



Christmas on the Towne 2021

by TSTM and Photography by Vickie Hall

I hope you had a
Merry Christmas
and a Happy
New Year!!

~ from the Talking
Snow Tree Man (TSTM)?

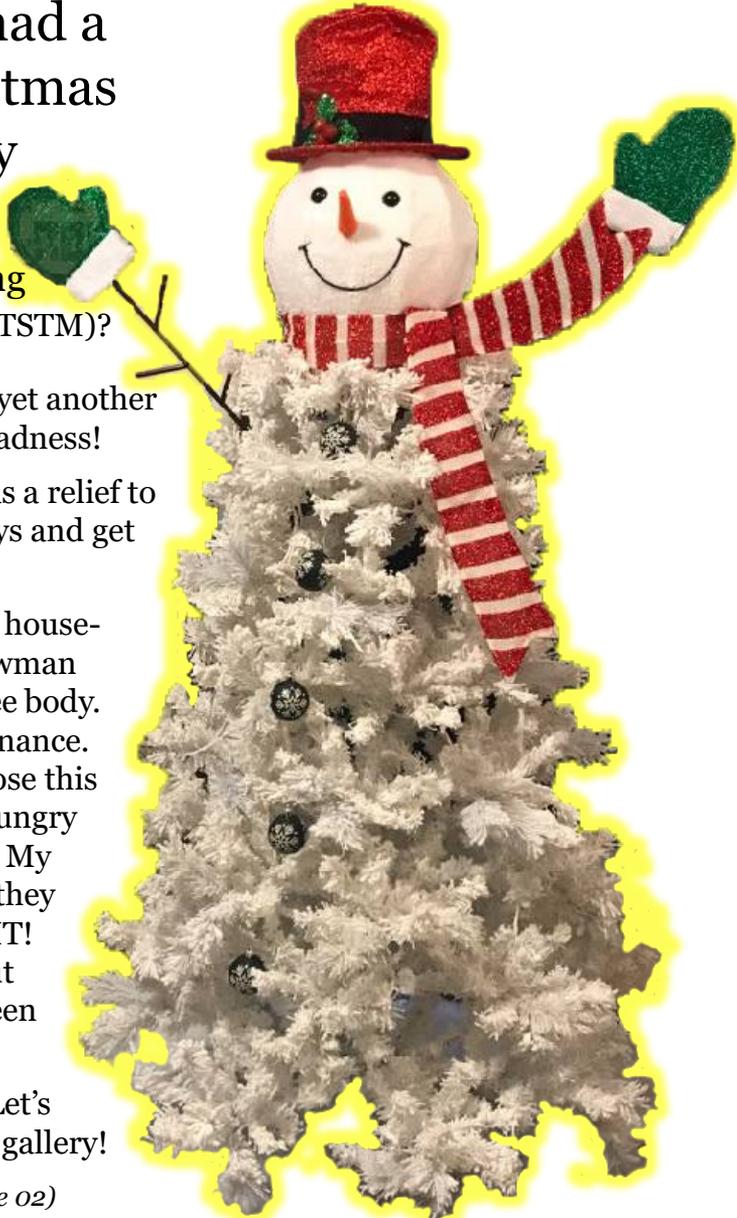
I guess we survived yet another
year of pandemic madness!

So --- it certainly was a relief to
celebrate the holidays and get
out of the house!

I am the head of my house-
hold (literally). Snowman
head, stick arms, tree body.
I'm very low maintenance.
I got a new carrot nose this
year because I got hungry
and ate the last one. My
arms are so skinny, they
look like sticks. WAIT!
They ARE sticks! But
They have always been
sticks, so who cares.

Enough about me! Let's
check out the photo gallery!

(continued on page 02)



(continued
from
page 01)

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The Great-Grandchildren of Thelma & Don Foltz! Bella, Aubree, Carmen & Luke. They are standing in front of the 'Don Foltz Jeweler' display



We always welcome the crew from Max & Erma's, who give goodies to the visitors and direct people inside the Museum

Martha Ashton Brown, Ivalee Basinger, Mark Myers, and Kim Fisher in the kitchen



Ivalee Basinger straightens up the Christmas Gift Shop before we open



(continued from page 02)

Christmas on the Towne 2021

by TSTM and Photography by Vickie Hall



A tree in every room ...



