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Paperboys, overheated musicians and Halloween hijinks 'A wonderful place to grow up'



A panel of six led the fun at the “Growing Up in Granville in the Sixties” program. From left are Greg Dixon, Tom Stone, Rob Drake, Dave Rutledge, Cookie (Baker) Sunkle, and Susie (Forsythe) Koske.

Photo by Charles A. Peterson

By CHARLES A. PETERSON

It was a time when boys had jobs delivering newspapers and girls babysat for money. There were movies shown in the Granville Opera House, and there were no girls sports at the high school. Spring Valley Pool was the popular swimming spot. The Fourth of July celebration wasn't as big as it is in 2022 and Halloween hijinks were many. And adult supervision of kids was minimal, mostly.

It was the 1960s, and life in Granville during that decade came vividly back to life on March 9 in a program entitled “Growing Up in Granville in the 1960s.”

It was a follow-up to a similar 1950s forum held during fall 2021 — both sponsored by the Granville Historical Society. Plans are for similar programs recollecting the 70s, 80s and 90s.

The program was led by a panel of six, with Rob Drake of the GHS Class of 1965 as moderator. Other panel members were Drake's classmate Tom Stone, Greg Dixon and Susie Forsythe Koske (Class of '68) and Dave Rutledge and Cookie Baker Sunkle (Class of '70).

Several audience members also chimed in.

Dixon, who is Programs chair for the Society, summarized the hour-long dialogue as a “warm



Tom Fuller stands in his East Broadway grocery, where the former Brews Café was located, at a time when there were four such stores downtown.

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wave of nostalgia.”

Several panel members put a personal spin on the time period by sharing their individual experiences against a common backdrop,” he said. “Different memories from different perspectives all led to the conclusion that Granville was a wonderful place to grow up and experience childhood, with support from what often seemed like the entire town.”

Some participants confessed to some of the hijinks committed, but denials of involvement in some of these “wrong-doings” were numerous.

EMPLOYMENT

While newspapers today are delivered door-to-door by adults in automobiles, the *Newark Advocate* and two Columbus newspapers were delivered by teenage boys on bicycles. And many other boys had summer jobs mowing lawns. Meanwhile, the popular job for girls was babysitting.

“I had three paper routes in junior high and high school,” Stone said. “The (Columbus) *Citizen Journal* was the first thing in the morning. And then *The Advocate* (Newark) and then the (Columbus) *Dispatch*. I had a huge *Dispatch* route.” His route started in the vicinity of his College Street home and included Granger and Summit streets but got bigger.

“They gave me some customers out on Burg Street, so I went all the way out to Joy Lane, through the campus area,” he said, adding that on Sunday

mornings, the *Citizen Journal* papers were “huge.” “And then there were the ads. And the ads were often as big as the newspaper. And so on Sunday mornings my dad would take about half of the newspapers and put them up on campus for me so that I didn’t have to carry them all, because it was on a (canvas) paper bag on my back.

Drake added, “There were no lawn care companies in Granville. People who were either out of town or didn’t want to mow their lawn would hire a high school kid. You’d see guys you knew wandering around town pulling a lawnmower and carrying a can of gas. That was a standard employment for high school kids at the time.”

For girls, babysitting was a key source of income, Koske said.

“It was big when you got 50 cents an hour,” she said. “It might have been for four kids. It wasn’t per kid. It was 50 cents per hour if you had 32 kids.”

Koske said weeknight babysitting during the school year wasn’t encouraged, but on one occasion she was allowed.

“They said they would be home early, but they didn’t get home until after eleven,” she said, adding that the couple did not have cash to pay her that night, telling her, “The next time you come and babysit I’ll pay you. So I went home and told my parents this. And the very next day when my dad got off work and, still wearing his suit and tie, went over to this person’s house and said, ‘You need to pay my



The Gregory Hardware building that stood at the corner of East Broadway and North Prospect Street came down during the 1960s. Kids growing up during the fifties and sixties could target practice in a shooting gallery in the basement with real, loaded guns. *Granville Historical Society Archives*

daughter. When a teenager works for you, they don't have the wherewithal to say anything to you, but you pay somebody for a service, you need to pay them and you need to pay my daughter. And my dad came home with the money."

THE MOVIE THEATER

The Opera House showed movies during the fifties and sixties. Cookie Sunkle saw "The Graduate" and "Goldfinger" there, saying about the latter, "That as shocking!"

