



Reynoldsburg~Truro Historical Society

THE COURIER

MAY-2025 Website: www.rths.info Email: RTHSCourier@aol.com Vol.51 No.3

UNDERCOVER ARTIFACTS

*"Exposing Secrets Heretofore
Withheld From Ye Publick"*

by: Cornelia M. Parkinson ©

Today, by its various names, we shall speak of underdrawers and then drop them. The subject, that is. Hmm. . . that started out well, didn't it. But bear with us. If the product can be improved upon, the company guarantees to improve upon it

This topic doesn't apply especially to the Burg. It is more world-wide, maybe even on other planets. Or not. The various names are not limited to: underclothes, underwear, underpants (a playground and TV joke, especially Captain Underpants), drawers, undies, pants, panties, Long handles, long johns, flannels, woollies, trews, teddies, brassieres, bras, petticoats, slips, corsets, corset

covers, garter belts, BVDs, union suits, U-shirts, tee-shirts, shorts, briefs, thongs. Some of these terms may send you to the dictionary.

Underwear came into being because of those abominably cold dwellings, be it cave, cottage, or castle. Outer garments scarcely even flattened the goose-pimples, so a good thick layer of wool close to the skin was more comfortable.

The first ones I think of are red flannels ("Wear your woollies, it's cold out"), because they were made of wool or cotton/flax flannel, a soft cuddly fabric, and were sometimes red. Later, stretch-

able knits were even more on the comfortable side, for warmth. To those allergic to wool and who scratched all
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over all winter, cotton was best. Even so, the garments fell short of alluring. For men (and women) there were long johns, or union suits. Some

You Can Not Afford to Lose
any of the comforts of life, and one loses a great many who wears the old-style two-piece suit of underwear instead of a

Lewis Union Suit

It's so Comfortable
that in wearing it, the comfort of life seems to last. And it stands for our 32-PAID time-tested catalogue which is shown and sold only by the Lewis Union Suit Co. in every town, city, and village, and is the only one of its kind in the world.

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women never saw their husbands in less than their union suits or he in hers. As one man said to his wife, "My dear, I have never seen you naked." Her reply, "What. . . would be the point?"

Long johns covered you well, from neck to wrist to ankle. They buttoned up the front – and your wife or mother might sew you into them because buttonholes stretched out, or buttons popped off, and no matter what the cost, you must be covered. If you wore a hole in knee or elbow, it never showed, for long outer garments covered it until Spring.

To take care of nature's needs, drop-seat drawers were invented. The bottom half of the back of the garment was held onto the top half by two or three back buttons at the waist. If three, you usually buttoned two, for who wants to grope for that middle button in a hurry in the black of night?

When Springtime came, and it was safe to take a bath, stitches that held you in a state of grace were cut and the long johns – sadly deteriorated by winter's doldrums -- went into the wash boiler. I remember an old bachelor neighbor hanging his dingy union suit on the outside clothesline, the water-dripping garment suspended on a stick because he had boiled it, and it was still steaming. (Boiling clothes in soapy water was how we whitened them. Perhaps he had delayed that too long. Not sure about his bath either.)

To the consistent and exasperating modesty of good Queen Victoria, who ruled 1837-1901, we owe euphemisms



in place of real, honest understandable terms. No *lady* ever had ankle or thigh or upper half – but a *woman* had limbs and a bust, even for the flat-chested a denigrating term if ever there was one.

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Bottoms simply didn't exist, but the bustle might be referred to, with a sly wink and a snicker for such droll wittiness. "Hustle your bustle" was adapted from, and returned to, an earthier phrase. The only body portions visible must be head (hat on!), hands (gloves on!), and high-buttoned shoes, on either gentleman

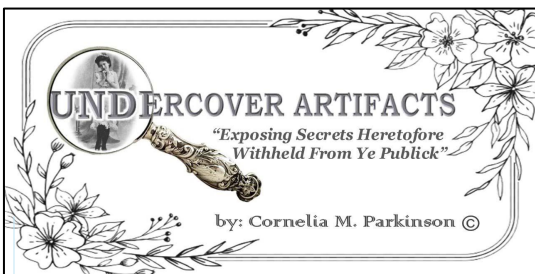


or lady. Best forgotten from the embarrassing past were the days of tight-fitting knee breeches and silk hose, and formal décolletages down to here. Cover that up!

BVD stood for manufacturers Bradley, Voorhees, & Day.

