

MARKETS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD FULLERS



Scott and Tom Fuller posed in front of Tom Fuller's downtown grocery store in 1975 for a photograph for *Russian consumption*.

A small town in Amerika, 1975

On an October weekend in 1975, a pair of mustached gentlemen from the East arrived in Granville, Ohio, on a Cold War assignment for the United States government. Writer Howard Cincotta and photographer Anestis Diakopoulos were employed by the U.S. Information Agency — their mission was to create a favorable portrait of small town American life for a largely skeptical Soviet audience.

The U.S. Information Agency (USIA) was formed by President Dwight D. Eisenhower in 1953, and its goal was generally twofold — to counter Soviet and other anti-American hype abroad (including the perceived negative influence of Hollywood), and also to assure an uneasy American audience that their country was “working to build a better world.” Russian-language *Amerika* was the agency's flagship magazine, distributed under a cultural exchange agreement with the Soviet Union, who in turn sold an English-language publication in this country called

Soviet Life. Eisenhower reasoned that few people would accept straightforward propaganda if they perceived it as such, so the USIA advocated American interests through various media that appeared to be independent of each other. This created both wider distribution of its message and also the impression that supporting opinion was coming from more than one source. The agency and its publications disbanded after the collapse of the Soviet Union and the end of the Cold War in the early 1990s.

Amerika was a large-format periodical that resembled the popular *Life* magazine, with abundant high-quality and appealing photographs. This was no coincidence, according to writer Howard Cincotta, “Soviet citizens didn't believe much of anything governments told them — ours or theirs — but actual photographs were another matter. That was the one key to the magazine's success: a window to the West for people who could only dream of traveling there.”

Why Granville? Cincotta explains that the greatest separation in Soviet society of those days was not social class, but the divide between urban and rural. Rural, to Russians, was synonymous with poverty and isolation, and they considered the vast majority of non-urban America to be a rather grim place to live. "We decided to counter that stereotype by identifying a small community that was attractive, prosperous, and very importantly, had a college to enrich the town's cultural life. Voila, Granville and Denison."

To give Cincotta and Diakopoulos a starting place in the community, their USIA story editor went to Granville's largest employer in 1975, Owens-Corning, where the personnel department put them in touch with engineer and economic analyst Ken Apacki and his wife Carol. The young couple provided a perfect connection to Granville for the journalists, who still remember them warmly. Ken and Carol make it clear the feeling was mutual. "They were friendly and funny and charming — it was great to be with visitors who were falling in love with our town," says Carol. She recalls, "They got so much more than they expected when they came — it was a glorious fall weekend. You could see them thinking, 'Do people really live like this?'" Both visitors confirm that it was a rare experience of warmth and hospitality, and they still remember details of Granville vividly after 37 years.

The story in this edition of the *Historical Times* has never before been published in English or read by an American audience. It was translated into Russian and distributed in the Soviet Union in 1977. It served the intention of the USIA well, describing to Soviet readers an appealing rural town in the American midwest, with history and cultural resources — a traditional village thriving in a modern economic world. Author Cincotta emphasizes that it may have been propaganda, but they were not in the business of fabricating facts and stories. The journalists succeeded so well in accurately capturing the characters and places and patterns of life here at that time that the story now serves the unintentionally valuable purpose of a Granville time capsule from the 1970s. Anestis Diakopoulos expresses "mild amusement"



Writer Howard Cincotta and photographer Anestis Diakopoulos pay homage to Grant Wood in front of the Apacki's West Maple Street house. Cincotta recalls that the USIA photo editor of AMERIKA told them, "people in small towns rake their leaves in the fall. I want to see it."

to learn that the photojournalistic efforts of his early career have managed to age into the category of "historical," but he's pleased to have his images appreciated.

— James G. Hale

James G. Hale has illustrated children's books for HarperCollins and Scholastic over 20 years, and is currently Production Manager at Denison University Communications. He is a member of the Granville Historical Society Publications Committee and Editorial Board of the Historical Times.



Citizens inspect glittering items at the annual summer street sale on Broadway.

A sense of place: Granville, OH

By **Howard Cincotta**

Photographs by **Anestis Diakopoulos**

One day in 1805, while tracking cattle through the Ohio wilderness, a Welsh-born frontiersman named Theophilus Rees heard voices singing in the wilderness. For a few startling moments he thought he might be hearing a heavenly choir — until he came upon the newly arrived settlers of Granville, Ohio, celebrating their first Sabbath near what was to become their home.

