



THE COURIER

Reynoldsburg-Truro
Historical Society

JANUARY-2023 Website: www.rths.info Email: RTHSCourier@aol.com Vol.49 No.1



The Columbus, Newark & Zanesville Interurban Line was one of the most successful Interurban lines that bridged the gap between the horse and the automobile. Columbus was the hub for 8 radiating lines.

Begun in the late 1880s, when Newark & Granville were connected by an electric line, the tracks eventually covered 2,869 miles. The last train ran on October 28, 1938.

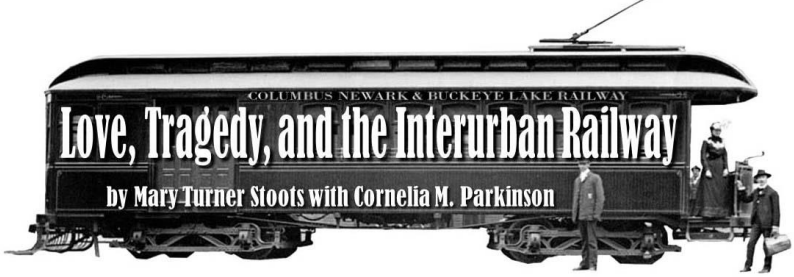
The Columbus Buckeye Lake & Newark Traction Company was completed (34 miles) in 1902. In 1904-05 it cost 60¢ to ride the full distance, thirty-seven miles between Newark & Columbus. These stops were printed on the tickets:

<u>Miles</u>	<u>Destination</u>	Fare from Newark	Fare from Columbus
4	Capital Univ	.55¢	.05¢
7	Crumms	.50¢	.10¢
11	Reynoldsburg	.45¢	.15¢
15	Wagram	.40¢	.20¢
17	Etna	.35¢	.25¢
19	Parkinsons	.30¢	.30¢
22	Kirkersville	.25¢	.35¢
26	Luray	.20¢	.40¢
28	Hebron	.15¢	.45¢
30	Buckeye Lake	.10¢	.50¢
30	Taylor's Bridge	.10¢	.50¢
33	Armstrongs	.05¢	.55¢
37	Newark		.60¢



Baggage 10¢ 20¢ 25¢ 30¢ Milk 40¢ 50¢
Half Fare 05¢ 10¢ 15¢ 20¢ 25¢ 30¢

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Reynoldsburg was connected to downtown Columbus by a rail network that transported passengers to Zanesville, Newark, Marion, Dublin, and Lancaster. The train tracks ran down the middle of Route 40 (Main Street). The cars carried passengers and some freight.

School closed and it was arranged that the pupils would be transported to Reynoldsburg by the Interurban Electric Train.

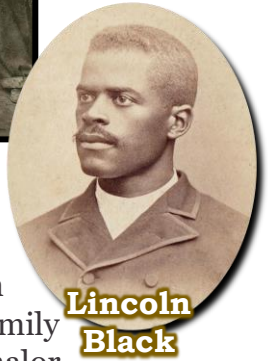
The Black Family was from Hibernia, and the Black parents were determined to educate their children, so they were all schooled in

Reynoldsburg. In 1890, Clarence R. Black graduated from Reynoldsburg Union Academy; in 1892, Lincoln D.



The railway station in downtown Columbus employed several men from Reynoldsburg. The above photograph shows the Interurban Freight House Force in May 1929. It includes Garry Dalton Wiswell (first row, third from the left) and his father, William Boyd Wiswell (first row, fifth from the left).

Black, and in 1896 Carrie Black. The other children in the Black family who Arthur Phalor remembers were Ed, who at the time of his death was president of a Negro college, and Mary, the oldest daughter.