TSTM, Jr.



What a CROWD!



Hmmm – Contemplating



Until Next Year



A Tribute to my Friend, Wendy

by Suzy Millar Miller

It's difficult to write about a friend who has recently passed away, but I wanted to tell a story about my extraordinary friendship with a woman who became a Trustee for RTHS and about her experiences growing up in Brookside when it was a new housing development in the Burg.

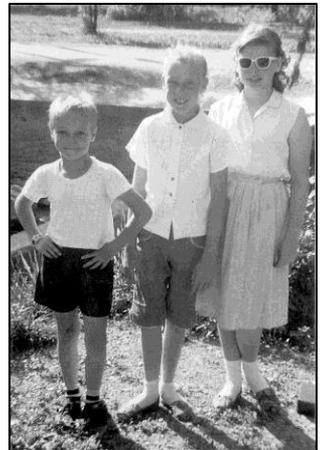
When I first met Wendy, her name was Wanda Wheatley. She was a charter member of my mom's Girl Scout troop and was at my house often for meetings and activities. The troop was very active and had "day camp" in the wooded area where Hibernia Apartments sits today near Main Street and Noe Bixby. One time the troop even took the train to Cincinnati for an experience. (My mom wouldn't let me go with them because she said I wasn't in the troop!) It was the first time Wanda had ever ridden in a train. She didn't get to ride one again until 1969 from Frankfort to Neubruecke, Germany.



WANDA LAURA WHEATLEY

Sometime after high school Wanda changed her first name to Wendy. I had a difficult time calling her Wendy initially, but finally decided she would be Wendy/Wanda to me. She liked the nickname!

Wendy was very involved with her classmates at Reynoldsburg and worked on the planning committee for their class at their 40th, 45th, and 50th reunions. At the 50th reunion in 2014 she contacted her classmates, chose locations and events. Then she had the brilliant idea of having a special book made just for their reunion. Wendy contacted me and we worked on the 137-page book for months. She gathered biographies, checked addresses, located old photos, talked on the phone for hours, and miraculously we made a book. It was my first reunion book for a group other than my class. We had so much fun and were on the phone almost daily, sometimes more. If Wendy wasn't available, her trusty answering machine answered the phone although it was actually her husband, Carl.





A Tribute to my Friend, Wendy

by Suzy Millar Miller

(continued from page 04)

He answered, “Wendy’s Answering Machine.” Carl and I then talked for hours about every topic under the sun. Wendy also helped other classes at their reunions by registering guests and giving out nametags.

One thing that came out of the reunions was that Wendy decided to hold monthly gatherings for her classmates for lunch at various restaurants. The lunch group started in 2009 and continued until 2021 when it became too difficult to get together. One of the favorite places was the July lunches usually held at Der Dutchman.

In the reunion books, classmates wrote biographies about themselves and what they remembered about living in the Burg. Wendy wrote this about moving to Reynoldsburg.

“When my parents decided to move to a suburb, they decided to have a new home built from scratch on Sunview Road in Reynoldsburg. It was an exciting time for the family, and they used to drive out every other week to check on the progress. When it reached the stage where the exterior was being painted in the fall of 1956, there was a rock and roll song on the radio charts called ‘Green Door’ by Jim Lowe. As the exterior was being finished, they were painting the house pink, and all of the trim – including the doors – was a shade of moss green. The Wheatley family thought it was

hilarious that they were “what’s behind the green door” as written in the lyrics of the song.

“When our Brookside house on Sunview Road was ready to move into, it was November 1956. Our parents and our brother, Steve, moved



in after Thanksgiving. But the decision was made in our family that Cheryl and I would stay with our maternal grandparents until after the



Christmas break. They lived just two blocks from our school. Then we could finish with our classes at Livingston Avenue Elementary School in Columbus, celebrate Christmas in our new house, and get registered in our new school.

