

Growing Up In Terrace Park

by Robin Manly Hart

1950 – We lived with our Aunt and Uncle at 407 Miami Avenue.

1951-1972 – Mother owned our home at 97 Miami Avenue.

Current address – 225 Cambridge Avenue

Before Michigan Avenue existed, at what is now the intersection with Miami Avenue, there stood a large vegetable garden, which went as far back as the turn in the current Michigan Avenue. It was mostly our property, but it was tended to by Mr. and Mrs. Neu. They built the house by hand at 91 Miami Avenue, which is now the Miami front of the Drackett property. It provided us with corn, tomatoes, beans, and peppers during the summer. The field and woods went all the way back to the Little Miami River where we often sat at the river's edge and listened to the Jesuit Novitiate Choir sing. They were located across the river at what is currently the Sem Villa property. There were several hollow trees where all the neighborhood children played "settlers and Indians". We hid inside the hollow trees and were afraid to come out due to the imaginary Indians. We also gathered wild blackberries to eat or to take home to put on our cereal. We were outside every evening playing hopscotch, jumping rope, roller skating, playing badminton, playing hide and seek, or tag. When it was too cold on winter evenings, we played board games on the floor or read a book. On Saturday mornings, we performed our house chores in between listening to "The Cisco Kid and Pancho" or "The Lone Ranger and Tonto" on the radio. We purchased our first TV when I was 8 years old and our viewing time was very restricted to about an hour a day.

Sunday mornings we went to church across the street and afterwards our relatives who lived in Terrace Park came over for coffee. There were four family units and 7 girl cousins. Mother (Peggy Manly), my sisters Judy (Blakeney) and Margie (now Meg Petersen), and our Grandfather (Herbert Johnson) lived at 97 Miami Avenue. Aunt Dee and Uncle Stu Cutler and our cousins Debbie (Henn) and Sukie lived at 407 Miami Avenue, later at 104 Fieldstone and still later at 404 Stanton Ave. Aunt Millie and Uncle Bob Gilmore and our cousins Margie (Eggleston) and Linda (Ricketts) lived at 710 Myrtle. Aunt Millie currently lives at 807 Lexington Avenue. Great Aunt Marjorie and Great Uncle Bob lived at 811 Lexington Ave. for a year before moving to 209 Stanton Avenue.

Before the overpass at Miami Avenue and Wooster Pike was built (it passes over the creek), the entrance to Wooster Pike was a one lane metal-framed bridge between the present "Ye Old Garden Shop" and the railroad trestle. The garden shop was then Rahn's Restaurant where we went to purchase candy bars. Sometimes we walked over to the drug store in Milford to spend a few hours reading their comic books (for free – we did not bend the corners) and sat up to the counter and ordered water, which came in a pointed paper cup in a stainless steel holder. We used two paper straws. After blowing off the wrappers, we flattened the straws and wove them into a spring.

Every other day the milkman, Ray Greer, brought our milk, which he brought in the back door and put in the refrigerator. If we were home when he arrived, we would ask for a ride and he would take us along as he delivered milk to the rest of Miami Avenue. Sometimes as a treat he would give us a quart of chocolate milk, which we would immediately drink. Once a week the laundryman would deliver our clean sheets and towels wrapped up in a brown paper package. He would pick up our dirty linens in a

heavy cotton tie bag. He would also occasionally take us for a ride. Mr. Ironmonger would come once a year to take apart our oil burning furnace, clean it, and put it back together. There was a handyman named Sonny who would walk through Terrace Park looking for work. Mother hired him to cut down the field behind our house with a large two-handled scythe. He also helped us put together our wading pool one year. When Dr. Jim MacMillan (lived at 717 Franklin Avenue and earlier at 722 Park Avenue) had an office in Milford, if we needed medical attention, we didn't make an appointment, or wait for our Mother to take us, but we just walked over to Milford and sat in the waiting room until our name was called.

Mother worked in "Old Milford" on Main Street at the Cincinnati Gas and Electric Company. On Thursdays we would meet her after work and go to Krogers with her, which was across the street. Mother would give her shopping list to the clerk who would go around the store and pick everything out for us, bag it, and ring it up.

Before the homes at 221 and 225 Cambridge Avenue and 207 Terrace Place were built, Billie Wiebold had a track through those properties for his motorcycle. Carol Wiebold taught us baton lessons in their side yard at 213 Cambridge Ave.

We did not have room for a piano, but I really desired to learn to play it. So Mother asked Mr. Clarke, who lived next door and was the minister of St. Thomas, if I could practice on the church piano. I loved to practice, and often played for two hours a day. It wasn't long before Mr. Clarke "let" me use the good piano downstairs in the choir room, instead of the one next to his office! George, who was the sexton, hid a key for me so that the choir room would be kept locked. My sister Meg would often come with me to study, or read while I practiced.