Arthur Phalor told a few tales about the Interurban:

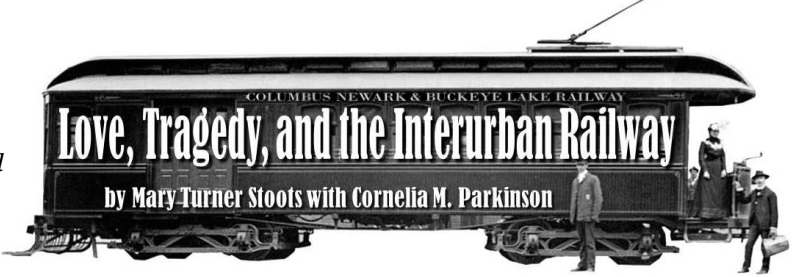
Lincoln Black was riding out from
(Continued on page 3)

In January 1923, the Hibernia

RTHS Museum, 1485 Jackson Street, Reynoldsburg, Ohio 43068

Mailing address: Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society
P.O. Box 144, Reynoldsburg, OH 43068

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Columbus on the interurban one time, and the conductor hollered out a racial slur for the name of the stop. Lincoln, an educated man of immense dignity, said, "I would think you could find a milder term." From then on, out of respect for Mr. Black, the stop was known as Black's Lane.

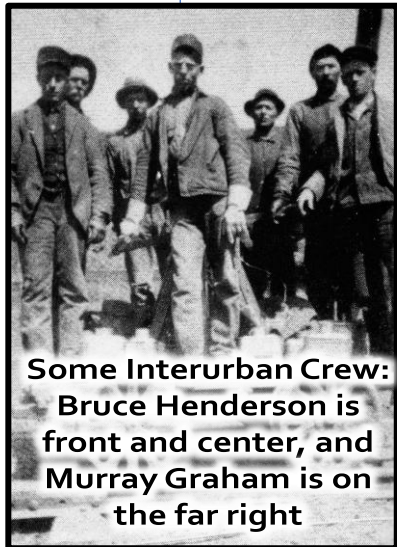
"Take the interurbans," Arthur Phalor says. "We used to think the interurbans would be as permanent as the railroads. Now look at the railroads."

Before the interurban transit lines were laid in a series of spider-web patterns across the Midwest, the Phalor children walked to high school in Reynoldsburg. After "the cars" came, a ride one way was 5¢. "The engineers stayed at our house," says Arthur. "When I'd be walking home from school, the engineer always stopped and picked me up. Once the inspector was on the engine, and he stopped and hopped out and helped me on, all dressed up. We loved to ride the Cars. When the

train went over a trestle the whole thing would sway."



A number of people were killed by the fast-moving interurbans. The



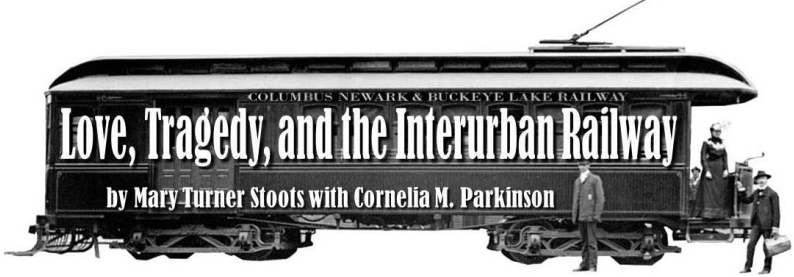
**Some Interurban Crew:
Bruce Henderson is
front and center, and
Murray Graham is on
the far right**

picture above shows a train on its side after the axel broke and it crashed into a house in Etna owned by Mary & Jess Weaver.

On weekends and holidays, it was the popular thing to take the cars to Buckeye Lake. Two sections would be run because the cars were so crowded.

One time a car was coming from the east, loaded to capacity, but it had to stop at the Hibernia stop. Two men were waiting for the train so they could go back into Columbus. The motorman said,

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"There's another car following us. We don't have room on here." The one man said, "Well, we'll ride 'er or die," and he got up onto the steps.

The second man was on the bottom step hanging onto the handle, swinging around and grinning for the entertainment of the holidaying passengers. Then the train passed through the covered Big Walnut bridge. The bottom man was knocked off, and as he went, he grabbed the first man and pulled him off. One of them drowned in Big Walnut Creek.



