

UNDERCOVER ARTIFACTS

© by *Cornelia M. Parkinson*



Exposing Secrets Heretofore Withheld from Ye Publick

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 worldwide, 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 goosepimples, 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, stretchable

knits were even more comfortable, for warmth. To those allergic to wool and who scratched all 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 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

(Continued on Page 2)





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.)

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 most strenuous work can be done. It is made of the finest quality material, and is guaranteed to last for years.

Comfort in WEARING in PRICE in HEALTH

Full fashioned, fit smoothly from neck to ankle, no under-shirt to work up or down, and without chafing. These two-piece suits of some quality and conceded to be the garments best adapted to resist health-injuring influences.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THESE SUITS, should he not have them do not take a substitute, but send us your order. We will have it filled or refer you to a dealer.

LEWIS KNITTING CO., 200 Main Street, Janesville, Wis.

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



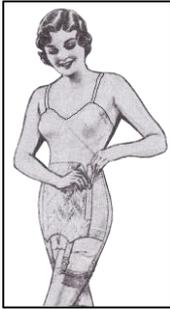
My 12-year-old girl friend across the street was developing, so her mother made her a tightwaist, to restrict bouncing. We moved away before she graduated into brassieres, now called bras. If she wore rayon panties, they

(Continued on Page 03)



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 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.



over, you did not rush helter-skelter 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 undershorts 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

(Continued on Page 4)

2017 CALENDAR

JULY 2017

- 11 - Tuesday-Board Meeting, 7pm
- 15 - Saturday - Alumni Open House 10:00am-2:00pm
- 18 - Tuesday-Pizza Cottage 4pm-9pm Dinnertime Fundraiser

AUGUST 2017

- 15 - Tuesday-Board Meeting, 7pm
- 19 - Saturday-Open House, 10am-2pm Sharon Cosner Sellitto will Share "A Trunk of Circus Memories"
- 23 -Deadline for September Courier

SEPTEMBER 2017

- 03-06 - Publish September Courier
- 07 - Thursday - 10:30am-10:00pm City BBQ Restaurant Fundraiser All Day
- 12 - Tuesday-Board Meeting, 7pm
- 16 - Saturday-Open House 10am-2pm
- 26 - Tuesday - General Meeting, 7pm

OCTOBER 2017

- 07 - Saturday-Class of 1967 and Class of 1977 Alumni Open House 11:00am-1:00pm
- 17 - Tuesday-Board Meeting, 7pm
- 21 - Saturday-Open House 10am-2pm
- 25 - Deadline for Nov Courier
- 31 - Trick or Treat Beggar's Night 6:00pm-8:00pm

We are still receiving anonymous donations on the front porch. PLEASE DO NOT LEAVE BOXES OR BAGS ON THE PORCH!

We are not planning to have yard sales going forward so you need to donate your gently used items to a charity.





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 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

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GUARANTEED DARNLESS STOCKINGS
 FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN
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DARN! Why Darn?

You have been darning all your life. If you want to quit darning buy Buster Brown's Guaranteed Darnless Stockings for the whole family.

Silk Lisle Half Hose for MEN, black, tan, navy, gray, wine, purple and heliotrope.
 Lisle Hose for LADIES, medium and gauge weight; black or tan.
 Combed Egyptian Hose for BOYS, light and heavy weight; black or tan.
 Lisle fine gauge Ribbed Hose for MISSES, medium and light weight; black or tan.
 MISSES' silk lisle fine gauge, ribbed, black or tan.

25c a Pair, Four Pairs to the Box. \$1.00
 LADIES' silk lisle gauge, black or tan, Three Pairs to the Box. . . . \$1.00
GUARANTEED FOR FOUR MONTHS

For sale MOST everywhere, but if your merchant can't supply you send us your order, enclosing check, cash and coin, and we will supply you direct, pre-paying postage.

Write the Buster's
 Latest Plummy Book,
 1922.

