



THE COURIER

Reynoldsburg-Truro
Historical Society

JANUARY-2018 Website: www.rths.info Email: RTHSCourier@aol.com Vol.44 No.1

Did that Crazy Elf Find the Pickle?

How could he miss it? That provoking and possibly pestilential pickle is positioned right on the front of the tree, and it's glowing! If this pert elf doesn't find the pickle, one of those petite and persevering children who visited the museum during Christmas on the Town must have found it, because we gave away practically 50 pickle ornaments and at least 30 other prizes to the perky little progenies who could pinpoint which room had the pine tree with the pickle. The children were given strict instructions not to touch the picayune and pervasive peek-a-boo pickle! After all; if the pickle were pilfered, the petite poppets would pout pitifully.

There was a tree in every room, and the polished pimpled pickle was presented in only one tree. The preschoolers were given a map of the museum with all the rooms labeled by name. If they were too young to read, the tiny ones simply proclaimed, "The pickle is in the tree with the elf stuck on top!" (their eyes got HUGE when they said this, like I should trot up-stairs and get that pesky little guy out of the tree)

We want to give credit to Kim Fisher for posing a paradoxical elf in the pickle pine tree for the children to find. *Absolute Perfection!*

As pickle posses scurried all throughout the museum, several of the parents portrayed pleased but somewhat puzzled expressions when they were presented with a map to 'Find the Pickle,' so I explained the legend to them (there are several versions): It was claimed that the Christmas Pickle was a very old German tradition and that the pickle was the last ornament hung on the tree.

The first child to find the pickle on Christmas morning got an extra present under the tree



and had good luck throughout the following year. (That's one lucky kid!)

This story probably originated when Woolworth began selling ornaments in the shape of various fruits and vegetables during the 1880s. The glass ornaments were produced in Germany and the package included a pickle! The truth is, most Germans have never even heard of the Christmas Pickle!

So, ... it's much more likely that a persistent ornament salesman, with an abundance of spare pretty pickles to peddle, probably fabricated the entire

"Legend of the Christmas Pickle" which progressed into an American tradition. If you peruse the Internet for pickle ornaments, the "fancy" or pricey pickles are all produced in Germany. That salesman is STILL at it!

Christmas on the Town also brought us a tour of delightful young ladies from "The American Heritage Girls." AHG is a Christ-centered, faith-based scouting program for girls who can earn badges for various tasks, including facts about their heritage and Reynoldsburg history!

Max & Erma's Restaurant from the Broad Street location, set up a tent in our parking lot and gave away free coffee, cookies, hot chocolate, and lots of photo opportunities with Max and Erma! They managed to direct a record crowd into the museum that day!

The robotics team set up by the barn.

This was a very profitable event for the RTHS Holiday Gift Shop, thanks to the hard work and dedication by several of (continued on page 02)





Did that Crazy Elf Find the Pickle?

(Continued from Page 01)

our members: Kim Fisher, Jim & Judy Diuguid, Vickie Edwards Hall, and myself. The pegboards Jim prepared lent a professional and picturesque look to our prosperous sales room.



We made almost \$500 peddling RTHS branded products and items provided by our members



Let's hope we have good weather again in 2018. Perhaps the elf will be back to visit!
~ Mary Turner Stoots, AKA The Pickle Patron Prez

DUES are DUE!

The Deadline is February 28!

If your dues are not paid by the deadline, You will not be included in the 2018 Membership Roster!

Please see the membership coupon on page 3 for all the current rates.

**Donald
"Bud"
Schlosser
1931-2017**



Donald "Bud" Schlosser, 86, was born in Lisbon, Ohio on February 2, 1932 and went home to be with the Lord on Friday, November 17, 2017. He was preceded in death by his parents Art and Kathryn (Hill) Schlosser.

Bud is survived by his devoted wife of 66 years, Virginia "Ginny" (Collins) Schlosser; 3 children, Walter, Richard and Jan (Mark) Wise; 5 grandchildren, Elizabeth and Anna Schlosser, Mindy (Wise) Nielsen, Jeffrey Wise and Erin (Wise) McCallum; 3 great-grandchildren, Micah and Miria McCallum and Jack Donald Nielsen; brothers, Art and Roger; sister Suzie; and several nieces and nephews. Bud's nephew, Don Collins, deserves a special mention for his support and love. Don was at his bedside when his uncle passed.