Granville residents still relish the story of Theophilus Rees, and the town still enjoys the close-knit, community spirit that held those first settlers together. The town's intimate social ties are attractive to people brought up in cities and suburbs that may have become too large and volatile to foster a sense of community identity. In Granville, the connections between people are reinforced at every turn.

Housewives gather at markets to shop and socialize ("Going to the market can take me an hour-and-a-half because of all the friends I meet and talk with," says Carol Apacki, a resident since 1968); older men relax on park benches to read newspapers or doze in the sun; small children surge through the streets to and from school like flocks of noisy birds; teenagers gather in knots outside the drug-store.

The daily routines are punctuated by events that, whatever the occasion, are really community celebrations. On one summer day it might be a bazaar and potluck supper at the Presbyterian Church; on a Friday evening in autumn, it might be the high-school football game.

GRANVILLE HISTORY — IN SHORT

Today, Granville looks more like a 19th-Century New

England village than a 20th-century Ohio town — which is no accident: those original settlers were farmers from Granville, Massachusetts, and neighboring Granby, Connecticut. Those New Englanders had found that they were rapidly depleting the thin glacial soil of lower Massachusetts and had heard tales of the wondrous Ohio territory to the west. A group of leading citizens formed a land company and bought 26,000 acres of Ohio wilderness that was to become Granville and its environs. The settlers carefully planned the layout of their new town well before they left Massachusetts — the town fathers stipulated a 100-acre division of lots for each family to farm and build upon, and set aside 100 acres to provide church income, plus sites for schools, mills, a stone quarry and cemetery.

Their most important decision was to build a wide street that would run the length of the village and be known as The Broadway, which remains one of the distinctive joys of Granville. Its wide, tree-lined sidewalks and graceful 19th-century buildings make it as much a plaza for people as a thoroughfare for automobiles. It is a public space that accommodates a variety of activities, and it gives Granville a vital center that enables the town to resist the centrifugal forces of suburban shopping centers and freeways. Downtown Granville — meaning Broadway — remains the commercial center as well as the geographical and social center of the town. Many of its shops have been owned and run by the same families for decades, and are more than just businesses. By serving generations of Granville citizens, they have become community institutions.

A GROCERY STORE DOWNTOWN

An example is Fuller's Market, one of three grocery stores on Broadway. Tom Fuller, the present owner, took over the store eight years ago on the death of his father, who had run the market for 30 years. Now Tom Fuller's son Scott, 13, has started helping with the business, working three afternoons a week and part of the day on Saturday.

Does Tom plan to have Scott follow him in the business? "I'm not going to push it one way or the other," Tom says. "The opportunity is here if he wants it. It would make me happy if he did, but it may not be the life for him. It's a nine-to-nine job six days a week, 60 to 75 hours a week. You've got to pace yourself . . . you can't come in running first thing in the morning . . . you keep walking pretty fast though."

A few years ago, Fuller was worrying about simply staying in business. A large supermarket opened at the foot of Main Street, which bisects Broadway, and, with its size and sales volume, could undersell Fuller's. "The usual pattern is for a supermarket to put several of the independents out of business, leaving maybe one," Fuller says. That didn't happen in Granville. A combination of town loyalty and a



Helen Dunfield, the founding director of the Granville Fellowship centered in Sinnett House, which is in the background. She was ubiquitous in her Volkswagen Beetle after immigrating from Ireland in 1971.

Broadway location has kept all the markets prosperous. Tom Fuller's annual gross sales now total about \$400,000. "I remember when my father said that \$600 a week was good. Now \$600 a day would be a bad day, and I'd want to know the reason why."

The scene in Fuller's Market sheds light on the customers' loyalty. Housewives chat over fresh vegetables. At the cheese counter, Fuller discusses selections with a woman planning a cocktail party. Fuller's is more than a grocery store; it is a gathering place where shopping is as much a community ritual as a semiweekly chore.

THE PROMINENT ROLE OF CHURCH

The churches of Granville are another visible legacy of the town's past. The Granville Congregational Church, organized before the settlers left Massachusetts, was strict and conservative, and it dominated the social life of the town until the mid-19th century, when other Protestant denominations took root in Granville.



Evelyn McSweeney serving tea at the Sinnett House.

The influence of religion continues. At Broadway and Main Streets, churches stand on three of the four corners: First Presbyterian (successor to the Congregational Church), First Baptist and United Methodist. On the fourth corner is a structure honeycombed with offices and shops called the Opera House. Its upper floor once served as a Baptist church when the building was at another location in town. It was preserved and moved intact to the Broadway and Main location. Next door to the Opera House is St. Luke's Episcopal Church. "When the church bells ring on Sunday morning," says one resident, "no one sleeps in."

