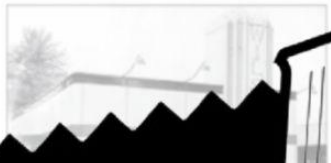
200 The Courier
CELEBRATING FINDLAY'S BICENTENNIAL

What can Courier readers add to the history of Findlay? It turns out they could add a lot!



Photos provided by Hancock Historical Museum

THE SAN-A-PURE DAIRY opened in the mid-1930s and was located on East Main Street, the current site of City The dairy delivered milk to the Findlay in horse-drawn milk until 1965, when a fleet placed them. San-A-Pure business until the mid-1980s. andwich Shop (as it appeared right) has been a familiar residence since



FINDLAY Ohio

BICENTENNIAL 1812 - 2012

When men & horses delivered the milk

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what to leave where, but sometimes there was a note to read for extra milk or butter.

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down memory lane

Courthouse aw, meat shop memories

The good life

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Riverside Park with the girls
Tasty Tasters in wax paper
Outrunning bug trucks' cloudy vapor.

Huge veal cutlets at Westend
Frost Top root beer with my friends
Miller's Pond, Bushy Quarry
Walk the tracks to North Cory

Phillip's creaky wooden floors
She's roasting peanuts by the score
Cruise the circuit up 'round Main
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Only now, they're holding rallies
Drive the country, see great friends

The world was within walking distance

Born in Findlay in the 1930s and having always lived within walking distance to all schools, I never rode a school bus! I walked from the corner of West Lincoln Street and Western Avenue to Lincoln Elementary, Donnell Junior High, and Findlay High School, where Central is now.

We could ride our bikes or walk downtown as well. Mom would send me to Switzer's Bakery to buy special bread on our spaghetti supper nights. Or to a five-and-dime store for a spool of thread or to a small corner store for lunch meat. Most families did not have two cars so we walked in snow, rain, wind and hail.

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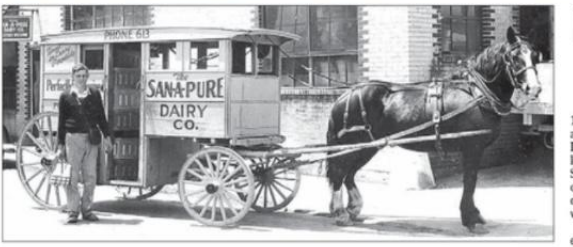




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- Passing by the courthouse where the Salvation Army band was playing loudly.
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Best of all, I looked forward every year to seeing "Santa" at toy land up the stairs at the Boston store, corner of Main Cross and Main streets. — *Ron Gillogly, Mount Cory.*

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There was a scene from Fort Findlay where we were riding horses with a group of Indians. I can't remember who was chasing who, the soldiers or the Indians. Anyway, it was a great deal of fun with lots of yahooing and firing of cap guns.

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My life is filled with wonderful childhood memories of smalltown life. I wonder how many of you remember Don the Milk Man. He worked for San-A-Pure Dairy and drove a horse pulling a milk wagon. He would drop off fresh milk in our milk boxes. On very hot days, he would sometimes cut a shard of ice from a great big block of ice and give it to a bunch of us who regularly followed his wagon.

I can still taste the most wonderful potato chips in the world, Tasty Taters, made right here in Findlay! Sodas at the B&G fountain, North Side Pharmacy and Gallaher's were to die for, and The Colonial Nut Shop had a real treat of warmed nuts for sale.

Of course, Wilson's hamburgers were the very best ever. Sometimes in the summer, a group of us from the old Firestine barn would ride our horses downtown and order a burger at the drive-through window of the old yellow building that was Wilson's. Of course, you had to know how to order properly in those days. Malts were never malts, they were "thicks."

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My father wouldn't let us go "downtown" in blue jeans or Bermuda shorts. We had to wear a skirt and mind our manners at all times.

How wonderful to grow up in a place where you could walk downtown and greet people you knew: "Hello, Mr. Fenstermaker," "How do you do, Miss Brenner?" The Harris, State and Royal theaters provided wonderful cartoons and newsreels. The Findlay Print always smelled like pencil lead to me.

One could smell the cigar factory and the Broadway Sandwich shop. Islay Dairy Co. was a great place to get ice cream cones. Zierolf and Al Ball had great menswear. Spayths was filled with all kinds of beautiful china things and, when we visited that store, we kept our hands behind our backs!

I have enjoyed my trip down memory lane. I hope some of you enjoyed it, too. — *Sandy Hullenkremer Dale, Findlay.*

Launching 'The Pub' downtown, and flying the U.S. flag at night

In the early to mid-1960s, a fun bar for young people to go to was The Hollywood Inn, located on Lima Avenue. This bar was run by a woman by the name of Sarah Van Scoit. Sarah was like a stern, but lovable, grandmother.

When The Hollywood was sold and closed in 1966, I bought the equipment with plans to open a college bar. Having very little money, but lots of confidence that a new bar aimed at both local young people and college students would be a winner, I looked for and bought an old building at 202 N. Main, called The Yellow Front. This was May 1966.

I called my new bar The Pub. With lots of hard work and the help of friends, I was able to open The Pub to standing-room-only crowds in the fall of 1966. Remember, the legal age to drink 3.2 percent beer was 18. We had local bands and lots of good times.

I hired Sarah Van Scoit to run The Pub in the daytime while I worked full time at Cooper Tire in the advertising department and at The Pub at night.

As finances would allow, I continued to remodel and upgrade The Pub, adding an upstairs balcony and remodeling an upscale apartment. At the same time, I landscaped a lot and installed an illuminated flagpole (in the early '70s.) I began flying the American flag both day and night.

One evening, the local police showed up and made me take down the American flag, saying it wasn't allowed to be flown at night (even though it was illuminated.) It became quite controversial.

Frankly, I was able to prove to the powers that be that flying the American flag at night was permissible as long as it was illuminated. The Republican-Courier even ran an article validating my position.

Subsequently, numerous local businesses and organizations began illuminating and flying their American flags at night, (including Marathon Oil, the Elks, etc.)

I sold The Pub in 1974 and today, after a series of owners, the building houses a pawn shop. To their credit, the current owners still fly the American flag on the pole I erected over 40 years ago.

It was a fun era — lots of good memories for lots of people. — *David V. Hindall, Findlay.*

The world was within walking distance

Born in Findlay in the 1930s and having always lived within walking distance to all schools, I never rode a school bus! I walked from the corner of West Lincoln Street and Western Avenue to Lincoln Elementary, Donnell Junior High, and Findlay High School, where Central is now.

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There were four movie theaters in the downtown area: The Harris, the State, the Royal, and the Lyceum. The prices ranged from 15 cents to 25 cents for kids. The Harris had a balcony and there were bats flying around from time to time. That didn't stop us from wanting to go to see Walt Disney or western movies, with the stars being Roy Rogers and Gene Autry.

In the 1940s and '50s, there were soda fountains in many stores on each side of both North and South Main Street!

Johnson's Drug Store near West Lincoln Street, a Dietsch Bros., the B&G and Central drug stores, Woolworth's 5&10, Gallagher's Drug Store, and Cherry's Folks on the west side of Main. On the East side there was Miller's Kitchenette beside the State Theater, Isaly's, S&S Drugs, Northside Pharmacy (the last to close their soda fountain), and still another small Dietsch's. I may have even forgotten a few!

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In the 1940s, Lima Avenue was a very dangerous street to cross as it was then known as State Route 25. I remember my grandmother and great aunt telling me to be sure to be very careful crossing the "avenue" on foot or on my bike.

At Findlay High School in the 1950s, one of our teachers, Richard "Doc" Phillips, held a dating bureau at prom time. Those who did not have dates would sign up with him and he became a matchmaker so more kids would go to the special dance! — *Anne Bowden, Findlay.*

When men & horses delivered the milk

In the late 1940s and early 1950s, my grandparents, Dale C. and Beulah Hill, with my parents, Dale F. and Dorothy Hill, ran and lived in Hill's Grocery at 614 E. Sandusky St. in Findlay. It was open seven days a week, which doesn't seem like much now, but was very unusual back then.

Stores closed on Sunday. And even though they were open seven days a week, my mom remembered people knocking on the door late at night because they needed something. Someone would always get up and let them in to get whatever the customer wanted. Also, when a woman would ask for herself or my grandma, the guys would disappear for a discreet time because it meant she was wanting something personal.

My dad remembered giving credit to many people who couldn't afford staples. He remembered extending credit to the late Dale Wilkinson, who helped found the equine studies at the western farm of the University of Findlay. He lived near the fairgrounds above his horses' stable at the time.

I never met my grandpa Hill, but I know him from the stories my dad, Dale F. Hill Sr., used to tell. He worked many jobs. One job was delivering milk in a horse-drawn wagon in Findlay. The horse pulling the wagon would keep walking as the delivery man got in and out of the wagon with a metal basket of milk bottles.

The milkman couldn't throw the bottles the way a paperboy would. He had to take them right up to the door. Usually, he knew what to leave where, but sometimes there was a note to read for extra milk or butter.

As deliveries continued down a street, the horse would stop at certain spots to wait for the driver to catch up. In this way, a delivery man would rarely have to touch the reins to control the horse.

My dad would often go with his dad on his delivery route when he was a boy, in the late '30s. My dad told me one of the horses knew all the routes. So if a regular horse was lame or sick, that horse could fill in. Only if the route had been changed would the horse make a mistake.

Another time when my dad went along, a horse took a corner too sharp on an alleyway and the wagon hooked onto a car bumper. Cars bumpers stuck out a bit more than they do these days.

Neither my dad nor his father felt a change in speed or a jerk nor did they hear a noise of any kind. My dad said he just casually looked back and a car was being dragged behind the wagon. He jumped forward and grabbed the reins to stop the horse. They had a time getting the bumper off the wagon.

I wish I could tell you more. My dad's been gone almost 31 years, mom, three. These stories I remember because my dad told them often so they are the most vivid. I always wanted to hear stories about horses. At the time I got tired of the same stories, but at least I won't forget them now. — *Sharon Hill, Findlay.*

Courthouse awe, meat shop memories

As a kid growing up in the small town of Hoytville, it meant that most of our shopping brought us to a larger town, usually Findlay. Most of the time it was one trip a week, on Saturday, and most of the family went along.

Mom and my sisters would take off down Main Street, going in and out of the small stores. Dad and I would usually just lean up against a building watching the people go by, talking to a lot of them. It seemed as though my dad knew just about everyone.

I remember seeing one man who had the misfortune of having both of his legs off above the knees. He sat on a platform with casters on it and with his hands moved himself around. He would sit on the sidewalk with a can of pencils and a cup for money.

People would take a pencil and drop coins or bills into the cup. I remember my dad would drop money into the cup, but I don't ever remember him taking any pencils.

Sometimes, my dad and I did need to go shopping, which meant I got to go into the stores downtown. We would hit the hardware store, the 5&10 store (the one with the restaurant in it, and it had the best sloppy joe sandwiches), then on to Louie the Bicycle Man shop.

But my favorite was the Baisley Meat shop. We would go in and dad would take a number which was hanging from a hook, and then we would walk all around looking at all the meat inside glass display cases.

It seemed to me that it was always busy and I don't remember seeing too many ladies in the store. Finally one of the men behind the counter would holler a number and if it matched our number, it was our turn to be waited on.

The meat sure was good! They would wrap it up in white paper and tie it up with string.

Sometimes, our business in town would mean we had to go to the courthouse. As a kid, it sure looked big and beautiful, and I would always get a feeling of awe when I walked into that building.

Many years have come and gone since I was that little kid from a small town and actually I still live near a small town, Vanlue.

Findlay has always been a big part of my life all these many years. I worked at Whirlpool for 36 years and still shop in the stores uptown, the shopping centers, enjoy eating at many of the restaurants, and take part in the events that Findlay puts on from time to time.

I even met my wife of 46 years, Jenny, while running what the young people in the '60s called "the circuit," which ran from the Big Boy restaurant on Main Street to the Marathon parking lot.

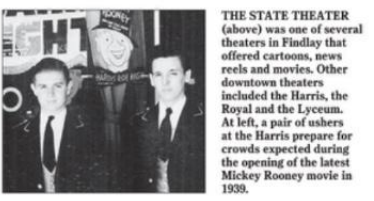
So, Findlay has always been good to me!

I'm sorry to say the Baisley Meat store is no longer there, nor the 5&10 with its great sloppy joes, but sometimes my business takes me back into the courthouse and I still get that same feeling of awe that I had as a kid going into the building with my dad.

I know now that it is a feeling of being proud to be an American and for the justice in our country for which the courthouse represents.

Thank you, Findlay, for being a big part of my life, then and now, and during your 200th birthday celebration. May you have many, many more! — *Stan Kline, Vanlue.*



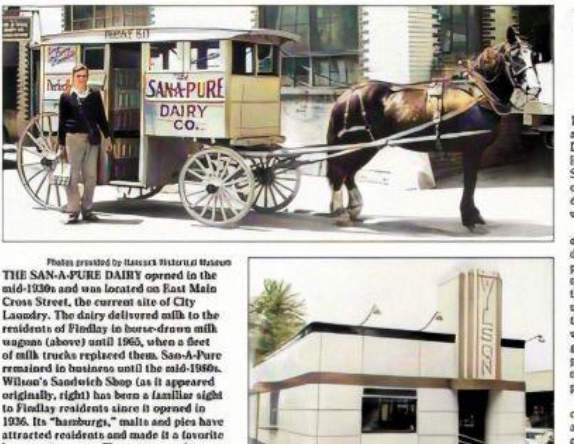


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There was a scene from Fort Findlay where we were riding horses with a group of Indians. I can't remember who was chasing who, the soldiers or the Indians. Anyway, it was a great deal of fun with lots of yahooing and firing of cap guns.

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When The Hollywood was sold and closed in 1966, I bought the equipment with plans to open a college bar. Having very little money, but lots of confidence that a new bar aimed at both local young people and college students would be a winner, I looked for and bought an old building at 202 N. Main, called The Yellow Front. This was May 1966.

I called my new bar The Pub. With lots of hard work and the help of friends, I was able to open The Pub to standing room only crowds in the fall of 1966. Remember, the legal age to drink 3.2 percent beer was 18. We had local bands and lots of good times.

I hired Sarah Van Scoit to run The Pub in the daytime while I worked full time at Cooper Tire in the advertising department and at The Pub at night.

As finances would allow, I continued to remodel and upgrade The Pub, adding an upstairs balcony and remodeling an upscale apartment. At the same time, I landscaped a lot and installed an illuminated flagpole (in the early '70s.) I began flying the American flag both day and night.

One evening, the local police showed up and made me take down the American flag, saying it wasn't allowed to be flown at night (even though it was illuminated.) It became quite controversial.

Frankly, I was able to prove to the powers that be that flying the American flag at night was permissible as long as it was illuminated. The Republican-Courier even ran an article validating my position.

Subsequently, numerous local businesses and organizations began illuminating and flying their American flags at night, (including Marathon Oil, the Elks, etc.)

I sold The Pub in 1974 and today, after a series of owners, the building houses a pawn shop. To their credit, the current owners still fly the American flag on the pole I erected over 40 years ago.

