



RAVINIA

An Advocate for Community Resources

Published by Friends of the Ravines (FOR)

Fall 2012/Winter 2013

The Neighborhood Around the Glen

by Bill Robinson

The first part of Bill Robinson's recollections about growing up in the neighborhood south of Glen Echo Ravine appeared in the last issue of Ravinia.

It was a wonderful experience to grow up in the 1940's and 50's in our arts and crafts style house across from the glen on Cliffside Drive. The house had many interesting features: redwood siding, "majestic" white pillars, and fascinating white oak woodwork in the interior. Though it was a very nice house, the Robinson family did not have a casual space for us to meet with our friends when they came to visit us. Since we did not have a "rec room" for us or our guests, we did a minor league conversion to the east side of the basement. Our washing machine and tubs had to stay, so a curtain was improvised that could at least keep them out of sight. I painted the floor (several times), loyally using OSU gray. We had a record player and radio—separate units, definitely not a boom box. In fact, we had two record players: one for 78 rpm and one for 45 rpm. Our furniture more resembled camp furniture (folding chairs and tables) than real furniture. I now had a place to invite my junior high and high school friends, usually for card games or just conversations. I probably undertook that effort in the ninth grade (1949); my sister Marian and brother Pete also had friends visit there.

Our tool bench, which was there when we moved in, was in the west half of the basement on the north wall. (It was mostly my tools when I lived there; I received Erector sets, a toolbox, and other tools on birthdays and Christmas and used them for numerous home and Boy Scout projects.) Pete later set up his Gilbert chemistry set off to one corner.

Scouting became a major part of my teen years: having obtained Eagle in the Boy Scouts and the Silver Award in the Explorer Scouts and attended the first Boy Scout Jamboree after W.W. II in 1950 and Philmont Ranch the following year, I worked as a counselor at Camp Lazarus the year after that. I joined the scouts at Troop 213, which met at the Church of Christ (just off of Indianola Avenue, a couple blocks south of Maynard Avenue); Dave Pierce was the scoutmaster, and he did a great job. However, a few



Glen Echo Park, Columbus, Ohio.

c. 1910

Courtesy of Martha Harter Buckalew

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FROM THE CHAIR OF THE BOARD

The summer of 2012 has been one of the hottest and driest in recent memory. Such brutal conditions emphasize the incredible importance of our wooded ravines in sustaining all creatures living in Franklin County's developed landscape. Without the continued existence of these cool, moist environments within the "concrete jungle," the quality of life for all animal inhabitants would suffer immeasurably.

Friends of the Ravines has been extremely busy this year supporting our mission to protect, preserve, and restore these fragile ravine habitats through a variety of activities. Our early spring Community Forum focused on the past, present, and future of Glen Echo Park. Because 2012 marks the 100th anniversary of the park, attendees of the forum were treated to several speakers who told the great success story of Glen Echo, its recent environmental improvements, and several exciting enhancements already being planned that will ensure protection of this urban jewel for future generations.

On July 14, we held a birthday celebration for Glen Echo that included numerous children's activities, a picnic lunch, the planting of a memorial black gum tree, and the unveiling of an amazing bird mural located underneath the Indianola bridge at the south end of the park. Here's to another hundred years of success!

The annual Friends of the Ravines' spring plant walk took members on an off-trail hike through a very special, recently acquired ravine located in Battelle Darby Metro Park. In addition to the numerous plant species and geologic features they encountered, hikers also learned of the amazing projects the Columbus Metro Parks system has undertaken to expand the prairie, forest, and wetland habitats along this nationally designated scenic river, Big Darby Creek.

Friends of the Ravines remains committed to ensuring that these unique habitats play a dominant role in our central Ohio landscape. Thanks to the support of our members, we will continue to make this happen—today, tomorrow, and for years to come.

Brian Gara, Chair, Board of Trustees

NEWS FROM THE RAVINES

BATTELLE DARBY CREEK NATURE CENTER features a 50-foot living stream to showcase the diversity in the Big and Little Darby creeks. A new trail highlights one of the ravines acquired from the Darby Dan Farm.

GLEN ECHO PARK'S Centennial and Columbus's Bicentennial were celebrated on July 14, 2012, with numerous children's activities (face painting, butterfly tattoos, nature rubbings, balloon sculpting), a community picnic, the unveiling of the Indianola Bridge Bird Mural, and the magic acts of Marty Miller. The event ended with a park cleanup. A commemorative black gum tree will be planted in the fall.

WALHALLA RAVINE was teeming with babies this year—fox kits, fawns, hawklets, and owlets—and an early spring hastened the ripening of a bumper crop of pawpaws. The out-of-control mosquito population had everyone draining breeding locations or treating their rain barrels.



