

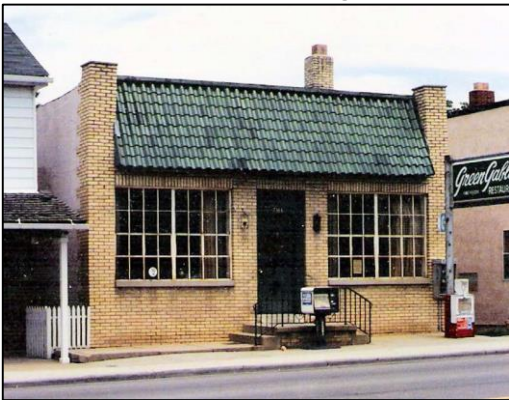


GREEN GABLES and CARL WHITMER



by Suzy Millar Miller

In the summer of 1967, I worked as a breakfast cook at Green Gables Restaurant. It was my first “real” job. I had cleaned houses and done babysitting as a teen, but Florence Daily was the first person to hire me to show up for work every morning for a certain amount of time. I was making the massive



hourly wage of 75 cents an hour for five hours every day. I was responsible for cooking eggs, bacon, and sausages, making oatmeal, and preparation work for the afternoon lunch crowd.

The Green Gables was a pretty popular place to go and hang out. There were a lot of tables, a juke box, affordable food, and most importantly, it was the stop for the Lake Shore Bus Line. If you wanted to go to Columbus, you got on the bus at Green Gables. The Lake Shore Line quit running buses in the early 1970s and Green Gables was sold in 1987 to become a store front for a palm reader.

Now you are probably wondering what this opening has to do with Carl Whitmer.

Well, Carl was one of the town’s barbers. He worked as a barber for 56 years. The shop I remember was located on Main St. wedged between Connell Hardware and Vick’s Pizza (before Vick’s moved into Connell’s store). It was a tiny white building with four steps that

led up to the door. There was one big window that looked out onto Main Street. Carl’s barber chair was positioned so that as he cut hair, he could gaze out of the window and see what was happening on the street. He observed everything outside and sometimes your haircut showed it!

I recently found a short *Reynoldsburg Record* article dated June 2, 1960 which tells a story about Carl. Here is the story.

Reynoldsburg Barber Remembers Oil Strike of Forty Years Ago – The dateline on the torn, yellowed old newspaper read Feb. 22, 1920. A Reynoldsburg barber sat in his chair remembering back to that date and he smiled.

“They used to call me John D. Rockefeller.”

The headlines read – “Reynoldsburg and Pickerington Folks Are Staying Up Later and Talking Oil.” The barber is Carl Whitmer, a long-time Reynoldsburg resident who owns a shop at 7330 E. Main St.



The remembrance of the oil strike 40 years ago was brought about by the recent strike of Russell Graber on the Fisher Brothers Farm in Fairfield County.

Whitmer said, “Wherever people gathered in February 1920, (continued on page 2)

GREEN GABLES



and CARL WHITMER

(continued from page 1)

you would find breeding ground for 'bear' stories and exciting rumors."

They called Whitmer "Rockefeller" because he had a half-dozen shares of stock in the Community Oil and Gas Co., which drilled the well on the Andy Stemen farm.

Whitmer, who was born in New Straitsville, Ohio, said, "I could look out across the town from a hill and count nearly 300 oil wells from my home. This is how I got interested enough in oil to buy my half dozen shares."

As Whitmer remembers, he is about the only one who made any money off the old 1920 oil strike.

"I bought four shares at \$25," he said, "and sold them for \$150 a share. As soon as the people heard about the oil they were ready to buy shares at any price."

Whitmer has been a barber for some 49 years now and, although not a real oilman, predicts that the new-found well won't amount to much. The opinions on this subject vary.

The personable hair-cutter was quite a figure of local importance when the Andy Stemen strike occurred. "The papers came and took a picture of me in a raincoat with oil dripping off it," he remembered.

A local restaurateur remarked that Whitmer used to come into his place and order a hamburger and a cup of coffee. "The night of the oil strike," he said, "Whitmer came in and shouted, 'Bring me all the food you've got.'"

After reading this article, I did a little research on Carl. He was born in Perry

County on March 19, 1886, to John and Emma Whitmer. From the 1900 Census it appears he had four brothers and a sister. The children were: Clarence (19), Grover (15), Carl (14), Frank (5), Johnie (3), and Laura (who must have just been born because there was no age listed). In the 1910 Census, Carl was 23 and the data showed he was married to Jennie S. Robertson Whitmer. They were living on Cleveland Ave. in Columbus with Jennie's parents. The marriage took place on March 26, 1909. By the 1920 Census, Carl was shown as divorced and living with Harold D., Ruth M., and James C. Pickering as a boarder. The 1930 Census showed Carl was living with Grant V. and Kattie A. McCray as a boarder.

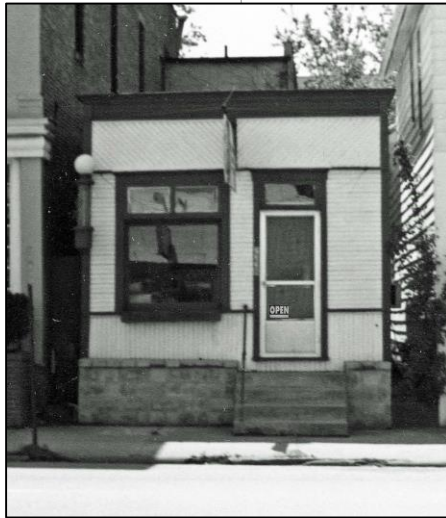
Carl registered for the U.S. Military Draft for WWI in 1917 and also registered for the draft for WWII at the age of 56. Carl died on June 18, 1968 at Grant Hospital. He was 82 years old.

I also discovered that Carl and Jennie had a daughter, Florence Evelyn Whitmer, who was born on July 13, 1913. Florence later married Turner N. Wiley in 1937. Florence passed away in 2002.

I didn't know very much about Carl, except that you could set your watch

by his schedule. He walked by our house every day on his way to and from work. He walked with a purpose to get to his barber shop so he could catch up on the news of the day.

Now you are still probably wondering what all of this has to do with Green Gables. As part of my job as breakfast cook at the restaurant, the last task of every (continued on page 3)



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GREEN GABLES



and CARL WHITMER

shift was to heat up a can of vegetarian vegetable soup (no meat!) for Carl Whitmer. It had to be exactly the right temperature. There were no microwave ovens, so I would dump the soup in a beat-up saucepan and watch it very closely. I got in trouble a number of times for not getting the temperature correct.