“We started in the Reynoldsburg school from January until May 1957 even though school pictures didn’t show us. The school took class pictures in the fall. Across the street from us lived Connie Boyd. (RHS

(continued on page 06)



A Tribute to my Friend, Wendy

by Suzy Millar Miller

(continued from page 05)

Class of 1965) and her parents. Next door to us was the Ludwig family who had three kids - an infant named Glenn, John (Class of 1970) and Mardean (Class of 1966). The Ludwigs' was the last house finished and moved into in that time period. Behind our house was only the poured concrete foundation of what would eventually be the home of The McAdow family on Warwick Avenue. And beyond that was a little cleared land and then woods. That foundation was the site of snow forts and all kinds of other imaginative play, and the woods was hide and seek and other fun games. That first winter was a childhood dream come true for kids with lots of imagination. And boy, did the six of us have a ton of imagination between us. Not counting Glenn, of course, who was an infant still. We were quite a group! Wanda was 10, Connie 9, Mardean 8, Cheryl turned 7 that February, and John & Steve were 4-year-olds.

That summer swing sets went up in the back yards of the Wheatley and Ludwig houses. Those of us who were



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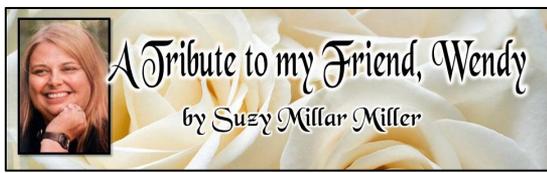


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BROOKSIDE PARK ADDITION, Reynoldsburg, Ohio

(continued from page 06)

school age were all girls, which also meant the Wheatley house (and yard) was frequently filled with dozens of little girls! We all walked to school together through Brookside, down Epworth, over the east foot bridge, across Main Street and up Jackson to the school. Cheryl and Wanda had transferred from a Columbus elementary school that was Kindergarten through 6th grade. We were fascinated by the idea of a school that included all 12 grades in one building! That felt SO special! We loved our new school, and our new small town so much!



‘The 1959 yearbook marks ‘the big change!’ The fourth grade grew to five home rooms of students! (Can you say Brookside?) The vast influx of new families had led to the need to build a new elementary school separate from the big 3-story ‘Knowledge is Power’ school we all loved. It was built at the corner of Epworth and Donald Streets at the entrance to the Brookside subdivision and was to be called French Run Elementary School (named after French Run Creek at the opposite end of Epworth Ave. where we all crossed over the foot bridge twice daily to get to school and back). It was finished in time for classes to start there in September of 1958 for all Brookside kids and old Reynoldsburg kids who lived north of Main Street. Everyone else continued to go to the “old” school on Jackson Street.



‘My school memories included: choir with Mr. Canter, All-County Chorus (great place to meet boys from other schools, since the altos always stood next to the tenors!), Y-Teens and two summers at Y-Teen Conference at Otterbein University, Spanish Club (Miss Morin was always a hoot), Pep squad with the purple and white mittens and shirts used to make designs, football games, dancing at lunch time, movies at lunch at the “old” school, seeing how many people could fit in the phone booth at the old school, walking to the market on Main Street to buy pickles for lunch, speaking of lunch – remember the ‘Pack a sack and stop the slop’ signs, walking to Miller’s after school and dancing to the juke box, walking back and forth to school over the footbridge across French Run Creek from Brookside, Girl Scouts with Suzy Millar’s mom, Maebelle Millar, as our troop leader (she was great!), sharing a tent at Girl Scout camp with Sue Lemert and Karen Hergesell, watching and marching in the parades, how excited we all were when they built the Reynoldsburg Swim Club and walking home with the current boyfriend, dances at the swim club with WCOL there, skating at the new roller rink, dances on Friday nights, too, at the rink (I met my first husband there at a dance!), bowling lessons and teams at the new bowling

(continued on page 08)

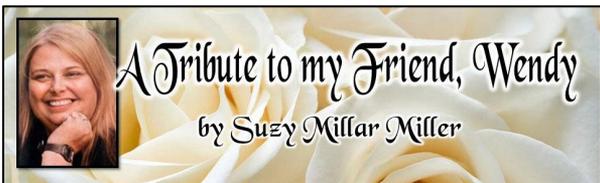
(continued from page 07)

alley, but don't forget the old bowling lanes above Connell's Hardware.

'As a matter of fact, all three Wheatley kids were good dancers and loved to dance!! That continued for decades for all of us, but especially Cheryl and Wendy. We went to Friday night dances at the Reynoldsburg Skating Rink, Saturday night dances at either the Cabana Club on Main Street or the Gator's Hut in Gahanna, and of course, almost every Sunday afternoon at Valley Dale.'"