Donald is a WWII US Army Air Corps veteran. He worked for 35 years at DCSC and after retiring, chose to work 12 more years at his church, Reynoldsburg United Methodist, where he has been a member since 1959. Bud loved his wife Ginny, his family, music, softball, basketball, traveling, flying, playing cards, mowing, and helping others.

He had a wonderful sense of humor that we were privileged to enjoy to the very end. He expressed profound gratitude to Jesus Christ for saving and loving him. We are confident that Donald is enjoying the presence of his Savior and friend now and forever, and we anxiously await our reunion with him. Donations may be made in Donald's memory to the Amish Rejects c/o RUMC, 1636 Graham Rd., Reynoldsburg, OH 43068.

Messages may be sent to his family by visiting www.cotnerfuneralhome.com.

Published in *The Columbus Dispatch* from Nov. 18 to Nov. 19, 2017



2018 CALENDAR

JANUARY 2018

16 - TUE - Board Meeting, 7:00pm
20 - SAT - Open House, 10:00am-2:00pm

FEBRUARY 2018

06 - TUE - Red Robin, Restaurant Fundraiser, 4:00pm-8:00pm
13 - TUE - Board Meeting, 7:00pm
17 - SAT - Open House, 10:00am-2:00pm
21 - WED - Deadline for the March issue of the Courier
28 - WED - Dues Deadline for listing in the Directory

MARCH 2018

03-06 - Publish March Courier
13 - TUE - Board Meeting, 7:00pm
17 - SAT - Open House, 10:00am-2:00pm
24 - SAT - Collecting Dead Relatives, An Introduction to Genealogy 2:00pm-4:00pm
27 - TUE - General Meeting, 7:00pm

APRIL 2018

01 - SUN - Directory/Roster Published
11 - WED - Max & Erma's Restaurant Fundraiser, 10:00am-11:00pm
17 - TUE - Board Meeting, 7:00pm
21 - SAT - Open House, Helping Hands Shower, 10:00am-2:00pm
23 - MON - Deadline for May Courier
24 - TUE - Card & Board Game Party at the Reynoldsburg Senior Center 6:30pm
28 - SAT - Collecting Dead Relatives, Genealogy II, 2:00pm-4:00pm

SUPPORT LOCAL HISTORY!

Join the Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society

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

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Additional Names _____

Address _____

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Home Phone _____ Cell Phone _____

Email Address _____

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

Invite your friends to join!

THE COURIER

January 2018 Issue

Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society
1485 Jackson Street
Reynoldsburg, OH 43068

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Mary Turner Stoops 614-866-6137

Courier Email: RTHSCourier@aol.com

Photos Provided by:

Connie Parkinson,

Suzy Millar Miller & Mary Turner Stoops

Contributors: Connie Parkinson,
Suzy Millar Miller & Mary Turner Stoops



New Members!

Lynn (Brown) Venafro - Individual
Fred & Raye (Wilson) Apple - Family
Mark & Janet (Schlosser) Wise - Family

**How many words in the Front Page
Pickle article start with the letter "P" ?**



There are more than you realize!
The first 5 email subscribers and first
5 postal subscribers to send me the
correct number will win a prize!



Not really a party; but it could be!

Do any of you ladies like to dig in the dirt? Why don't you start an RTHS Garden Club? We have a flower bed and landscaping that you can practice on, and we could certainly use some help in that arena! If you like planting flowers, please help us! You can call your group whatever you like. RTHS Garden Club sounds pretty formal. How about "The Dirty Dozen?" ... or whatever.

Please let us know if you are interested!

