



## Standard of Courage

### The Story of a Blue Devil

by Mark Myers

He was awarded the Silver Star for telling a lie.

It was June 9, 1944.

First Lieutenant Stanton D.

Richart was a twenty-two-year-old company commander

near Laiatico (pronounced "LieYATeeco") in central Italy.

He belonged to the 88<sup>th</sup> Infantry

Division, the "Blue Devil" Division,

so-called because its arm patch fea-

tured a blue clover leaf, and the Germans said the 88<sup>th</sup> "fought like devils."

Stanton was on a scouting patrol with two

privates, the rest of his men far to the

rear. As Stanton's patrol rounded a bend

in the road, they met a column of eighty

German soldiers coming the other way.

Thinking quickly, Stanton told the one

private who could speak German to

approach the column with him and tell

the leading German officer that he was

surrounded and had the dubious choice

of surrender or death. The Germans,

weary as the Americans, from several

weeks of non-stop combat, fell for the

bluff and surrendered.

Stanton was a leader early on, having

been the president of the Reynoldsburg

High School class of 1940. He joined the

Army shortly after graduation and was

assigned to the 88<sup>th</sup>, the first all-draftee

Division. They trained at Camp Gruber,

Oklahoma, and Fort Sam Houston in San

Antonio, where he met and married Faye

Wehman in the fall of 1943. They would

have only four days together before

Stanton was deployed to the war zone in



Italy. That first week in November, while Stanton and Faye were on their honeymoon, another Reynoldsburg boy, Charles "Buddy" Feucht, brother of the late Mary Alice Foster, was the bombardier in a Liberator bomber which, in the fog, slammed into a mountainside in New Guinea. He would be listed as missing until his remains were found sixty years later and returned to Reynoldsburg (Courier, February 2010).

Liberty ships took Stanton and the 351<sup>st</sup> Infantry Regiment across the Atlantic to Casablanca, French Morocco, then on to Magenta, Algeria, for more training. Stanton landed in Naples in early February of 1944 and was quickly tasked with chasing the Germans north. After heavy fighting the 88<sup>th</sup> became the first Division to enter and liberate Rome on June 4, 1944, two days before D-Day.

The world's focus may have been on northern France, but the American troops in Italy were just as deserving of headlines. Stanton's unit had no time to sight-see in Rome, but crossed the Tiber, and pushed on. At Laiatico, about 25 miles southeast of Pisa and its leaning tower, Stanton's 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion was awarded (continued on page 02)



Faye & Stanton  
Richart

# Standard of Courage

## The Story of a Blue Devil

(continued from page 01)

by Mark Myers

the 88<sup>th</sup> Division's first Distinguished Unit Citation for capturing or killing 670 enemy soldiers, and Stanton was promoted to Captain. Today the battle is marked by a stone amphitheater, the "Theatre of Silence," in the plain at the foot of the Apennines, the mountain chain that runs up and down the spine of the country. Tenor Andrea Bocelli recently held a concert there.

Stanton and his men were next ordered to break through the Gothic Line, a series of fortifications strung across northern Italy like a necklace. Stanton and six of his men were on a night patrol when they were ambushed in mountainous terrain near Bologna. Stanton was wounded, for the second time, and captured on September 25, 1944.

Gone were the foxholes and marching under heavy packs up steep slopes in the rain and mud. Stanton said that he was once up to his shoulders in water while mortar shells landed all around him. He had led his men over seven months and three hundred miles in pursuit of the enemy. Now he had no weapon but his wits and stamina, for the next seven months.

He was trucked north to Verona, setting for *Romeo and Juliet*, to a transit POW camp. Soon, he and other prisoners, under the watchful eyes of guard dogs, were herded into boxcars, forty to a car, with little food and water and only one bucket for sanitary purposes. What movie newsreels featured as world-class destinations, the Bavarian Alps, the prisoners saw through a knothole punched out to get some ventilation. Fortunately, the steam engine needed to stop for water and fuel at regular intervals; and if they were lucky, the prisoners were allowed

out for a break. At night, the men feared that the sparks, from inferior coal, shooting out of the engine's smokestack, would call down strafing from their own planes, the pilots not realizing that American prisoners were on board.