2013 Plant Walk

Battelle Darby Creek Metro Park will be opening a new education center to highlight the biological significance of the Darby Watershed. Several interactive exhibits and an incredible living stream will be features of this new amenity. Friends of the Ravines will hold the 2013 Spring Plant Walk at this location, and we will explore another ravine of the Big Darby Creek. Participants will get to see the new center and the bison herd and will learn more about the creek and its amazing biotic diversity. Plan to join us. Details will be posted on friendsoftheravines.org.

IN MEMORIAM

Friends of the Ravines honors the memory of these supporting members whose work, wealth, and wisdom have helped us fulfill our mission to preserve, protect, and restore ravine areas and to educate the public about good ravine stewardship.

Linda Rae Ridihalgh:

August 9, 1942 – November 10, 2011

Louis Clair Buckalew:

June 30, 1934 – June 14, 2012

William Edward Robinson:

July 18, 1935 – August 10, 2012

years later, I transferred to Troop 27, in the North Methodist Episcopal Church on East Street located one block south of Hudson Street. Mr. Aderholt was the scoutmaster; not quite a Dave Pierce, but the Methodist Episcopal Church was more to my liking than the Church of Christ.

The garage: After a few years, it was not used to garage a car because we had filled it up with our bicycles and yard equipment (lawn mower, rakes, shovels and spades), as well as “building materials.” I remember using the garage for my taxidermy merit badge effort. Our neighbor, Mr. Dillon, was an outdoorsman who was so nice as to give me a few of his raccoons and show me how to skin one. I skinned a couple more and treated the pelts with preservatives for tanning, then stretched them out and nailed them to boards that I had prepared. They were supposed to “cure,” permitting me then to convert them into something useful (hat, jacket, etc.). The curing phase went on and on and on. In fact, I must’ve done something wrong that created this incomplete state, and I just let them remain in that putrid state in the garage for years.

(Our parents never ventured into the garage). I also tried to build and erect a basketball backboard, again with mediocre results.

There were only two drawbacks:

1) Due to the height of the garage and the fact that I erected the basket on the top of the flat roof—it was only nine feet high. 2)

Even worse, whenever we missed the backboard we had to climb

up to the fence, then over the fence and into our backyard to retrieve the ball. Add to that, the dimensions of the “basketball court” were ridiculous, due to how narrow our “driveway” to the garage was. So this never even came close to being an alternative to Jimmy Ring’s basketball court.

In addition to the local community’s Easter egg hunt on Glenmawr Avenue, the merchants put on a Halloween gala in the area just behind Gray’s drugstore (on the southeast corner of Hudson and Summit) that was a well-attended affair.

The kids would wear the same costumes they had worn on Beggar’s Night, and the adults showed up generally without costume. There were refreshments, games, prizes, and gifts. In those years, the kids would go out trick-or-treating on Beggar’s Night, the night before Halloween; we even practiced “penny night” the night before that and went door-to-door for pennies. (Gray’s became a “Nicklaus” drugstore in the 50s.)

Our little shopping area served us like today’s malls (definitely larger than a mini-mall, but lacking the anchor department store of a full-sized mall). On the east side of Summit, between Hudson and Tompkins, we had the drugstore, a dime store (not Woolworth’s, but similar), a grocery store (again, not a Kroger or A&P), and Carroll’s Grill (where a spaghetti and meatball dinner with salad

and bread was 85 cents). On the west side of Summit, from Hudson to Tompkins, there was a gas station on that corner (I can’t remember whether it was Sinclair or Texaco), the Chinese laundry, the bakery (I remember having to wait for the bread to cool to the proper temperature for slicing when I got there too early in the morning; by the way, the quality of the breads and pastries was what we now go to the exclusive bakeries to obtain), Zinn’s hardware (Zinn had a full-service lumber yard on Hudson, just east of High Street), Brosner’s a semi-genteel place run by an older German couple serving ice cream concoctions, coffee or tea, and pastries, even some light meals, including a terrific bowl of chili for 12 cents.

Moving along Hudson, from east to west starting at the railroad tracks, Zogg’s Sunoco station was the first place of business; it stood on the southwest corner of Hudson and 4th St. After a series of apartments and a house or two, we are back into commerce. On the south side of Hudson, across from Glenmawr, stood what we would now call a convenience store; next to it was a Sohio gas station, then a

vacant lot with parking (where I said that the Halloween party was held), then Gray’s drugstore, across Summit to the Sinclair or Texaco gas station. Penof’s barbershop and a jewelry store were next; then on the west side of the alley was the Hudson Theater (admission was 40 cents for adults and 20 cents for

children). On Saturday afternoons, we would go and see two main features, a cartoon, and two serials, all for 20 cents.