RTHSCourier@aol.com

Joan Mae Morris 1927-2017

Joan Mae Morris

December 13, 1927 ~ December 8, 2017

Joan passed away peacefully on December 8th after succumbing to a hard-fought battle with cancer. She was born December 13th, 1927 in Canton, Ohio. The family moved to Reynoldsburg in 1960 where Joan remained until her move to the Wesley Ridge retirement community in 2010. Joan retired from the State of Ohio, Department of Transportation. After her move, she became an active member of the Wesley Ridge Retirement Community where she participated in many activities and the trips that were offered. One of her favorite activities was chair volleyball which she continued to play until late summer.

She also had a deep passion for creating water colors when she began painting lessons in the mid-1980s. After moving to Wesley Ridge she took almost every art class available winning several awards for her work, and was the Artist in Residence during Chautauqua week in 2015. She also expressed herself through the numerous unique quilts she created. Her family received many pieces of art and her quilted wall-hangings as gifts over the years, which we will always cherish.

Joan is survived by her children, Judy Williams, Jane (Ron) Kennedy, son David and grandson Joshua Williams. She was preceded in death by her husband William and granddaughter Heather Dawn Kennedy.

A memorial service was held on Wednesday, December 13th (Mom's 90th birthday) as a way to celebrate her life on that day, in the Chapel of the Barnes Center at Wesley Ridge. We want to thank all of the wonderful nurses, aides, caretakers, and Wesley Ridge Hospice staff who made her final days in the Barnes Center as comfortable as possible. The family requests that in lieu of flowers contributions can be made to the Wesley Ridge Charitable Fund in Joan's name.

The French Run Fourth Graders Come to RTHS

On November 15th and 16th, the French Run Elementary fourth-graders came to visit RTHS in quantity! Thanks to Mark Myers, Jim & Judy Diuguid, Mary Turner Stoots, and Neal Piek, we were able to provide full museum tours for all the children.

The tours started in the lower level and smaller groups headed upstairs. Mark had set up a double table full of interactive items from the past that received a very impressive reception from the students. Most of the children had never seen a manual typewriter, full-key adding machine, rotary telephone, or Morse Code telegraph straight key transmitter. The teachers had a tough time diverting the kids away from the gadgets on the table.

Neal took groups to the barn and showed them our window displays that are motion-sensored to light up as you walk by each window.

While groups were waiting to start the tour, Mary took them on a walk through time in the lower-level entrance hallway and explained the pictures displayed there.

At the end of the tours, Mark asked the children what they each liked most about the museum, and the answers were very surprising! The adults in the room were



Mark Myers and Jim Diuguid start the tours in our Lower Level



Neal Piek explains the Barn Window Displays



The children enjoy our interactive display

amazed to learn that the students were much more observant than they realized.

Barth Cotner is partnering with the administrators of Herbert Mills and other elementary schools to bring more students through our museum this coming spring. He is working with the school to coordinate bus transportation, so the students can come to the small park by the mural at Lancaster & Main Streets. Barth is planning to give a short lecture about the mural to the students, then walk them over to the RTHS museum for a tour afterward.

No dates have been set yet.

~ Mary Turner Stoots

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My definition of a historian is one who finds out stuff – or lives it -- and writes it down. The Burg has had several. There were also numerous verbal historians, who hardly ever wrote a word but to whom we owe the debt of tradition that sustains us. Now, research is necessary because all those storytellers are gone, and the written record is what's left.

Our first known historian was **David Graham** 1801-1886, early settler (1817) and member of a widespread, influential family. In 1821 David married his second cousin, **Nancy Graham** 1803-1889, and they had five sons and five daughters. [One, **Matilda Dickey Graham** born 1822, married **Alexander Livingston** 1821-1898, 10 children.] From 1855



David Graham

For 200 years the Grahams have been here to work for the common good.

David, born in Washington County, NY, one of 12 children of **Anna Cowden and George Graham**, came to this area in autumn 1817. At age 18 he was teaching school. At 20 he married Nancy, whose family had come to Truro Township in 1811. His father had given him 50 acres; on it he built a log cabin. Including great-grandchildren and in-laws, by 1879 those two alone had 74 descendants.

