

Memories of Julie Howell,

Julie and I grew up across the street from each other on Grenoble Road. Our families were best friends. My parents Bob & Betty Jones and Julie's mom and dad, Beaula and Conner Howell. I even remember one Halloween when my parents took us across the street to Howell's home and they said, "Trick or drink!" Haha! They had their martini glasses, I think. Their eldest child, a son Tommy was about the same age as my older brother Bobby.

Julie and I loved ZORRO. And she had the best costume collection in the basement. She was Zorro and I was the lady he saved. We had lots of adventures. Playing lots of various roles. There was a vacant lot next to her home with a lone tree near the street. I had decided I was not getting enough attention at home, like my older brother Bobby got. He had leg braces when he was quite young and had to have hernia operations which got him a lot of long-term attention. So, we, Julie and I decided if I fell out of a tree and broke my arm I, too, could get a lot of attention. We spent days one summer pushing me out of the tree. Never got a broken arm or wrist or anything else.

We used to say we were sisters because our mothers bought us matching outfits a lot! When the fourth of July came around Grenoble had a big float. And the year that Grace Kelly married the prince of Monaco that was our float! I begged and pleaded to be Grace Kelly. And I finally got the job. My mother wanted Julie to be Grace because she of course had the blonde hair. I believe I must have been a total brat, because I did get the position. Julie was happy because as a bridesmaid she got to wear a great hat! I wore nothing on my head. But, I got to sit in the position of the bride on the float.

A few or several years ago, Julie had been going through family photos and brought me a lot of pics of our birthday parties, and the floats and lots of times together with our families. When my parents divorced in 1959 it was tough on both families.

What was great for me was that Julie had pictures of her mom and mine all dressed up and getting ready to board a small plane that would take them to Indiana for my mother and Bill Clatworthy to get married.

Bill Clatworthy was going to Europe for some speaking engagements, and he was taking my mother. He would not take her unless they were married. The only place where they could get married quickly was Indiana. So, Betty and Beaula and Dr. Clatworthy, and another friend who loaned them the plane were headed off. I was grateful that Julie gave me those pictures. And so many of all our birthday parties.

One classmate of ours when we were in Barrington Elementary School, told me a story that Julie and I would HOG the sliding board. I have no recollection of this and meant to ask Julie if she remembered doing this. The classmate said that the rules were only one person on the slide and one on the ladder at a time. So either Julie or I would be at the bottom step of the ladder and the other on the slide, and quickly run to the top of the ladder take over the slide while the other got to the ladder. Yikes. Do not remember doing that at all.

Julie and I always bought each other gifts when we went on vacations. She collected horses and I collected dolls from other places. I think that was more an extension of my mother collecting dolls all her life. So, I did too.

Julie also gave me some pictures of when my dad remarried after the divorce to Jinx Gulcher. My brother and I were not to know about that till after they got married and then we were told. Conner and Beaula had a reception at their home for Dad and Jinx. Like I said it was tough for both families with the divorce and still trying to stay close with their good friends.

I LOVED Beaula Howell. I thought she was so beautiful and sweet and let us do a lot of fun stuff. She was around when my mother would be at work at WBNS. Once my mother had a beautiful cut crystal dish to return to Beaula, after my parents had a big party. I begged my mother to let me return it. Unfortunately, she did. I crossed the street holding it so carefully in both hands as I stepped up onto the sidewalk. I turned to walk to the Howell's house about another 20 feet away and I tripped on the big black tar that had oozed out from between sidewalk slabs. I went down face first, both hands still gripping the glass as it shattered with dozens of little shards of glass becoming embedded in both of my hands.

Thankfully our neighbor next door to our house on North Star was a doctor, Dr. Beatty. His wife Mary was an RN. I was taken to their kitchen where I spent the afternoon and the evening till bedtime as he carefully with tweezers plucked the pieces of crystal out of my hands.

We all went to the same church, First community. And just did a lot together. Sadly, we rarely saw them after the divorce, and we moved to a different area of Columbus. Then my mother died, and we moved again. Julie and I tried to get together, but it wasn't the same and we rarely saw each other as Julie was in Jones and I was now in Hastings.

Had not seen each other in decades when we met again at a reunion meeting. I loved Julie Howell, and her family.