



THE COURIER

Reynoldsburg-Truro
Historical Society

MAY-2018 Website: www.rths.info Email: RTHSCourier@aol.com Vol.44 No.3

Jack Godfrey, Survivor

Many of us remember Jack Godfrey as partner-owner of *The Little Weekly*, The Burg's sometimes slightly scandalous and unfailingly interesting hometown newspaper. Jack's partner

was Doral Chenoweth.

Both photographers-writers-reporters were escapees from a larger Columbus newspaper. The local paper that they published filled a big gap for those of us who enjoy unexpected humor, social news, and the miscellany that fills our every-

day lives but might have passed unremarked without those two to put it into print for us.

Jack moved his family here in 1956. He and his wife Irene served their town in many ways. Fifty-year members of the United Methodist Church, they were traveling volunteers for Special Olympics, began the Civitan Club, and were instrumental in starting Meals on Wheels here and the Life Center at Wesley Ridge. It was Jack who set up an entire print shop at their church. Jack was Senior King of the 1996-1997 Tomato Festival, a position he did not seem pleased to find himself in. Irene was a bank teller at their marriage, worked in The Burg's village offices in 1957, a few years later became one of Bank One's first female officers. They got things done.

We would not usually think of Jack as a WWII radio operator and gunner in the US Air Force, or as a prisoner of war. His plane, a B-24 Liberator four-engine heavy bomber, was shot down on its 18th successful mission, within an hour after his crew had successfully blown up a large oil refinery in Pardubice (Par-du-BEET-see), Czechoslovakia. The smoke from the hit rose 8,000 to 10,000 feet. All ten of the crew were taken prisoner by the Germans. All survived to meet annually until ill health or

death prevented it. At his last reunion, Jack was 85.

Jack was injured by shrapnel in both legs, but never received more than offhand medical attention even after German doctors examined

him. He suffered from severe pain and swelling that on their famous 500-mile, 80-day (February 8 to May 2) forced march to freedom often compelled him to ride on a wagon pulled by other prisoners. These conditions not only endured for the remainder of his life,

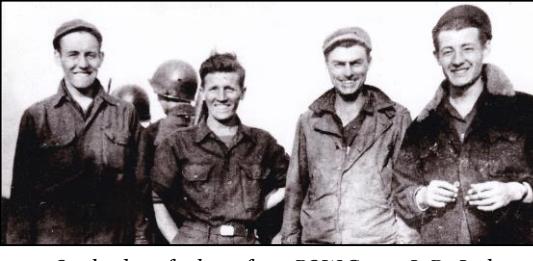
but created additional problems for him.

John J. Godfrey was born in Skaneateles, NY, March 24, 1921. He enlisted in the Air Force in May 1942, was taken into active service that October at Fort Hayes, Columbus, and rose to Technical Sergeant at discharge October 1945. He married Irene Langel July 10, 1944. They had been married 64 years, 2 days, when he died July 12, 2008. Their two daughters are Pamela and Margi.

Wanting them to understand how glamourless war could be, Jack wrote about his experiences for his six grandchildren. Here, taken from his own words, is the rest of the story:

From Fort Hayes Jack was sent to Nashville, TN. There he passed several tests and qualified for pilot training. At primary flight school he trained in a Stearman PT-17s, a biplane. (Biplanes, mainly early 20th century use, had a pair of major wings, generally one above the other, connected by struts.) "Loads of fun to fly,"

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*On the day of release from POW Camp, L-R: Jack Godfrey, Leo Gagne, John Cooper & Lee Englehorn
These four men remained friends for the rest of their lives*



Irene & Jack Godfrey

said Jack. "Easy as riding a bicycle," said the instructor. Jack soloed after 8½ hours

of dual time, flew about 52 more hours solo time. Flying solo was "a tremendous experience, looping, tail-spinning, and the various maneuvers one had to learn to pass the flight tests." Stationed briefly in Courtland, AL, Jack had six hours of dual flights and three check



Stearman PT-17s

rides -- and was eliminated from pilot training. He was sent to Greensboro, NC, then to Sioux Falls, SD, for training as a radio operator. Six hours every day he listened to the "dit-dahs" and knew he never wanted to hear that again.

There his oldest brother, whom he had never seen, visited him. AND Irene came. "What a great boost to morale that was" Jack had intensive gunnery training at Harlingen, TX, and spent "one of the most miserable Christmas days of my life" out on the range when a terrific nor'wester came through. Along with related subjects they learned to take the 50-caliber machine gun apart and reassemble it, sometimes blindfolded. They had training on a 30-caliber machine gun mounted in a rear cockpit. The target was a tube being towed by a B-26 bomber, usually being flown by a WASP "lady pilot." Some of the wilder gunners hit the tow planes, by accident or design was not confessed.

After a 10-day furlough home to see his family, and Irene, Jack took the train to Salt Lake City. There he was assigned to Crew 3430. Jack was radio operator and second waist gunner.

Assigned to B-24 combat training at Casper, WY, the crew got a lot more ground school and a heavy flight schedule, many flights being cross-country, so the navigator could learn more about his job. Plus, gunnery practice in the mountains from turret and waist positions. The commanding officer ordered that anyone shooting at elk would be court-martialed. Jack said his records showed 104 hours' flight time at Casper.

Not all was ground school and flying. On June 10, 1944, Jack Godfrey and Irene Langel were

Jack Godfrey, Survivor

(Continued from Page 01)

married in the Casper Base Chapel. Irene stayed for 10 days, then returned to Newark. Jack's next station would be overseas. First the crew was sent to Topeka, KS, to pick up a new B-24J, the latest model of the big bomber. The airman in charge who signed two separate receipts, one for the B-24J and another for four Pratt & Whitney engines, said, "I sure hope they put these things together before we leave!"

A mere few hours' flight to calibrate their instruments and become accustomed to the new plane and the crew was told to head out to go "over there." Once in the air, an officer opened the sealed orders to discover they were headed for Italy. But first they went to Bangor, ME; to Gander Bay, Newfoundland; to the Azores Islands; to Marrakech, Africa; Oran in northern Africa; then across the Mediterranean Sea to Joia, southern Italy. For a couple of days, for the first time, they lived in tents, then took off for Venosa (anciently, Venusia), Italy. They were to stay in Venosa a while.

