



A Walk Down Main Street Part II

by Suzy Millar Miller



I grew up on Lancaster Ave. close to East Main Street in the Burg during the 1950s and 1960s. We only had one car and my mother didn't drive until the 60s, so the kids had to walk everywhere. No one drove us to school or to visit our friends or to school events, we used our feet or our bicycles. In the January 2023, *Courier* I started a walk down Main St. and ended at **Don Foltz Jewelers**.

As I wrote in January, my memories are a blend of the 50s and 60s and may not be totally accurate because my mind may remember things differently from my youth than what they actually were.

The business next to the long white building that housed Don Foltz Jewelers was **Green Gables**.

It was a popular restaurant in the 1940s and 50s. While I didn't eat at Green Gables very often, I did work there as a breakfast cook in the summer of 1967. It was a great job for me to start out my long working

career. My hours were 6 a.m. to noon, which allowed me to spend the afternoons at the Reynoldsburg Swim Club hanging out with my friends. I felt like the pay was pretty good because I was earning 75 cents an hour. I was used to making 50 cents an hour babysitting, so it was like getting a raise without needing to change a dirty diaper!



Another good thing about the job taught me is what I didn't want to do for a job. I can barely eat an egg now

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after cooking so many of them on that dirty flat top grill. Sometimes I just had to pour cereal into a bowl and keep stirring the oatmeal. The giant windows at the back were coated in grease and you could only tell the difference from day and night, not what was going on at the creek outside. I decided I did not want to be a short order cook.

The Lake Shore Bus Line stopped in front of Green Gables. There were usually a lot of people riding



the bus into Columbus for work or shopping, so they would pop into the restaurant and grab a cup of coffee or a meal to catch up on the Burg gossip. I loved getting on that bus to go shopping at Lazarus with my real paycheck. Of course, all I could afford was lunch once I got there, but I got to see many wonderful sights.

The next building on Main Street

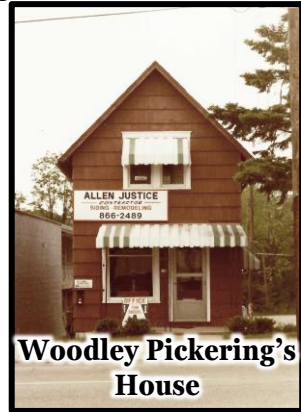
had some offices in it. I remember the taller section was Mellman's Carpets, but it was redesigned to be "modern" and the carpets went away. I didn't go into that building so I really don't know much about it. (**Editor's note:** this was formerly King Pickering's house)



King Pickering's House

There was a red house where people lived, but I don't remember who they were. (**Editor's note:** Owned by the Pickering family through 1946, then Bartlett, Griffith, and Stickler.)

In the 1980s, that house had a contractor's office in it, and was typical of the residences on Main



Woodley Pickering's House

Street. They were tall and skinny and opened directly onto the sidewalk. None of those buildings had much of a front yard. Many of the homes were torn down over the years to be replaced (continued on page 03)

RTHS Museum, 1485 Jackson Street, Reynoldsburg, Ohio 43068

Mailing address: Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society

P.O. Box 144, Reynoldsburg, OH 43068

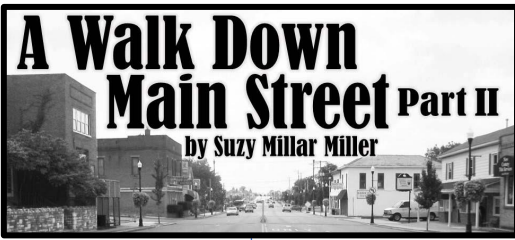
(continued from page 02)

by smaller office buildings.

The building next to the red house once housed the Chiropractic offices of Dr. Arnett. I had never been to a chiropractor until I moved away from the Burg, so I didn't really know what they did.