"I saw 'Lawrence of Arabia' in the middle of summer and there was no air conditioning," Koske said, "and you would have sworn you were on the desert with them. No kidding. It was perfect. It was like we were really there."

"I saw 'House on Haunted Hill' and it really disturbed me," Dixon confessed. "I lived on West Broadway and our yard backed into the far end of Sugar Loaf. Coming home from that movie..."

"You saw things?," someone asked, amid laughter.

"Aw man! My stomach was in knots," Dixon said, admitting he walked in the middle of the road. "The sidewalk was too close to all kinds of weird things. I think I was probably crying. I got home and tried to

get to sleep, but I couldn't do it, so I got up and made a bath."

Stone admitted being equally frightened by "Hush, Hush Sweet Charlotte."

"The one scene that disturbed me the most was, I think Charlotte was rummaging through a closet and there was one of those heads that you put wigs on. And this head rolls out of the closet. Well, I took off for the door! I was with a young lady and that wasn't very good!"

Drake recalled, "They used to sell Cokes in five- or six-ounce bottles in the Opera House, and you'd go sit in the back row, and after you'd drink your Coke you'd roll it down on the floor toward the front."

"You would?" Stone asked.

"I didn't," Drake insisted.

SPORTING LIFE, OR NOT

Dave Rutledge said he and his two brothers were all about sports, bringing to mind one fond memory.

"Saturday mornings, the YMCA in Newark would bring a bus to Granville and pick up the kids – boys only – out in front of Gregory Hardware," Rutledge said. "They would take us over to the Y, which is



Granville High School was located on the corner of East College and Granger streets until the early 1970s. *Granville Historical Society Archives*

where the Y is today, on Church Street. And it would just be a day of all the different types of activities: physical fitness, swimming, basketball or football depending on the season. We were able to get lunch there for a dollar or two dollars.

“Then, about 3 o’clock we get loaded back on the bus, they’d take us back and drop us off in front of Gregory Hardware and, again, no adult supervision other than the people at the Y. There were no adults there at the bus stop to get you on the bus or even off the bus. They dropped you off and you just walked on home. That was one of my real fond memories for probably third grade through sixth grade.”

That led to a discussion of the absence of girls sports in school.

“And if there were young girls in the audience today,” Koske said, “they would be appalled. They would say, ‘Why didn’t the girls get to go?’ Because we didn’t.”

“They would play volleyball and softball,” Koske said, although not against other schools. “They tried to do basketball, but it was half court. They said full

court was too hard for the girls.”

However, Koske said her classmate Carol Wolf took matters into her own hands and approached the school board about establishing a girls golf team.

“They said she could play with the boys,” Koske said. “She was a very good golfer. Finally they allowed her, with Jane Hitz and Harriet Chessman, to have a golf team. The only school they could play them was Upper Arlington. She said they absolutely cleaned our clocks. But we can actually say we had a girls golf team. But that was it. That was the only school sport they got to play.”

SPRING VALLEY POOL

Spring Valley Pool, which closed in 2004 after some seven decades of operation, was the popular swimming spot and, for some, also a source of employment.

Koske, who was also a lifeguard there, remembered the pool being run by Anna R. “Mom” Roberts, who was strict in a number of ways.

“Some girls came (to the pool) from Denison,” she said. “They were French students. And they wore

bikinis. And she went out and told them they were not allowed to wear them at Spring Valley Pool at Granville, Ohio. So they had to leave."

"I remember when Mom Roberts died because that was good news at least for the males," Drake said, "because the girls could wear two-piece bathing suits."

Jodi (Weaver) Lively, Class of '80, recalled routinely swimming at Spring Valley.

"We went out all the time," she said. "I don't recall that Mother (Phyllis Weaver) drove us out there. I think we walked or rode our bikes." And that was despite there being no sidewalk at the end of the then-new overpass of the then-new four-lane Ohio 16 bypass, completed in late 1962.

"But there wasn't as much traffic then," Lively said.

However, prior to the new highway, Cherry Street meandered out to the pool where it became Columbus Road with few traffic threats.

"We always had to walk. And you walked with a friend," Koske said, then recalling her sister was offered a ride home from Spring Valley on a hot day by a man known to the family, who dropped her off in the Forsythe driveway. She said their mother reacted swiftly.

