



Summer Jobs and the Wolfe Enterprises

by Suzy Millar Miller

The story begins when I met my future husband, Chuck, at Ohio University in Zoology class. He was my lab partner, but we didn't pay much attention to each another until I was on a coffee date with someone else. When my date introduced me to his karate instructor, both Chuck and I said, "We're lab partners," at the same time. After that we dated regularly and then in May 1967, we decided to get married.



After I returned home from OU, my parents asked, "How do you expect to afford marriage?" I said Chuck was going to graduate school and I was going to get a job. At this point, my father pointed out that I had never even had a job - other than babysitting. So began my journey of learning how to work for a living.

It was hard to find a job with no experience at all. I started out being an usherette at the **RKO Grand** on State Street in Columbus. Somehow, I found out that they were hiring with a Reynoldsburg connection through the Bender family. The job was simple. Get to the theater, grab a flashlight and show people to available seats, then clean up afterward. The pay was about 50 cents an hour. So, for a six-hour job I would make \$3.00 a night. Not a great plan; first I had to get to downtown Columbus every night and then somehow make it all the way back home.

The other problem was there was only one movie playing the whole time I worked there. The movie was *Grand Prix*, which was made in 1966 in a revolutionary 70mm

Cinerama format. The screen was so huge, and it showed every hair and pore on the faces of James Garner, Jessica Walter, Eva Marie Saint, Yves Montand, and Toshiro Mifuna. One of the problems of having this grand movie playing



all the time is that after a while I knew every breath, sigh, engine roar, gear change, and action before it happened. Fortunately, there were a lot of us usherettes, so we would get together at the back of the theater and tell ghost stories during the movie. This was not going to be (continued on page 02)

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the job that would help me get married! I think I quit within a couple weeks, but I still remember every breath in *Grand Prix!*

Next, I heard that they needed a breakfast cook at **Green Gables** in the Burg. I wrote about this adventure in the January, 2019, *Courier* in an article about Carl Whitmer. I worked at **Green Gables** the rest of the summer for 75 cents an hour from 6 a.m. to noon. This job allowed me the freedom to hang out at the swimming pool in the afternoons and then find other employment in the evening.

The best job I ever had in my life only happened when there was an event at **The Wigwam** on Route 204. I did many different tasks for the events and enjoyed every one.

The Wigwam was a 63-acre lodge owned by the Wolfe family as a country retreat. The Wolfe family owned the *Columbus Dispatch*, WBNS, banks, and other entities in Columbus. The call sign of WBNS (channel 10) represents - **W**olfe, **B**anks, **N**ews, and **S**hoes. Robert Frederick Wolfe came to Columbus in 1888 and found work as a shoemaker. He then started Wolfe Brothers Shoe Company. In 1903, he and his brother, Harry Preston Wolfe, bought the *Ohio State Journal* and then in 1905 acquired *The Columbus Dispatch*. The *Dispatch* was originally started in Columbus in 1871 by a group of printers who had named it *The Daily Dispatch*. The *Dispatch* remained in the Wolfe family for 110 years.



WBNS radio originally had a call sign of WCAH, founded in 1922. *The Columbus Dispatch* purchased the station in 1929 and changed the call sign to WBNS in 1934. One of my favorite WBNS radio teams was Jack and Dick Zipf who referred to their station as “W-BEANS”. They were an entertaining morning drive-time

pair who talked endlessly about “beautiful Obetz” and “the Obetz Arms” (imaginary hotel) with their favorite phrase, “Yeah, Boy”.

WBNS TV started in 1949 and is one of the few stations in the country that has had the same owner, call letters, and primary network affiliation throughout its history. Some of the shows on WBNS were: *Flippo the Clown*, *Luci's Toyshop*, *Franz the Toymaker*, *The Judge*, *Hanna's Ark* (Jack Hanna), and *Fritz the Night Owl*. Chuck White was on *Luci's Toyshop* as puppet master, co-producer, co-writer, the voice of Mr. Tree and many other characters. White was a college roommate of Fritz (the Night Owl) Peerenboom and was one of Ohio's first African-American TV personalities.

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Comedian Jonathan Winters, known as Johnny Winters, promoted Gambrinus Beer in the early 1950s for August Wagner Breweries, Inc. Rod Serling of “The Twilight Zone” started his career on WBNS. Other memorable reporters were Tom Ryan (anchor), Joe Holbrook (weather), Marty DeVictor (sports), and Chet Long (anchorman).

The Wolfe family sold *The Columbus Dispatch* in 2015. In 2019, the *Dispatch* sold its broadcasting assets (WBNS) to Tegna, Inc. for \$535 million in cash. These sales ended a 90-year Wolfe family involvement in local media. In June, 2018, for \$2.7 million, Wolfe Enterprises sold **The Wigwam** to Violet Township for community use. The sale of **The Wigwam** brings me back to my “best job ever” story.

