

Newsletter of the MASON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Mason, Ohio

and Alverta Green Museum

November 2023

ONE SOLDIER'S STORY

Dave Zander, Guest Contributor

Editor's note from Sally Sherman Caudill:

Author Dave Zander is currently working on a book about his war experiences, and he's generously sharing some of his writing with us.

Dave is a 1965 MHS grad, who had been serving in Germany in 1968 when orders came down that one in his group of three was being sent to Vietnam. Dave and the other two were brought before the CO, and were given the news. A coin was flipped and the man to Dave's left lost the flip and turned stark white. He was supposed to get married in the States in a couple of weeks, and was then planning on bringing his new bride back to Germany. After a moment, Dave turned to the man on his right and said "It's got to be one of us." They tossed the coin again... Dave got the wrong side of that coin and was soon packing his bags.

My Arrival In Vietnam

I served in the US Army from March 8, 1966, to October 10, 1969. I was in a branch of the Army called the US Army Security Agency, commonly called the ASA. We had our own Army chain of command but fell under the direction of the National Security Agency. Our mission was intelligence gathering and I was trained in the repair of a group of cryptographic machines. This was electronic equipment that encrypted a communication at the sender end and then decrypted it at the receiver end. This was a good gig, especially in Vietnam, as I would be working in a communication center located on a base inside the wire. In June of 1968 I was sent to Vietnam, arriving on June 24.

Our group departed from Travis Air Base in California and, as I remember it, the trip included three stops: Honolulu, Hawaii; Wake Island, Republic of Nowhere; and an airbase in the Philippines. Due to mechanical issues



Dave told me this 1966 June Hill photo was definitely not his idea. When coming home on Xmas break, his very proud mother made his appointment.



Dave departing Cinti Airport on his first leg to Germany, 1967.

with the plane, we had lengthy layovers in both Honolulu and Wake Island, both in the middle of the night.

The last leg of the trip was from the Philippines to Bien Hoa Air Base, Republic of Vietnam. Much of our trip had been in total darkness, but it was now daylight, and although everyone was tired from the already long trip, there was a nervous energy on the plane. No one could sleep at this point. I don't remember how long this last leg took but there was a lot of subdued chatter on the plane. The sky was clear and sunny and for a long time there was nothing below but ocean.

I don't remember anything about the guys I sat with on the first three legs of the flight, but on this last leg I was sitting next to a nineteen-year-old African-American from Mississippi. I guess a person could make this stuff up, but I'm not. He was a very nice, soft spoken, young man and we talked quite a bit. I remember that his family were share-crop farmers, kind of what I pictured then as the stereotypical southern blacks of that time. I had the idea then that share croppers were about the same as the tenant farmers who lived on my grandfather's farm. Remember, I was still young and somewhat naive. The reality for black share croppers in the South at that time is that

story continues on next page

The Mason Historical Society and Alverta Green Museum are located in the heart of downtown Mason, Ohio. Established over 40 years ago, the Society's aim is to promote and preserve the history and heritage of Mason.

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MUSEUM HOURS

The Museum is open from
2-5 pm every Thursday,
and by appointment.

One Soldier's Story, cont.



Dave and his dad, Bob Zander, Easter weekend, 1966. His parents came to visit him at basic training in Ft. Jackson, SC.

they were only about a step above slavery and the South was very segregated. This young man was being sent by his country to fight for the freedom of the South Vietnamese people when he was barely free in his own country. I had the impression that he had not been outside the county of his birth until he was drafted into the Army.

His MOS* was 11B10, or 11 Bravo as it was often referred to, infantry, no matter what number you gave it. A grunt. He would soon be humping the jungle. (*MOS—Military Occupational Specialty—the job in which a GI was schooled and trained to perform.)

