



# ViewPoints



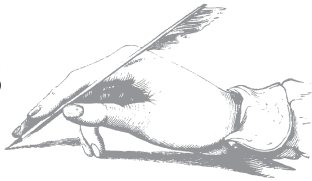
December 2008

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*A* N OCCASIONAL NEWSLETTER OF THE GRANDVIEW HEIGHTS/MARBLE CLIFF HISTORICAL SOCIETY

## PRESIDENT'S LETTER



Dear Members,

*I hope all of you enjoyed Thanksgiving and have happy memories to carry on. Personally, I had a wonderful time with our extended family. My fondness for stuffing with extra gravy was outmatched only by all the laughter and storytelling! Now we all begin the holiday decorating and preparations for the big day. While the economy may make the gift giving a bit less, it hasn't seemed to hamper the love for the holidays that all of us share.*

*On Sunday, December 21st the Society will be selling our publications and the latest item, Grandview Heights/Marble Cliff playing cards, at the Grandview Heights Public Library, from 1:00 to 5:00. The playing cards are wonderful stocking stuffers, and we will again be offering "bundles" tied with ribbon, which contain one of each of our 5 publications. These also make lovely gifts. Perhaps you have a neighbor who is new to the community, or keep in touch with a former neighborhood resident now far away.*

*GH/MCHS Board has been maintaining the usual projects: Grandview and Marble Cliff matters of interest, keeping in touch and assisting classroom activities in the schools, and maintaining our website. Jeri Diehl Cusack is working diligently on archival tasks. Wayne Carlson recently hosted a Michigan State graduate student who is working on a dissertation project involving Sells Circus employees. We have been promised a copy of the completed project. As always, other board members have contributed enormously, and we have a fine working relationship.*

*I deeply appreciate each board member and value the gifts each brings to the table.*

*Our most recent large project was the annual Meeting in October. What a success it was! Standing room only! I was so very pleased with the entire program, and we are happy that the Society was able to combine efforts with the Grandview Heights Public Library for the event. I hope we can bring more such programs to the community.*

*At our short business meeting at the annual Meeting, we welcomed our newest board member, Jane Hess, who brings a wealth of Grandview knowledge and energetic enthusiasm. We are pleased to have her aboard.*

*May your Holidays be filled with love and happy times with your loved ones!*

Sincerely,

Tracy Liberatore, President  
614-488-0425 [tliberat@wowway.com](mailto:tliberat@wowway.com)

## SCRAPBOOKS: *Trivia and Treasures*

*W*e wonder if the commercially-driven scrapbooking fad of recent years will yield the sorts of glimpses into the past provided by some of the scrapbooks in the archives of the Grandview Heights/Marble Cliff Historical Society. Examples donated over the years include such items as pressed corsages and football program covers, along with ephemera of various sorts which allow us entry into the past lives of our community. Some examples, begun in school days and maintained over a lifetime, provide us with an actual documented historical progression. Others, such as those from Grandview Garden Club and Grandview Senior Center, are, in effect, historical documents. Obituary clippings, collections of items from the U. S. 1976 Bicentennial, play programs and newspaper accounts of local events all add to our ability to probe our past.

There must be many more scrapbooks (or treasure troves in other forms) lingering here and there in the community. We ask our readers' help in ferreting these out and bringing them to our attention. Outright gifts to the Society of historical material are always deeply appreciated. However, loans with permission to copy also provide the Society with otherwise unknown and often significant historical items, and thus retain family archives in the family's possession.

We continue to seek abstracts of title for copying, also. Some residents are researching the history of their homes. We wonder if they would consider making a photocopy of their file for the Society archives.

Our Archive Table at the Annual Meeting in October lead to several interesting conversations, and one loan for copying of two scrapbooks of the Price-Griswold-Hall family, early Marble Cliff and Grandview residents. We are working on a plan for copying these, which will need to be done on an overhead copier, rather than a flatbed, because of the fragility of the scrapbooks. These scrapbooks are good examples of "trivia and treasures," since many pages contain merely clippings of poems published in newspapers. There are also, however, real treasures, the earliest item dated 1860. Included are family obituaries, accounts of social events,

*(Continued on page 4)*

*This issue sponsored*

**IN MEMORY OF PATRICIA PADDOCK TODD**

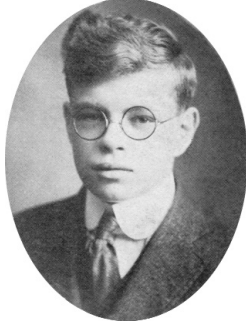




## GRANDVIEW HIGH SCHOOL CLASS



Virginia Allen



Cyril W. Hammond



Malcolm G. Anderson



Frame Howell



Irving Bradbury



Bern Jaeger



Jean Constable



John Kennett Landaker



Esther Fenstermaker



Robert R. Livingston

*An Oracle sits gazing into her ever-burning fire when a servant enters.*

*Servant:*

A messenger from far away  
Has come to hear you speak.