They were popular, being a warm sturdy knit. My brother Fred, new to the alphabet, called them his SEOGs and Dad was so enchanted that for years he referred his "essie-o-gees."

Corsets, until late in their history, were *laced up the back*. So were blouses and dresses, with teeny-tiny buttons and loops. I can't think of any man's garment ever thus encumbered. The designers – undoubtedly men – probably assumed that every *lady* had a maid (or 'tirewoman) [apostrophe sic] to help with clothing, cosmetics, and coiffure. Or perhaps it was thought that the naked rear view was less apt to rouse the baser instincts than the unadorned front view, therefore the back fastenings. How a *woman* managed without a maid seemed to



be a question never addressed. It's still possible to buy a corset, but you can bet your undershirt it has a front zipper.

Corsets had hazards. As the corset salesman said to the buyer whose flesh was bulging top and bottom, "After all, Madam, it has to go *somewhere*." There really were corset salesmen. The manager of Kresge Dollar Store in Columbus, where I worked Saturdays during high school, had sold corsets. He was an excellent manager.

I may be blaming poor Victoria unduly, but corsets themselves had to



be covered. High neck, long sleeves, some lace allowed, but modesty must be preserved. Petticoats (the bottom half of slips) prevented the seeing

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UNDERCOVER ARTIFACTS

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through of see-through fabrics. A lady must not be observed to have limbs.

My 12-year-old girl friend across the street was developing, so her mother made her a tightwaist, to restrict bouncing. We moved away before she graduated into brassieres, now called bras. If she wore rayon panties, they were a lot of trouble. The rayon we had then did not wash well, but shrank up and down and widened side to side, so that its original fit never lasted. And the elastic wasn't very good either.

In my elementary school, when recess was over, you did not rush helter-skelter back into the building, but lined up orderly, boy row and girl row, until the janitor rang a push-bell that signaled you to start filing in. Sedately... as I stood waiting, I felt something startling. My panties had slid down and made white pools around each ankle. The janitor, bless him, saw the problem and waited to ring the bell until I got my garment under control.



Zippers were not invented until 1926; and metal for making them may not have been available during World War II, but the Brown Shoe Army failed to recognize this improvement over buttons until some year later on, perhaps when the Army went to black shoes and boots. Army laundries had what civilians called button-crushers (the roller wringers on their washing machines), so that pants - and shirt-buttons were apt to be broken in nearly every wash and had to be replaced. Or else the soldier got a reprimand.

Grippers, a heavy-duty snap fastener still handy in outdoor wear, were used on men's boxer-type under-

shorts until some maker saved a penny by putting in elastic and eliminating grippers and the waistline closing altogether, making boxer shorts pull-ons. My husband, underwear shopping, asked a clerk if the store carried shorts with grippers. The clerk's eyes widened and his face took on that look of apprehension common to those who perceive a threat even when they can't imagine what. We don't know what he thought the grippers gripped. "No, .. uh, ... they didn't carry those."

U-shirts (later called wifebeaters) were what men wore under their shirts, until tee-shirts came along. At some point it was not socially acceptable to wear a shirt without one. They were knit, not too sturdily, and

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would eventually wear into holes under the arms or across the chest. Dad called these holes “porous knit,” because of some old advertisement touting wearability. The underwear tee-shirt evolved into an entire ingenious spectrum of outerwear shirt for men or women, for work or casual wear.

While I was growing up, all children wore long stockings. They were lisle (lieul, a thin cheap knit that got fuzzier and more pilled with every wash), or cotton or, for older girls, rayon, silk, or nylon. Garters, clipped to the underpants, held these stockings up. I remember when, learning to roller skate, I would fall and skin my knees and tear a hole in my stockings – even new ones. You didn’t throw away and get new too often – stockings might cost 15-cents a pair and that amount represented a big portion of Dad’s daily pay. So, Mother mended. My stockings nearly always had a big round or square knee patch – or patch upon patch and a fresh hole in the middle. I was embarrassed for a schoolmate who wore long underwear, because the lines of it showed under her long cotton knit stockings.

Grown-up stockings were a different matter. These too were held up with a garter belt, or fasteners factory-sewn to your girdle. Some wore their stockings rolled, with an elastic band to keep them above the knee. You hardly knew ladies’ stockings existed until high school, then they were for Sunday School or other dress-up. Most girls didn’t have to wear lisle. (I knew one girl who did in *seventh grade*, spoiled daughter, with five older brothers.) You wore rayon, or when you got a job you saved up a dollar and bought a pair of silk and were forever hooked on that marvelous material. During World War II nylons came in. All stockings get runs –where a hole springs up and the knit makes a dismaying visible line down your leg. (Rich Girl Next Door owned ten



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MISSSES' silk lisle fine gauge, ribbed, black or tan.