A bystander who helped to pull the dead man out of the water said the top of the man's head was cut off. His brains lay on the bridge until the birds ate them. The train stopped and took the remaining man and the greatly sobered passengers into Columbus.

Maude Zarbaugh Wiswell graduated from Reynoldsburg in the Spring of 1917 and she wrote:



William Zarbaugh

"My father, William E. Zarbaugh, worked in the freight yard at the Interurban Railway Station in downtown Columbus.

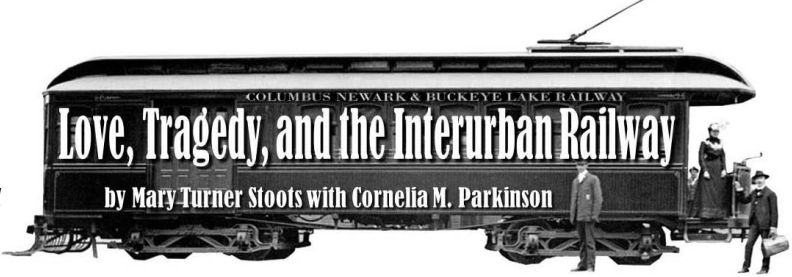
In the autumn of 1917 at Columbus Business College, I had finished my bookkeeping course and was almost finished with shorthand and typing when my father came home one evening and said, "You are to go to work in the morning for the Ohio Electric Railway Co." [the Interurban]

I started to work as a bill clerk and after a while was transferred to the superintendent's office as time-keeper. Later I was promoted to chief clerk to the superintendent. I held this position until I quit in 1922. It was during this time that I met Garry Wiswell, who had been transferred to the Columbus ticket office from Lima.

Garry and I were married on September 1, 1921. On December 1st, we bought a home in North Columbus and lived there for the

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from
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next six years. While in Columbus we had two children, Bill and Mary Ann.

On February 17, 1927, my father was killed in a tragic accident at the Interurban Freight House yard. Mother was not able to live alone, so it became necessary to have a larger home. She moved in with us and in the Fall of 1927, we pooled our funds and my mother's, using my father's life insurance money to build a new home in Reynoldsburg, over in the Highland Terrace development that people called 'The New Addition.'

After we moved to Reynoldsburg our daughter Wilma was born in June of 1929. In October of 1929, the Interurban from Columbus to Zanesville was abandoned. This put Garry out of work, as he was then agent for both passengers and freight. The Great Depression was on, so he did whatever work he could find, taking the 1930 census and other odd jobs, until 1941 he came home one evening and asked me if I wanted to buy a grocery store. He said that Esta Lunn wanted to sell. She owned the grocery in the Southeast section of the Connell Hardware building. So we borrowed the money and went to work. Little did we know that one week after our purchase, World War II would be declared."

So, how does someone from Lima, Ohio fall in love at the electric railway station with the chief clerk to the superintendent; build a house in Reynoldsburg, buy a grocery store, and live happily ever after? Do you wonder how the story ends?

I know how it ends because Maude Zarbaugh & Garry Wiswell are my grandparents. My Mother was their youngest, Wilma (Wiswell) Turner.

I grew up in Reynoldsburg, and when the time was right, I eventually moved out of the house. At that point, everyone in my family let out a huge sigh of relief!

THEN, - they ALL (finally) lived happily ever after!



Reynoldsburg and Truro Township, Ohio by Cornelia M. Parkinson; 1962-02-20 Letter by Maude A. Wiswell; Historical Tales of Old Reynoldsburg, Volume One; Reynoldsburg and Truro Township by Mary Turner Stoots with Cornelia M. Parkinson; Columbus Interurban Chronology 1891-1958

It's a 2023 OSU Raffle One Ticket Wins It ALL!



Please note: The sizing is not comparative between the items

A Handy Ticket Order Form is Enclosed



What's included in the 2023 OSU Raffle?