BUSTER BROWN'S HOSIERY MILLS,
 840 SHERMAN AVENUE,
 CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

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 (lie-ul, a thin cheap knit that got fuzzier and more pilled with every wash), or cotton or, for older girls, rayon, silk, or

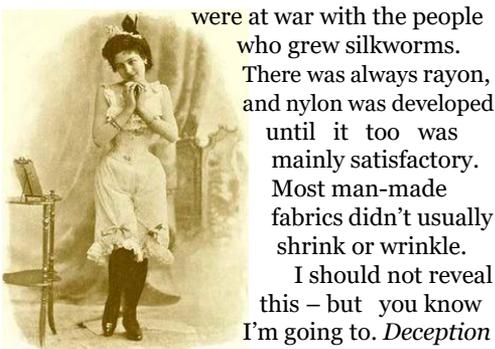
nylon. Garters, clipped to the underpants, held these stockings up. I remember when, learning to roller skate, I would fall and skin my knees and tear a hole in my stockings – even new ones. You didn't throw away and get new too often – stockings might cost 15 cents a pair and that amount represented 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 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 -- 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



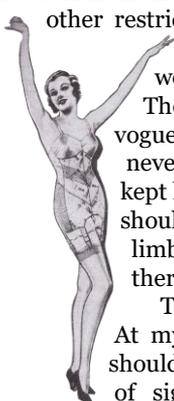
were at war with the people who grew silkworms. There was always rayon, and nylon was developed until it too was mainly satisfactory. Most man-made fabrics didn't usually shrink or wrinkle. I should not reveal this – but you know I'm going to. *Deception* *abounds!* One's skim-milk endowments can masquerade as glorious cream. Artful

(Continued on Page 5)



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 restrictions 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 Mother kept hers and I saw it. Bands for shoulder straps and between the limbs, semi-formfitting, and there you were. A teddy.

Thongs. Let's not go there.

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

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 figleaf 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) and 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 coat and four-in-hand. That's the way it was.

Garage Sale June 3, 2017

Setting up at Dawn.....

We made \$700 for RTHS! THANK YOU, Kim Fisher, Mark Myers, Hannah Moore, Steve McLoughlin, Sue Gilmore, Vickie Edwards Hall, Wendy Wheatley Raftery, Tom McCray, Neal Plek, and Mary Turner Stoots

We sincerely apologize if we missed anybody who helped!



Have you ever been driving down Livingston Avenue and noticed the “Craig Spangler Memorial Field” sign, off Huber Park, just west of the Blacklick Creek Bridge? Ever wonder who Craig was and why he has an athletic field named in his honor?

Craig graduated from Mifflin High School in 1950. Earlier that year, there was a terrible snowstorm. Craig was at a friend’s house and met there

his friend’s cousin, Barbara Cheney, 16 at the time, who was also stranded in Linden due to the weather. It was love at first sight. Craig attended Ohio Wesleyan University for a while, then decided to join the United States Air Force in 1952. At that point, Barbara and Craig became engaged. Barbara was graduating from RHS in 1953 and was the Homecoming Queen for her class. Craig & Barbara were married later that same year. She was 18 and he was 22.



**Barbara Cheney & Craig Spangler
1952 Engagement Photo**

After serving with the Air Force during the Korean War, Craig returned to live in Reynoldsburg, the hometown of his wife, Barbara, and they raised three children: Greg (RHS ‘74), Brian (RHS ‘76), and Sonya (RHS ‘80).

Craig was a systems analyst at DCSC in Whitehall, working with computers long before they became popular. “He was way ahead of his time, brilliant in his field,” Brian says.

And Craig loved sports.

When his children joined T-ball and Little League, he began coaching their teams. He even coached his daughter Sonya’s softball team. Eventually he tried officiating and liked that so much, and became so good at it, that he did most of the slo-pitch games in our town, and



**The Spangler Family was honored before the game
Left to right: Teresa (Eisner) RHS ‘77 and Brian Spangler,
Barbara (Cheney) Spangler, Greg, and Joyce Spangler,
Sonya (Spangler) and Rick Harle**

officiated at other sports events and State tournaments. During the 70’s and 80’s he was the mainstay of the Parks and Recreation officiating crew, until he passed away early, at age 48, of a heart attack in April of 1981.