It may be assumed that David farmed. He was a "quiet man of sterling worth and a true Christian," a Seceder (United Presbyterian), a total abstainer from alcohol, considerate of others' opinions but firm in his own values and convictions. He sought and demonstrated truth

until his death, David served as church elder. In 1879 he researched and wrote a substantial booklet on his family history. In 1880 he published his "*The History of the United Presbyterian Church of Reynoldsburg....*" In 1885 David wrote a one- or two-page history of Reynoldsburg.

The family history book is a valuable resource in tracing not only descendants but also town history.

and duty. A Golden Rule abolitionist, he sheltered runaway slaves; the basement of his house at the east end of East Rich Street at Epworth Avenue was said to be haunted by the ghosts

of two dead slave-catchers. Some people who lived there have heard them; others have not. He was a good and careful writer; well-liked and admired; an outstanding individual.

The Grahams were boisterous Scottish, so in the reign 1603-1625 of King James I, they were made to live in Ireland, whence they emigrated to America in 1630 (and some earlier). The wife of **John French**, who came to the area in 1816, was **Jane Graham**. French platted the town on land that he bought.

A different kind of history was written by **Isa M. Barrett** 1888-1969 and **Gail Wollam** 1898-1989 (starting 1975, Gail wrote "The Social Scene"). They were columnists for the various local papers, writing short paragraphs about who went where, who visited whom, whose daughter won this prize, whose son did what in college. This type of reportage required endless telephoning to get the news, but we all read the column and liked knowing that Mrs. Sue Miles was home visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. McCray; or that Ralph and Mildred Shively took a two-week tour of the West and a rock fell off a mountain onto the top of their car but nobody got hurt; or that Jim Jewell has been confined to bed with the gripe. Good news, bad news, it concerned people we knew and cared about.

Isa Stewart, one of six children, was the wife of **Frank G. Barrett**. Their daughter



Gail Wollam

Mary Ellen, a very pretty girl, Reynoldsburg High School (RHS) Class of '69, married **David Beeson** of near Pataskala, and taught school. Barretts lived on Broadwyn Drive, a block east from Parky and me and kids, but Isa was elderly then and I never met her.

Gail Smith 1898-1989, RHS graduate 1916, was daughter of indefatigable **Clossen**

Smith 1872-1941, school teacher, horse breeder and racer, school board clerk 40 years, insurance agent, Postmaster 13 years, etc. Gail married **Waldo Wollam** (later three-term mayor) in a ceremony out of town in order to (continued)

escape the usual raucous charivaree (celebration). Their children were **Henry, Barbara, Lee, and Nancy**. Gail was a lovely person -- gentle, kind, thoughtful. I liked her especially well.

Fay May 1869-1968 (said **W. V. "Pete" Ashton** 1909-1988?, who knew and respected Fay, but didn't expect these words to be immortal) was "the contrariest man that was ever born." Fay's role as historian included writing a column called "Boots and Saddles" for the *Canal Winchester News-Gazette*, telling tales of his riotous youth, the Sunday horse races down Main Street (and religious-minded complaints), the Stuffed Club Lodge (considering the roughnecks of that age, I'm not sure I'd want that defined), dances in Nat Mason's hall, Decoration Days of old, the guy who dated a carnival snake charmer, and a lot of colorful tidbits we are better off for reading about and not participating in.

Fay not only was a Character, but he *had* character. In high school he clerked in Nat Mason's general store; he was a blacksmith; Masonic Lodge Master 1913 and 1914; owner/operator of the Upper Tavern (**Dora Fishpaw's and Fay May's son Curtis** 1897-? was the only child ever born there); in public life 31 years holding several political jobs including as Ohio's first criminal probation officer, village clerk 1894, elected mayor 1897 and 1900, etc. He was Decoration Day Parade Marshal, on his horse.

In his spare time Fay wrote a history of the Masonic Lodge and brief descriptions and biographies of all the lodge members up to 1955. For personal reasons he presented the book to Pete Ashton (a 33rd degree Mason) instead of giving it to the lodge.

