

READ

One of the finest ladies I have ever known was Miss Anise. She was one of the ladies of the old Glendale I knew as a child. I could give many reasons why I believe this to be true. I could give many examples I had observed through the years to argue my point. As an example: In the days of my childhood when Glendale was just an old village all by itself surrounded by fields of wheat or just wooded country side, Glendale took care of its own. Miss Anise was very active in this phase of the village life.

I often observed Miss Anise and Miss Taylor in Miss Taylor's old Ford going down the street with Miss Taylor at the wheel. Miss Anise would have her arms out the window holding a Christmas tree against the side of the old Ford. They were off to brighten the Christmas season for a family in need.

I can name times in my personal life when Miss Anise gave freely - money, love, and time.

At the age of seven and the age of eight I had to spend two years home from school in bed as an invalid. Life for me was not very exciting.

When at home in Glendale, Miss Anise managed to take young Jim Carruthers who lived with her out for a walk every other day. They always ended up at my house. How I looked forward to their arrival! This gave my mother time to go to the kitchen and tend to work which needed to be done. It also provided the time for the little boy and Miss Anise to tell me all about their walk and the things they saw and did on it.

Making inexpensive but useful gifts for me was another of their projects. She and little Jim would collect brown paper bags; cut the unbroken fronts out and iron them. Many sewed together became a scrap-book. These scrap-books combined with the pages Jimmy collected out of old magazines, gave me many hours of fun. I would cut out the pictures and place them in the books. Other little projects would be designed to brighten my days in bed. This is only of many ways she gave her love and time to others in need.

After I was well enough to leave the house none of my old clothes would fit me. My clothes were all two years too small. Making to do with the best fit possible, mother made plans to take me to Cincinnati and buy some clothes to fit me.

As we were waiting for the bus out along Congress Ave., Miss Anise, a passenger in a car driving by saw us. She waved and asked the lady driving to stop. She came across the street to talk to us.

After two years in bed I was nothing but skin and bones. Lacking flesh I had trouble keeping warm. Miss Anise said that I looked so cold standing there she just had to stop. She gave my mother all the money she had in her purse with the instructions that it was all to be spent on me for clothes. The money amounted to \$30, which at that time (app. 1934) would buy a warm winter coat, good shoes, all the socks and underwear I needed, and several warm outfits to wear to school that winter. This was one of the ways she used money to help others.

"The grass always looks greener on the other side of the fence"

Miss Anise lived most of her life in large stately homes. Yet, she had the idea in the back of her mind that true happiness was to be found in a little cottage. The house on Forest Ave. where Mayor Carruthers lives today was once a small cottage. Miss Anise had a desire to make this cottage her home in her old age. However in meeting the needs of her own family through the years she was always needed in some other capacity than as mistress of a little cottage. There was a touch of pain as room after room was added down through the years making the little cottage into the fine and beautiful home it is today.

She loved my home. Not because it was large and expensive but rather because it was not. It was a very small inexpensive old cottage. She knew this cottage from the Albrights. Twice a year she would take her watch to Ed. Albright to have it cleaned. This involved walking back little Grove Lane and visiting in the Albright Cottage. This was pleasant to her and she developed a fondness for the little lane and cottage. How happy she was when she found out I had taken over the Albright's little house.

When the advance of old age forced her to live at St. Mary's Home, on my visits to her she would always ask questions about the little house and little lane. I never had the heart to tell her what had happened to the little lane. I let her believe it was the same as she remembered it.

I do not know of a better way Glendale could honor one of its finest citizens of yesterday than to restore little Grove Lane and ~~xxxx~~ to name it Anise Lane as a memorial to Mrs. J.C. Richardson.

any would help the situation.

1. Have the Grand Finale provide parking spaces for their employees. This would greatly relieve the situation on Grove Lane, the residential parts of Sharon and Congress.

or

2. Have both the Grand Finale and the saloon provide for their employees to park on their own property. There is room at the saloon without doing any additional work. All they have to do is to move them off of Grove onto the gravel area by their back door.

or

3. Completely eliminate the parking problem on Grove Lane and the residential parts of Congress and Sharon by restricting parking to all but the owners and their guest. Providing a parking lot in back of the saloon and on the vacant part of the corner property next to it. Both these properties were owned by the Kelly boy. Perhaps he still owns them.

or

4. Have the Village Council or the Committee to have Glendale put on the Historical Register take as a project :

To restore Grove Lane as it was fifteen years ago and had been for a hundred years as a memorial to one of the fine ladies of Old Glendale and rename the street in honor of her. This would restrict parking to the five families who must use the lane and their guest. ~~XXXXXX~~ To rename the street would only involve ~~work~~ **work** for two families having Grove as a mailing address.

Why rename?

Read the following story:

GRV6

Sch. Dist.
O. Bldg. Parking