One of my favorite places on Main Street was the **Red & White Store** owned by **Garry and Maude Wiswell**. While we didn't shop there for our weekly groceries, we went for ham salad, cottage cheese, a bottle of milk or bread. Gary and Maude were a very friendly couple, and they had their son Bill and daughter Wilma working in the store. I remember Bill and Garry standing at the back of the store working in the butcher shop, Wilma was at the cash register. **Mary Turner Stoots**

is Wilma's daughter and she said that the little kids had to help around the store bringing soda pop up to the shelves from the storage area in the back of the building. *(Editor's note: there wasn't any air conditioning in the store, and when it was very hot outside,*

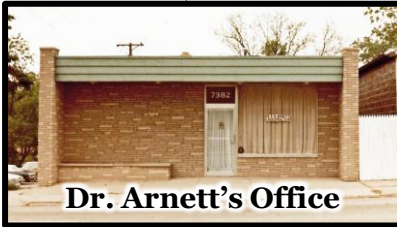


sometimes the pop bottles would explode, and we would

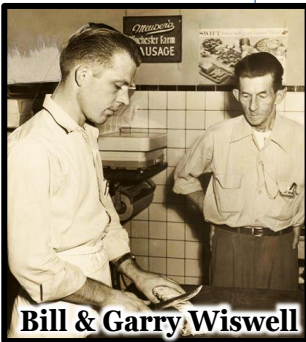
get the job of cleaning up the mess!) The awning used to be red and white striped and was very distinctive.

I mentioned the cottage cheese, because the best part of the purchase was the cardboard container it came in. Around Easter,

after we had eaten the cottage cheese, we would take the container and cut little slits in



the sides. Then we would weave colorful ribbon around the sides and braid a handle that we tied onto the sides. The carton became our **Easter baskets** that we would stuff with dried grass. The Easter bunny would then fill the baskets with dyed, hard-boiled eggs and a few jelly beans. What a treat! I don't know when we eventually got store bought baskets.

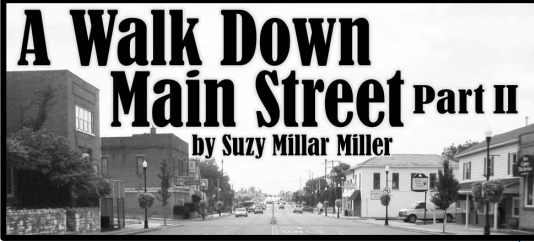


After the store closed, the Wiswell

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family eventually sold the building to **Vernon Wagner** who used it as a store front for his heating and cooling business. At some point Vern leased part of the building to Brenda's Dance Studio. The Wagner business eventually moved to a spot at Main & Brice.



Vern & Hazel Wagner

We did our weekly shopping at the East End Market which was further up Main Street and owned by Fred and Freda Feucht. Our regular milk was delivered by Eddie Wetherell of Wetherell Dairy in Pickerington. Omar Bakery delivered our bread, and we bought our eggs from my Aunt Grace Owen. Aunt Grace exchanged eggs for my mom "setting" her hair every week. Every Friday Aunt Grace could be found sitting in the middle of our dining room while mom did her hair.



Three or four times a year mom would give Aunt Grace a Toni permanent. I can still remember the smell of those permanent waves made with little papers and tiny rollers.

Guess I had better make it back to my walk. The next building was



Ohio Select Imprinted Fabrics

a modern one. It has served as many businesses over the years. Jean's Coffee Shop was there in the late 70s and Hunters Florist

later on. **Ohio Select Imprinted Fabrics** is the one who took over most of the building.

Apparently, Ohio State Institute of Finance was there, but I don't remember what they did. Ohio Select is a great supporter

of RTHS. **Bob Martin** has been seen at every card party that RTHS sponsors selling arm-lengths of tickets. The company donates many items for prizes and raffles. We are happy that they show so much support for our organization.

The next building was a Law Office in the 1980s, but it must have been

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someone's house in the earlier years.

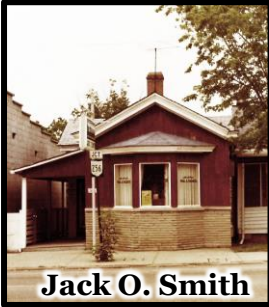
(Editor's note: *The previous owners include Stonebaker, Cobel, Rickly, Slack, Main, and three different Smith families)*

The home of Daisy & Grover Weaver is next on the walk. I

don't remember them, but they are the grandparents of **Nancy Gorey Sigman** who is a current RTHS

member. Daisy pretty much ignored all the kids who hung around the outside of her house. The east edge of her house was next to a small alley that runs downhill to the creek. That alley was one of the most popular thoroughways for school children either going to school or going down to French Run. David Sigman owned that house through 1996.