*Oracle:*

Then let him enter — Welcome, youth,  
and while you rest and eat,  
a dance shall lift your weariness.  
*(to servant)* Go, bid the maids appear!  
And let the dance be merry,  
For this tired young man's cheer.

*\*\* Interval, during which maidens dance.*

*Messenger:*

Well done. The time was quickly passed.  
I thank you for your cheer.  
And now, my errand, if you will.  
I fain would have you hear.  
The class of nineteen twenty  
has sent me here to know  
If, by your ever-burning fire,  
You can its fortunes show.

*Oracle:*

Far beyond the misty veil,  
That shadows Fortune's face,  
I see the destinies of all  
Who strive in Life's hard race.  
And, in my ever-burning fire,  
My visioned eyes behold  
Their sorrow and their happiness,  
Their love, their fame, their gold.

Burn, o flame of prophet fire —  
Ah! The gray seas roar.  
I see a ship — behold! It flies  
The bloody flag of war.  
And pacing down its armed decks  
In uniform of blue,  
Is Stone, commander of the boat,  
An admiral, tried and true.

The vision fades — burn, fire, more bright.  
Bold mountains come in view,  
White-peaked against the western sky;  
And the desert, far and blue.  
a cow-girl skims the sagebrush,  
Like Artemis in the chase;  
And Jean throws a lariat straight and true  
That ends the mad steer's race.

But — she is gone! The desert seems  
A meadow, green and broad.  
I hear the hum of motors,  
And an airplane spurns the sod,  
Its white wings gleam against the blue  
As Esther's sun-browned face  
Turns to smile a last adieu  
from the pilot's cosy place.

*Messenger:*

But what of Malcolm? Where is he?

*Oracle:*

A boulevard divides  
The green and level meadow,  
And the way is white and wide.  
A car comes speeding. Clouds of dust  
Fly high; and at the wheel

Is Malcolm, crowned with laurel  
Of a great inventor's zeal.

Tall buildings line the long, white way.  
A city, fair and grand,  
Lifts to heaven a thousand spires  
That round a white dome stand.  
It is the nation's capitol,  
And in the honored chair  
Sits Landaker, the President,  
Sagacious, wise, and fair.

The vision dims, the bright roofs fade.  
Instead are lawns and trees  
Encompassing the graceful halls  
Of a university.

And the coeds, to Virginia,  
The Dean, their troubles tell,  
For, from her experience,  
She can advise them well.

And now I see a platform high,  
And draped with bunting gay,  
Above a cheering multitude  
That throngs the public way.  
An orator of great renown,  
And Demosthenian art,  
Cyril moves the tears and smiles  
In every listener's heart.

The gay flags fade, the crowd is still,  
The palm-decked stage is dim.  
Ah — hark, whence comes that faint, sweet note?  
It is a violin.

And forth into the footlights glow,  
As sweeter grows the strain,  
Comes Caroline with dancing bow  
To soothe each sad heart's pain.

The merry notes have died away —  
A Room! With sunshine bright,  
With shelves of books, and oaken desk,  
And windows full of light!  
And Verna, with a doctor's care,  
Is measuring medicine  
To cool the fever-burning brow  
And bring back health again.

*Messenger:*

And can your fire show aught of Frame?

*Oracle:*

Yes — What? O, not again?  
A doctor, too, — a surgeon skilled,  
He salves the injured's pain.  
Among the white-capped nurses,  
He works with deft, quick hands;  
And justly is his honored name  
Well known in many lands.

*Messenger:*

And who comes next? Elizabeth?

*Oracle:*

Blushing in cap and gown,  
Her sheepskin scrolled with titles  
Won by years of thought profound.  
She comes to take her honors,  
The highest to be won;  
And heads the long procession  
With a sense of work well done.





# PROPHECY OF 1920 *Written for class play by Marian L. Hall*

The darkness falls. — I see a light  
Behind a window pane!  
A man sits dreaming o'er a page  
Half-filled, — with high-poised pen.  
I see his dream, — the desert gray,  
A Spanish castle old.  
The magic power of Robert's pen  
Has won him fame and gold.

*Messenger:*

But what of Ella? Can you say?

*Oracle:*

Wait — yes — a ballroom bright,  
With many lights and flowers gay,  
And music to delight.  
Fair faces smile and jewels gleam,  
And fairest of the fair,  
Ella proudly stands beside  
Her titled millionaire.

The music stops, and busy men  
Replace the merry crowd,  
Typewriters click to swell the sound  
Of printing presses loud.  
And the Editor is Irving,  
Whose literary fame  
Has spread thru all the country  
To make his an honored name.