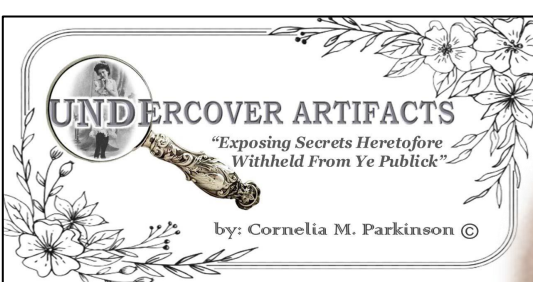
25c. a Pair, Four Pairs to the Box, \$1.00
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Chattanooga, Tenn.

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pairs of stockings, not one without a run.) Rayon was the worst, an unstable fabric no matter in what weave or knit, for many years. Silk was the best—it clung nicely to the legs and was easy to keep up. Nylon was bad, — it was a slick material that wanted to slide down with every bend of the knee.



Men's socks were calf-high, held up by elaborately designed elastic garters that fitted just below the knee, and were made of the same materials as women's stockings. Later, elastic was knitted into all socks, which by then could be nearly any length.

Women wore underpants over their corsets, for corsets were open at the bottom. Silk, again, was preferable, and common for many types of garments. The design of those undies varied from wide-legged mid-thigh to more strictly fitting ones clear down to the knee. Celanese was the trade name of an "improved" rayon knit.

Silk became unavailable during World

War II because we were at war with the people who grew silkworms. There was always rayon, and nylon was developed until it too was mainly satisfactory. Most man-made fabrics didn't usually shrink or wrinkle.



I should not reveal this — but you know I'm going to. *Deception abounds!*

One's skim-milk endowments can masquerade as glorious cream. Artful padding can turn the lowliest sow's ear into a handsome silk purse. A woman could buy a corset that made her gasp for every breath, but gave her a small waistline, while a few handkerchiefs stuffed into the top enhanced that hourglass figure. Playtex Circle Stitched bras made their own points. Padded bras can be had, while fanny-padded panties enhance the nether end.

The teddy — that darlin' dab of nearly nothing! No sleeves, no legs, just an elegant froth of lace and sheer crepe that spelled freedom from that deplorable corset and other restric-



tions of society. Breezing in after WWI, along with women getting to vote and The Roaring Twenties, its vogue was brief but welcome. I never wore one, but my mother kept hers and and I saw it. Bands for shoulder straps and between the limbs, semi-formfitting, and you ended up with → a Teddy!

Thongs. Let's not go there. At my age

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and stage of dilapidation, if I should, it could turn out to be not of significant interest even to the neighbors.

Editor's note: the Courier Editor refers to Thongs as "Butt Floss."

A knee-breeched dandy could use handkerchiefs to enhance too-thin calves. A man's underwear might be boxer-like, with wide-ish legs, or more closely fitted briefs, from hip-high to long legs. Centuries back, he could wear a codpiece, that bold attention-grabber. I've read that a snobbish English tailor named Parkinson invented "trews," meant to be (but rarely were) worn under the Scottish kilt, a pleated skirt-like men's garment that, properly swung when walking, could show what was seldom shown. A few decades ago, possibly even today, Bulger Briefs are a big deal with guys in some social circles who don't give a fig leaf for "Truth in Advertising."

Ladies had to wear a lot of layers.



The corset, corset cover, slip, more than one petticoat, then outer garments. Men – or maybe not – were luckier: long-handled underwear, shirt, trousers.



THEN – the waistcoat (vest), the jacket (coat), and the TIE. Ties were, in their season of popularity, ascots, four-in-hands, bow ties, string ties, real wide, real narrow, a damn nuisance any way you sliced it. But a gentleman wore a coat and tie. Winter or summer, too hot or too cold, doing carpentry, gardening, or slopping the pigs, my grandfather was never without his coat and four-in-hand.

That's the way it was!



SUPPORT LOCAL HISTORY

Join the Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society

Individual - \$20 Family - \$25 Sustaining - \$30 Contributing - \$50 Life Membership - \$300

Name _____

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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Home Phone _____ Cell Phone _____

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Make Check Payable to RTHS and mail to: RTHS, PO Box 144, Reynoldsburg, OH 43068

Invite your friends to join!