Their B-24 was assigned to the hard-stand formerly occupied by Flak-Shak II. It had been terminally damaged on a mission but got home and was retired for use as parts to repair other 24s. Generally, a replacement crew was assigned to an old plane. The ground crew chief pleaded



B-24J "Flak Shak III"

with the commanding officer to let him keep the new 24 and Jack's crew had the grand good luck of being assigned to it.

They flew several practice missions around southern Italy to give their pilots some experience flying in the close formations necessary for bombing missions. For their first combat mission, the crew was separated and flew with an experienced crew. On August 2, Jack and Bob Rector, engineer and waist gunner, flew to Genoa, Italy -- and got their first bath. The briefing officer (who told the crews what to expect when they flew over the target) said there would be no enemy fighters aloft, and only low and inaccurate flak (antiaircraft fire).

(Continued on Page 03)

Odds one out of two ain't so hot. No fighters (correct there), but headed home the

No. 2 engine (inboard, left wing) took flak in a direct, crippling hit. The propeller was turning erratically, and the pilot could not turn the blades straight into the wind. Rector managed it; but with one engine dead they had to drop back from the formation, and they were losing altitude. Another B-24 came back with them to offer protection. Their pilot was worried about some mountains they could not avoid and had to clear on the way home to the base. He gave the remaining engines full throttle, clearing the mountain by a couple hundred feet. Jack thought of a gunner instructor's words: the life expectancy of a gunner in combat is about 15 minutes.

From August 2 through August 24 the crew as a unit flew mission after mission, bombing sites in France, Roumania, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. Length of the shortest mission (Yugoslavia) was 4 hours 25 minutes, the longest (Germany) 8 hours, 45 minutes. One time

the cloud cover was too thick to see the target, so the colonel in charge ordered the group back to the base, WITH 10,500 pounds of bombs still in the bomb bay. Jack commented, "Going in to land and seeing those bombs hanging a mere five to six feet from you is a very scary experience."

For the mission to Pardubice Jack's crew started as an extra plane to complete the formation in case one had to drop out. One B-24 crashed on takeoff, so the crew moved into his space -- into their last mission. About an hour after their successful mission, a flight of 12 to 16 German fighting planes, in less than five minutes, shot down four B-24s. US bomber gunners knocked out four German planes, but Jack's was in shambles: two engines on fire, a broken oxygen bottle whose flames were directly on the rubber hoses of the fuel transfer system, a hole under the waist window where Jack's machine gun was located, the tail turret a disaster area of broken plastic and burning hydraulic fluid. Jack tried to contact the pilot, but the intercom system had been destroyed.

Another man managed to get the escape hatch door open and dived out. Rector jumped out the

Jack Godfrey, Survivor

window on Jack's side. Jack got his parachute on but thought of the man in the ball turret -- which just then was wrenched open, the man came out, and Jack jumped. He saw eight parachutes, only finding out later that they were from other shot-down US planes.

As he was descending to earth, one of the F-190s that shot the planes down circled him several times. It was known that some German soldiers would shoot at parachuting airmen, and Jack was fearful that this could be his fate. The pilot circled close one last time -- gave him a salute, and flew on. One more bullet dodged. But Jack wasn't exactly trouble-free. Both his knees were bleeding heavily. He tried to stop the flow of blood by pressing his thigh higher up, but

that cut off circulation to his arms -- and the ground was coming fast toward him.

When he lit (the jolt, he said, was about that of jumping out a second-story window) he snatched and rolled up his parachute and hid it and hid himself



Jack Godfrey-Front row, First on the far left

a distance away. A man he had seen walking toward him came back but didn't find him. Jack hid and walked and rested briefly all night, during daylight reading his New Testament, which comforted him greatly. Having heard on his radio command-frequency station that the Allies had captured Roumania, he began walking toward that country. Deer, crashing around in the underbrush, raised the hair on his neck until he discovered what they were. He had a map but did not realize how far it was. The map was in his escape kit, fastened to his parachute harness. The kit included the radio and map,hardtack cubes (caramel-type squares) money, a plastic water bag, and water purifying tablets. All he had to eat for more than a day was those cubes. Then he stumbled on a cabbage field, cut off a cabbage with his pocket knife, and at last had a sort-of meal.

The next man he encountered saw him. Jack showed him his map and tried to find out more, but there was a huge language barrier. Finally, Jack pointed to his bleeding legs and the man said, "Ja, kum." At the house two German

(Continued on Page 14)

Shirley Mae Knight

1936-2018



Shirley Mae Knight passed away peacefully at her residence on Thursday, April 5, 2018.

Shirley was born in Monroe, LA, on August 26, 1936 to the late Daniel M. and Hattie Mae (Keen) Cooper. She is survived by her loving husband, John W. Knight; daughters, Cherl A. (Steven) Topolosky, Patricia D. Knight and Sandra L. (Denny) Knight; grandchildren, Jacob Topolosky and Jordyn (Scott) Dobson; Aunt and Great-Aunt of many nieces and nephews. Preceded in death by brothers Horace, Daniel and Don Cooper, sisters Carrie Stanley and Margurite P. Frost.

Shirley was a member of the Reynoldsburg United Methodist Church. Memorial donations in her memory may be made to the Alzheimer's Association, 1379 Dublin Rd., Columbus, OH 43215 or, Ohio Health Hospice, 800 McConnell Dr., Columbus, OH 43214.

Interment was at Silent Home Cemetery April 10, 2018. www.cotnerfuneralhome.com

Members of the Community who have passed away whom many of you might know



**Maxine Coleman
06/10/29 - 03/26/18**

Maxine worked for many years as the head cook at Herbert Mills Elementary School



**Winifred "Winnie" Doherty
Age: 89**

Winnie is the widow of former Mayor Bob Doherty

Joseph Endry 05/21/29 - 01/21/18

Joseph was the principal, Asst. Superintendent, and Superintendent of Reynoldsburg Schools for several decades



**Kenneth Marckel
09/29/37 - 04/23/18**

Rev. Marckel was the Associate Pastor of the Reynoldsburg United Methodist Church

Mabel Varner

April 17, 1919

to

January 29, 2018



Mabel Varner was from Brice, Ohio and was a member of RTHS for 29 years until her health failed in 2011. Mabel's husband Ronald was a Columbus Firefighter who died in the line of duty.

I never had the honor of meeting Mabel or her husband, but was humbled to meet her sister, Dorothy Evans, who is also a former 29-year member. Dorothy contacted RTHS and presented Marvin Shrimplin and me with a bequest from Dorothy's estate.