Eventually, the chatter on the plane began to die down and the word spread that we were approaching land. The plane became completely quiet, except for the noise of the engines, as everyone tried to get their first look at Vietnam. As we flew over the coastline we could see a small ribbon of white beach and then nothing but green jungle as far as the eye could see. As the plane moved ahead there was a series of ponds in the jungle canopy, filled with water. I quickly realized that there was a pattern to these ponds and they were actually bomb craters from B52 strikes. The bad guys had taken a terrible pounding. Also down there in the middle of the jungle was a raging fire, not a forest fire but a war fire, possibly an ammo cache or a village being burned out. Up until now I had not allowed myself to think much about the actual war so these sights came as an awakening, a reality rush. There was a real war here, one with little guys in black pajamas running all over the place trying to kill us all, and I was headed into it. My mind began conjuring up images of all sorts of demons, all named “Charlie.”

The young soldier next to me silently stared out the window for a very long time and then finally turned to me with wide, frightened eyes and said “Man, I bet they sho’ got a lotta snakes down there”. Charlie didn’t seem to concern him. I guess demons can come in many different forms.

Once we were on the ground and parked at the terminal, they opened the door of the plane and we began offloading. The stewardesses were all standing at the door, giving big smiles and wishing us well and then we walked out into a wall of heat. It was only about 10:00 AM but was already oppressively hot and humid. And then there was the smell, that smell of Vietnam that was nearly constant. Sometimes it smelled like rotting vegetation, sometimes the pungent smell of the sauces they used in their cooking, and

sometimes it was a combination of both. You got used to the smells but, if you paid attention, there was always a smell. And did I mention the heat? And humidity? What’s that expression about first impressions? Vietnam was not making a good first impression.

As we moved forward toward the terminal we walked past a group of guys who were waiting to board the plane we had just walked away from, their “Freedom Bird”. They were the lucky SOBs who had served their time in this purgatory and had made it. They were headed back to “The World”. We didn’t realize just how lucky they were at that time. We were just trying to take in this strange new place and were probably all more than a little frightened, waiting for the fighting to break out any moment. The only thing I remember about Bien Hoa, other than the heat and smell, is a young soldier who was standing alone with only his M16 rifle, apparently waiting for a flight. He was about nineteen years old, a good looking, sandy haired soldier, wearing the faded fatigue uniform of one who had been in-country for a while and wearing the Screaming Eagle shoulder patch of the 101st Airborne Division. And he was wearing a necklace of a tiger claw on a rawhide string. Obviously an infantryman and totally badass. That might have been enough for me to remember him anyway, but the thing I will never forget is the haunted, thousand yard stare in his eyes, although I had not yet heard that term. He had the eyes of a very old man, one who had seen far too much evil for one lifetime. His eyes were lifeless, unexpressive, and he didn’t look at things, he stared through them and beyond. To this day I can’t imagine the horrors this young man had lived through and the demons that resided in his head.

I remember little else of our arrival there but I will never forget the two young soldiers I just described. I hope they both survived this war and I hope they both survived the peace that followed and are still living happy, productive lives. Too often for men who experience war, the peace that follows is as difficult as the war itself. When the military sends you home they take away all the gear you were issued but you get to keep the demons you acquired. Dear Lord, please bless them all and grant them true peace, for they surely earned it. Amen.

Let’s Get This Party Started

We were soon loaded onto buses and transported to the 90th Replacement Company on the Army base at Long Binh Post, which was located about four miles south of the air base at Bien Hoa and 15 miles north of Saigon. The buses had screens over all the windows so grenades or bombs could not be thrown inside. I imagine this need was learned the hard way. The bus ride was uneventful but gave us our first look at this new country. The road was well paved and heavily traveled by military vehicles and civilians on bicycles and motorbikes, the primary modes of travel for the Vietnamese civilians. There was also much evidence of the heavy fighting that had occurred during the recent Tet Offensive with many damaged or destroyed buildings. It seemed to be business as usual for the civilians as the small roadside shops were

One Soldier's Story, cont.

active and people were going about their daily lives. What an incredibly difficult time this was for these people, no matter which side of the politics they were on.