"My mother immediately went out of the house, and of course it was somebody's dad, and he said, 'It's so hot today and your daughter was walking home from Spring Valley Pool, I come by your house every day so I thought I'd just give her a ride home.' That was the only time my mother ever gave us a talk for not accepting rides from strangers. The man was a great guy and there was no problem. But my mother was absolutely ... she flew out of the house. Then she told us, don't ever accept any rides."

This group was old enough to remember when the pool had a sand bottom, eventually replaced with concrete.

"It was muddy," Drake said of the pre-concrete days. "We played a game called Dibble-Dabble where you'd dive in with a Pop Sickle stick and see how far you could swim under water and let it go and see how far you could swim and come up somewhere else. When the stick would come up to the surface everybody in the game would jump in and whoever grabbed the stick would be 'it' next."

"Dibble Dabble was a better game before they cemented, let me put it that way," he said. At the

bottom of the pool it was hard to see.

TRICK OR TREAT?

Halloween stories abounded.

"My big memory about Halloween in Granville, living on College Street," Sunkle said, "when I would come home from trick or treating and my mother would empty *my* candy out and start passing it out, because all the kids from Newark were coming over and we never had enough candy, and I would never end up with anything! She didn't turn off the light because she was afraid somebody would egg or soap her (windows)."

Drake described one of the "sounds of Halloween" in Granville.

"At this time, car steering wheels had what was called a horn ring. With a stick you could weave it through (the door window) and stick the horn," he said. "And usually the horn would be stuck and pretty quickly people in the house would hear it. But occasionally a horn would get stuck for somebody who was not home and it would wail all evening and get quieter and quieter and quieter, and you could listen to their battery run down."

"And we all got little milk cartons for UNICEF (United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund)," Koske said. "A penny for UNICEF. And you had to return it to school. So you had to keep care of your bag with your candy and keep your mask on that was probably falling apart and carry your UNICEF thing."

And it was still a time before treats from some people became dangerous.

"You could eat anything," Koske said. "If somebody made something homemade you took it and ate it. And nobody died."

"You didn't worry about razor blades or pins or anything," Sunkle said.

"And there was no set time for trick or treating," one audience member recalled. "Just until people started turning their lights off. It could be until 8:30 at night, on a school night! There was none of this 7 o'clock and you're done." (In later years through today, "Beggars Night" for trick-or-treating is allowed from 5:30 to 7 p.m.)

"I also remember living on Cherry Street, and there used to be a Sunoco station on the corner (at West Broadway)," Koske said. "And every single year



Students in the Granville High School Marching Band wore heavy wool uniforms for parades up through the 1960s even when the temperatures were hot. *Granville Historical Society Archives*

at Halloween somebody from one of my sisters' or my class would move this giant sign that said 'Public Restrooms Here' and it pointed to our house – every Halloween. My dad would just laugh about it and walk back down the next day and take it back, and the next year it would be back again."

"As things wore on you could hear more firecrackers," Drake said. "There was a fair amount of firecracker throwing and maybe some really wicked people blowing up pumpkins. It's appropriate to think of some poor kids who loved that pumpkin. I never did that..."

"I heard there were people that went around and smashed pumpkins," Dixon said, adding, "I, of course, never did that."

Stone also recalled taking pumpkins up the main drag to Denison University, off North Main Street, and rolling them down the hill.

"That was work!" Dixon said.

"Oh?" Stone reacted, looking accusingly at Dixon amid laughter.

"Did you ever try to carry three or four pumpkins up the main hill?" Dixon continued. "But they did roll down with those high curbs."

"Just like gutter balls," Stone said.

THE FOURTH OF JULY

The Granville Fourth of July celebration was smaller during the sixties, all agreed, but still generated memories.

Rob Drake said that because the parade had gotten so small, he and some friends were motivated to enter it as a stealth organization.

"We had a friend that had a convertible. And so we said that we were the Granville chapter of the CCP," Drake said. "We said we were Lodge 352 because the car had a .352 cubic-inch engine. So, we said we wanted to enter, and they said, 'Oh, sure, yeah, yeah. Here's your place in the parade.' So we all put on coats and ties and dark glasses, and we got one of the girls who was our friend to sit on the back and throw candy. And people would come up to us and say, 'I don't think know what the CCP is!'"

Stone noted how students in the Granville High School Marching Band now wear shorts and T-shirts in parades.