Carl's barber shop was almost directly across the street from the fire house. Green Gables was one building east of the fire house. The fire siren sounded off at noon every day. When the siren went off, Carl would walk out of his shop, cross the street, and enter Green Gables for lunch. It didn't matter if he was in the middle of a haircut or not. Customers often had to wait until lunch was over to have their haircut finished. Carl did not vary his schedule for anyone.

When Carl sat down in the same chair at the same table every day, he expected to be promptly served his bowl of vegetable soup, two packages of saltines, and a glass of milk. For this ritual, Carl would reward Eleanor Pickering a 10 cent tip. As soon as he was finished eating, Carl would head back to his shop to finish cutting hair.

One day a week (I think it was Wednesday), Carl would close his barbershop and get a ticket on the Lake Shore bus to go to Columbus. I vaguely remember someone saying that he went up to the Great Southern Hotel. I always wondered what he did there.

Carl was also a member of the Reynoldsburg Masonic Lodge. He ran for Master of the Lodge in 1913, but lost out to Fay May. In 1963, W.V. Ashton presented Carl with his 50-year-pin.

The photos are of: Green Gables in 1987, the year the building was sold; Carl's photo that appeared with the oil article; and the barber shop sandwiched in between Connell Hardware (a.k.a. Mason Hall) and Vick's Pizza (previously known as Esta Lunn's Dry Goods Store) from the *History of Reynoldsburg* by Cornelia Parkinson. Noah Konkle was the barber in that location before Carl.

When my Mom and Dad bought Doc

Porter's house on Lancaster Ave. their neighbor was Edythe Myers. One time while I was visiting, Edythe tracked me down and convinced me to go to breakfast with her. We headed over to Green Gables and she ordered oatmeal for us. Edythe said the only way to eat oatmeal was with raisins and insisted I try it. Ever since that meal, every time I put raisins in my oatmeal, I think of Edythe and Green Gables, which also makes me think of Carl Whitmer. I guess you have figured out that I recently had raisins in my oatmeal, which prompted this article.

2019 CALENDAR

JANUARY 2019

15 – TUE – Board Meeting - 7:00pm

19 – SAT – Open House, 10am-2pm

FEBRUARY 2019

12 – TUE – Board Meeting - 7:00pm

16 – SAT – Open House, 10am-2pm

20 – WED – Deadline for March *Courier*

20 – WED – Max & Erma's Restaurant Fundraiser

28 – WED – Dues Deadline for listing in the Directory

MARCH 2019

03-08 – Publish March *Courier*

12 – TUE – Board Meeting - 7:00pm

16 – SAT – Open House, 10:00am-2:00pm

20 – WED – Rose Hill 3rd Grade Tour – 9:30-1:00

21 – THU – Rose Hill 3rd Grade Tour – **RAIN DATE**
9:30am-1:00pm

26 – TUE – General Meeting, 7:00pm

APRIL 2019

01 – MON – Directory/Roster Published

05 – FRI – French Run 3rd Grade Tour 9:30-1:00

12 – FRI – French Run **RAIN DATE** 9:30-1:00

16 – TUE – Board Meeting, 7:00pm

20 – SAT – Open House, Helping Hands Shower
10am-2pm

22 – MON – Deadline for May *Courier*

23 – TUE – Card and Board Game Party at the Reynoldsburg Senior Center 6:00pm



The following is a summary from the Board Meeting that was held on November 13, 2018.
The December Board meeting was cancelled.

Our Board Meetings are all open to the membership and you are always welcome to join us:

- Because of repairs needed, a new garage roof will be installed this coming Spring
 - Taylor Road and French Run Elementary students sent Thank-You notes that are in binders located in the museum kitchen area
 - RTHS received a 5-Star Rating on our annual fire inspection this year
 - The French Run third-grade tour was moved to this coming Spring due to bad weather
 - Reynoldsburg High School donated 19 year-books for our archives that we were missing
 - The Vendor-Only Yard Sale will take place on June 15th
 - Half-size brochures have been designed to distribute to the 600+ students expected to tour in 2019
 - So far, the RTHS Facebook page has reached 250,196 people
 - Upcoming Events include:
 - 11/14 – Garden Club Meeting
 - 11/17 – Open House – Holiday Gift Shop
 - 12/01 – Christmas on the Town
 - 12/04 – Board Meeting – Cancelled
 - 12/08 – Christmas Dinner at MCL
- (continued on page 12)*



RTHS 2019 OFFICERS

- **President – Mary Turner Stoots**
(614) 560-4987 RTHSCourier@aol.com
 - **Vice President – Dick Barth**
(614) 866-0142 Rebdot1027@gmail.com
 - **Treasurer – Marvin Shrimplin**
(614) 759-1404
mshrimplin6018@wowway.com
 - **Recording Secretary – VACANT**
 - **Corresponding Secretary
Suzy Millar Miller** (512) 635-6376
 - **Trustee (1 year)**
Jim Diuguid (614) 866-5972
judyjimd@gmail.com
 - **Trustee (2 years)**
Wendy Wheatley Raftery
(614) 262-2673 cdutchman1@aol.com
 - **Trustee (3 years)**
Vickie Edwards Hall (740) 503-4955
jowen143@twc.com
- *****
- Courier Editor:** Mary Turner Stoots
Publicity Chairman: Mary Turner Stoots
Administrative Assistant: Lauren Shiman
Museum email: RTHSCourier@aol.com
Museum Phone: (614) 902-2831

SUPPORT LOCAL HISTORY

Join the Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society

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

Name _____

Additional Names _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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!

Did you Know?

As a member of the Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society; were you aware that you have special 'Perks?'

- You receive a 10% Discount off the merchandise in our Gift Shop. *(the discount does not apply to the Christmas/Holiday Gift Shop)*
- You get to use the Lower Level Meeting Room for Free one-time annually *(family gathering, baby shower, wedding shower, etc.)*
- You receive the bi-monthly publication of our newsletter, the *Courier*
- You can vote at the RTHS General Meetings
- You have an open invitation to all of our Board Meetings
- You will receive a free hard copy of our Annual Membership Directory/Roster



New Members!

Romey Craig Fluck- Individual
Cheryl Foley – Individual
Lloyd Parkinson – Individual
Jerry Foltz – Individual
Dianne (Foltz) Hoffman - Individual
Brian Millar – Individual
Christopher Millar - Individual

Save the Date!
June 15, 2019

RTHS will be hosting a

**Vendor-only
Yard Sale**

Details will follow in the
March Courier

Dues are Due!