In 1927 the Wolfe family bought 20 acres to use as a family retreat and hunting lodge. The property expanded over the years. The original lodge reminded people of the Native American Indians in the area, so it was named **The Wigwam** and was decorated with Indian themed artifacts. Over the years the Wolfe family invited employees from *The Columbus Dispatch* and WBNS to attend events along with many notable people such as Bob Hope, Gene Autry, General William C. Westmoreland, Betsy Palmer, Woody Hayes, and many others.



My mom, Maebelle Millar, worked there often as a cook because she was a school cook in the Reynoldsburg schools. My aunt, Evelyn Cashdollar Millar, worked as a waitress and also as a housekeeping person. I was invited to help out whenever I could. Sometimes I would help my aunt clean the lodge, bunkhouse, and property manager’s house. It was amazing that I could clean cobwebs out of those old windows on one day and the next day the spiders had

rebuilt everything! The bunkhouse was used for overnight guests and for changing clothes for the various events. I still remember picking up wet bathing suits off the floor in that building. I also helped my aunt hang wallpaper in the manager’s house which was occupied by Jewel and Paul Griffith and their daughter, Sue (Hostenske) at the time.

The buildings were amazing with (*continued on page 04*)

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lots of Native American scenes painted on the walls and old furniture made of unusual objects. It was so much fun to clean everything, because everything had meaning. The bar back was beautiful and was difficult to dust. We would polish



the brass footrest in front of the bar. I truly enjoyed working every part of the lodge.

I also tried my hand at being a waitress one night. It was not my cup of tea. The guests were a lot more experienced at eating out than I was at trying to serve them. I also did a few events as a cook – well more of a prep cook and it was fun. The cooks all joked and cooked and laughed and got everything out on time.

At some point, I knew that **My ABSOLUTE, BEST JOB EVER was being a dishwasher at The Wigwam.** I've been a typesetter, a reporter, a programmer, an auditor, a technical writer, a creative writer, a business controls leader, and a manufacturing worker. I've been paid a lot more, and I've been paid less, but nothing has ever been as wonderful as washing dishes at **The Wigwam.**

The waitresses scraped the plates into giant trash cans and put them on the stainless-steel counter and then my job would begin. I can't describe the **joy** I had grasping the giant spray handle and giving a stack of dishes a healthy rinse while steam rose all around me. I would load the dishes into giant trays, shove them

around the corner of the counter, open the big Hobart machine that washed the dishes, pull the clean ones out, push the dirty dishes in while slamming the lid closed, and start the washing process while I prepared myself for the next phase. I would unload the trays of hot, newly washed dishes into stacks and then slip and slide my way into the storage



area where waitresses and cooks were frantically pulling out clean dishes they needed at the time. It was always nip and tuck, but we had a great system to have everything ready and where an item was needed.

The glasses were a little tricky because I had to check for lipstick marks before the glasses could go in the dishwasher. The silverware was a blast. The waitresses would throw the dirty silverware into pans I had prepared with hot water, a piece of silver foil, baking soda, and a little salt. Before I would run a tray of silverware, I

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would check each piece for large food particles. After the silverware was washed, I would sort it into containers so the spoons, forks, and knives were all separated and carry them to the pantry.

The cooks mostly took care of their own pans, but I did help them out in



between the courses while the waitresses brought more dishes. It was so fun to have the freedom to make a mess, even knowing I would clean and dry everything when the evening was finished.

Another wonderful part of that job is that I got to eat what the guests were eating. If they were having lobster and steak, so did I. Or if they had Chicken Cordon Bleu, that was my meal, too! The food was outstanding and of top quality. The cooks knew what they were doing and made sure everything

was prepared correctly. I remember one of my favorite desserts at **The Wigwam** was something extremely simple –pink peppermint ice cream with a homemade, rich chocolate sauce. I’ve never been able to replicate that exact taste. They probably were using Cummins ice cream and a secret family sauce.

The bartender would come in the kitchen to get clean glassware and then return later with my drink order. I didn’t have more than one or two drinks a night because I was too busy flinging my body and water all over the dishwashing area.

Then at the end of the night, after everything was cleaned up and we prepared to go home, Paul Griffith would come in the kitchen and pay us in cash for our jobs. I would get \$20 for my evening of happiness along with great food, drinks, and laughter. I never worked anywhere else that was so rewarding.

There were other perks the staff had at **The Wigwam** in the form of employee parties where we could swim in the tomahawk shaped swimming pool and bask in the sun. The best part of the pool was the fountain where a lion “spit” into the pool.