In Granville's early years, education flourished along with religion. By the 1830s, the town had one academy for men and two for women. In 1831, the Ohio Baptist Convention established a Literary and Theological Seminary in Granville. After several years on the outskirts, the school moved to a hill overlooking the town. One of the school's chief benefactors was William S. Denison, who donated \$10,000 to it in 1853. In gratitude, the trustees named the college for him.

Denison University, no longer formally affiliated with the

Baptist Church, is today a small liberal arts college whose 2,100 students and 150 faculty members are a sizeable but not overwhelming part of the town. The university offers a range of activities, from athletics to theater, symphony concerts and art exhibits at its gallery.

The town, in turn, is an asset for the university: it offers a life-style that attracts students and faculty. And the natural town-gown tension between Granville and the university adds spice to Granville's serene life. "The values of an academic community are not always those of a small town," says former Denison president Joel Smith. He mentions a new university art-and-music building (Burke Hall) located downtown near Broadway. "It was a deliberate attempt to add a contemporary aspect to the architecture of the college," Smith says. Some of the more tradition-minded citizens felt that the building's contemporary design intruded on the carefully restored, 19th-century look of the town. Smith contends, however, that Denison needed to assert its modernity — just as Granville residents worked to protect the town's past.

Robert C. Good, Denison's president and a former U.S. ambassador to Zambia, believes that Denison and Granville should engage each other openly and actively. "To have a cosmopolitan, diverse student body we need to have an openness in the community that will create an environment hospitable to heterogeneity," says Good. "Denison is an idyllic and, in some senses, a lonely spot. This makes it difficult to build a diverse student body but it can be done." Good stresses that a complete education includes "brushes with the real world."

Denison attracts local students to the campus through its Community Scholar Program. Residents of the area over the age of 30 can study free at Denison in courses ranging from Inorganic Chemistry to 19th-century Russian Literature in Translation. About 20 to 30 such persons attend classes at any one time.

One of them is Evelyn McSweeney, 76, who was born in Ireland and lived there until four years ago when she came to live with her son in Granville. She first took a course called World Political Geography and enjoyed it so much that she signed up for another on the Geography of Europe.

Geography professor Richard Mahard feels that his students have benefited from having Mrs. McSweeney in class. "I find many young people who have never spent much time around grandparents or other older people," he says. "Here they have discovered an older person in class, heard her speak and become aware of some of her attitudes and viewpoints."

Evelyn McSweeney also makes daily visits to Granville's center for senior citizens, Sinnett House, named for one of the town's eminent citizens. The house, built in 1840, was dilapidated and empty until Helen Dunfield decided to con-

AT RIGHT:
Denison students enthusiastically participate in a crowd at a Big Red home football game.

LOWER RIGHT:
Three Denison students surround the fountain in front of Taylor Drug. The fountain was a challenge for every small child in Granville to climb up and use. Note the dog level fountain as well.

BELOW: A Denison cheerleader, perhaps included to set up a sense of counterpoint to 1975 Soviet women.





Children lured by the Opera House pastry shop after school. Originally the 1849 Baptist church, the structure was moved across Main Street in 1882 and served many community and commercial uses over the years. It burned down in 1982.

vert it into a center for older persons. "My dream was to have a house that would be warm and inviting, not a cold institution," she says.

Sinnett House is a true community institution; local citizens donated all of its furnishings and appliances. The house is alive with activities: exercise classes and prayer meetings, luncheons and birthday parties, music and discussion groups.

A TYPICAL FAMILY

The Apacki family, Kenneth, Carol and their three daughters, are typical of the newer, younger citizens of the town. Ken Apacki, who is 35, was born in Peoria, Illinois. He earned a degree in mechanical engineering from the University of Illinois, served with the U.S. Army and worked for the Chrysler Corporation in Detroit, Michigan. In 1969, he joined the Owens-Corning Fiberglas Company

as an economic analyst and moved to Granville. Carol, who is 35, grew up in southern Illinois, attended the University of Illinois (where she met Ken), served with the Peace Corps in Thailand and taught high school in Illinois. The daughters are Mary Kay, eight, Erin, six, and Leslie, five.