RTHS Courier MAY 2025-07

It is a Chair Lift Challenge!

By: Mary Turner Stoots

NOW, the charities are sticking nickles and dimes to the mail-pieces. What will that do? Make me feel guilty if I refuse to donate? Yep! And sometimes it works!

The RTHS Board of Directors has decided to try something a little different, and guess what?

It is WORKING! We are matching the funds received from our members!

We have 16 steps (I counted them), and so far, we are up to 11.2 steps of our goal!



It was suggested at the Board Meeting that we also make a “Plaque of DONORS” to attach either to the chair, or within a close proximity.

And -- We will keep track on the “Step Chart!” (on the left) so you can all monitor our progress!

If you agree, just make your check payable to RTHS, for an amount **affordable to you**, and send it to the following:

Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society
PO Box 144
Reynoldsburg, OH 43068-0144

On the memo line of your check, write: **Chair Lift Challenge!**



There are 16 Steps, and we are at step #11.2

Only about $4\frac{3}{4}$ Steps to GO!



NEW MEMBER!

Geron Brush
Individual Membership



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needs some Sunshine?**

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Sympathy, or any other type of card
for some added sunshine in their life

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MON - FRI 9:00-5:45

SAT 8:00-12:00

CLOSED SUNDAY

2025 CALENDAR

MAY

- 07 – WED – Slate Ridge School Tour
10:00am-12:15pm
- 08 – THU – Family STEM Night at
Summit Elementary 5–7pm
- 13 – TUES – Board Meeting 6:30pm
- 14 – WED – Taylor Road School Tour
- 17 – SAT – Western Electric Open
House 10am-2pm
- 19 – MON – French Run Elementary
School Tour
- 20 – TUES – Western Electric Open
House 5pm-8pm
- 26 – MON – **MEMORIAL DAY SERVICE**
10AM-SECEDER CEMETERY

JUNE

- 17 – TUE – Board Meeting 6:30pm
- 20 – FRI – DEADLINE FOR JULY COURIER**
- 21 – SAT – Open House 10:00am-2:00pm

JULY

Publish July Courier

- 04 – FRI – **FOURTH OF JULY PARADE –**
REYN COMMUNITY ASSOC 10:00AM
- 15 – TUE – Board Meeting, 6:30pm
- 19 – SAT – Open House 10:00am-2:00pm

AUGUST

AUG 07-08-09 TOMATO FESTIVAL

- 02 – SAT – RHS Class of 1975 Alumni
Walk Thru 10am-Noon
- 12 – TUE – Board Meeting, 6:30pm
- 16 – SAT – Open House 10am-2:00pm
- 20 – WED– DEADLINE FOR SEPT COURIER**

THE TOP 3 HARDEST THINGS TO SAY:

1. I WAS WRONG
2. I NEED YOUR HELP
3. WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

Thanks to the family
of our former RTHS
member, Rollie
Powell

Bennett's Garage has a New Occupant!



From the January 10, 1978 - *Columbus Dispatch* Article: *Family's Past Rediscovered in Old Truck*
by Walter Trimble

Floyd Powell was only 11 years old when his father sold the family's 1930 Model AA Ford truck. But he remembers the day in 1945 that it was driven into the distance to make way for the used 1936 Model Dodge his father bought to take its place on the farm near Brice.

He remembered the truck so well in fact, that he was able to pick it out at an antique auto flea market in Indianapolis last summer (1977). Today that truck sits outside Powell's home, at 1673 Brice Road in Reynoldsburg, waiting for spring, when he will begin the long process of restoration.

"Some guy bought it out of the front yard," Powell said of the old 1½-ton Ford. "My brother and I remember that the truck disappeared from the area. We never saw it again after that day."

Somehow the old Model AA made its

way to Indiana. The dealer Powell bought it from picked it up six years ago in an estate sale near Anderson Indiana.

"It had been stored in a corn crib for years," Powell said.

The dealer brought the truck with him to the annual flea market held at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway in September. Powell said, "When I walked around the rear of it and saw the way the tailgate was constructed, I thought, 'This is it!'"

His father, who died several years ago, bought the truck in 1938. It had been used as a school bus, so a new cab had to be mounted on the chassis.

Powell's father and grandfather then went to the sawmill, got some wood and built a 12-foot bed on the back to haul farm produce to market.