Chuck and I were married in September, 1967 after my father figured I could actually hold down a job. We moved to Cincinnati where I got a job with Mabley & Carew as a seller of neckties. When we moved to Texas years later and had a big swimming pool in our back yard, the first thing Chuck said about the pool is that

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we need to have a lion statue fountain to spit into the pool. We never found one, but we always imagined the lion was there.



Can you imagine having a better job than washing dishes? I can't. Funny thing is that I don't use my dishwasher at home (no fun). I do all my dishes by hand and I enjoy it, probably because my mother conned me into believing that washing dishes by hand keeps your fingernails long and strong. I do have a sprayer with my sink, but I don't have the stainless-steel counters and walls to spray water everywhere. Sigh.

Photos are of: Suzy and Chuck at the military ball in the spring of 1967; the RKO Grand theater; Green Gables Restaurant; the main gate at The Wigwam; Jonathan Winters on WBNS TV; James A. Rhodes, Dick Wolfe, Mrs. Helen Rhodes, & comedian Bob Hope with two other members of the Wolfe family; the bar in The Wigwam; the original lodge; an example of a Hobart dishwasher; the lion

Spitting into the tomahawk shaped pool; Suzy and Chuck at their wedding in 1967; and the main lodge. My thanks to Sue Griffith Hostenske and Mary Turner Stoots for obtaining The Wigwam photos.



Sunshine Committee

Do you know someone who needs some Sunshine?

Contact Wendy 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



THE COURIER

September 2019 Issue

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2019 CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER 2019

- 13 – FRI – Herbert Mills 50-Year Interviews
8:30am – 10:30am @ the School!
- 17 – TUE – Board Meeting, 7:00pm
- 19 – THU – Herbert Mills 3rd Grade Tour
9:30am – 12:30pm
- 20 – FRI – Set Up the Artisan Exhibit
10:00am-2:00pm (or later)
- 21 – SAT – Artisan Exhibit Open House
10:00am-2:00pm
- 24 – TUE – Election of Officers & the
Membership General Meeting 7:00pm

OCTOBER 2019

- 15 – TUE – Board Meeting, 7:00pm
- 19 – SAT – Open House 10:00am-2:00pm
- 23 – WED – Max & Erma's Fundraiser
All Day Long! 11:00am-10:00pm
- 23 – WED – Deadline for November Courier
- 31 – THU – Beggars Night at the Museum
6:00pm – 8:00pm

NOVEMBER 2019

- Publish November Courier
- Publish President's Holiday Letter
- 07 thru 15 – Meeting Room Unavailable to
allow set-up for the Holiday Gift Shop
- 12 – TUE – Board Meeting, 7:00pm
- 16 – SAT – Open House, Holiday Gift Shop
10:00am-2:00pm
- 17 thru 30 – Meeting Room Unavailable

DECEMBER 2019

- 01 thru 06 – Meeting Room unavailable
- 07 – SAT – Christmas on the Town, Open
House, 11:00am-4:00pm, Children's
Activities, and Holiday Gift Shop
- 08 – SUN – Raftery Family Christmas
gathering
- 10 – TUE – Board Meeting, 7:00pm
- 14 – SAT – Christmas Dinner, 6:00pm, MCL
Restaurant 5240 E. Main St., Whitehall
(614) 861-6259
- 22 – SUN – Deadline for January 2020
Courier

Local Members & Friends



You will find an insert in your *Courier* this month for a Max & Erma's fundraiser. This is the last restaurant fundraiser of the year. Hopefully, they will not experience computer issues that result in a lockdown (The doors were locked when we got there in July). Several of you voiced concerns that have already been addressed with the corporate office. **PLEASE COME and Support RTHS in October!**

OCT 23, Wednesday – Max & Erma's

All-day restaurant fundraiser. Please join us!

The meatloaf rocks!

Hemline High-Jinks

by Cornelia M. Parkinson

Fashion is a thing used and dropped, changed a bit then used - and again dropped, over and over. Fashion might have started when Eve asked Adam, "Does this fig leaf make me look fat?" and the exasperated male, not sure what she wanted him to say, answered, "No, little darlin', it's those caramel apples." We don't know for certain that they wore anything but birthday suits, for long-ago artists' depiction of that First Couple sporting leaves could be mere artistic license hoping not to offend either peasantry or gentry.



Garments in general could have been intended as much to increase intergender speculation as to protect the wearer from weather, or to draw attention by revealing and/or concealing features the owner is proud of or never got any of. On a scorching 1930s summer day our neighbor, a slender older woman, said to my mother, "The only reason I wear this corset is to stay warm."

Artful revealment has always been in fashion. Men with suitable figures favored tight-fitting breeches to the knee, with silken stockings to show off a manly calf. The Scots have a saying about the kilt [a man's pleated tartan "skirt"]: "He has/hasn't the leg for it." For women, the bustle [a seriously enlarged backside] was briefly popular as an added attraction. Maybe men lost interest, but women weary of dragging around that extra weight were relieved when by 1870 the bustle had flown the fashion coop. The expression "hustle your bustle" was used in a previous *Courier* article.

