



Olmsted 200

Bicentennial Notes about Olmsted Falls and Olmsted Township –
First Farmed in 1814 and Settled in 1815

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Contents

Blacksmiths Once Were Important in Olmsted Life	1
Old School's Expansion Was on the Ballot Seven Decades Ago	5
Bus Service for Olmsted Took Shape Almost a Century Ago	7
Olmsted Teens Take on the Legend of Gore Orphanage	8
Still to Come	13

Blacksmiths Once Were Important in Olmsted Life

Eight decades ago on November 1, 1938, the *Cleveland Press* ran a front-page



Newspaper photographer Byron Filkins took this photo of August Von Brause of Olmsted Falls in 1938.

story that helped document an aspect of Olmsted's past. Titled "Still Makes His Anvil Ring," the story written by Frank Stewart was about 89-year-old August Von Brause, who was believed to be the oldest working blacksmith in Ohio. He was one of many blacksmiths who had worked in Olmsted Falls and Olmsted Township in the 1800s and early 1900s.

At the time of the story, Von Brause had been working as a blacksmith in Olmsted Falls since 1901. His 37 years in Olmsted Falls came after he had spent 22 years in Cleveland and after spending his first 30 years in Europe.

The newspaper story featured a big sketch by Willard Combes of Von Brouse at work that was based on a photo by Byron Filkins. Stewart's story preserved details of Von Brause's life that did not

make it into Olmsted history books published in the following decades.

According to Stewart, Von Brause was a pudgy nine-year-old when he walked into a blacksmith's shop in a small German town. He startled the blacksmith by picking up a hammer, striking the anvil and shouting, "I want to be a blacksmith." The blacksmith did not take him too seriously, but that didn't deter Von Brause. By age 15, he had learned how to shoe oxen. He went on to make shoes for other animals in Europe, then America and eventually Olmsted Falls.



August Von Brause lived in this house and worked as a blacksmith in his shop next door. The building at 7932 Main Street in Olmsted Falls housed the Jenkins Senior Center for many years. It now is home to the Olde Wine Cellar.

"Everyone in all the countryside knows Von Brause – the stalwart, big-muscled, gray-haired wizard of the forge and anvil," Stewart wrote. "And it isn't only for his brawn and ability to make the lightest, finest shoes for race horses you ever saw."

When Von Brause came to Olmsted Falls, he built his house and shop where Main Street and Columbia Road (using their current names) meet. In other words, his house is the building now occupied by the Olde Wine Cellar and his shop is the smaller building next to it. According to Stewart's story, they were painted white in 1938.

"Making light shoes for racing horses is his specialty now," Stewart wrote. "Von Brause hammers out shoes, he says, that are shipped to all parts of the United States. He lives alone in his little white house with only a dog as a companion. But his three children who reside in Cleveland visit him frequently. Another son lives in Louisville, Ky."

In her 1964 book of Olmsted history, Bernice Offenbergs said that Von Brause operated his blacksmith's shop only from 1901 to 1913, when he retired and turned the business over to his sons, August and Julius, but the *Cleveland Press* story indicates that couldn't have been accurate because he was still working in 1938.

The *Press* story also included other information about Von Brause's peripatetic past. After spending his childhood in Germany, he traveled across Europe by age 20 and found his way to Russia, where he resumed blacksmithing and learned to speak Russian.



This is another recent view of the house where August Von Brause once lived.

“He stayed there until there was some dispute about his papers – he didn’t have any because he had just ‘walked in,’” Stewart wrote. “Then he wandered on through Bulgaria, Hungary, Austria and finally to France. He learned the language of the countries he visited.” Von Brause ended up speaking fluently in six languages – English, German, French, Russian, Polish and Slovak.

Von Brause left his wife and children in Germany in 1879, when he traveled across the Atlantic and settled in Cleveland, where he worked for years. After he became a citizen of the United States, he brought his family to America. Eventually, he moved to Olmsted Falls.

Stewart noted that Von Brause was “scornful” of what was going on in his German homeland under the regime of Hitler. At the time of that story, the beginning of World War II was only 10 months away.

“The old Germany is gone,” Von Brause told Stewart. “Things have changed and it isn’t the same. But my anvil, my forge and my trade – well, that’s just the same.”

Although life might have been more or less the same for Von Brause, he was one of the last of many blacksmiths who plied their trade in Olmsted Falls and Olmsted Township. “Some made blacksmithing a full time occupation and a few others made it a side line,” Walter Holzworth wrote in his 1966 book about Olmsted history.