Wendy started out working for the Columbus Public Library, Reynoldsburg Branch, then went to the Department of Defense, but worked as a volunteer at the Main Library once a week from 1971-1994. Wendy retired from the Department of Defense (DCSC) in 1993. After that she owned her own candle business from 1994-2000. She had eight step-children. She and her late husband, Donald Hubbard, raised his youngest son, Joel. Donald also had four other children. With Wendy's last husband, Carl, she had three more step-children: twins Lynn and Lisa, and Carl, Jr., who passed away in June 2012. Wendy had many grand-children.

Some of the hobbies that Wendy enjoyed when she was younger



included: motorcycle riding as a passenger (which she really missed doing), dancing, camping, canoeing, scuba/skin diving, and showing and riding horses. Her more recent hobbies were: genealogy, crafts, swimming, reading, (especially history and mysteries), hanging out and going places with the grandkids (the ones who live close), and hanging out with friends.



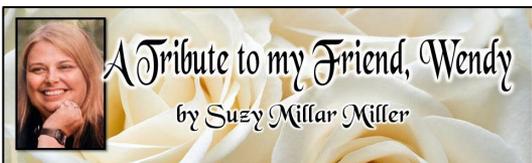
She got married in 1969 and went to live as an Army wife in Germany for two years. Wendy also traveled to Ireland, Iceland, Hawaii, and the Bahamas. She hasn't been able to travel much outside of Ohio in the past 30 years, but always wanted to travel again. Wendy also worked as a volunteer in hypnosis

regression studies and in clinical research at the OSU Neurological Dept. Wendy told me that she really enjoyed hypnosis regression and in one of her past lives she was a seamstress.

Beginning in 2008, she worked with the Huntington Disease Society of America (HDSA) support group on many of their fundraisers and providing crafts for the Huntington patients and helping them with crafts

(continued from page 08)

while their family members and/or care givers are in meetings. Wendy's sister, Cheryl, died of Huntington



Disease in March, 2000 after being diagnosed in the mid-1980s. Wendy was a part-time caregiver for her brother, Steve, for several years before he passed away on Huntington Disease in September, 2012. Huntington Disease is a hereditary disease which runs in families. One of the reasons Wendy was so involved in genealogy was to track the disease through her family, but also because she was curious about everything!

Wendy LOVED to read. It was a passion we shared. Over the years we exchanged hundreds of books. She got me hooked on Rex Stout's writing about Nero Wolfe. I still have a couple volumes to finish. She was also interested in the American Indian tribes around Ohio and other places in North America. She also really enjoyed black and white movies, especially musicals. One of our favorite movies was "Somewhere in Time" with Christopher Reeve and Jane Seymour which involved going back in time.



Wendy became our "Sunshine Committee" for RTHS and mailed many cards to encourage members to get well or express our sympathy on the passing of a family member. Sometimes she sent cards because she thought they needed some happiness in their lives. She really enjoyed connecting with people and really cared about them. Her smile was welcoming to everyone, and her generosity was overwhelming. Her husband, Carl, was our Parliamentarian and helped us with many "Robert's Rules of Order" questions.



Until Wendy died there were four RTHS high school class reunion coordinators on our RTHS board. Mary (Turner) Stoots, our president; Suzy (Millar) Miller, corresponding secretary; and trustees, Vickie (Edwards) Hall and Wendy. We got together often and researched information for our classes and had a fabulous time laughing and talking about the old days in the Burg. One of the most amazing things about Wendy was that she could recognize names and faces immediately. She could even look at someone's second grade photo and know instantly who that was in a 40th reunion photo. She helped us figure out who our classmates were even when we had no clue! The reunion coordinators last saw one another

(continued on page 10)



A Tribute to my Friend, Wendy

by Suzy Millar Miller

(Continued from Page 09)

in August, 2021 and had no idea it would be our last reunion meeting.

Wendy passed away on October 21, 2021, after a heart attack. Her husband, Carl Raftery, passed away on October 24, 2021, with complications from infections. They were married on December 7, 1991, fifty years after the Pearl Harbor attack in 1941.

