most perfectly executed maneuver they had ever witnessed on a gridiron. For a period of several seconds, the ball was lost to the entire Danville team and most of the crowd. I remember throwing my hands up in the air in front of their bench and the look on their faces, including their coach's, Ron Kaylor, was a sight to behold.

I always reminded Mr. Mac that it had to have been perfectly executed because Ewers was so slow they surely would have caught him had it not been so! We always got a big laugh out of that.

Roy McKinley is in my "Top Five" men I have ever known. He exemplified so many characteristics and attributes that one looks for in the ideal human being. He cared, he shared, he taught, he listened. Perhaps what I most liked about the guy was his sense of humor and the twinkle in his eyes. He was truly a mentor and a good friend.

Earl Bechtel Class of '50

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When I was a sophomore in high school, Mr. McKinley substitute taught our American Lit class. We were reading a story about "Rustam and Sohrab" from the great Shahnama. The story was about a father and his son who had been separated for a number of years and eventually went to battle. They were on opposite sides and one killed the other. Only after the killing did he realize it was his father or son. (I don't remember who was who.) Anyway, I was the only one in the class crying and I felt really stupid—like you do at that age. After class Mr. McKinley came up to me and said, "You know, Betty, not too many people can feel literature the way you do. You have a gift." Wow, all of a sudden, I felt a little better than anyone else.

I also worked in the office during my 7th and 8th grades and it was over lunch. Often he would leave me there alone while he went to lunch and would come back and compliment me on keeping the office clean or how well I did.

When National Honor Society held its 50th Year Anniversary Banquet, we invited Mr. McKinley back to speak as he was the one who started NHS at Fredericktown in 1947. Anyway, we invited those who were 25- and 50-year members. We also had many 16- through 18-year-old high school students there. Mr. McKinley spoke for approximately 30 minutes, telling his usual stories in his unique manner. I was eager to hear what the students had to say about him since he was 88 at the time—at least two generations older. Many said, "We could have listened to him all night." What a compliment coming from teenagers. Oh, yes, the night we were sitting there and as the 50-year members or grandparents of the new members paraded in, he would say, "There is such and such." He seemed to remember everyone in his past—and by name!

I have never met anyone so pleasant and understanding as he. When the bell would ring to change classes in school, he would be in the hall, shaking hands with students and saying things like: "I heard you had a new baby brother," or "I

heard you got a new bicycle," or "I heard you have some new baby pigs at your farm." It seems he knew EVERYTHING!! I have never seen or heard the man raise his voice to anyone. Everyone was important and everyone was treated with kindness, courtesy and respect. I am so glad our lives crossed paths.

Betty Lozier Weller Class of '54

When I was a junior at Fredericktown High, I was chairman of the junior selling at all of the football and basketball games. Well, our popcorn popper was old and not working right and we were going to have to go looking for a new one to purchase. One day I was in the library, Mr. McKinley opened the door and motioned for me to come to his office. When I got there, he asked me if I would like to skip school that afternoon. About that time the officers of the class arrived and off we all went to Chesterville to look at a popcorn popper the school wanted to purchase.

When we got there, of course, we each had to have a bag of popcorn to see how it tasted and then we checked out how the machine operated. It just happened to be a Friday afternoon and Chesterville had a six-man football team. So, Mr. McKinley suggested we sit down and watch the game while we ate our popcorn. We returned to school in time to be dismissed and we did purchase a new corn popper. I always like to tell everyone about skipping school with Mr. McKinley. He had such a great sense of humor and cared about all of the students and they in turn respected him.

Betty (Lamb, Hatton) Follett Class of '52

Mr. McKinley certainly was a remarkable person. Following is my story in remembering this wonderful superintendent:

When I came to Fredericktown my senior year, I was concerned how I would be received. Mr. McKinley was very nice to me and made me feel welcome along with my Class of 1952.

I will never forget when I was called me to the office and was told that Mr. McKinley wanted to talk to me. Boy, I thought I was in big trouble! He just wanted to tell me I played basketball like an All Ohioan at Mt. Gilead the night before. Boy, was I surprised!

I think this is wonderful that this is being done in his memory—the plaque and booklet.

Carroll Bumpus Class of '52

This is a good thing you are doing. He was a good man and a credit to education and Freddyburg.

Ed Fidler Class of '54

Memories of Roy McKinley

When the McKinleys came to Fredericktown in 1937, I was a freshman. Mr. McKinley was my coach for four years of football, four years of basketball and two years of softball. Yes, back then, when you were the coach, you coached all varsity teams. If you put forth the effort, Coach McKinley would treat you with respect. He had a great influence on my life. And he set a Christian example for all and was active in local community affairs.

On November 4, 1999, Ralph Huff, Robert Gregg and I arranged to meet Mr. McKinley at Roscoe Village for an early birthday lunch. He celebrated number 90 on December 19, 1999. That was a trip we were glad we took the time to make.