Perhaps because blacksmiths tended to be brawny, it was common for them to also be appointed to be the village marshal. Von Brause served as both the marshal and the truancy officer.

“He received \$2.00 per day for time spent in rounding up delinquents or drop-outs,” Holzworth wrote. “If he worked 6 hours in any one day it constituted a full days [sic] work.”

Another blacksmith who served as marshal in the late 1800s was Jake Fleuri, who operated his shop at the back of his home, which later became the parish house for St. Mary of the Falls Catholic Church along Bagley Road. Holzworth wrote that Fleuri (although Holzworth spelled the name as “Flury”) was well known and well respected as

a lawman “who did not hesitate to do his sworn duty. In [a] knock down fight with the Mayor of Olmsted Falls, he jailed His Honor for carousing in a village saloon,” (That story of jailing the drunken mayor is told elsewhere by Holzworth and others without identifying the mayor.)

Holzworth wrote that Fleuri was born in the Swiss canton of “Bolstell,” but such a canton is not on the map. He might have meant the town of Balsthal. Fleuri married Mary Magdalena Allerman there in 1854. They came to the United States in 1866 and then to Olmsted Falls in 1870. They had seven children.

In addition to Von Brause and Fleuri, Bernice Offenbergl listed several other blacksmiths in her 1964 book on Olmsted history. They included:

- Reuben Lower, who lived in Olmsted Township along what now is called Bagley Road (then known as Dutch Road) near Stearns Road and had his blacksmith’s shop across the road from his house.
- Smith Hendrickson, who had a blacksmith’s shop on Cook Road.
- Hiram and Ed Thompson who had their blacksmith’s shop in the basement of what then was the Methodist Episcopal Church and now is the Grand Pacific Wedding Chapel. Later, Hi Thompson operated a blacksmith’s shop in back of his home at what now is 7457 Columbia Road.
- Mike Bauer (father of Margaret Simmerer, wife of Philip Simmerer, who with his sons ran the hardware store that lasted decades in the building now called the Grand Pacific Hotel) had a blacksmith’s shop in the house that still stands at 7486 River Road in Olmsted Falls. (In the mid-1800s, that house was the home of Florian Peltz and his family, as well as Peltz’s wagon wheel shop. Peltz’s son, Joseph, went on to partner with Philip Simmerer in the hardware store, as well as run other stores on his own.)
- Alfred Wallington, who operated his blacksmith’s shop on what now is Columbia Road near Cook Road. Later, Dalice Boner took over that blacksmith’s shop.
- Clarence Claysettle, who operated a blacksmith’s shop in what became the garage for the Mahoney house along Main Street near the current Charles A. Harding Memorial Bridge.

What is now the garage (painted red) for the Mahoney house at 7707 Main Street near the Charles A. Harding Memorial Bridge once served as the shop for blacksmith Clarence Claysettle.



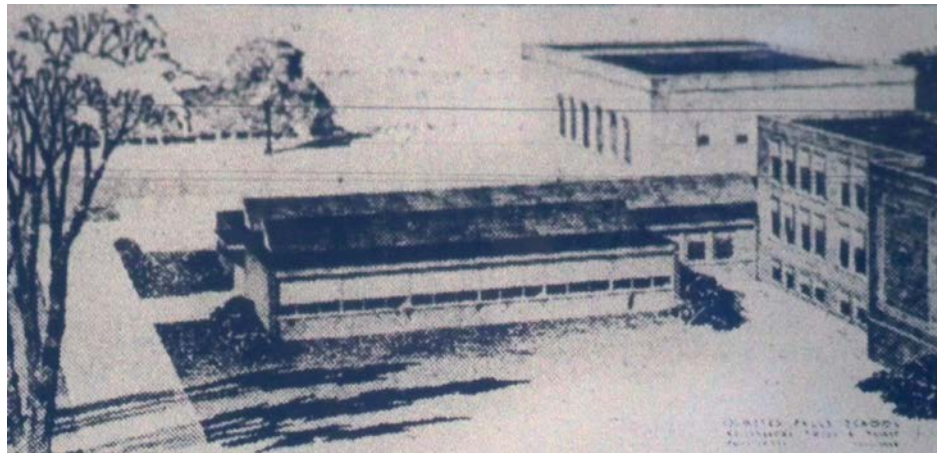
Holzworth mentioned one other blacksmith he called Kobie without using a first name. His shop was located along the south side of what now is Bagley Road near the corner of Lewis Road.