A sample of Carol's routine contradicts the stereotype of small-town life as leisurely and slow-paced. She has worked with the League of Women Voters, served on a citizen's panel concerned with zoning and growth, sponsored a student from Malaysia at Denison and served part time as a volunteer teacher's aide in a public school. Carol is also active in the Presbyterian Church and participates in a baby-sitting cooperative in which mothers take turns caring for each other's children. "It sounds as though I'm constantly running around and doing a lot of things, but it's really no more than many other people are doing," she says.

Last year, the Apackis spent most of their time planning and building a new home on the outskirts of town. Ken drew up many of the specifications for the house himself, then worked with the contractor on the actual construction.

"We spent hours and hours at the kitchen table drawing and redrawing plans," recalls Carol. "It has been an all-consuming project." The result is a two-story, four-bedroom, cedar-and-brick home located on a two-acre lot with a grove of tall Douglas fir trees.

Granville has given the Apackis a place in which to put down roots. They in turn, have contributed their sense of community and commitment to Granville. "Here a single citizen can make a difference," says Ken.

One difference Ken has made is a new park. As co-chairman of the Granville Community Park Planning Commission, he joined some friends in making a study of the town's recreation needs, then persuaded the town council that a new park could be created on land that the community already owned. Ken and other volunteers mowed grass and graded roads. Owens-Corning donated 50 truckloads of gravel. Wildwood Park opened in the fall of 1975, 25 acres of grass and forest with picnic tables, outdoor barbecue fireplaces and a nature trail that winds alongside a stream.

Granville is growing as more people discover its attractions. Town residents see the inevitability of change and growth, but want to insure that both are orderly and controlled.

R & D CENTERS ARE A PERFECT FIT

The town encourages clean, non-manufacturing industrial development. The best example is Granville's largest employer, the Owens-Corning Fiberglas Technical Center. The Center employs more than 700 persons, of whom some 120 live in Granville. (The town's second largest employer is Denison.)

Katherine Richards at the Presbyterian Church annual Country Fair, a fundraising event for Mission projects.



The Technical Center occupies 400 acres of rolling green hills dotted with renovated, whitewashed buildings that once were part of a large farm. The center conducts research into the properties and uses of fiberglass, which has wide application, from insulation in buildings to reinforcement in plastics.

Recently, the Dow Chemical Company built a Research and Technical Center employing 200 persons, in the Granville area. "Dow came looking for land," says Granville town manager Robert Harmon. "A realtor showed them Granville and the town just sold itself. It's going to mean new growth and new people for the region."

For Robert Rutherford, a management consultant in neighboring Columbus, the new center is the right kind of growth. "The Dow facility will mean an addition of about \$10 million to the tax base of the area," he says. "Residential development, on the other hand, would probably end up costing the area more in public expenditures for sewers, roads and schools than would come back in taxes."

The question of growth is closely tied to the question of whether the inner Granville village, population 2,000, should annex the surrounding township, population 6,000. Many township residents oppose unification because they would have to pay higher taxes, primarily for roads and sewers. A number of village residents support unification as the best way of controlling growth "The overriding concern is protecting the Granville community and retaining its quality of life," says Granville town manager Harmon.

Granville's older citizens, many of whom trace their ancestry back to town founders, are uneasy about these changes. No one has a greater sense of Granville's history

than Minnie Hite Moody. Mrs. Moody was born in Granville but left when she married at age 17. She returned 43 years later, having, in the interim, published five novels and hundreds of stories, articles, book reviews and newspaper columns. During one period in Atlanta, Georgia, she read a book each night for 1,000 nights and wrote a review of each for The Atlanta Constitution. She estimates that she has published more than seven-and-a-half million words.

Mrs. Moody writes a daily column called "I Remember, I Remember" for a local newspaper. She also records two five-minute radio shows daily. Her most frequent subjects are people and events of Granville's past, which has a particular meaning for her: she traces her lineage back to Theophilus Rees, the man who mistook the singing Granville settlers for heavenly voices in the wilderness.

Minnie Hite Moody opposes unification of the village and the township. "I don't want new industry and people coming in here," she says, "because I don't want to see the character of the town change." She finds the contemporary town and its residents less attractive, almost less real, than the men and women who trekked west to found a new town in the Ohio wilderness.

Mrs. Moody and the other citizens of Granville will have to continue balancing the demands of growth and change with the need to preserve the town's sense of history and community. They have some significant assets: a healthy economic base, a vital downtown and Denison University. More importantly, the people of Granville possess a spirit and energy, a sense of history and purpose, that leave little doubt that the town's rich pattern of individual and community life will endure in the decades ahead.