One mystery feature of men's trousers was no fly, no front opening. However, a V-shaped flap, open from the waist down several inches, solved that problem. It was held up by three buttons, and generally concealed by the vest or frock coat. [You may have read about frock coats but haven't a clue what they looked like. We would call them a suit jacket, nicely fitted, with the long front tails cut away or else buttoned back for convenience when a-horseback.]

A woman's waist was supposed to be tiny, even after you were a matron who had borne the 10 children that, for centuries, made up the family. Scarlett O'Hara, small though she was, complained about her corset so tight that it might make her belch. In my early teens I knew a



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tall girl who had a 16" waistline and loved to brag about it. Not knowing her for long I cannot say if the passage of years and the bearing of children could have expanded that desirable number.

To accentuate the waist, skirts were extremely full, made more so by several heavily starched and ironed petticoats worn underneath. Or/ also hoops, made of whalebone, pleasant to behold but a blasted nuisance to the wearer and observer alike, as they took up a big space that could not be condensed, and when a gentleman encountered a hoop-skirted lady on a narrow walkway, it was he who had to step aside - often into the mud -- to make room for her to pass.

In this connection, a few centuries after, "circle skirts" [a full circle of material that swung enticingly when the wearer was walking] did not need, but were often worn with, a stiffened petticoat. Costumes for one 1950s Minstrel Show chorus, Jane Spencer directing, were coral-colored cotton circle skirts and a black-and-white striped blouse. The skirts were pretty, but endless to iron.

One great, everlasting fashion offense was committed by the royal person who introduced the Empire waist. The waistline was raised to rest directly under the bosom, giving every wearer the



look of a five-month pregnancy. I never found this style attractive, even when the lady was at that stage. But, along that line, let us discuss the codpiece, also previously whispered of. This was a fairly short-lived male fashion designed to call attention to and exaggerate the male endowment. *The Peasant Wedding*, a 1568 painting by Pieter Bruegel The Elder (1520 - 1569) showed all the men wearing codpieces, which led one viewer, 450 years later, to ask if it were every-



one's wedding night. Yes, we are slowly approaching the subject of hemlines. They were floor-length for so many decades that a gown revealing the ankle was scandalous. Fashion was offensive enough when women ceased to

wear dress gloves and hats -- and any gown that outlined the figure underneath was just outrageous. [We are not talking here about ancient Egyptians and Greeks -- they lived in hot countries and were sensible enough to dress accordingly.]

How did anyone know what was in fashion? You attended indoor neighborhood events such as quilting parties [house] and husking bees [barn], paying attention to what others wore. Or some-



one might travel abroad and bring back, if not the latest fashion, a drawing whose style you could copy in fine fabric. You gladly attended fancy dress balls. For the first two occasions you wore less than best because work was involved. A fancy dress ball or dance called for exactly that: your routin'-tootin' eye-poppin' *best*. If you were single, your potential mate might show up. If you were married but fooled around some, the same

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 applied. If you were married and sticking to it, you could still feast your eyes. There were subtle advantages to whatever state you were in.

The subject of extra fabric in women's clothes was addressed by Sarah Josepha Hale, the Liberated editor of **Godey's Lady's Book* [more later], and writer of "Mary Had a little Lamb." She was directly influential in the erecting of the Bunker Hill Monument, the first public playground, and day nurseries; she suggested the admission of women into medical practice, and the uniform celebration of Thanksgiving Day [President Lincoln listened, and acted], while herself remaining a model of fashion and gracious dignity.

With interim compromises such as pantalets worn with a mid-calf skirt [tut-tut, the scandal of women wearing men's clothing!] long dresses crippled along in popularity until the late 19-teens and World War I. This applied even to little girls, whose suffered fashions like Mama's. Since history fails to document the problems presented by the tomboy who climbed trees or got down on her knees to play marbles and jacks with the boys, or straddled a horse and rode around the pasture, we might suppose it never happened - though of course it did. For a long time girls were protected from any physical activity not having to do with housework - but there was plenty of

that every day, to keep young feminine muscles toned.

We're still discussing fashion, not your everyday outfit that gave a tug o' the forelock to fashion but a more realistic curtsey to necessity. The major concession to hot weather for women was lighter-weight fabrics and short puffy sleeves that just covered the shoulder points. Britain's Queen Victoria who despite bearing eight children remained prudishly strict, might have grown faint at the notion of exposing flesh *in the daytime*. In the evening the proper lady exhibited a shocking acreage of bare chest, back and arm -- although she often wore long "elbow gloves" that nearly reached the puffed sleeve. The blessing of thin fabrics was defeated by the quantity of underwear decreed by propriety: corset, corset cover or chemise, panties, and -- naturally -- several starched and ironed petticoats.