One comment about the area behind these buildings on Main St. is that it was a fun place to go where everyone in town didn't see you! When you look at Main St. buildings you don't notice they sit



Jack O. Smith



Grover & Daisy Weaver

on top of a small hill. The terrain slopes down to the creek, but there is a small alley that parallels the creek. In the 1950s and 60s, the Columbus Dispatch and Citizen-Journal papers were distributed to the newspaper carriers for home delivery in that area. The newspapers were sorted and delivered by an army of boys, and an occasional girl. They loaded canvas bags with the papers and tossed them over their bicycles and began their journey of delivering newspapers to individual homes. It was a great place for hilarious hi-jinks. I used to deliver my brother, Mike's paper route when he was at church camp. I always tried to collect the fees on a rainy day so

people would give me a tip. Mike really hated it when I did the collection because I got bigger tips than he did! The businesses had their supplies delivered from that alley and the homeowners parked their cars back there. It was a busy area right next to the foot bridge. I doubt if there are any pictures of that back area.

At the top of the alley, we kids waited for **Oath Young** to hold up the stop sign and block traffic

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on Main St. He was the traffic guard that watched over us in the morning and after school. He made sure that traffic stopped in all directions before we were allowed to cross. We always obeyed what he said to do and I don't recall anyone ever getting hurt on his watch. The



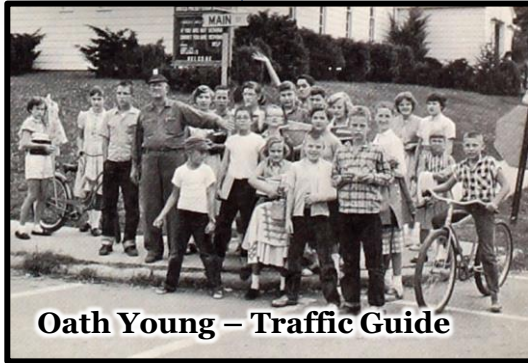
picture of Oath crossing the street with two girls is from the 1956 *Reynolian*. The girls are **Nikki** and **Vikki Fledderjohann** and Oath was their grandfather.

Nikki is a current member of RTHS.

The next house on the street is an enigma to me. It was always there with its distinctive two front doors and little concrete stoops. I don't know who lived there but we kids

were always sitting on the stoop to watch parades or rest. I don't think I ever saw the doors open. Was it King Pickering's house or was King's house where Grover & Daisy Weaver lived? I'm pretty sure one of those houses was his.

(Editor's note: We researched the addresses and found King Pickering lived about a block west of the Weaver house) The brick house which says "Eastside Vacuum" is now Salon G. Apparently, Eastside Vacuum moved around the whole area of Main Street over the years! Salon G. Was known as **Goshia's Nail Salon**. They have expanded their services over the years.



Oath Young – Traffic Guide

The next house, which is white (pictured on page 07), used to be the home of the Broadwater family. I went to

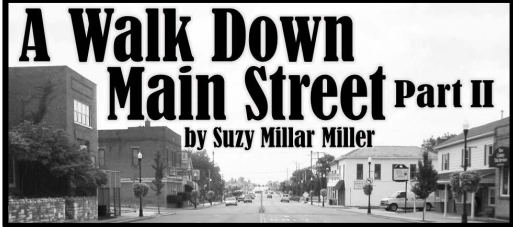
school with Sherry Broadwater in the 1960s. **(Editor's note:** The Mason, Steele, Kleinschmidt, Broadwater, Harwin and Puchovich families all owned the white house from April of 1920 through November of 2012)



Goshia's Nails

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The next house was green, and it was owned by George and Martha Weeks.

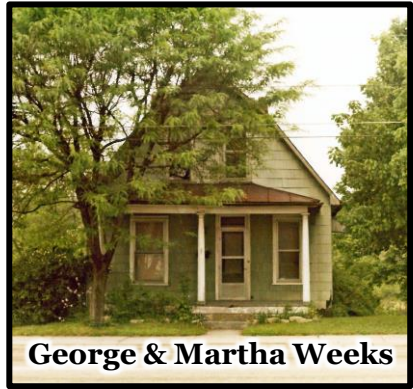
Finally, I wanted to point out the **Hayes** home with the giant white porch on the side. Every summer the family sold wonderful ears of sweet corn from the porch and front yard. They often had other vegetables for sale. It was always good to visit there during corn season. That was often the only thing we ate for supper. My grandfathers both raised corn, but theirs was never as good as what the Hayes family grew.