It was a fun era — lots of good memories for lots of people. — *David V. Hindall, Findlay.*

The world was within walking distance

Born in Findlay in the 1930s and having always lived within walking distance to all schools, I never rode a school bus! I walked from the corner of West Lincoln Street and Western Avenue to Lincoln Elementary, Donnell Junior High, and Findlay High School, where Central is now.

We could ride our bikes or walk downtown as well. Mom would send me to Switzer's Bakery to buy special bread on our spaghetti supper nights. Or to a five-and-dime store for a spool of thread or to a small corner store for lunch meat. Most families did not have two cars so we walked in snow, rain, wind and hail.

None of us took ice skating lessons, but we loved to go to the Donnell Pond to ice skate in the evenings and on weekends during the winter months. There was a room under the stadium which had a pot belly stove and a janitor who kept it going so we could put on and take off our skates, or just stop in to get warm!

There were four movie theaters in the downtown area: The Harris, the State, the Royal, and the Lyceum. The prices ranged from 16 cents to 25 cents for kids. The Harris had a balcony and there were bats flying around from time to time. That didn't stop us from wanting to go to see Walt Disney or western movies, with the stars being Roy Rogers and Gene Autry.

In the 1940s and '50s, there were soda fountains in many stores on each side of both North and South Main Street!

Johnson's Drug Store near West Lincoln Street, a Dietsch Bros., the B&G and Central drug stores, Woolworth's 5&10, Gallagher's Drug Store, and Cherry's Folks on the west side of Main. On the East side there was Miller's Kitchenette beside the State Theater, Isaly's, S&S Drugs, Northside Pharmacy (the last to close their soda fountain), and still another small Dietsch's. I may have even forgotten a few!

Going downtown to shop was a special outing for mothers and their children. We all got dressed up for those occasions and, if we behaved well, we might get an ice cream treat or a hamburger from Wilson's!

There was a JC Penney store right downtown and they did sell jeans. But only one store sold Levi's and that was a harness shop with only men's and boys' sizes being available in the '30s when they first became popular for both girls and boys.

In the 1940s, Lima Avenue was a very dangerous street to cross as it was then known as State Route 25. I remember my grandmother and great aunt telling me to be sure to be very careful crossing the "avenue" on foot or on my bike.

At Findlay High School in the 1950s, one of our teachers, Richard "Doc" Phillips, held a dating bureau at prom time. Those who did not have dates would sign up with him and he became a matchmaker so more kids would go to the special dance! — *Anne Bowden, Findlay.*

When men & horses delivered the milk

In the late 1940s and early 1950s, my grandparents, Dale C. and Beulah Hill, with my parents, Dale F. and Dorothy Hill, ran and lived in Hill's Grocery at 614 E. Sandusky St. in Findlay. It was open seven days a week, which doesn't seem like much now, but was very unusual back then.

Stores closed on Sunday. And even though they were open seven days a week, my mom remembered people knocking on the door late at night because they needed something. Someone would always get up and let them in to get whatever the customer wanted. Also, when a woman would ask for herself or my grandma, the guys would disappear for a discreet time because it meant she was wanting something personal.

My dad remembered giving credit to many people who couldn't afford staples. He remembered extending credit to the late Dale Wilkinson, who helped tend the equine stables at the western farm of the University of Findlay. He lived near the fairgrounds above his horses' stable at the time.

I never met my grandpa Hill, but I know him from the stories my dad, Dale F. Hill Sr., used to tell. He worked many jobs. One job was delivering milk in a horse-drawn wagon in Findlay. The horse pulling the wagon would keep walking as the delivery man got in and out of the wagon with a metal basket of milk bottles.

The milkman couldn't throw the bottles the way a paperboy would. He had to take them right up to the door. Usually, he knew what to leave where, but sometimes there was a note to read for extra milk or butter.

As deliveries continued down a street, the horse would stop at certain spots to wait for the driver to catch up. In this way, a delivery man would rarely have to touch the reins to control the horse.

My dad would often go with his dad on his delivery route when he was a boy, in the late '30s. My dad told me one of the horses knew all the routes. So if a regular horse was lame or sick, that horse could fill in. Only if the route had been changed would the horse make a mistake.

Another time when my dad went along, a horse took a corner too sharp on an alleyway and the wagon hooked onto a car bumper. Cars bumpers stuck out a bit more than they do these days.

Neither my dad nor his father felt a change in speed or a jerk nor did they hear a noise of any kind. My dad said he just casually looked back and a car was being dragged behind the wagon. He jumped forward and grabbed the reins to stop the horse. They had a time getting the bumper off the wagon.

I wish I could tell you more. My dad's been gone almost 31 years, mom, three. These stories I remember because my dad told them often so they are the most vivid. I always wanted to hear stories about horses. At the time I got tired of the same stories, but at least I wasn't taught them now. — *Sharon Hill, Findlay.*

Courthouse awe, meat shop memories

As a kid growing up in the small town of Hoytville, it meant that most of our shopping brought us to a larger town, usually Findlay. Most of the time it was one trip a week, on Saturday, and most of the family went along.

Mom and my sisters would take off down Main Street, going in and out of the small stores. Dad and I would usually just lean up against a building watching the people go by, talking to a lot of them. It seemed as though my dad knew just about everyone.

I remember seeing one man who had the misfortune of having both of his legs off above the knees. He sat on a platform with casters on it and with his hands moved himself around. He would sit on the sidewalk with a can of pencils and a cup for money.

People would take a pencil and drop coins or bills into the cup. I remember my dad would drop money into the cup, but I don't ever remember him taking any pencils.

Sometimes, my dad and I did need to go shopping, which meant I got to go into the stores downtown. We would hit the hardware store, the 5&10 store (the one with the restaurant in it, and it had the best sloppy joe sandwiches), then on to Lasse the Bicycle Man shop.

But my favorite was the Baisley Meat shop. We would go in and dad would take a number which was hanging from a hook, and then we would walk all around looking at all the meat inside glass display cases.

It seemed to me that it was always busy and I don't remember seeing too many ladies in the store. Finally one of the men behind the counter would holler a number and if it matched our number, it was our turn to be waited on.

The meat sure was good! They would wrap it up in white paper and tie it up with string.

Sometimes, our business in town would mean we had to go to the courthouse. As a kid, it sure looked big and beautiful, and I would always get a feeling of awe when I walked into that building.

Many years have come and gone since I was that little kid from a small town and actually I still live near a small town, Vanlue.

Findlay has always been a big part of my life all these many years. I worked at Whirlpool for 36 years and still shop in the stores uptown, the shopping centers, enjoy eating at many of the restaurants, and take part in the events that Findlay puts on from time to time.

I even met my wife of 46 years, Jenny, while running what the young people in the '60s called "the circuit," which ran from the Big Boy restaurant on Main Street to the Marathon parking lot.

So, Findlay has always been good to me!

I'm sorry to say the Baisley Meat store is no longer there, nor the 5&10 with its great sloppy joes, but sometimes my business takes me back into the courthouse and I still get that same feeling of awe that I had as a kid going into the building with my dad.

I know now that it is a feeling of being proud to be an American and for the justice in our country for which the courthouse represents.

Thank you, Findlay, for being a big part of my life, then and now, and during your 200th birthday celebration. May you have many, many more! — *Stan Kline, Vanlue.*





THE STATE THEATER (above) was one of several theaters in Findlay that offered cartoons, newsreels and movies. Other downtown theaters included the Harris, the Royal and the Lyceum. At left, a pair of ushers at the Harris prepare for crowds expected during the opening of the latest Mickey Rooney movie in 1939.

Circus came by train

During the 1930s, Findlay residents were treated each summer to a few days of fun when the circus came to town.

It came into town by train, unloaded onto Western Avenue, then paraded down Lima Avenue, Hurd Avenue, and Baldwin Avenue, to South Main Street, where it turned south to the vacant lots just beyond Sixth Street, later known as Sherman Park.

Residents of these streets sat on their front porches to enjoy the sight of the animals going past their houses.

It was a privilege for me to have lived on Baldwin Avenue to enjoy the arrival of the circus each summer of my childhood.

My most vivid memory is of the time an elephant was led from the street onto our sidewalk, where it left some droppings, to the chagrin of my father and the hilarity of the neighbors. — *Mary A. Brucklacher, Findlay.*

Courtship by canoe

As a youth, my father worked at the A.L. Askam grocery on West Main Cross Street, where the Rocking U restaurant is now located. During the flood of 1913, he delivered groceries by canoe to west Findlay residents marooned by the water.

A few years later, the same canoe played an important part in my parents' courtship.

My mother's family home was on the bank of the Blanchard River in what is now the Hancock Park District office on East Main Cross Street.

Since my mother, several of her sisters, two nieces, and her parents all resided there, the availability of father's canoe furnished their desired privacy. — *James F. Brucklacher, Findlay.*

Saturday movies, park activities

I grew up in Findlay and had many wonderful memories.

As children, my sisters and I looked forward to going to the movies (Harris, State, Royal, and Lyceum) every Saturday afternoon.

During World War II, I worked summers at the Riverside Park Confectionary and Taffy stand run by Luther and Grace Mains. There were a large number of servicemen that came to the park during their leave.

There was so much activity there for everyone, merry-go-round rides, dodge-'em cars, train rides, a bowling alley, concerts, picnics, and fishing in the old reservoir. There was also a roller skating rink and the swimming pool.

I also worked at a locally-owned grocery store during the food and gas rationing, when you needed ration stamps to buy certain items. I have continued living in Hancock County and would not want to move anywhere else. — *Peg Warren, Rawson.*

Big family had a milk machine

Hi. I grew up in the '50s with seven sisters and two brothers and I remember that San-A-Pure Dairy used to have a milk truck that was pulled by a horse. That sure was something!

With such a big family, we had to have a milk machine installed in our house with these big milk canisters delivered to our house. White milk was what we got. But one time we got chocolate milk by mistake. Everyone sure liked that! — *Jeff Ede, Findlay.*

Smalltown girl enjoyed Findlay

Arlington is just 10 miles south of Findlay. What a difference! My cousin and I looked forward to our Saturday visits to Findlay.

We were so in awe of the Ohio Oil (Marathon Petroleum Corp.) Building. It was colossal with its six stories.

We would go to Newberry's and Woolworth's and look at the fabulous trinkets. Arlington lacked that wonderful bridge mix, so we always stopped at the candy counter with a few cents in our pockets to spend. Oh, yummy!

Hancock County schools played their basketball tournament at Findlay High School (Central Middle School.) My mom, brother and I would ride the bus to Findlay. Before we went to the game, we ate at a sandwich shop on the courthouse square.

So, you see how a smalltown girl enjoyed Findlay. — *Peggy Rinehart, Arlington.*

Test your memory about some notable bars and other businesses

Having lived in the Findlay area all 60 years of my life, I remember quite a few businesses that are no longer here, but the sites where they were still are.

Not a lot of people want to talk about these places, but they were important to our town's development, like it or not.

These were places where people would meet after work, mostly to unwind from a hard day's work before going home to their families. Some carried a "reputation," but they were around for a long time compared to many nowadays.

And really, they weren't THAT bad.

Much information, good or bad, was relayed in these places, face to face.

Most places listed here were usually the busiest from midafternoon to early evening. Not really the "night life."

Some were late-night spots, though. A lot of business deals that may have helped shape the future of Findlay, and possibly put the very business they were in, out of business, occurred in these places.

I've listed the ones I can remember, perhaps you can add to the list.

The thing you need to do is know where the places were. I've listed the answers after you scan the list. No peeking! And then I added some businesses just to see how old you are.

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11. The Paradise
12. The Triangle
13. The Brunswick
14. The Monarch
15. Frita's
16. The Northwind
17. Haley's Bar
18. Enck's
19. The Office Bar
20. The Old Dutch
21. The Party Bar
22. The Pheasant Room

There were also memorable places that everyone in the town knew about:

- The three movie houses on South Main Street?
- The business on Clinton Street that used red caps and yellow caps? Hint: Their logo was on the mirror in the Mecca.
- Before they were Great Scot?
- The meat market on Crystal Avenue?
- Best potato chips in Findlay? Yes, they were made here.
- The market on Trenton Avenue, not Walmart.
- The two root beer stands on North Main Street?
- These carryouts: Aller's, Bud & Joe's, Tiffin Avenue Carryout (Duh!), The E&B?
- The original location of Jac & Do's?
- Napoli pizza?
- Morey's, for the Sunday paper!
- The two burger joints that everyone went to when Wilson's was closed?
- And last but not least, and closest to my heart, Findlay's original gas-and-go carryout?

OK, the answers as I remember them:

1. The Rocking U is there now.
2. The 200 block of South Main Street, on the east side, on the alley.
3. The Gathering is there now.
4. On South Main Street, by the bridge, on the east side.
5. Across from the Regal, on the west side of Main Street. When it burned, it was the oldest bar in Ohio. I think the original bar is in a restaurant in Texas.
6. Oler's is there now. Same building.
7. The Walnut is there. Don't remember the name after the garden, but it was different before it became the Walnut.
8. The Findlay Eagles is there now.
9. The Hollywood. Pretty sure it would be where the ODNR is now on Lima Avenue.
10. Residential, where Fishlock Avenue meets East Sandusky.
11. Just north of the bridge on the east side of Main Street.
12. Implement dealership, across from the ODNR.
13. Below the former Finder's store on the corner of East Crawford and Main streets. That's right, below. You could go in the entrance off of Crawford. I think it's still there.
14. Below the stores just south of the courthouse. When I went there, they no longer sold alcohol, but the barbershop and pool tables were still open.
15. The Dark Horse is there now.
16. See Palmer's!
17. Between East Sandusky and Crawford. Had a big circle around the door of the main entrance.
18. JimmyJohn's is there, on Trenton Avenue.
19. See the Triangle!
20. Right by the Paradise on North Main Street.
21. Right by the Old Dutch.
22. In the old Phoenix Hotel on the corner of East Main Cross and Main, across from the courthouse.

- The three theaters, the Harris and the State, across from each other just south of the Elks, and The Royal, between Hardin and West Sandusky on Main Street.
- The Krantz Brewery made Old Dutch beer. The color reference was to the identification of "low," i.e. 3.2 percent content, and "high," more than 3.2 percent.
- Sheck's.
- Ralph's.
- Tasty Taters.
- The Country Market.
- The A&W, Foulke and Main, and Stewart's, Bigelow and Main.
- Crystal Avenue at the bend, Park Street, Tiffin Avenue at the tracks, West Sandusky and Western Avenue.
- Across from Sportsman's lanes.
- East Street and East Sandusky.
- East Sandusky and Main Street.
- The Broadway and The Whitehouse.
- Phillip's carryout .The Whiskey Venue is there, on West Main Cross Street. The carryout was sold for a Bonaza steakhouse that didn't last. The carryout had an overhang and two Marathon gas pumps underneath. They were one of the few places open on Sunday in the whole area. They were famous for the roasted peanuts that Wolfie's sells now.
- Oh yeah, do you have an original "Colt .22 cal., Fort Findlay Sesquicentennial" from Jaqua's? They sold new for $89.95. There are only 110 singles in the world, 20 box sets. I don't know their current value. Any ideas?
- Oh, and Dietsch's, The West-End, and Lucky's have always been the same, as far as I know.

I hope I've brought back some memories for some my age, and enlightened some younger than me.

Two hundred years old and still going, not bad for an old oil town! Oh yeah, Marathon, originally? The Karg well? The original site of the Courier? What was where the Courier is now?

