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THE HISTORICAL RECORD

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Open Tuesday 10:30-3:00
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Your
Wyoming Historical Society
is a 501 (c) (3) not-for-profit
corporation.

"History of Cincinnati Broadcasting - Radio Now, Radio Then"

Mike Martini

President, Media Heritage, a non-profit dedicated to
preserving Cincinnati's Broadcasting history.

Five hundred watts! Fifty thousand
watts! Voice of America! WLW Radio!
WCPO Radio! WSAI Radio! Powell
Crosley! "Super Station"! If you grew
up around Cincinnati you recognize
it's radio history. And, even if you
didn't, the strength of WLW was, at
one time, so strong it was picked up
in many far-away places.

Join us on May 16th as Mike Martini,
Producer/Announcer at WMKV, takes
us on a tour of Cincinnati Radio.

This area had a number of firsts in radio and television and Mike
will share his knowledge with us. It will be an interesting and
nostalgic night.



**Thursday, May 16th
7 PM**

**Great Room
Presbyterian Church of Wyoming**

FREE - OPEN TO THE PUBLIC - REFRESHMENTS

RECENT DONATIONS TO OUR ARCHIVES....

*David and Judy Savage, yardstick from Jim's Hardware that was
located in the business district next to the bakery. *Lauren Wadds,
two local history books. *Nancy Wellman Douglas, a variety of
items including a 1971 Frisch's menu, Corral Nightclub program,
commencement program, student directory and high school Eye's
and other school newspaper items.

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Dr. Todd E. Williams, D.D.S.

A Wyoming resident, Dr. Williams' goal is to deliver the highest quality dental care possible. His experience in dentistry is coupled with a genuine concern for his patients. They have a dedicated team of trained professionals who will provide you with the honest and individualized attention you deserve. We strive to treat you promptly and with the highest possible comfort.

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WHOOOP IT TO THE SKIES B'GUSH

Story by Bill Donovan – Edited by Glenn Lewis

Mom, Paul, Dick and I were so excited when the number 78 Valley streetcar stopped near our house in Wyoming. We piled in and were on our way to Coney Island for the day.

From the end of the line at Fountain Square, we walked three or four blocks to the foot of Broadway, where many riverboats were moored so quite a lot of freight was on the levee. I paused to savor the moment. Ah! There she was, the Island Queen, a real steamboat but not an ordinary one. This one was an old fashioned side-wheeler. She was wearing a fresh coat of white paint and emitting drowsy wisps of smoke from her twin stacks. At the bow was a long ship-to-shore gangplank resting on the bank offering land lovers an easy welcome aboard. We made our way down the levee by stepping carefully over uneven cobble stones then followed others across the gangplank and onto the boat. A small Dixieland band greeted us with a peppy, "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Mom showed us around the main deck. It housed boilers and steam engines designed to power two paddlewheels – one on each side of the boat. She told us that only crew members were allowed in the engine room. I understood why for when we passed an open door I felt intense heat pour out and saw hard working men stripped to their waists with sweat running off of them.



From there, we climbed a wide staircase to the second deck. Most of this level was dedicated to a hardwood dance floor, a bandstand and a bar that sold adult beverages. Mom pointed out that only soft drinks were served here during prohibition days. We turned away and went up the last set of stairs. This put us top side and a view of an endless blue sky.

I was winded yet felt very alive. A slow breeze blew across my face. Mom sat down to rest on one of the green benches while my brothers, Paul and Dick inspected a big steam calliope. I ventured peeping into the glass enclosed pilot house and caught a glimpse of the captain standing behind a giant wheel that must have been six feet in diameter. He was wearing a black coat and chewing on a short stubby cigar.

When it came time to cast off, whistles blew and bells rang. The gangplank was raised to a 45-degree angle and stayed there until we reached the landing at Coney Island.

Now earlier this morning when the Queen was moored at the Cincinnati landing and taking on passengers, she faced up-stream, but once she was untied and set free she turned out into the deep water away from shore with hurrying momentum, as if eager to show everyone how well this old girl could run.

(Continued from the previous page)

Paddles digging into the muddy water created great “rollers” and we were underway. In no time, she reached the L&N Railroad Bridge. The faint chug-chug-chugs coming from the engine room grew louder as we passed under this solid historic structure, then the throbbing echoes slowly faded away and mingled with the wind. Going by Lunken Airport, we couldn't see any planes because of the flood wall. Although we thought we saw one coming in for a landing. I marveled at the view from the top deck – beautiful Kentucky hills, farm houses and dirt roads, an old man fishing from a skiff, boys and dogs playing on a sandbar.