The photo of August Von Brause by Byron Filkins on the first page is from the Cleveland Press Collection maintained by Cleveland State University.

Old School's Expansion Was on the Ballot Seven Decades Ago

The post-World War II baby boom was in its early years of straining the single school in the Olmsted Falls School District 70 years ago this month when voters were asked to approve a bond issue to expand the building one more time. The first portion of the building (which now serves as Olmsted Falls City Hall) had been built in 1916 and then was doubled in size one decade later. In 1938, the district added the gymnasium (now Olmsted Community Center). But another decade later, the district needed more room for students.

“Faced with the possibility of half day classes, the Board of Education of the Olmsted School District plans to build a seven room addition to the school,” the *Berea Enterprise* reported late in October 1948.



The Berea Enterprise published this sketch of the proposed addition for the Olmsted Falls School District's lone school in October 1948.

The newspaper explained that the school building had room to accommodate about 500 students, but enrollment had grown from 488 students in 1934 to 834 children in 1948. The expectation that growth would continue was demonstrated by the fact that the average enrollment by grade for high school students was only 48, but the average enrollment in each of the lower eight grades was 80. In first grade alone, enrollment had jumped from 65 in the fall of 1947 to 114 students in October 1948.

“In 1947 the Olmsted Township Hall and Olmsted Falls Village Hall were converted into temporary school rooms,” the *Enterprise* reported. “Three sections of the first grade are using the school basement for school rooms. As the children in the elementary school are advanced to high school the high school itself will require more than twice present space requirements.”

(For a story on the memories of a student who attended kindergarten in the old Village Hall – which now is home to the Moosehead restaurant – see Issue 53 of *Olmsted 200* from October 2017.)

The school board had hired the architectural firm of Mellenbrook, Foley and Scott to come up with plans for a new addition to the school. The firm estimated it would cost about \$165,000. The board planned to issue bonds to cover that cost and wanted voters to approve an increase in property taxes of 23 cents for every \$100 of valuation to pay off the bonds. That was estimated to cost the average homeowner in the district an extra \$7.00 a year. To pass in the November 1948 election, 65 percent of voters would have to approve the issue.

As well as adding seven classrooms to the school, the planned new wing was to provide more lockers and two more restrooms. It was designed to extend west from the corridor that connected the gymnasium to the rest of the school. The *Enterprise* story indicated that school officials already were considering more expansion in that direction.



The addition to the school planned in 1948 and the twin wing that later joined it now house a day care facility, so they still serve Olmsted children.

“It is arranged to provide a connecting link between the present building and future additions if they should become necessary,” the newspaper reported. “At present it will have entrances from the west parking area, as well as from the

existing building.”

The story said planners chose the one-story design because it would be most economical and make possible the use “of the latest research and methods to provide lighting in the classrooms superior to that possible in conventional school buildings. Each classroom, in addition to the usual continuous banks of windows on the exterior walls, will have a continuous monitor of north windows giving bi-lateral lighting designed to light the interior portion of the room, where natural light in the ordinary room is far below that desirable. Monitors and other north windows will have clear glass; south windows will have a vision strip of clear glass with glare-proof glass block above, of the prisms type designed to throw light to the ceiling and avoiding the need of large shades to control sun-light. The entire design is intended to provide classrooms with the best possible quality and intensity of day-lighting, so desirable to protect the eyes of the students who work there several hours a day.”

Further, the story said, the ceiling in each room would be acoustically treated, and most of the interior wall surfaces would be exposed masonry.

Eventually, the school district built not only that new wing but also a twin wing next to it. However, the expansion held off the need for additional schools for only a short time. New homes in Olmsted Falls and Olmsted Township attracted more families with children, so the school district built Falls Elementary School in 1953-1954, Fitch Elementary School in 1957-1958, and Lenox Elementary School in 1960-1961. By the mid-1960s, it became clear the district would need a new high school, which was built in 1967-1968, and other schools were built later. (For a story on the construction of the high school, see Issue 63 of *Olmsted 200* from August 2018.)

From 1968 until 1996, when another new school opened farther west on Bagley Road, the old school served as a middle school. After it was sold in 1997 and renovated to serve as Olmsted Falls City Hall and the Olmsted Community Center, the wings on the west side returned to serving children. A day care facility called KidsFirst Learning Center now uses the classrooms that were still in the planning stage 70 years ago.