"Dad and Grandpa really knew their wood," Powell said. The grain bed is still intact, including the custom tailgate they fashioned for emptying grain. It was the

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tailgate that Powell recognized.

Other little things, such as the custom cab lights his father installed, helped confirm the truck is the one his father owned.

"It was many a load of tomatoes we hauled down to Canal Winchester to the cannery in that truck."

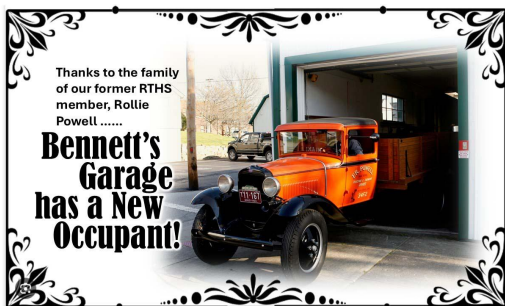
When he was eight, Powell had the job of driving the truck through the field as the rest of the family perched on the fenders and bed picking sweet corn.

Powell, who is a production supervisor at Western Electric, owns a restored Model A, and is a member of the Penn-Ohio "A" Ford Club Inc. He said he plans a restoration of the old truck from the ground up as soon as time, weather, and funds permit.

The old four-cylinder engine has been rebuilt, and the truck is operational, Powell said. In fact, it bears a 1976 safety inspection sticker from Indiana..



But the years of use have destroyed the interior. Crude turn signals have been added, but otherwise, the truck is close to its original appearance.



As a club member familiar with restoration, Powell said he can get any Model A part he wants within six miles of his home.



Restoration will include dismantling the truck, replacing worn out parts, sand-blasting, and then painting,

He also plans to do a title search on the old truck, hoping he can trace its ownership full circle. But most auto title records are not kept for very long, and Powell holds little

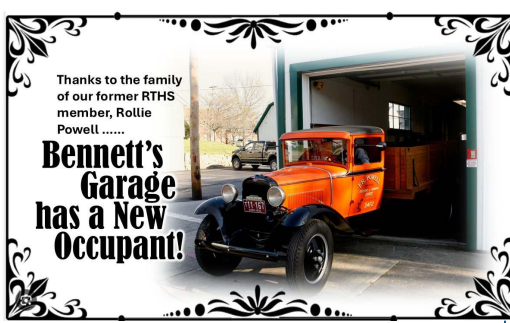
hope he will succeed.

He recalls that the old truck was sold for \$350.

"I paid several times that to get it back," Powell admits. "I just thought that if anybody should have that truck, I should!"

From the Editor: Floyd Rollan "Rollie" Powell, Jr. passed away on August 31,

2008. He left behind a grieving family, a multitude of friends, and a legacy to which few men can compare. He was a 1952 graduate of (continued on page 12)



with his wife Ann.

He was known as the guy with the sparkling truck and the meticulous tools.

Rollie touched many lives while on this Earth and treasured the valuable fellowships of his family and friends.

I came into the organization eight years after Rollie passed so I never had the opportunity to meet him or have the privilege of knowing him, but I feel like

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Reynoldsburg High School, and he proudly served in the U.S. Army, 7011 MP Co., (Military Police) in Ft. Meyer, Virginia.

Rollie was passionate in just about every single thing he did. He retired after 28 years with Western Electric where he supervised security guards and the data processing department. He began his second career to fuel his love for trucks when he purchased his flat bed car hauler in 1987.



L-R: Dale Powell-Adam Powell and Karen Powell Waldrop

he's right here with us. His name comes up all the time. Just yesterday, I saw a list of past officers, and I discovered that Rollie was the Vice President in 1978-79.

Well – I guess Rollie **IS** with us now, because his 1930 Model AA Ford Truck is parked in our very own Bennett's Garage! It's on loan for display purposes only, but hopefully it (and Rollie) will be with us for a while!

In honor of Rollie ~Mary Turner Stoots



He was active and instrumental in the Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society's creation and movement to their new home, as well as the Reynoldsburg Alumni Association, the TARO (Towing and Recovery Association of Ohio) Tow Truck Club, Buckeye Vintage Haulers, the Buckeye Allis-Chalmers Tractor Club, and formerly a member of the "Capital A's Model A Club."

He attended East Side Grace Brethren Church where he had been a greeter



THE COURIER

May 2025 Issue

Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society

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Upcoming Events

This month, on May 17 **AND** May 20, RTHS will welcome the Western Electric folks to a Saturday Open House, and an evening open house on Tuesday!



Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society
PRESENTS
The Return of Western Electric
Saturday May 17, 2025 - 10:00am to 2:00 pm
Open House
1485 Jackson Street - Across from the Hannah J. Ashton School

French Run Elementary School Tour

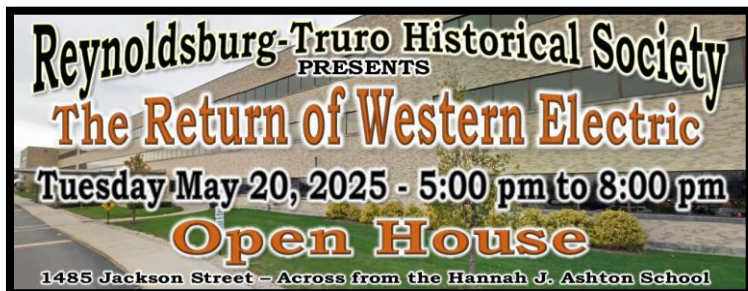


Monday, May 19th, 2025

May 19th will be our **LAST** 3rd-grade tour of the school year!

We are looking forward to seeing all the kids, teachers, and maybe even the new Principal!!

On May 20th, we are looking forward to a visit from the Western Electric folks for an evening Open House from 5:00 to 8:00pm.!!



Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society
PRESENTS
The Return of Western Electric
Tuesday May 20, 2025 - 5:00 pm to 8:00 pm
Open House
1485 Jackson Street - Across from the Hannah J. Ashton School

Memorial Day – May 26, 2025

VFW Post #9473

Color Guard

Your Children need to see the VFW Color Guard ceremony at one of our Cemeteries. It's an example of Patriotism for our fallen heroes that they all need to experience.

CEMETERY SCHEDULE:

9:30 SILENT HOME

10:00 SECEDER

10:30 HOLY CROSS

11:30 FOREST LAWN

Everyone should bring their family to the Seceder Cemetery that is behind the Bibibop Asian Grill on State Route 256, There are soldiers from multiple conflicts buried there!

Join us for our June Open House! We always have several snacks in the kitchen and plenty of people to talk to!



Be sure to visit us at the
Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society
Open House
Saturday, June 21, 2025
10:00 am to 2:00 pm
Troop 274 June 1964
RTHS Museum, 1485 Jackson Street, Reynoldsburg, OH 43068

More Upcoming Events

Be sure to visit us at the
Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society
Open House

Saturday, July 19, 2025

10:00 am to 2:00 pm

RTHS Museum, 1485 Jackson Street, Reynoldsburg, OH 43068

Join us for our July Open House! Come on over to visit, and you can see our exhibits as well as our new Memorial Garden!

We are looking forward to a visit from the Class of 1975 prior to their 50th reunion celebration!

The Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society
Welcomes the RHS Class of 1975

From 10am to 12pm

1485 Jackson Street

For an Alumni Walk-Thru, Saturday, August 02, 2025

1485 Jackson Street – Across from the former Hannah J. Ashton School

Be sure to visit the

Reynoldsburg Tomato Festival

August 7-8-9, 2025

Hopefully, we will see you at the Tomato Festival this year!

Feel free to stop by our August 16th Open House! We have a lot of exhibits that you would like.

Be sure to visit us at the
Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society
Museum Open House

Saturday, August 16, 2025

10:00 am to 2:00 pm

Come to the Museum and take a walk back in time

1485 Jackson Street (across from the Hannah J. Ashton school building)

The Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society
Welcomes the RHS Class of 1970

From 10am to 12pm

1485 Jackson Street

For an Alumni Walk-Thru, Saturday, Sept. 06, 2025

1485 Jackson Street – Across from the former Hannah J. Ashton School

The RHS Class of 1970 is invited to visit the RTHS Museum prior to their 55th Reunion Celebration!

GRAND OPENING

JUST
EVERYTHING
SWEET
& **GOOD**
CORP



The BIG day was the Ribbon Cutting on 03/21!

In the front row of the photo below (L-R), you will see Neal Whitman, then Gene Shivener beside him holding the ribbon. Next, is the owner, John Haag, who is also a RTHS member, then WAY in the back, to the right of the bearded police officer, Jim Slonaker is partially visible (he needs to be taller)! Gene said he wasn't allowed to go home without ice cream!



Legalized Scoopers



Jim

Gene

John

Neal



Gene