Those big rolling waves made by the powerful paddlewheels gave two young men in a canoe the thrill of a life time. They followed close behind our boat for a good while before they finally capsized. It looked dangerous but fun. Paul and Dick cheered them on during their wild ride and later dubbed them the “bronco busting” river men.

Every time our steamboat would approach another large boat the captain would sound a friendly TOOT-TOOT. And immediately the other captain would return his signature TOOT-TOOT-TOOT. When Coney Island came into sight, the Queen began to angle towards the Ohio side of the river for a landing. Deck hands and the men on shore wasted little time in securing the boat with strong lines. The gangplank was lowered and everyone stepped off smartly to the lively strains of John Phillip Sousa's “Stars and Stripes Forever.”

We all hurried through the open gate, and boy, there it was – a merry-go-round, ferris wheel, the Shooting Star, the Wild Cat and a dozen other rides. Mom had tickets, either she bought them or got them from a grocery store promotion. The Shooting Star was really scary. Who would have thought I would be a pilot in WWII?

By one o'clock, all three Donovan boys were pretty hungry and we quickly found a shaded table in the picnic grove. We sat down and ate the sandwiches Mom had made at home. Wow, there we were in the middle of everything. We heard an occasional TOOT-TOOT-TOOT from the river, screams of delight from girls riding the roller coaster and carrousel music from a mighty Wurlitzer organ. What a day. There is no other place in the world like Coney.

After a lot more rides, the funhouse, cotton candy and pop, we were beginning to tire and it was getting dark. About then Mom asked, with sweet directness, “Isn't it time we go home?” I thought, all day she had been so good to us. In fairness, I felt obliged to agree and directed my footsteps toward the riverboat landing. Paul and Dick followed. We stumbled on board the Queen, found a bench and just sat there staring into space. A wheezing calliope played most of the way back. I was silent, watchful, listening. Overall lay the dreaming quietness of the river. Houseboat lights twinkled like gems. We reached the landing at Broadway, climbed the hill to Fourth Street, walked another three or four blocks to a number 78 Valley streetcar, scrambled on, took some empty seats and fell asleep.

It stopped near our house. We got off and managed to get through the front door, up the stairs, brushed our teeth, washed giving it a “lick and a promise” and straight to bed. Early the following morning at breakfast, we talked about how it was going to be next year. And sunshine filled the room.

(Note: The late Bill Donovan (right) was raised in Wyoming and served in WWII. His daughter provided us with this story of her father's memories.)



JACOB DINKELAKER CONTINUES WITH HISTORY...

Jacob Dinkelaker, Wyoming High School Class of 2007, has been selected to serve as the Eisenhower National Historic Site Interpretation Program Lead. A graduate of Wooster College with a Masters Degree in Applied History from George Mason University, Jacob has been with the National Park Service since working seasonally in 2009. He has been at the White House, worked in the human resources department and since 2014, he has been a park ranger and site supervisor of Mount Locust Inn and Plantation on the Natchez Trace Parkway, In Natchez, Mississippi.



Jacob Dinkelaker at the Eisenhower National Historic Site.

Wyoming History Museum

Open Tuesdays 11-3
and by appointment

MUSIC HALL TOUR...



Our early March tour of Music Hall was enjoyed by a large group of society members and friends.

MEMBERSHIP

Our membership year is January-December with our membership drive happening late each fall. However, we gladly welcome new members at anytime of the year. For a year dues are: Family \$20, Contributing \$50, Business \$25. New members joining after August will be credited through December of the following year. New members please send your check, name, address, phone and email to us and we will handle the rest. 800 Oak Avenue, Wyoming, OH 45215. Thank you.

The Wyoming Historical Society
800 Oak Street
Wyoming OH 45215

Look forward to seeing
you on May 16!!!

PRESIDENT'S LETTER...Mary Killen

Your Historical Society is close to wrapping up another year of exciting activities. Throughout 2018-19, our programs have generated great interest on a variety of topics, our tours have provided insights into the history of Cincinnati and our region, and our Wyoming-Opoly continues to entertain families and spark interest in Wyoming history.

However, we're not quite done. Over the summer at various events around town, we will be introducing a new project in conjunction with March First Brewery – customized beers featuring photos of our founder Col. Reily and our landmark Doughboy on the labels. What a fun way to celebrate Wyoming's past in 2019 as the community gathers together!

Your Board of Trustees is to be thanked for their creativity, commitment, and enthusiasm to make all of these projects and events possible. Thanks also to you for your on-going interest and support.

Honoring Wyoming's Past,

Mary Killen