For our next historian we go back to the Grahams. Granddaughter of David Graham, **Hetty Graham** 1866-1960, RHS grad 1886, was **Mrs. Edwin Evan Evans**, mother of eight successful children. Yet she found time to write poetry and prose for magazines, wrote the several souvenir booklets to be given to attendees at the Annual Reynoldsburg Homecoming. She wrote the entire June 22, 1939, issue of *The Reynoldsburg Press Century Book*, partly from memory, partly from research. She was a repository of local information and tradition. A staunch United Presbyterian, she used her influence to get **Susie Miles**, her black nanny-cook-housekeeper-laundress, as member into the

Historians of Reynoldsburg

by Cornelie M. Parkinson ©

church, and buried in Seceder Cemetery with a grave marker. Hetty's descendants include **Martha Savage, Rachel Graham, Frances Slack, Bill McCall, Ted, Sue, and Hetty Jean McCray, and Ralph McClure**; RTHS members **Tom McCray, Linda Bronstein, Grace Graham Tanner, Ray Karnes, Fred Graham, Lucia Graham, and others**.

Suzy Millar Miller 1948- , daughter of **Maebelle Weber and Paul Millar**, is a native of Reynoldsburg, having been born and lived here much of her life, and a 1966 RHS graduate. She married **Charles Miller** and they had two children. Currently she is RTHS corresponding secretary, and an important active historian. She calls herself "a historian

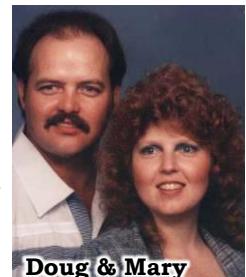


Suzy Millar Miller
1966

of the 60s." She has written "Bits About The Burg" for many years, for Steve Milbourn's *Reynoldsburg Reporter* and RTHS *Courier*. She writes the annual RTHS directory (without which we'd be lost). She was a graphics designer for Borden, Inc. She has written for (Texas) *Hill Country News* and San Gabriel Writers Association. She had her own company, Suzy Ink, Inc. She has researched and written 50th Reunion books for RHS classes of '56, '64, '65, '66, and '67, an average 220 pages of text, photos, biographies, and history, taking about one year full-time for each. Yep, active.

New to the scene as a local historian is **Mary Turner Stoots** 1952- , daughter of **Wilma Wiswell and Jack Turner**. A native and RHS 1970 graduate, she has lived here almost her entire life. Five generations of her family have resided locally since the 1800s. Her great-great grandfather, **James Stevenson II 1819-1893** rests in Seceder Cemetery. She is married to **Doug Stoots** and is currently the 2018 president of RTHS, editor of *The Courier*, publicity chairman, and communications director; she has actively managed several successful RTHS fund-raisers and open house events. She is an experienced lecturer and writes multiple

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Doug & Mary Stoots 1990

Historians of Reynoldsburg

by Cornelia M. Parkinson ©

(continued from page 07)

articles for every issue of our newsletter. Not quite busy enough, Mary is also an accomplished artist who has been invited to show her artwork at three gallery exhibits within the past several years.

Connie McNary Parkinson 1925- has also written about The Burg, originating *The Courier* (1975) and writing it for the first 9½ years, and

occasional articles for it now, plus creating (1957) and writing the Presbyterian Church directory/ history and the first local church monthly newsletter. A professional writer from May 1966 and still at it, she has written and sold hundreds of articles, short stories, and fillers, has written or compiled 27 books,

including *History of Reynoldsburg and Truro Township*, and indexed, researched for, and/or edited about 200 books -- and wrote the words for some area commemorative plaques. A 1943 RHS graduate, she married **Richard W**

Parkinson (RHS 1938); they have three daughters, grandchildren, great-grandchildren.

Newspaper editors as historians usually

present current events; they include **O. H. Lynn** (*Reynoldsburg News-Gazette*) 1900s, **Jimmy Ruvoldt** (*Reynoldsburg Press*) 1930s, **Ed Rothe** (*Reynoldsburg Record*) late 50s - early 60s, **Doral Chenoweth** and **Jack Godfrey** (*Little Weekly*) 1959- , **Ray Adams** (*Reynoldsburg Spectator*) early 70s, **Steve Milbourn** (*Reynoldsburg Reporter*) late 70s. **Suzy Millar Miller** was the typesetter for several of these weeklies.