Stanton stayed awhile at his second camp, Stalag 7A in Moosburg, near Munich; but eventually he was separated from his men, and sent to an officers-only POW camp, Oflag 64 in Szubin, northwest Poland. He found that rank had no privileges there; it was still a daily struggle with grief and grub.

Upon arrival, he was issued a tin spoon, bowl, and one thin blanket. The barracks had three-high bunk beds with mattresses of straw. Roll calls started at six in the morning and were called several other times during the day, no matter the weather. Inside the barracks boredom reigned. The highlight of the day was the arrival of the soup truck around noon. Watered down potato or cabbage soup was handed out and one loaf of bread for every seven men. The bread ritual was very important. Every day a different man divided

### Rank Cigarette Fumes Betray Nazi Hideout

With the Fifth Army, Italy (AP)—First Lieut. Stanton D. Richart, Reynoldsburg, O., yesterday credited his capture of two Nazi snipers to a trail of foul cigarette smoke. The fumes led him and his men to a T-shaped foxhole where the Germans were hiding.

"We could smell it at one hundred yards away, it stank up the whole valley," said the former Ohio State University student.

Richart and his men brought their prisoners in after a hair-raising adventure during which they stood for hours up to their armpits in water with bramble bushes covering their heads—while the Germans relentlessly shelled them with mortar fire.

### The Troy Record, Monday, April 17, 1944

the bread into seven equal pieces. They then chose lots to determine the order in which they would pick the pieces (the "slicer" always got the last piece). Occasionally they would get a piece of sausage or a turnip.

Red Cross parcels, when they got through, were a cause for celebration despite the guards' puncturing all the food cans so that they could not be stored for an escape attempt. From the parcels they might find a sardine or some salt for their soup. They smoked the Red Cross cigarettes but also used them for bartering, gambling (which helped pass the time), and for bribing the guards.

The lack of nourishing (continued on page 09)

# Christmas in the Burg and Other Thoughts ...

By Suzy Millar Miller, October 17, 2017

Reynoldsburg celebrated Christmas in the schools and the community with decorations, the arrival of Santa Claus, special programs and church events. In the 1956 Reynoldsburg High School yearbook, the Reynolian, there were photos of Christmas time in the school.



The first photo shows a decorated classroom with a really big tree dripping with strands of tinsel. Tinsel was invented in Germany about 1610 and was made of silver to represent the starry Nativity night. In the 1950s, lead was the normal material of choice for tinsel. The lead was replaced by plastic strands in the 1960s. Tinsel was a more popular decoration than lights at the time. I know our early trees had lots of decorations and tinsel, but not lights. The tinsel we used in the '50s was made

of lead foil. (I remember rolling the tinsel into a big ball after Christmas and throwing it around the house, before it was dropped into the "burn barrel" behind the garage next to the alley. I don't remember if we had regular trash pickup at the time. We burnt most of our trash.)

Christmas programs were put on by the school and involved grades Kindergarten through Fourth Grade. The program in December, 1955, was a busy event with dancing, singing, and small plays. There were dancing snowflakes, talking Christmas trees, rhythm bands, speakers, the Christmas story, Christmas alphabet, and a big finale of singing "White Christmas". Miss Ashton was in charge of the program. Jane Spencer was the director. The grade school teachers involved were: Kindergarten: Mrs. Mock; 1st grade: Miss Berry, and Mrs. Savage; 2<sup>nd</sup> grade: Mrs. Mitterling and Mrs. Burns; 3<sup>rd</sup> grade: Mrs. Bradow and Mrs.



Morrell; and 4<sup>th</sup> grade: Miss Ebright and Mr. Smith. Some of the songs were: *I'm Gettin' Nuttin' for Christmas*, *Silver Bells*, *I Saw Mama Kissing Santa Claus*, and *The Night Before Christmas*. The dancing snowflakes wore white socks for their dance, because they weren't allowed to wear shoes on the basketball court. Hardly any of the little kids had "sneakers", but everyone had socks.