Long before she passed away, Dorothy arranged an amount to be donated to RTHS. The generosity of this fine lady and former member will contribute to the preservation of Truro Township history for future generations of our community and will never be forgotten.

~ Mary Turner Stoots

Mabel Martha (Motz) Varner, age 98, of Brice, OH, died January 29, 2018. She was born April 17, 1919 in Brice, OH to the late Lester and Wilda Motz. She was a 1937 graduate of Groveport High School. Mabel worked for Columbus and Southern Ohio Electric for over 15 years. She was the treasurer at Brice United Methodist Church for many years. Mabel also enjoyed hiking. In addition to her parents, she is preceded in death by her husband, Ronald P. Varner. Survivors include her sister, Dorothy Evans; cousins, John Hummell, Paul Hummell and Jane Lamp. Online condolences may be found at www.spencefuneralhome.com.

H. Douglas Shriner 02/11/46 - 04/10/18

Pastor Shriner was the former pastor of the Reynoldsburg United Methodist Church

Ruth Tyack 1926 - 2018

Ruth was very active and donated much her time to the Reynoldsburg Cancer Thrift Store for the benefit of cancer research



Helen Sperry 1925 - 2018

Helen was one of the first Brookside homeowners. She was a talented artist, Master Calligrapher, loved working at the Fireplace Gift Gallery, and was a proud member of the Mathias Ridenour Chapter of the NSDAR



by Mary Turner Stoots

The following is a summary from the Board Meeting that was held on April 17, 2018. Our Board Meetings are all open to the membership and you are always welcome to join us:

- The faucet in the downstairs kitchenette was replaced by Jim Diuguid – Thank you!
- Ohio Fire & Safety replaced our fire alarm system, and became the new vendor on March 27, 2018
- New member Lauren Shiman is working on a history of Boy Scout Troop #68
- The first Genealogy class with Wendy Raftery went well. Most attendees are scheduled for the second class on April 28th
- Board Game & Card Party preparations were finalized
- The website (www.RTHS.info) has been updated with a new fundraiser page, officer page, and calendar of events page
- So far, the RTHS Facebook page has reached 186,727 people
- Upcoming events include:
 - ✓ 04/21/18 – Open House – Helping Hands Shower
 - ✓ 04/24/18 - Card Party at the Reynoldsburg Senior Center
 - ✓ 04/28/18 – Genealogy II Class, with Wendy Wheatley Raftery
 - ✓ 05/04/18 – Slate Ridge 3rd Grade Tours
 - ✓ 05/12/18 – Computer Genealogy – Jim Diuguid
 - ✓ 05/17/18 – Herbert Mills 3rd Grade Tours
- Donations received:
 - ✓ Mary Merringer is donating Girl Scout items
 - ✓ Suzy Millar Miller donated the Millar-Dubois Family History dating back to Charlemagne for genealogy research
- Centralizing communications was discussed
- 'Good Practices' involving the removal of artifacts from the museum was discussed
- The Columbus Metropolitan Library is scanning all of our yearbooks



RTHS 2018 OFFICERS

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(614) 759-1404
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- **Recording Secretary – VACANT**
- **Corresponding Secretary – Suzy Millar Miller** (512) 635-6376
- **Trustee (1 year) – Vickie Edwards Hall** (740) 503-4955
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Courier Editor: Mary Turner Stoots
Publicity Chairman: Mary Turner Stoots
Museum email: RTHSCourier@aol.com
Museum Phone: (614) 902-2831



New Members!

- Gary Brooke - Individual
- James Ashton Carr - Individual
- Debbie (Adkins) Davis – Individual
- Nikki Fledderjohann – Individual
- Bill Mavis – Individual
- Pam (Pack) Oldach - Individual
- Greg & Valerie Savage – Family
- Marilyn (Curry) Shaw – Individual
- Lauren Shiman - Individual
- Marlane (Blackman) Stadler – Individual

David W. Reidel

President

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The Perisho Caper

By Cornelia M. Parkinson©

Everybody in town pronounced it "Perishaw," so everybody knew who you meant. He was that old man -- in his mid-nineties -- who out of a blue sky, perfectly well, just went to his bed and never rose from it. He'd been a good man, he'd had a fine run, now it was over. Mr. Perisho had perished. There was his funeral, in the Bethel Church up the street half a block from Grandmother McNary's house. We heard the church bells tolling and asked what that was for.

This happened in Martinsville, Illinois, not Reynoldsburg, Ohio, because that's where my younger brother Freddie and I were growing up. I was maybe six, so he was maybe five. I remember few of the side details and certainly not much conversation, only the main event, so I won't embroider. We went, we saw, we went back to whatever we were doing, and I don't know if we ever even talked about it.

The church organ was murmuring very quietly in the background and the minister had begun to speak as two little children, fresh in from play and probably grubby, walked with respectful determination down the

aisle. His shoe sole had come loose and was flapping. Her focus was ahead and only later would she remember that awkward splot! noise it made with every step. Otherwise neither of us made hardly a sound.

Such a parade, regardless of how minor it was, in the circumstances would draw attention. The minister, who recognized us since we were his son's playmates, put his finger to hold his place in the eulogy and said, (not unkindly), "What do you children want?"

I had no hope that Freddie, gone mute with apprehension, would speak. It was up to me. "Reverend Smith, we never saw somebody dead before."

By now we were near the casket. From behind us some unknown man picked each of us up and held us up long enough to get a good look, and let us back to earth. We went out as quietly as we had come in, and closed the big church door behind us with a little soft *click*.

I don't really remember anything more about it. Neither Daddy nor Mother ever said a word; the entire incident might have taken place on some other planet. I feel totally certain that any number of people told both our parents -- after all, we had interfered in a solemn occasion and if it was *my* kids I'd want to know. *My* kids wouldn't even *do* a thing like that.

But we had found out that a dead person has a big nose.

Have You Visited Our Facebook Page Yet?