“He had a heart of gold,” Barbara says, “and loved athletics and young kids playing sports. He often waived the officiating fee with teams that were struggling and would try to find them the right equipment.”

(Continued on Page 07)

(Continued from Page 06)

In a *Reynoldsburg Reporter* editorial, written after his death, it was made apparent to the people of Reynoldsburg what a valuable asset Craig Spangler was to the athletic departments in our town: "If my son were involved in an athletic contest and the outcome of the contest depended on the judgement of an official, I'd want Craig Spangler to be that official ... Craig always stressed teamwork above individual performance. That is how he officiated and that is how he lived his Life ... Craig always called 'em as he saw 'em and never wavered from a decision, no matter how important it was to the outcome of the game ... We class ourselves as fortunate in having a man of his caliber in our midst."



Craig Spangler

He loved Reynoldsburg and was very outgoing and civic-minded. Craig was the MC for the 4th of July and Tomato Festival Parades, participated with Barbara in the annual Minstrel Shows, which raised money for the Reynoldsburg schools, sang in the church choir, and would make himself available for any civic cause.

His influence on his children was very strong. Brian, for example, quarterbacked the Raider football team, 1973-75, went to Otterbein and spent his summers lining athletic fields for the Reynoldsburg Parks and Recreation Department. Brian works

in the computer industry today and also got into officiating, recently being inducted into the Ohio High School Athletic Association Sports Officials Hall of Fame.

Craig's time with us was so short that he didn't win any such inductions while alive, so it was only fitting that a ball field be named in his honor after his death.

On June 10, 2017, the Spangler family was



Brian Spangler throws the "first pitch" to open the Parks and Recreation Little League season on June 10, 2017

honored before the first Little League game of the season and Brian Spangler threw the first pitch.

Craig's parents had a family cemetery plot in another city and he could have been buried there, but he always said that he wanted to be buried in Reynoldsburg. His and Barbara's grandchildren, Trent and McKenzie, are the 7th generation to have lived in Reynoldsburg. McKenzie still lives here, as well as her father Brian and her grandmother, Barbara. Craig now lies in Glen Rest Cemetery. He's a true Reynoldsburg patriot.

RTHS Museum, 1485 Jackson Street Reynoldsburg, Ohio 43068

Mailing address: Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society

P.O. Box 144, Reynoldsburg, OH 43068

RTHS Courier, July 2017-07

Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society

PRESENTS

A Trunk of Circus Memories

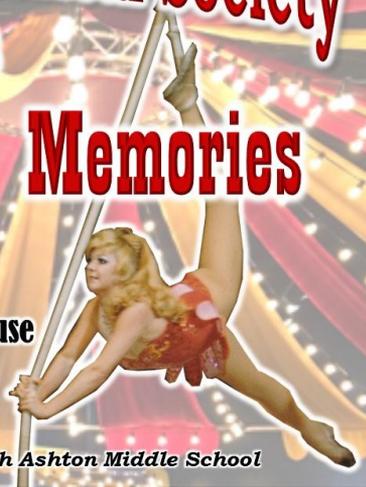
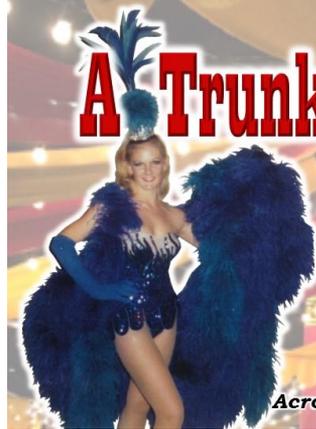
Saturday, August 19th

10:00am – 2:00pm

At the Museum Open House

1485 Jackson Street
Reynoldsburg, Ohio

Across the street from the Hannah Ashton Middle School



Shared by Sharon Cosner Sellitto
Story by Mary Turner Stoots

You have probably read the news and are already aware that the Ringling Brothers Barnum & Bailey Circus performed their final show on May 21st. After 146 years, “The Greatest Show on Earth” is no more.