Bus Service for Olmsted Took Shape Almost a Century Ago

Olmsted Falls and Olmsted Township have long been considered “bedroom communities” for Cleveland. In other words, people who worked in Cleveland would sleep in Olmsted.

In the early 20th century, many Olmsted residents who worked in Cleveland commuted by railroad using the Olmsted Falls depot. But by 1925, the Cleveland-Olmsted Falls Bus Line Company operated by Ira Atkinson began giving the railroad some competition with stops not only in Olmsted Falls and Cleveland but also in Fairview. Ninety years ago, a legal notice in the *Plain Dealer* on November 3, 1928, about a change in that service indicated what that bus service was like.

The newspaper ad explained that the bus company had filed an application with the Public Utilities Commission of Ohio to change its schedule. It said the service would use five buses. Three of them could carry 21 passengers, one could carry 27 passengers, and one could carry 29 passengers. They would make 20 trips from Olmsted Falls to Cleveland and 19 trips from Cleveland to Olmsted Falls on weekdays. On Sundays and holidays, the company would make nine roundtrips between the two communities. On Saturday, it would make one additional roundtrip.



Chester Atkinson poses with one of the buses that ran between Olmsted Falls and Cleveland in the 1930s. Photo courtesy of Tim Atkinson.

The legal notice also said the company would make two additional trips daily between Cleveland and Fairview Village “except that on Sundays and Holidays trips run all the way through.”

Half a year later on May 7, 1929, Atkinson sold the bus line to McCarren Bus Company and then moved to New London, Ohio, where he took up farming.

But that wasn’t the last of the Atkinson family’s involvement in busing in Olmsted. By the early 1930s, Chester Atkinson, brother of Ira, started the Southwestern Bus Company. He and his family went on to handle busing for Olmsted schools for decades. (For more on the Atkinson family’s busing business, see Issue 5 of *Olmsted 200* from October 2013.)

Olmsted Teens Take on the Legend of Gore Orphanage

By Patrick Carroll

EDITOR’S NOTE: As if Halloween wasn’t enough, here is a tale of a frightening fall evening from years ago that began and ended in Olmsted Falls, told by one of the participants. Although it is not strictly Olmsted history, it does capture some of the essence of growing up in Olmsted in the latter half of the 20th century. More about the history behind the legend of the Gore Orphanage follows at the end.

As seniors in high school, it was an exciting, wonderful time to be alive after 12 years of restraints of public education. Or so was the stellar wisdom of 17- and 18-year-olds that was apparent and indelibly etched in our idealistic minds. Added to that, the ingredients of an age-old urban legend were quite tantalizing.



Schady’s Shell was a hangout for many Olmsted teens, including those in this story.

It was autumn 1971, and the crisp, clear fall nights were beckoning to us all with the hint of exciting nocturnal adventures. Jeff Coe, a late addition to our particular group of rowdy friends, suggested garnering a six-pack of 3.2 Stroh’s beer and setting off on a mysterious journey to a place not very far away – the famous Gore Orphanage, about 25 miles west from our usual meeting place and hangout spot, Schady’s Shell Super Service gas station in Olmsted Falls.

I responded enthusiastically. After we all agreed, I asked, “What is Gore Orphanage?”

“There are remains of a 100-year-old building that was an orphanage, and it was burned to the ground at the direction of the evil orphanage captain, a Mr. Gore, who was tired of the hassles of running the place,” Jeff explained. “So he hired a destitute man for a small fee to burn the place down. Unfortunately for the children, the bum had gotten

drunk and set the fire before all the kids could escape. And to this day, in October of every year on the eve of the anniversary, one could hear wailing screams of the unfortunate waifs and the feeling of a dark, negative vibe in the area where it once stood.”

That was just the fare for a bunch of high schoolers seeking such adventures. So after gassing up at Schady’s, we piled into two dinosaur cars – namely my brother’s 1958 Chevy Impala and Jeff’s equally monstrous ’62 Oldsmobile. My brother had entrusted me to use his Impala as long as I kept it clean and in good repair. He was a year older than me and had recently joined the Marines. Our entourage included Stanley Stone, his girlfriend Amy, Jeff and his girlfriend Melanie, and me with a friend named Mary McGillis. We headed west with strains of the Grateful Dead’s “Casey Jones” blasting from local AM radio station WIXY-1260. The bright moon and clear sky were the perfect background for this event. We were anticipating scintillating fun as we heard the last strain of the song, “...trouble ahead, trouble behind.”