Carl was proud of his U.S. Navy service and of his service to his country. He really liked the fact that he



was born on Veterans Day. He used to love riding motorcycles. After he became unable to walk a few years ago, he would talk about missing getting “bugs in his teeth” while he rode down the highways. He enjoyed talking about ships, boilers, and jobs he had along with his love of Wendy.

Carl and Wendy kept different hours from the rest of us. They got up in the afternoon and stayed up half the night watching TV and movies which made it difficult to call them without waking up one or the other. One thing Carl did every night is tell Wendy that he loved her right at midnight. Sometimes I would be on the phone talking with Wendy and Carl would pick up an extension and tell her that he loved her and happy new day.

May you both rest in peace. I miss both of you. – Suzy Miller

Photos are of: Wendy’s high school graduation picture; Wendy, Steve, and Cheryl Wheatley in their driveway on Sunview Rd.; Wendy and Cheryl Wheatley on the bike they had to share (which had been their mother’s bike before them!), with Connie Boyd on her bike and brother, Steve, on his tractor, taken in June 1958 when Cheryl was 9, Wendy 11, and Steve, 6; Wendy, Cheryl, and Steve Wheatley in front of the almost finished French Run School, June 1958; John Ludwig, Steve Wheatley, and Larry McAdow playing cowboy in 1958; a Brookside advertising Brochure courtesy of Ken Sperry; Wendy and Donald Hubbard getting married in October 1988 with her brother, Steve, performing the ceremony; Wendy at a horse show; the class reunion coordinators, Vickie, Mary, Suzy, and Wendy; and Carl in uniform.



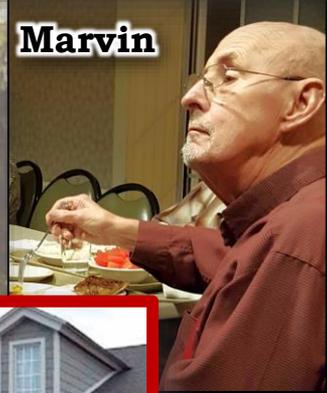
Neal



Doug



Dick & Steve



Marvin



2021 Christmas Dinner at MCL



Neal, Steve & Mike



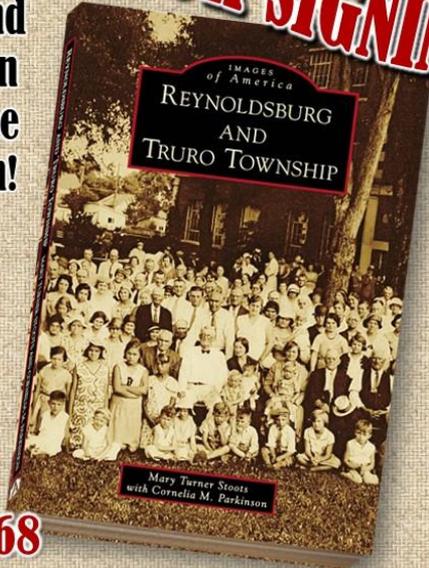
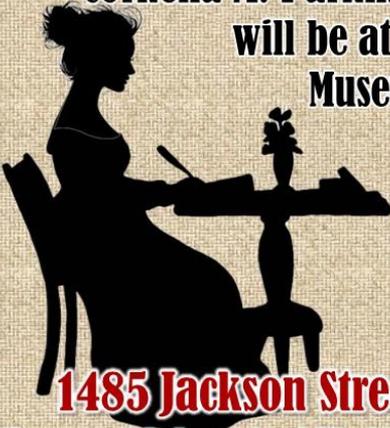
**Judy,
Ivalee,
& Judy**



Chuck, Sallie, Cliff & Bev

FEBRUARY 19, 2022 **BOOK SIGNING**

Mary Turner Stoots and
Cornelia M. Parkinson
will be at the
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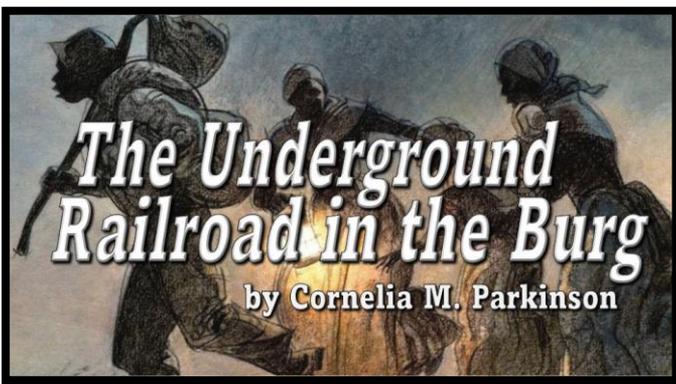
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Make Check Payable to RTHS and mail to: RTHS, PO Box 144, Reynoldsburg, OH 43068

Invite your friends to join!



