

The TR Times

The TR Times is also available in color at www.travelersrestresort.com

Vol. 31, No. 8

Serving the residents of Travelers Rest Resort, Dade City, Florida

Friday, January 22, 2016

Hi Lites

Friday Night Dance Western Theme

Friday, Jan. 22 at 7 p.m.
in Busch Hall



TR Volunteer Fire Association

Pancake Breakfast

Saturday, Jan. 23
7:30 to 9:30 a.m. in Busch Hall.

Busch Hall

Sunday Night

Sunday, Jan. 24

Paul and Annette Pitts on stage at 7 p.m.
Ice cream at 6:15 p.m.
See page 2.

Tuesday Night Movie

Tuesday, Jan. 26

The Hunger Games: Mockingjay - Part 1 (2014)
SciFi thriller starring Jennifer Lawrence and Josh Hutcherson.
Short 6:45 p.m., Movie 7:30 p.m.

Coffee Seminars

8 to 9 a.m. in Busch Hall.

Tuesday, Jan. 26

Hodge's Funeral Home. Keith Williams will be speaking on available arrangements.

Thursday, Jan. 28

Michael W. Higgins, DO, will talk about Arthritis and Joint Replacement.

See page 6.

Showcase Day

Wednesday, Jan 27

See pages 14 and 15

The TR Times

Next issue is Friday, Jan. 29
Deadline is Friday, Jan. 22

Activity Reminders

Baby Boomers

Bash Dinner Dance

Friday, Jan. 29

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First TR Manager Paul Ruth passes away

by Margaret Emmetts

Doug Pedersen received a phone call on Jan. 11 advising that Paul Ruth had passed away that morning. Ruth had just celebrated his 91st birthday on Jan. 4 and had been in declining health for some time. Residents whose history in the park does not go back over 25 years may not know the role played by this gentleman in the formation of Travelers Rest Resort.

During the first week of January 1973, Paul and Betty Ruth arrived at TR. An Ohio farmer, Paul and his son Steve had started an Airstream polishing and refinishing business. The Ruths arrived in Dade City expecting to find a well-developed Airstream park where they could promote their new business. Instead, they found a muddy mess and a park in financial crisis.

Jacob Busch had just assumed the presidency of the corporation which was working to get the future park in condition for business. One of the projects underway was changing the terrain. Much of the area was wetlands that needed to be filled. In addition to farming back in Ohio, Ruth had a contracting business that specialized in landscaping, farm ponds, drainage, etc. Ruth realized that the contractor that had been hired to do the work was scamming the park and in fact, had been black-balled along the Florida coast. Ruth suggested to Busch that a dozer be rented and Ruth would correct the drainage problems and prepare the area for patios and lots.



PAUL RUTH
1925 - 2016

Although Ruth had only planned to stay at TR for a short period of time, he realized that his skills were sorely needed. He returned to Ohio and brought his own bulldozer back to TR and committed to finishing the work.

Did you know that Paul Ruth was responsible for Mirror Lake? He actually calculated how much fill would be needed to correct the gradients in the rest of the park. Ruth then removed that amount of fill and formed Mirror Lake, which

is 18 feet at its deepest point. Ruth became the first employee of the park, serving as Manager from 1973 to 1990. Without Paul Ruth's dedication and expertise, Travelers Rest as we now know it might not exist.

Paul Gordon Ruth was born Jan. 4, 1925 in Fremont, Ohio to the late Palmer Jacob and Zera Elle (Smith) Ruth. He married Betty Rose (Copley) in Westerville on Oct. 12, 1943. She preceded him in death on Dec. 17, 2010.

Other survivors include his children Stephen (Becky) Ruth of Helena, Cheryl (Roger) DeVaughn of Jackson, Mich.; Rebecca (Philip) Hause of Olathe, Kan. and Pamela (Frank) Monosmith of Ney, Ohio; 12 grandchildren and 29 great grandchildren.

Paul was a lifelong farmer, a member of the Shiloh United Methodist Church in Helena, a Charter member of the Helena Fire Department and a member of Gideon International that allowed him to share his witness of Christ to others.

Paul was preceded in death by his parents, wife Betty and a son, Richard Ruth. A private family burial was held at the Gibsonburg West cemetery.

Memorial contributions may be made to Gideon's International or to the Shiloh United Methodist Church. Online condolences may be left for the family at www.englishookfuneralhome.com.