Going on west there were a couple more houses before an alcove of shops, including a shade and blind shop whose owner drove a little black coupe with a sign on it which said “A Blind Man Drives This Car.” Next to the alcove shops was—you guessed it—another gas station, a Pure Oil station this time. Think of it, four gas stations between 4th and Indianola. The west side of Indianola was commercial. Going north from Hudson, there were a couple of stores, including Don’s drugstore. It never was quite the hangout that Gray’s was. A fascinating store where they sold poultry stood on the southwest corner of Indianola and Duncan. You could select your living, breathing bird and have it dispatched and de-feathered on the spot. (My brother Pete, who later became a pathologist, would stop on his way home from Medary School to enjoy watching them butcher the chickens.)

Across the street from the poultry store was Friedberg’s plumbing shop. (The Friedbergs were our next door neighbors on Glenmawr). There also was a beer joint and a smattering of stores on the north side of Hudson, between Indianola and Deming, which included one of those little stores that cater to school kids (candy, yo-yos, etc.) on their way to and from school.

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A History of Glen Echo Park in Maps

Page 4: The 1883 Franklin County Plat Map shows the northern portion of an area annexed to Columbus in 1870. Columbus's northern boundary is Mock Road—later renamed Hudson Street and Arcadia Avenue. Glen Echo Park would be carved out of the parcels of land owned by the Alexander Shattuck heirs.

Page 5: The 1907 Clemens and Pruden map shows a railroad spur to the American Clay Manufacturing Company, and the trolley turn-around at North Street and Mock Road on the southern tip of Olentangy Amusement Park.

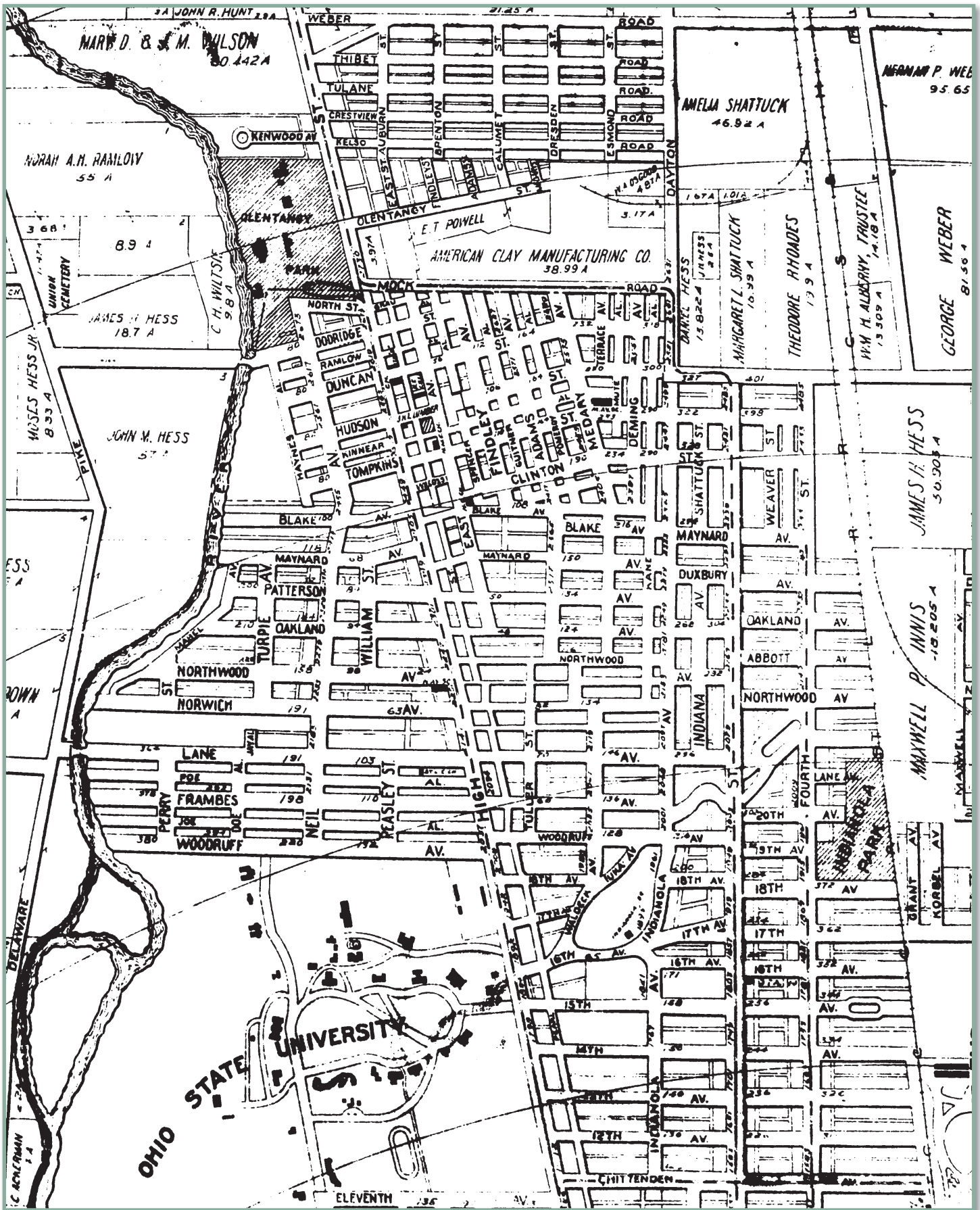
Pages 6-7: The 1910 City of Columbus Annexation map shows Glen Echo Park and plat maps of the surrounding neighborhoods. In 1912, the City of Columbus purchased Glen Echo Park from the Columbus Real Estate and Development Company. It was dedicated for public purposes forever by City Council of Columbus on July 22, 1912.