It began in 1871 as P.T. Barnum’s Grand Traveling Museum, Menagerie, Caravan & Hippodrome. It survived the Depression, two world wars and the news media of its time. But on May 21st, the world’s most historic circus, Ringling Brothers Barnum & Bailey, shut down after failing to sufficiently dazzle the children of the smartphone & video game age and overcome the fierce opposition of the animal-rights movement, which does not want to see animals in the circus.

Were you aware of the little-known fact that a 1966 RHS Alumna and long-time member of the Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society was a performer in the circus? As a showgirl for Ringling Bros. Barnum &



Bailey Circus, Sharon Cosner Sellitto rode the elephants, performed aerial ballet, danced, flew on the trapeze, and was the ‘Bluebird of Happiness.’

Many baby-boomers dreamed of running

running away with the circus, but Sellitto actually DID tour with Ringling Bros. for several seasons during the 1970s. “My mother seems to have saved every letter I wrote during those years,” Sellitto said recently, sitting at her kitchen table, covered with scrapbooks and memorabilia of her circus years.

“In one letter, I wrote I was getting ready to climb 40 feet in the air — in high heels, in the dark — to hang by my knee. Isn’t it nice to know that’s why you sent me to college?”

As a showgirl, she performed high above the rest of the acts an average of three shows a day, suspended by not only her knee, but her wrists or ankles while doing various forms of aerial ballet.

She said she took dancing her entire life, but added some gymnastics and dancing classes at Ohio University. After heading out West, Sharon danced with the Ballet Celeste in San Francisco for a couple of years. Eventually, she moved farther north and was dancing in the casinos at Lake Tahoe when she spotted an advertisement that Ringling Brothers was having auditions. She and a friend tried out, and four months later she got a call asking if she could come to Florida to start training.

It was the start of an adventure that would last several years. “It was so painful at first, climbing a rope,” she said. Performing in heels and with a plumed headdress that could sometimes weigh as much as 30

pounds made it all the more challenging.

Eventually, she learned a little trapeze work and still has a trapeze from the circus in her collection of memorabilia. Sharon said that the scariest thing she did in the circus was swinging out and releasing hold of the trapeze to fall 15 feet into a safety net below, then bounce around until somersaulting from the edge of the net to the floor.

Each season would last about ten months, she said, taking her across the United States and Canada, living in a train car with other performers, including the legendary Mihaley "Michu" Meszaros, the "world's smallest man," standing 33 inches tall, according to his 2016 obituary. "We would sit in the vestibule between the train cars and watch the world go by," she remembered. "We went places on trains where the roads don't go, and you'd see things you'd never see otherwise.

"When you went into a town, there were 250 of you, so someone always had your back, and you always had friends. Probably ten showgirls and two clowns are still my Best friends. It really was a big, happy family, and everyone watched out for everyone."

From venues in Los Angeles, California, to Quebec City in Canada, and Madison Square Garden, celebrities would often stop by the show, she said, including Sonny and Cher, actor Jimmy Stewart, and Paul McCartney and the Beatles.

As the Bluebird of Happiness, Sharon donned a bright blue costume that included a heavy headdress and a 17-foot blue ostrich feather train. Wearing high heels, she would climb a 30-foot ladder, in the dark, with the train wrapped around her arm. When she reached the top of the ladder, the spotlight would come on. At that point, Sharon released the plumage, and it would gracefully float downward. As the feathers headed towards the floor, she grabbed a rope above her head and would then hang by her wrist with one leg wrapped around the ladder until all the acts on the floor of the arena were finished.

One season, while the circus was at Madison Square Garden for a few weeks, one of the tigers had two cubs named Bonnie & Clyde. Their mother rejected them, so the cubs were moved to the home of the animal trainer, which happened to be a railroad car. Every

night, Sharon would go to that car to bottle-feed and play with the cubs. The newborn cubs were already the size of a small dog. Sharon said that they were too big to hold in your arms to feed, so the cubs were propped on their backs on her thighs facing up as they were fed with a baby bottle. Their bellies had to be rubbed to aid digestion, and they made little noises of satisfaction. When the cubs reached about 30 pounds, they were moved to the tiger quarters and began training for the big top!