Carol Apacki at a Presbyterian church potluck supper.



A class outing.

The 70s: A turning point in Granville history?

James Hale notes, "As with any time capsule, the world around it has gone about the business of changing day by day — the Opera House burned in 1982, Fuller's Market closed in 1985, the economic promise of Dow Chemical came in 1977 and was gone by the late 1990s, and Owens-Corning peaked at 1,000 employees in the early 1980s before cutbacks in research and staff reduced it by more than half. Many of the people named in the story are now gone.

The Apackis think back on the days this story evokes with some nostalgia, and suggest that moment in time might have been a "turning point" in Granville's story, "at least in our eyes." The town grew rapidly, real estate prices rose, the social systems in town seemed to shift. . . "it was the end of one phase, and in the following years, more changes were coming."

But on the whole, both Carol and Ken feel that Howard Cincotta's story still reflects essential truths about life in Granville.

"There's still the same sense of community," Carol says, adding "in many ways the quality of life is as high or higher," listing numerous town events and volunteer

activities: the Fourth of July, community picnics, concerts on the green, Healing Arts for Haiti, and the vitality of the churches. The Apackis are still as committed to and involved in the life of Granville as they were in 1975, and once again they're host parents this year for an international student from Denison. Ken agrees that much of what Cincotta wrote could still be said today.

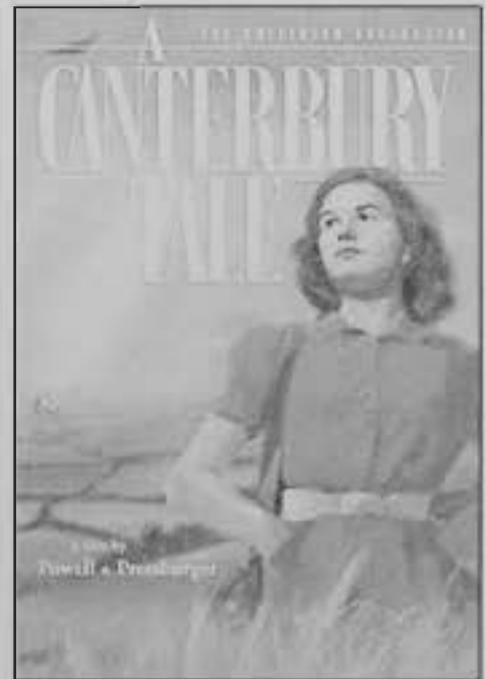
"Paraphrasing Howard's comments, we know change is coming — how to make it orderly and compatible with the kind of town we want is still the challenge."

Editor's note

Future issues of the *Historical Times* and activities of the Granville Historical Society will explore some of the many changes that began to occur in Granville in about 1970. This article helps capture much of the point of departure, or slightly after the point of departure, from the "old" Granville that existed from the Depression until the early 1970s.



From left to right: John Sweet, Sheila Sim and Dennis Price in *A Canterbury Tale*. (ITV/Rex Features photo)



The cover of a DVD version of *A Canterbury Tale*.

A Granville tale

Actor John Sweet's recollection of growing up in Granville

John Sweet, who was born in Minneapolis, lived in Granville twice, in the mid-1920s and mid-1930s. In his 1977 recounting of his Granville days in the article that follows he describes those times. Sweet was serving in the United States Army in England during World War II when British filmmakers and directors Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger saw him on stage in a production of "Our Town" and asked him to play Sgt. Bob Johnson, one of three pilgrims, in the 1944 feature film, "A Canterbury Tale." He was the character type that Powell was looking for to represent an American serviceman discovering the joys and hidden treasures of the English countryside. The film is loosely based on the Chaucer work, and was also designed to help the British understand the idiosyncracies of the Americans who were present in great number and to help American soldiers to better understand their sometimes resentful hosts. The Granville Historical Society screened the film as a program in March

Sweet stated that "The few months I spent making the film were the most profound and influential of my life" He was paid \$2,000 for working on "A Canterbury Tale," all of which he donated to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

After the movie, he went back to the United States and made a few attempts at an acting career, notably in theatre, but finally decided to go back to his original profession,

teaching. He returned to Canterbury in October 2000 and was interviewed by Eddie McMillan from the media department at Canterbury Christ Church University. In an obituary in the July 28, 2011 issue of The Canterbury Times by Nerissa Blower, McMillan was quoted: "What struck me most about him was his humility, honesty and gentle nature. He was a wonderful interviewee—lucid, candid and perceptive. He talked enthusiastically about Canterbury, the production of "A Canterbury Tale," celebrity culture and his life after the film. He was a lovely man and he will be sadly missed."