Everybody has heard the term “underground railroad.” What does it mean?

The so-called underground railroad was the system by which a person helped another person to freedom. Usually this meant a white man or woman helping black men/women/children get out of slavery. The South usually meant slavery; Northern free states and Canada could mean freedom. All those of any color who took a part in emancipation were also risking their lives. Here in town, we had many of all colors who undertook that risk simply to help another human being live free from the frequent cruelty of slavery.

The master may have treated his people well enough, especially house servants, who were often loved and respected – and, at need, catered to – like family. But the white overseer, whose job it was to get a full day’s work out of “ever’ mizzable black critter in them-thar fields,” did not have to

be kind about it.

He had free rein to punish at will, and in his own way. If he grew a dislike for anyone, they were more apt to be punished.

Escape routes were called “underground” because runaway slaves could seem to vanish, even when pursuers were close on the trail. “Bounty hunters” or “slave catchers” were equipped for the job with pistols and whips and ropes to bind – plus 90-to-110-pound bloodhounds whose noses you couldn’t fool, or 165-to-185-pound mastiffs, fierce dogs three feet high. These mighty and powerful dogs were trained not to attack, but to catch and hold, so that the hunter could return a live specimen in reasonable condition to his master for the hunter’s reward.

The essence of the Underground Railroad was heroism. Men who helped fugitives risked heavy fines, jail sentences, and their

(Continued on Page 14)

RTHS Museum, 1485 Jackson Street, Reynoldsburg, Ohio 43068

Mailing address: Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society
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RTHS Courier, JAN 2022-13

(continued
from page 13)

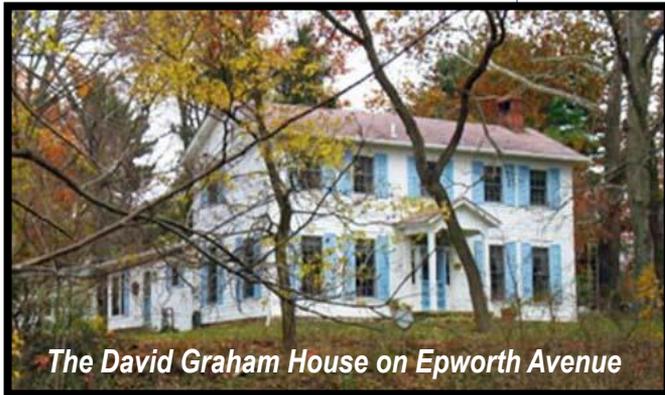
very lives. Run-away slaves risked even more: most were used to being supervised at all hours; most were not allowed schooling, and certainly were not taught what to expect in the outside world; so how could they manage on their own? Some did,



those having power too often misused it. Slavery itself was intolerable.

Slaves were possessions. They represented real monetary outlay. They were bought and they were sold, paid for in cash or credit. Husbands could be sold; so could wives, children, newborn babies,

at the master's displeasure. Slaves weren't given a choice. Slave laws favored the owner. From those laws that outlined the punishment for helping escaping slaves came the terrible risks the abolitionist slave-haulers took when they



escorted runaways to a free state. Nevertheless, the Underground Railroad covered the United States, and its regular routes were numerous. A map of the eastern United States shows thousands of little lines drawn between points where slaves could be kept for a short time before being taken farther along the freedom trail.

(see the Ohio map on page 18)
Slave-hauling was a monumental volunteer operation that would make today's businessman wealthy.

Ohio was never a slave-holding state. Its importance in abolitionism came from its geographically abutting the slave states of Kentucky and Virginia

going back to help others escape. Some didn't, couldn't, learn.