As we approached the general area of the site, Jeff, who was behind me, started to flash his lights for me to stop – or so I assumed – and I did. We were at the top of a hill with a sharp 90-degree turn to the right. The road went downward to the remains of the orphanage at the bottom of a steep hill.

“Hey, man,” I said to Jeff as the moon disappeared behind dark clouds and a small breeze ushered in an uncomfortable temperature drop, making us all shudder. “Why were you flashing me?”

“I wasn’t flashing, man!” Jeff said. “My lights just started flickering all by themselves.”

“What?” I asked incredulously. “My radio started to sputter and die when I pulled over!”

In an ominous voice, Amy said, “Maybe we were not supposed to be here. We should go.”

“C’mon, Amy!” I said. “We just got here, and I want to see where this place is!”

Everyone else agreed, and Stanley said in a manly, protective voice, “Honey, it’ll be cool. I’m here with you!”

We realized we did not know where we were, but all of us had a feeling we were close. Across the street was a large, two-story plantation-style house. The front porch light suddenly turned on as if on cue. Stanley and I approached the house and decided to ask whoever was there to direct us to the site. We knocked politely at first, but our impetuous, youthful nature soon had us pounding harder on the door. No one answered.

We shrugged our shoulders and turned to look back down the driveway toward the cars when suddenly and silently a mysterious middle-aged man was standing before us. He just stared at us with no expression on his face. The porch light highlighted his devil-like goatee. His coal black eyes seemed to burn like lasers into our faces. Then the moonlight returned and danced gaily upon his shiny bald head. Grinning slowly like a Cheshire cat, he asked, "What do you seek?"

"Uh, well, like, uh," I stammered, startled. "Gore Orphanage! But I think we are lost!"

Pointing a bony finger toward the steep hill, he spoke plainly and emotionless. "Go down the hill," he said.

We looked toward the direction he pointed, as I started to say, "Hey, thank y..." But he was gone as silently as he appeared. Again, the moon dipped behind a cloud. We scurried to the anxious friends in our cars.

"Wow, did you see that crazy guy?" Stanley asked. "I thought it was Barnabas Collins!" (From the hit daytime soap opera of the time, *Dark Shadows*.)

I revved up the Impala and turned around to head down the hill but instantly slid into a ditch on the other side of the road. The huge car went into the ditch in a second. Although I could move forward or backward, I could not get the car out of the ditch. The car listed to the starboard. What a quandary I had created for myself.

"Hey, man, I got a chain in my trunk," Jeff said. "I'll pull you out in a jiffy!"

We attached the chain to the bumpers, and Jeff floored the Oldsmobile, but instead of pulling my car out of the ditch, it pulled Jeff's car in. We still could travel only forward or backward in the ditch and not out of it. Then the chain broke, and so did any composure Amy had.

"I told you guys we are not supposed to be here!" she said. "We may die here!"

Headlights appeared. A beat-up pickup truck pulled up, and a group of local teenagers piled out. "Y'all need help?" one asked. I told them that Jeff's chain had broken and we could not get my car out of the ditch.

"We'll try to get you out," the guy said. "But how's come you both are stuck?"

As I explained further, the conversation drifted to why we were there. One guy from the truck mentioned that every time someone looks for the Gore Orphanage for the first time, they never find it unless they are brave enough to come back in the daytime. Upon hearing that, Amy was at her wit's end.

The pickup guys first extricated Jeff's car. It was spattered with mud, leaves and associated debris, but at least it was out of the ditch and idling on the road. Next, we hooked up a chain to my brother's Impala, which now also was festooned with ditch debris and smelled like sewage from decaying detritus.

"It smells like a fresh grave!" Mary said. Amy babbled incoherently.

I was stressed, thinking about when I could clean my brother's car. I heard his voice echoing in my mind, "...clean and good repair."

The aging pickup groaned. In an instant, the chain pulled the rusted rear bumper from the truck.

"Awww, s---!" one guy said. "Well, we tried!"

Surprisingly, the pickup guys were not mad. They said they had to leave and did so. We watched as my car sank slowly. I thought of the Titanic.

"Dammit!" I said to everyone. "I *will* get out of this ditch!"