But to Honor's goal lead many paths,  
And many reach its height.  
I see another famous name  
Inscribed in letters bright.  
And Bernard, at the judge's bench,  
Presides with stately mien,  
Administering justice fairly,  
Undisputed, and serene.

*Messenger:*

Two others of the class remain.  
Does your flame their fortunes hold?

*Oracle:*

Ah, yes, I see wide fields of grain  
like billowing, wind-swept gold.  
It falls before the clicking knives  
As Marian's reaper drives  
Across the miles of waving wheat  
That is her farmer's pride.

And last, I see a crowded hall  
With banners gold and black,  
Banners of Woman's freedom  
From the bonds that held her back.  
And leader of the righteous war  
That broke Man's tyrant band,  
Is Nanna, leading Freedom's song  
That echoes thru the land.

Now rest thee, flame of prophet fire,  
Until another seeks  
The mysteries the Future holds,  
And I again must speak.

*Messenger:*

I thank you in behalf of all  
The class, who sent me here,  
And may your own good fortune  
Never fail from year to year.  
Farewell.



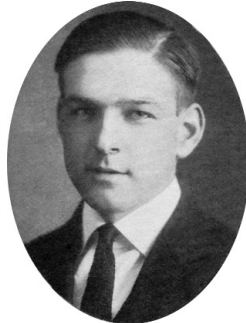
*Ella McCracken*



*Verna Raines*



*Elizabeth Robinson*



*Geo. A. Stone*



*Carolne L. Thomas*



*Nanna Altrude Thomas*

We have no performance data on this "class play." A different version, lighter in tone, but with the same prophecy for each class member, was published in the May 1920 Commencement Number of *The Highlander*. Marian L. Hall is listed on the editorial staff as "Literary Editress."

The published version ends with:

"The straw lid that shades her freckles  
Is Marian's coat-of-arms.  
And gaily hums her tractor  
As she drives out o'er her farm.  
And now, kind readers, thank you,  
For wading thru these verses.  
And may your own good fortunes  
Have no unkind reverses.

M. H."



*Marian Hall*

While we know little of most of the members of the Class of 1920, we are aware of some of their achievements in later life. These include: longtime member of a symphony orchestra; a private airplane pilot and one of the first women to get a pilot's license; a Carnegie Hall concert; a marriage in Paris; author of a guide book for airplane pilots; dismissal from a teaching post in small-town Ohio for teaching evolution; a clerk at the Deshler-Wallick Hotel; for years a solitary resident of a log cabin; in later years a renowned speaker on humor on the national lecture circuit; the author of thirteen books, a mechanical engineer; author of the first biography of Ohio Senator Robert A. Taft.

Actually, this list represents only four members of the Class of 1920.



## BECOME A MEMBER

*of the Grandview Heights/Marble Cliff Historical Society!*

Please complete the information below and send with your check made out to: **GH/MC Historical Society**  
Mail or drop off at the **Grandview Heights Library,**  
**1685 West First Avenue, Columbus, OH 43212**

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- Organization \$25.00

### LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP

ONE-TIME PAYMENT

- Single \$100.00
- Couple \$150.00
- Organization \$500.00
- Benefactor \$1000.00



*ViewPoints* is an occasional publication of the Grandview Heights/Marble Cliff Historical Society.

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Columbus, Ohio 43212

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Contact Editor Patrick Mooney  
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ideas or to discuss photo contributions.

## E-MAIL REQUEST

We are compiling e-mail addresses to improve our communications.

Please include your e-mail on membership renewal form, or e-mail

President Tracy Liberatore at:  
tliberat@wowway.com.

Thanks!

## SCRAPBOOKS: *Trivia and Treasures*

*(Continued from page 1)*

business transactions, early Columbus history, and other items of significance.

One of the treasures from the Price-Griswold-Hall scrapbooks is published in this issue of *ViewPoints*. Pasted into one of the scrapbooks are the handwritten copies of two versions of the Class Prophecy of the Grandview High School Class of 1920. One version is labeled "written for the Highlander" and the other "written for class play." Both are signed: Marian Hall. We believe the version you will read in this *ViewPoints* is the first publication of the text. We have learned from her nephew that Marian Hall continued to write poetry and short stories throughout her life.

## Holiday Sale

*Grandview Heights/Marble Cliff  
Historical Society's Holiday Sale of  
Society publications  
and*

*GH/MC Playing Cards  
Grandview Heights Public Library  
Sunday, December 21*

*1:00 - 5:00*

*Gift someone with a bit of history,  
or perhaps a Society membership!  
(Now, there's a thought!)*

1685 WEST FIRST AVENUE  
COLUMBUS, OHIO 43212

The Grandview  
Heights/Marble Cliff  
Historical Society