Well, I'd better go back to the crosswalk and get across the street for the next "walk." I plan to start at the Methodist Church and head back toward Blacklick Creek. I'll guess that we'll find out when I start back. I'd be further along, but I have a tendency to stop and visit people along the way. It is always good to "pass the time of day" with neighbors on a porch swing or front stoop!

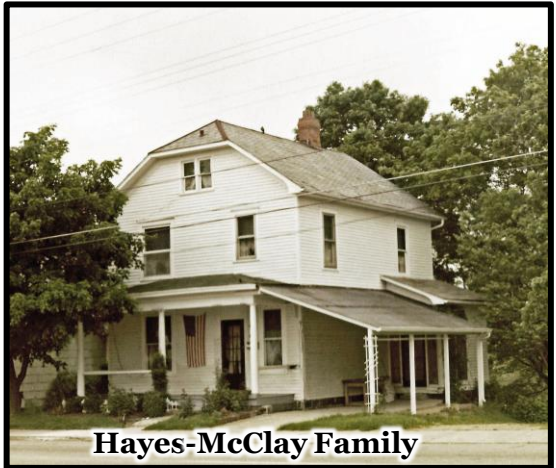
Have a great spring and be sure to get ready for Easter by making your own Easter baskets out of cottage cheese cartons!



Broadwater Family



George & Martha Weeks



Hayes-McClay Family

A Reynoldsburg Vignette

A Typical Brookside Tuesday



Illustrated and written by Colin Sutphin



The forest is dark with large trees looming overhead. As I continue along the well-trodden path I can hear the staccato rap of a woodpecker off in the distance. I stop to listen. The still is broken by the sound of rippling water. I pick up the pace and begin to jog along. Then break into a full run. Again, Rat-A-Tat-Tat, only this time closer. I see light ahead, a glade perhaps. Then at full speed come upon the clearing and in that instant realize it is a waterfall. Plummeting head long into the abyss the last thing I remember, Rat-A-Tat-Tat.

My eyes open into the light. Dawn's rays are filtering through the bedroom window and illuminating the sheet pulled over my head. Then I hear Rat-A-Tat-Tat, this time coming from outside the open window.

Okay! I'm not in the land of dreams anymore. It must be Tuesday. Sniff. What is that I smell? Mom always fixes scrambled eggs and crispy Oscar Mayer bacon strips on Tuesday. Ah, bacon. Tossing the covers half off the bed, I leap up then take a quick glance out the window. It looks to be a gorgeous fall day.

I pull out the top drawer of the highboy, looking for a clean T-shirt. In there is a brand-new Penney's T-shirt. They are the best. I quickly remove the shirt from the cellophane and put it on. Now checking underwear. No skid marks, so good for another day. I might as well wear those new blue jeans too. Tearing the tags off the pair of Levi's, I slip them on and button up the fly. They're a little long so I turn up

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the cuffs two turns.

Grabbing two white socks from the second drawer I put them on. No need to pair them up, they're all the same. Well, there are one or two pair of argyle socks in there also. Slipping into my penny loafers I'm off to the kitchen. No wait! I see my brother's foot sticking out from under the covers.

I give it a good pinch.

"Ow!!"

"You awake?"

"I am now!"

"Do you smell that?"

"Smell what?"

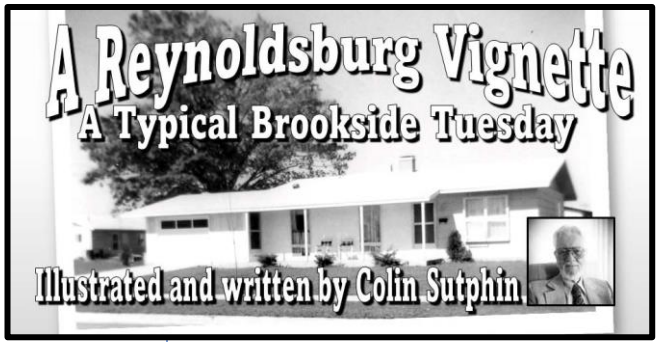
"Oh yeah."