In closing, I'd like to thank my grandparents — they had a real nice carryout — and my parents, all for taking me around town, and to my wife for putting up with me on this. She's from Tiffin. — *Scott Phillips, Van Buren.*



Photos provided by Hancock Historical Museum

BUSINESS AND MANUFACTURING have always been the backbone of Findlay's economy. While many longtime factories and businesses operate today, others have long since changed their names or shut their doors. Some that used to call our city home include Ohio Oil Co. (shown in the early 1960s, above), which later changed its name to Marathon Oil and then Marathon Petroleum. Located at the corner of Jefferson Street and Clinton Court, the Krantz Brewery (below), makers of Old Dutch beer, closed in 1966.





THE AMERICAN MASK Manufacturing Co. (above) made a variety of masks for costumes and various occasions. Located near the current site of the West End Tavern on West Main Cross Street, the company opened its doors in 1884 and closed in 1969. RCA (below) manufactured transistors and electronic components. It was located on Fostoria Avenue at the current site of Brown Mackie College.



Findlay has done everything well

Fifty years ago, I watched the parade in the 300 block of Tiffin Avenue. I do not recall any of the floats, but I do remember it was four people to the curb and very intense watching the parade go by.

Fifty years ago, I never thought about Findlay ever becoming a shopper's and diner's paradise at the far end of Tiffin Avenue.

Fifty years ago, I worked in the retail business of food. Today, I have a hard time shopping for food. Everything now is four to 10 (times) higher in the supermarket or other sellers of food.

I have to remind myself minimum wage then was $1 per hour, now it's more than $7 per hour. My Social Security check each month is 50 percent more than I made a month then in wages.

Fifty years ago, downtown lacked parking spaces. It was always a chore, too much so. Now, things are great, never seems lacking. The downtown area has really kept itself in good condition, clean and neat and well-kept stores and storefronts.

Fifty years ago, plus some months, Findlay and another town were where Touchtone phones began its being. I haven't seen a dial phone around for a long time.

Fifty years ago, I remember a wife told me about her husband. He always wanted to sing in a group setting. There was a notice to form a singing group for the 150-year program. He tried out and was chosen to be in the group. She said things in their lives changed so much.

They were dairy farmers. He practiced his singing to the cows, a.m. and p.m., at milking time. She said life around the farm changed. It became a "happy farm."

Happy 200 years to Findlay. You've done everything well. — *Robert Styer, Carey.*

34 Years and still going strong!

From his humble beginnings in 1978, Larry Lauger Sr. built his company from the ground up. With himself and two installers, Lauger's became one of the finest flooring stores to serve Findlay & the surrounding communities.

Today, Lauger's Carpet One continues to be your premier flooring showroom with hundreds of styles and colors to choose from. Whether it's one room or your entire home, Lauger's has a floor for every room in your house.

Come in and consult with our professional design staff and see why we're still the one store for your perfect floor!



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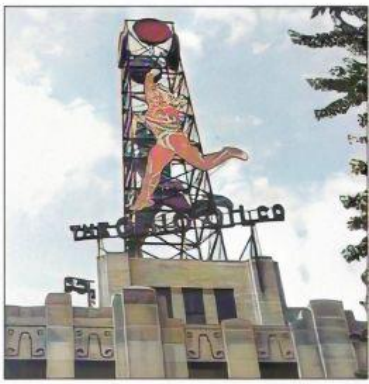
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- The Country Market.
- The A&W, Foulke and Main, and Stewart's, Bigelow and Main.
- Crystal Avenue at the bend, Park Street, Tiffin Avenue at the tracks, West Sandusky and Western Avenue.
- Across from Sportsman's Lanes.
- East Street and East Sandusky.
- East Sandusky and Main Street.
- The Broadway and The Whitehouse.
- Phillip's carryout .The Whiskey Versus is there, on West Main Cross Street. The carryout was sold for a Bonara steakhouse that didn't last. The carryout had an overhang and two Marathon gas pumps underneath. They were one of the few places open on Sunday in the whole area. They were famous for the roasted peanuts that Wolfie's sells now.
- Oh yeah, do you have an original "Colt .22 cal., Fort Findlay Sesquicentennial" from Jaqua's? They sold new for $89.95. There are only 110 singles in the world, 20 box sets. I don't know their current value. Any ideas?
- Oh, and Dietsch's, The West End, and Lucky's have always been the same, as far as I know.

I hope I've brought back some memories for some my age, and enlightened some younger than me.

Two hundred years old and still going, not bad for an old oil town! Oh yeah, Marathon, originally? The Karg well? The original site of the Courier? What was where the Courier is now?

In closing, I'd like to thank my grandparents — they had a real nice carryout — and my parents, all for taking me around town, and to my wife for putting up with me on this. She's from Tiffin. — *Scott Phillips, Van Buren.*



Photos provided by Hancock Historical Museum

BUSINESS AND MANUFACTURING have always been the backbone of Findlay's economy. While many longtime factories and businesses operate today, others have long since changed their names or shut their doors. Some that used to call our city home include Ohio Oil Co. (shown in the early 1960s, above), which later changed its name to Marathon Oil and then Marathon Petroleum. Located at the corner of Jefferson Street and Clinton Court, the Krantz Brewery (below), makers of Old Dutch beer, closed in 1966.





THE AMERICAN MASK Manufacturing Co. (above) made a variety of masks for costumes and various occasions. Located near the current site of the West End Tavern on West Main Cross Street, the company opened its doors in 1854 and closed in 1969. RCA (below) manufactured transistors and electronic components. It was located on Fostoria Avenue at the current site of Brown Mackie College.



Findlay has done everything well

Fifty years ago, I watched the parade in the 300 block of Tiffin Avenue. I do not recall any of the floats, but I do remember it was four people to the curb and very intense watching the parade go by.

Fifty years ago, I never thought about Findlay ever becoming a shopper's and diner's paradise at the far end of Tiffin Avenue.

Fifty years ago, I worked in the retail business of food. Today, I have a hard time shopping for food. Everything now is four to 10 (times) higher in the supermarket or other sellers of food.

I have to remind myself minimum wage then was $1 per hour, now it's more than $7 per hour. My Social Security check each month is 50 percent more than I made a month then in wages.

Fifty years ago, downtown lacked parking spaces. It was always a chore, too much so. Now, things are great, never seems lacking. The downtown area has really kept itself in good condition, clean and neat and well-kept stores and storefronts.

Fifty years ago, plus some months, Findlay and another town were where Touchtone phones began its bring. I haven't seen a dial phone around for a long time.

Fifty years ago, I remember a wife told me about her husband. He always wanted to sing in a group setting. There was a notice to form a singing group for the 150-year program. He tried out and was chosen to be in the group. She said things in their lives changed so much.

They were dairy farmers. He practiced his singing to the cows, a.m. and p.m., at milking time. She said life around the farm changed. It became a "happy farm."

Happy 200 years to Findlay. You've done everything well. — *Robert Styer, Carey.*

34 Years and still going strong!

From his humble beginnings in 1978, Larry Lauger Sr. built his company from the ground up. With himself and two installers, Lauger's became one of the finest flooring stores to serve Findlay & the surrounding communities.

Today, Lauger's Carpet One continues to be your premier flooring showroom with hundreds of styles and colors to choose from. Whether it's one room or your entire home, Lauger's has a floor for every room in your house.

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A Findlay girl's fond memories

I am a Findlay girl and very proud of it!

When I think about growing up here, I believe I had almost the ideal childhood and have so many wonderful memories.

I grew up in the south end of town between Park Street and Washington Avenue on First Street. It was not a fancy house, but cozy, and we had a great neighborhood with lots of kids to play with.

Within one and one-half blocks from my house, we had three little groceries: One just down my alley on Second Street, where I would pick up Tasty Taters and Wonder Bread for lunch; Mrs. Hostler's tiny store just around the corner on Park Street was where I used to take cans of cooking grease for the war effort, to use for explosives, at least that was what we were told; and another grocery, north in the next block of Park Street, was where we went for good meat.

Now it doesn't get any more convenient than that!

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My father came to the rescue. He got together some old bike parts and the men at his workplace helped him put together a little bike for me and I was thrilled. The pedals fell off once in awhile, and it was a little strange looking with a huge lady's seat, which I was told had been Mrs. O.D. Donnell's! Wow, I was a lucky little girl.

I went to grade school at Lincoln School and it was quite a hike from my house, but hike we did, three round trips a day, morning, noon and afternoon.

After the first grade, I usually rode my bike or, in really nice weather, roller-skated to school. I do not remember many car rides to school unless the weather was truly miserable. Back then, everyone had only one car and the fathers usually used it.

Looking back, I also do not remember more than one overweight classmate, so the exercise was good for us! We would hurry back and forth in the morning and at noon, but dilly-dally coming home with our friends after school, which was great fun, unless a nasty boy chased you.

Riverside Park pool was a huge attraction for my friend, Jane, and I. In the summer, as soon as lunch was over, she would pick me up and we would ride our bikes over to the pool for the afternoon. We would wear out a couple of bathing suits a season going down the big slide.

Jane and I were big fans of Esther Williams and after seeing her movies, we would take our "Mae Wests," life vests we had bought at the Army Surplus Store, and do our Esther Williams routines at the pool.

When you are kids, you don't care how silly you look. You just have a good time. If we were very good girls, a couple times a summer our parents would bring us to the pool after dark and we would swim with the colored lights on, and that was a real treat.

The movies were a big part of our lives. We had three theaters to choose from — the State, the Harris, and the Royal. There was a fourth named the Lyceum, which was off limits to nice girls and supposedly had "cooties."

In grade school, Jane and I would usually go to a Sunday afternoon movie and get there by 1:30, before the price would go up. That way, we would have money for popcorn. We loved musicals and, on the way home, we would sing and dance down Main Street. As I said before, kids just don't get embarrassed!

Our Sunday evening suppers always consisted of what was left over from our big noon meal, and Dietsch's ice cream with "dope" on the top. Our dads would always go down and get it and always just a quart of hand-packed because the freezer in the "Frigidaire" was so small.

When we were young, the movie would be the deciding factor where we would go, but in junior high, we would check out whose boys' bikes were parked at a theater and, if we liked those boys, that is the movie we picked. Some of those movies were pretty bad!

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When you can have the wonderful memories I have of being a "Findlay girl," life is full of happiness. What a lucky girl! — *Linda Snyder Weaver, Findlay.*

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It was the '60s. I was a little girl living on a farm by Rawson. My grandma, Vella Cramner Walter, would take me with her "to town."

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Once in town, we would drive to certain houses where Grandma's egg customers lived. One thing I learned is that fresh farm eggs were a hot item.

The trunk of the car would be completely full of eggs. One lady would buy an entire gross of eggs. Of course, she then sold some of them to her customers.

When we delivered all of the eggs, we headed to downtown. We would park the car, and Grandma always let me put the money in the meter. Then, the adventure began.

Back then, Findlay's downtown was bustling. People were everywhere. The sidewalks were full of all kinds of people.

Business people would dart in and out of the shops and the buildings. The shoppers were everywhere, doing all kinds of looking and talking. As a little girl, it seemed like a fair. It was fun!

Grandma would stop to talk to the usual people we always saw, and it seems, she would talk unusually long to someone she hadn't seen for awhile.

We would go to the shoe store, the hat store, the drugstore, all on foot. I loved the Woolworth's store. Lots of stuff to see there. Most of the merchandise was stocked on tables in long rows, so even a little girl could see all of it.

Another store I liked was Baisley Meat Market. We raised our own meat, but there was always something we needed there. Once inside, you took a number. No one seemed to mind the wait because there was always someone you knew there.

It seemed to be crowded every time, but I didn't care. I was mesmerized by that black-and-white tiled floor. I would sit and stare at it, following all the lines and patterns with my eyes. I was fascinated with that floor. Then, off we went.

When we needed a bathroom break, we walked to the courthouse.

That huge building looked dark and foreboding, but familiar and inviting, all at the same time. Out front, the fountain was my favorite. There were flowers everywhere. I haven't forgotten steel signs on the front sidewalk proclaiming "Uncle Sam Wants You."

We entered on the south side door. The first room was a smoking lounge. The chairs were colorful, slick vinyl with standing ashtrays set about the room. People would go there to smoke, or just to sit and rest.

Through the next door was the ladies' room. There were marble stall walls with wooden doors that slammed shut on you. The mirrors and sinks were always clean. The biggest thing was the smell, kind of a cross between Pine-Sol and something powerful.

To this day, a whiff of that strong, clean smell overwhelms me with with memories of my grandma and downtown, and being a little farm girl in the big town of Findlay, Ohio. — *Carla Lehman, Rawson.*

Simple times, but never boring

What a treat it was to be a teenager in Findlay during the 1950s.

In the summer, we "north end kids" would ride our bicycles to the Riverside Park pool, collecting friends as we rode along, singing "White Coral Bells." This we would do every weekday.

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It's amazing that we all got by without cellphones or computers. We communicated!

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Ball
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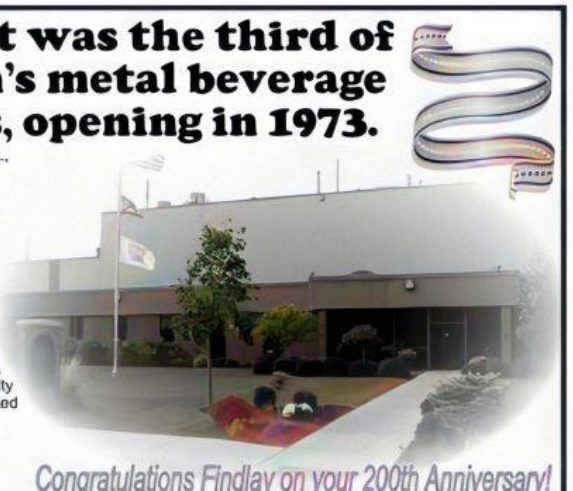
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Growing up with a coal stove, milk box & wringer washer

I was 8 years old when Mom surprised me with my first bike! Living in the west end of town, we seemed to walk everywhere.

It really wasn't too far downtown to the Kresge dime store, A&P grocery, post office and the three movie theaters. I could now ride my new bike to Pearl's and the Phillips grocery when we needed last-minute items.

My sister and I walked to the Adams grade school, where we had special teachers come in for religious education, and music classes, and recess, every day. We wore dresses and saddle oxfords in those days and, if someone was misbehaving, there were sent to see the principal.

I also walked to Donnell Junior High after the city bus was discontinued, a long trek in the winter (and I was made to wear boots!)

On cold winter mornings, I helped bring coal in from the coal bin at the back of the garage. We had a "Warm Morning" stove that sat in the living room that heated the entire house.

Before the morning, we put the milk box out for delivery on the front porch. That was our signal for two quarts. "Shorty" had a horse-drawn San-A-Pure Dairy wagon that came through the neighborhood each day.

Another delivery we looked forward to was from George's Bakery, but only on Saturdays, as a special treat, a package of maple twist cinammon rolls!

Mom taught us to bake and cook on a cupboard, which was a large piece of furniture with a porcelain top that pulled out. There was a flour bin behind a door on the left side, room for sugar and spices behind the middle "push up" door, and dishes and glasses went behind the door on the right. The drawers were for towels and dishcloths and another set of double doors for pots and pans, all conveniently in one place.