The Net Worth of this Raffle item is over \$175.00

- 01 - OSU XL Red T-Shirt
- 02 - OSU Large Grey T-Shirt
- 03 - OSU XXL Red T-Shirt
- 04 - Wooden Beaded Necklace & Earrings
- 05 - OSU Condiment Set
- 06 - Double-Sided OSU Garden Flag
- 07 - OSU Soft Cooler
- 08 - OSU Bottle Opener
- 09 - OSU Quilted Purse or Tote
- 10 - One Deck of OSU Playing Cards
- 11 - Large plastic OSU Relish Tray
- 12 - Thirty+ Plastic OSU Party Tumblers
- 13 - Sandstone OSU Coasters
- 14 - Two Doubled-Sided OSU Can Coolers
- 15 - OSU Chip Clip
- 16 - Large "Go Bucks" Bucket

If you want to be in the Roster this year, and you haven't renewed your dues yet, you will have until the end of the month!
No Dues = No March Courier!
Oh NO! OMG!
Where's my Checkbook?!

RTHS Christmas Dinner



Everybody won TWO door prizes, Mary talked at a minimum, and one of our Raffle Winners was in attendance!! **A fun time for ALL!**

And the 2022 Raffle Winners Were:

Margarett Colgin

Sue Gilmore

Roger Shortt

Hannah Moore

The Drawing was December 10th at our annual Holiday Dinner at MCL

A Walk Down Main Street



East Main Street in the Burg looked a lot different in the 1950s and 60s than it does today. Some basic buildings are about the same, but many have disappeared or changed radically over the years. These memories are a blend of the 50s and 60s because there are differences in how a child or teenager notices their surroundings versus how adults see things.

I am starting this short walk down Main Street from my memories which can be faulty at times. There will be things you remember that I don't and it's entirely possible that I might have some of the locations a little wrong. I initially lived on Main Street in the 50s and moved to Lancaster Avenue as a child.

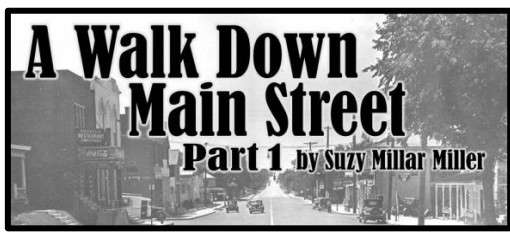
Mary Turner Stoots remembered that her mother, **Wilma Wiswell Turner**, had started a similar recollection a couple of years before she passed away. I found it interesting that Wilma started her walk at the same place I was planning to start. I'll begin with some of her words with added comments by me in brackets. Wilma's comments are in italic.

*If we start at the northwest corner of Main Street & Lancaster Avenue [next to Blacklick Creek], the lot currently empty once held the home of Doc Gardner's parents. [In 2022, the lot is a parking area.] After that house was razed, a **Sohio Gas Station** moved in. [The station was owned by Mr. Wogan who moved to Route 204 in Pickerington. I think that gas station closed after the flood of 1956.] Back in those days, there was a gas station on every corner. Who would have thought that eventually the gas stations would be replaced by Walgreen & CVS stores on every corner, and that you would buy gasoline at the grocery store?*

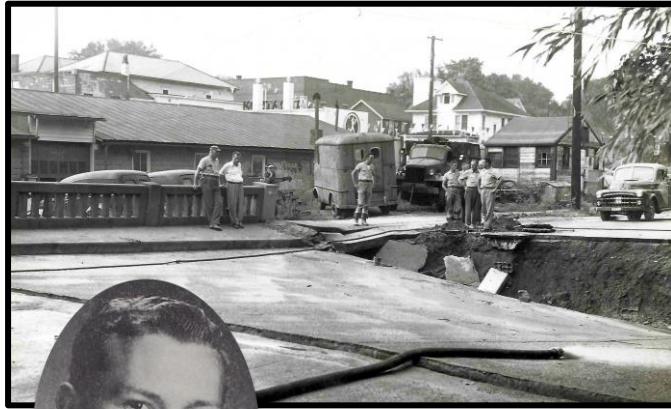
When I crossed Lancaster Avenue at Main Street, I could look North up Lancaster and see the houses of **Harold & Betty Cottingham** (Insurance), **Edythe Myers** (granddaughter of Mary Ann Rochelle Hickman who lived to