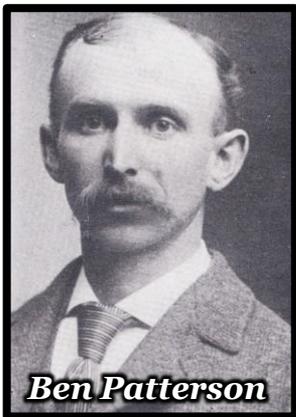
Slavery as an institution is older than civilization. Wealthy and powerful men of all nations throughout time have owned slaves. The American Civil War was fought, in part, over the right for one person to have absolute control over the life, love, work, goals, even death of another person. Indentured servants and apprentices agreed to work for a certain time, at the end of which their master was obliged to free them. Native Americans made poor slaves, because they expected their women to do the work. In any master-servant situation,

(continued from
page 14)

(now West Virginia.)

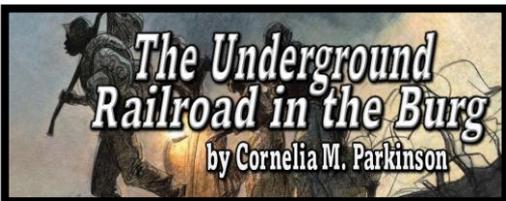
Any slave who could cross the Ohio River would still be in peril, but be in a free state where help was nearby. One popular route went out East Friend Street (now Main) in Columbus toward Reynoldsburg, then 20 miles northeast to Granville. One of the earliest Franklin County abolitionists was Williams Noe, who from his home near Hibernia was able to give shelter, food, rest, and further transportation. (Hibernia was a settlement, never platted, at Main Street and Noe-Bixby Road; later on, at an Arcodel Bus stop, the driver called out, "Hibernia!")

The best-known station in The Burg was the David Graham house, at now 1312 Epworth. Families living in the house have told of digging noises in the cellar (rumor holds two slave catchers were buried there) and nighttime voices in the



Ben Patterson

hallway. Other stations were in a cave off Main Street near Waggoner Road; under the Primitive Baptist Church at the Y of Jackson and SR 256; the home of Joseph German on Main; and Viola McCray May's house which was near the site of the present Masonic Lodge. James C. Reynolds's



The Underground Railroad in the Burg

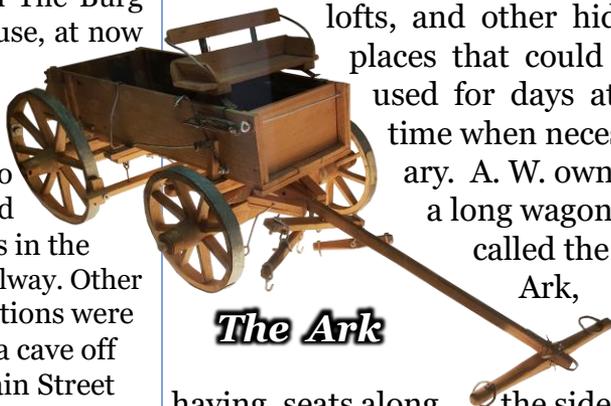
by Cornelia M. Parkinson



Williams Noe

general store, a log structure built in 1839 or 1840 at now 7374 East Main Street, had a cellar hiding place about 7X15 feet, with airholes on three sides and a trapdoor on the west. A prominent man in a little town dare not travel nights too often, so James and his wife Minerva made their contribution as they could. No one let on that they knew.

Another prominent abolitionist was Alexander W. Livingston, on whose seed farm were outbuildings, lofts, and other hiding places that could be used for days at a time when necessary. A. W. owned a long wagon called the Ark,



The Ark

having seats along the sides in which a number of fugitives could be taken to the next station in Granville or Utica. Alex's employee, Ben Patterson (1836-1914) was one of the slave haulers out of The Burg, transporting runaway slaves to Granville or even the many miles to Mount

(continued on page 16)

The Underground Railroad in the Burg

by Cornelia M. Parkinson



(continued from page 15)

Vernon. That trip would take a whole night. Eliza Patterson's granddaughter Mary Eliza Durant told that when Ben was gone, his wife was afraid to be alone, so she stuck a big wooden mush paddle through staples in the door and doorframe, and felt safer.

Harrison "Hack" Long was "a man of do or die," a carpenter, served during the Civil War and later worked for William Forrester in his stone quarry. In Hack's house, said historian Fay May, a brick wall raised the house about five feet aboveground, so an outside stairway led up into the living room. Slaves hid in relative safety here, awaiting the hazardous ride to the next station.