I helped with laundry on Saturdays, using a "wringer washer" that we set up on the back, enclosed porch. To dry clothes, we hung them up on the clothesline in the backyard.

Come spring each year, we planted a garden at the end of our lot. Of course, the children were expected to weed and hoe and harvest the food! I helped Mom can many jars of food for winter and we stored them in the basement.

My sisters and I took turns mowing the lawn. At that time, we had only a "reel" mower.

Our neighbors had an unwritten code to watch out for each others' children. It was a time when neighbors sat on their front porches, waving as others walked by. Mothers walked with baby buggies, children skated and played hop-scotch on the walks.

We had great times playing kick the can or hide-and-seek until it was dark. Of course, this was after supper and chores and homework was done!

Sundays were special when Grandpa and Grandma picked us up for church, then we'd go for a drive and go to Dietsch's for ice cream!

I don't believe my sister and I ever missed a summer day of riding our bikes to Riverside Park for an afternoon of swimming! — *Kathleen G. Chambers, Findlay.*



Photo provided by Hancock Historical Museum

THE BLIZZARD OF 1978 pummeled the Ohio Valley and Great Lakes region. Winds estimated at 50 to 70 mph whipped a heavy snowfall into huge piles. Many residents went without power for days. Some ended up stranded at work, motorists on I-75 were stuck in their cars until help arrived (or, in at least one case, left their cars and waited the storm out in a weigh station), and anyone with a snowmobile or all-terrain vehicle was asked to drive doctors and other personnel to the hospital. At left, a Findlay woman poses for a quick picture with her dog after digging out of her house.

Back in the day in Findlay

My first memories of Findlay were of The Findlay Motel, where we stayed when Dad was transferred here with The Prudential. Besides the Holiday Inn, it was the only place in town to stay.

Maybe you remember Dad. Was he your insurance agent? He seemed to know everyone, and everyone, it seemed, knew I was his daughter, back in the day in Findlay.

Growing up on Cynthia Court in the mid-1960s, early '70s was filled with a sort of childhood magic not found in the childhoods of today. Fond memories of hot summer days "conjegating" under the Roth red maple, playing basketball at Big Al's or baseball over at Jacob's Field, climbing up and sliding down "the ramp" on the playground, or sitting inside the tunnel chatting away, back in the day in Findlay.

We scoured the neighborhood for discarded pop bottles and took them all the way down Crystal Avenue to Griep's Meat Market, cashing them in for suckers, candy necklaces, Tootsie Rolls, and candy cigarettes. You could get a lot of candy from a few of those pop bottles, back in the day in Findlay.

(Griep's Market, located at 417 Crystal Ave., was owned by Forest A. Griep from 1951 to 1969. It was sold to Annabel Blunk in 1969. It closed in 1981. The building, including a residence, is still standing and is now a house. Source: Hancock County Historical Museum.)

Cool summer nights playing hide-'n'-seek or ghost-in-the-graveyard, stealing my first kiss from the fellow down the street. We won't mention any names, you know who you are, a secret it will stay, back in the day in Findlay.

Summer days long gone, replaced by falling leaves, midget football games with concessions that included those candy cigarettes; punt, pass & kick in the middle of the court. No need to worry about cars, they will stop and wait for us to finish the play, back in the day in Findlay.

Winter days soon came and the snow piled up high and deep. Still we played outside, digging tunnels, building forts and throwing snowballs at the enemy; making angels in the snow, our cold cheeks aglow. Remember the blizzard of '78? No electricity, and snow covering John's yellow car in the driveway, you couldn't see the car or the driveway, back in the day in Findlay.

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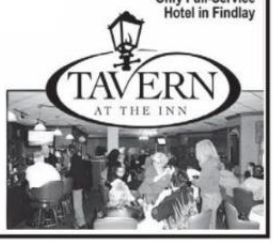


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Growing up with a coal stove, milk box & wringer washer

I was 8 years old when Mom surprised me with my first bike! Living in the west end of town, we seemed to walk everywhere.

It really wasn't too far downtown to the Kresge dime store, A&P grocery, post office and the three movie theaters. I could now ride my new bike to Pearl's and the Phillips grocery when we needed last-minute items.

My sister and I walked to the Adams grade school, where we had special teachers come in for religious education, and music classes, and recess, every day. We wore dresses and saddle oxfords in those days and, if someone was misbehaving, there were sent to see the principal.

I also walked to Donnell Junior High after the city bus was discontinued, a long trek in the winter (and I was made to wear boots!)

On cold winter mornings, I helped bring coal in from the coal bin at the back of the garage. We had a "Warm Morning" stove that sat in the living room that heated the entire house.

Before the morning, we put the milk box out for delivery on the front porch. That was our signal for two quarts. "Shorty" had a horse-drawn San-A-Pure Dairy wagon that came through the neighborhood each day.

Another delivery we looked forward to was from George's Bakery, but only on Saturdays, as a special treat, a package of maple twist cinammon rolls!

Mom taught us to bake and cook on a cupboard, which was a large piece of furniture with a porcelain top that pulled out. There was a flour bin behind a door on the left side, room for sugar and spices behind the middle "push up" door, and dishes and glasses went behind the door on the right. The drawers were for towels and dishcloths and another set of double doors for pots and pans, all conveniently in one place.

I helped with laundry on Saturdays, using a "wringer washer" that we set up on the back, enclosed porch. To dry clothes, we hung them up on the clothesline in the backyard.

Come spring each year, we planted a garden at the end of our lot. Of course, the children were expected to weed and hoe and harvest the food! I helped Mom can many jars of food for winter and we stored them in the basement.

My sisters and I took turns mowing the lawn. At that time, we had only a "reel" mower.

Our neighbors had an unwritten code to watch out for each others' children. It was a time when neighbors sat on their front porches, waving as others walked by. Mothers walked with baby buggies, children skated and played hop-scotch on the walks.

We had great times playing kick the can or hide-and-seek until it was dark. Of course, this was after supper and chores and homework was done!

Sundays were special when Grandpa and Grandma picked us up for church, then we'd go for a drive and go to Dietsch's for ice cream!

I don't believe my sister and I ever missed a summer day of riding our bikes to Riverside Park for an afternoon of swimming! — *Kathleen G. Chambers, Findlay.*



Photo provided by Hancock Historical Museum

THE BLIZZARD OF 1978 pummeled the Ohio Valley and Great Lakes region. Winds estimated at 50 to 70 mph whipped a heavy snowfall into huge piles. Many residents went without power for days. Some ended up stranded at work, motorists on I-75 were stuck in their cars until help arrived (or, in at least one case, left their cars and waited the storm out in a weigh station), and anyone with a snowmobile or all-terrain vehicle was asked to drive doctors and other personnel to the hospital. At left, a Findlay woman poses for a quick picture with her dog after digging out of her house.

Back in the day in Findlay

My first memories of Findlay were of The Findlay Motel, where we stayed when Dad was transferred here with The Prudential. Besides the Holiday Inn, it was the only place in town to stay.

Maybe you remember Dad. Was he your insurance agent? He seemed to know everyone, and everyone, it seemed, knew I was his daughter, back in the day in Findlay.

Growing up on Cynthia Court in the mid-1960s, early '70s was filled with a sort of childhood magic not found in the childhoods of today. Fond memories of hot summer days "congregating" under the Roth red maple, playing basketball at Big Al's or baseball over at Jacob's Field, climbing up and sliding down "the ramp" on the playground, or sitting inside the tunnel chatting away, back in the day in Findlay.

We scoured the neighborhood for discarded pop bottles and took them all the way down Crystal Avenue to Griep's Meat Market, cashing them in for suckers, candy necklaces, Tootsie Rolls, and candy cigarettes. You could get a lot of candy from a few of those pop bottles, back in the day in Findlay.

(Griep's Market, located at 417 Crystal Ave., was owned by Forest A. Griep from 1951 to 1969. It was sold to Annabel Blunk in 1969. It closed in 1981. The building, including a residence, is still standing and is now a house. Source: Hancock County Historical Museum.)

Cool summer nights playing hide-'n'-seek or ghost-in-the-graveyard, stealing my first kiss from the fellow down the street. We won't mention any names, you know who you are, a secret it will stay, back in the day in Findlay.

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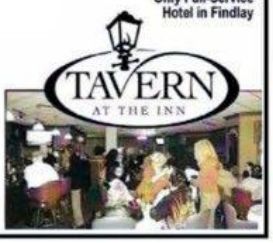
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Findlay in 1940s and 1950s: a Norman Rockwell painting

The fond memories of growing up in Findlay remain in my thoughts, of a boyhood on Blanchard Avenue where my sister, Judy, and I grew up.

What a great time it was with my pals. We played hockey and ice-skated along Eagle Creek during winter. Sometimes, we skated all the way out to Camp Berry and, during those warm summers, we camped along Eagle Creek overnight. With our homemade slingshots, we stalked big game in and around the fairgrounds and seven quarries.

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There were lots of mom-and-pop stores in the area. Some had large coolers with water and huge chunks of ice. Those first swigs of Dad's Root Beer almost caused your throat to seize up.

We rode our bikes everywhere. Most of the time, we were at Dietsch's, sipping shakes and playing Buddy Holly on the jukebox. And, guess what? When we left, our bikes were still there.

Our bikes were our only means of getting around. If they broke down, we tooled to Cussins & Ferns on Sandusky Street and did our own repair work. It never occurred to lawyer-up and go after the bicycle company.

It was at Donnell Junior High that we became aware of girls. I recall those awkward moments at the first sock hop at the YMCA, waiting to be asked to dance at the first ladies' choice. The '50s music was the greatest... We never had an after-dance drive-by. In Findlay, we did the drive-in and it was all "Sweet Little 16."

When hamburgers sounded good, we biked over to Wilson's, or we went over to Broadway to play pinball, while Black Slacks blasted from the jukebox. And, when we felt really brave, the Town House was in order, of course, turning up our collars and priming our duck-tails before entering.

I could go on and on about Findlay's movie houses or the Green Mill and the Riverside pool, but writer's cramp is coming on.

Findlay in the '40s and the '50s was as close to being in a Norman Rockwell painting as one can get. I just wish that after I dot my last period, a bowl of Tasty-Taters would appear, along with an iced-down Old Dutch, and the sound of WFIN's Joe Darrow counting down the hits. — *L. Michael Midek, Arlington.*

Growing up on Defiance Avenue

As a childhood resident of the Defiance Avenue area in Findlay in the '50s, my memories are of lazy, hot summers and cold winter fun.

In the summer, the girls would congregate on neighborhood porches, gossip among themselves, and watch the cars go up and down Defiance, or ride our bicycles around the area.

If we were lucky enough to have five or 10 cents, sometimes obtained by cashing in glass pop bottles at what I believe was called the Ice House on North Main Street next to the Bonded station, we would walk to the North Side Pharmacy, where the Rite-Aid now stands, and buy a large soda glass of Coke for five or 10 cents.

The Swale, an area behind the houses on the south side of Defiance, filled with water from the Blanchard River duing high-water periods and provided us a place to ice skate in the winter. The boys played hockey and the girls practiced their figure-skating skills. Sometimes, when we felt more daring, the boys and girls both would play crack the whip.

The boys built bonfires we sat around to get warm and talk and have fun.

Even more fun than ice skating was roller skating at the Green Mill Garden (maybe because I met my future husband there) and it was not a seasonal activity.

Sometimes, we went to the movies on the weekends at the State, Royal or Harris theaters in downtown Findlay.

Occasionally, we stopped at Patterson's Department Store just to go up and down the circular stairs that graced the interior of the building.

Life 50 or 60 years ago seemed to be so easygoing compared to today. It seems more children got jobs in their early teens. Girls were thrilled to be asked to babysit, and boys would take whatever jobs were available to make money.

My future husband worked setting pins in a bowling alley before the automated pinsetter came along, and in a horse stable, cleaning stalls, etc.

It would be nice to turn back the hands of time to the days of our youth when things were simple and life was easygoing, even without cellphones! — *Rose VanWormer, Mount Cory.*

Deli links Findlay's past, future

I remember clearly, as a young girl, shopping in downtown Findlay with my mother, especially during the holidays. It was so festive with all the lights, evergreen, and music playing from all the stores.

It seemed like a big city if you were a little girl from Carey!

My favorite memory is shopping in Zieroff's for my dad's gifts. I must have been very young, as I could barely see over the top of the display tables, but I remember, vividly, the unique plaid linoleum floor.

Years later, in January 1989, I made a decision to change careers and thought a deli would be fun. After checking out many locations, I met with the landlord at 513 S. Main St. At first sight, I felt that space was just too much.

It was a late snowy afternoon and many people were just ending their workday and I remember standing in the dimly-lit space while the landlord searched for the lights. Watching all the people on the street through the falling snow immediately brought back the memories of my mother bringing my sisters and me to Findlay to shop at Zieroff's.

All of a sudden, the lights came on and there it was, sprawled out in front of me! From where I stood, it looked like a huge, plaid football field.

Main Street Deli was created right there at that moment! I didn't sleep that night. Instead, I wrote a menu, drew the layout on graph paper, and designed a logo! Main Street Deli opened in May 1989, 23 years ago. I was able to keep my dream for six years and sold it only because of a family illness.

Many people believed it would never make it, but today it is considered part of Findlay's past and a vital part of the future of downtown Findlay.

Needless to say, I am very proud of that little deli! Elaine Bruggeman is the current owner and I would like to thank her for keeping my dream alive, along with all the patrons who kept coming back and spreading the word.

Elaine, one of the best decisions I ever made was hiring you. Little did we know that when you walked out the front door and turned to me and said, "Someday, I'm going to own this place," you actually would! I wish you many more years of continued success. — *Hellen Wittenmyer, Findlay*

Courthouse waiting room appreciated

Among my memories of downtown Findlay were the many locally-owned businesses. There were men's and women's clothing stores, hardware stores, dime stores, the first discount stores, ice cream stores, restaurants, specialty stores and large department stores.

Of course there was Marathon, then known as the Ohio Oil Co. The high school was downtown (now Central Middle School) and after school the kids would gather at B&G Drugs or Gallagher's soda fountains, or perhaps Dietsch's, Islay's, or Wilson's. The movie theaters, the Harris, Royal and Lyceum, were conveniently located downtown as well.

But, what I really want to share is my memory of one of the convenient features of the courthouse.

As a young girl, the place where I was often found was in the sitting/waiting room located on the south side of the building with the entrance off what is now the courthouse courtyard.

Since all of the shopping was downtown then, the shoppers would have to walk between stores and carry their own packages. They did not have shopping carts or even cars to take their packages to, since the majority of women did not drive then. Therefore the courthouse waiting room was a convenient resting, meeting, and socializing place.

Sometimes children, like myself, were left there while their mothers finished their shopping. I remember being worried more than once that no one would come back and I would be left there forever.

The room was large and rectangular with straight chairs lining the walls and two rows of chairs, back-to-back down through the middle of the room. The facilities and pay phone were in the hallway.

Of course, access to the courthouse was open and easy in past years. The courthouse is where many ladies would visit and wait for their ride home. — *Judy Inman Richter, Findlay.*

No end to change

As I sit here in Afghanistan, I see all these people and wonder, "Where did they come from to make them who they are today?"