If you haven't already done so, please send in your dues by Valentine's Day, so your name will appear in the roster!

Have you lost or misplaced your dues form? No problem!
There's a handy form on page 04 you can use!



The optional categories not listed on the Dues Form (in case you want to donate to some specific needs above and beyond your dues) are for the following:

- | | | | |
|-------------|---------------------------|-------------|-----------------|
| a) \$ _____ | Operating Expenses | c) \$ _____ | Courier Postage |
| b) \$ _____ | School Bus Transportation | d) \$ _____ | Other |

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P.O. BOX 144, Reynoldsburg, Ohio 43068

RTHS Courier, JAN 2019-05

The Five-Cent Dog

by: **Cornelia M. Parkinson**
Illustrator: **Harold Minton**

This truly happened to James W. Steckel, A. K. "Squire" Roby, H. K. "Doc" Steckel, and Charlotte "Shirley" Steckel. No, Doc did not own a feed store, but I used it for small-town atmosphere. Jim told me the story and gave permission for publication using different names, in *Miraculous Medal* many years ago. The deliciously apt original illustrations are by Harold Minton. The story also appeared in *DogFancy*.

Wiping his sweaty face against his sleeve, Jimmy Bill Steckel squinted down the dusty village street toward his daddy's feed store. "Whshew! It's sure hot!"

"Real old scorcher." Squire Roby, a tattered straw hat tilted precariously off the back of his head, sat by Jimmy Bill on the butcher shop steps. He was enjoying an ice cream cone.

"I bet that tastes pretty good." Under Jimmy Bill's wistful gaze, granite would have softened and flowed like sorghum. Squire Roby appraised a bite, blinking faded old eyes, smacking toothless gums. "Well, maybe not as good as yesterday's."

"But still pretty good?"

"Y'might say so."

"Wish I had one."

"Well, I s'pose you might." The Squire, looking slyly at Jimmy Bill, took an extra good lick.

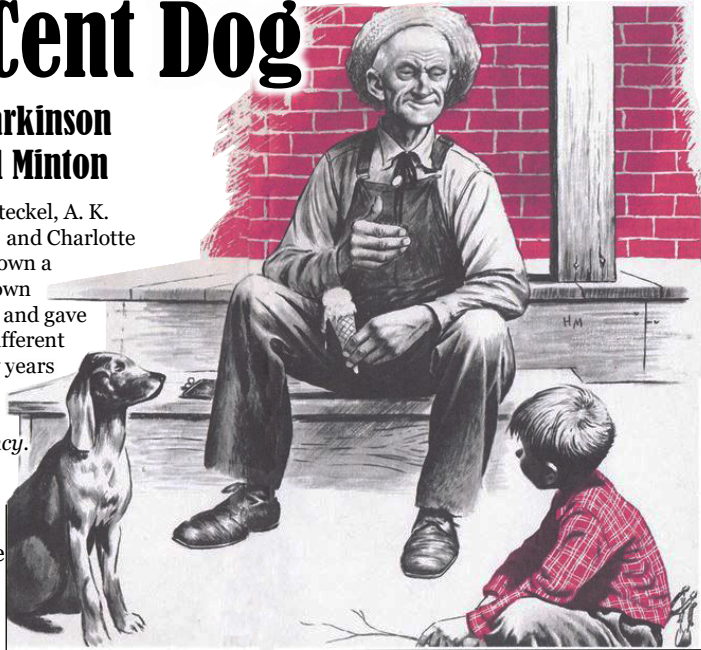
This was an old game; Jimmy Bill knew the rules. "I don't have a nickel." (like most six-year-olds that steamy summer of 1930.)

"Just happens I do." From a worn snap purse Squire Roby extracted a nickel, flipped it shining into the air and caught it, while Jimmy Bill watched and Brownie, sprawled in the hot dust, thumped his tail absentmindedly.

"What y' think you'll do with that nickel, Squire Roby?"

Another lick of Ice cream disappeared. "Might buy something, if I could figure out what."

"I'd buy a vanilla cone." Jimmy Bill's



yearning gaze shifted between the nickel, dancing in the old man's palm, and the dwindling cone.

"You would, hah. I just might let you have this five-cent piece."

"Could I buy anything I want? Can I have it now?"

"Whoa now, not so fast. I can't just give it to you. See the bank over there? Closed. No money in 'er. Depression's on, Jim Bill. Money's scarce. Your dad'd get mad if I started spoilin' you, lettin' you think it grows on trees."

In guilty silence Jimmy Bill waited while the last of the cone vanished and Squire Roby, with loud noises that went *thip!* licked his fingers and wiped them on his overalls. "You got anything to sell?"

"Oh, lots of stuff." Eagerly, Jimmy Bill unloaded his pockets. "I got this string off the meat package---my hunk of tinfoil---this locust shell---my pocketknife---"

"Don't see anything I need there now, Jim Bill."

"How 'bout a dandy slingshot?"

"Nope, guess not. What I been huntin' for--you wouldn't just happen to know where I could get me a good dog?"

"Like Brownie, you mean?" He hugged Brownie and ruffled his long leathery ears.

"Yeah, kinda. I might pay as much as three

or four cents. He'd have to be real fine, though."

"Brownie's a fine dog, Squire Roby. I---I might sell him to you."

"Might, hah. How much you think he's worth?"

"Well, uh---." He gulped. "Do you---think he'd be worth five cents?"

The Squire studied Brownie's trustworthy eyes, his floppy ears, his big stolidly planted feet. "Yeah," he said finally. "He looks like a five-cent dog to me." He tossed the nickel again.

"Well, then," said Jimmy Bill all in a rush, "I guess you can have him."

"Sure you want to sell him, now." Up and down, jiggle and twinkle went the coin.

"Sure, for five cents."

Before Jimmy Bill knew it, the coin---smooth, round, magical --- was in his hand. "You're not going to take it back?"

"No, 'course not. You keep the nickel, I keep this five-cent dog."

A faint qualm shook Jimmy Bill ---- but "Thanks, Squire Roby!"--- and he was halfway to the drugstore.

"I want a five-cent vanilla cone," he said importantly.

"Where's your money, Jim Bill?" asked the druggist.

Jimmy Bill dropped the coin, ringing, spinning, onto the counter. "Squire Roby gave it to me."

In silence the druggist fixed him a whopper of a cone, in silence slipped the money into his cash drawer. "Enjoy your ice cream cone, Jim Bill," he said speculatively.