"Bacon."

"I'm getting up."

As my brother struggles through the same routine as I did, I walk down the hallway and past the bathroom.

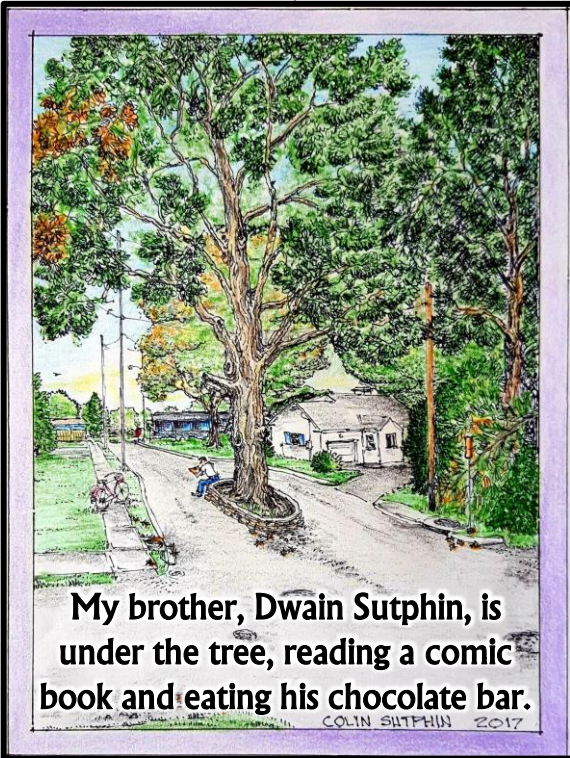
Dad is peering into the mirror stretched neck. Then with a safety razor it's two strokes and rinse, two strokes and rinse. I'm glad I don't have to shave yet. I only have a wisp of a mustache at my age.



Entering the brightly lit kitchen, mom has the table set and breakfast well under way.

"Sit yourself down," she says.

"It is almost ready."



Soon, in a voice that could be heard throughout the house, mom says, "Come to the table. Breakfast is getting cold." Dad and my little brother suddenly appear and gather around the kitchen table.

After the morning repast my dad heads for the car. My brother finishes tying his shoes and I grab my homework from the desk. Mom and my little sister will eat in a while then take a walk around the Brookside neighborhood. Dad backs the car out of the garage and pulls away from the

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A Reynoldsburg Vignette

A Typical Brookside Tuesday

Illustrated and written by Colin Sutphin.



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house. The dual exhaust making a pleasant sound. Well, I like to hear it. You see, I had just installed those glass pack mufflers on his car. He is getting used to the mellow rumble they make.

Mom hands a brown paper bag to each of us boys, then ushers us out the door. "Off with you two. You don't want to be late for school." I take a quick peek into the bag. Ah, deviled ham sandwich, Ritz crackers with peanut butter and an apple. I'll buy a carton of milk in the cafeteria.

My brother and I start walking up Sabre Avenue and then down Hillridge Road. We pass by my friend Dave's house. His dad sells new cars for Spitzer Motors. Parked in their driveway is a futuristic looking 1959 Dodge hardtop. Cool.. Just up the street I see Judy and Vicky leaving their house, so we join them. My brother and Vicky turn towards

French Run Elementary school. I blurt out, "Hurry or Mrs. Tobin will mark you down as tardy." They scurry to the front door and go straight inside. Judy says, "You know they have plenty of time."

I know, smiling.

Just the two of us now as we turn down Epworth Avenue continuing our walk to the high school. Then we always pass right by the big maple tree in the middle of the street. Who would make a street around a tree, I wondered. The tree was removed within the next

year or so because the school buses had difficulty getting around it.

Continuing, we pass by the John Hentz place on the corner of Bryden Road. He was the local

deputy registrar. People entered the side door to go in and purchase their yearly license plates.

We picked up our pace, realizing that we might be late now. As our feet shuffle down Epworth's hill, we trundle through several piles of leaves that were left from the day before. Passing the next house, I notice the leaves are still smoldering. The sweet but acrid smoke wafts above the ashes.