Santa Claus arrived in the Burg on a fire truck. He would ride down Main St. waving and passing out oranges to the kids. Getting an orange was very special. We didn't normally have a large selection of produce in our small town stores. Most people had gardens that grew vegetables and fruit, but orange trees didn't grow in the Burg. (I remember also getting an orange in my Christmas stocking every year. I still put an orange in my son's Christmas sock, but I'm sure he just thinks it is strange.)

I recently heard a story about one of the Burg's Santa Claus 'helpers'. Nikki Fledderjohann (RHS '67) told a story about her grandfather, Perry Walz. When Nikki was at her grandfather's house, she noticed a Santa Claus suit hanging on the back of the door. When she asked Perry about it, he said that he stored the suit at his house for Santa. One year, as she sat on "Santa's" lap telling him what she wanted for Christmas, she realized that her grandfather WAS Santa Claus! She recognized him from his freckles. Nikki felt pretty happy that she was related to Santa! Budd Oldham also became a Santa some years later.

In later years, the Reynoldsburg Jaycee wives ran a "Secret Santa" shop where kids could

(continued on page 04)



# Christmas in the Burg and Other Thoughts ...

by Suzy Millar Miller

(continued from page 03)

bring their coins and buy presents for their parents in secret while the parents drank free coffee in another room. The presents were wrapped up so the parents couldn't see their gifts on the way home. The Jaycees also ran a "Toys for Tots" program in town.

Another activity was Christmas caroling around town. The Y-Teens and others collected donations during the Kinder Key Caroling drive. Kinder Key began in 1954 and is still a major fund raiser for Children's Hospital. Kinder Key provided song sheets for the carolers to use as they strolled around the neighborhoods and businesses. It was always a fun time strolling around singing the carols, especially because it was usually followed by a cup of hot chocolate!

Another past Christmas tradition was going to the downtown Lazarus store to see the intricate window displays and to visit Santa Claus. We always got our picture taken with Santa. I remember waiting in line with my little brother, Mike. Mike was always ducking under the velvet ropes and trying to escape, until we got to the front of the line, then he was an angel. I always wanted to tell Santa about Mike's behavior, but knew that Santa would probably not bring me what I wanted if I said bad things about Mike.

Because I started this article talking about tinsel and Christmas trees, I thought I would end it on the same note. It has become very difficult for me to find a Christmas tree that I like. In the old days, trees looked like trees, not perfect triangles of green (or whatever the color of choice is now). The trees we had always had a lot of blank space so you could see the special ornaments individually. Now it is hard to see the carefully selected, antique, or handcrafted ornaments on a tree. I guess my entire family always had 'ugly' trees. We would just cut a pine tree down at the farm and stick it in the house for a few days. I miss those plain, "Charlie Brown" type trees. When my husband and I were first married, my parents drove down to Cincinnati to deliver a Christmas tree to us. They had gone to the farm and cut down the 'perfect' tree with lots of spaces for ornaments and plenty of room for dripping tinsel (the plastic kind!). It was one of the



best Christmas trees ever. Now I get one of those table top trees at Home Depot, but I always look for the ugliest tree that is available. My decorations don't show up as well as in the old days, but I still drip the tree with lots of shiny tinsel!

## Merry Christmas from the 2017 Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society



**STREET ADDRESS** (No Mail): RTHS Museum, 1485 Jackson Street, Reynoldsburg, Ohio 43068

**MAILING ADDRESS:** Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society, P.O. BOX 144, Reynoldsburg, Ohio 43068



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Cindy Kitzmiller Greiner - Individual  
 Darby & Judy Corwin - Family

## 2017-2018 CALENDAR

### NOVEMBER 2017

- 14** – Tuesday-Board Meeting, 7:00pm  
**18** – Saturday-Open House, 10am-2pm  
 Holiday Gift Shop