Then, I think back where I am from, and what it was like in Findlay. I meet people here and they ask where I am from and I tell them. And, surprisingly, I meet people who have been to our town. All the way in Afghanistan. And it's neat.

The older generation remembers when Tiffin Avenue was just a large field, before all the stores and such were there, or when Central was the high school. Then, I think to when I was younger. I remember when there were houses across the street from Meijer and when we had a Hills and Kmart.

It's just crazy to think how in the last 30-plus years this city has grown. And to think in another 100 years what this place will look like. It will be unbelievable.

I think Findlay needs to ask each generation to bring some things in and bury a time capsule. And in 80-plus years, they can dig it up and remember where they came from and what their small town once was. — *Jake Sherman, Logar province, Afghanistan.*

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- Tiny Tumblers & Tiny Tots & Toddler Art Zone
- Racquetball Lessons
- Tennis Lessons
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Findlay in 1940s and 1950s: a Norman Rockwell painting

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We didn't bother anybody and nobody bothered us. We never heard of sexual predators or molesters.

There were lots of mom-and-pop stores in the area. Some had large coolers with water and huge chunks of ice. Those first swigs of Dad's Root Beer almost caused your throat to seize up.

We rode our bikes everywhere. Most of the time, we were at Dietsch's, sipping shakes and playing Buddy Holly on the jukebox. And, guess what? When we left, our bikes were still there.

Our bikes were our only means of getting around. If they broke down, we toodled to Cussins & Ferne on Sandusky Street and did our own repair work. It never occurred to lawyer-up and go after the bicycle company.

It was at Donnell Junior High that we became aware of girls. I recall those awkward moments at the first sock hop at the YMCA, waiting to be asked to dance at the first ladies' choice. The '50s music was the greatest... We never had an alter-dance drive-by. In Findlay, we did the drive-in and it was all "Sweet Little 16."

When hamburgers sounded good, we biked over to Wilson's, or we went over to Broadway to play pinball, while Black Slacks blasted from the jukebox. And, when we felt really brave, the Town House was in order, of course, turning up our collars and priming our duck-tails before entering.

I could go on and on about Findlay's movie houses or the Green Mill and the Riverside pool, but writer's cramp is coming on.

Findlay in the '40s and the '50s was as close to being in a Norman Rockwell painting as one can get. I just wish that after I dot my last period, a bowl of Tasty-Tatern would appear, along with an iced-down Old Dutch, and the sound of WFIN's Joe Darrow counting down the hits. — *L. Michael Mideke, Arlington.*

Growing up on Defiance Avenue

As a childhood resident of the Defiance Avenue area in Findlay in the '50s, my memories are of lazy, hot summers and cold winter fun.

In the summer, the girls would congregate on neighborhood porches, gossip among themselves, and watch the cars go up and down Defiance, or ride our bicycles around the area.

If we were lucky enough to have five or 10 cents, sometimes obtained by cashing in glass pop bottles at what I believe was called the Ice House on North Main Street next to the Bonded station, we would walk to the North Side Pharmacy, where the Rite-Aid now stands, and buy a large soda glass of Coke for five or 10 cents.

The Swale, an area behind the houses on the south side of Defiance, filled with water from the Blanchard River during high-water periods and provided us a place to ice skate in the winter. The boys played hockey and the girls practiced their figure-skating skills. Sometimes, when we felt more daring, the boys and girls both would play crack the whip.

The boys built bonfires we sat around to get warm and talk and have fun.

Even more fun than ice skating was roller skating at the Green Mill Garden (maybe because I met my future husband there) and it was not a seasonal activity.

Sometimes, we went to the movies on the weekends at the State, Royal or Harris theaters in downtown Findlay.

Occasionally, we stopped at Patterson's Department Store just to go up and down the circular stairs that graced the interior of the building.

Life 50 or 60 years ago seemed to be so easygoing compared to today. It seems more children got jobs in their early teens. Girls were thrilled to be asked to babysit, and boys would take whatever jobs were available to make money.

My future husband worked setting pins in a bowling alley before the automated pinsetter came along, and in a horse stable, cleaning stalls, etc.

It would be nice to turn back the hands of time to the days of our youth when things were simple and life was easygoing, even without cellphones! — *Rose VanHorner, Mount Cory.*

Deli links Findlay's past, future

I remember clearly, as a young girl, shopping in downtown Findlay with my mother, especially during the holidays. It was so festive with all the lights, evergreen, and music playing from all the stores.

It seemed like a big city if you were a little girl from Carey!

My favorite memory is shopping in Zieroff's for my dad's gifts. I must have been very young, as I could barely see over the top of the display tables, but I remember, vividly, the unique plaid linoleum floor.

Years later, in January 1989, I made a decision to change careers and thought a deli would be fun. After checking out many locations, I met with the landlord at 513 S. Main St. At first sight, I felt that space was just too much.

It was a late snowy afternoon and many people were just ending their workday and I remember standing in the dimly-lit space while the landlord searched for the lights. Watching all the people on the street through the falling snow immediately brought back the memories of my mother bringing my sisters and me to Findlay to shop at Zieroff's.

All of a sudden, the lights came on and there it was, sprawled out in front of me! From where I stood, it looked like a huge, plaid football field.

Main Street Deli was created right there at that moment! I didn't sleep that night. Instead, I wrote a menu, drew the layout on graph paper, and designed a logo! Main Street Deli opened in May 1989, 23 years ago. I was able to keep my dream for six years and sold it only because of a family illness.

Many people believed it would never make it, but today it is considered part of Findlay's past and a vital part of the future of downtown Findlay.

Needless to say, I am very proud of that little deli! Elaine Bruggeman is the current owner and I would like to thank her for keeping my dream alive, along with all the patrons who kept coming back and spreading the word.

Elaine, one of the best decisions I ever made was hiring you. Little did we know that when you walked out the front door and turned to me and said, "Someday, I'm going to own this place," you actually would! I wish you many more years of continued success. — *Helen Wittemyer, Findlay*

Courthouse waiting room appreciated

Among my memories of downtown Findlay were the many locally-owned businesses. There were men's and women's clothing stores, hardware stores, dime stores, the first discount stores, ice cream stores, restaurants, specialty stores and large department stores.

Of course there was Marathon, then known as the Ohio Oil Co. The high school was downtown (now Central Middle School) and after school the kids would gather at B&G Drugs or Gallagher's soda fountains, or perhaps Dietsch's, Islay's, or Wilson's. The movie theaters, the Harris, Royal and Lyceum, were conveniently located downtown as well.

But, what I really want to share is my memory of one of the convenient features of the courthouse.

As a young girl, the place where I was often found was in the sitting/waiting room located on the south side of the building with the entrance off what is now the courthouse courtyard.

Since all of the shopping was downtown then, the shoppers would have to walk between stores and carry their own packages. They did not have shopping carts or even cars to take their packages to, since the majority of women did not drive then. Therefore the courthouse waiting room was a convenient resting, meeting, and socializing place.

Sometimes children, like myself, were left there while their mothers finished their shopping. I remember being worried more than once that no one would come back and I would be left there forever.

The room was large and rectangular with straight chairs lining the walls and two rows of chairs, back-to-back down through the middle of the room. The facilities and pay phone were in the hallway.

Of course, access to the courthouse was open and easy in past years. The courthouse is where many ladies would visit and wait for their ride home. — *Judy Inman Richter, Findlay.*

No end to change

As I sit here in Afghanistan, I see all these people and wonder, "Where did they come from to make them who they are today?"

Then, I think back where I am from, and what it was like in Findlay. I meet people here and they ask where I am from and I tell them. And, surprisingly, I meet people who have been to our town. All the way in Afghanistan. And it's neat.

The older generation remembers when Tiffin Avenue was just a large field, before all the stores and such were there, or when Central was the high school. Then, I think to when I was younger. I remember when there were houses across the street from Meijer and when we had a Hills and Kmart.

It's just crazy to think how in the last 30-plus years this city has grown. And to think in another 100 years what this place will look like. It will be unbelievable.

I think Findlay needs to ask each generation to bring some things in and bury a time capsule. And in 80-plus years, they can dig it up and remember where they came from and what their small town once was. — *Jake Sherman, Logar province, Afghanistan.*

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Church-building job brought her family to Findlay

What brought my family, the Charles and Virginia Parkinses, to Findlay in the early 1950s was our dad's job at the First Presbyterian Church on South Main Street.

Our dad, Charles Parkins, was foreman, in charge of the men on the job. He worked for Hasler Construction out of Tiffin.

My brothers and sisters and I spent a lot of time at the church when it was being put up, from ground floor to the finish. It's a most beautiful church and we have a lot of memories of the church.

The family is very proud of my father, Charles Parkins, and the men who worked under him, for doing such a great job. He spent long hours on the First Presbyterian Church job on South Main Street and it was worth it. — *Mary Parkins Breitigan, Findlay.*

From park worker to commissioner

When I was 12 years old, I worked for Mrs. George Lytle at Riverside Park. She had a stand where we sold trinkets with "Riverside Park — Findlay, Ohio" on them. I worked until I was 14 years old. It was a fun time for me.

From 1987 to 1993, I was the second woman on the Findlay City Council. From 1993 to 2005, I was the first woman elected as a county commissioner. I never lost an election.

I was the only person who had served on City Council and as a county commissioner. — *Virginia Clymer, Findlay.*

At one time, shoppers didn't leave downtown

I was born in Findlay, and have been a resident in Hancock County all my life. My parents lived on Trenton Avenue when I was born in 1956. My grandparents lived behind us on Madison Avenue and my aunt and uncle lived around the corner on Main Street. My dad, Walter, had a heating and roofing business at the rear of Madison.

I remember as a child my sisters and I would go to the shop and our grandpa Roy would help us make sheet metal bracelets and crosses from the sheet metal scraps.

My family later moved to Shinkle Street. I remember going to kindergarten at Adams School. The highlight of kindergarten was getting to take a nap on a cool plastic mat. Another activity was to travel down the alleys and go to Pearl's, a little carryout where we would buy penny candy. My sisters and I would have 5 cents each to spend on whatever kind of candy we wanted.

Shinkle Street had a lot of families with children our age. We would play hide 'n' seek, flashlight, tag, or any other game we could dream up. After we were finished playing, we would listen for the music of the ice cream truck to come down the street. We would sometimes be allowed to get ice cream. My favorite was the Push Up, orange ice cream on a stick.

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Flag Day was my dad's birthday and he always told us that the city put up the flags to celebrate his birthday. As kids, we always believed him. Those were special times and as I showed family and friends my story they had fond memories of growing up in Findlay, Ohio, Flag City. — *Margaret Smith Stine, Findlay.*

Appreciated what they had

My dad was one of four sons born to David and Rosa Brown, and lived on West Front Street in Findlay. Our grandfather was killed in a motorcycle accident when the boys, George, Dave, Ralph and Roy, were 2, 4, 6 and 8 years of age. Grandma Rosie was a cook at Salsbury's, and then the Palm Steak House on West Main Cross Street, east of Dietsch's. They lived directly behind Dietsch's ice cream store, and just east of the train depot.

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World War II was really hard on our parents' generation, for so many reasons, but it made that generation and the next appreciate what we did have, and the simple things we had in life. — *Lois Brown Allion, Bloomdale.*

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Industrial park development significant

Friends Service Co. Inc., doing business as Friends Business Source, came to Findlay in 1991 because of its obvious opportunity in location, being right-off I-75, and its people, who represent everything from small business enterprises to Fortune 500 companies.

At the time, we purchased a former office supply and copier company which had 50 years of stability in the community and took on the majority of their employees, which helped us remain knowledgeable of the area and grow rapidly. We soon headquartered ourselves here.

The biggest area of growth and prosperity I have observed in Findlay has been the opening and development of the industrial park located across the street from us on Bright Road. The people, technology and business they have produced and provided have been an outstanding asset to the growth of our area.

In my opinion, what will continue to help Findlay thrive is the fact that we, as a community, seem to be re-establishing our organizations to work on attracting businesses here. I think the community is becoming more confident in new leadership, as well.

Two Fortune 500 companies, several industrial international organizations, and the continued focus on local, small businesses is exceptional in what is often considered as the small town of Findlay, Ohio.

I feel we need to work on attracting new talent and always seek out new partisans, similar to the way a business does with its employees and clientele. If we stop, simple attrition will be our demise as a civic entity.

Finally, some continued focus on programs to assist and build entrepreneurs of tomorrow will be essential in our consistent growth.

Utilizing the great institution of the University of Findlay would do us well, too.

The university, for example, has the personnel, structure and new talent we will need in order to progress in the next five, 10, 15, or even 200 years. We, at Friends Business Source, have already taken part in giving back to the university and realizing the great wealth of knowledge and talent they can offer our Findlay, Ohio.

Here's to another 200 years! — *Ken Schroeder, Findlay.*

Favorite spots, favorite memories

The most amazing time of my life was from the time I was a little girl and I would come to Findlay and stay with my beloved aunt. She lived on West Hardin Street and within a few blocks of downtown Findlay.

My cousin and I would walk downtown and spend the whole day looking into the store windows and, before we would go home, we always had a soda at the counter of the dime store on Main Street. We loved to go into Patterson's Department Store and try on all the pretty dresses.

I even bought a prom dress there and, in my senior year, went to the Findlay High School prom with a beau from Findlay.

The absolute most exciting time was when my aunt would take us to the park for a picnic and we would ride all the rides there. I loved the beautiful carousel and the dodg'em cars.

Findlay has always held a special place in my heart. We have raised our children here and now our grandchildren live here, too. Our favorite place to take the grandchildren is Dietsch's ice cream parlor, just as it was my favorite many years ago!

This wonderful town has many, many wonderful memories for me. — *Karon Makrancy, Findlay.*

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I feel we need to work on attracting new talent and always seek out new partners, similar to the way a business does with its employees and clientele. If we stop, simple attrition will be our demise as a civic entity.

Finally, some continued focus on programs to assist and build entrepreneurs of tomorrow will be essential in our consistent growth.

Utilizing the great institution of the University of Findlay would do as well, too.

The university, for example, has the personnel, structure and new talent we will need in order to progress in the next five, 10, 15, or even 200 years. We, at Friends Business Source, have already taken part in giving back to the university and realizing the great wealth of knowledge and talent they can offer our Findlay, Ohio.

Here's to another 200 years! — *Ken Schroeder, Findlay.*

Favorite spots, favorite memories

The most amazing time of my life was from the time I was a little girl and I would come to Findlay and stay with my beloved aunt. She lived on West Hardin Street and within a few blocks of downtown Findlay.

My cousin and I would walk downtown and spend the whole day looking into the store windows and, before we would go home, we always had a soda at the counter of the dime store on Main Street. We loved to go into Patterson's Department Store and try on all the pretty dresses.

I even bought a prom dress there and, in my senior year, went to the Findlay High School prom with a beau from Findlay.

The absolute most exciting time was when my aunt would take us to the park for a picnic and we would ride all the rides there. I loved the beautiful carousel and the dodg'em cars.

Findlay has always held a special place in my heart. We have raised our children here and now our grandchildren live here, too. Our favorite place to take the grandchildren is Dietsch's ice cream parlor, just as it was my favorite many years ago!