Page 8: On the 1927 Theodore Krebs map of Columbus and Vicinity, Indianola Boulevard is the name of the two-block street between Summit and N. 4th located south of Glen Echo Park. Later, Indianola Boulevard was renamed Cliffside Drive.



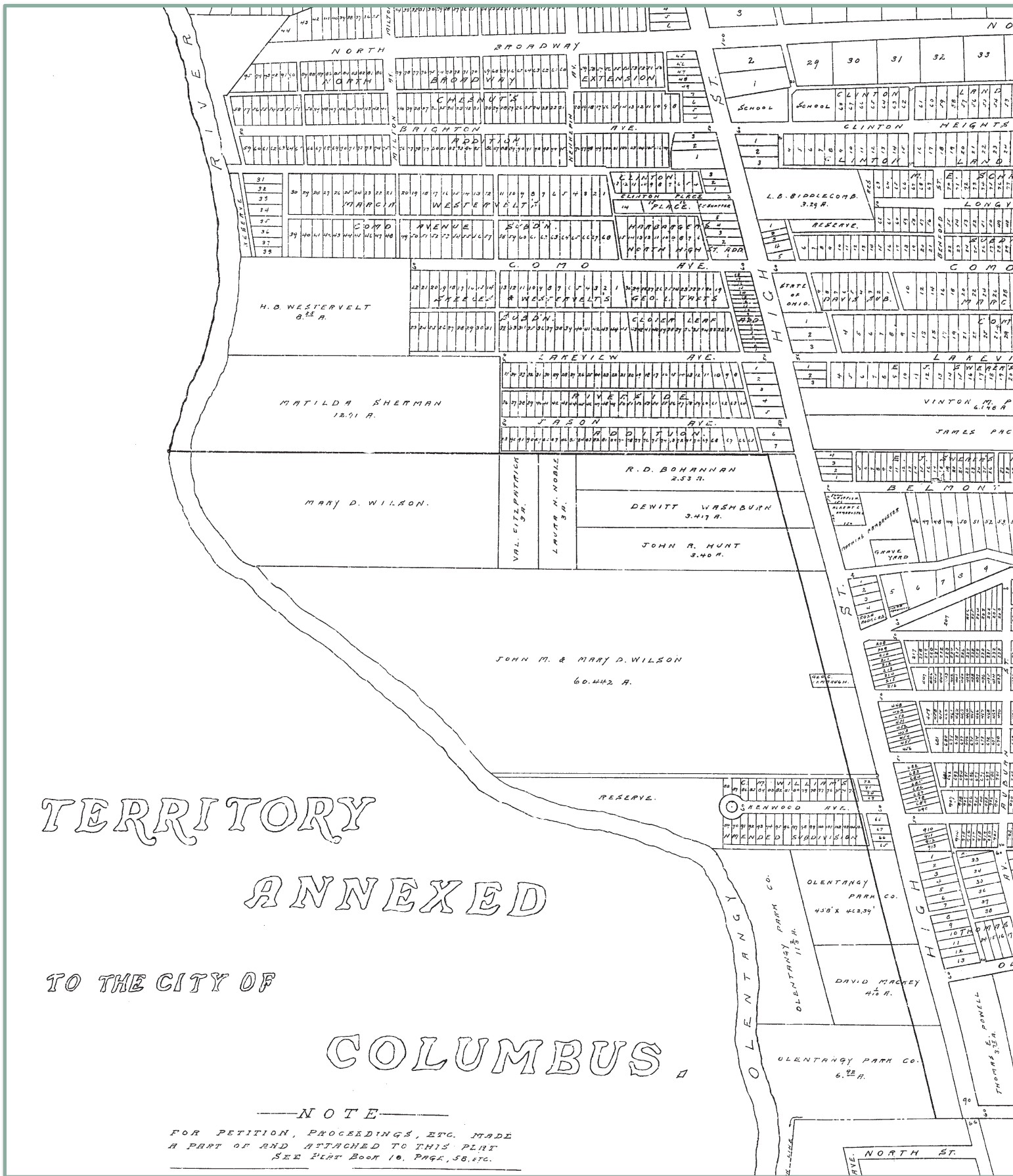
1883 Franklin County Plat Map

Courtesy of Columbus Metropolitan Library



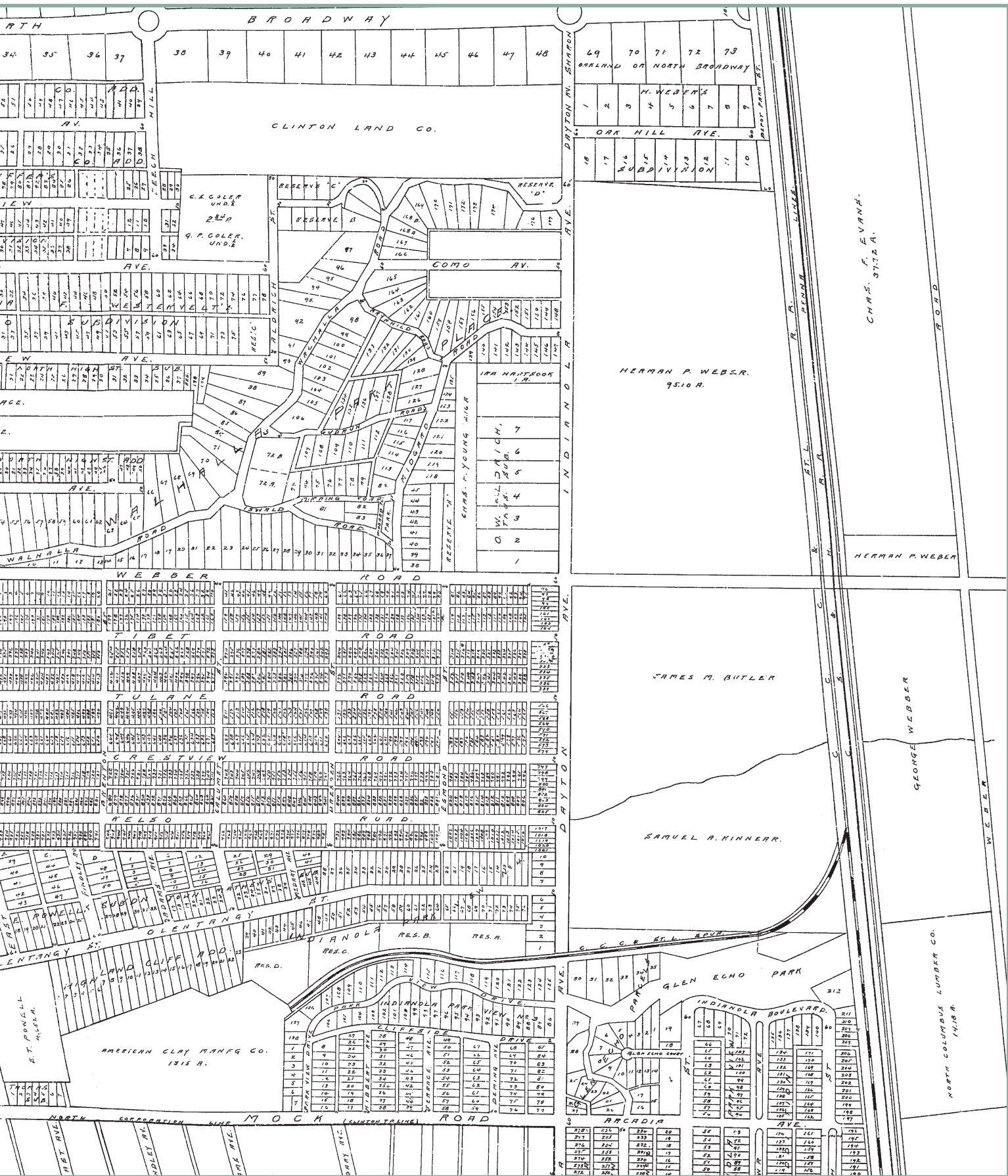
1907 Clemons & Prudens Map

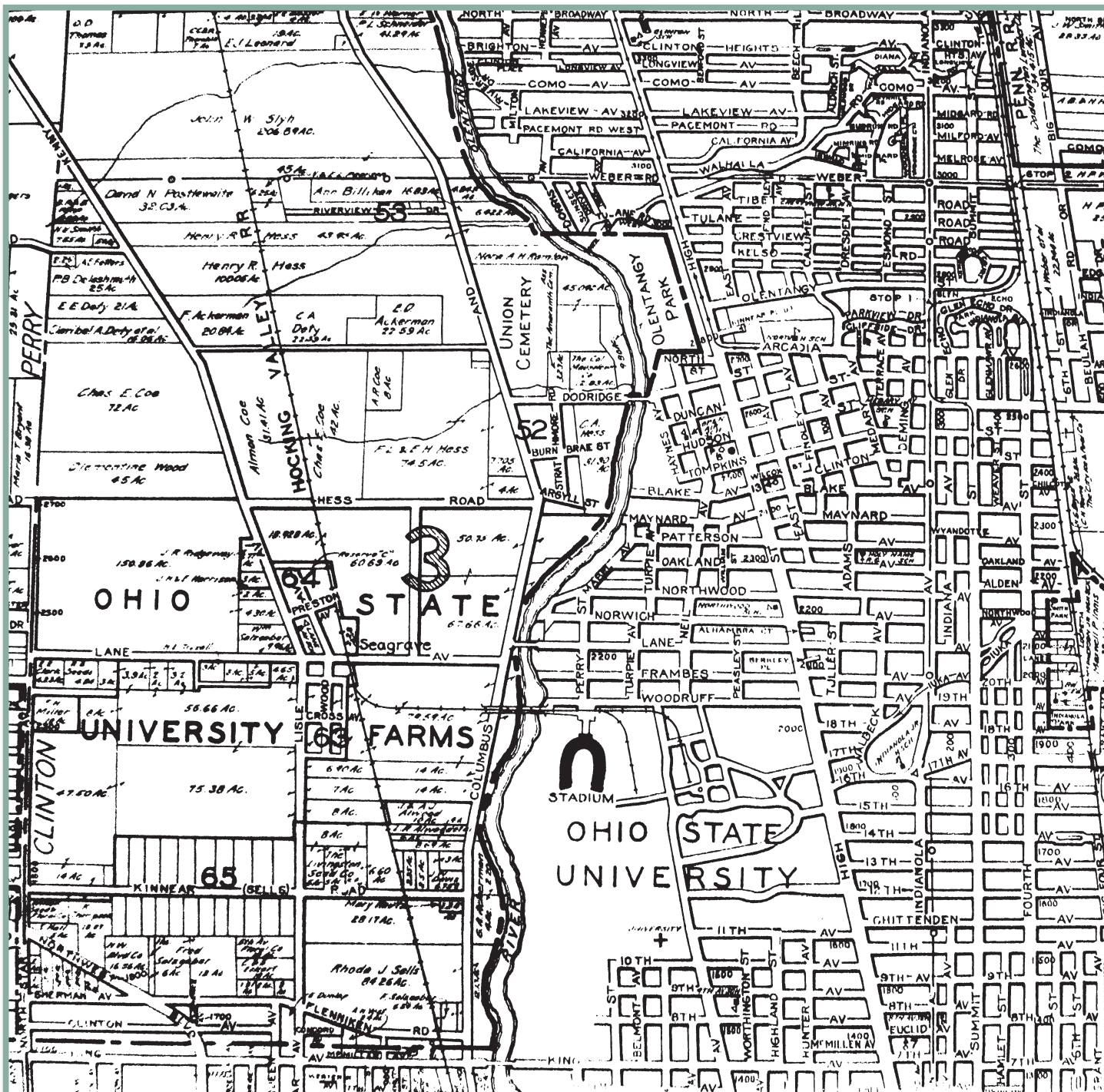
Courtesy of Columbus Metropolitan Library



1910 Columbus Annexation Map

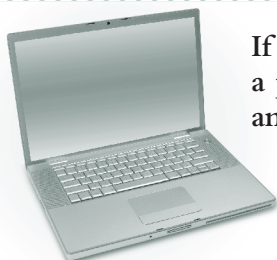
Courtesy of the City of Columbus





1927 Theodore Krebs Map

Courtesy of Columbus Metropolitan Library



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We'll e-mail you when a new issue is ready to read.