"But back in the day you had the uniform, and it was wool, and it was hot, and you had to wear your hat, and it was stinky and all that and it would be 110 degrees," Stone said with some exaggeration.

"I was a band manager, which meant I didn't play

an instrument, but I helped take care of uniforms and the music and stuff,” Sunkle said. “We had to march along and drag the bodies as they passed out, off to the side, and fan them until they came to.”

Koske described the process of decorating one’s bicycle for the parade.

“When we were little we got crepe paper and a deck of playing cards and your mother’s clothes pins. You decorated with crepe paper and you put the clothes pins on (the wheels) and (the cards) went click-click-click-click until the cards fell apart and you stuck a new card on and stayed in the parade.”

“We started the neighborhood floats,” Sunkle said. “East College Street was the first neighborhood float ever in the parade. We built it at the Fowle’s house. After that they created a category for neighborhood floats and more and more people started doing it. I assume they still do it. It was a lot of fun.”

“Not much anymore,” Sam Schnaidt (Class of 1960), in the audience, lamented.

“They want them to,” Dixon said, “but I don’t think there’s much interest.”

Rob Drake’s older brother Larry said they participated in the parade even before the family moved to Granville in 1960.

“Our mother grew up in Newark. Her best friend Mary Roberts lived in Granville,” Larry Drake said. “So we would come up to visit every couple of years when we were living in Texas as kids. One year we got to be on the Granville Lumber float, with our friends – the Roberts kids. It was a pirate ship. I was really impressed because they had these pieces of pipe and they would take a cap off one end and throw a firecracker in and close it up, and the firecracker would blow up. It was a great experience.”

Float-building was a chief memory for Rutledge, whose father was employed at the Granville Lumber Co. on South Main Street.

“My dad was in the Rotary club back then,” Rutledge said. “The service clubs always had a float for the parade. They would always construct it down at Granville Lumber. It used to be quite an event to see how many cases of beer it took to build a float. Sometimes it was done in four cases and sometimes it was done in 10 cases.”

A ONE-MAN POLICE FORCE

The village’s one-man police force was an amusing recollection for the sixties bunch as it was for the fifties forum.

“The police car used to park on the corner of Broadway and Prospect – that’s where they parked a lot,” Schnaidt said. “When the policeman wasn’t in the car, some guys went and jacked up the rear end of the car and then somebody came down Broadway real fast, so that when the policeman got into the car and put on his lights and siren to pull out, his rear wheels just spun.”

“Well, my friends never did anything like that,” Rutledge declared.

Rob Drake said he and his brother always knew when the time was right for someone to go out and raise hell.

“The policeman lived right behind us,” Rob Drake said. “And so all we had to do when we were eating supper was look out the kitchen window. If Mr. Baker’s police car was there at his house, he was home eating supper and we had a free run. Granville was completely unpoliced.”

Stone said the police car was often parked pointed toward the street in the narrow alley on the North side of East Broadway between what is now the Pub on Broadway and the Hashi restaurant.

“If you remember, this was before the (four-lane Ohio 16) bypass,” Stone said. “So all the of the traffic going from Columbus to Newark, or Newark to Columbus, would go through Granville. There was a bicycle rack out in front of Taylors drug store. We would sit at the bicycle rack. Some of the cars that would come through would be hotrods. So they’d sit at the light and rev their engines and all that kind of stuff. So we’d say ‘Let’s hear it!’ Of course, you wanted them to spin their tires and all that. Well, the police were there. So that was kind of fun. Of course we left the bicycle racks pretty quick after that.”

Stone added, “I *heard* this happened. I don’t know anything about it!”

“People couldn’t believe that until the bypass was built there’d be two or three semis at every traffic light in Granville,” Drake said. “Because it was the main road from Columbus to Newark, there were just semis lined up at every traffic light. That was just part of the downtown.”



The Granville Fourth of July Parade was smaller during the sixties, panel members said, leading one group to pretend they were a local organization just to ride in a car in the parade. (Not pictured, see story).

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“And every one would come past our house. Every single one,” Koske said.

FOOTBALL, HOMECOMING AND PROM

Football games at Harmon-Burke Field, which was the GHS stadium until the late 1990s, perhaps brought back the fondest memories.

“I was only in the band one year,” Dixon said, “but I loved following the band down from the band room in the new wing (when the high school was at the corner of East College and Granger streets) down Granger, down Sunrise. That was the sound of fall. The sound and the dust and the excitement, going down to Harmon Burke Field.”