Jimmy Bill sat at a little marble table, jouncing against the wire chair back, as the first cold sweet bites slid down his throat. All around him, wafted lazily about by the big black overhead fan, was that intoxicating aura of medicines and perfumes found only in the drugstore. (Even his daddy's store, wheat and corn scented, hardly smelled better.) Ice cream, rubber balls, peppermint, asafetida, penny pencils, black cough drops--

--Jimmy Bill inhaled it all.

He lingered in the pungent coolness until only the cone was left. Out in the sunshine (so dazzling it made him sneeze) sat old Brownie, waiting for him. Jimmy Bill squatted on his heels.

"Hey there, Jim Bill. What you up to, givin' ice cream to my dog?"

Pleasure fled the afternoon. "He's not really yours, is he?"

"Sure he is. You said you'd sell him, and I paid you cash."

"Oh." Jimmy Bill waited uncertainly, the cone dissolving while Brownie licked his chops and whined. "Is it all right if I let Brownie eat up my cone for me? He kind of expects it."

"I reckon, if it never hurt him before."

Brownie finished the cone with nipping, delicate bites that just grazed Jimmy Bill's fingers. When the last crumb was gone, he lapped Jimmy Bill's hand and waited, looking very alert, for more. "That's all, Brownie," said his former owner sadly. He put one arm around the dog, who kissed his cheek with a long gluey tongue.

Squire Roby heaved his lanky frame upright. "Time to go home. C'mon, Brownie."

Brownie followed docilely,

hardly looking back.

It was a dreary journey home for Jimmy Bill that afternoon. Usually Brownie's broad old nose found interesting nooks to sniff endlessly, and Jimmy Bill always did certain special things---work the squeaking pump handle at the town watering trough, rake a stick along picket fences, hunt treasure in the dusty streets. But today joy was dead; treasures withheld their shine.

He entered the kitchen, not banging the screen or stomping both bare feet on the back steps as he usually did for the satisfying noises they made. His mother, in a perky red apron, was making ginger cookies. Without even being asked, she gave him one. "Did you and Brownie have a good time today?" she asked companionably. *(continued on page 08)*



The Five-Cent Dog

by: Cornelia M. Parkinson

(continued from page 07) "Yes, Ma'am." He chewed briefly and swallowed, past the lump growing in his throat, until the cookie was gone; but still it sat there in his neck as big and heavy as a watermelon. He kept gulping it down, and it just kept growing.

"Why Jimmy Bill, whatever are you crying about?" His mother's soft pretty mouth was puckered in concern.

He worked his tight throat. "Squire Roby gave me a nickel."

"Is that something to cry over?"

"Wish I didn't take it!"

"Why not? Did he do something mean?" He was bawling outright, now, his words choked. "He---took---Brownie!"

"Took your dog! Why on earth---Sit on my lap, honey, and tell me what happened."

"Well,---Jimmy Bill's head rested securely against her strong shoulder---"he was eating an ice cream cone. Every afternoon he sits there and licks and licks and never gives us a single bite."

"I can believe that," his mother said sourly.

"So then he gave me a nickel."

"And took Brownie?"

The word came tearing straight out of Jimmy Bill's broken, bleeding heart: "Yes!" He cried in great loud sobs.

Several minutes passed before he could talk again. His mother found a handkerchief in her apron pocket, wiped his tear-riddled face, smoothed back his sweaty blond hair. "Squire Roby is only teasing, Jimmy Bill. Brownie belongs to you."

Hope beat again in Jimmy Bill's breast. "He didn't *really* buy him?"

His mother seemed stunned. "Oh. That's different. He gave you a nickel for Brownie?"

"Yes, ma'am. He only wanted to pay four cents, but Brownie was pretty special, see."

"I see." Her voice was very soft. "What happened to the money?"

Here in his mother's kitchen, where he could smell cookies baking, an ice cream cone lost importance. But the brassy sunshine downtown---the cool, fragrant drugstore---his very own money--- In a small, shaky voice, he said, "I bought a

vanilla cone."

"Did it taste good?"

He nodded, miserably. "But not now."

After a while his mother spoke again, still softly. "I guess you know you did wrong. Your nickel is gone, your ice cream is gone, Brownie is gone. But Squire Roby did a worse thing. You're only six and he's an old man, and he deliberately tricked you." She sighed. "When your daddy gets home we'll see what he says."

At supper Jimmy Bill said little, ate little. Squire Roby might forget to feed Brownie, and Brownie's gizzard would hurt. Brownie might be lonesome. Maybe Daddy would get him back. Feeling the loose old tears starting up again, Jimmy Bill tried to blink them back. It was one thing to cry in front of his mother, but another thing where his daddy could see!

"Son, you're not eating your supper," his father said in what seemed like a loud rough voice.

"Not hungry," he mumbled, shamed eyes falling to his plate, his red cheeks feeling puffy and squeezed.

"Why not?" his father boomed. "Are you sick?"

"He's not sick, Henry. Let him be."

Doc Steckel scowled. "Jim Bill, you eat."

Supper over, Jimmy Bill was sent to his bedroom with *The Little Red Hen* book, while his father and mother talked in the kitchen. Once he heard his father's explosive laugh. Time passed; his mother came.

"Are we ready to go get Brownie?" His voice was tremulous with hope.

"Not yet, honey. Daddy thinks you ought to pay for Brownie yourself. When you get your allowance, you can buy him back."

"But he's my dog! You said so!"

"Yes, he was. But you sold him. Now you'll have to buy him back. That's what your daddy says."

"Can't we get him tonight? I could pay Saturday."

"No, Jimmy Bill. You'll have to wait. When you make a mistake you can't always make it up right away, Sometimes you never can."

"But Squire Roby did something bad," he pleaded.

"He certainly did. But he knows better. There's a principle involved here, a lesson you have to learn."

"What do I have to learn?"

"That it's wrong to sell something you love

(continued on next page)

for money. That somebody who loves you has greater value than just five cents."

"You mean Brownie's worth *more*?"

She smiled ruefully. "Yes. I think you'll discover Brownie's worth much more."

"Gee!" he said, overcome by this revelation. "A million dollars, maybe?"

"Well, to us."

"Then," he said indignantly, "how come Squire Roby only gave me a nickel for him?"

Jimmy Bill lay awake a long time that night. The room seemed all out of shape, somehow. His shiny brass bed was stuck into a little bitty hole; from it the room all fanned out with cockeyed corners and wavering shadows. Even the floor seemed humpy.

The hostile night outside screeched and howled, covering up the comfortable crunches Brownie always made with his evening bone. The boy lay stiff on his back, so nothing could attack him from there, pulled the sheet up tight around his ears and stared wide-eyed at the pressing dark.