Contributors of historical articles to local



Connie Parkinson 1981



James Ruvoldt

publications include **Frances Slack**, **Mary Alice Foster**, **Helen Kitzmiller**, **Debbie Dressell**, **Harold "Bud" and Louise Platter**, **Mary Eliza Durant**, **Mark Myers**, and our *Courier* editor **Mary Turner Stoots**. I'm sure I've overlooked some, but not on purpose.

Note: If known, I've included birth/death years and RHS graduating class year for the benefit of those who may care.

RTHS has a NEW Phone Number! 614-902-2831

Do You Read the Dispatch?

by Mary Turner Stoots

You are probably saying to yourself, "Why do you care? I care, because RTHS is in need of a volunteer to be on "Memorial Watch."

What is a "Memorial Watch?" It's a term we came up with, for the individual who will help us with a relatively easy task, that can be done in the comfort of their home while they are drinking their morning tea or coffee and reading the *Columbus Dispatch*.

Do you open the paper and read the obituaries? Most of us do. I can't now, because my husband takes the newspaper with him when he leaves for work. I used to check it each morning to make sure I wasn't listed; but since I've been feeling better, it isn't necessary. Keeping up with the local news online is difficult. Sometimes I don't see an obit until it's too late.

Communication with the membership is vital. I believe that everyone should be notified as soon as possible, so I send out emails to those who have a computer whenever there's a death in our membership.

If you already read the obituaries, that's half of the job. The only thing left would be to keep your roster handy and compare it to the obituaries while you're reading. Both of the publications are in alphabetical order and the roster isn't that big.

If you don't have a computer, and you see a member's name, then call me! I can be reached at 614-866-6137 or on the museum phone at 614-902-2831. And, ... I'm also in the Roster!

Please don't assume that somebody else will volunteer, because everybody else is already assuming that very same thing. This is a plea for one (or more) of you to help me so I can notify as many members as possible with timely communications. Thank you!!

Pasting Up Valentine's Day in the 1950s

by Suzy Millar Miller

December 26, 2017



As the New Year begins, it's time to reflect on how we can bring the best part of the past into our future lives. In the 1950s one of most fun things to do was to celebrate Valentine's Day in school. In those days people didn't spend a lot of time or money

buying candy or toys for the holiday. In grade school, we had a mission for Valentine's Day – make a Valentine shoebox for the corner of our desks and decorate that box as fancy as possible and then make (or buy) valentines for our classmates. We used lace paper doilies, construction paper, crayons, yarn, magazine photos, and LOTS of paste and glue!

Today we think of Elmer's glue as the main school paste, but the paste or glue we used then was either LePage's mucilage, white paste or even our own homemade paste of flour and water. Paste was a lot of fun! There is an art to making paste. It can't be too thick or too thin. Usually two parts water and one part flour blended together makes a great paste. Remember when the paste came in little white jars with a flat stick attached to the side or sticking out of the top? The paste always stuck to our fingers and clothes rather than the art project that we were making. Another great paste is known as "library paste". Library paste tasted good. We ate it once in a while. Library paste smelled so good because people added drops of peppermint, spearmint, or clove oil to the flour and water mixture. The reason the oil was added was to repel insects like silverfish from eating book bindings. Clove oil was the strongest and bugs really don't like cloves. Our mothers always warned us about eating too much paste!

It took a lot of work to make a fancy valentine for our parents and grandparents. That's where the lace paper doily would be used to showcase the heart-shaped paper or crayon picture. Most of these "works of art" haven't survived the ages – probably because the mice and bugs loved to eat that flour and water paste made without preservatives!