Long Binh Post was a drab and sprawling military complex. The 90th Replacement Company looked just like the rest of the base. There was the ever-present red soil and little vegetation. There were rows of tin roofed, unpainted, wooden barracks and admin buildings and each building was surrounded by rows of gray, canvas sandbags stacked about four feet high. There was a loudspeaker blaring instructions and a constant movement of soldiers around the area, the new men in their fresh, green, jungle fatigues being in stark contrast with the tanned and seasoned veterans in their faded uniforms who had completed their one-year tours and were headed home.

I don't believe I did any processing here other than to be scheduled for transportation the next day to Saigon where the 509th Radio Research Group Headquarters was located. All of ASA, or Radio Research as we were now called, were part of the 509th RR Group. In Vietnam we were not called Army Security Agency, supposedly because the ASA were considered spies and that would be big trouble if you were captured. I guess Radio Research sounded more like a scientific expedition than a bunch of spies so I'm sure the bad guys never caught on to that little ruse throughout all the years of that war. We Americans can be a tricky lot.

I remember sitting outside that night on a bunker taking in all the new sights and sounds and contemplating what was coming next. There was the drab starkness of the sandbagged barracks and the barren look of the place and the not too distant thunder of artillery firing and the continuous eerie glow of aerial illumination flares as they parachuted back to earth. This strange new world was very unsettling to this new guy.

The next day several of us were transported to Saigon on a smaller shuttle bus. The highway was a major artery, well paved and in excellent condition and heavily traveled with the same variety of vehicles as the previous day. The countryside was nice farmland with grassy fields and rice paddies and a variety of livestock, including water buffalo. These noble animals were beasts of burden, serving as the tractors for the farmers, a critical part of the farming operation. A few miles into the trip our bus broke down. Even though we were on a very busy highway with a lot of heavily armed troops passing by I was very nervous. The land was mostly open farmland so no VC would be able to sneak up on us but I didn't like being stuck there with no weapon.

Our driver radioed in our situation and another bus was dispatched our way. Until it got there we could only stand by the side of the road and wait.

While we were standing there a young Vietnamese boy appeared from nowhere on a bicycle carrying some Cokes, warm of course, to sell to us. I had read that a VC trick was to fill the inside of a bicycle frame with explosives, creating a very lethal bomb. My anxiety level ratcheted up several notches at the appearance of this kid on his bike. One of the guys on the bus with us was wearing faded fatigues, indicating he had been in-country a while, and he talked with the kid and bought one of his cokes. This helped. If a guy like this was not concerned maybe I was overreacting. Eventually, the replacement bus arrived and we proceeded on to Saigon without further incident. This war business was going to take some getting used to.

Saigon was very interesting. It was a bustling city and the parts I saw showed few signs of war, even though there had been some fierce fighting there during the Tet offensive earlier in the year. The streets were teeming with people walking, riding bicycles and motorbikes, and there were even quite a few private cars. Of course, military vehicles of all descriptions were everywhere. The shops, bars and restaurants looked very busy. The city appeared to be thriving. This was more like it.

The 509th RR Group compound, Davis Station, was located on Tan Son Nhut Air Base. Tan Son Nhut was a Republic of Vietnam Air Force facility but was a major base for the Americans while we were there. Davis Station was very nice with paved streets and nice, well-maintained buildings. They also had a nice little club in the compound which was an added bonus. They had flush toilets, which I did not realize would be a luxury that

few military people would have in this country. I knew that the communications center here was one of only a couple of ASA locations in the entire country where my MOS was used so I was getting a very good feeling right away. I arrived there late in the afternoon so I didn't start in-processing until the next day. Time to hit the club.

My in-processing the next day took a very surprising turn. They had no openings for my MOS here or in the other location where my MOS was used. After a short assignment to a company in Da Nang I was reassigned to a company in Nha Trang where I would spend the rest of my tour, but this part of my story is for another time.



Dave in his strange new world in a Nha Trang bunker, 1968.