"Asleep, Jimmy Bill?" Quietly his mother crossed the room, gently kissed his forehead. To his intense relief, shadows stood still, corners straightened up, and the harsh night sounds faded ...

Thursday and Friday were endless. Jimmy Bill bounced Brownie's rubber ball against the house until his mother hollered out a window, "Jimmy Bill! *Stop* that!" He whittled bits of wood all over the back steps, and cut the top off a knuckle. Because it bled and Brownie wasn't there to lick it, he cried, inconsolable.

Early Saturday found Jimmy Bill at Squire Roby's house. Brownie, whimpering happily, bounded big-footedly toward him and licked him on the cheeks and ears, making the boy dodge and giggle in delight.

"Hey there, Jim Bill--what's goin' on?"

Jimmy Bill charged toward Squire Roby, trying not to fall over Brownie, who was attempting to keep pace with him.

"I got my nickel," said Jimmy Bill happily.

"What's that mean?"

"I came to buy Brownie back."

"Oh you did, hah? S'pose I don't want to sell him?"

This eventuality had never occurred to Jimmy Bill. "I---I changed my mind, Squire Roby. Brownie's worth about a million dollars and you only paid me a nickel and I want Brownie back."

"Whoa now, not so fast, young feller." Squire Roby eased down onto the steps and started stroking Brownie briskly. The dog, moaning, leaned against the big bony hand so hard he almost collapsed in the dust. "Seems to me I'd be a fool to sell a million-dollar dog to somebody that came trottin' by with just a nickel."

"But he's my dog," said the boy, his voice quavering as he eyed Brownie's bliss.

"No he ain't. You sold him to me fair and square, and if I was to sell him to anybody I wouldn't take less'n ten cents."

"I've got five cents Squire Roby. I could give you five cents every Saturday. I could take Brownie with me today."

"Jim Bill, times as hard as they are now, your dad'd whup me good if I let you buy anything on dole, 'specially this expensive dog. Naw, you go home, and when you get ten cents, I'll let you take him."

"But you only gave me a nickel! That's not fair!"

"Well, that was before he got so valuable."

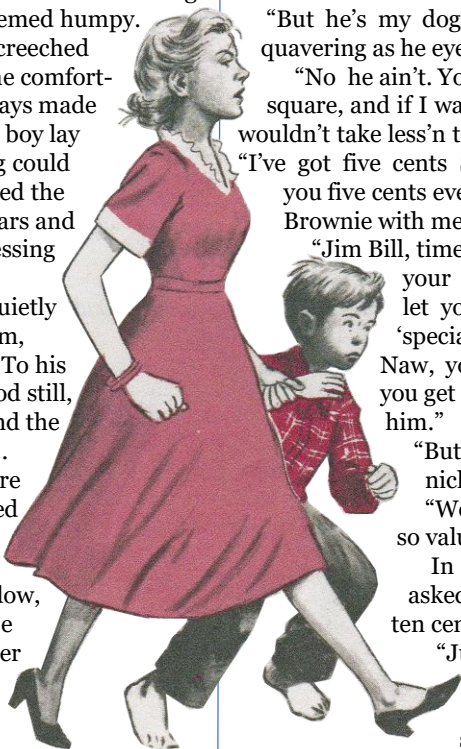
In desperation Jimmy Bill asked, "How many nickels is ten cents?"

"Just two. One in each hand. Well, time for my nap. You come back someday."

Jimmy Bill said nothing. He was struggling with another big old hard bunch in his throat, trying to hide it from Squire Roby, who would laugh and wag his finger at him if he saw.

The boy walked unseeingly from the yard, followed by Brownie, eager now for his own doghouse. But Roby whistled sharply and Brownie obeyed.

Jimmy Bill's mother was darning socks in a wicker chair on the front porch. Seeing the boy's dirt-streaked face with its pale rivulets of tears, she said, *(continued on page 10)*



The Five-Cent Dog

by: Cornelia M. Parkinson

(continued from page 09)

exasperated, "What happened *this* time?"

"I told him Brownie was worth about a million dollars and I didn't want to sell him any more, and now he wants ten cents."

His mother's eyes flashed; for a moment Jimmy Bill feared a spanking. "And your nickel? Did he take that too?"

"No, it's here." He opened cramped fingers to show her the Judas coin.

His mother crammed the half-finished socks into her workbasket. "This," she said decisively, "has gone far enough."

Jimmy Bill had never dreamed a mother could walk so fast. All the long hot way she just held his hand and they skimmed over the ground like swallows swooping low. They arrived at Squire Roby's closed front door flushed and panting, his mother's hair in little damp tendrils around her face.

Fearlessly, she marched up and pounded on the door with her fist. When after an interminable wait, Squire Roby himself opened the door, she burst out, "We've come for Jimmy Bill's dog, Squire Roby."

"You have, hah." His smile was not a nice smile at all. "I'm mighty sorry, Mis' Steckel, but like I told Jim Bill---

"I don't *care* what you told him! You know perfectly well that a child can't tell a dime from a five-dollar gold piece. He's hardly slept for three nights now, missing his dog! He's hardly eaten! Then when he brings his money, you raise the price! You may call this fun, but you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Squire Roby."

"Oh yes, ma'am, I am." His eyes twinkled, unashamed.

"You and your sly tricks-- Henry snickering while he spouts principle---well, you can both quit laughing now. Jimmy Bill, give Squire Roby your nickel. Go untie Brownie so we can go home."

Miraculously, Squire Roby's hand came out, and the nickel was swallowed into it.

Jimmy Bill raced around the house, to find Brownie drowsing in a patch of shade.

"Brownie, Brownie," he said, hugging him, whiffing his dogginess as he rocked him,

hearing the long thin tail joyously whop the ground, feeling long ears flop against his face while big squashy toes stepped all over him and a warm friendly tongue kissed him everywhere.

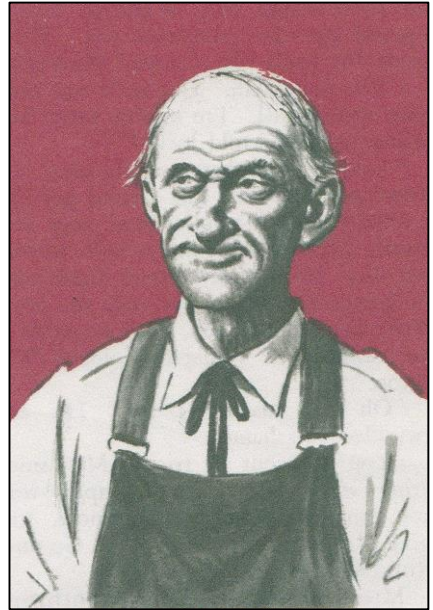
"C'mon, Brownie, we can go home," Jimmy Bill said. Hastily, the dog shook himself.