Stanley Gregg Class of '41

In 1946 Roy McKinley, who was the superintendent in Fredericktown, employed my wife and me as teachers. I was employed as a music teacher for grades 1 through 12 and my wife was an elementary teacher. I wanted to be a band director and asked Roy how many students were in the band. His answer was, "a goodly number." As it turned out, that "goodly number" was to be four students—one played trumpet, one played trombone and two played the drums. I found out later that many band members did not sign up for band as they had lost interest the year before.

With the outstanding support and leadership of Roy and the community, the band grew to 75 members with new uniforms in just one year. Our teaching experience of two years in Fredericktown was wonderful. Roy became a

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very good friend and we shared many good times together. I was in education for 40 years and attribute much of my success to Roy who was one of the best educators I ever knew. His marvelous sense of humor and ability to tell stories were incredible.

We have always felt that we were very fortunate to have had Roy as our superintendent.

Bill Root

I remember three things about Roy McKinley in particular. One, he seemed to genuinely know and like his job, his staff and each student and that he was respected by us. Two, I remember learning more in the English class he taught in the last year he was there than in any other class. I still have and occasionally use the English handbook. We learned about the way English works and how to conjugate verbs, past, present and future. Somehow he made it "fun" (or at least not so bad for those who weren't interested).

The third—He gave a talk at a very important pep rally about our opponents "putting on their uniforms one leg at a time, like us." I have heard similar stories since and always think of Mr. McKinley as the source. Everyone at the pep rally was moved by what he said and shouted and stood as one body.

Mary L. Merrin Yost Class of '53

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Betty Lamb Hatton Follett Class of '52

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ROY MCKINLEY MEMORIES

Earl Bechtel shared a few of his memories with me. Some of his "stories included me, since we were best friends throughout high school. We played on the sports teams together and Roy was definitely one of our most vocal supporters.

Roy was one of the most influential teachers/administrators in directing me to continue my education. I will always be indebted to him for the encouragement to go to college and pursue the opportunities that were available. One of the characteristics that I will always remember about Mr. McKinley was that he continued to be concerned and interested in my professional pursuits while I was in college and during the first years of my career.

I'm sure that I missed the opportunities to remain in contact with him by leaving Ohio in 1969. Those FHS graduates who continued to communicate and see Mr. McKinley on a regular basis continued to benefit from his presence. He was such a great leader to so many people. He, certainly, has been remembered in Fredericktown as a "legend" and a tremendous asset to the community there.

It was a great privilege to know Roy. I'm proud to contribute in a small way to honor Mr. McKinley.

Jim Ewers Class of '50

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As you will note from the submitted stories, all his students referred to him as Mr. McKinley, and do so even to this day. He was truly a respected human being worthy of much honor and praise. He inspired many to become educators or those who were already educators to become better educators. We are sure everyone who came in contact with Mr. McKinley is a better person because of him. He taught not only subject matter, but lifetime/courtesy skills in use today.

Our association with Roy McKinley over the years can be summed up well through the following quote:

*"Some people come into our lives and leave footprints on our hearts, and we are never, ever the same."
Thank you, Mr. McKinley.*

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Charles Alspach, Vaughn Studer, Ameen Ritchey, Fred Barnes, Charles Yost, Ed Studer, Kelly Walter, Jones Ackerman, Roy McKinley, Fred Warner, Bob Cochran, Harvey Carter, Herb Coconauer, Wendell Fink, Wendell Smith.
Standing: Hobart Cassell, Foy Herandeen, A. B. Ronk, Ray McGugin, Lawrence Seif, Robert Sargent, Kajar, Laurel Morrison, Berdette Booze, Don Bone, Ray Cochran, Merwin Gifford, Ray McDonald, Joe Mayer, Clyde Cornell, M. B. White, Clarence Dumbaugh, Ray McClelland.

The Roy McKinley Plaque/Scholarship/Booklet Committee:

Earl Bechtel, Vonda Turner, Bill and Betty Follett, Jean Reed, Lori Ackerman, Emily Funston (Intermediate Principal) and Chairman Betty Weller. We thank all of those who contributed to the Scholarship Fund, those who contributed stories, the Mansfield Reformatory for making the plaque, Larry Hazen for securing the wood from the building where Mr. McKinley was principal/superintendent, Judd Weller for designing the plaque and "Footprints of Roy McKinley" booklet cover, those who contacted class members or mailed letters, the Mt. Vernon News and Knox County Citizen for two feature stories about the project, Roger Davis for suggesting the booklet title, Rolls Royce for cutting the booklet, Superintendent Dan Humphrey and his Secretary Louise Dudgeon for copying the booklet. It was truly a joint effort by many people and we are indeed grateful to have been a part of honoring Roy McKinley. We only wish he were here to celebrate the memories with us.