Other men in Truro and Jefferson Townships known to have worked with the Underground Railroad are George W. Black, Jason Bull, David Patterson (owner of land a bit east of Waggoner Road and perhaps a relative of Ben), Daniel Thompson, and John W. Thompson. John was a wagon maker. Both Presbyterians and Seceders were strong for abolition. First Presbyterian Reverend Jonathan Cable served, and

New Members!

- Robert J. Dervin - Individual
- Janet Herring - Individual
- Fran & Maddie Klausman - Family
- Ruth Kreitzburg - Individual
- Janet Odenice - Individual
- Sarah Reed - Individual
- Nancy & Claude Sigman - Family
- John & Robin K. Vanover - Family
- Jackie Young - Individual



Sunshine Committee

Do you know someone who needs some Sunshine?

Contact **Carol Deuber** 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) 581-7048

Write "SUNSHINE" in the subject line of your email:
cadeuber@gmail.com

The Underground Railroad in the Burg

by Cornelia M. Parkinson

(continued from page 16)

Archibald Cooper, carpenter, one of the church founders and original elders, who also served on the First Board of Trustees, Borough of Reynoldsburg. On behalf of Seceders were “Uncle Billy” Connell (possibly buried in Seceder Cemetery, where his wife, Janet Strang, was buried), Samuel Gillett, and William G. Graham. Graham 1803-1854 was described as a “pioneer.”

Ten years after the Civil War, when fear of capture had passed, the Black Prince from Africa once again lent Reynoldsburg his awesome presence. He had sheltered here before, and was described as “six feet six inches in height, broad shouldered and with the strength of a horse, eight times the power of an ordinary man. . . blessed with more than ordinary [intelligence]. . . very valuable to any farm.”

Men and women of the area – many not named here – were brave, doing the fear-engendering job with qualms, but doing it anyway because it was part of their belief system. And those they aided to freedom met fates varying from no improvement to vast improvement over the unfair institution of slavery. Some people did not win; but others did win.

Several sources have been used for this article. 1. Parkinson: *History of Reynoldsburg and Truro Township, Ohio*, ch 62. 2. Siebert: *Mysteries of Ohio's Underground Railroads and The Underground Railroad*. 3. Hetty Graham Evans: several souvenir booklets for Reynoldsburg's Homecomings. 4. Fay May: *Boots and Saddles* columns, *Canal Winchester News-Gazette*.



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Dr. Wilbur Henry Siebert (1866-1961) organized one of the most extensive historical collections on the Underground Railroad in the United States. Siebert served as a professor of history at the Ohio State University, 1893-1935. His collection on the Underground Railroad, housed in the Library Archives of the Ohio Historical Society in Columbus, contains diaries, books, letters, and newspaper accounts of the day, as well as reminiscences from the dwindling population of abolitionists and their families throughout the northern states. It also includes Siebert's own manuscripts, images, notes, and correspondence relating to his research. Siebert published *The Underground Railroad from Slavery to Freedom* (1898), an enduring classic on the subject, as well as numerous other books on the Underground Railroad in Ohio and elsewhere. His extensive research earned him recognition as the world's foremost authority on the Underground Railroad.

Ohio's Underground Trails.

1830-1865 Ohio Routes of the Underground Railroad. Compiled from "*The Underground Railroad from Slavery to Freedom*" by Wilbur H. Siebert. Copyright, 1898, by The Macmillan Company.





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THE COURIER

January 2022 Issue

**Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical
Society**

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Contributors:

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& Mary Turner Stoots

2022 CALENDAR

JANUARY 2022

11 – TUE – Board Mtg **CANCELED**

15 – SAT – Open House **CANCELED**

FEBRUARY 2022

15 – TUE – Board Meeting - 6:30pm

19 – SAT – Open House, 10am-2pm

**Book Signing with Cornelia
M. Parkinson & Mary Turner
Stoots**

20 – SUN – Deadline for March *Courier*

28 – MON – Dues Deadline for listing in
the Directory

MARCH 2022

15 – TUE – Board & General Meeting
Combined 6:30pm

19 – SAT – Open House, 10am-2pm

23 – WED – **Max & Erma's Fundraiser**

Reynoldsburg and Truro Township

by Mary Turner Stoots
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