### DECEMBER 2017

- 02** – Saturday-Christmas on the Town,  
 Open House, Holiday Gift Shop,  
 Robotic Team, & Children's  
 Activities, 10:00am-3:00pm  
**05** – Tuesday - Board Meeting, 7:00pm  
**09** – Saturday - Christmas Dinner,  
 6:30pm, MCL Restaurant,  
 5240 E. Main St., Whitehall  
**22** –Deadline for January 2018 Courier

### JANUARY 2018

- 03-06** - Publish January Courier  
**16** – Tuesday - Board Meeting, 7:00pm  
**20** – Saturday-Open House, 10am-2pm

### FEBRUARY 2018

- 06** – Tuesday – Red Robin, Restaurant  
 Fundraiser, 4:00pm – 8:00pm  
**13** – Tuesday - Board Meeting, 7:00pm  
**17** – Saturday-Open House, 10am-2pm  
**21** – Wednesday- Deadline for the  
 March Courier  
**28** – Dues Deadline for listing in the  
 Directory

## 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!*

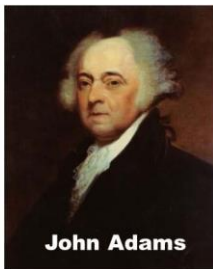
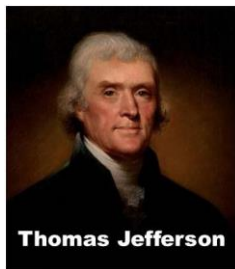
05-RTHS Courier November 2017

# THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE

and your one vote  
by Cornelia M. Parkinson ©

Delegates to the Constitutional Convention, held in Philadelphia in 1787, felt that the general public lacked the information, proper judgment, or good sense necessary to select the President and the Vice President of the United States. But of course the delegates had all that. Therefore, they provided for an Electoral College (see footnotes\*), meaning that elected or appointed politicians, and not the majority vote of the ignorant masses, will always elect those persons for those two vital offices.

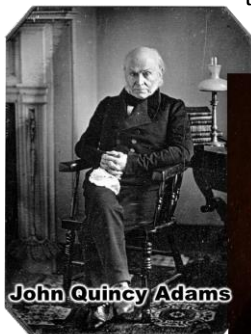
The Electors for each state are chosen, via whatever methods they wish, by the state legislature, one Elector for each state senator or representative to which the state is entitled in Congress. Very quickly (by 1800) the Electors



were under pressure, before they were even appointed, to agree to vote for the candidate of a specific party.

As was written on old maps, here be

Dragons. There were many ways to circumvent honesty. For one, Electoral votes are not counted the same day as voting took place. Certainly not! On a stated day in *December* following the *November* popular election, the Electors meet in the state capitals to cast their ballots. In order to be sure that all votes cast have arrived at some central headquarters, not until *January 6* are the votes solemnly counted, before a joint session of House and Senate in Washington, DC. It is not openly revealed where these critical ballots are kept in the interval, or who has charge of them; so there are ample opportunities for mischief. In the case of an electoral tie (which has come close but no cigar), the Consti-



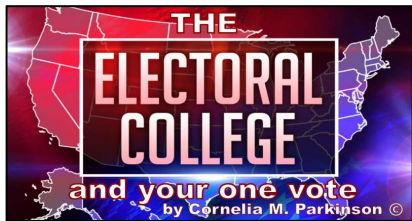
tution provides that the House of Representatives shall name the President (and the Vice President).

The Electoral College was first useful in 1796,

when John Adams won by 2 electoral votes over Thomas Jefferson. Two Elections later, Jefferson won by 148 electoral votes over 28 for C. C. Pinckney. In 1824 John Quincy Adams got 125,321 popular votes and 84 electoral votes, while Andrew Jackson, who was behind by 50,000 popular votes, got 99 electoral votes, and Adams still won the Presidency. However, in 1828 Jackson reversed events and won by an extra 38,000 popular votes and 178 electoral votes over 83 for Adams. \*\*

Because of the Electoral College, two things have happened: the Electors named the President, or the House named the President. In the case of Thomas Jefferson vs Aaron Burr, each got 73 electoral (continued on next page)





votes. The House floundered around and filibustered endlessly, but on their 36<sup>th</sup> ballot elected Jefferson.