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A Reynoldsburg Vignette

A Typical Brookside Tuesday

Illustrated and written by Colin Sutphin

(continued from page 10)

Our first step onto the foot bridge's wooden floor is done with caution. It can be slippery when it's wet or dewy. It is fine today. The twice-daily crossing of this small span is creating memories for all who use it. We then walk up the alley to Main Street. Under the watchful eye of Mr. Oath Young, the crossing guard, students make their way safely along the next block to the high school.

I enter the door of "Knowledge is Power," what we call the old high school building. The name was derived from the incised lettering over the main entrance. Judy stops to chat with a classmate. Then bounding up the three flights of stairs I make my way to my hall locker. I watch out for teachers on hall duty, and as I walk by the principal I say, "Good morning, Miss Ashton."

Arriving at my locker I give the tumblers a good spin stopping at the combination numbers, the lock opens. Tossing in my lunch bag and retrieving my algebra book, I'm off to Mr. Shattuck's home room. I chat briefly with Larry, Thom, Nancy and Sandy.

As the teacher begins taking attendance the room gets quiet. We listen up as our last names are called, "Browning, ... Evans, ... Feiber, ... etc." Then abruptly the first period bell rings and I'm off to algebra class.

I sit behind Becky, a very quiet and attractive gal. The tranquility is broken by our teacher, Mr. Zorich, "SUTPHIN! Get to the blackboard now! Work the problem"... And so it begins, another Reynoldsburg school day in October 1958.

What is included in the 2023 OSU Raffle?



- 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 - Large "Go Bucks" Bucket
- 16 - OSU Chip Clip

2023 CALENDAR

March

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*

May

11 – THU – Family STEM Night

Summit Elementary 5pm-7pm

16 – TUE – Board Meeting - 6:30pm

20 – SAT – Western Electric Open
House 10:00am-2:00pm

23 – TUES – Western Electric Open
House 5:00pm-8:00pm

29 – MON – Memorial Day Service
10:00am at the Historical
Seceder Cemetery

THE COURIER

March 2023 Issue

**Reynoldsburg-Truro
Historical Society**

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Colin Sutphin, Mary Turner Stoots

SUPPORT LOCAL HISTORY

Join the Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society

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

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Additional Names _____

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

Invite your friends to join!

Wash Day

In the Good-Old Days

by Mary Eliza Durant & Cornelia M. Parkinson

From: *Historical Tales of Old Reynoldsburg, Volume I (1980)*

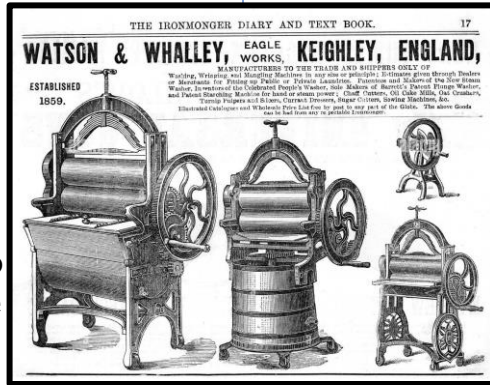
When I was a little girl, wash day came every Monday, rain or shine, and one reason was that we didn't have enough clothes to last any longer! We had a summer kitchen where a copper wash boiler was filled the night before and the gas burner lit before we went to bed. On Monday morning the clothes had to be sorted, the white clothes into one tub and the colored ones in another. The white clothes had to be soaked for a while then rubbed on a washboard. After each piece was rubbed real good, it was wrung out and put into a boiling pot with homemade soap. An old broom handle was used to "punch" the clothes with.

After they had boiled the clothes were lifted out with the laundry stick and put in tubs of clean water. While they were boiling the overalls and other work clothes were soaking; then they followed the white clothes into the boiling pot. Not many colors were fast colors then, and you had to soak a few things in salt water to set the dye.

Next came two tubs of rinse water. The first was just clean water and the second was bluing water. The bluing came in little balls the

size of marbles. Two or three of these were put into a piece of white cloth, tied with string, and swished in the water, turning it blue, which made the clothes whiter.