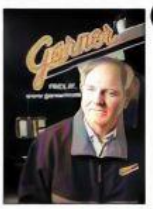
This wonderful town has many, many wonderful memories for me. — *Karon Makrunczy, Findlay.*

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Riverside Park provided great joy

I was born in 1944 at the old Blanchard Valley Hospital on South Main Street and have lived here practically all of my life. My mother, father, brother and I grew up in a great big house on Center Street, where the Salvation Army church now stands.

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I loved the merry-go-round most of all and recall hanging onto the pole of the horse until my knuckles turned white. It made me feel brave and every time we went past my family, I'd wave like crazy!

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After church on Sundays, we'd usually drive around some towns and see many, many families having picnics outside and playing all sorts of games. Picnics have rather gone by the wayside today as well. I guess it's because husbands and wives do not stay together very long anymore. The vows they take in marriage to stay together as a family and work out their problems doesn't seem to happen much anymore.

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As I see it, Riverside Park brought families closer together and responsibly provided premium entertainment for the entire family, not to mention the many pleasant memories to cherish. Providing many shelterhouses for reunions in particular surely was responsible for enriching the lives of people and families in our community. — *Janice J. Sartore, Findlay.*

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• Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs was released
• Joe Louis defeated Max Schmeling
• Howard Hughes flew around the world
• Hancock Federal Credit Union was founded in Findlay, Ohio
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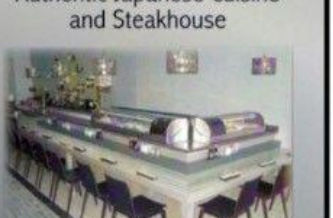


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THE CREDIT UNION DIFFERENCE



1938...
• FDR was President
• Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs was released
• Joe Louis defeated Max Schmeling
• Howard Hughes flew around the world
• Hancock Federal Credit Union was founded in Findlay, Ohio
2012...
• Hancock Federal Credit Union in its 74th year of business, is proud to have saved members over $700,000 since April 2011
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Sodas, Sting-Rays, and delivering the newspaper

Growing up in Findlay in the 1960s on the far north side presented me and my neighborhood friends a challenge when it came to consumption: Consumption as defined by pre-teens and teenagers in 1960 as food, drink and other "necessities" needed to stay alive.

Our boundaries, as prescribed by my parents, were given specific geographic delineation points. This changed with age, from being restricted to our immediate yard to travels to the Food Center on North Main Street when I had turned 10 or 11. Freedom came in chunks as I grew from a tricycle to my shiny red Schwinn American 26-inch two-wheeler.

Speaking of my red Schwinn is an example of consumerism. My previous bicycles were used and had training wheels. So on my sixth or seventh birthday, I was presented with a sign of prestige amongst my friends: a gorgeous Chicago-made bicycle.

From this day forth I had "wheels," which trumped pedestrian travel by volumes! My avenues of consumption quadrupled after I mastered riding a 26-inch bicycle at the age of 7.

After days of help from friends and family holding the bike and launching the bike and me, I decided I could do this on my own. I discovered that by holding the bike and running alongside it on the curb, I would (hopefully) jump on and let the momentum carry me on to victory.

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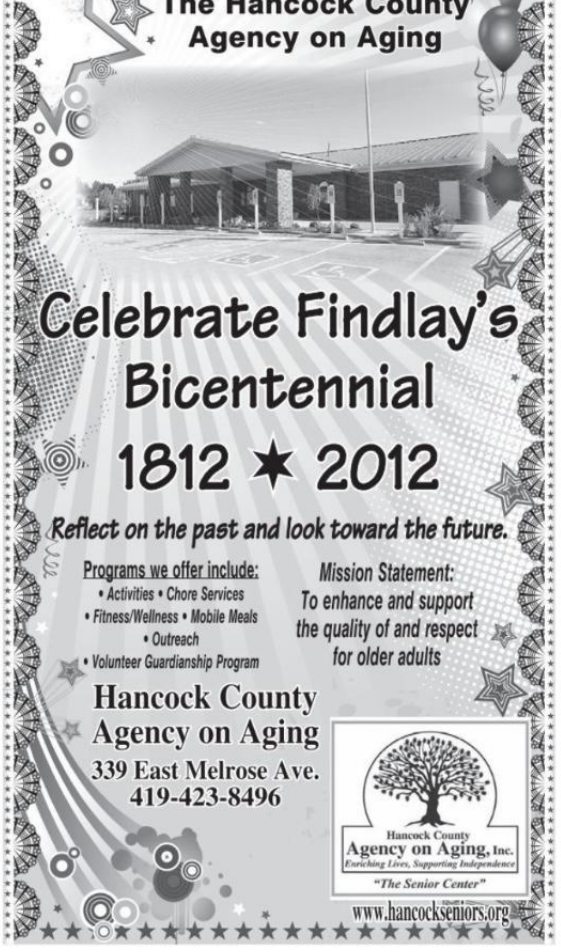
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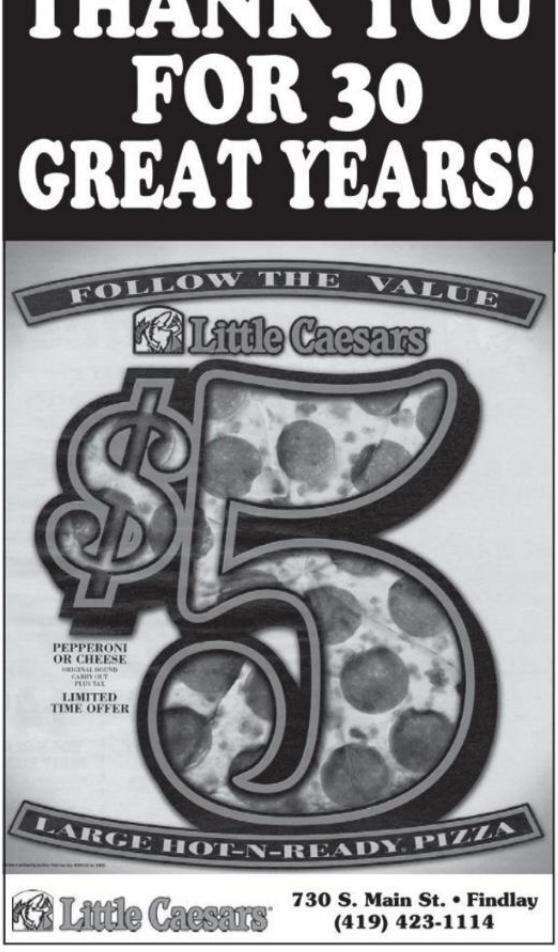
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See SODAS, Page F9





Sodas, Sting-Rays, and delivering the newspaper

Growing up in Findlay in the 1960s on the far north side presented me and my neighborhood friends a challenge when it came to consumption. Consumption as defined by pre-teens and teenagers in 1960 as food, drink and other "necessities" needed to stay alive.

Our boundaries, as prescribed by my parents, were given specific geographic delineation points. This changed with age, from being restricted to our immediate yard to travels to the Food Center on North Main Street when I had turned 10 or 11. Freedom came in chunks as I grew from a tricycle to my shiny red Schwinn American 26-inch two-wheeler.

Speaking of my red Schwinn is an example of consumerism. My previous bicycles were used and had training wheels. So on my sixth or seventh birthday, I was presented with a sign of prestige amongst my friends: a gorgeous Chicago-made bicycle.

From this day forth I had "wheels," which trumped pedestrian travel by volumes! My avenues of consumption quadrupled after I mastered riding a 26-inch bicycle at the age of 7.

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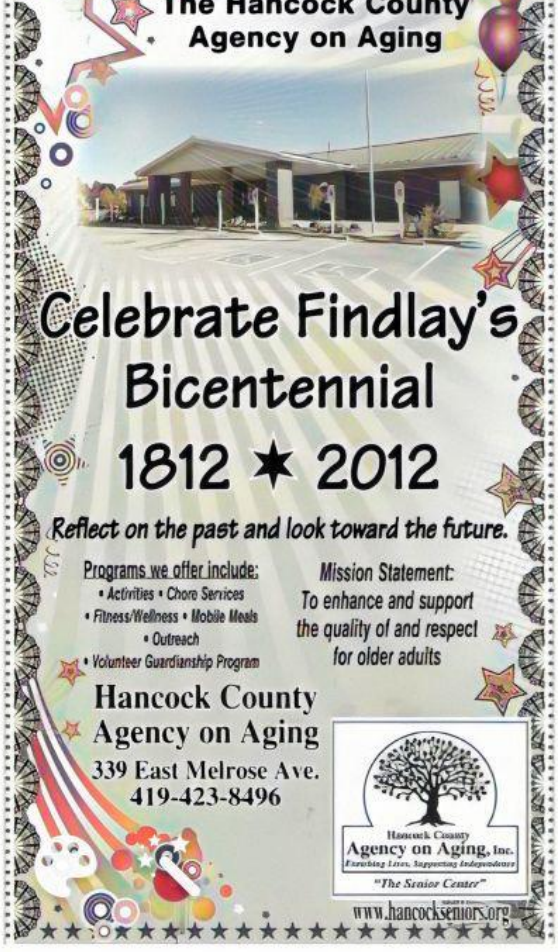
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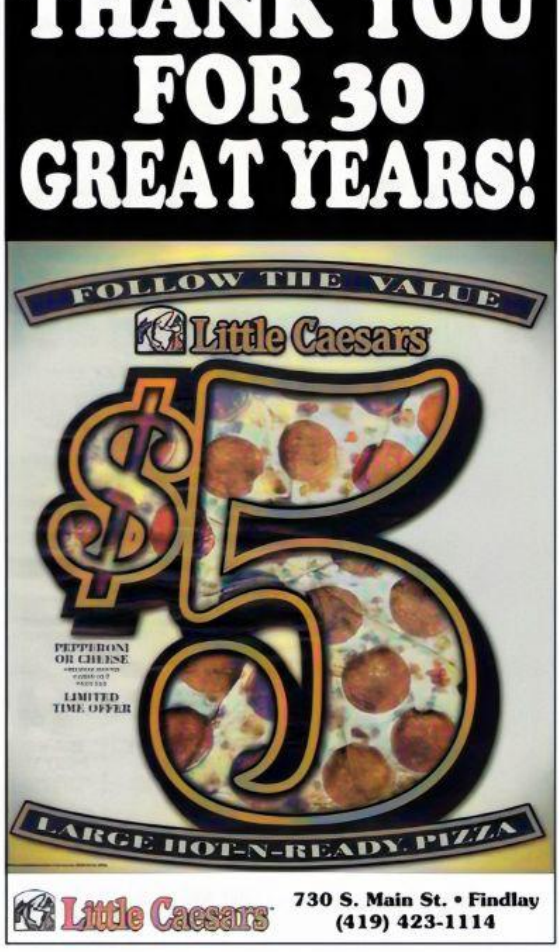
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See SODAS, Page F9





1940: A 'sweet, country, tidy town'

In 1940, Findlay was a sweet, country, tidy town that had an old-fashioned flare. It was friendly, God-fearing, family-oriented, where men were proud to work, and their wives chose to be mothers and homemakers, as their mothers before them. However, women were also in the workplace.

Walking down Main Street, business after business opened their doors to accommodate young and old alike. As a child from first grade at Lincoln Elementary School until my senior high school years, I remember the fancy dress shops with the beautiful styles of the day displayed in their windows on mannequins.

Men's clothiers were just as nice. Men wore suits as the norm, not just on Sunday for church or special outings. People presented themselves in a different way and attitude than what they do today. It was a kindness, a trustworthy way, a feeling of gratefulness that meant respect for one another.

Findlay was perhaps 10,000 population in those early years before manufacturing companies and construction began to change the skyline.

Main Street was Findlay.

There was no mall. State Route 224 (Tiffin Avenue) was farmland and country homes, many of those farms were passed down from generation to generation. The land was beautiful as far as the eye could see, but, by the '60s, progress was on the way.

Downtown were drugstores where prescriptions were filled, magazines and newspapers were sold, as well as greeting cards and gifts. Remember Johnson's, Central, Gallagher's, S&S, B&G? All popular, and several had soda fountains — ice cream sodas, a nickel Coke, a light lunch.

Findlay was busy with diners, hotel dining rooms, small restaurants, lunchrooms and sandwich shops. The Phoenix, Craig's, Wilson's, Miller's, Broadway and Isaly's were wonderful choices.

Most people called them "10-cent stores," F.W. Woolworth's, S.S. Kresge's, and J.J. Newberry's. We would buy anything from a nickel to a dollar. Aisle after aisle. This young girl was amazed with what was available, so near, yet so far away.

The movie theaters were popular with everyone. At night, the marquee lights flashed, the ticket lady sat in a booth, just outside the double doors. Entering, a ticket-taker tore our ticket in two pieces, and we had the choice of popcorn in a box, candy, and a drink in a paper cup to enjoy as an usher with a flashlight took us to our seat. Believe me, that was special. Hollywood at its best.

It was still too soon before modern technology entered the scene. The '40s, '50s and '60s were the years that changed lives gradually. Findlay was changing, too. The big push for education, construction and travel was on the rise.

Greyhound Bus was on East Sandusky Street to all cities in Ohio and farther. Morey's, at the corner of East Sandusky Street and South Main, was a center of attraction for newspapers, magazines, books, greeting cards and gifts, a true standby.

Dietsch's little candy shop was across the street years ago. Their sugar mints, green, white and pink, all flavored, are still my favorites.

The A&P grocery, the main Findlay grocery on West Main Cross Street across from Findlay High School, was our Saturday night objective.

It had an automatic door. Entering was the fragrance of coffee beans being ground (no instant coffee yet). It was a small market, but convenience food hadn't been invented yet either. So, buying the basics to cook from scratch was all to depend on for preparing food. Two sacks of food lasted all week, probably under $5.

West of Findlay on 224 was the Country Market. The building is still standing. In those days, it had groceries and meat market on one side, a retail section on the other. Spent my time selecting a bag of candy from a long showcase. The atmosphere was homey with its squeaky floor and wonderful aromas that spelled "country."

Department stores such as Patterson's, Uhlman's, Boston Store and, later, Lasalle's offered so much for everyone.

But I mainly remember when purchasing an item, we would take it to the cashier behind the counter. She wrote up the bill and with our cash placed them in a small metal container that was connected to a track. With a push, the container traveled along the track upstairs, to the second floor, to another cashier. She accepted the money, made change, and sent the receipt and change back to the first cashier. That system didn't last long, but the store did.

That was also the time when clerks were available to actually assist a customer to make selections. How times have changed our system of shopping today.

Findlay is blessed with churches for all faiths. In the early years, they were attended faithfully by families to give thanks to our God.

Looking over the congregation, people were dressed with respect as they praised him. The idea to "come as you are" would be less than acceptable then. The Holy Bible was our guide and the hymnals were our source of singing praises to him.

Remember when Jackson's Furniture Store on Main Street gave to every graduating senior girl in Findlay and the county schools a miniature cedar chest, a hope chest before she was married? That little chest, after 60 years past my graduation, still sits on my vanity. It advertised Lane Cedar Chests.

We can't forget Riverside Park. The picnic shelters were always busy with families celebrating reunions of one kind or another. Long ago, the scenic boat rides were fun (as were) the buildings, now gone, where we could ride the bumper cars or roller skate to snappy music of the day. The kiddie pool and adult pool were always popular, and a large crowd invariably would turn out for band concerts, local talent and those on tour.