Just type "REYNOLDSBURGTR" in the Facebook 'Search' box and look for the little RTHS Museum picture to select: Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society



A PLEA FOR HELP WITH OUR GARDENS

The RTHS property has been maintained flawlessly for many years by an individual who now has knee problems. Spring is around the corner. We could certainly use some help in that arena. **NO mowing required**, just help planting **flowers that we will provide** and periodically watching for weeds. A landscaper is NOT in our budget. We will treat the gardens to keep the weeds to a minimum. If you like garden work, **please help us!** Let us know if you are interested. Send an email to Mary Stoots at RTHSCourier@aol.com

or Call Dick Barth at **614-327-8162**

SUPPORT LOCAL HISTORY

Join the Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society

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

Name _____

Additional Names _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Home Phone _____ Cell Phone _____

Email Address _____

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

Invite your friends to join

2018 CALENDAR

MAY 2018

12 - SAT - Computer Genealogy, Jim Diuguid
2:00pm - 4:00pm
15 - TUE - Board Meeting - 7:00pm
17 - THU - Herbert Mills 3rd-Grade Tour 9:15am
19 - SAT - Open House, 10:00am-2:00pm
"Titanic Fashion, A First-Class Experience" (the effort required to dress up fashionably on a daily basis in 1912 as a First-Class Passenger aboard the *Titanic*) by Lorraine Dawley
30 - WED - Pizza Cottage, Restaurant Fundraiser
4:00pm-9:00pm (*Dinner Hours Only*)

JUNE 2018

12 - TUE - Board Meeting 7:00pm
16 - SAT - Open House 10:00am-2:00pm
"I Could Write a Book?" Talk with Connie Parkinson, 1:00pm-2:00pm
23 - SAT - Deadline for July Courier
26 - TUE - Family Indoor Picnic, 6:30pm, General Meeting, 7:00pm

JULY 2018

03-06 - Publish July Courier
17 - TUE - Board Meeting, 7:00pm
21 - SAT - Open House, 10:00am-2:00pm
24 - TUE - City BBQ, Restaurant Fundraiser
10:30am to 10:00pm ALL DAY!

AUGUST 2018

14 - TUE - Board Meeting, 7:00pm
18 - SAT - Open House 10:00am-2:00pm
24 - FRI - Deadline for September Courier
25 - SAT - Class of 1968 Alumni Walk-Thru
10:00am-Noon ~ Contact: Renae Addy

Excerpts from the 1910 Souvenir Program

by Suzy Millar Miller – March 15, 2018

The photo of the Reynoldsburg Union School Building on the cover of the **2018 RTHS Roster** appeared in the “**Souvenir of Reynoldsburg, Ohio – 1910**”.



Reynoldsburg published versions of this booklet for many years to promote the village and businesses. This program was published in conjunction with the “**Annual Homecoming Picnic**” which started in 1890. In 1910 the president of the event was Fay N. May and the booklet had 40 pages.

The **advertisements** served as a guide to a diverse group of business endeavors including these local merchants:

R.C. Kitsmiller – Tonsorial Artist – “*First Class Work*”;

Hotel Young – Meals and Lodging, Cigars,

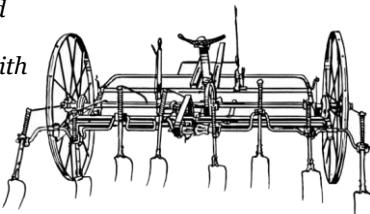
Ice Cream, and Oysters in Season, Livery and Feed Stable in Connection, Val Young, Proprietor;

J.B. Dysart, MD.;

The News Gazette – O.H. Lunn, editor and manager, “Paid for by Some, Borrowed by Many, but Read by All”;

E.S. Osborn – Established in 1872, Stoves, Ranges and Tinware, Wood, Iron and Chain Pumps, Harness, Collars and Pads, Roofing and Tinwork, Osborn Binders, Mowers, Rakes and **Tedders***, U.S. Cream Separators, Kalamazoo Silos, Disc, Spring and Peg Tooth Harrows, 20th Century Manure Spreaders;

(A Tedder, also known as a Hay Tedder, is a machine used in haymaking which is used after cutting and before “windrowing”. The tedder uses moving forks to aerate or ‘wuffle’ the hay and speed up the process of hay-making. The result of this process allows the hay to dry or ‘cure’ better which improves the aroma and color of the hay. Versions of the tedder have been on the market since 1863. It was reported that using a tedder with a man and a horse could do as much work as fifteen laborers. Cut grass can be turned into hay on the same day. Alfalfa and clover can be made into hay while the grass is still green, which produces higher value hay.)



Oldham Brothers – Pharmacists, Dealers in paints, oils, varnishes, and brushes; complete stock of patent medicines, stationery, fancy goods, toilet articles, wall paper, tobacco and cigars;

Graham & Lunn – General Merchants – dry goods, shoes and rubbers, hats and caps, Queensware, Graniteware, men’s furnishings, and general line of Notions;

The Reynoldsburg Bank Company – Established in 1904 – “*The Home Bank is the Safe Bank*”;

J.L. Oldham – Dealer in lumber, shingles, lath, plaster and cement;

Evans’ – Dealers in general merchandise – boots, shoes and rubbers a specialty; agents for Huiskamp Brothers & Company barnyard work shoe;

W.O. Rush – Blacksmith Shop – practical horseshoer and veterinarian;

City Meat Market – proprietor, King Pickering, *All kinds of fresh home killed meats*;
Shoe and Harness Shop – B.O. Sprague, proprietor;
National Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn. – Ira D. Oldham, Agent.

The articles in the booklet informed the public of local churches, organizations, and village history. In 1831, **John French** laid out the town into lots. The surveyor was A. Vinton Taylor of Truro Township. The village was first called Frenchtown. “*The first dry goods and grocery store in the village was kept by the Hon. James C. Reynolds, in a hewed log cabin on the lot where the U.P church now stands.*”

The churches listed in 1910 were: United Presbyterian Church, the Presbyterian Church, the Universalist Church, Baptist Church, Methodist Church, and the Church of Christ.

According to the booklet, “*If there is one thing more than another in which the citizens of the town take just pride, it is the excellent schools.*” The first known **school was established in a log house in 1834**. The **building** was used until 1845, when it gave way to a frame structure. A two-story brick building was built in 1858. In 1867 four districts united to become a graded school. At that time a large school building was built, “*which was unusually large for that day, but it was proved none too extensive, for the popularity of this institution of learning has drawn pupils from far and near, and Reynoldsburg is widely known for its splendid schools.*”



Just One Round Dollar.

In the state of old Ohio
There's a little village town,
And this town is old Reynoldsburg—
Reynoldsburg of renown.

In this town there is a paper.
And it's issued every week,
By an Irishman named O. H. Lynn;
Oh! he prints a newsy sheet.

And this paper is an honor
To our people, county, state;
For it tells naught but the late news:
Gee! it's simply up-to-date.

If you wish to read this paper;
Twelve long months of news and laugh,
You can have it for a dollar;
It is worth more by a half.