Burr became Vice President. In 1820 John Adams got one electoral vote and James Monroe got 227, so the Presidency became Monroe's. (In the charts now available, popular votes were not shown until 1824, when John Quincy Adams

ran second in popular voting to Andrew Jackson. Adams had 105,321 popular votes and 84 electoral votes; Jackson had 155,870 popular and 99 electoral votes. There were four candidates, none of whom had a *majority* of either popular or electoral votes. The House named Adams.)

To the uninformed general public the Electors simply ratify the popular vote, but this was clearly never the intention. In practice the Electors may follow the political party favorite, or exercise personal preference and personal discretion in voting. The electors have the power, any old time they choose, to overwhelm the popular vote -- the expressed voice of the people -- and elect the loser instead. Which they have done a few times, and may do again.

Your one vote counts, we are often reminded. Well, maybe. Prayer could be more effective. The Constitutional delegates may have been right about the general public's information in 1787, but that same general public is better educated now, even when the information we hear, or are given, may be skewed; so perhaps the archaic Electoral College should be disbanded, a prospect that horrifies the Electors and

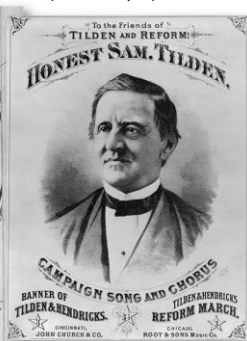
likely will never happen.

The largest-ever number of popular votes were cast in 2008 for Barack Obama: 69,498,516, with a turnout of 61.60% of eligible voters. In 2012 Obama did it again: 65,915,795, from 58.60% of eligible voters. George W. Bush, in 2004, got 62,040,610 popular votes, from 60.10% of eligible voters.

The highest turnout of eligible voters was 82.60%, in 1876, for the election of Rutherford B.



**Rutherford B. Hayes**

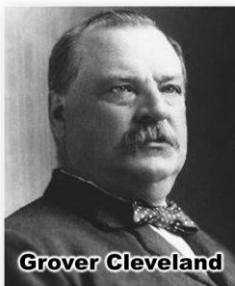


**Samuel Tilden**

Hayes vs Samuel Tilden. What issues were people arguing about then? Next highest turnout was 81.80%, in 1860, to elect Abraham Lincoln vs John Breckinridge. Turnout for Trump vs Clinton was 60.20%. Trump lacked 2.10% of popular

votes to receive a majority; but he got 304 out of 538 electoral votes, so he is President.

The lowest voter turnout on record was 26.90%, in 1824, electing John Q. Adams vs Andrew Jackson. It was a rainy day at the polls that year. Next lowest turnouts were 51.70% in 1996,



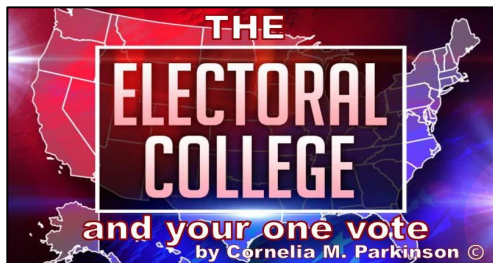
**Grover Cleveland**



**Benjamin Harrison**

electing Bill Clinton vs Bob Dole; 52.20% of voters in 1948 elected Harry S Truman over Thomas Dewey; and in 1988, 52.80% of voters picked George H.W. Bush over Michael Dukakis.

*(continued on page 08)*



(continued from page 07)



Al Gore



George W. Bush

## Those not elected by popular vote but the Electoral College voted them in:

Year	Names of Candidates	Popular Votes	Electoral College Votes
1824	John Q. Adams vs Andrew Jackson	113,142	84 out of 261
1876	Rutherford B. Hayes vs Samuel Tilden	4,034,142	185 out of 369
1888	Benjamin Harrison vs Grover Cleveland	5,443,633	233 out of 401

Cleveland had about 5.5 million popular votes and Harrison 5.4 million; but Cleveland had 168 electoral votes to Harrison's 233, so Harrison became president.