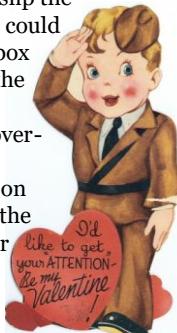


Decorations on the shoebox highlighted the maker's creativity. Of course, the first problem was actually having a shoebox. We didn't have that many shoeboxes in those days. New shoes were generally only purchased at the beginning of the school year and at Easter (when we got dress shoes for church). Kids' shoeboxes were a little too small, but usable in a pinch. Adult shoeboxes were a prize because our parents didn't buy shoes every year. To add to the problem is that not all shoes even came in boxes because we generally just wore the shoes out of the store. So for practical purposes, we re-decorated the same box for different years. We had to cut a hole in the top of the box so the kids could slip the valentine into the box. It was important to have the hole just the right size so no one could reach in and take a card out! It was also critical we write our name on the top of the box so everyone knew who owned the box. These boxes were not beautiful except in the eyes of the owner. We figured the more stuff pasted on the outside, the better it would attract cards from friends. In fact, most of the boxes were pretty ugly and over-decorated, but each was a product of a proud kid.

We brought the boxes to school for Valentine's Day and proudly positioned them on the front corner of the desk. Some teachers had the kids line their boxes along the windows and then during recess the teachers would move all the boxes around. After recess the kids would run into the classroom to deliver their valentines to the boxes. Of course, no one knew where anyone's box was located so there was a lot of running around and laughing trying to get all of the cards in the right boxes.

Some lucky kids had store-bought cards to pass around so they didn't have to make each card. The premade cards came on a square piece of paper with a lot of "punch-out" shaped valentines. It was great fun to punch the cards out! Sometimes a few of the punched out cards would tear and a hand, top of a heart, or cupid's bow and arrow came off during the punching process. The damaged cards were for the little brothers or sisters or those kids we didn't like very much. We weren't required to give

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Pasting Up Valentine's Day in the 1950s

by Suzy Millar Miller

(continued from page 09)



every kid a valentine. Some kids didn't get many cards in their box, and some got extras. Not everyone remembered to make cards for the class and they generally got fewer valentines. Another fun thing with the premade cards was some of them came with tiny envelopes. Those envelopes were made of super thin paper and didn't have glue to close the flap.

One of the valentines in this article was a picture of a soldier. The valentine was given to Charles (Howard) Millar by Don Sallee. It must have been made during the years of WWII. Another valentine pictured is a puppy dog given to my grandmother in 1949 and 'signed' by me at the age of two. There is also a photo of an "artifact" that I have kept in a jewelry chest. It is a package of authentic valentine candy from the 1950s. The candy that was sold at the time wasn't very good, and apparently, my future husband chose to keep the candy rather than opening it. I don't know when he got that candy, but I can't believe that after 60 years this candy has kept its shape and not melted together. I remember that type of candy, but not its name. All I know is that no one liked it in spite of some of the pieces having white sprinkles on them.

Speaking of valentine candy, we really didn't have much of it when I was a kid. The only thing I remember is there were usually little cinnamon heart-shaped candies that came in a bag. My grandmother always put the cinnamon hearts into homemade applesauce around Valentine's Day. I now put that same type of cinnamon candy



into applesauce. It makes me think of her stirring those hot apples into sauce and spicing it up with hearts. I also remember the first time I received a heart-shaped box of chocolate candy. My parents' best friends, Jack and Ina Swisher, gave me one when I was 11 or 12. It was red cardboard with five pieces of candy in it. I didn't have a box shaped like a heart for many years after that. Now I pick up one after Valentine's Day when they are 75% cheaper!

Romance wasn't a part of our valentine celebration, but playing with massive quantities of glue and construction paper was! As a sidebar, I'm including some history of Elmer's glue. Borden, Inc. introduced their first white paste in 1947. It was called Castorez Glue and was made with milk byproducts. The glue came in little white bottles with a top that had a place to put a stick in the middle. The sticks were attached to the bottle with a rubber band. In 1951, Borden remanufactured the glue with synthetic materials and changed the name to Elmer's Glue. The glue was named in honor of Elmer, the bull, who was the "husband" of Elsie, the cow. Elsie and Elmer first appeared together in 1939 to promote Borden products. They remain symbolic images of the Borden brand.

So now it is time to make some homemade valentines and share them with your friends. Be sure to have lots of paste on hand! Have a happy Valentine's Day!