May this paper live forever,
Till Old Sol refuses to set;
May our friendship never sever,
With the good old NEWS-GAZETTE.

The “First Exhibition” of the Reynoldsburg Union School happened at “John Wolf's Grove,” in the Hibernia area of Truro Township on July 24, 1868. The Etna Brass Band was in attendance playing music in between the performances. There were orations, dialogues, quartettes, declamations, essays, songs, recitations, appeals, duets, trios, addresses, and even a colloquy given that day! The day started at 9 am with the exercises commencing at 9 1/2 (according to the program). All were invited to “*Bring your baskets with you and spend the day, and we will have an Old-Fashion Pic-Nic Exhibition.*”

The **postmasters** appointed from 1833-1897 included: James C. Reynolds, Hiram Sibel, E.G. Hardesty, John Miller, Lewis Sells, L.R. Rhoads, R.R. Johnson, John Cookes, H.C. Miller, John Wright, John Lynch, Vinton Hutson, N.N. Mason, William Rhoads, J.D. Harrison, and C.L. Graham. A **Rural Free Delivery Route** was established in 1904. James M. Connell was the first carrier and held the position until his death in June, 1909.

Hillard Ebrom October 2, 1925 - April 25, 2018

Hillard is coming home to stay.

On May 24, there will be a Mass at Saint Pius X Catholic Church on Waggoner Road. A gravesite burial will follow at Glen Rest Cemetery. The time of the service will be circulated when available.

When first informed about Hillard, I contacted the Board of Directors, explaining that I needed their help to write an article revering this wonderful man because I never had the honor of meeting him. The following tributes are from Hillard's friends:

"They both (Evelyn & Hillard) worked every year for the Tomato Festival, sold ads for the program books and worked on the Tomato contests. Hillard worked on card parties ticket sales and attended meetings. He held office as a trustee and was very generous in giving to the building of the barn.

Also, he was a wonderful caretaker of Evelyn when her health was failing. He was always her chauffeur and a loving brother, always together. We have missed them."

~ Dick & Dottie Barth

THE COURIER

May 2018 Issue

Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society

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Colin Sutphin, Suzy Millar Miller
& Mary Turner Stoots

"Hillard was a kind, gentle man, always there for us. He and sister Evelyn were active in the community, but they gave special attention to the Historical Society, where Hillard was a Trustee for many years. We could always count on him to sell a hundred tickets or so for our card parties. When we purchased the Bennett Garage and our fundraising thermometer was stuck at the bottom, he and Evelyn donated \$10,000 to kick-start the campaign, and we knew that we would be all right. He took care of his sister while facing several medical issues of his own. He would make a special Jell-O, always popular at our potlucks. And, when he said your name, it was as if he caressed you with his voice."

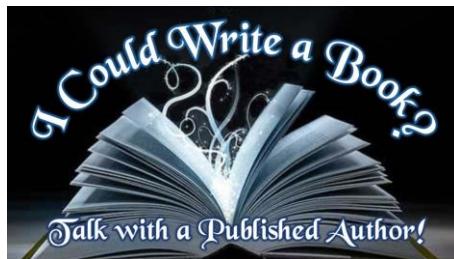
~Mark Myers

Evelyn Richards 07/10/23–04/04/14

Evelyn Richards was an exemplary citizen and volunteer in her beloved Reynoldsburg since her arrival over 50 years ago. She was a major fundraiser and contributor to RTHS and forever appreciated.



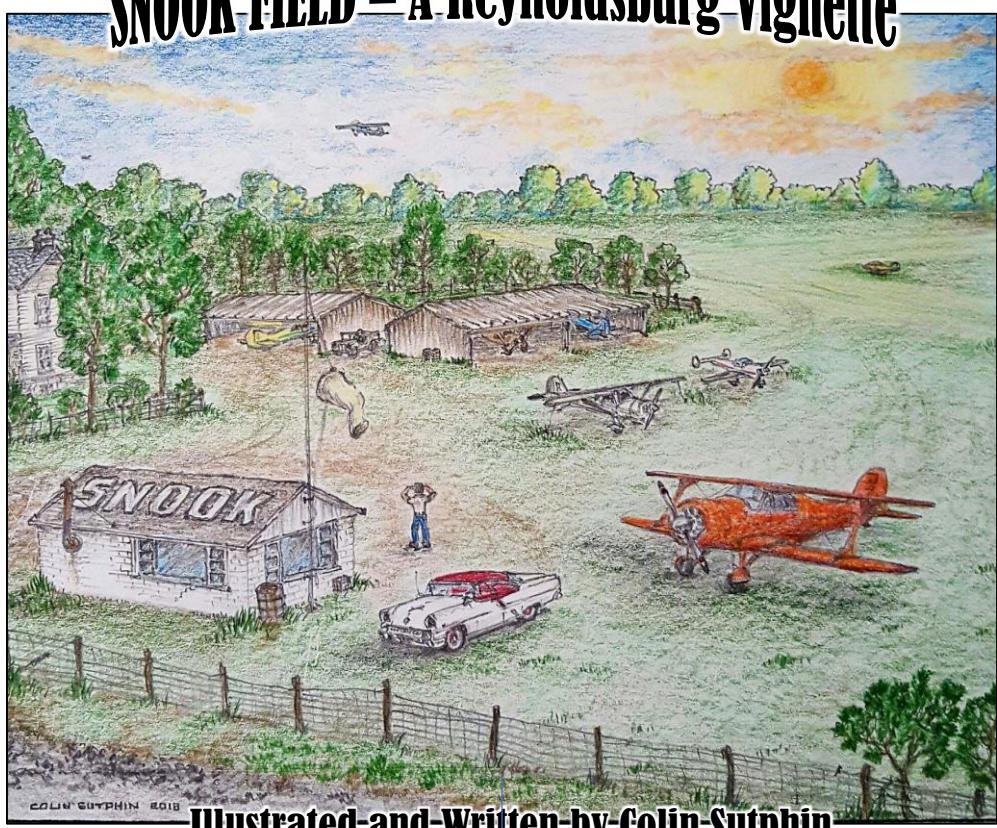
Evelyn Richards



"I could write a book!" How many people have said that, but never quite got around to it?