Year	Names of Candidates	Popular Votes	Electoral College Votes
2000	George W. Bush vs Al Gore	50,460,110	271 out of 538
2016	Donald Trump vs Hillary Clinton	62,979,636	304 out of 538



Donald Trump



Hillary Clinton

The highest number of Electoral College votes ever cast was 98.49%, for Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1936, hardly a squeaker, with FDR's 523 votes against rival Alf Landon's mere 8. Next highest was 90.99%, for Abraham Lincoln in 1864. Ronald Reagan was a well-liked candidate, getting 97.58% of votes in 1984, and 90.89% in 1980. In

1972 Richard Nixon got 96.55% of the votes. Lyndon Johnson was close, with 90.33% of electoral votes in 1964. Even after a candidate gets a majority of popular votes, you still don't know yet.

- \* A college, in this case, means persons of differing values who gather to accomplish a common purpose.
- \* Popular vote indicates actual votes cast by all voting individuals.
- \* A majority is more than half of a total.
- \*\* Figures from several sources may not exactly agree.



# Standard of Courage

## The Story of a Blue Devil

(continued from page 02)

by Mark Myers

food was not the only hardship. There was the constant cold. Each barracks had one rusty wood stove for heat, but there was seldom enough wood to heat the barracks, or their own coffee can mini-stoves properly. The men often resorted to sleeping together for warmth.

There was no running water, and sanitation became a big issue. Body lice were rampant, as were dysentery and malnutrition. Soap was in short supply. Mail seldom arrived. There was no reading material; a deck of cards or a ball was safeguarded like gold, and overcrowding forced the men into tents at times.

Occasionally the prisoners could volunteer for a work detail outside the camp. They would wear bulky clothing in the hope that they could scavenge some food, tools, or wood and bring it back, hidden under their clothes. The dogs made sure they got back to camp.

Escape was always on their minds, But in camp there were two perimeter fences of double barbed wire and guard towers at every corner, with orders to shoot anyone who tried to scale the fences.

Stanton did escape once but was caught, brought back, and sentenced to seventeen days of solitary confinement, on bread and water.

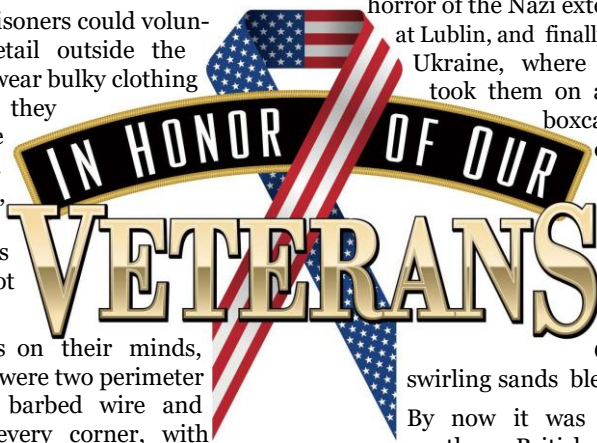
By the end of 1944 the Third Reich was on the verge of defeat. The Soviets were approaching fast from the east. When the Russian offensive neared Warsaw in mid-January 1945, the Nazis, leaving the sick and injured behind, sent 1400 prisoners from Oflag 64 on a forced march west. The prisoners would be a bargaining chip in negotiations to end the war. The weather that winter was the coldest on record, reaching twenty degrees below zero regularly. After eighteen miles over frozen ground, Stanton decided to escape once again. He was quartered on a Polish dairy farm overnight, and the next morning he hid in a

haystack. His captors did not have time to come look for him. Stanton escaped for good this time and headed back to Oflag 64 which had just been liberated by the Russians. The Russians directed Stanton and other escapees where to go, but they would have to fend for themselves, through the chaos of the road: displaced refugees, deserting German soldiers, undercover enemy agents, and stragglers of all sorts. Fortunately, the Poles were very friendly to the Americans, and provided shelter from the cold, food, and farm carts, sleighs, whatever they could find, to speed the Americans on their way south.