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RED ROBIN WILL GIVE 20% OF FUNDRAISING SALES* BACK TO Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society

DATE: Tuesday, February 6, 2018 TIME: 4:00pm-8:00pm

*Must present this flyer to your server. Includes alcohol sales, tax.

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(Formerly Uno's)

SAMPLE ONLY

Red Robin * ATTENTION LOCAL MEMBERS * Red Robin

Take your family out to eat at **Red Robin** on **February 6th** and support the Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society!

Join us for this Fundraiser and 20% of the sales will go to RTHS!*

All local members will find a Red Robin flyer enclosed with your *Courier* (or as a PDF file for email subscribers) similar to the one on the left.

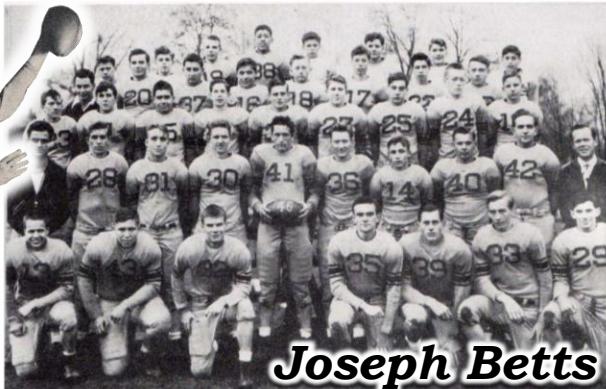
Please put Tuesday, February 6th on your calendar.

The fundraiser is from **4:00pm to 8:00pm** (dinner only)

You must present the enclosed flyer for the sales to apply!

The Red Robin is on SR 256 in front of Bed, Bath & Beyond and Barnes & Noble

*Excludes alcohol sales and tax



Joseph Betts 1928-2017

by Mary Turner Stoots



Joe passed away in September of 2017.

If you knew Joe, this is probably the first you have heard of his passing because there was no service, memorial, viewing hours, or obituary.

Through his years in the Reynoldsburg School system, and his various jobs, Joe touched many of our lives. He made a big difference, and has earned some richly deserved recognition, so I am going to tell you the story of Joe Betts as seen through the eyes of his cousin, brother, a couple of his friends, and the high school yearbook.

Joe graduated from RHS in 1947. His senior year, he played on the varsity football, basketball, and baseball teams. He was in the Hi-Y, on stage for the senior play, and worked on the annual staff for the 1947 Reynolian editing the Senior Class 'Last Will and Testament.'

He was described as "A darn nice guy and kind of timid, who doesn't care a bit about women." In his *Senior Will*, he said, "I, Joe Betts, leave my curly hair to Darl Carson." In the Reynolian, Joe's profile was as follows:

- Ambition - Get out of school
- Hobby – Bowling
- Slang Expression – Censored
- Sport – Football
- Pet Peeve – Working

I asked my Mom if she knew him, because they graduated together. She said, "Joe was a very popular guy!"

You might have run into Joe when he

managed the duck-pin bowling alley that used to be above Connell Hardware. (That space was later allocated to RTHS, until they relocated to the museum on Jackson Street.)

After graduation, Joe joined the Army and was a driver for high-ranking officers. Following his years in the service, he eventually got married, raised a family, and started his own company called, 'Betts Better Homes.'

Joe was a homebuilder, but before he built homes, he sold homes. In fact, Joe sold half the homes in the Reynoldsburg Brookside housing development for National Homes during the 1950s when Reynoldsburg was growing at a rapid pace.

I interviewed Joe's cousin, Jack Winters, who told me that Joe also worked with the wrestling announcer at Memorial Hall.

For someone whose pet peeve was 'work' in high school, Joe evidently was not afraid to apply himself to any task. He ended up serving as the President of the Home-builders Association in Westerville.

Joe was preceded in death by his parents, Elizabeth (Aunt Bib) and Bernard Betts. He is survived by his sons, Pat & Judd, as well as his devoted brother, David who requested I write this article as a tribute to Joe.

David, it was truly an honor to do so.



Christmas in the Museum, with a Tree in Every Room ...



Thank You, Kim Fisher!