Connie Parkinson has written and sold some books, and she can tell you how to write one. She'll give you tips on how to put your book together, what to do and what not to bother with, how to put a sentence together, tips on grammar, punctuation, spelling, what keeps a book interesting to the end. There's never a dumb question about writing; they're all important -- so ask questions and be prepared to take notes. Here's a PLUS! Bring up to three pages of your writing, with your name on it, and a self-addressed stamped envelope, and she'll privately check it for overall publishability, edit it and mail it back to you. A \$5.00 Contribution will go to RTHS. **Saturday, June 16, from 1:00 to 2:00** in the Museum Meeting Room during Open House.

SNOOK FIELD – A Reynoldsburg Vignette



COLIN SUTPHIN 2018

Illustrated-and-Written-by-Colin-Sutphin

It was the summer of 1962 and I was thinking, I haven't been out to Snook Field in a while.

I jumped in the car, headed towards Main Street. Drove east on Main about half mile past Glen Rest Cemetery, turned left on Taylor Road. It's gravel and full of ruts. There's not much out here, just a few homes, farms and Snook Field. It's on the left less than a mile north of Main Street. As I arrive a plane is taking off. Parking my car next to the little airfield office I get out and look westward to see if I can tell whose plane it is. Looks to be Jack Turner in his Aeronca Champ.

Snook Field is owned and operated by two brothers, Harley and Earl "Buster" Snook. They converted their parents' (John and Mary) old farm into an airfield. This is home field for the local pilots. Some even belong to a flying club and gather here frequently.

I've been up with Buster a couple of times. He gave me a basic flying lesson. No charge ... that's just the way Buster was. I also flew with a guy named Bill, for the life of me can't remember his last name, who owned a 1947 Luscombe all metal plane. He would do loops, dives and barrel rolls. Stunt pilot for sure. Thrilling to say the least.

In the color pencil drawing the planes pictured on the ground are from the left, Buster's yellow

Funk model B. In the other hanger, Bill Olson's Stinson Station Wagon and a blue Taylorcraft. Parked in front is Bill's silver Luscombe; next, a twin tail Ercoupe. I believe the Ercoupe was for sale. And, the Orange-red Beechcraft stagger-wing bi-plane with a radial engine. The Beech belongs to John Hazy, one of the owners of Green Gables Restaurant. The other vehicles are Buster's Jeep and my red and white '55 Mercury.

My aim is to bring fond memories to us old timers. Also, to show a fairly accurate depiction of the way it used to be in and around the Reynoldsburg area.

Note: If you want to find the area where the old Snook Field airport was, start at the intersection of Taylor Road and Kingsley Drive. As soon as you turn left onto Kingsley you are about where the red airplane is in my drawing. Now drive west to the intersection of Bedlington Drive and Kingsley. This was the southwest corner of the main runway. Turn right onto Bedlington, then left on Landseer Drive to Brindle Court. This was the northeast end of the main runway.

The other runway would've been at Sealyham Court, South East to about the intersection of Morningdew Drive and Starlight Drive.

This Event is Packed with Fun & Music!

The Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society (RTHS) is proud to bring you an event of fashion, fun, and music. You'll witness the effort required in 1912 to dress fashionably as a first-class passenger aboard the Titanic. Approximately a dozen male and female models dressed in 1912 fashions will be stationed in various sections of our museum while Loraine Dawley presents a short video slide-show throughout the event in our lower-level meeting room.

The RTHS meeting room is directly accessible from our parking lot at the rear of the Museum. Park your car, watch a video, then head upstairs into our two-story museum and take a step into the past. First-Class Titanic passengers will be strolling all through the building.

Lorraine Dawley is a dance costume designer and hair stylist. She started attending 1912 themed events at The Grand Hotel on Mackinac Island in Michigan several years ago. Loraine decided to try reproducing 1912 clothing to wear at these events, thus creating an entire wardrobe for herself and her husband, then spent many hours looking for antique accessories to complete the look.

Lorraine has since started to create vintage reproductions for her family and friends who attend as well.

One of Loraine's specialties as a hairstylist is the updo. She was able to first recreate the vintage styles of the day with her own hair, then the models' hair, as well as other attendees of the events.

Lorraine met the event company owner who is in charge of Titanic weekend. The owner asked Loraine if she would be interested in doing a Titanic fashion program for the event the following year. To prepare herself, Loraine started researching and studied for the next twelve months to continue to learn all that she could about the style of clothing worn in 1912. A talented friend helped her create a wonderful slide video that shares the many changes of clothing throughout the day for a first-class man or woman aboard the Titanic. When the video was aired at the event last year, there were around 200 people in attendance and it received great reviews.

She has since been invited to return as a guest speaker this year. Loraine has also presented the program to ladies' groups in the Columbus area and has had bookings with other Historical Societies throughout Ohio and the surrounding states.

We are very fortunate to be able to have a presenter of Loraine's caliber at our museum this year. She told me, "I am very excited to bring my program to the Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society where my video will be shown, and models will be strolling throughout the building in Titanic inspired clothing."

A Barbershop Quartet will be singing from 10:00am to noon, and a small band from OSU will be playing era music throughout the event.

If you have questions, please send a communication directly to the museum, at the following email address: RTHSCourier@aol.com, or you can call us at 614-902-2831.

COMING
MAY 19, 2018
To the
Reynoldsburg-Truro
Historical Society Museum

TITANIC FASHION
A FIRST CLASS EXPERIENCE

Presented by: Loraine Dawley

10:00am – 2:00pm
1485 Jackson St.
Reynoldsburg, OH 43068

See the effort required to dress up fashionably on a daily basis in 1912 as a First-Class Passenger aboard the Titanic

Live Male & Female Models!

Entry Fee Only \$5.00
Children Under 12 are Free
All Proceeds Benefit RTHS

A Drawing for \$100 Cash will be awarded to one Lucky Patron!

COMPUTER GENEALOGY

with Jim Diuguid

Saturday, May 12th

2:00pm – 4:00pm

*“Genealogy without documentation
becomes Mythology”*

Have you been studying genealogy and want to record family history on your computer, but don't know where to start? Did you look for software, only to find that there is a large volume of programs available and you have no idea which one to choose? Most of the time, you buy software by referral, then after it's paid for, you realize that it doesn't meet your specific needs, so you revert to the manual method.

For this class, I will present three different software programs. We'll explore the differences and similarities between them all. This will enable you to make an informed decision on how you want to proceed recording and preserving your family history.

Please note: We have no Internet or WiFi at the museum and access to electrical outlets in the meeting room is very limited. You are welcome to bring your laptop or iPad, but a computer is not required, as I will be projecting screen shots for everyone to view.