CRICKET, SKEETS & GUBE

Three Scofield Brothers Proudly Serve in WWII

Gina Burton Arens, Editor

After the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor in 1941, the US declared war on Japan. A few days later Germany and Italy declared war on the US and suddenly we were thrust into a full-scale conflict. Our engagement in WWII was quickly followed by a massive soldier mobilization effort.

In Mason many families were touched by the war with dozens of young men registering for service, some voluntarily and others drafted. One local family had three sons serving all at once. They were the Scofield brothers.

A 1943 *Western Star* article noted a Mrs. Shirley Scofield was proud (and probably a bit worried) to have three sons serving in the US Armed forces.

First was Sgt. Hubert Scofield, 26, known around town as “Gube”. Inducted in April of 1942, he was stationed in Las Vegas, NV attending gunnery school. In October of that year the *Western Star* ran a marriage announcement between him and Edna R. Bice of Los Angeles, CA. They were married in the “Wee Kirk of the Heather Chapel” in Las Vegas. Later, in 1949, Hubert married Hilda Anderson Schmidt. Prior to his induction he had been employed with the King Powder Company in Kings Mills. He had also served as a volunteer Mason fireman.

In August of 1942, Hubert Scofield sent a letter to his buddies on the fire company which said: “I can’t tell you anything about this place (Las Vegas) outside of I got a lot of flying and machine gun practice. I get from one to three hours flying a day and some days it is dam rough. The weather here is plenty hot. It

gets around 130 degrees every day and they mix in a good sand storm every night. It really feels good to climb into a bed full of sand but outside of that this isn’t such a bad place to be.”

Just as “Gube” was saying “I do”, a second son, Emerson Scofield, 30, was saying “I will” to the US Air Forces.



Hubert Scofield, 1942

Known to friends and family as “Cricket”, Pvt. Emerson, was inducted in October of 1942 and was stationed at Seymour Johnson Field in North Carolina. He married Clara Feunso in 1945 and later Marion (Smith). Cricket had four children Shirley, Denice, Darryl and Duane. Prior to joining the service Cricket had worked at Grand Pop Bottling Co. in Hamilton and like his brother Hubert, had served as a Mason fireman.

Shirley’s third son, Merwin, 28, was inducted a month later in November of 1942. Merwin, known as “Skeets” was stationed at Ft. Custer, MI. Before joining the service, he had worked as a molder in a Steel Mill. He was, at his young age, a widower. His first wife, Edith (Urton) Scofield had died two years earlier of tuberculosis. He later married Mary J. (Spradlin) and they had a daughter Jeanne.

The Scofield brothers had impressive Mason roots. Their great-great grandfather, Jared Scofield (1767-1827) was the older brother of Joseph Scofield. Joseph was the Justice of the Peace who signed the original plat for the village of Palmira, now known as Mason, on January 18, 1815.

By the end of 1862 two Scofield men were included in the 212 Deerfield Township men who had enlisted in Union Army regiments, answering President Lincoln’s call for recruits.

Their Uncle Bert and Aunt Blanche ran the “Modern Hotel” located in the old McClung house at the corner of Main and Mason-Montgomery for 46 years, from 1920 to 1966. They ran it as a boarding house that hosted mostly older fellows in the community.

Their mother Shirley May (nee Burch) Scofield, along with their father Clinton, ran a sundries store in the 30s and Shirley ran a restaurant in town in the 40s.

This month as we honor all our veterans, we are especially pleased to recognize the Scofield brothers, Cricket, Skeets & Gube, for their greatly valued service to our country during a time of war.



A dapper Emerson “Cricket” Scofield, year unk.

One Soldier’s Story, cont.

I now believe that the United States should never have gotten involved in Vietnam. However, since we were involved, I am grateful that I was a part of it and am so very proud that I wore a uniform for our country. As time has passed, my service to our country has come to mean so much more to me than I could have imagined. I love our country and our flag with all my soul. Our flag is the most beautiful flag in the world, both in terms of its physical beauty and the democracy for which it stands: the freedoms we have and the opportunities available to us. It represents hope and promise for all our citizens. May it fly over our free nation forever.