John Sweet died at age ninety-five in 2011 at his home in Ferrington, North Carolina. We are grateful to Barbara Sweet for permission to run this reminiscence.

—Editor

A Granville Boyhood, 1926-1934

At the age of ten, I arrived in Granville, Ohio, in June of 1926 after spending a year in Todd boarding school. Broadway was unpaved. In front of the grocery store by the alley and the fountain there was a red penny gum machine. Inside, a clown with red spots. As you dropped your penny, a grinding whirr moved the clown to a half turn and the gum stick dropped into your hand. That small machine evokes that town for me almost more than anything else which happened there. I say 'almost' because even today that Granville sits clear in the photo plates of memory. I was



Perry's Grocery Store was open at 116 E. Broadway, where Brews Cafe is located today. Pictured from left right are Ira Perry, Carl Welsh, Mrs. Tathem and Frances Welsh. (Granville Historical Society archives)

Wanted: Photos!

There are many images in this article for which the Granville Historical Society has no photographs. Readers are encouraged to contribute photographs, especially from the first half of the twentieth century, for the Society to keep in its archives or to copy. Contact us at (740) 587-3951.

there but four years: 4th and 5th grade, 9th and 10th.

GRANVILLE AND DENISON

I don't remember if Doane Academy was in operation, but Baptist Denison University certainly was. There my mother had taught English in 1896, my great grandfather had taught Greek and Latin in 1830's, my father graduated in 1898, a sister taught gym. My five brothers and sisters were soon to attend Denison. Their schooling was why we had moved there. Granville was a sleepy town with wide Broadway lined with enormous elms. 2000 population, mostly retired farmers, missionaries, and of course professors. Ohio Baptist Convention had its headquarters there. The Fanny Doane Home out on West Broadway was storage for the children of Baptist missionaries stationed in the Orient. No industry. To this day you cannot buy a drink in Granville.

LIFE IN THE VILLAGE

During our eight years of residence we lived in five places: My aunt's house on Thresher, the Mulberry Street house, a white box house at the foot of the Drag, a small apartment on Maple, and for two years in the Buxton Tavern when we all took a flyer at running a small hotel. That first summer I bought a used green bike from Mr. Ashbrook for \$10 and evenings played 3-21 under the street lights in a bike tag game organized by the Deeds brothers. We also played 3-o'cat baseball in the gathering dusk with Benny Montgomery and Charles Eddy and Donald Everhart until my mother's high call embarrassed me home to the Mulberry house. She had a sweet tooth and squirrelled away boxes of Hershey bars in vain attempts to

secure a few for herself. That summer we acquired a Frigidaire installed by a Mr. Toothake He and I had mutual amusement at our names. We got an Atwater Kent radio, not as elegant as the Eddy radio on which we heard the Dempsey-Tunny fight, but shiny enough to be exciting. The tunes then were Chloe, Moonlight on the Ganges, and Together. We could hear Little Jack Little from WLW faraway Cincinnati. After supper, my brother Fred would peck out a few hymns on the piano and then get free by going up town to Pruny Jordan's college hang out for the excitements of Granville night life. Frank liked to sleep late mornings to the dismay of my mother. I pestered her to allow me to buy 25 pounds of postage stamps from a mail order house for \$8. They came in a gunny sack and revealed themselves to be, in weight, mostly the paper on which the stamps had been placed. 98% of them were 2 centers. The whole fine mess soaked in the kitchen for days.

MARBLES AND CANDY

We played marbles in front of Perry's grocery store after school & prized especially the agate shooters. Noontimes we went into Perry's and salivated over the penny candy offerings. There were wax ducks with pink and green liquid in them, fried eggs, lollipops shaped like a top so that you could spin them in your mouth, licorice shoe laces, small candy beer barrels and most interesting of all, the penny draws. Button shaped and chocolate covered. If you got a pink center, you got a prize. Halloweens we made exciting by running wildly through backyards and alleys convinced that we were being chased by the whole Highway Patrol. We played football on the Beta House yard where Dick



John Sweet in 1944 as Sgt. Bob Johnson in *A Canterbury Tale*.

Jones was the star, and we had a club called the Ditto Club presided over by Bob Broughton. Once there was a July 4th street fair with a Charleston contest. I went behind the Methodist church and prayed that I might beat out Benny Montgomery. I didn't.