The petticoat was replaced later on by a slip, still worn but not by very many. Having narrow shoulder straps and no sleeves, a slip is a full-length shaped undergarment reaching barely to the hem of the dress and once a great embarrassment if it showed. Now many women wear slacks, so they don't need a slip. Or shorter skirts, no underpinnings desired. Most males already know that females have *limbs*.

Men were not given much summertime relief either, being required to don a full suit including tie and vest. The fabric might be lightweight, but there was still an awful lot of it. Men too had to wear underwear. For both genders, everything was *layers*. Got to cover *all* that skin.

I must be extremely old-fashioned even to think this, but there is no more delightful eye candy than a good-looking man dressed in a white shirt, suit and tie - and his shoes shining. It shows pride and

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Hemline High-Jinks

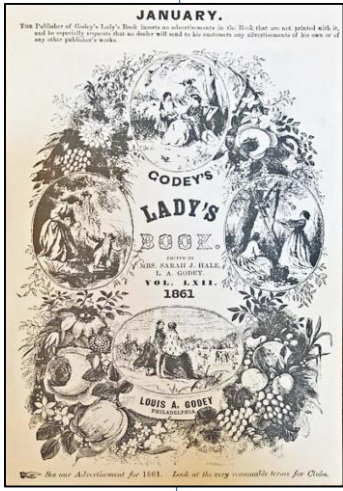
by Cornelia M. Parkinson

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self-respect, even when no one speaks a word of approval. The formality of it may account for the attraction of the military uniform, where all the parts are kept neat and sparkling.

World War I -- or perhaps in equal degree, the Industrial Revolution of the 1800s -- deserves a lot of credit for liberating women from layers and from excessive use of fabric. As machines came into use, the working woman's clothing had to be cut closer to her body and frills eliminated, to prevent catching in the machine. And certainly, women were weary of garmental constriction.

This viewpoint was upheld by **Godey's Lady's Book*, a Philadelphia-printed magazine with, for many years, one illustration, hand-colored, in every issue. [This was so often torn out and framed that museums wishing to display whole copies had a hard time finding any.] One writer, who wrote an entire book about it, still called *Godey's* "mediocre," though it used illustrations by famous American artists, plus poetry, fiction, period jokes we wouldn't "get" today, social advice and comment, and essays by such as Ralph Waldo Emerson, Horace Greeley, Edgar Allen Poe, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Herman Melville, and Nathaniel Hawthorne. Circulation reached 150,000, dwindling to 100,000 at the end. The magazine, \$3 yearly, lasted from 1830 to 1898, when it was shoved into oblivion by other



© The use of illustrations for 1861. Look at the very unusual dress for Ohio.

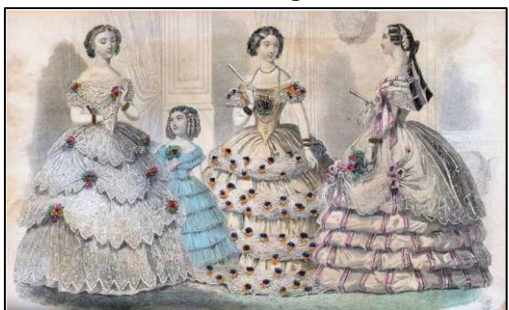
publications such as *Graham's* and *Peterson's*.

Hemlines were like an elevator -- up, then down, then up. In the Depression years of the 1930s into World War II years, hemlines were more or less stable at the kneecap. This was a comfortable length, appropriate on most women. Everything was in short supply, so wartime manufacturers patriotically

"saved fabric" by keeping skirts at that length. Right after that war ended, skirts used yards more material in the "New Look," slightly A-shaped, the hem at mid-calf. I used to be a seamstress, and a woman bought a coat of the New Look and had me shorten it to mid-knee, throwing herself out of the fashion loop. She hadn't liked the feel of the coat skirts brushing her legs with every step.

The A-line skirt was popular only with some, for as one wearer said, it made her look as if she had a big A.

On the other hand, you might or might not like the hampering feel of a "pencil line" skirt that went straight down from



hip to knee or lower. The longer ones were hard to walk in, and the shorter ones slithered right up to show your stocking tops when you sat down. You had to be very careful about that style.

Fashions in general eased away from the too-much-prettytiness of pre-1900 until the

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Hemline High-Jinks

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decoration diminished and the cut of the dress or coat was most all the decoration anybody got.