See related article on page 20

Paul Ruth shared his memories of Clarence Hudson

Editor's note: Paul Ruth provided the original information about Clarence Hudson, one of his close associates in the years Travelers Rest was taking form.

The Hudson's home was on their farm not far from Lansing in the Dimondale, Michigan community. Along with his farming he was a GM employee for many years. The family often wintered near Ft. Myers. Hearing of an Airstream Park in Dade City, they decided to check it out. Clarence Hudson and Paul Ruth hit it off immediately.

Ruth reports that Hudson was happy as long as he was busy and Ruth assured him that he would make him the happiest man in Pasco County. This sealed their friendship and Hudson became Ruth's right hand man. With Hudson's background, Ruth said all he had to do was point him toward the task at hand. Due to financial constraints, there were no paid employees and everything was done on a volunteer basis.

Hudson had a couple of very painful accidents. While cutting

some low hanging limbs, one flipped Hudson out of the tractor bucket, causing him to fall about ten feet, breaking several ribs when he landed on the front tractor tire.

Another incident occurred when excavating Mirror Lake. A sapling caught under the left rear tractor wheel and the top of that tree under the right rear and before he could stop, pinned his legs to the hot transmission case. He was burned so badly from the knees down that even after weeks in

Lakeland General it took him months to recover. Ruth said Clarence was one tough man.

If you would like to learn more about Paul Ruth and the origin of Travelers Rest, we suggest that you refer to *The Story of Travelers Rest Resort 1972 - 2012* which was distributed to all residents four years ago.

If you are a newer resident, copies of this booklet are available at the Main Office or *The TR Times* office.

Photo of the week



Photoby
Eleanor Buchser

Gene Miller, Norm Showers, Bill Bradford and Bill Brooks supervise a meeting of their pets.

Meet the Candidates Forum is Feb. 4

by Margaret Emmetts

The TR Times will once again sponsor a Meet the Candidates Forum on Thursday, Feb. 4 in Busch Hall at 2 p.m.

As has been our custom, candidates will make introductory statements and then be open to questions from residents. It is suggested that residents use the form on page 3 to submit their questions to *The TR Times* office.

Additional forms will be available the day of the forum. No questions will be asked directly of

the candidates by residents.

This is an excellent opportunity for everyone to become familiar with the candidates' views and goals and to ask probing questions. It is our hope that everyone will avail themselves of this opportunity. Most importantly, we look forward to receiving your questions.

See form on page 3



Paul Ruth Place dedicated

Editor's note: This article was originally published on the front page of *The TR Times* dated March 12, 2004.

by Larry Halliday

The Paul Ruth Place was packed last Sunday at 3:30 for the dedication of the building. Paul, his wife, Betty, and son, Steve, were honored guests as President Doug opened the ceremonies. The new plaques on the wall attest to the fact that Paul was the first Manager of Travelers Rest and was instrumental in laying out the streets and sites as we find them today.

Paul wanted to reply to Doug before the tattle tales got to put in their two cents worth. "The credit really goes to the Lord," said Paul. Son, Steve, shared the emotional story of his having to take over the family business when his dad was offered the manager's job full time. "Support of the family was the most important help," admitted Ruth.

Many stories and reminiscences were offered by the residents. Al Harder informed the audience that it was really because of Paul that we have the golf course as the jewel of the park. Al went on



BETTY AND PAUL RUTH

to tell us that he remembered how Paul was always out there with his bull-dozer cleaning out swampy Mirror Lake and forming the greens, tees and fairways. Justine Gates remembered Paul down a hole helping to repair the waterline...usually at two in the morning! So you wouldn't bother anyone, Paul?

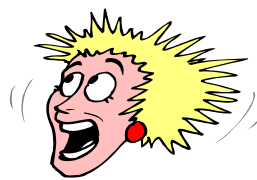
Just before he turned the afternoon over to the cake and punch crowd, Doug ended the formalities by stating that, "We all give thanks for Paul's vision and industry in making Travelers Rest the lovely park we all enjoy."



Photo by Skip Reaser

A FULL HOUSE: The Paul Ruth Place overflowed with well-wishers at the dedication.

Some days it just doesn't pay



by Margaret Emmetts

Many, many years ago when my children were young I had one of those special days. If you were a working mother you will appreciate what I mean. My husband was at work, the children were in school and I was home alone. I had all day to get lots of things done, hopefully without interruption.