"One of the best things was riding the elephants," she said. "My elephant's name was Targa, and she was so gentle and so smart. She loved having her tongue rubbed and being fed whole loaves of bread. To 'board' her, you just put your foot on her leg, and she would gently throw you straight up in the air to her back."

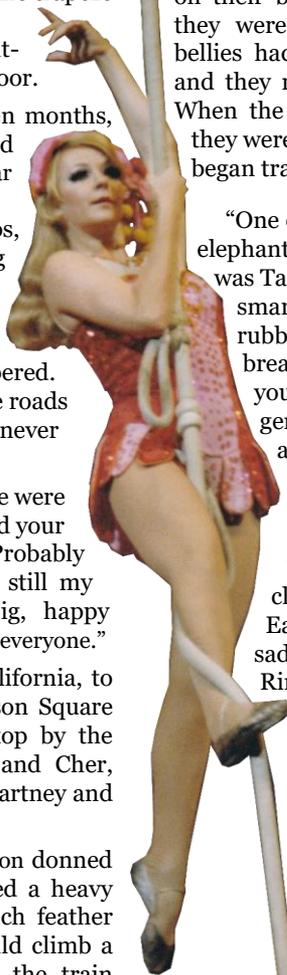
The elephants performed their last show in 2016.

The fact this year saw the complete closure of "The Greatest Show on Earth," leaves Sellitto feeling very sad. "I'm in mourning about the Ringling Brothers Barnum Bailey

Circus pulling up its three rings and going dark," she said. "I'm so proud to have been a Ringling Brothers showgirl, and part of the history of the greatest circus in the world: the train pulling in, unloading the animals, riding the elephants to the building, hanging the rigging, setting the three rings. And the Ringmaster calling out "Ladies and Gentlemen, Children of All Ages, Welcome to the Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus! The Greatest Show on Earth!"

Would you like to meet an actual performer from the circus? You now have the opportunity! Sharon will be bringing a trunk full of Ringling Brothers Barnum

(Continued on Page 08)



Sharon with Bonnie & Clyde



A Trunk of Circus Memories

by Mary Turner Stoots

(Continued from Page 07)

& Bailey Circus memorabilia to share with all of us at our August 19th Open House. Bring your children and grandchildren! Sharon will be setting up in the lower level of the Reynoldsburg-

Truro Historical Society Museum, which is accessible directly from our parking lot in the rear of the building at 1485 Jackson Street (across the street from the Hannah Ashton Middle School). The Museum Open House hours are from 10:00 am to 2:00 pm.

Contributors: Max Garland (The Charleston Gazette), Craig McDonald (Granville News), Lizette Alvarez (The New York Times)



The 2018 RTHS Officers will be Elected at our September General Meeting

Do you have someone in mind that you would like to see on the leadership team? Are you interested yourself? Contact **Dick Barth** for nominations by phone or email: **614-866-0142** **Rebdot1027@gmail.com**

THE COURIER

July 2017 Issue

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

Courier Editor:

Mary Turner Stoots 614-866-6137

Courier Email: RTHSCourier@aol.com

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Suzy Millar Miller, Les Somogyi,
Connie Parkinson, Barbara Spangler,
Neal Piek, Mark Myers & Mary Stoots

Contributors: Connie Parkinson,
Suzy Millar Miller, Les Somogyi,
Mark Myers and Mary Turner Stoots



New Members!

The Yost Family
Cindy, Bob, Ashley & Kelsey
Colin Sutphin – Individual
Rebecca Yount - Individual
Joan Kennedy - Individual

part of her life to the city we live in: **Reynoldsburg.**

Because this woman, Connie Parkinson, who lives very unpretentiously and humbly in the center of Reynoldsburg, has spent endless days and nights researching relentlessly the history of Reynoldsburg so that you can feel just a little better about where you live.