In the front yard his mother was standing with her arms folded, her back to Squire Roby. "Doc'll be mighty sore, Mis' Steckel, when he finds out you've gone over his head like this."

"I hope he is! I just hope he is!"

"Goodbye, Squire Roby!" said Jimmy Bill. "Thanks for letting me have Brownie back!"

"Sure thing, young feller. Maybe you can go



along next time me'n your dad take Brownie huntin'."

"Gee, mother---

"N---O! You stay away from Squire Roby. He's got nothing to do but stir up trouble."

"But he gave Brownie back--"

"You bought him back. *With your own money.* Try to remember that."

They weren't so much in a rush now, but Brownie was. He raced ahead, snuffing the ground with his old brown nose, then tearing back to snort like a mad bull at Jimmy Bill's bare toes before he took off again on another wild circle.

"Could we get an ice cream cone, maybe?" His mother didn't answer, but they stopped at the drugstore anyway.

(continued on next page)

The Five-Cent Dog

by: Cornelia M. Parkinson

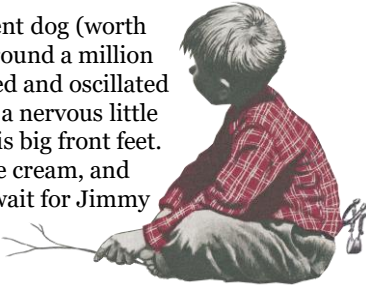
(continued from page 10)

"Say, Jim Bill," said the druggist, winking at Jimmy Bill's mother, "mighty fine dog y'got there. Want to sell him?"

Jimmy Bill looked down at Brownie, waiting with his head on cockeyed, then up at his mother. Her lips in a straight narrow line, she was studying the Pe-ru-na bottles in the window.

Jimmy Bill's hand sought Brownie's ear. "No, *sir!* I wouldn't sell him for a million dollars!"

The five-cent dog (worth somewhere around a million dollars) whined and oscillated his tail, doing a nervous little shuffle with his big front feet. He smelled ice cream, and could hardly wait for Jimmy Bill to share.



**Sunshine
Committee**

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

Contact Wendy Wheatley Raftery 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) 262-2673
(Please Call After 2:00pm)

**Write "SUNSHINE" in the subject
line of your email:**
cdutchman1@aol.com

SAVE THE DATE FOR THE WESTERN ELECTRIC OPEN HOUSE!

By Mark Myers

RTHS was contacted by members Bev Cote and Lloyd Parkinson about picture albums from the Western Electric plant at 6200 East Broad Street, just north of McNaughten, where they had worked. The plant was also

known as AT&T, Lucent Technologies, and Celestica. The albums cover all years of the plant's existence, 1959-2009, plus the years since then of retirees' get-togethers.

There are over 6000 photos, collected by Lloyd, but he and the retiree group could no longer maintain the albums because of their size and the lack of storage space, so they asked for our help. Seeing the significance of the collection and realizing the many close ties between Western Electric and Reynoldsburg. RTHS agreed to organize and index the collection and make it available to the public.

There will be a Western Electric Open House on Saturday, May 18, from 10:00 am to 2:00 pm, especially for former employees and relatives of those who worked at the plant. All are invited to visit the museum and see not only the albums, but also the permanent Western Electric display on the 3rd floor. The project is being coordinated by Mark Myers. Anyone who wishes to donate (or lend) pictures/artifacts for the project or just wishes to know more, should contact Mark at 614-868-5354.



Be sure to visit us at the
Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society
Western Electric Open House
Saturday, May 18, 2019
10:00 am to 2:00 pm
Featuring Western Electric
Photos, Artifacts, and Memorabilia
1485 Jackson Street, Reynoldsburg, OH 43068
(across from the Hannah Ashton Middle School)



(continued from page 04)

- No Web inquiries were received

- The 2019 Calendar was distributed with additions:

- 02/20 – Max & Erma’s Fundraiser
- 05/18 – Western Electric Open House
- 05/21 - Max & Erma’s Fundraiser
- 07/23 - Max & Erma’s Fundraiser
- 10/23 - Max & Erma’s Fundraiser (one M&E fundraiser per quarter)

- Sally McNamara from Sheridan, Oregon donated a vintage autograph book

A BIG THANK YOU to:

Jim & Judy Diuguid – For all the time and effort they put into the museum

Suzy Miller for donating YTD Corresponding Secretary expenses

Jim & Judy Diuguid for working on a page numbering system for the McNaghten Collection

Suzy Millar Miller for sending out the President’s Letter (at her own expense)!!!!

Wendy Wheatley Raftery for donating all of the YTD postage and other card expenses for the Sunshine Committee

All the Ladies who bring ‘goodies’ to our Open House events!

→ **Jennine Winters**

→ **Dotti Barth**

→ **Judy Diuguid**

→ **Kim Fisher**

→ **Ivalee Basinger**

Judy Diuguid for cleaning the Museum, working in the yard (especially by the garage), and periodically giving the Prez a ride

Suzy Millar Miller for donating Halloween Candy!

Kim Fisher for the following:

- ✓ decorating the entire Museum for Christmas in a beautiful and professional manner
- ✓ Carrying all the Gift Shop items down TWO flights of stairs so we can set it up this year
- ✓ Buying a “Selfie” Elf, so parents can take pictures of their children during the holidays at our Open House events

THE COURIER

January 2019 Issue

Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society

Mailing Address:

PO Box 144
Reynoldsburg, OH 43068

Street Address (NO MAIL):

1485 Jackson St
Reynoldsburg, OH 43068

Museum Phone: 614-902-2831

Courier Editor: Mary Turner Stoots

Courier Editor Phone: 614-560-4987

Courier Email: RTHSCourier@aol.com

Photos & Illustrations Provided by:

Connie Parkinson,
Suzy Millar Miller & Mary Turner Stoots

Contributors:

Connie Parkinson,
Suzy Millar Miller & Mary Turner Stoots

- ✓ bringing wonderful food pantry items to our open house events
- ✓ Cleaning up our gardens to the tune of eight (8) yard bags of cuttings. RTHS has the BEST-looking yard in all of Old Reynoldsburg thanks to Kim. **THANK YOU!**

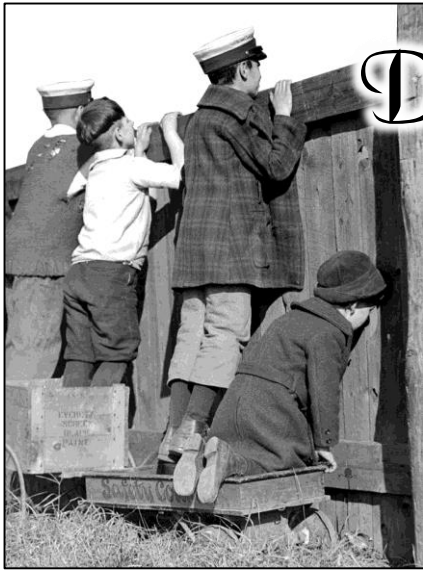
Mark Myers, Dick Barth, Tom McCray, Jim Diuguid, Linda Bronstein, Judy Diuguid, Barth Cotner, and Suzy Millar Miller for helping on the Taylor Road school tours. We couldn’t have done it without you!

