

Ruth and Glenn: How We Met

Ruth Weaver moved to a farm one mile from ours when she was in the third grade. Because of the way the school district lines were drawn, she went to Findlay Schools while I went to Arcadia School (Note that while Findlay had many schools, Arcadia had only one...with all grades in one building. This has been one hurdle that Ruth and I have never overcome...she went to LaDeDa Findlay while I attended a rural school...which over the years I have referred to as The Academy at Arcadia...an Academy where bib overhauls were more prevalent than blazers!) But I digress! Ruth's older brother, Arden, volunteered to be our Jolly Boys (Yes, we were the Jolly Boys!) 4-H Club leader and we often had our meeting at the Weaver home. Ruth and her older sister, Mary, usually made us treats for our meeting which we looked forward to, but otherwise there was no romantic spark in my heart for my commitment was to raising my pigs and two cows, Gay Lady and Gay Girl (Remember this was 1944). I would wave at the Weavers when we drove by their home on the way to get groceries in Findlay but otherwise we saw little of their family as we went to different churches and our family belonged to Grange while the Weavers belonged to the Farm Bureau.

The years passed and when I was about to be a ninth grader, my parents took their only vacation I ever remember them taking...a trip to Yellowstone National

Park with my father's brother, my Uncle Delph. While they were gone, I decided to cut the numerous bull thistles in our pasture field as I knew how much my father wanted they removed. I should have used a shovel or a machete but I used a hoe and developed several large blisters on my left hand. Proud that I had accomplished the task, but not knowing how to treat the blisters, I called my Aunt Mary for advice. She told me to lance the blister and put Vaseline on the site. Several days later, on the very day my parents were to return from their trip, my hand started to swell. My parents were happy to see my sister and me and while getting lots of praise for removing the thistles and opening several gifts they had brought us, I didn't mention my hand. During the night, my hand started to look like the hand of the Michelin Man. Not understanding cells, etc., I attempted to alleviate the swelling by sterilizing a needle and puncturing the puffed up areas... to no avail...but much pain. When I showed my hand to my mother the next morning she called the doctor for an appointment and we got in the car and headed to Dr. Goodman's office. Who he saw my hand, he said that I should be taken to the hospital and he would need to drain the fluids. The result was one inch incisions inside my middle three fingers and a three inch incision in the palm of my hand...with shunts in each incision. (No antibiotics were available in those days). I had to stay in the hospital for three days. I imagine that there would be no surgery today as I would be given antibiotics during an office visit.

During my hospital stay, Ruth and Mary visited me and brought me a bag of Kraft caramels. We talked a few minutes and after they departed the boy in the adjacent bed said, "That girl in shorts sure is cute." To which I replied, "She is my girlfriend." That wasn't true, but it seemed like the right thing to say! Ironically, this past year (2017) when Ardyn's widow, Audrey, sent Ruth old letters of Ardyn's that she thought Ruth might like to see. One letter to Ardyn from Ruth, dated shortly after my surgery in 1948, Ruth admonished him to study hard at Ohio State and added, "Don't tell Mom and Dad, but I like Glenn Saltzman." I guess Ruth and I were thinking along the same lines but it took a few more years for the fire to be lit.

In an isolated note, when the Navy sent me to Philadelphia Naval Hospital to have this surgery evaluated, because I was told that almost no one had full mobilization of their fingers after this surgery and I had to have full use of my hand to be a pilot. The report came back with glowing statements regarding the surgical skills of my doctor. I sent the report to Dr. Goodman and he replied that, "That is the only surgery of that type I ever did..and, I did the surgery from a book propped near your head in the surgery suite!" So much for experience!

The years passed with little contact between Ruth and me. Several times she invited me to parties, with her

Findlay friends, and I declined. The third time I was invited, my mother said I had to go. When I got to Ruth's house, she had paired me up with one of her friends for an evening of games and snacks. That did it...I would never go to one of her parties again!

In August of my senior year, Ruth and Doris Hoy came to our house asking for deserts for a social that was being held in the neighborhood. Ruth was dressed in a green and yellow shorts outfit and I promised them several pies that my sister had to bake. I took the pies to the social gathering and Ruth and I talked for a long time. Th next night, Ruth and Doris came to Arcadia to watch our final football practice before our opener in Findlay's Donnell Stadium. I talk to her after the game, in which I had scored a touchdown, and we decided to have a date on Sunday night, doubling with Doris and Bob King. We went to a Drive-in on Route 224 and every time we passed that site over the years, we would tell our kids "that's where we had our first date." They learned the geographical land marks and would start talking about our first date before we could mention it...It got to be a funny family story.

When I took Ruth to the door after the movie, I said goodnight and told her how much I enjoyed the evening and that I would like to take her out again. I had never kissed a girl on a first date, because it wasn't proper, but much to my surprise, Ruth kissed me! I was smitten...and it has lasted forever.

The Monday after our first date, we each told the person we had been dating that we were not going to date them again...and we have been a couple ever since!! She still kisses me when I least expect it.

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