FACULTY KID FRIENDS

In those early days a close friend was Bill Lewis, the son of the psychology professor known as Foggy Lewis because of his absentmindedness. Bill was thin along what I thought to be Charles Lindberg lines- I am sure I was the chatterbox of the two. We went swimming in Racoon Creek on hot summer afternoons and had mud fights with Bill and Willard Palmer. Once we found a nest of small white owls in the top hollow of an old tree. Near Bill's house was a wood where we built a fine tree house and where in great secrecy he told me that he had had an affair with 6 year old Eleanor Eschman, daughter of the music professor. We were hip deep in professors in those days: Hawes, Chamberlin, Johnson, Detweiler, Livingston, Utley...just to name a few. Later, Bill and I distressed his father by digging an underground hut in a hole six feet deep. Foggy thought it was a foolish enterprise and we had to fill it up when one of Prof. Stickney's sheep fell into it and broke his leg. We had secrets in his room where I sometimes slept over night, examined human reproductive organs in his father's library books, smoked corn silk on the Lewis front porch swing, and occasionally could be lured into cutting grass. We found a way to get into the college swimming pool after the janitor had left. The greatest time of all was entering the student rooms in June after the college students had gone home. How we loved all

the trash they left behind: college pennants, beer signs & odd souvenirs.

EMMA

For four years I was away from Granville at Peddie Preparatory School. When I returned, there was Emma. Emma Latta was the light of my life during grades 9 and 10. She was a missionary kid and kept under tight rein at the Fanny Doane Home by Miss Brook because Miss Brook feared that Emma might go the way of the other Latta children. (What that inferior way was I never got quite clear about). She was short and curly haired with big eyes and a generous mouth which I got to kiss one time. That was when she said good bye to me. Permanently. She played the trombone in the high school orchestra, practiced piano, and got A's in school. My own laurels were modest, not to say humiliating, especially in Harvey Walker's math class. I did manage to redeem myself slightly in her eyes by winning a speech contest into which I had been firmly entered by thin-faced Ella Raines, our English teacher. Ah, those nights of walking Emma down the long Broadway route to the Fanny Doane Home. The air was crisp. The stars were out. Hands were held. Utter bliss. It was a two year courtship which Emma ended by telling me that there were certain faults in my character, only partly academic, which made it unwise for us to continue. That was when I got my one kiss right there on the steps of the Fanny Doane Home. I reported to the faculty cemetery up on the hill to lick my wound and have a good cry. I was 18 and the year was 1933. Life was over.

LEWIS CLARKE

Lewis Clarke was a 40 year old bachelor. He came to live with us at the Buxton Tavern where he functioned as night desk clerk and counsellor to my widowed mother. He was not held in high regard by his New Orleans family and had somehow been booted up to live among Yankees. He used to wear his white shirts a bit too long and dribble cigarette ashes over his coat. He was at home in the pool halls of Granville and equally at ease with faculty ladies. High, Low, Jack and The Game was a favorite often played with Fred and Frank. In winter he wore a handsome overcoat with a Chesterfield collar. All I know for sure is that Lewis Clarke was a lovable man with the best manners I have ever seen. He had quiet thoughts by himself when he would sit with one arm hanging over his head in a graceful droop. He told stories and dubbed my sisters Mary Pie and Betty Pie. What fun he had teasing Elsie and Florence, our two boarders. Once when I was disconsolately raking yard leaves I knew my mother would not be pleased with the result. Lew gave me a warm gift when he said, 'Your mother is not an easy woman to please.' Pounds of guilt disappeared. I can



A 1920s downtown setting Sweet would have known. (Granville Historical Society photo)

now see that he had become a sort of father to me. He admired James Branch Cabell, knew cities and the world of men. Lewis Clarke was my first contact with a civilized man who knew the world's sadness and yet had sufficient detachment and humor to love and enjoy it all.

PROWLING, SLURPING AND WHISTLING

My the things we got into in those days. We used to spy on spooning students up on Sugar Loaf. We prowled the womens' dorm ledges at night in vain search of unclothed coeds. Eight cases of stolen coke were stored in the basement of Recital Hall by the tennis courts. They were slurped in ones and twos between tennis sets and took an all-fired

that meant he whistled. Before closing, some mention must be made of Ikie Menser whom we shamefully teased, hitch-hiking trips to Newark for window ogling at Beeny's and movies. There was wizened Casey in his sour smelling candy shop, Joe Rhodes and his boy troop of stamp collectors, Wilford Milner who always had more money at Perry's Candy Counter, and Martha White's Soc: Parties for Shy High School Students.

