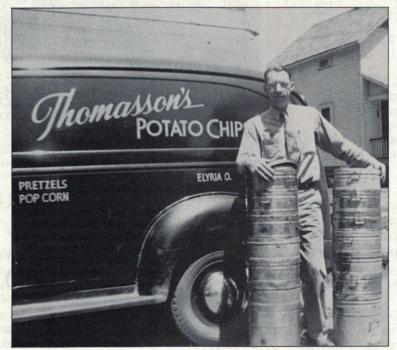
THOMASSON'S

Elvria

In 1931, Elyria streetcar conductor Oralie Thomasson headed for the car barn for the last time. Out of a job and in the depths of the Depression, Thomasson built a pushcart and started peddling door to door. His wares were potato chips that his wife and kids cooked during the night, in the basement.

Now Bill Thomasson is president of the company his grandfather started. Bill's been frying chips since he was eight

Thomasson's chips were cooked by hand until 1969, when Bill invested in automatic cookers. Elyrians rose up in noisy protest. So Bill found a way to slow the cooking process so the chips would absorb more grease and taste like the old hand-cooked kind. But there are times when he longs for the old grease-soaked chips like Grandpa used to make. "Yes. A chip that's cooked so slow the oil just soaks in and leaves a puddle in your hand, a film on your lips and a smile in your tummy. Those were the chips."



Elyria's Elite: Thomasson's were at first cooked by hand, and sold door to door

KITCH'N COOK'D

Massillon

ayne Sampsel made no pretensions toward lightness for his Kitch'n Cook'd Potato Chips. "They don't crumble when you bite them. They fight back," he used to say. "They're harder than regular chips, with a certain—what would you call it—resistance?"

Connoisseurs find the essence of Kitch'n Cook'd nearly indefinable: "I can't explain it. I just want it," says a letter writer from Texas, a former Massillonite who orders his Kitch'n Cook'd by the case. They are the only Ohio-made potato chips still cooked in lard. When other makers switched to vegetable oils, Sampsel stuck by his thirty-year recipe developed when the

chips were produced in a two-man operation in a Canal Fulton garage.

Kitch'n Cook'd Potato Chips are currently available only in a five-county area around Massillon. That may change now that Clevelander Ed Nemetz has bought the company. If Nemetz plans to change the chips' unique taste, he's not saying. "We'll keep our competitors guessing."

DELUXE

Toledo

You could call Bob Weitz an anachronism and he would not challenge you. While many potato chip companies started as one-man operations, Weitz's Deluxe Potato Chip Company still is. "There used to be seven of us in Toledo that made chips," recalls the twenty-year veteran. "Now I'm the only one."

Weitz fries three to five days a week, six hundred pounds each day, in a storefront in Toledo's north end. He brings a personal dimension to handfrying. Standing over a stainless-steel cooker containing two thousand pounds of bubbling shortening, Weitz fries forty-five pounds of potato slices every three minutes, stirring them with a long-handled, fan-shaped, blue metal garden rake.

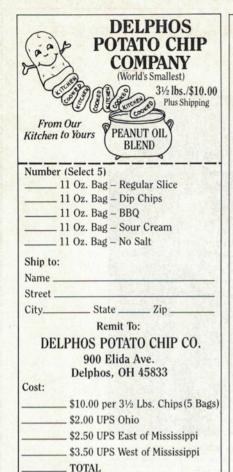
Production is down from the days when he delivered to groceries and



Tops in Toledo: Bob Weitz's company remains a true one-man operation

restaurants throughout the Toledo area. Now he only sells the chips on the premises. He doesn't advertise because he's afraid he might have to work too hard.

But he likes what he's doing and isn't thinking retirement. "I intend to do this until I fall into the cooker."



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Chips Ahoy: A man's taste in chips can betray his heritage . . . even his neighborhood

KETTLECOOKED

Brewster

hite-uniformed ladies in hairnets stand next to the cooking kettles, stirring chips with sterilized leaf rakes. The chips are done when they turn slightly brown and curl up at the edges. Plant manager Curvin Rohler strolls past waving a batch of letters to be thumbtacked onto the bulletin board—testimonials from satisfied customers.

"Keep up the good work, ladies," he says. Kettlecooked is the only chip maker with statewide distribution that still cooks its chips by hand. Kettlecooked, owned by Jack and Rosemary Shearer and their two sons, has grown in ten years from a two-man operation to a streamlined plant with fifty-eight employees processing 2.5 million pounds of potatoes a year.

CAIN'S Bowling Green

aybe Emerson Cain was enamored of Gloria Swanson or Greta Garbo, who wore their hair in the fashionable "marcelle bob" of the Twenties and Thirties. Or maybe the wavy hairdo just struck a chord when he was naming the corrugated, slightly thicker than ordinary potato chip he invented in the 1930s. But the term "marcelle" has been pirated by so many other potato chip makers that it is now a standard trade term for wavy potato chips.

Working out of a garage just a few blocks from the present plant, Emerson Cain was a one-man operation in 1936. Today, the fully automated plant employs one hundred twenty and time lapsed from potato to bright yellow package is fifteen minutes.

Cain has long since moved away, but the marcelle chips remain, along with cousins plain, Bar-B-Q, sour cream and onion, and salt and vinegar.

TRIPP'S HOME-MADE POTATO CHIPS

Ragersville

Sharon Hisrich started making potato chips for her family. Then word got out and townspeople began showing up at her door, eager to buy. When the Ragersville Inn asked her to supply chips for the bar, Sharon bought a second fryer and increased production to 15 pounds per week.

Sharon recently traded her French fryers for two bigger kettles and retired her paring knife in favor of an electric peeler. She and her husband, Raymond, now make one thousand pounds of chips each week, packing a tiny toy in each bag of crispy Tripp's.

Neighbors still show up at the kitchen door, along with tourists who wander off the main road. Anyone is welcome to see Tripp's tiny factory or meet Tripp's tiny namesake, two-year-old Raymond "Tripp" Hisrich—already a big name in town.

GOLD'N KRISP

Massillon

Gainey can prove it. "Feel the bag," he says. "These chips are twenty minutes out of the cooker and still warm."

Odell delivers his chips personally to supermarkets in Wayne, Summit and Stark counties. He does all of the buying and the book work and much of the cooking.

As a conservative chip maker, Gold'n Krisp has scarcely grown since Odell started it at age twenty-one. Now slipping into middle age, he's comfortable in his smallness.

Contributers to "Chips" were Lisa Buckley, Sue Gorisek and Hildegarde Slaughter.