Stone, a trumpeter in the band, said the musicians performed in the stands until halftime.

“Sometimes it was cold, so you wanted to make sure you put your mouthpiece in your pocket. If you’d leave it on your trumpet your skin would stick to it (when it was time to play again).”

“We’d go inside and usually they had hot chocolate and cookies there in the grade school,” Stone continued. “I remember drinking hot chocolate and burning the roof my mouth because it was so hot. But those are good memories... marching on the field and trying to find my spot.”

“I always loved Homecoming when they put the lights on the side of your (marching uniform) pants

and you had to carry a battery pack with you,” Sunkle said, “and half the time the things would come undone. They were twisted onto the terminals of the batterypack so they’d come loose while you were marching. The lights would go on and off.”

Sunkle added, “And then the fire batons were really scary. One of the majorettes, Edna (Balsler), who was in our class, had red hair down below her waist. And she always pulled it up in a bun. I was always afraid that one strand (of hair) was going to come loose and be like a fuse,” setting her hair on fire.

“There was also the bonfire,” Drake said. “One year somebody set the bonfire off early.”

“That would be our class,” Dixon said, then naming the culprit. “We got to build the bonfire twice. We had to replace the one that accidentally got burned.” Stone recalled that Boy Scouts collected pieces of wood residents put out in front of their house to add to the new bonfire.

“One more thing about Sunrise Street,” Dixon said. “If you were a football player and finished football practice and came down Sunrise, the corner where Howard Bowman’s house was, they had orange quarters. You would grab a couple of those. It was the best thing for me about football. Loved those oranges, didn’t like football.”

“Did they keep up the dances after football

games, in the elementary school gym?" Drake asked. "When we were in high school that was a big deal."

"All the girls stood on one side and all the boys on the other," Sunkle said.

"I know for a while they changed them to Saturday because by the time the football players got showered and dressed, it was 11:30 and everybody was leaving."

"I remember the Homecoming dance being the big thing, and we'd all wear our new pleated, plaid skirts and

our best knee socks," Sunkle said. "When my daughter said she was dressed for Homecoming, I said, 'No, that's for prom,' and she said that's what they wear for Homecoming. I said, 'No, we wore pleated skirts and knee socks!'"

"The thing that died in the sixties was the way the prom worked," Drake said. "The operation was that the juniors worked and ran the concession stand at football games to make money, and then put on the prom, rented the Granville Inn and paid for the whole thing for dinner for all the seniors. The juniors did all the work. So our class raised the money, decorated the Inn and did all the work and then the next year, when we were ready to be treated, the juniors said they didn't raise enough money so there was no dinner. We'd been cheated!"

NO PARENTAL SUPERVISION?

Like their counterparts recalling the fifties, the sixties bunch also remembered very little adult or parental supervision. Well, almost.

Drake observed that with many activities, parents weren't present and there were no groups such as the Granville recreation organizations scheduling kids' time. Those unsupervised activities included target practice at the shooting range in the Gregory Hardware Store basement, where parental



Harmon-Burke Field was the home turf for Granville High School football games through 1996, when an expansion to the nearby elementary school that would take up the field's space led to construction of a new field at the high school on New Burg Street. *Granville Historical Society Archives*

waivers were not required to fire a gun.

"Kids could go in there, they never asked for IDs," said Schnaidt, who led the 1950s forum where the same recollection surfaced. "There was no problem. You didn't have to have your parents' permission. You'd just go shoot."

"Where did the guns come from?" asked Rutledge.

"They had them just laying out," Schnaidt answered to a round of laughter.

"Loaded guns in the hardware store?" Rutledge exclaimed.

"If you wanted to play football, basketball or baseball or something you went up and got your buddies and played, and that was that," Drake said. "No referee. No uniform. You just got together and played and did things. A much less supervised life, certainly."

"You didn't have a parent there, but at the same time I felt like I had 25 mothers who knew what was going on," Dixon said. "They knew before you even got home that you did something. It was kind of amazing."

Koske added that when an adult who was not your parent corrected you, there was no talking back.

"In the winter, if you went by Welsh's grocery,

Mary Foster's mother, who worked there, would come outside and say 'Button your coat! It's cold out here!' And you did it! In those days, if anybody's mother or dad said it, you just did it. You didn't say, 'You're not the boss of me!'"