I first began recording genealogy after my wife (Judy) lost her father in 1979. We were searching through Licking County property records and discovered that Judy's great-great-grandfather

came from Sussex County in New Jersey. We became curious and decided to go to New Jersey and search for more records there. We became hooked and the rest is history. As of today, I have published one hard-bound volume and five or six other volumes of our combined family genealogies.

In this class, you will also learn how to utilize the computer to expand your search for family history as well as what sources you should trust (or not) on the Internet.

If you are a beginner, I highly recommend you have attended the Genealogy I and II classes that Wendy Wheatley Raftery taught in March and April as an introduction to this class, but it is not a requirement.

The class fee of \$5.00 will be used to cover the cost of the packets that each of you will receive, and any portion left over will be donated to the Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society.

This class is open to ages 12 and above. Our class size is limited as the meeting room in our lower level will accommodate a maximum of 24 seats. The entrance is handicapped accessible from the parking lot at the rear of our building.

Register by US Mail or by email at: judyjimd@gmail.com and send your class fee as follows:
Make your check payable to RTHS (Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society)

Name: _____ Phone: _____

Address: _____ Zip Code: _____

Computer Genealogy Class: May 12, 2018 2:00pm-4:00pm

► Your classroom seat will be confirmed upon receipt of your \$5 class fee *

Mail this coupon and the fee to Jim Diuguid, 6807 Shaulis Dr. Reynoldsburg OH 43068

(Continued from Page 03)

soldiers arrested Jack and took him to jail, but fed him

something warm and filling that could have been soup. He slept. From there he was taken to a youth camp then a hospital in Budweis (yes, the place of origin of the beer), Czechoslovakia, where he was given a tetanus shot -- and some black bread that gave him hives. A kind youth brought him some white bread and warned him to keep it hidden. The bumps left.

Eventually Jack landed at an interrogation center at Wetzler, Germany. It was called Flea Center because of its fleas, lice, and other hungry cooties that ganged up to attach themselves to all. He was questioned intensely, about anything he might know. But Jack, following Geneva Convention requirements, answered only his name, rank, and serial number. He and many others were transported out in Forty and Eights -- train boxcars designed to hold 40 men or eight horses. (In a Bill Maiden's WWII *Willie and Joe* cartoon, one says, "They oughta hire a homme to clean up after them chevauxes.") At least 60 men were crammed standing into Jack's car, with no food or water, and a pail in the corner -- if anyone could get to it -- as a toilet.

In Berlin they heard air raid sirens, but the target was far away. The cars took the men to Gross Tychow, now part of Poland. Their camp was known as Stalag Luft IV. (stalag [German] = prisoner of war camp; Luft = location. So, Prisoner of War Location IV.) It was extremely cold,

mountainous country, flu and pneumonia and hostile wound country, at the level of Norway and Sweden. The men were forced to run, with dogs at their heels and guards eager with their bayonets and rifle butts, the four miles from the railroad station to the camp. This camp, designed for 6400 men, was never finished because of Allied air raids, even though the Germans worked at it whenever they could.

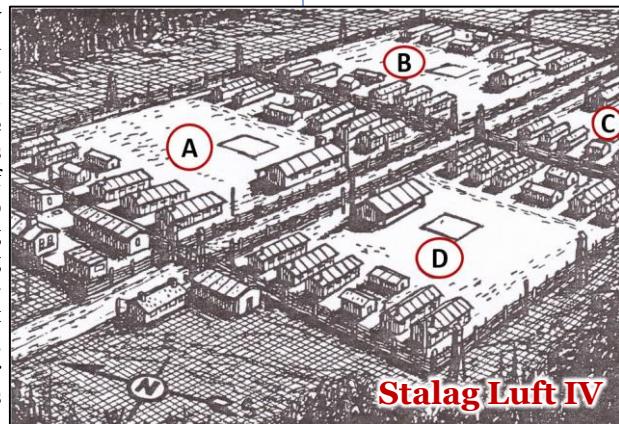
It was not -- was never intended to be -- a decent place. Jack and others lived in tents for three weeks, then were moved inside a newly finished compound. There were ten barracks

Jack Godfrey, Survivor

buildings, five on each side with two latrines total, and an administration building at one end. The camp was sited in a forest clearing about 1½ miles square, with two 10-foot barbed wire fences around it. Additionally, a 10-foot fence and a corridor surrounded each compound. Guard towers, the guards armed with machine guns, stood at each end and in the center. No one was allowed near the fence. The machine guns were a strong deterrent.

Rooms held 20 men, each of whom was given a few inches of straw to make himself a "bed," and one blanket. Men slept, shivering, with their clothes on. Room ventilation was poor, there were no bathing facilities, and scarcely any water anyway. A center open space was meant for exercise and games -- except that sports equipment had been confiscated. Though POWs were not forced to work, they were otherwise treated harshly. The single window was boarded over each afternoon at dusk and the single outside door was locked. Each compound held about 2500 men, to make 10,000 total. Considering its never-completed condition and its intended capacity, you could call it crowded.

They were not given enough fuel to keep a



fire going in the one potbelly stove. It did have a cleanout door, and when he was outside every man carried whatever would burn back into the barracks, and hid it. A supply wagon came around now and then. A prisoner gleaned whatever fell off the wagon plus some

that didn't. When the secret stash of fuel and food was sufficient, the prisoners created a soup-like concoction and boiled it in a pound-sized Klim dried milk can over a fire on the cleanout door. They were cautious with fire, for if guards saw smoke, they came barrelling in, doused the fire, seized the soup, and threatened to take the stove.