The stores were convenient and provided most of the basic services without “going across town.” Our trolley bus’s route was Summit (all the way to/from Chittenden, where it jogged to 4th St, then after a little over a mile, jogged down to High Street to reach downtown Columbus); then, getting back to our neighborhood, from Summit and Hudson it jogged over to Indianola, then ran up Indianola to the end of the world—or at least the end of Columbus. This was my transportation to and from downtown, for example, when I went to the “Y.” The fare was six cents, or a ticket (sold in strips of five for 25 cents). In addition to trolley buses, public

Occasionally, a trolley would become disconnected from its overhead wire.

transportation also included trolley cars. The distinction between a trolley bus and a trolley car was that a trolley car was what you imagine: it ran on tracks built into the street, whereas a trolley bus looked like a regular bus with typical rubber wheels, so its route was not set by the rails. However, they both ran on electricity, obtained from the overhead wires that passed down to the trolley car or trolley bus. Obviously, both were limited by the paths of those overhead wires. Occasionally, a trolley would become disconnected from its overhead wire. In that case, the driver had to get out and go to the back and reconnect the trolley with the overhead wire. (Actually there was a pair of overhead wires and the trolley had two contact rollers, one for each wire, to complete the circuit.) The reason for this small dissertation is because there still were some trolley cars in service. The ones I knew were on north-south routes—High Street, Neil Avenue). In any case, we had public transportation that ran right through our commercial area.