(continued from page 08)

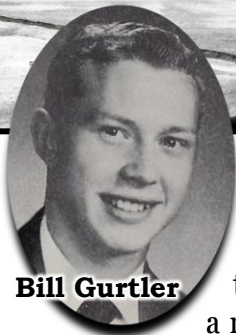
be 103 years old), and **Doc & Carly Porter** (veterinarian) on the West side of the street. Coming back South on the right side was **Dr. Wehe's** office, then French Run Creek, and **William Gurtler's** supply area. William Gurtler worked for the railroad and highway department and was in charge of building the Columbus Depot. His



business expanded into many states. William Gurtler's son, **Bill Gurtler**, is a Lifetime member of RTHS and a successful businessman in Indiana.



Back on Main Street there was a big, beautiful **Marathon Gas Station** owned by Bryant "Mickey"



Slack. There was the most wonderful invention at the side of the station, a self-dispensing, cold Coca Cola machine. You could put money into a slot and then be able to slide the next coke bottle out. The neck of the bottles hung from a rack, so the bottle kept cold in the refrigerated chest. I remember some teenage boys who noticed how the bottles were hanging and

realized you could pop the bottle cap off and the bottle would still hang on the rack. So, they got straws and drank the contents of the bottles. When Mickey came to refill the machine, he found a bunch of empty bottles hanging in place. Needless to say, he changed how he refilled the racks by hanging the bottles from the bottle caps instead of the bottle necks. When the boys tried the same trick again; they discovered that if they popped the bottle caps off, the bottle would drop to the bottom of the machine and spill out. The free soft drink caper ended immediately. I don't know if the culprits were ever identified.



Continuing East there was a group of buildings which I had always thought of as one building (continued on page 10)

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because they were so close together. Wilma wrote of the **Sunshine Restaurant** owned by the Cochenours. I am unsure where exactly it was located or when it was in business, but I think it was in the 1940s. I remember a tiny business in the 60s



that was A vacuum repair shop. Then there was a more memorable place, **Hayes Drug Store** which was run by Elmore Hayes and started by his dad. Years later it was purchased by **Tubby & Wilma Dean**, who renamed the business, **The Village Store**. The drug store was a huge “hang-out” spot for teenagers and other kids. They had a soda fountain, complete with soda “jerks” who would

make vanilla phosphates and cherry cokes by jerking on the handles of flavored syrup and adding carbonated soda. Next to the counter there was a tall display of the

latest comic books. There were always kids crowded around to see what Betty & Archie were doing in the comics or if Superman had a new arch enemy. There was also a lot of candy and gum to be purchased if you



A Walk Down Main Street

Part 1 by Suzy Millar Miller

had a nickel or two. As a kid I never really headed to the back where the prescription drugs were sold. **Frank Sainato** ran the pharmacy area. There was a bunch of other stuff for sale at the store. The drug store eventually became **Kirby Vacuum**. There was a skinny walkway between the next building which contained a set of stairs that led to the second story of what was the Knights of Columbus meeting place which the Dean family made into an apartment.

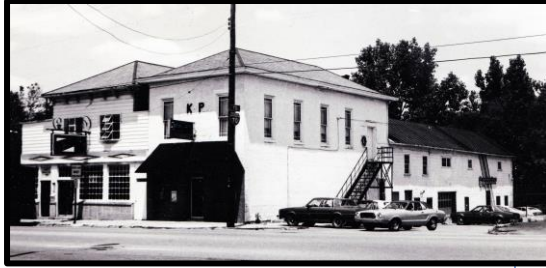


At times this walkway (which I never went down) had a false front and door to discourage wandering between the buildings. The buildings all burnt down in 2008.