The fleeing soldiers passed through bombed-out Warsaw, which Stanton described as a "ghost town," through the horror of the Nazi extermination camp at Lublin, and finally to Lwow (Lviv) Ukraine, where a Russian train took them on a final 400-mile boxcar ride to Odessa on the Black Sea, and freedom. A British ship took them through the Bosphorus Strait down to Port Said, outside Cairo, where the swirling sands blew toward home.

By now it was early April and another British ship returned Stanton to Naples where he had started, fourteen months earlier. He had covered 3500 miles, as infantryman and captive, in a circular route, and survived. The journey home, across the Atlantic Ocean, would be another 3500 miles. He and his fellow soldiers were greeted in Boston by the U.S. Army Band and a parade, for they were among the first POWs repatriated in World War II. He then raced across the country to reunite with Faye in San Antonio and they resumed their honeymoon.

Stanton stayed in the Army. He and Faye had four daughters. Shortly after retiring as a Lt. Colonel, he died, on October 13, 1962, at age 40, in Clearwater, Florida. His obituary is short, noting that he was a member of the Reynoldsburg Masonic Lodge #340. There was no mention of his having once belonged to the famed "Blue Devils."



## Holiday Events!

### November Open House & Gift Shop

SAT, November 18th, from 10am-2pm

### Christmas on the Town

### Open House & Gift Shop

SAT, December 2nd, 10am-3pm

### RTHS Christmas Dinner at the

### MCL Restaurant

SAT, December 9th 6:30pm to 8:00pm

## THE COURIER

*November 2017 Issue*

Reynoldsburg-Truro Historical Society

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Reynoldsburg, OH 43068

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**Contributors:** Connie Parkinson,

Suzy Millar Miller, Mary Turner Stoots,

Angela Forino and Mark Myers

## HERE'S THE SCOOP!

*by Mary Turner Stoots*

When I told the RTHS members that the RHS class composites sat in a closet for 50 years before Seymoure Hickman found them and brought them to the museum over Connell's Hardware, I was wrong! Totally MISTAKEN!

I thought they were sequestered in the closet all that time, because I found them. I was in the 7<sup>th</sup> grade at the Junior High (now referred to as the Hannah Ashton Middle School). We were having a humanities fair in the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor study hall (that big room in the front of the building) and a few of us volunteered to help prepare for the fair. While looking in the closet for Windex, I found those old pictures stacked against the wall. My Grandma was in there, and she graduated in 1917. It was about 1965, so I figured she was secluded for about 50 years. As far as Seymoure Hickman is concerned; he had absolutely nothing to do with donating the composites to RTHS! That is an urban legend that someone started, and I believed the story because it came from multiple sources.

Thanks to Shirley (Tudor) Vingle; I now have the scoop! Here's what REALLY happened:

When the new building was completed, and the upper classmen were moved to the Livingston Avenue high school campus (around 1962), the pictures were taken off the walls at the old school and stored in the closet (I found them in 1965). Shirley told me that the pictures were stored for about 10 years. So, around 1973, Jim Kiemeier was doing some custodial work at the old school building (at that time, referred to as the Reynoldsburg Junior High School) and found them just like I did; by accident!

Jim told Jack Kitzmiller about the pictures. Jack was the President of RTHS at the time. Shirley and Rollie Powell happened to be present when Jack heard the news, and the three of them (Jack, Shirley & Rollie) decided that the composites should be at the Historical Society. So, - they jumped in Rollie's truck and went over to the Junior High on a mission to retrieve the composites! After a conference with Mike Zorich, they loaded the composites into Rollie's vehicle, and the mission was successful!

Once they had the pictures, there was a storage predicament, because the area over Connell's Hardware was not ready yet. Subsequently, Jack offered the space in the attic of his business (which we now call Bennett's Garage), and the composites were stored there until space was available in the museum over Connell's. Now you know the truth!!