One important thing we lacked was a bank; the closest one was Northern Bank on High Street between Hudson and Arcadia; there was an even wider array of shops and services between Tompkins and Arcadia, which extended north of Arcadia to Olentangy Village. One very important store was the state liquor store, conveniently down the street from the bank. Those state liquor stores were few and far between, and we were closer to one than the average puppy. In the same general vicinity, there was a Ford dealership and our White Castle (at the end of Arcadia); and there was a large Islay’s on the east side of High Street (just north of Arcadia) and a Chinese restaurant, to mention a few of the important emporiums.

I will finish up with a brief mention of some of our neighbors and our neighbors’ lines of work. The Dillons lived in the house just east of us; Leslie was a court stenographer. They

had a large cherry tree (maybe two) that they generously permitted the kids in the neighborhood to climb and pick. The cherries were the sour or “pie” type. The Haifley family lived immediately west, just across Glenmawr. Wilber Haifley had a job with the state and repaired TVs on the side. Our friends’ fathers were bakers (Wonder bread), barbers, mailmen, factory workers (Timken Bearings), operators of dry cleaners, painters, physicians, CPAs, railroad workers, plumbers, and a judge. The great *mélange* of professions in our neighborhood allowed us to enjoy and respect folks from all socioeconomic levels in this special Glen Echo neighborhood. During my childhood, our doors were unlocked, we traveled downtown alone on a city bus without our parents worrying, and we frequently spent our summer days nearly from dawn to dusk in the glen without any fear. Times have certainly changed, but I have these wonderful childhood memories to cherish.



Glen Echo Restoration Fund

The following donors created the Glen Echo Restoration fund in memory of William (Bill) Edward Robinson (1935–2012), whose recollections of living on Glen Echo Ravine during the 1940s and 1950s were printed in the Spring/Summer issue of *Ravinia*, and are completed in this issue. (Donations received by 9/20/12):

Joanne Ainsworth	Cindy Ericson
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THE PACE MARKET

An Old Neighborhood Store

by Martha Harter Buckalew

She had just celebrated her 94th birthday when I met Rosemary Pace Steele at the southwest corner of Indianola and Tompkins. During her high school years Rosemary had worked with her parents in the family store—the Pace Market at 2499 Indianola—which once occupied the now-vacant space where we met.

As she put it, Rosemary *reluctantly* helped her mom and dad, but her eyes twinkled when she remembered sitting in front of the elaborate penny candy display able to choose anything her heart desired. She recalled one of her favorites: a pie in a little tin about the size of a quarter that came with its own metal spoon.

Rosemary's dad, Dean Pace, served as a member and as President of the Glen Echo Business Men's Association, which sponsored an annual Easter egg hunt in Glen Echo Ravine. Lots of colored eggs were hidden in the park for the event. But the big prize was a golden egg worth \$5! That was a lot of money to a kid.

Dean Pace's real name was Alvah Oscar Pace. (No one knew why he was called Dean.) He ran a family-friendly business. He took orders for groceries and delivered them. If no one was at home, he put groceries away and left the bill on the table. Dean would intentionally misspell words on the signs he put in the store window. Of course, it was a trick to get people to come in.

Rosemary's mother, Winnie Pace, worked side by side with her father in the grocery. Her specialties were decorating the store—the Christmas season stands out in Rosemary's memory—and preparing such on-demand items as potato salad for the deli case.

Dean Pace and his family lived north of the grocery on Indianola near Hudson Street. Their neighbors across the street sold poultry. You could stop there and pick out a live chicken; then they would chop off its head on an old tree stump and dress it for you. Voila! From pen to pan in one fell swoop!

Rosemary remembered an irritating customer who lived across the street from the grocery. She was a regular, and she repeatedly sent her small youngster back to the store to return



1942 photo of Dean Pace (right) and the market's butcher.

Courtesy of Chris Steele

items. No matter what was purchased, the mother always sent the son to return it. Rosemary opined that she'd hoped that, later in his life, this fellow would own a market and be plagued with a customer who was as much of an annoyance to him as he had been to her father and mother.

One day when Rosemary was the only one watching the store, some young men came into the store. It seemed to her that they were casing the place with intent to rob. Rosemary slipped out the back of the store and began conversing with neighbors and passers-by. Her parents credited her astute appraisal and clever actions with thwarting a possible robbery, although in those days, the Pace Market was an unlikely target for such activity. Neighborhood folks didn't even lock their doors.

Rosemary was the first person in her family to go to college. She attended OSU in the late 1930s when she gave up working in the store for activities more suitable to a blossoming young woman. She was one of twelve young women selected for a Fashion Board

sponsored by Lazarus; their job was to promote merchandise designed to set fads on campus. Her daughter remembers one item that her mother kept for many years: a book bag sewn from luxurious fabrics with a drawstring closure. Rosemary's favorites were the stylish blue jeans that Lazarus provided with the instruction that all twelve members of the fashion board wear them on a specified date when they went to their classes.