RALLY AROUND RAFFLE MANIA

It’s that time of year again where the big winners of our annual raffle will be announced. **You still have until 6:30 pm on Tues. November 14th to get those tickets in to the Museum.**

This is one of the Historical Society’s largest fundraisers of the year, and we are so appreciative of all the sellers and the buyers.

Thanks for your support!



A COACH, A MENTOR, A FRIEND

Unveiling the Tom Lichtenberg Memorial

Sally Sherman Caudill, Editor

On a brisk, rainy, fall night, a large crowd stood excitedly waiting at the entrance to Dwire Field. This night was a long overdue event, and everyone was there to honor the father of Mason football, Tom Lichtenberg; a man still revered by his former players 61 years later.

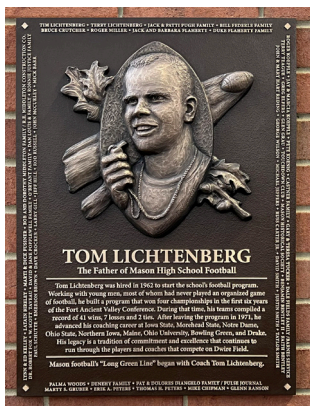
At 5:45 on the night of the last home game of the season, the crowd stood shoulder-to-shoulder around the memorial that was shrouded behind a Mason Comets banner. The gathering of people included multiple Lichtenberg family members, former players, friends, and many, who like me, just wanted to show their respect. Former player Bruce Crutcher, was the first to speak and warmed up the crowd. He was followed by Mason High's current football coach, Brian Castner, who spoke emotionally about the long, green line. For years the "LGL" has been a symbol for all the players, coaches, and fans who came before. It now has a physical representation, a wide, painted green stripe starting at Tom's memorial, and leading straight into the varsity locker room. Coach Castner also added something else... You may recall, last month, we ran a photo of the Comets football coaching staff having lunch in 1966 in their special booth at the Dinner Bell (*a popular restaurant in the 60s and 70s, located at 127 W. Main St.*). In homage to that wonderful photo, a bell was added to the locker room, and it will be rung every Fri. night moving forward.

Athletic Director Scott Stemple then spoke, and he was followed by renowned Cincinnati sculptor Tom Tsuchiya, who designed the memorial. Mason Mayor Barb Berry Spaeth then took to the podium and presented Tom's widow, Sue Ann, with a proclamation from council. October 20, 2023 was officially designated as Tom Lichtenberg Day in the City of Mason.

It was now the moment everyone had been waiting for. Tom Lichtenberg's three daughters, Tami, Michelle, and Susan pulled down the banner and unveiled the plaque to jubilant cheers. The speeches then continued with moving words from Tom's brother, Tim, as well as Tom's son, Tom, Jr.

There were smiles all around, but it was a bittersweet evening. It was hard not to forget the fact that the man of the hour should've been, but couldn't be there. However, with every word that was spoken, and every

embrace that was shared, it was obvious that Tom Lichtenberg was very much there in spirit. Just as he will be every time that bell is rung. One can't help but make the jump to the movie "It's a Wonderful Life"...



above left The unveiling. Note the painted "long, green line" on the ground, leading from the memorial, down into the locker room.

above right The memorial. It's bordered with the names of over 50 individuals, families and organizations who made donations to bring this honor to fruition.

MASON VETERANS MEMORIAL

REDEDICATION CEREMONY

20TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION



Saturday, November 11, 2023
11:00 a.m.
Mason Veterans Memorial
6000 Mason Montgomery Road

This year marks the 20th anniversary of the dedication of the Mason Veterans Memorial in 2003. To honor this landmark and its significance to the community, the City of Mason has invested in substantial improvements to the Memorial. This work includes new landscaping, lighting, concrete, replacement of memorial bricks, the addition of the Space Force monument stone as well as a new Gold Star Families Memorial and Purple Heart Memorial along with reflection benches.