At 91, it's not that easy to do that. But with the aid of a walker, to get around in the house and her office, and the gumption and drive behind her, she still possesses the faculties to sit every single day in front of a computer - a rarity in itself - and perform the research function it takes to track down ... "hard-to-find" facts about this city...and about the way "it used to be." Because that is what much of her life is all about: "The way it used to be..." ... And if you're interested in this endeavor, Connie Parkinson is your gal. Young or old, no one has come close to her historical accomplishments in Reynoldsburg. It takes a special kind of commitment, a special kind of patience to run down (Continued on Page 14)

Does this woman
know more than you do
about where you live?

We think **Connie does...**

by Les Somogyi, Publisher of the Reynoldsburg Magazine

You are not likely to find out who exactly knows or what she knows about the history of Reynoldsburg...but you're about to find out a little bit about behind this lively, elderly woman who pretty much dedicated the latter

The Neighborhood Parade

by Suzy Millar Miller,
6/14/2017

Sixty years ago, there weren't a lot of sponsored activities for kids in the Burg. Of course, we never realized there were supposed to be organized after-school things to do. We didn't have personal phones. We didn't watch television much in those black and white TV days. So we just played outside and came up with interesting things to do. One thing all of us in the neighborhood liked to do was dress up and parade up and down the block.

I imagine that sounds kind of silly today, but we really enjoyed doing it! I found a photo from June, 1957, that showed one of our infamous parades. The picture was taken in front of Joanne and Nick Wilhelm's house on Lancaster Ave., next to Dr. Weltner's Office. The big white house is no longer there. It is now a parking lot.

The cast of characters in this particular parade was: **Cindy Herbert**, the majorette; **Buddy Oldham**, the drummer; **Denny Oldham**, carrying a basket full of puppy; **Larry Oyler** with a tie around his neck; **Ann Wilhelm**, in a long dress with a bonnet; **Mike Wilhelm**, riding a decorated, pedal-powered tractor; **Mike Millar** (also known as "Door Mike" because the two Mikes lived next door to one another), on his flag decorated tricycle; **Suzy Millar**, on her decorated bike wearing a tutu and toe shoes; **Joe Wilhelm** on his flag decorated tricycle; and a little girl, **Cheri?** (I can't remember her last name), who looks like a doll whom we pulled in the wagon. We marched up the street to the beat of the drum and sometimes sang songs as we paraded. I have no idea what the adults thought about our "entertaining" the neighborhood, but we had a lot of fun.



I also found a photo in a 1959 Reynoldsburg Reynolian (the high school yearbook) of my little brother, Mike, dressed up as an injured football player. I have always wondered why this picture showed up in the senior section of that yearbook, because Mike was about six years old at the time. The homemade costume is very intricate, complete with a black eye, sling, and a giant bandage with fake blood. I think this costume may have been for a Fireman's Jubilee parade or maybe a Homecoming parade. I think the little girl sitting next to him at the northeast corner at Jackson and Main Streets is Sue Shields with a cocker spaniel. The origin of this photo may be a total mystery, but I have always thought it reminded me of my little brother and his love of costumes.

We didn't have many material things growing up, but we sure had a lot of fun – especially if we made the fun all by ourselves! So dress up and pretend you're in a parade or on the stage. It will make you smile all day!





added onto the first floor, but the age of that room is unknown. It was added some time after the house was split in two and moved along with the rest of the structure to the current location.

WHY WE NEED CONTRIBUTIONS

The existing windows throughout the facility are old, some are damaged, many are non-energy efficient, and others do not meet the most current state and local code requirements. We have casement windows in part of the building and double-hung in other sections. The seal has broken on some of the double-pane windows and the haze built up between the panes makes it impossible to see anything from the other side. There are windows on the second-floor level that leak air from the outside to the point you can feel a breeze when standing close by. Thus, the utility bills are high all year round to compensate for the heat lost in the winter and air-conditioning lost in the summer.

Consequently, our museum lacks the climate control necessary to protect the integrity of artifacts and pictures, some of which date back to the 1700s.