I started my day by going to the basement to put in a load of laundry. I then proceeded upstairs to do whatever. After a reasonable length of time I returned to the laundry room to put the wash in the dryer. Imagine my surprise to find the laundry room floor flooded and the water seeping into an adjacent storage closet. Apparently the gizmo in the washing machine that was supposed to turn off the water when it reached the proper level had failed. I immediately turned off the water and headed for the phone to call my husband. When I reached him I told him what had happened, sort of expecting he would have some solution that would involve him. But no, he was an hour away at work and busy. I should just clean up the water and he would deal with the machine when he got home.

The house we were living in at the time was built on the side of a

hill with the land sloping down away from the road. As a result, our basement was exposed at the rear of the house. Our garage was under the house with the entry from the rear. The driveway ran downhill past the house with a square turning area which allowed us to make the modified "U" turn needed to get into the garage. This arrangement was fine when we had just one vehicle. However, over time we had gained a second car and a 19' travel trailer. It was decided to extend the driveway with an area large enough to easily accommodate the two extra vehicles. Due to the slope of the land the new area had to be built up. Over time we had filled the spot with stone and dirt to bring it up to the level of the existing drive. We intended to have it paved, but were waiting for it to settle. In the meantime we were parking the car and trailer in the area.

Now, on the day in question, which just happened to be the same day the laundry room flooded, it was raining. Since the kids walked

to school and I happened to be home, I decided I would pick them up. It was really raining pretty hard.

When we returned home I was appalled to find that the water running down the driveway was eroding the dirt in our filled area. More important, it was eroding an area right under the wheel of the trailer. If this continued there was the possibility that the trailer would tip!

Once again I headed for the phone to call my husband. Surely he would come to my aid this time. This was serious. But no, again he was still an hour away and busy at work. He suggested I hitch up the trailer to the car and pull it onto the paved drive. His only warning "Once you step on the gas, do not hesitate, keep moving."

My 12-year-old son directed me as I maneuvered the car into position. We hooked up the ball hitch not bothering with the sway bars. I got in the car, said a small prayer and hit the gas. Fortunately the trailer moved forward without tipping and we were able to get it onto firm ground.

About 6 p.m. my husband returned from work. Looked around and said "You see, you were able to handle everything." Ever have the desire to really hit someone?

We never saw the tree

by Jean Helker

Snow sure isn't as exciting as it used to be. From the comfort of my easy chair in front of the TV I can watch the weatherman talking about all the snow up north, and I don't even feel the least bit jealous. It wasn't like that when I was a child. We were very excited about the possibility of snow so that we could haul out our sleds and take thrilling rides down the nearest hill.

At my house which was located in a lightly traveled subdivision, our street was the perfect place to sled. It sloped at just the right angle to give us an exciting ride. The only drawback was that we had to steer around a corner near the bottom of the hill. Failure to navigate the corner sent us up the next hill only far enough to start us back down in the wrong direction.

The home on the corner where we turned was nicely landscaped. We barely took notice of the trees



and plants growing there. We were much more intent on steering around the corner and gliding to a stop so that we could climb the hill and do it all over again.

My Dad built us a toboggan which held six of us at a time. It was rather unwieldy to steer, but we all piled on anyway and took our chances. Most of the time things went well. But this story is about the time a tree appeared out of nowhere and sent us all sprawling into the snow.

The toboggan was steered with a rope attached to the runners which took a strong kid to control. Usually one of the boys would do the steering, but on the night in question we had an inexperienced

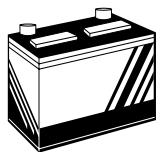
kid at the control. This became obvious as we raced down the hill at breakneck speed while he vainly tried to keep the toboggan in a straight line.

We all held on for dear life as we started around the corner at the bottom of the street. Suddenly we were on the landscaped lawn of the corner house. Right in front of us was a large pine tree. Our ride ended suddenly amid pine branches. We hadn't even seen it. Fortunately none of us was injured, although the tree did take a beating. We beat a hasty retreat before the owner could reprimand us.

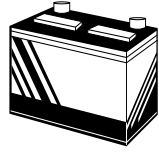
Back at our house we drank hot chocolate and warmed our fingers at the large fire drum my dad had provided for us. Our worries about the tree soon disappeared and we were all ready to do it again. This time we were sure to pay attention to that tree.

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