Standing along the curbs to wait for the parades, whether for holidays or special events, was "the best" memory as a young person.

Loved the floats, school bands, displays from local organizations, the military, and seeing the big beautiful convertibles with signs. The mayor and special dignitaries sat on the back seat waving to the crowd. But the best part of the parade was the Findlay Trojan Band, loud and peppy, marching in time with the major and the majorettes.

There was a day when parking was allowed in Court Place, a small street that circled around the courthouse. Offices, a car dealership, The Republican-Courier were neatly tucked in that area which led north to West Main Cross Street.

Straight north was Broadway, also known as The Farmer's Parking Area, always full on Friday night when the townspeople and country folks gathered in little groups downtown to shop, to reacquaint after a long week on the farm or workplace. So many people, so little space!

In those days, cars parked toward the curb, not parallel. It was not uncommon to see people watching other people from their cars. The 1940-50 vehicles were something to see, hear, and ride in.

Now, at 78, I still miss the red brick streets and the stately maple trees that lined Findlay's streets; having a family doctor who took time with us and cared; when there were only two major banks; when Montgomery Ward's and Sear's had thick catalogues, plus a Christmas catalogue; when listening to a baseball game on my radio, sitting on the porch was thrilling; when driving to the Toledo Zoo and later on to the new malls was a once-a-year happening. From Findlay to Toledo was a long way and had to be planned ahead.

Even though television was beginning to appear, our family didn't have one until 1952. Before it took over our home, we enjoyed records on a small record player. Spayth's sold TVs, appliances, records and gifts. Hagen-Renaker figurines still fill my china cupboards today. It was a special store on Main.

Happy anniversary, Findlay!

You've provided us with unforgetable memories. A special tribute to our forefathers who laid out the land and began its story. To our leaders, past and present, providing a city that stands honorably and vital to those who chose to love and respect it. To our God, who gave us his blessing and showed us truth. We especially praise and give him honor. — *Lila Rose Huysman Roszman, Marion.*

There is just no place like home

Findlay was a wonderful place to live. I often think of growing up in Findlay in the '40s and what a safe and special time it was in my life.

We lived at 128 George St. and I went to Washington Elementary for six years. My first-grade teacher was Miss Fox and needless to say, her last name was very scary.

My mother would walk me to school every day and make sure I was seated at my desk. The minute mother was gone and the teacher's back was turned, I would run all the way home, taking all the back alleys as shortcuts and sitting on the front porch steps when mother arrived.

I love coming back home to Findlay to visit. I have lived in several other cities, but there is just no place like home. — *Sue Jones Hansen, Placitas, N.M.*

Deep roots

I was born in 1946 and raised in Findlay. I left Ohio in 1972, after graduating from the Medical College of Ohio in Toledo, and moved to Jacksonville, Fla. It was my intention to move back, but, as they say, "I got sand in my shoes," and have lived down here since.

It has been my experience that you can take the boy out of Ohio, but you can't take the Ohio out of the boy.

I have deep roots in Findlay, visit often — was just there for my dad's 104th birthday — and am contemplating moving back to wrap up my life in the next few years.

Happy, happy celebration! I will be back on July 4th, but will probably miss much of it. I told my sister to get my audiotape from the time capsule from 1962, if she could. What fun that would be! — *Dr. John M. Moorhead, Ponte Vedra Beach, Fla.*

Sodas

Continued from page F8

Rain, wind, sleet, and let's not forget snow, clogged my progress, but the paper had to be delivered.

Customers were generally kind and patient with me. It was 50 cents a week when I started, but, by the twilight of my career, it had reached $1.75 bi-weekly.

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And my parents helped out on cold, windy and wet days by driving me to the faraway streets of Bell Avenue, Hilltop, Waddle, Hillcrest and Lotze. Some days, my mother cooked me eggs and toast, and I hate to admit, wake me up after I would turn off the alarm and roll back to sleep.

Once, an angry customer threw his payment at me because the paper didn't always land squarely in front of his door. My dad interceded, calling John Cain. The next collection Saturday, I had an apology from that Bell Avenue customer. Thanks, Dad!

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"Can you get up at 3:30 a.m.?" I asked the young redhead as he handed me a Reese's candy bar. He nodded and we walked together, he dreaming of a 10-speed bike and me, I was looking at a Yamaha Enduro. It appeared that my circle of life was rounding the corner in 1971.

Life just didn't get any better for me in those days of sodas and Sting-Rays. Newspaper boys grow into adults and carry within their own stories swirling in their minds, wondering if they could still hit the porch on their first shot. — *Eric VanRenterghem, Mount Cory.*

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1940: A 'sweet, country, tidy town'

In 1940, Findlay was a sweet, country, tidy town that had an old-fashioned flare. It was friendly, God-fearing, family-oriented, where men were proud to work, and their wives chose to be mothers and housekeepers, as their mothers before them. However, women were also in the workplace.

Walking down Main Street, business after business opened their doors to accommodate young and old alike. As a child from first grade at Lincoln Elementary School until my senior high school years, I remember the fancy dress shops with the beautiful styles of the day displayed in their windows on mannequins.

Men's clothiers were just as nice. Men wore suits on the norm, not just on Sunday for church or special outings. People presented themselves in a different way and attitude than what they do today. It was a kindness, a trustworthy way, a feeling of gratefulness that caused respect for one another.

Findlay was perhaps 10,000 population in those early years before manufacturing companies and construction began to change the skyline.

Main Street was Findlay.

There was no mall, State Route 224 (Tiffin Avenue) was farmland and country homes, many of those farms were passed down from generation to generation. The land was beautiful as far as the eye could see, but, by the '60s, progress was on the way.

Downtown were drugstores where prescriptions were filled, magazines and newspapers were sold, as well as greeting cards and gifts. Remember Johnson's, Central, Gallagher's, S&S, B&G? All popular, and several had soda fountains — ice cream sodas, a nickel Coke, a light lunch.

Findlay was busy with diners, hotel dining rooms, small restaurants, tearooms and sandwich shops. The Phoenix, Craig's, Wilson's, Miller's, Brantway and Isaly's were wonderful choices.

Most people called them "10-cent stores." F.W. Woolworth's, S.S. Kresge's, and J.J. Newberry's. We would buy anything from a nickel to a dollar. Aisle after aisle. This young girl was amazed with what was available, so near, yet so far away.

The movie theaters were popular with everyone. At night, the marquee lights flashed, the ticket lady sat in a booth, just outside the double doors. Entering, a ticket-taker tore our ticket in two pieces, and we had the choice of popcorn in a box, candy, and a drink in a paper cup to enjoy as an usher with a flashlight took us to our seat. Believe me, that was special. Hollywood at its best.

It was still too soon before modern technology entered the scene. The '40s, '50s and '60s were the years that changed lives gradually. Findlay was changing, too. The big push for education, construction and travel was on the rise.

Greyhound Bus was on East Sandusky Street to all cities in Ohio and further. Mercy's, at the corner of East Sandusky Street and South Main, was a center of attraction as newspapers, magazines, books, greeting cards and gifts, a true standby.

Dietsch's little candy shop was across the street years ago. Their sugar waste, green, white and pink, all flavored, are still my favorites.

The A&P grocery, the main Findlay grocery on West Main Cross Street across from Findlay High School, was our Saturday night objective.

It had an unmistakable dour. Entering was the fragrance of coffee beans being ground (an instant coffee yet). It was a small market, but convenience food hadn't been invented yet either. So, leaving the basics to cook from scratch was all to depend on for preparing food. Two sacks of food lasted all week, probably under $5.

West of Findlay on 224 was the Country Market. The building is still standing. In those days, it had groceries and meat market on one side, a retail section on the other. Spent my time selecting a bag of candy from a long showcase. The atmosphere was homey with its squeaky floor and wonderful aromas that spelled "country."

Department stores such as Patterson's, Uhlman's, Boston Store and, later, Lazarus offered so much for everyone.

But I mainly remember when purchasing an item, we would take it to the cashier behind the counter. She wrote up the bill and with our cash placed them in a small metal container that was connected to a track. With a push, the container traveled along the track upstairs, to the second floor, to another cashier. She accepted the money, made change, and sent the receipts and change back to the first cashier. That system didn't last long, but the store did.

That was also the time when clerks were available to actually assist a customer to make selections. How times have changed our system of shopping today.

Findlay is blessed with churches for all faiths. In the early years, they were attended faithfully by families to give thanks to our God.

Looking over the congregation, people were dressed with respect as they praised Him. The idea to "come as you are" would be less than acceptable then. The Holy Bible was our guide and the hymnals were our source of singing praises to him.

Remember when Jackson's Furniture Store on Main Street gave to every graduating senior girl in Findlay and the county schools a miniature cedar chest, a hope chest before she was married? That little chest, after 60 years past my graduation, still sits on my vanity. It advertised Lane Cedar Chests.

We can't forget Riverside Park. The picnic shelters were always busy with families celebrating reunions of one kind or another. Long ago, the scenic boat rides were fun (as were) the buildings, now gone, where we could ride the bumper cars or roller skate to snappy music of the day. The kiddie pool and adult pool were always popular, and a large crowd invariably would turn out for band concerts, local talent and those on tour.

Standing along the curbs to wait for the parades, whether for holidays or special events, was "the best" memory as a young person.

Loved the floats, school bands, displays from local organizations, the military, and seeing the big beautiful convertibles with signs. The mayor and special dignitaries sat on the back seat waving to the crowd. But the best part of the parade was the Findlay Trojan Band, loud and peppy, marching in time with the major and the majorettes.

There was a day when parking was allowed in Court Place, a small street that circled around the courthouse. Offices, a car dealership, The Republican-Courier were easily tucked in that area which led south to West Main Cross Street.

Straight south was Broadway, also known as The Farmer's Parking Area, always full on Friday night when the townspeople and country folks gathered in little groups downtown to shop, to reacquaint after a long week on the farm or workplace. So many people, so little space!

In those days, cars parked toward the curb, not parallel. It was not uncommon to see people watching other people from their cars. The 1940-50 vehicles were something to see, bear, and ride in.

Now, at 76, I still miss the red brick streets and the stately maple trees that lined Findlay's streets; having a family doctor who took time with us and cared; when there were only two major banks; when Montgomery Ward's and Sears had thick catalogues, plus a Christmas catalogue; when listening to a baseball game on my radio, sitting on the porch was thrilling; when driving to the Toledo Zoo cost later on to the new malls was a once-a-year happening. From Findlay to Toledo was a long way and had to be planned ahead.

Even though television was beginning to appear, our family didn't have one until 1952. Before it took over our home, we enjoyed records on a small record player. Spanky's and TVs, appliances, records and gifts. Hagen-Renaker figurines still fill my china cupboards today. It was a special store on Main.

Happy anniversary, Findlay!

You've provided us with unforgettable memories. A special tribute to our forefathers who laid out the land and began its story. To our leaders, past and present, providing a city that stands honorably and vital to those who chose to love and respect it. To our God, who gave us his blessing and showed us truth. We especially praise and give him honor. — *Lila Rose Huysman Rassman, Marion.*

There is just no place like home

Findlay was a wonderful place to live. I often think of growing up in Findlay in the '40s and what a safe and special time it was to my life.

We lived at 128 George St. and I went to Washington Elementary for six years. My first-grade teacher was Miss Fox and needless to say, her last name was very scary.

My mother would walk me to school every day and make sure I was seated at my desk. The minute mother was gone and the teacher's back was turned, I would run all the way home, taking all the back alleys as shortcuts and sitting on the front porch steps when mother arrived.

I love coming back home to Findlay to visit. I have lived in several other cities, but there is just no place like home. — *Sue Ames Hansen, Placitas, N.M.*

Deep roots

I was born in 1946 and raised in Findlay. I left Ohio in 1972, after graduating from the Medical College of Ohio in Toledo, and moved to Jacksonville, Fla. It was my intention to move back, but, as they say, "I got used to my shoes," and have lived down here since.

It has been my experience that you can take the boy out of Ohio, but you can't take the Ohio out of the boy.

I have deep roots in Findlay, vivid ones — was just there for my dad's 104th birthday — and am contemplating moving back to wrap up my life in the next few years.

Happy, happy celebration! I will be back on July 4th, but will probably miss much of it. I told my sister to get my audiotape from the time capsule from 1962, if she could. What fun that would be! — *Dr. John M. Moorhead, Ponte Vedra Beach, Fla.*

Sodas

Continued from page F8

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Life just didn't get any better for me in those days of sodas and Sting-Rays. Newspaper boys are now adults and carry within their core stories waiting to their friends, wondering if they could still hit the porch on their first shot. — *Eric VanRensteghem, Mount Cory.*

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Remembering a simpler, family-oriented era

Dear Nunny: It's been many years since I have spoken to you or have seen you. Your love and pride for Findlay follows through in me and my life today. My nostalgic remembrances bring a smile to my face and allow me to reflect the special events which transpired while growing up in Findlay in the '60s and '70s.

Some of the happiest and fondest memories were when you took me to the State and Royal theaters. I remember admission to the movie house on Saturday was a canned good. Sitting in the Royal Theater with the big velvet chairs made me feel so grown up!

After enjoying a movie or a cartoon, you would take me downtown to look in the store windows. Going into Patterson's Department Store and allowing me to ride the rickety, gold elevator was so special and fun. The circular staircase was also a treat to venture down to the first floor where you would be waiting for me.

All the workers and people you knew were all friendly and kind. People took the time to chat and visit. As a child, this is what I remember.

Lastly, I couldn't forget our innumerable visits to the downtown Dietsch's on Saturday or after special events. It was so much fun to sit at the soda fountain and enjoy our yummy ice cream treats. They made the best chocolate sodas and mallow creams in the county! Even today, it's still a pleasure to get ice cream with my children.

These were just a few special memories I experienced in Findlay. That era in Findlay was simplistic and family-oriented. Life was very good growing up in a smaller, friendly town. Thank you for the memories, Grandma!

In loving memory of my grandmother, Ruth Webb. — *Lori Dierksheide, Findlay.*

Findlay memories go on and on

As my hometown celebrates its bicentennial, what do I remember most about Findlay? I recall many "bits and pieces" over the years.

These recollections include:

Playing a game of putt-putt golf and then enjoying root beer milkshakes at the attached cafe ... canoe races on the Blanchard River on 7/4/76 (for our country's bicentennial) ... the manual merry-go-round and the teeter-totters at Riverside Park ... movies (usually Disney) on a Saturday night at The Millstream Drive-In ... Olympic torch relay down Main Street ... Budweiser horses trot down Tiffin Avenue...

The Dog 'n' Suds drive up (de-coder ring toys with every meal) ... Findlay High School and Findlay College football games ... chipped ham sandwiches from Lawson's ... "fishing" game and shredded chicken sandwiches at Whittier Elementary School social ... numerous Halloween and Memorial Day parades ... Hancock County Fair every fall ... annual dachshund races and basset hound waddles ...

Findlay (Men's) Garden Club summer tours ... ongoing Balloonfest and the original Ohio Bank-sponsored balloon launch at the Findlay Airport (remember Planter's Mr. Peanut shaped balloon) ... shopping at Bargain City and Hill's Department Store ... Roger Powell's annual Easter sand sculpture (whether at Riverside Park or at the fairgrounds) ... ice skating on the Blanchard River ...