But! There was the Zoot Suit, for men. This splendid example of exaggerated cut came into being around 1940 and, with few exceptions such as entertainers who perpetuated it, went out so fast it never got shiny. The Zoot Suit was WIDE. Wide padded shoulders, wide lapels that went east and west to cover nearly the entire chest, gaunt waistline, and wide-cut trousers that tapered down to the ankle. The cut was even more effective in a vertical chalk-stripe fabric. A tall, comely local man, RTHS member in life, whose name I recall but will not sully, was seen dancing to the juke box at the Blue Bonnet café wearing a Zoot Suit complete with flowing tie and knee-length golden watch chain heavy enough to hold a mad bull at the starting gate. I have to say it, girls - yummm!

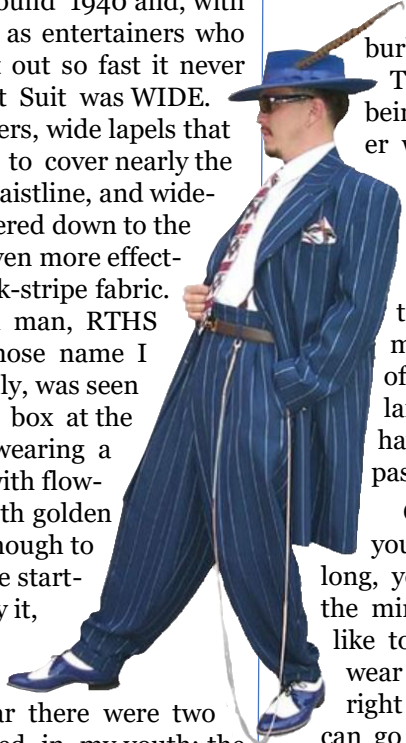
For teenage femmes' leisure wear there were two designs that occurred in my youth: the farmerette and the broomstick skirt. The broomstick skirt was a dirndl (full-ish, gathered onto a waistband) that to follow the intention was wrapped spirally around a broomstick and dried. Cottons of that era wrinkled, more so when you didn't want them to, so you had that IN look without much effort. Or the skirt could be ironed, making a proper dirndl. The farmerette was a jeans-fabric overall

for girls, with heavy shoulder straps and buckles, cut knee length. It was meant to be worn with a blouse. One girl I knew wore hers without, not a style everyone could emulate, though the boys seemed to think it was pretty hot stuff. Earlier on, there were "beach pyjamas," sort of what you'd expect, in daytime fabrics. For a while, shorts sets included matching blouse, shorts, and overskirt. Then came in short shorts which, like the Zoot suit, inspired a song. These have entered the hall of permanent fashion, shown off by many a female who "hasn't the leg for it."

I remember being taken to a burlesque show at the Gaiety Theatre in Washington DC, and being surprised that one tall dancer wore a costume that revealed the bottom curves of her, er, bottom.

Another fashion statement left best unspoken: the waist-to-ankle leotard, or tights, of many colors and designs, too often worn, surely not by popular request, by females who haven't believed a mirror in the past twenty years.

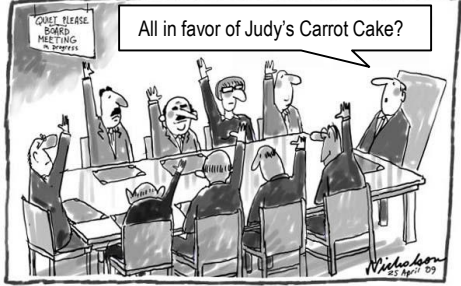
Currently in vogue is whatever you want. If you like your skirts long, you pick the length. If you like the mini-est of minis, that's it. If you like to flaunt your pregnancy, you wear a stretch top too small and it's right out there for all to view. You can go to church or a party or on a date in T-shirts and jeans. Women who have discovered the convenience of slacks and some sort of top have adopted it for all occasions. Yet men still dress up every day and would not dream otherwise. Women wear a nice dress, or a skirted suit, to business. That is a pleasure to see. A lot of companies have designated Friday as dress-down day, when more casual outfits are acceptable. Teachers used to wear nice clothing *(continued on page 13)*





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Monday through Friday, but now appear in whatever outfit they threw on for the day. I know one middle-school lady teacher who dresses well every day. The students call her "fancy." Like the rest of us, she too is wearing whatever she wants.



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Mary K. Duffy – Lifetime

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SUPPORT LOCAL HISTORY

Join the Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society

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

Invite your friends to join!

Put Tuesday, September 24th at 7pm on Your Calendar!

It's Our Membership General Meeting & Elections!

Here is the 2020 Slate of Officers so far:

- President – Mary Turner Stoots
- Vice President – Dick Barth
- Treasurer – Marvin Shrimplin
- Recording Secretary – **VACANT POSITION**
- Corresponding Secretary – Suzy Millar Miller
- Trustee (3-year term) – **OPEN POSITION**

The 2019 RTHS Officers will be Elected
at our September 24 General Meeting

PLEASE CONSIDER SERVING ON THE BOARD

- * Do you have someone in mind whom you would like to see on the leadership team?
- * Are you interested yourself?