At the corner of the next building was another favorite teenage spot in the 60s. It was called **Miller's Snack Bar**. **Harvey & Frances Miller** ran the establishment which held a few booths, a soda fountain, and most amazing of all, a huge “juke” box. They kept great hours at Miller's and were open sometimes before school

(continued from page 10)

started, at lunch time, and after school. We kids would come in during lunch break at school and dance to “The Locomotion”, “The Stroll”, and the cha-cha to “Big Girls Don’t Cry”. After school we would stop by again and do everything all over again. Sometimes when

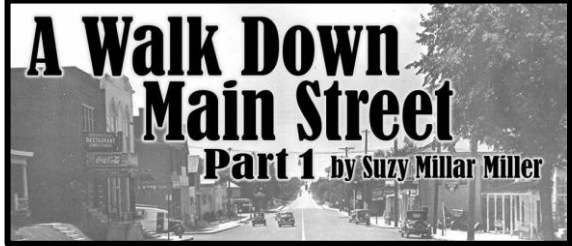


I left Miller’s, I would walk down the alley and stop at **Everett “Shorty” Lisk’s** cobbler shop behind Miller’s so he could put a couple of stitches in my Capezio flats. Those tiny straps needed constant repair and dancing hard caused wear and tear on those delicate shoes. On a side note, when I left my house in the morning on the way to school, I wore my solid, ugly saddle shoes and then changed into the Capezio shoes after I was sure my mom couldn’t see what I was wearing. She thought they were okay to wear on Sundays, but not for every day. Of course, before I headed home, I changed back into my saddle shoes!

Shorty also had a side business with a big **laundromat** next to his shoe shop. In the winter, I would pull a sled with our wet laundry in a giant wicker basket across the foot-bridge to have him dry the clothes. In the summer we just hung everything on the clothesline. I have no

A Walk Down Main Street

Part 1 by Suzy Millar Miller



idea what he charged for this service, but it was better than me hanging up those clothes on a frozen day. I imagine he also billed my parents for my regular shoe repairs.

According to Wilma, the location of Miller’s was a grocery store and post office run by the Burg Postmaster, C.G. Roshon. I think it was **Evan’s Grocery** store earlier. The second floor of the building was a mystery to me. That’s where the Masons and Job’s Daughters met. I was never in that part of the building. To get on the second floor, you had to walk up a stairway on the outside of the building next to the entrance of the shoe repair shop. It was a mystery area to me.



Across the alley from the shoe repair shop was a little building that served as Raymer’s Garage which later became the “command” post for the fire station next door. I think Helping Hands used that building in the 1990s. I remember **George Compton** walking to that (continued on page 12)

(continued from page 11)

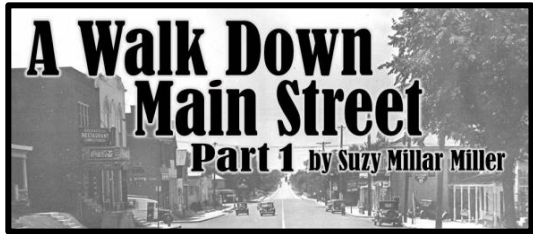
building almost every day to answer phones and questions. Most of the men in the neighborhood were volunteer firemen. There was a fire siren mounted on top of a pole next to the Mason's Hall.

There was a group of buildings originally built in 1833. One was known as the Upper Tavern. Apparently in the early 1800s Reynoldsburg had many taverns. According to Connie Parkinson in her *History of Reynoldsburg*, published in 1981:

"A tavern, as it was known then, was the same thing as a hotel with a bar. Our taverns were built to lodge travelers on the National Road. It may seem strange that even in pioneer times people had the urge to



get out and see the country, but there were plenty of people with reasons and means to travel, and they did: by foot, by stagecoach, train, wagon, carriage or buggy. The taverns also served as gathering places for people."



The Upper Tavern was known as the Dew Drop Inn around 1915. When the Upper Tavern burnt down in 1934, it was torn down and replaced with the Reynoldsburg Volunteer Fire



Department building. It seems like it was a good idea to replace a burned down building with a fire department.