There is a local lumber store in Truro Township. An executive officer with the lumber company was approached by one of our members seeking a monetary donation for the museum. In response, the lumber company has offered to sell RTHS new windows for the entire building at cost and tax free. The difference between our cost and the retail value is a donation from the lumber company in excess of \$7,000.

This project is a request for **help with the cost of the windows and installation.**

*If you would like to donate, here are **two different options:***

1. Go to: **www.GoFundMe.com** and type 'RTHS Museum Windows' in the search area at the top of the page. Click on the picture of our museum to donate
2. **Send a check** payable to RTHS. Write 'Windows' in the memo line, & mail it to PO Box 144, Reynoldsburg, Ohio 43068

www.GoFundMe.com **RTHS Museum Windows** **& Installation Project**

By Mary Turner Stoots

The following article contains almost the same verbiage that was used to apply for a grant recently through the OFCC (Ohio Facilities Construction Commission). The reply we received was that our application would not be reviewed until July 2018. While I will continue to look for applicable grants, in the interim, I have opened a 'Go Fund Me' account online, because the clock is ticking:

The window project encompasses the upper two floors of the Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society (RTHS) Museum. Our museum is owned by the membership and is not funded in any way by the City of Reynoldsburg or Truro Township. All facility costs are covered by donations, fundraisers, and membership dues raised annually by RTHS.

ABOUT THE FACILITY

The building that houses our museum was moved to its current location at Jackson and Broadwyn in Old Reynoldsburg in the fall of 1993. It is half of a farmhouse, built between 1848 and 1850, that once faced State Route 256 near Livingston Avenue. The other half was moved early in the 20th century and located a block away, facing Lancaster Avenue at the southeast corner of Broadwyn Drive. The rear of the house has a more current addition (annex)



Sunshine Committee **Do you know someone who needs some Sunshine?**

Contact Delores Trivett if you are aware of an RTHS member who could use a Get Well, Thinking of You, Sympathy, or any other type of card for some added sunshine in their life.... **614-866-6791**

Write "SUNSHINE" in the subject line of your email:
RDEET@AOL.COM

Memorial Day Dedication

By Mary Turner Stoots

If more people knew there was a cemetery behind the Bibibop containing the graves of heroes from four different conflicts, we would have seen a more robust attendance on Memorial Day. Maybe the full color guard and 21-gun salute woke them up!

A Color Guard from the Reynoldsburg Chapter of the Veterans of Foreign Wars will be at the Seceder Cemetery for a Memorial Day Service Monday, May 29th 9:30 am

The Mathias Ridenour Chapter of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution will place a wreath in honor of the soldiers buried there.

FaceBook-Notification

Seceder (“SeCEEDer,”) Cemetery appears to be a well-kept secret hidden behind the Bibibop Restaurant and Plato’s Closet Store on State Route 256.

If you take the service drive behind the buildings, you will find it. The cemetery is surrounded by a high fence and stays locked due to the vandalism that sadly occurred some years ago. There’s a plaque



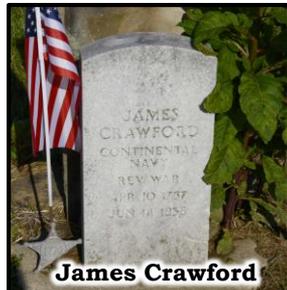
Sue Gilmore represented the Mathias Ridenour Chapter of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution placing a wreath under their placard in honor of the veterans. VFW Post #9473 led the ceremony and provided a full color guard.

on the fence with a phone number to call the City. They are very accommodating and will provide quick access.

Why is it called Seceder Cemetery? I had to confer with an expert on that. When a group of Presbyterians disagreed with some of the values their church held

they left that church and became a Seceder or Covenanter (“CovenANDer,” which United Presbyterians were sometimes called.) In other words, they seceded from the church. Today, they would be called United Presbyterians.