In 1934, the Crystal Slipper nightclub at Olentangy and Lane Avenue was replaced by Big Bear, the nation's first self-serve supermarket. It was on a trolley line and featured a caged bear to attract customers. In time, the Pace Market would be run out of business. Rosemary remembered, "My father, Dean Pace, was a softie. People would owe him and never pay him." Although he had a number of unpaid accounts, Dean paid off all of his suppliers when he got out of the grocery business.

The store at the corner of Indianola and Tompkins may be currently unoccupied, but it was full of memories for Rosemary Pace Steele when we met there to chat on August 6, 2012.



GLEN ECHO VIADUCT IS FORMALLY OPENED

Five Candidates for Mayor Make Addresses at North Side Celebration Friday

A number of mayoralty candidates took advantage of the celebration in honor of the completion of Glen Echo viaduct, Friday night, to make speeches in their own behalf to impress the Northiders who gathered for the occasion that improvements such as this will continue not only on the North side, but all over the city, if the particular candidate speaking were elected.

Thousands of residents of the North side were on hand to hear the speeches and songs, the band music and to witness the display of fireworks that had been provided. An automobile parade through the business section of the city preceded the exercise at the viaduct.

Dr. Clovis M. Taylor, president of the North Side Improvement association, presided. Councilman T. M. Sherman; C. E. Belcher, president of the newly organized Greater North Columbus Improvement association; Mayor Kar, Chief Carter, Chris Ross, C. T. Warner, and Dr. Dana Collinson spoke.

The fireworks display was given under the direction of R. F. Williams. The Glen Echo quartet and the I.O.O.F. band provided the music for the occasion.

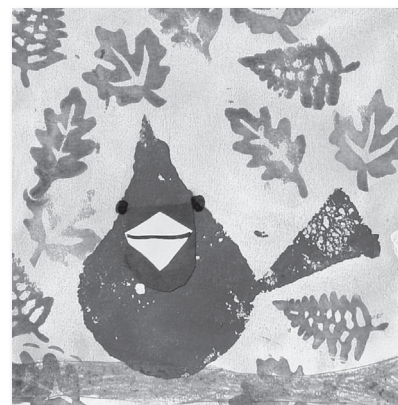
Columbus Evening Dispatch, November 23, 1915

Reprinted with permission

Friends of the Ravines' 2012 Art Contest for Franklin County Students in Grades K-12

Friends of the Ravines will be holding its third annual Ravine Art Contest thanks to a mini-grant (\$500) from the Mid-Ohio Regional Planning Commission. The contest is open to all students in public, charter, and private schools. Rules and regulations are posted at friendsoftheravines.org.

Friends of the Ravines is currently soliciting donations to help cover the contest costs and prizes. The school of each winner receives \$100, and student winners receive art-related prizes. If you would like to make a donation, please send it to Friends of the Ravines, P.O. Box 82021, Columbus 43202, and earmark it for the Art Contest Fund.



2-D Visual Winner in 2011, Mia Sullivan,
Grade 1, Como Elementary

YES! I WANT TO BE A SUPPORTING MEMBER OF FRIENDS OF THE RAVINES.

Name _____ E-Mail _____ Phone _____

Address _____ City/State/Zip _____

Indicate any special instructions for listing of your name in the Roster of supporting members. _____

Membership Category *Make Check Payable to Friends of the Ravines.*

☐ Friend: \$15 ☐ Sponsor: \$35 ☐ Sustainer: \$50
☐ Contributor: \$25 ☐ Household: \$40 ☐ Patron: \$100 ☐ Corporate (Over \$100) _____

I want to volunteer to help Friends of the Ravines carry out its mission to protect ravine areas and educate the public. I can help by:

☐ Distributing *Ravinia* ☐ Writing Articles for *Ravinia* ☐ Preparing Mailings
☐ Assisting with the Website ☐ Giving Computer Advice ☐ Helping with Ravine Cleanups
☐ Planning Community Forums ☐ Removing Invasive Plants in Ravines ☐ Becoming an On-Call Volunteer

My special area of expertise is _____.

My favorite ravine is _____.

Friends of the Ravines, PO Box 82021, Columbus, Ohio 43202

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Copy Editing

K Adamson

Mailings

Beth Mills

Map Research

Sherrill Massey
Jerry Ryser, City of Columbus
Division of Planning & Operations

Operating Assistance

Clintonville Beechwold Community Resources Center
Mid-Ohio Regional Planning Commission

Ravinia Design & Production:

AJaX Designs

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Columbus, Ohio 43202



Ravinia is the official publication of Friends of the Ravines.

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Sherrill Massey	Bill Robinson

Ravinia is funded through donations from supporting members. The mission of Friends of the Ravines is to foster the protection and restoration of ravine areas in Franklin County through community education and conservation.

Submissions and suggestions are welcome.

FRIENDS OF THE RAVINES BOARD OF TRUSTEES

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