Granville is still there. Most of the houses are the same. People talk about lost childhoods. They are not lost. We grow older but the childhoods sit there shining. They are in fact found childhoods - if we will but sit down and remember. That Granville is still there.

long time to dispose of. A fiasco. In summer once I crawled across a tree branch in Aunt Caroline's back yard to the attic window of the McClees house to explore its stuffy summer quietness. On the streets roamed Jimmy Johnson, a black who delivered dry cleaning. A magnificent whistler, he could be heard blocks away. I too whistled but with vastly lesser skill. Jimmy said to me, "Hell you only whistle chords!" I didn't know enough about music to know what

Membership Application

Granville Historical Society, P.O. Box 129, Granville, OH 43023-0129

YES, I would like to renew my membership in or join the Granville Historical Society.

Membership dues for one year - \$40.

I/We would like to make an additional donation of: \$50___ \$100___ \$200___ Other_____

Please make your check payable to the **Granville Historical Society**.

Thank you for your interest in the Granville Historical Society. \$35 of your membership dues and all of your donation are tax-deductible.

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Phone _____ Email* _____

* To make sure that you receive our new email newsletter, *The Modern Times*, please include your email.

Robinson Research Center dedication is June 7



The Robinson Research Center of The Granville Historical Society will officially open Thursday evening, June 7 with Denison University President Dale T. Knobel speaking. The dedication event, which will follow well over a year of fundraising and a building project that began in August 2011, will begin at 7 p.m. and is open to the general public.

On April 22, a preview event was held for the donors who made the project possible. Two photographs illustrate the event, at which President Don Schilling spoke and Vice President Cynthia Cort, who headed the building project, added remarks.



ABOVE: Visitors examine some of the holdings of the archives on the second floor of the new Robinson Research Center at the donor event April 22.

TOP, LEFT President Donald Schilling addresses the assembled group of donors for the Robinson Research Center project. Project manager Cynthia Cort is behind him wearing a black dress, and Campaign Chair Tom Martin is behind him at left. (Photos by Bill Holloway)

Second in Pocket History series published

“Granville's Industrial Past,” the second volume of the Granville Historical Society's series of lively, short publications known as Pocket Histories, has arrived and is available for purchase at the Society for \$5. It's also for sale at Reader's Garden and the Denison bookstore.

Written by Theresa Overholser, archivist at the Society, the book traces the multiple efforts by Granville's early settlers to establish an industrial component in the new community.

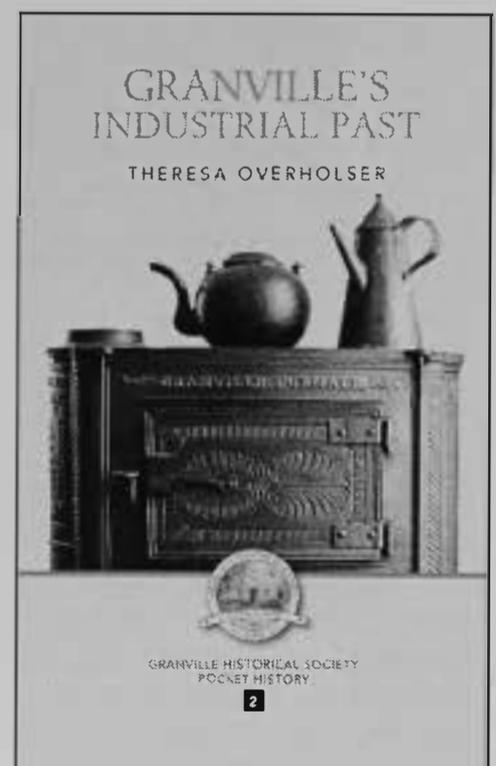
The enterprising Yankees who selected the site for the new village picked a spot where springs were abundant and two streams flowed. The streams were especially important since manufacturing businesses of the time were powered by

water. The first industry was a logical one for a new community - a sawmill.

Soon the possibility of an iron furnace presented itself in the form of easily dug iron ore. The early success of the furnace can be seen on the cover of the new book — a decorative stove, which now resides in the Society's museum.

The first volume of the series, “The Founding of Granville, Ohio “ written by Bill Kirkpatrick, Editor of the series, won a Silver Medal for 2012 from the Ohio Museums Association for organizations with an annual budget under \$50,000.

The third volume in the Series, “Granville in the Civil War” by Kevin Bennett will be available in the very near future.



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