The next firehouse built in 1947 was another mystery area to me in the 1950s and 60s. I could see the trucks and equipment when the big garage doors were open, but I don't think I

ever ventured beyond the sidewalk. One of the best things about the firehouse was around Christmas time when Santa would climb up on a firetruck and pass out oranges to the kids. We hardly ever had fresh citrus fruit and

that was a real treat. Now the old firehouse is Prost Beer & Wine Café which serves craft beers, wine, and charcuterie style food.

Next to the fire house was a long white building that housed **Don Foltz Jewelers** in the 60s. RTHS

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A Walk Down Main Street

Part 1 by Suzy Millar Miller

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has a Don Foltz Jewelry display area in our museum with artifacts from his store. Currently, this building houses Tempe Taco, which has a menu of Mexican cuisine and specialty drinks made with tequila or bourbon.

The building has a long history in the Burg. It has been in use since 1833 when it was known as the Lower Tavern.

here as well. When Don Foltz remodeled, he discovered a secret room. The walls were made of small round stones mortared together. It was probably an Underground Railroad hiding place.”

I hope to continue my walk down



East Main Street in future issues of the *Courier*. It is possible that some things I think I remember are a little different from reality. That’s what happens with folk history. Some things are correct, some are a little fuzzy!

I hope you have a prosperous New Year!

The Don Foltz Jeweler Display



Connie wrote: “The Lower Tavern was part saloon, part hostelry. The building has also served as a dance hall, store, and post office. The building teems with history. The Masons met in a west end room here. The telephone office was housed

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2023 CALENDAR

January

- 17 – TUE – Board Meeting – 12:00pm
21 – SAT – Open House - 10am-2pm

February

- 14 – TUE – Board Meeting – 12:00pm
18 – SAT – Open House, 10am-2pm
20 – MON – Deadline for the March
Courier
28 – TUE – Dues Deadline for listing in
the 2023 Directory

March

Publish March *Courier*

- 14 – TUE – Board Meeting – 6:30pm
18 – SAT – Open House, 10am-2pm

April

Directory/Roster Published

- 05 – WED – French Run 4th Graders
11 – TUE – Board Meeting, 6:30pm
15 – SAT – Open House, Helping
Hands Shower 10am-2pm
20 – THU– Deadline for May *Courier*

THE COURIER

January 2023 Issue

**Reynoldsburg-Truro
Historical Society**

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Mary Turner Stoots

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 _____

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Email Address _____

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

Invite your friends to join!

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A Trusted Partner for Your Peace of Mind



NEW MEMBERS!

- Brenda Myers - Individual
- Will Warner - Individual
- Josh Smith & Heather Daulton - Family

44 New Members were Welcomed in 2022!



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

My birthday suit badly needs pressing. These natural fibers wrinkle after a few years. ~ Connie Parkinson



Look at how happy we are! We wanted to pose for one or two more pictures before we put our ELF outfits back into storage.

Wouldn't you just love to be one of us? Could you spare one to 1½ hours per month for a meeting?

There aren't any special skills required for these positions. We just ask that you:

- Have a love of Reynoldsburg and the history of this town
- Have been a member of RTHS for at least one year
- Have volunteered in the past or been to an Open House event
- Are hopefully somewhat younger than us! Maybe between 40 and 75 years old

We need to groom some new and younger Board Members!

If we want this organization to thrive; most importantly, if we want it to LAST, then we need people to

lead it who care about it. I want our awesome museum to be active long after I'm gone! After all, my Grandfather's WWI Army Jacket is hanging in there!!

Some of the current Board Members are needed at home to care for their spouses.

I need to teach someone to do what I do! Not everything all at once, just a piece at a time. Or maybe I could show two or three people how to do some of the tasks separately.

I will always do the newsletter. At least, as long as I am able! Can I teach you how to be a Webmaster?

Of course I Can! Would someone like to learn how to be a Facebook Administrator? Come on over!!

Do you have the urge to learn how to schedule an elementary tour with four venues and four classes?

Hey! I'm the woman! Call or Email me!
(614) 560-4987

RTHSCourier@aol.com



Thanks! *Mary Turner Staats*