Marvin Shrimplin and **Jim Diuguid** for preparing the Museum for the Fire Inspection!

Lauren Shiman for working on the ‘Branches’ Project; building a workbook for students to utilize in class that is a collaborative effort between RTHS and the school system. Each school will have a personalized workbook. She is currently working on the Spring Tour schools

Cheryl Foley – for helping with the Christmas Gift Shop by converting all of our leftover Halloween candy into Christmas candy bags we can sell and offering to help this coming Friday as well!

- All agenda items were covered.
- Motion to Adjourn at 8:05 pm
- The next meeting is scheduled for 01/15/19



Dr. Jesse Johnson

1863-1951

Foreword by
Cornelia M. Parkinson

Dr. Johnson was Reynoldsburg born of Reynoldsburg stock, blood-related to half the town then, and great-uncle or great-great-uncle to several current RTHS members: Linda Bronstein, Grace Graham Tanner, Fred Graham, Ray Karnes and Maryalys Karnes Hill and their parents, other siblings, and children. All remember him fondly. Retired, he lived up the street from us on Broadwyn.

We talked occasionally, and I liked him well, for he was a gentle and humorous person. On the way back from downtown one day, he asked me, "Do you know where I can go to get tapped for the simples?" Nothing at all was wrong with his mind; we laughed, then he said he had forgotten that Ralph closed Connell Hardware Wednesday afternoons to pick up supplies in Columbus.

He was a devout and learned man. He held the degrees Doctor of Divinity and Doctor of Laws. He graduated with the first class of Reynoldsburg High School in 1882, from Allegheny Seminary in 1894, was president of Muskingum College for 10 years. In honor of his highly successful administration, Johnson Hall there is a tribute to him. As a young man he was a missionary to Egypt, and would show his watch fob shaped like a sarcophagus with a tiny "mummy" inside. From 1903 to 1930 he held the elected post of Professor of Church History and Apologetics at Xenia Seminary. [Proficient in Greek, he taught some classes in it; he also took a correspondence course in Hebrew.] For nine years he held a pastorate at Mt. Ayr, IA, retiring in 1939 to The Burg.

Dr. Johnson was not always a respected theologian. He was a boy when around 1868 the Reynoldsburg school was torn down -- and, defying parental ukase, was in a fine position to *see and hear* the thunderous fall. [And promptly to pay for disobedience.] He raced over the countryside with dogs and other boys, chasing a rabbit who, he believed, laughed at him. Here is what he wrote in January 1935 to his sister Mary (Mrs. Timothy) Vance, (who sent it on to sister Anna Johnson) about a boy's adventures a century and a half ago.

Dear Sis:

January 31, 1935



Johnson Hall - Muskingum College

Oh, yes, you came to the right place for distinct memory of ancient things. Well do I remember my first day in school in the old brick school house across the street from our home. It was the Spring term, and I was almost exactly 5 years old. I had my first reader, and when Hattie Turner bent down over me and undertook to assign me a lesson, I turned over 8 or 10 pages and told her that I had done it all "over to here." That was true, for Mother and Grandmother, and Grandmother Wells too, had collaborated in teaching me my a b c 's, and in reading and spelling some pages at the first of the book. "Teacher" laughed and said

(continued on page 14)

RTHS Courier, JAN 2019-13

Dr. Jesse Johnson 1863-1951

(Continued from page 13) something which I now know meant that we would do as she had said for the present, and see how we would get along. She pulled one of her divine, or at least angelic, smiles and from that moment I was heart and soul *hern*.

By the way, if I were to tell a primary teacher of today *how* I learned to read (letters and their sounds before words) she would say, "If you *can* read, which I doubt, it was not *because* of your teaching but in *spite* of it." I have never, until "modern" times, realized how nearly our parents came to condemning us to utter illiteracy by teaching us our letters.

I think Father did teach in that school building, but I have no distinct memory of it. I

know Vin (Vincent) Hutson taught the "upstairs," and I *think* Father did later. I know "Bill" Hutson used to tell of a "séance" he had as a pupil with Father as teacher, and I am pretty sure that it was hooked up with that old building. Father, however, did teach a "select" school in the then city hall in the "upstairs" of the old cooper shop (later Currie Graham's drug store, where the [Sunshine? Green Gables?] restaurant

building now is. I think he maintained discipline according to the public school ideals of the day, and the thrashing "Bill" got that time *may* have been administered to him as a "select" pupil. In later years he greatly revered Father, and partly for that trouncing.

I went only one term, Spring of 1868, in the old brick. The new, tremendous edifice (which Grandfather was not in favor of and which, in a dry summer a year or two later, he said split the rains and send them part north of us and part south) was erected that Spring and Summer, 1868, and I, with some 40 other wigglers and (Glory be) Hattie Turner, moved

over to the other building. Uncle John Livingston laid the foundation of the new bldg. (or worked on it), and one day came over to our house holding out a smashed and bleeding finger, and Mother put a lot of dark brown sugar on a rag and bound up the finger. It couldn't have been so serious as it seemed to me, for he went right back to work.

Ah-men, - in that line, - no, I can't stop just yet. I suppose the old brick stood a year or two after the new was completed. When they were tearing it down, I got a licking. I don't recall whether Mary did, maybe she does. On account of the danger, general orders were given our regiment to stay inside the barracks. We could look through the fence, but not go out through the gate. But they were

just getting ready to pull down the *west* wall and great would be the fall thereof. We couldn't see that wall for the rest of the building. Charlie Parkinson, Steve Morris et al. had a vantage point down by Arch McCray's barn. Casting a hasty glance back, I started and Mary followed. We scooted down along Sam Parkinson's fence, and swung into position in time to see and hear the mighty fall. Some of the bricks came to within a

few feet of us. Well, I draw a veil over what followed. Suffice it to say, "In them days orders wuz orders."