Contact **Dick Barth** for nominations by phone at 614-866-0142 or email RichardBarth57@gmail.com

The Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society Presents

Our Third Annual Artisan Open House

Featuring the SUTPHIN FAMILY

and Many Talented RTHS Members

Saturday - September 21, 2019 - 10:00am to 2:00pm



Colin Sutphin



Dwain Sutphin

Joe
Sutphin



RTHS is very fortunate that the **Sutphin Family** has agreed to come to our Artisan Open House on Saturday, September 21, from 10:00am to 2:00pm.

Colin Sutphin is an RTHS member and he graduated from RHS in 1961. He specializes in historical local artwork reflecting memorable scenes within Reynoldsburg & Truro Township. His drawings and stories are featured in the *Courier*. Colin's medium of choice is pencil, ink, and charcoal.

Dwain Sutphin was in the RHS Class of 1967. Dwain's medium of choice is felt-tip pens. His work is phenomenal! He also creates handmade fishing lures.

Joe Sutphin is Dwain's son. Joe is a professional artist who has illustrated several series of children's books including, *The Misadventured Summer of Tumbleweed Thompson* by Glenn McCarty; *Raffie on the Run* by Jacqueline Resnick; *Dr. Critchlore's School for Minions* by Sheila Grau; *Word of*

Mouse by James Patterson; and many more. Joe's medium of choice is pen & ink. You can view his artwork at the following website

www.joesutphin.com/work

The Sutphins will be featured guests, but this Open House will also feature the work of our members. Yes, - **YOU!**

Do you do any type of artwork or have a hobby of skill? Our Artisan Open House is a venue to show off the work of all our talented Members. This exhibit

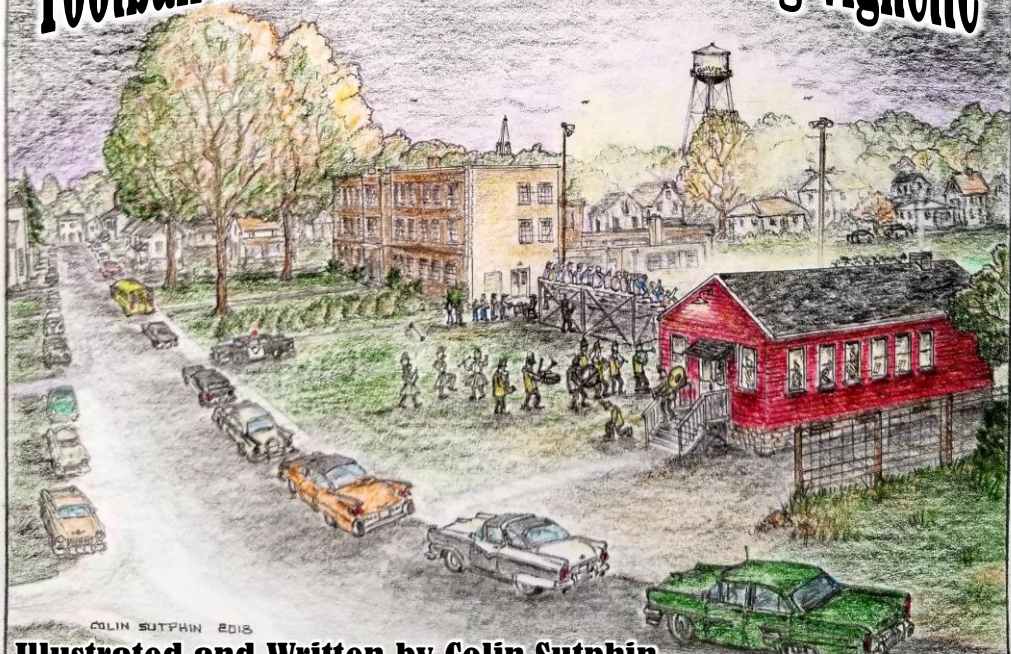
will include woodworking, stained glass, macramé, handmade jewelry, origami, canvas painting, intarsia, weaving, sculpting, drawing, rock painting, pottery, paper sculptures, carving, calligraphy, photography, quilting, paper tole, counted cross-stitch, leather-working, candle-making, and MUCH more!

There's no fee to participate and Admission is **FREE** (*Our donation boxes will be prominently displayed*). It would be helpful if you provided advance notification that you are willing to join us as an exhibitor, and what time frame you would be bringing your artwork to the museum, so we can schedule someone to be there for you. I have blocked off Friday, September 20th to set up the room for the event.