## Sunshine Committee

**Do you know someone who needs  
some Sunshine?**

Contact Delores Trivett 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

**614-866-6791**

**Write "SUNSHINE" in the  
subject line of your email to:**

**[RDEET@AOL.COM](mailto:RDEET@AOL.COM)**

# RTHS Members Return to Elementary School

by Mary Turner Stoots



**Judi (Ayers) Lappert**

On September 8<sup>th</sup>, Herbert Mills STEM Elementary School was invaded by a group of adults who had lived in Reynoldsburg for 50 years or more. We were all there by invitation to be interviewed by the 3<sup>rd</sup>-graders who were in the beginning phase of an intense project that would have three stages:

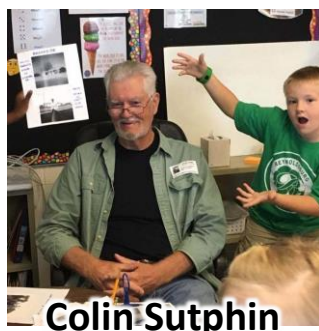
**Stage 01** - Determine the biggest changes within the last 50 years in relation to housing, transportation, technology, etc.

**Stage 02** – Study maps of the area to discuss the changes the students think will occur within the next 50 years.

**Stage 03** - build a small-scale 3D model (out of cardboard) of Reynoldsburg in 50 years. This will be done in groups (or gridded sections) so when all the parts of Reynoldsburg are pieced together, the students will have a large model of Reynoldsburg 50 years from now.

As part of stage 01, the teachers gave the students a list of nine (9) questions to use as a base for their interviews with us, as follows:

1. How has transportation/roads changed in the last 50 years?
2. What jobs/industries were popular 50 years ago?
3. How have stores changed in the last 50 years?
4. How have restaurants changed in the last 50 years?
5. What type of technology existed 50 years ago?
6. How has housing changed in the last 50 years?
7. Where were some places you used to go for fun?
8. How has agriculture changed in the last 50 years?
9. How have parks and green space changed in the last 50 years?



**Colin Sutphin**

The organizer, Angela Forino, sent me information about stage 02 and the results of stage 03. Angela said, *"We did a virtual field trip (with a 2-way robot) to the Center of Automotive Research at The Ohio State University soon after your interviews*

*so the students could learn about the future (specifically with regards to transportation). They learned about charging stations for cars and autonomous cars that will be in our area in less than 30 years!"*

*We created an alphanumeric grid that included all of Reynoldsburg. Students were given parts of the grid and a Google map of their area. They had to research what was currently at*



**Wendy (Baldwin) Leitch**

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that location and then they decided based on what they have learned about what changed if they thought it would stay that way for 50 years, change, or if new things would be added. Using only cardboard, the students recreated their part of the grid to represent what they think it will look like in 50 years. This project was incredible. The students included charging stations for cars, more Amazon warehouses, more schools, more residential areas and one group even added a park where a parking lot is. They figured machines would be doing the work, so we wouldn't need cars and wanted to find a way to get another park in



Reynoldsburg. Our next step is learning about energy. In the next few months the students will be learning about energy (renewable and nonrenewable) and working to create plans on how they can ensure that the Reynoldsburg they created 50 years from now will be sustainable."

These teachers should be applauded for the work they are doing with the students!

We had a blast answering questions. When asked if I had a cell phone 50 years ago, I said, "No, but we had a party line!" Then I had to explain what a party line was, and they gawked in disbelief when I said that the handsets were all attached to the phones and unless you were rich, each house only had one phone. The kids asked me about technology 50 years ago, and I told them that the word, 'Technology' probably wasn't even in the dictionary 50 years ago ..... no computers, iPads, or video games, ..... but I had an Etch-a-Sketch!

They thought I was lying when I told them we watched a black and white TV with a 7-inch screen and we only had three channels.

I brought an aerial photo of Reynoldsburg with me that was taken in 1937. One little boy pointed and said, "What is THAT?" I told him it was the water tower. Then he asked me where that town was,



**City Model**

and I said, "That's Reynoldsburg!" They ALL thought I was lying again. So, I said, "Do you all know where Vick's Pizza is?" They initiated a group nod, so I showed them where it was. At that point, the collective nod turned into a vigorous head-shake. The third-graders think I'm 'Mrs. Pinocchio.'

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