I met Frank Livingston at the Washington General Assembly, 1927. Fine man - he was graying (greying?) by then. I imagine, by his looks, and by putting this and that together, that he is crowding 50 pretty close. Have not seen him since 1927.

Fay May doesn't know that Father was the originator of the Beauty tomato, and, *apparently*, does not know what color it is [purple]. He seems to say that until 50 years ago all east of the Mound was woods. I can

(Continued on next page)



Dr. Jesse Johnson 1863-1951

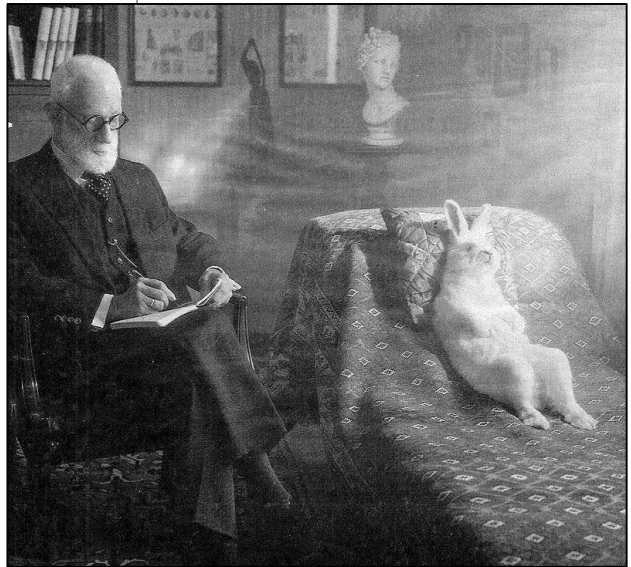
(continued from previous page) remember rather distinctly 60 years ago when I began to be admitted to the inner circle of Nimrods who, every Saturday afternoon in winter, gathered up like a rolling snowball. Dolph May, sometimes Guy [May], and John Schoonover, coming by our house, would pick up Fayette and me and we would go on to Jimmie Graham's. Jimmie and his two little dogs Dick and Big would join us, and I know *we had to go east through a rather long field* before we came to the woods. Si and Jud, with old Charlie (who could feign death better than he could run) and a little black cur (who could run about as fast as I could) would join us about the time we entered the woods, having cut across from home. The party was then complete (9 boys and 4 dogs, *no firearms*, which last was well), and it would be around 1:15 p. m. It would not be long until a rabbit would start. It would go east and south, 9 boys yelling and 4 dogs yelping, and the fun was on. It would head toward Nazer Chamberlain's, and the house dog there would execute a flank movement, turning the rabbit due south across the road and along a little creek with many clumps of bushes. Here it would hide, and we would beat the bush for a half hour until Sharpeye Jimmie would hallow "Here he goes! Hyuh Dick, Hyuh Big," grab his hat off, stick his head down and run. Then the whole works let loose again, the rabbit stringing us along southwest to a rail-pile in Joe Ashton's field about a quarter mile south of Mr. Orcutt's. The

dogs were placed at strategic points around the pile, and then we would jiggle the rails - don't think we dared to move the pile - and we'd stamp and shout for a half-hour. Brer Rabbit, the first trip, considered discretion the better part of valor, but on the weekly occasions later I am sure he lay under that pile laughing. For I am certain it was that same rabbit and that he could hardly wait for Saturday afternoon to come around. It was a good thing all around. Boys and dogs got a lot of fresh air and lung power, and no one was in the slightest danger, not even Brer Rabbit. We'd leave the rail piles about 4:15 - beginning to get dark and chilly - also appetites sharpening. All's well that ends well.

-Ah-men.

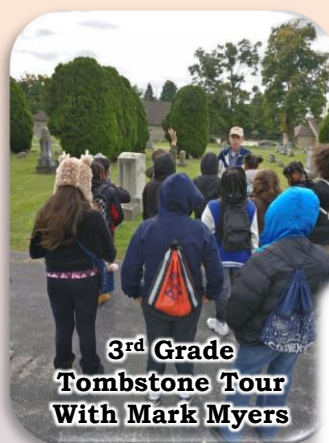
That's all this time. Enough is too much.

~ Letter supplied courtesy of Linda Bronstein and Waid Vance



Max & Erma's – has Partnered with
RTHS to Host Quarterly Restaurant
Fundraisers in 2019!

USPS Local Mail Subscribers – a postcard is enclosed of your flyer
Email Subscribers - there is a PDF file attachment of your flyer for
the fundraiser on **FEBRUARY 20th**



3rd Grade Tombstone Tour With Mark Myers



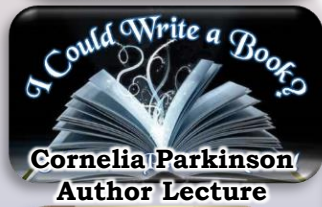
Holiday Gift Shop



Titanic Open House

A look back at 2018

Barth Cotner & Bill Sampson



Cornelia Parkinson Author Lecture



Marvin Shrimplin Honored



Herbert Mills 3rd Grade Interviews



Jack Winters 90th Birthday



TITANIC FASHION A FIRST CLASS EXPERIENCE
Presented by Louise Swartz
Saturday, MAY 19, 2018
10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m.



Reynoldsburg-Truro Fire Department Open House

Saturday Nights in Old Reynoldsburg
Sponsored by Cotner Funeral Home
Saturday, August 18, from 5-8 pm
Lancaster Ave at the Community Mural

Join us for a fun evening of literary, games, prizes, raffles, sign and other activities.

Saturday Nights in Old Reynoldsburg

- Live Music by Lodi's of Literature
- Frost Drink Special Island Life \$4
- Vicka's Pizza Specials 14" One Topping \$10 By the slice with a soda \$9.75
- Reynoldsburg Historic Society open house with special guests from Max and Erna's
- Masonic Lodge \$3 Pinnac Cakes
- Sweet-Tooth Ice Cream Truck

CITY OF REYNOLDSBURG
1000 EAST MAIN STREET



Rhonda Eberst Book Talk



Lisa Wood Gives a Third Grade Tour Mural Speech



RTHS Holiday Dinner

Eat out on **THURSDAY, JULY 24, 2018** and support the **REYNOLDSBURG-TRURO HISTORICAL SOCIETY!**

FUNDRAISER!
We get **25% back!**

City BARBECUE
000007

5719 E. MAIN ST., REYNOLDSBURG, OH 43213

Restaurant-Fundraiser