Please participate! We always have a good crowd. And of course, there will be snacks! Feel free to contact me if you have any questions! ~ Mary Turner Stoots

614-560-4987

Football Friday Night- A Reynoldsburg Vignette



Illustrated and Written by Colin Sutphin

Friday nights in the fall were exciting times. Football squads practiced all week in anticipation of besting the opposing team. Injuries from last week's game were forgotten. "Focus ... You are better than these guys ... Give it all you got, and then some more ... That's how you win the game ... You're the best, now go show them that you are ..." quotes the coach in the locker room briefing.

Cheerleaders are practicing new routines, "Hey, Rocka – Rocka!" Majorettes are limbering up and twirling batons; band members are getting into their uniforms and checking out their instruments; families and friends of both teams are arriving to buy tickets; then, trying to find a good seat in the bleachers.

Audio/visual students trying to get the sound system to work right. Remember squelch? When the P.A. system squawked.

The teams sprint onto the field sizing up their opponents, ready to battle it out

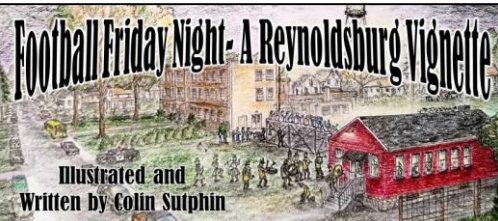
as soon as the referee tosses the coin. The fans are anxious to see four quarters of good football. And, they'll enjoy the halftime show. At halftime, it's the battle of the bands. The Raiders band would march onto the field, forming the shape of Ohio and majorettes would twirl batons of fire.

After a hard-fought second half, the Raiders win the game in the fourth quarter. With fans joyful over the win they head out for home, or for a lot of the students, it's off to Count's Pizza on Main Street. Count's was in the little place where Vick's Pizza began a business in 1961. They crowded so many high schoolers into that pizza place that you could feel the floor sagging. NO LIE. The pizza was about 75 cents to a dollar, and a Coke was 10 cents.

What times those were ...

In the 8"×10" color pencil drawing the scene is from in front of the old Baptist Church on South Jackson Street and

(continued on page 16)



Illustrated and
Written by Colin Sutphin

(continued from page 15)

looking northeast toward the high school. The era was about 1958 or '59.

Starting up the left side of the drawing we see the street packed with cars all the way to Main Street. That's Pick Richardson's spruce tree on the left.

Large maples graced the front lawn of the high school. In 1925 they built the new school on top of the existing 1868 structure. It was an "L" shaped building with a large auditorium/gymnasium. The shop building was detached. An Elementary wing was added in the early '50s.

The steeple of the M.E. Church is in the background as well as the city's water tower. The graffiti on the water tower changed yearly with each new senior class applying a fresh coat of paint.

Showing the activity during a game I've drawn in fans and band members. Not too much detail though, each figure being less than a half-inch tall. But, I think you'll get the overall impression. Do you remember the nighthawk birds flying around the stadium lights catching bugs during the game?

Ah, the Grange Hall over next to Silent Home Cemetery. I've drawn it in from my best memory. I couldn't find an old photo of it. That is strange. If you find a photo of the Grange Hall contact the RTHS Museum. I'm sure they would love to have a copy.

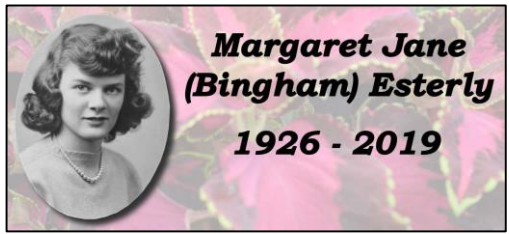
The Grange is red in the drawing as seems to be the consensus, although several alumni recalled it being white in earlier years.

I've added an assortment of cars in the foreground. See if you can identify any of them. Reynoldsburg had one police car then. It was a black & white Ford Tudor sedan with three on the tree. And, a cherry or bubble gum machine on top (flashing red light).

This drawing of a time 60 years ago, is still so vivid in my mind. I hope this brings back pleasant memories for the older Reynoliens, i.e. Reynoldsburg residents, and, for those younger, I hope this opens a little window into our past.

Colin Sutphin

I would love to hear what you have to say. Please feel free to comment. I enjoy reading them, as do others.



Longtime member, Margaret 'Peg' Jane (Bingham) Esterly passed away peacefully on July 12, 2019. Three of her daughters, a granddaughter, and her husband were at the bedside.

Peg was born on September 17, 1926 and was a 1943 RHS Alumna. She is survived by her loving husband, Chuck, and daughters; Karen Dunker of Dalesville, VA; Julie Esterly Morgan of Santa Cruz, CA; Ren Albright of Ellensburg, WA; and Elizabeth Reid of Solon, OH.

Peg didn't want an obituary or service, but if you would like to send a card to Chuck, he is happy to hear from people:

Chuck Esterly
7356 Quailhollow Rd.
Cincinnati, OH 45243
PH: 513-891-4123