According to Diana Morse, the retired Blacklick Woods Senior Naturalist and sometimes *Ghost of Seceder Cemetery*, this graveyard has approximately 300 burial plots, but not all of them have



markers. Included in the 300 are:

Five Revolutionary War Veterans

John Cochran, James Crawford, Jonathan French, William Graham, and Thomas Torrence

Two Veterans of the War of 1812

Jacob Smith, Sr. (Drummer) and Jacob Harman

One Mexican War Veteran

Jacob Smith, Jr.

Four or Five Civil War Veterans

(we are still working on verification of the 5th) Wallace Graham, Roette McCullough (not a veteran, but died at home after release from capture by Confederate troops), George Stebout (his picture is on the mural at Lancaster &

Main), John Taylor (he died from injuries at the battle of Vicksburg. John may actually be buried at Vicksburg but had a marker at Seceder)

Our family papers listed my Great-Great-Grandfather, James Stevenson, as “buried in a cemetery South of

Reynoldsburg.” I had no idea where that was, until Suzy Millar Miller read me a list of names from Seceder Cemetery. After the ceremony on Memorial Day, Diana Morse walked me to a grave, and I was given the honor of meeting James Stevenson, for the very first time.

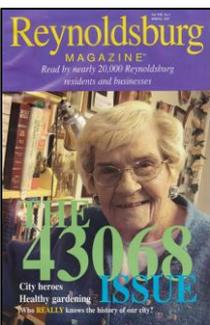
Connie Parkinson

(Continued from Page 10)

The details about what people before us did here. She made that commitment ... and we and the local library and the historical society are all thankful for it.

Connie, by her own admission, is "an avid student of history."

Writing Reynoldsburg's history was no small task, 250 pages of what she refers to as "the big brown book," became published in 1978 with only 750 original copies. Since then, the book has sold out and only the Reynoldsburg Historical Society held on to a few copies.



"Writing is the most fascinating way to express yourself," she says with about 25 books, including some novels, behind her. Today, she is still pursuing that fascination: constantly checking genealogy, every day hoping to hit the jackpot with items that will "raise your eyebrows." She owns

a computer and she has email. Most of her work is done on the computer but she has an IBM Selectric typewriter, "just in case." But that's about it. Her landline phone is complemented by a simple Jitterbug cell phone and a TV that is not even hooked up to cable. She hates television, didn't even have it in the house for some 20 years. Her grandchildren finally put one in so she can play DVD's.

A woman from the past, she lived in Reynoldsburg since 1941; who better to tell the city's history than she is...

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Suzy Millar Miller (512) 635-6376
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scuba.stephanie@yahoo.com
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Dick Barth (614) 866-0142
Rebdot1027@gmail.com
- **Trustee (3 years)**
Jim Diuguid (614) 866-5972
judyjimd@gmail.com

Courier Editor – Mary Turner Stoots
Publicity Chairman – Mary Turner Stoots
(614) 866-6137 RTHSCourier@aol.com

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Join the Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society

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

Name _____ Phone _____

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

Invite your friends to join!

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Tuesday, July 18

4:00pm - 9:00pm



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We look forward to helping your organization.

(Present this ticket to your server on the date & time listed below)

Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society
Tuesday, July 18 | 4-9 p.m.

Pizza Cottage Pickerington | 1000 Old Diley Road



Colin, Joe & Dwain Sutphin



Jim Diuguid's Display

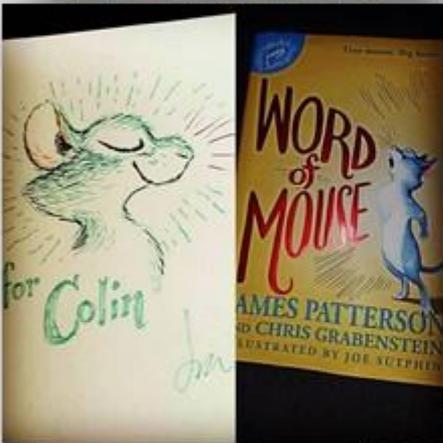


Wendy Wheatley Raftery's Family



Mary Stoots & Karen McPherson

**The Artisan Exhibit
on June 17th
was a Success!**



Joe Sutphin autographed
Colin's Book at the Exhibit!



The Dotti Barth Collection