Bush comes to Findlay ... Christmas on Main Street including the luminaries, light-decorated fire truck, and "Rudolph" banner across the street ... Grandma and I riding our bikes down the "hill" at Maple Grove Cemetery ... sesquicentennial-painted fire plugs ... picnic lunches with family at Riverside and Riverbend parks ... hiking and cross-country skiing at Riverbend ... playing tennis at Rawson Park ... milkshakes, sundaes, and ice cream cones at Dietsch's...

The "maze" known as Central Junior High School ... the unpleasant smell of Centrex in the summer air ... the "vegetable/fruit price wars" at the corner of Blanchard and Sandusky between The Fruit Basket and Brinkman's ... watching Hill's Department Store's 4th of July fireworks display from Grandma's front yard ... crowd gathering at West Sandusky's railroad crossing as an old-fashioned steam engine went through town ... blimp visits Findlay airport...

Grade school field trips to Hancock Historical Museum and Little Red Schoolhouse (guide Ida Rupright) ... sledding at Rawson Park in the winter ... flying kites at Adams Elementary School ... calliope (keyboard instrument with steam whistles) event at Riverside Park ... fishing at the reservoirs with Uncle Bob and Dad (old better than new) ... The Healing Field (of flags) after 9/11...

Dunkin' Donuts' apple fritters on Sunday mornings ... closing up the house and going inside for Findlay's weekly mosquito spraying ... feeding the ducks at Riverside's Waterside Pavilion ... the blizzard of '78 — when we walked to Great Scot down the middle of Sandusky Street and got cherry pie because a truck was stranded on West Main Cross...

Various out-of-business restaurants like Rax, Lone Star Steakhouse, Ryan's, Duff's, Ponderosa, Bonanza, and Frontier ... swimming lessons at Riverside Park ... and the memories go on and on. — *Deb Oberly, Findlay.*

Grandmother's stories of a one-room schoolhouse

My grandmother, Velma Fout, wrote this out for my son, Todd Bailey, when he was in school at Van Buren 20 years ago. I kept her letter and wanted to share it for the bicentennial. This will give you a view of what a school day was like for her in the early 1900s.

"My first year at school, in 1907, was at the old Huber on Blanchard Avenue. It is now the administration building. The next year I attended a little red school, eight miles east of Findlay. It was heated by a large old wood stove which the teacher had to stoke often and for light we had oil lamps on the wall. There was only one room. The teacher drove a horse and buggy back and forth each day.

"All eight grades were seated by grades. The teacher would call each grade, one at a time, to the front row where we would have our class.

"At recess time, we all left the building. Some of us played round town, that is a ball game. Others just wandered around. For water, we had a pump in the yard with a tin cup on a wire. We all drank from the same cup.

"The teacher for punishment would shake the kids, some were quite big and she would always grab them by their arms.

"So, one time, the older boys had misbehaved and knew they were in trouble, the girls decided to put pins in their sleeves. The shaking didn't last very long, but now everyone was in trouble, so they called the school board. I don't know what was said to the boy, as I was 10 years old, but we did not do that again.

"We walked two miles to school and, in the wintertime, we would lay down in the snow and make angels by moving our arms up and down in the snow.

"There were no restrooms, only a small outbuilding at the back of the lot with two holes. We carried our lunch in the tin dinner pails and ate in the schoolhouse.

"At the end of the school term, all our families brought a picnic, each child had a poem or reading to give for entertainment, then we were homeward bound." — *Luanne Bailey, Findlay.*

Rural life before and after World War I

I am Ilene Metzger Hoy, age 83. My husband, Dick, and I still live on the farm my parents bought. We have raised our three sons and adopted daughter here. I'll write what I can remember that my parents told me.

My father, Merritt B. Metzger, was born in 1898 in Biglick Township, Hancock County. His parents were farmers and farmed with horses, which he and my mother also did until he got his first McCormick tractor.

He told that, in 1917, their barn burned to the ground. They lost a couple of horses and other cattle. Also, that same year, his mother died and older brother left for World War I.

Someone asked his father how he could go through such a tragic year and his father replied that, in the mornings, he would try to whistle a little louder.

My mother, Lola A. Thomas Metzger, tells that her parents moved into Biglick Township when she was six weeks old. Her mother died when she was 11 years old, but was cared for by her Aunt Cassie, who came to live with them until she married.

Both my parents attended the Ruckman school on Route 330, a half-mile south of state Route 224. My dad took the eighth grade (for) three years because he liked the books and liked going to school. Of course, they had to walk to school and I can remember them telling how hard it was to walk in the snow in the wintertime and, in the spring, the road was so muddy.

Mom had to walk back through the woods. She said that her first day of school she fell over the rail fence and her father said she should stay home for a year. So, the next year, they had a cousin come and stay with them and walk with her through the woods.

My mother passed the Boxwell examination and then went into Findlay to high school. Sometimes, her father took her to Findlay on Sundays and got her on Fridays, or he would take her to Arcadia and she would take the interurban line that ran from Fostoria to Findlay. She stayed in a rooming house during the week.

She told that, while she was in high school, that because of World War I, all the students had to burn their German books and, after the war was over, there was a big celebration and parade on Main Street.

Those years she lived in Findlay she liked going to the park. They would take a boat from Main Street to the park. I think she said it was called the Past Time boat. She graduated from Findlay High School in 1919.

She and Dad were married in 1921 and she tells that when they saved $100 between them, they got married. Her dad gave them a few chickens and Dad's father gave them a cow to help them get started. They rented for a few years and bought their first farm in 1925 and this is the farm where they raised my two brothers and me.

They later acquired more land and Dad enjoyed farming and Mom enjoyed being a stay-at-home mom. Of course, the years were hard going through the Depression.

On Saturdays, for many years, we went to town and they took eggs and cream to the City Market and sold. Then, she had money to buy groceries and other things we needed.

Sundays we were always in Sunday school and at the church in West Independence. Monday was wash day and Tuesdays were spent ironing. Mom made all of my dresses.

In the wintertime, they butchered a couple of hogs and a beef. They helped Grandpa Metzger and her aunts and uncles do their butchering, too.

Dad died when he was 93 and Mom lived to be 95 and six months. They are buried at the Union Cemetery near West Independence. — *Ilene Metzger Hoy, Alvada.*

Vanlue senior trip repeated

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Thank you for allowing us to serve you. We are committed and dedicated to helping our community LIVE UNITED for at least another fifty years.

Sincerely,

Keith G. DuVernay
President & CEO



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United Way

United Way of Hancock County
LiveUnitedHancockCounty.org
419-423-1432

Remembering a simpler, family-oriented era

Dear Nunny: It's been many years since I have spoken to you or have seen you. Your love and pride for Findlay followed through in me and my life today. My nostalgic remembrances bring a smile to my face and allow me to reflect the special events which transpired while growing up in Findlay in the '60s and '70s.

Some of the happiest and fondest memories were when you took me to the State and Royal theaters. I remember admission to the movie house on Saturday was a canned good. Sitting in the Royal Theater with the big velvet chairs made me feel so grown up!

After enjoying a movie or a cartoon, you would take me downtown to look in the store windows. Going into Patterson's Department Store and allowing me to ride the rickety, gold elevator was so special and fun. The circular staircase was also a treat to venture down to the first floor where you would be waiting for me.

All the workers and people you knew were all friendly and kind. People took the time to chat and visit. As a child, this is what I remember.

Lastly, I couldn't forget our innumerable visits to the downtown Dietsch's on Saturday or after special events. It was so much fun to sit at the soda fountain and enjoy our yummy ice cream treats. They made the best chocolate sodas and mallow creams in the county! Even today, it's still a pleasure to get ice cream with my children.

These were just a few special memories I experienced in Findlay. That era in Findlay was simplistic and family-oriented. Life was very good growing up in a smaller, friendly town. Thank you for the memories, Grandma!

In loving memory of my grandmother, Ruth Webb. — *Lori Dierksheide, Findlay.*

Findlay memories go on and on

As my hometown celebrates its bicentennial, what do I remember most about Findlay? I recall many "bits and pieces" over the years.

These recollections include:

Playing a game of putt-putt golf and then enjoying root beer milkshakes at the attached cafe ... canoe races on the Blanchard River on 7/4/76 (for our country's bicentennial) ... the annual merry-go-round and the teeter-totters at Riverside Park ... movies (usually Disney) on a Saturday night at The Millstream Drive-In ... Olympic torch relay down Main Street ... Budweiser horses trot down Tiffin Avenue...

The Dog 'n' Suds drive up (de-coder ring toys with every meal) ... Findlay High School and Findlay College football games ... chipped ham sandwiches from Lawson's ... "fishing" game and shredded chicken sandwiches at Whittier Elementary School social ... numerous Halloween and Memorial Day parades ... Hancock County Fair every fall ... annual dachshund races and basset hound waddles ...

Findlay (Men's) Garden Club summer tours ... ongoing Balloonfest and the original Ohio Bank-sponsored balloon launch at the Findlay Airport (remember Planter's Mr. Peanut shaped balloon) ... shopping at Bargain City and Hill's Department Store ... Roger Powell's annual Easter sand sculpture (whether at Riverside Park or at the fairgrounds) ... ice skating on the Blanchard River ...

Bush comes to Findlay ... Christmas on Main Street including the luminaries, light-decorated fire truck, and "Rudolph" banner across the street ... Grandma and I riding our bikes down the "hill" at Maple Grove Cemetery ... sesquicentennial-painted fire plugs ... picnic lunches with family at Riverside and Riverbend parks ... hiking and cross-country skiing at Riverbend ... playing tennis at Rawson Park ... milkshakes, sundaes, and ice cream cones at Dietsch's...

The "maze" known as Central Junior High School ... the unpleasant smell of Centrex in the summer air ... the "vegetable/fruit price wars" at the corner of Blanchard and Sandusky between The Fruit Basket and Brinkman's ... watching Hill's Department Store's 4th of July fireworks display from Grandma's front yard ... crowd gathering at West Sandusky's railroad crossing as an old-fashioned steam engine went through town ... blimp visits Findlay airport...

Grade school field trips to Hancock Historical Museum and Little Red Schoolhouse (guide Ida Rupright) ... sledding at Rawson Park in the winter ... flying kites at Adams Elementary School ... calliope (keyboard instrument with steam whistles) event at Riverside Park ... fishing at the reservoirs with Uncle Bob and Dad (old better than new) ... The Healing Field (of flags) after 9/11...

Dunkin' Donuts' apple fritters on Sunday mornings ... closing up the house and going inside for Findlay's weekly mosquito spraying ... feeding the ducks at Riverside's Waterside Pavilion ... the blizzard of '78 — when we walked to Great Scot down the middle of Sandusky Street and got cherry pie because a truck was stranded on West Main Cross...

Various out-of-business restaurants like Rax, Lone Star Steakhouse, Ryan's, Duff's, Ponderosa, Bonanza, and Frontier ... swimming lessons at Riverside Park ... and the memories go on and on. — *Deb Oberly, Findlay.*

Rural life before and after World War I

I am Ilene Metzger Hoy, age 83. My husband, Dick, and I still live on the farm my parents bought. We have raised our three sons and adopted daughter here. I'll write what I can remember that my parents told me.

My father, Merritt B. Metzger, was born in 1898 in Biglick Township, Hancock County. His parents were farmers and farmed with horses, which he and my mother also did until he got his first McCormick tractor.

He told that, in 1917, their barn burned to the ground. They lost a couple of horses and other cattle. Also, that same year, his mother died and older brother left for World War I.

Someone asked his father how he could go through such a tragic year and his father replied that, in the mornings, he would try to whistle a little louder.

My mother, Lola A. Thomas Metzger, tells that her parents moved into Biglick Township when she was six weeks old. Her mother died when she was 11 years old, but was cared for by her Aunt Cassie, who came to live with them until she married.

Both my parents attended the Rockman school on Route 330, a half-mile south of state Route 224. My dad took the eighth grade (for) three years because he liked the books and liked going to school. Of course, they had to walk to school and I can remember them telling how hard it was to walk in the snow in the wintertime and, in the spring, the road was so muddy.

Mom had to walk back through the woods. She said that her first day of school she fell over the rail fence and her father said she should stay home for a year. So, the next year, they had a cousin come and stay with them and walk with her through the woods.

My mother passed the Bowell examination and then went into Findlay to high school. Sometimes, her father took her to Findlay on Sundays and got her on Fridays, or he would take her to Arcadia and she would take the interurban line that ran from Fostoria to Findlay. She stayed in a rooming house during the week.

She told that, while she was in high school, that because of World War I, all the students had to burn their German books and, after the war was over, there was a big celebration and parade on Main Street.

Those years she lived in Findlay she liked going to the park. They would take a boat from Main Street to the park. I think she said it was called the Past Time boat. She graduated from Findlay High School in 1919.

She and Dad were married in 1921 and she tells that when they saved $100 between them, they got married. Her dad gave them a few chickens and Dad's father gave them a cow to help them get started. They rented for a few years and bought their first farm in 1925 and this is the farm where they raised my two brothers and me.

They later acquired more land and Dad enjoyed farming and Mom enjoyed being a stay-at-home mom. Of course, the years were hard going through the Depression.

On Saturdays, for many years, we went to town and they took eggs and cream to the City Market and sold. Then, she had money to buy groceries and other things we needed.

Sundays we were always in Sunday school and at the church in West Independence. Monday was wash day and Tuesdays were spent ironing. Mom made all of my dresses.

In the wintertime, they butchered a couple of hogs and a beef. They helped Grandpa Metzger and her aunts and uncles do their butchering, too.

Dad died when he was 93 and Mom lived to be 95 and six months. They are buried at the Union Cemetery near West Independence. — *Ilene Metzger Hoy, Altuda.*

Grandmother's stories of a one-room schoolhouse

My grandmother, Velma Fout, wrote this out for my son, Todd Bailey, when he was in school at Van Buren 20 years ago. I kept her letter and wanted to share it for the bicentennial. This will give you a view of what a school day was like for her in the early 1900s.

"My first year at school, in 1907, was at the old Hubrt on Blanchard Avenue. It is now the administration building. The next year I attended a little red school, eight miles east of Findlay. It was heated by a large old wood stove which the teacher had to stoke often and for light we had oil lamps on the wall. There was only one room. The teacher drove a horse and buggy back and forth each day.

"All eight grades were seated by grades. The teacher would call each grade, one at a time, to the front row where we would have our class.

"At recess time, we all left the building. Some of us played round town, that is a ball game. Others just wandered around. For water, we had a pump in the yard with a tin cup on a wire. We all drank from the same cup.

"The teacher for punishment would shake the kids, some were quite big and she would always grab them by their arms.

"So, one time, the older boys had misbehaved and knew they were in trouble, the girls decided to put pins in their sleeves. The shaking didn't last very long, but now everyone was in trouble, so they called the school board. I don't know what was said to the boy, as I was 10 years old, but we did not do that again.

"We walked two miles to school and, in the wintertime, we would lay down in the snow and make angels by moving our arms up and down in the snow.

"There were no restrooms, only a small outbuilding at the back of the lot with two holes. We carried our lunch in the tin dinner pails and ate in the schoolhouse.

"At the end of the school term, all our families brought a picnic, each child had a poem or reading to give for entertainment, then we were homeward bound." — *Luanne Bailey, Findlay.*

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In those years, every family had a grandparent, or relative, or someone who needed a home, staying with them.

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