I backed the car about 50 feet and floored it as hard as I could. The massive 348-cubic-inch engine growled like an injured tiger, but I steered hard to the left, and the car rocketed out of the ditch. Success! Or so I thought until I noticed the rear tire going down. The force of the spinning wheel had broken the tire's bead, so the car, now freed from the ditch, again sank in the road, this time with a flat. I stood mute as we all stared. The man across the street appeared again, watching from his porch with no expression.

The moon returned. All was quiet for a moment. Then we heard eerie screams from the distance. Spirits of deceased children? Raccoons? The screams got louder as Stanley and I fixed the tire, even while Amy clung to Stanley as though she were his shadow.

"I knew it!" she said. "We are all now cursed!"

Mary laughed and went to pee in the woods, but she returned clearly in a state of fright.

"Settle down," I said as I tightened the last lug nut. "Now what's wrong?" She didn't say.

Finally, we made it down the hill and parked across from the entrance to the ruins of a building. I pointed the car's headlights across the street onto two aging sandstone obelisks, one almost completely falling over. The site was filled with weeds, brush and trees that had grown for a long time.

With flashlights, Stanley and I went between the obelisks on a worn path. Mary

appeared next to us, but Jeff, Melanie and Amy stayed in their car. Mary stumbled. I caught her before she hit the ground and quipped, “Maybe you stepped on an old grave.” She was not amused and returned to the car with the others.



This was the Swift Mansion from the 1800s. Some have assumed its ruins were those of the orphanage.

Stanley and I proceeded. I started to say something, but he motioned for me to stay quiet. We froze. We thought we had heard voices. Around a little bend, we still could not see anything, but the voices grew louder. We climbed up a huge oak tree with low-hanging branches to get a better view. About 100 feet in front of us was a group of people sitting around a small fire and chanting. Next to them was an old sandstone fountain in a huge square with candles burning at each corner.

Was it a séance? Perhaps it was witchcraft to invoke dead children. Wide-eyed, we climbed down quietly and returned to the cars.

Soberly, we headed back to Olmsted Falls. Two miles down the road, I realized I had lost my wallet, probably when we climbed down from the oak tree. I cursed. Everyone was too tired or stressed to deal with it then.

We recounted the facts of our journey – the mysterious man, the ditch, the flat tire, the screams and the group in the circle.

“Who would like to return to the Gore Orphanage on the morrow to help me find my wallet?” I asked innocently. Everyone had an excuse to be elsewhere that Saturday. I decided to go back with different friends.

When I pulled back into Schady’s to drop the others off, I couldn’t shake two things. One was the voice of the mysterious man saying, “What do you seek?” The other was the farm boy from the pickup saying, “Every time someone is looking for the Gore Orphanage the first time, they never find it unless they were brave enough to come back in the daytime.”

I said to myself, “Or unless they were stupid enough to believe the legend and lose their wallet in the process.”

Patrick Carroll is a 1972 graduate of Olmsted Falls High School who now lives in Wooster.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The legend of the Gore Orphanage is one of Ohio's best known ghost stories, but the legend differs from historical facts. Various versions of the story can be found on the internet. Based on those accounts, a few things seem clear. There never was a Mr. Gore or a Gore Orphanage on the site near Vermillion, but there was one called the Orphanage of Light and Hope begun in 1902 by the Rev. Johann Sprunger that was located along Gore Road. Because of the orphanage, it came to be called Gore Orphanage Road. The orphanage occupied four buildings on a 543-acre farm. Also on that farm was an abandoned mansion built by Joseph Swift in the early 1800s. The mansion was not used by the orphanage, but it burned down in 1923. Years later, visitors in search of the supernatural mistook the ruins of the mansion for the orphanage. The ruins include sandstone columns. The orphanage was reported to be a terrible place for children and the subject of a 1909 investigation, but it did not burn down with children inside. At least one account suggests the story of Sprunger's orphanage was conflated with the story of a 1908 fire in the Lakeview School in the community of Collinwood (now part of Cleveland), where 172 students, two teachers and one rescuer died. No matter what the truth is, the Gore Orphanage legend remains so strong that a 2015 independent horror film, Gore Orphanage, was based on it.



The story of the fire at the Lakeview School in Collinwood might have been mixed up with the story of the orphanage on Gore Orphanage Road near Vermillion.

Still to Come

The next issue of *Olmsted 200* will include a story about how North Olmsted broke away from Olmsted Township 110 years ago and the many years of differences that led to the separation.