"It's like there was a conspiracy," Drake said. "All the parents and the teachers were in on it. I don't think in my experience, or anybody else's, you'd tell your parents your side of a problem you had at school. The parents were immediately on the side of the teacher."

FREEDOM

Sunkle started out her life in Granville living on a street up the hill off Burg Street, away from the action in the village.

"I was an only child and I started out on Briarwood Road," she said. "It's pretty isolated up there and there weren't a lot of other kids around. The Eikenberrys lived across the street but they were a lot older. So we moved into town on College Street kitty-corner across from Tom (Stone) and around the corner from Rob (Drake). I was in fifth grade and I was in heaven. It was freedom, it was other kids my age. I could walk to school. I could go down to the playground. My parents would send me uptown to buy groceries. It was just the greatest thing in the world to be able to live in town. Now, I suppose it's still great, but I don't know if the freedom is still there. We'd come home when it got dark - maybe, maybe not!"

Dixon said the warning for him and his friends playing away from home was the Swasey Chapel bell, **which rang** at 5 o'clock, a signal that, "You'd better make a beeline for home!"

Charles A. Peterson is editor of "The Historical Times" and retired editor of "The Granville Sentinel".

During the '20s, Maple Grove won praise as 'incomparable' setting for Memorial Day program

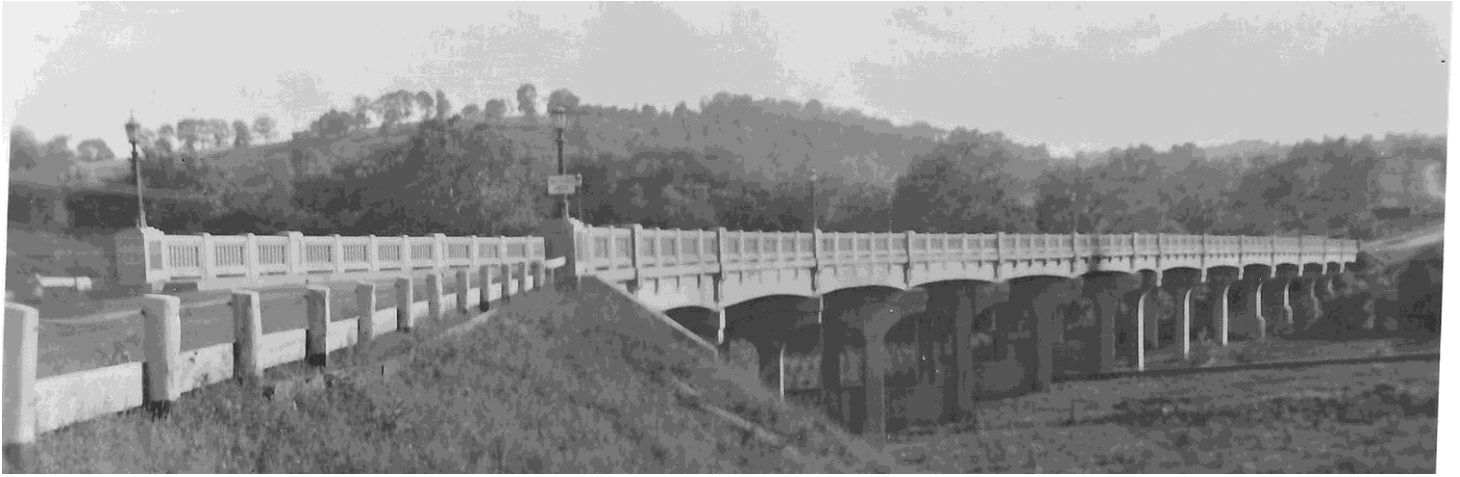
This viewpoint by Charles B. White, an educator at the Doane Academy in Granville for several years, was published in "The Granville Times" of June 2, 1927. Mr. White's wife was Clara Sinnett, daughter of Dr. Edwin Sinnett.

The attractive appearance of Maple Grove cemetery elicited unanimous admiration from the throng of patriotic residents who repaired thither on Monday afternoon to witness the final ceremonies of Memorial Day celebration. And certainly this admiration was justified; for our cemetery, always beautiful, seemed to surpass its usual charm this season, whose abundant rainfall added an uncommon vividness to the verdure of an almost incomparable environment.