The city invites the public to attend the Veterans Memorial Rededication Ceremony on **Saturday, November 11**. The event will open to the public at 10 am with the program beginning promptly at 11 am near the Mason Veterans Memorial located on the south lawn of the Mason Municipal Center at 6000 Mason Montgomery Road. In the event of inclement weather, the ceremony will take place inside the Mason Municipal Center.


The Rededication Ceremony is being held in partnership with the American Legion Post 194 and the VFW Post 9622 and will honor the traditions of the annual Veterans Day Ceremony hosted by the American Legion. In addition to the traditional ceremony, the program will feature two keynote speakers; Eric Armstrong, son of American Astronaut Neil Armstrong, who was the keynote speaker at the original dedication of the Memorial in November 2003, and keynote speaker Shilo Harris, a US Army veteran that served in the Iraqi War. Shiloh will share his inspirational story of overcoming devastating injuries and how his experience shifted his perspective on life.

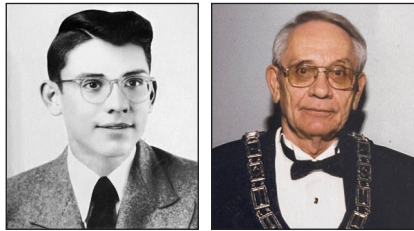
The program will also include the public unveiling of the new enhancements at the Mason Veterans Memorial. The community will have the opportunity to explore all the improvements and enhancements. As part of the ceremony, the community will enjoy patriotic music by the Mason Symphony Orchestra as well as a patriotic skydiving exhibit.

For questions regarding the ceremony, you may contact City Administration at 513.229.8500.



IN MEMORIAM


 Bob Dumford passed away on September 29, 2023 at the age of 92. Robert Gerald Dumford, a lifelong Masonite, was born on Christmas Day in 1930 to Leroy and Besse Dumford. He graduated from Mason High in 1949, and was a very talented student. He sang in Glee Club, played in the band, and acted in school plays, among many other activities. He also competed in basketball and baseball.

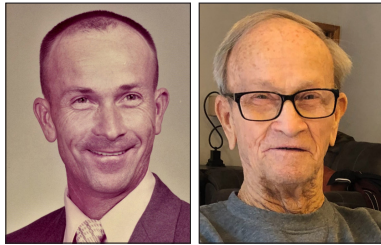


Bob was also very active in his community. He had a passion for preserving the past and was an active member of the Mason Historical Society. Additionally, he was a dedicated member of Oakley Masonic Lodge #668 and The Scottish Rite Valley of Cincinnati.

Bob is survived by his devoted wife, Faye, whom he was married to for 69 years. He is also survived by his daughter, Susan Jayne Gardner; his son, Robert Wayne (Diana) Dumford; four grandchildren and six (and 1/2) great-grandchildren. Besides his parents, he is predeceased by his sister, Ida Mae Smith.

It seems like everyone in Mason knew Bob. He was as kind and as personable as anyone could be, and he will be greatly missed.


 Long-time Mason resident John Fox passed away on Oct. 5, 2023 at the age of 91. *You may recall that John was featured in our Al Federle story in the August newsletter.* He was born in

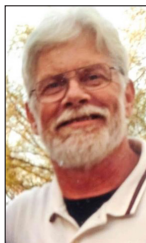



Beattyville, KY on July 26, 1932 to Dewey and Polly Fox.

John is preceded in death by his wife of 61 years, Annette (Moore) Fox, siblings Flora Couch, Jeanette Spicer, Dewey Jr., Julius, and Gene Fox. He is survived by his daughter Jolinda (Harry) Lydon, and siblings Dora Hacker and Larry Fox.