Regular German rations, averaging 850 calories, were black bread, fake coffee, and a watery mixture of vegetables. Red Cross parcels (often withheld, then divided between two men) held powdered milk, coffee, sugar, Spam or

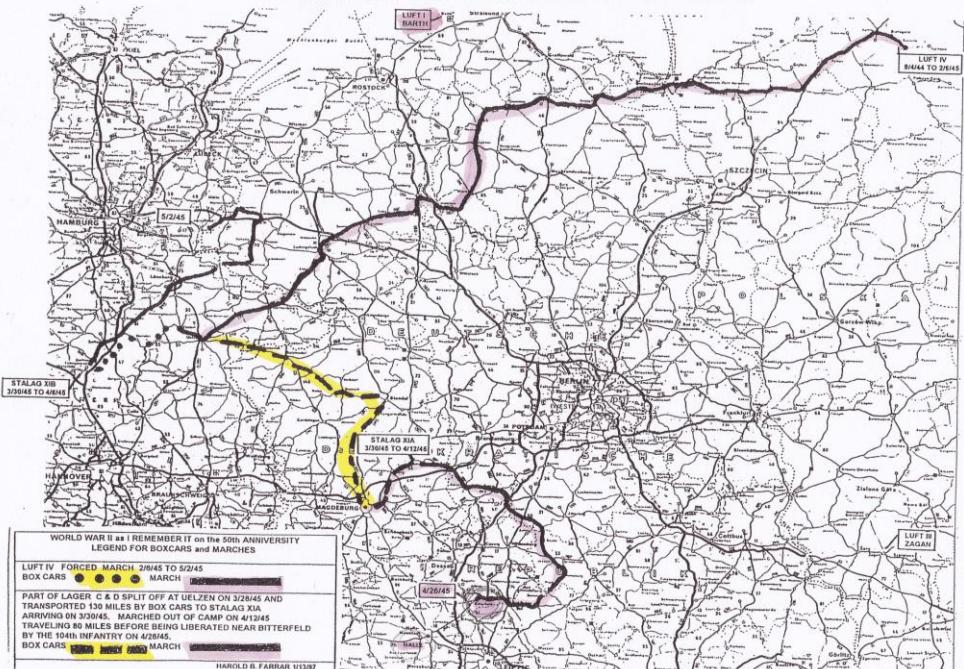
(Continued on Page 15)

Jack Godfrey, Survivor

sardines, three packs of cigarettes (a vital trade item), an enriched chocolate bar, and always, prunes. Average daily calories: 1200, suitable for weight loss and persistent hunger. Needed daily calories: 3500. Men talked about, dreamed about, yearned after, food. Jack saved and roasted kernels from prune pits which, when mixed together with saved chocolate, provided a snack. Irene sent him packages and letters, but none reached him.

A sense of humor never deserted them. The POWs frequently arranged to foul up the twice-daily roll call. One man pretended to have a dog, leading it on a leash and making it sit beside him in the formation. Guards frequently entered the rooms, looking, thieving, looking. Jack said to one, "Hey, Joe, how about some Schnapps for Christmas?" Surprisingly the guard answered in English, "You wouldn't want Schnapps. Seagram's Seven & 7-Up would be much better." He talked with the men for several minutes. He had lived in northern Michigan for years, and upon his return to Germany in the late 1930s to visit family, the Nazis gave him no choice but to be in their army.

HOSPITAL CASES WENT TO EARLY TO CZ 2
Luft IV 550 MILE FORCED MARCH, FEB. 6, 1945 to May 2, 1945



In early January 1945, artillery fire and the appearance of old tri-motored planes told them that Russians were coming. On February 6, the POWs were marched out of camp in groups of 500, wearing what they could and carrying selected belongings. The men were expected to march 18-20 miles that day -- into a blizzard, into the worst German winter in more than 50 years. After about 15 miles they found a barn and slept there, exhausted, freezing, desperately miserable. It was the same for two weeks, then they had to sleep in a new-cut forest with no protection from the extreme cold and wet. They were afraid to take off their shoes because their frostbitten feet might swell too much to get the shoes back on. They had eaten the rations from the stalag and were existing on a little black bread and sometimes a potato given them by their captors.

For 80 days they marched, losing a daily average of 37 men, every day like the last. Jack fainted, and the guards put him and another man on the "sick wagon," pulled by POWs. They rode for a few hours then, seeing other POWs worse off, got down from the wagon and grabbed the back of it, letting it pull them. Water was scarce and (Continued on Page 16)

Jack Godfrey, Survivor

(Continued from Page 15) had to be boiled, or you got dysentery. One crewman lost three pairs of pants because he couldn't make it to the outdoor latrine in time.

Near the end of March their guards changed, younger Nazi men being posted to military duty elsewhere, men 60 and older trying to keep up but ending by riding the wagon most of the time. In a small village, whose people seemed to be celebrating, they learned of the death of President Roosevelt. In mid-April they saw a freight train, then a flight of American P-47s that strafed the train to bits and waggled wings overhead to let the marchers know who they were. The men were waving and yelling at the planes, and when someone started to yell, "All is Kaput. Hitler is Kaput," soon every man joined in. In a day or two they saw American soldiers and military police, and ran to greet them. At the end of the march, captors and captives alike had trouble standing, or moving at all. They were starved, cold, injured, dull-minded with exhaustion and depression -- and yet relieved and happy to be at the end of their war.

A chance conversation with a man who lived near Jack's sister in Cleveland led to picture-taking and to a later visit to Jack at home with the presentation of the pictures. A raid on a warehouse -- which they got to on bicycles "borrowed" at gunpoint -- yielded tasty food for many. A poultry yard raid brought them a dinner of roast goose and dumplings. Men from another division caught them and said they wished they were eating that well. The crew traded a visit to the delousing chamber and some new clothes for a similar meal for their benefactors.

The crew went by train to Lucky Strike, a huge area at Le Havre, France. There they and their B-24 pilot all surprised one another by being alive. Free to go home, Jack boarded the *SS Admiral Benson*, a liner that had been converted to a troop ship. Three hours out of port they heard gunfire. The gunners were busy disabling some mines in the shipping lanes. This took time, but it was done, and the ship was underway again. Five days later they arrived in New York Harbor. From there they were sent to Camp Dix, NJ, then to Camp Atterbury, IN. From Atterbury he called Irene.

8,000 men started marching.

5,000 finished.

Jack Godfrey came home.

----- by Jack Godfrey, with Cornelia M. Parkinson

PIZZA COTTAGE

Restaurant Fundraiser

A Postcard is
enclosed separate
From the Courier

Take a Break!

Take your postcard or flyer
and go out to eat
at the Pizza Cottage

Wednesday, May 30, 2018
Between 4:00pm and 9:00pm

(Dinner Hours only)
Details are on the enclosed
postcard and flyer

A Color Guard from the
Reynoldsburg Chapter of the
Veterans of Foreign Wars
(VFW) Post #9473
will be at the Seceder
Cemetery for the

Memorial Day Service
Monday, May 28th
9:30 am

The Mathias Ridenour
Chapter of the National
Society of the Daughters of
the American Revolution will
place a wreath in honor of
the soldiers buried there

Heading south, the Seceder Cemetery is located a short distance from the Livingston Avenue, Route 256 and Graham Road intersection. It is on the right side of the road before you get to Interstate 70 directly behind the BIBOP Asian Grill.