Nature, however, does not deserve all, or perhaps the greater part, of the credit for this loveliness. Proper consideration must be given to the diligent labor of Mr. W. D. Kinney, secretary of the cemetery association, and his assistants. Granville is fortunate in having such men to care for its burial ground.

It is fitting, however, to remind our community that the beauty of Maple Grove cemetery is not due to a few days or ardent effort, but is the result of constant and painstaking care; and that such care, which is necessarily expensive, is possible only because a wise management has accumulated funds ample for all purposes. The man to whom we owe the financial dependence of our cemetery association is Mr. E. S. Reed, who was secretary of the association from 1899 to 1909. When Mr. Reed took charge, the treasury of the association was in a state of chronic embarrassment. With his experience in banking, Mr. Reed saw that, if the cemetery association was to function efficiently, it must have at its disposal a secure and growing fund. To provide for this, he adopted the plan of endowing burial lots. In 1909, when his term as secretary ended, Mr. Reed's plan had accumulated a fund of \$2500.00 and the total assets of the association amounted to \$6,916.77. Today the fund from endowed lots amounts to \$16,846.40 and the total assets have risen to \$26,177.99.

These assets in toto are secure investments, the income from which more than provides for the expense of maintenance. Furthermore, the funds from endowments steadily increase, the number of endowed lots having grown from 293 in 1923 to 433 in 1927. It is a source of much satisfaction to thoughtful citizens to realize that, as the expense of maintaining our cemetery increases, there will always be an income to provide for such increase. We wish that all public enterprises in this lavish land of ours were as soundly and securely managed as Granville's cemetery association.



The Cherry Street viaduct built during the late 1920s was named in honor of Granville business Tycoon John Sutphin Jones. *Granville Historical Society Archives*

More trivia: test your Granville knowledge

We continue our briefly dormant Granville trivia questions and answers series.

Q. What is the name of the viaduct on Cherry Street that spans the Mighty Raccoon?

A. The John Sutphin Jones Viaduct

Q. Where was Granville's trailer park?

A. On the south side of River Road at Cherry Street.

Q. How many murders have been committed in Granville?

A. See Kevin's article or check with him

Q. What is the other name for the Robbins Hunter Museum?

A. Avery-Downer House. It is one of the finest examples of Western Reserve Greek Revival architecture in Ohio, often joined with St Luke's Episcopal Church when architecture students come to the village. The buildings are interesting in that a person with no architectural sense can look at them closely and describe the elements that make the style distinctively Greek Revival.

Q. For what purpose was the building at East Broadway and Prospect housing the village offices and the bookstore originally built?

A. As headquarters of the Ohio Baptist Convention.

Q. How many faculty members did Denison University have in its first year?

A. The president and two others.

Q. What was the location of the Granville Water Cure? What did the water cure?

A. Two surviving houses lie directly west of the Huntington Bank, the location of the house that was torn down. Hydrotherapy cured whatever ailed you and secretly drew its miraculous waters by pipe from the Granville Spring on College Street just west of Mulberry.

Q. What was the name of the local bank before Park National Bank acquired it in 1970? At that time how many other banks were there in the village?

A. The Peoples State Bank was the only bank in town.

Q. Where was the original village spring?

A. On College just west of Mulberry and the Kappa Alpha Theta sorority.

Q. What street divides east and west Granville addresses, and which one divides north and south?

A. Main Street runs north and south while Broadway runs east and west, more or less, but enough to serve as dividers.

Q. Does the sun rise over Newark or New Albany?

A. Newark. Conveniently, as with most affluent American suburbs, the commuter drives to Columbus with the sun at his or her back and drives home with the sun also in the rearview mirror.

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Volunteer Coordinator

Lynn Overholser

GET CONNECTED, JOIN THE SOCIETY

The Granville Historical Society is an all-volunteer, non-governmental not-for-profit 501(c)(3) organization with membership open to all. Joining the Society is a delightful way to meet people who share a love of and interest in Granville's rich, well-documented history. A variety of programs, quarterly publications, and a museum chock full of intriguing artifacts are some of the ways that enable Society volunteers to share facets of what makes Granville so fascinating with members and guests. Volunteers are welcome in the Archives and Museum Collections areas, as well as volunteering as museum hosts.

Please visit Granvillehistory.org for further information about all that we do and how you can get involved.

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Granville History Museum and Robinson