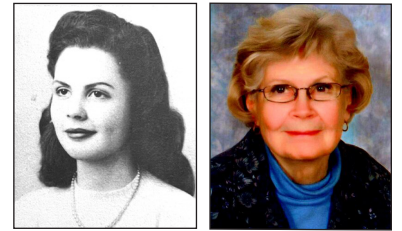
John held many titles in his life, from coal truck driver to carpenter. However, his favorite roles were being a husband and father. He brought the same level of commitment to his family as he did to his work. John's strong work ethic and caring nature made him a valuable employee and friend to Al Federle. He was a true role model for balancing work and family life, and his positive attitude and kind demeanor will be deeply missed by all who had the pleasure of knowing him.

 One of our long-distance members, Bruce Whitehouse, passed away out in Arizona on Sept. 15, 2023 at the age of 69. Born Nov. 3, 1953. Bruce was the grandson of Joseph Whitehouse who built WLW in Mason. His father Wendel and his aunt, Jacqueline Whitehouse Archer went to school in Mason and spent their childhoods on the site of WLW.



 Georgia Tracy passed away on October 1, 2023 at the age of 92.

Georgia 'Hannie' Helen (nee Rawlings) Tracy was born to George and Nell Rawlings on January 28, 1931, in Oneida, TN. The family later moved to Mason, and Georgia graduated from Mason High in 1948.



She attended Sue Bennett college and The University of Kentucky where she studied Business. Georgia was a homemaker for many years and a devoted wife and mother.

Earlier in her life, before becoming a homemaker, Georgia worked as a secretary for General Electric. After her children were grown, she was a librarian with the Mason Public Library for 18 years. Georgia was proud to be a part of the Mason community and was a member and supporter of the Mason Historical Society.

Preceded in death by her parents, her husband W. Gordon Tracy, son, Shane Tracy, grandson, Ben Tracy, and brother Glen "Buddy" Rawlings. Georgia is survived by her children, Jill (John) Meyer, Greg Tracy, and Todd (Marianne) Tracy; six grandchildren; and seven great grandchildren.

MHS BOARD ELECTIONS

A reminder to all members that our MHS Board Elections will be held this month on Nov. 14th at 6:30 pm at the Museum.

MHS is doing well and has over 400 members to date. We are lucky to have such a talented and passionate team of people supporting us. That said, for us to continue to grow and thrive, we encourage member involvement by serving on our board.

This month you have an opportunity to join us on the Board and share in the enthusiasm and decision-making needs of our organization. We welcome new leaders to join us and drive new ideas for MHS.

For more information on serving on our board, please call or email the museum and we will contact you directly to answer any questions you may have.

Our Current MHS Board Members:

Jay Meibers – President

Perry Denehy – Vice President

Larry Jeffers – Treasurer

Cindy Meibers – Secretary

Missy Courts – Membership

Sallie Nally – Social Media

Trustees: **Lynn Calvert, Maureen Campbell,**

Ray Mueller, Lou Rapp, & Sue Erbeck Rapp

The Board Report

Jay Meibers, President



Hard to believe that Thanksgiving is just around the corner. One day it's July 4 and in a blink of an eye we are moving into the holiday season towards a new year!

I remember back after high school many of our classmates and friends would meet Thanksgiving morning to play tackle football lovingly known as the Turkey Bowl. This went on for about 7 or 8 years into the late 80's. Most years we had at least 10 per team and played in front of Mason Heights Elementary in the grass left of the school entrance. We would play for about 2 hours then some of us would head back to my house for a few beverages to help kill the pain. The most painful memory was when Tom Chance played the Turkey Bowl and he was playing running back at that time in college. He ran through us like a hot knife through butter and was like tackling a five-foot-tall fire hydrant. We drank a few extra beverages after the game that year! I look back fondly and am very thankful for those Turkey Bowls and still remember the camaraderie and the fun we had.

Our Cemetery Walk was held on Oct. 10 and it was a big success. The weather was great and we had over 100 guests who were treated to an enjoyable and entertaining evening. Special thanks to Perry Denehy for once again coordinating this year's event as well as the talented members of the Mason Community Players. I also want to thank the script writers, tour guides and all who helped make this year's Cemetery Walk a success!