Meanwhile the starch had to be



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Wash Day In the Good-Old Days

by Mary Eliza Durant & Cornelia M. Parkinson



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made [of cooked flour and water.] If it turned out lumpy, it had to be strained through cheesecloth. This starch was for special things like bonnet brims and shirt collars. The clothes had to be wrung out by hand, or put through a wringer turned by hand.

The clothesline had to be stretched in the yard and the clothes were hung on the line to dry. Seemed like there was never enough line, so some clothes had to be laid carefully on the lawn. Hanging the clothes had to be done just so. The best things were hung toward the street so if anyone passed by, they couldn't see the household rags. Some women hung the underdrawers inside pillowcases for fear boys might see them. The nice sudsy wash water was always saved to scrub with.



[Some was poured on the rose bushes to kill aphids.] In winter the clothes were hung outside, and they would freeze into stiff boards which were difficult to handle when it was time

to bring them into the house. But oh, the fresh clean odor of those frozen garments!

Just as we always washed on Monday, we always ironed on Tuesday. The ironing board was put across two chair backs and the old flat irons were heated on the cook stove.

Some women kept a scorched cotton rag nearby to give the iron a quick swipe to clean it before putting it to the clothes. It was really a big job to get those starched pieces ready to wear to

Sunday School and church. We were so starched, we crackled as we walked down the street, and could hardly sit down when we got there!

Those were the days, weren't they?





NEW MEMBERS!

- The Hickory House - Sustaining
- Jack & Laurel Purtell - Family
- Kathy (Bowman) Spinelli - Individual
- Denise & Karen Kitchell - Family

Six New Members are Welcomed in 2023!

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Vice President – Dick Barth
(614) 866-0142

Treasurer – Marvin Shrimplin
(614) 759-1404

Recording Secretary - Mark Myers
(614) 376-6809

Corresponding Secretary
Suzy Millar Miller
(512) 635-6376

Trustee (1 year) - Judy Diuguid

Trustee (2 years) - Vickie Hall
(740) 503-4955

Trustee (3 years) - Donald Larimer

Courier Editor: Mary Turner Stoots

Publicity Chair: Mary Turner Stoots

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Museum Phone: (614) 902-2831

Website: www.RTHS.info



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 ...

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A Trusted Partner for Your Peace of Mind

I got called 'pretty' today. Well, actually, the full statement was, 'You're pretty annoying.' but I only focus on positive things ..

RTHS Member Recognition

TERRY MILLER SUPER COACH!



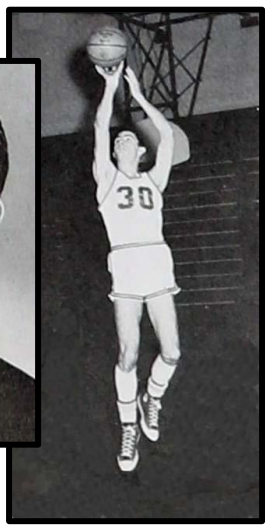
Super Member, Coach, and 1967 RHS graduate Terry Miller went undefeated again this year coaching the Pickerington Girl's Basketball team!!

The photo is of Terry and the team trophy.

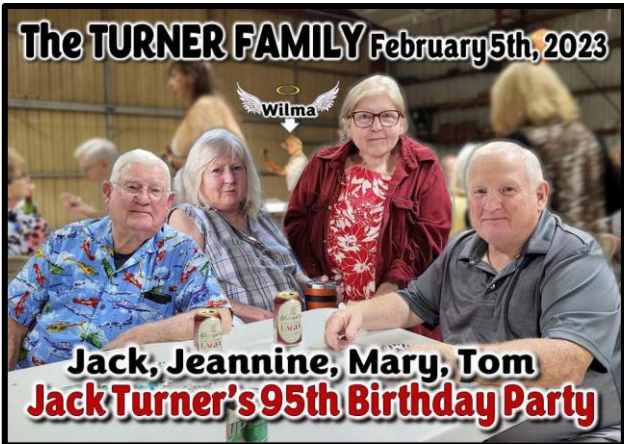
Congratulations to Coach Miller!



1967



All the TURNERS are RTHS Lifetime Members



Tom is a "Cover Boy" for *Ocala Good Life Magazine*!