If you know of other people who would like to receive *Olmsted 200* by email, please feel free to forward it to them. They can get on the distribution list by sending a request to: wallacestar@hotmail.com. *Olmsted 200* has readers in several states beyond Ohio, including California, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Louisiana, North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, West Virginia, Florida, Wisconsin, New York, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Maine, as well as overseas in the Netherlands, Germany and Japan.

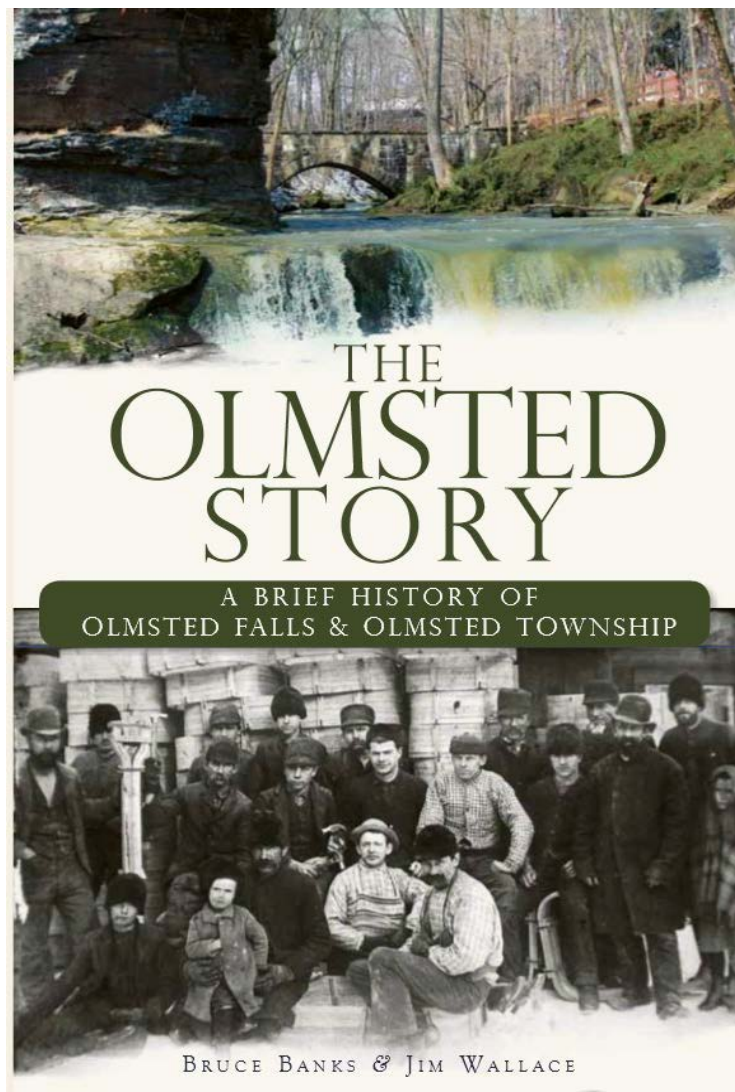
Your questions and comments about *Olmsted 200* are welcome. Perhaps there is something about Olmsted's history that you would like to have pulled out of *Olmsted*

200's extensive archives. Or perhaps you have information or photos about the community's history that you would like to share.

If you have missed any of the past issues of *Olmsted 200* or want to share them with someone else, all of them can be found on Olmsted Township's website. Go to <http://olmstedtownship.org/newsletters/>. A list of *Olmsted 200* issues is on the right side. Click on the number of the issue you want to read. All of the issues of *Olmsted 200* also are available on the website of the City of Olmsted Falls. Find them at: http://www.olmstedfalls.org/olmsted_falls_history/index.php. A link to *Olmsted 200* can be found on the left side of the page.

Except where otherwise noted, all articles in *Olmsted 200* are written by Jim Wallace. Thanks go to Mary Louise King for help in proofreading and editing many issues. Written contributions and photos, as well as comments and questions about items in this newsletter, will be considered for publication. Send any correspondence by email to: wallacestar@hotmail.com.

Olmsted 200 is written, researched and edited by Jim Wallace, who is solely responsible for its content. He is co-author (with Bruce Banks) of ***The Olmsted Story: A Brief History of Olmsted Falls and Olmsted Township***, published in 2010 by The History Press of Charleston, S.C. *The Olmsted Story* is available at the Village Bean in Olmsted Falls and the Berea Historical Society's Mahler Museum & History Center and through online booksellers.



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