We have elections coming up on Nov. 14 at the museum at 6:30 followed by our annual report review. Please contact us at the museum if you are interested in running for an office. It is important that any organization has a periodic influx of new people with fresh visions and ideas. We will also be drawing our winning tickets for the Rally Around Mason Raffle that night so you still have to time to turn in your tickets or purchase additional ones.

Have a great Thanksgiving!

CORRECTIONS from October's newsletter:

Ruth Revis was incorrectly identified as Rita Revis in the Barb Wesseler class photo in the St. Susanna story.

Ronald Lauderbach was incorrectly identified as Lee Carey in the football coaches photo.

We regret the errors.

THIS MONTH IN MASON HISTORY

Excerpts (up to 1965) from *Around Mason, Ohio: A Story*, R.M. Springman

November in the village of Mason meant elections of mayors and councilmen, sometimes presidents. Continual tax levies, usually for schools but occasionally for public projects. Community Thanksgiving dinners, dances, shows, fund-raisers, club meetings and movies kept the residents of the village quite busy!

1897: At a meeting early in November a common committee made up of Gray, Scoher and VanHarlingen reported that street lighting for the village could be purchased at a reasonable price. Lamps cost \$3.40, cedar posts \$2.10 each and the cost to have the lamps lighted each night would be three-quarters cent per night per lamp. Within a month the new streetlights were positioned around town.

1900: In late November the Dayton, Lebanon and Cincinnati Traction Company presented a proposition for a street franchise in Mason and there was a lengthy discussion in council. Three weeks later an ordinance

was passed accepting the proposition and the traction company agreed to pay for the publication of the ordinance. The "electric railway" also known as the "interurban" started running in 1903 and continued until around 1922.

1904: J. M. Thompson purchased the Opera House building from Sam Sprinkle for \$12,500 on November 10 and the Mason Bank was to continue in that location throughout the years.

1916: A large sociable crowd enjoyed Thanksgiving dinner at a cost of 40¢ each in Rebold's Hall on November 30.

1935: On November 1 there were 77 members present for the 20th anniversary of the Mason Mother's Club. Hazel Barr recorded the history of the organization and they voted to spend \$137 for a sousaphone for the band. The Mother's Club financed many items for the schools over the years and ultimately in 1947 merged with the PTA (Parent Teacher Association).

Holiday Gift Ideas



Make your shopping easier this year by giving one-of-a-kind gifts from the Alverta Green Museum to friends and family. Mason history books, cookbooks, gift memberships and commemorative bricks are perfect for those hard to buy for on your list.

Call or visit our website's E-Commerce page located under "Support Us" tab.

BUSINESS MEMBERS *and* PARTNERS

LIFETIME MEMBERS

Air Authority Heating and Air Conditioning
Al's Heating and Cooling
American Legion, Post 194
American Legion Auxiliary Unit 194
Brunk Excavating, Inc.
Chris Champ – State Farm agent
Jeff Hill Video
Mitsubishi Electric Automotive
Craig & Jamie Natorp
People's First Savings Bank
R.E. Middleton Construction LLC
Senour-Flaherty Insurance
Shorten and Ryan Funeral Home
Voorhis, Slone, Welsh and Crossland, Architects
Walldogs – Mason Sign Company
Yost Pharmacy, Inc.

BUSINESS MEMBERS

Artis Senior Living of Mason
Baysore's Flower Shop
Heritage Awards
Lt. Robt. N. Mount V.F.W. 9622 Aux.
Mason Community Players
Minuteman Press of Lebanon
Mueller Funeral Home
Warren County Historical Society

PARTNERS

City of Mason
Culver's – Mason
Mason City Schools
Mason Community Grange No.1680
Mason-Deerfield Chamber
Mason Public Library

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Please join us in welcoming the following new members to the Mason Historical Society

Barrington Retirement Community
John Federle
Ed & Lynn Kelley
Ben & Amanda Stirgwolt



Affiliate Member