



# THE HISTORICAL TIMES

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## Education a focus for 80s kids

‘Growing up in Granville’ series explores a fourth decade

By **CHARLES A. PETERSON**

Kids who grew up in Granville during the 1980s provided a clear timeline on the evolution and uses of school buildings, remembered a number of impactful teachers (and custodians!) and recalled one local and one national tragedy that stood out in that decade.

And there were horror stories

about corporal punishment that was still in vogue and a teacher who taught an alternative outcome of the Civil War.

Those recollections emerged at the fourth “Growing Up in Granville” program in October sponsored by the Granville Historical Society. Some 35 in attendance, not counting online viewers and including a handful of parents who had kids in school at the time, reminisced about what Granville looked and felt like during that decade.

Also noteworthy in the session, not noticeable in programs featuring the 1950s, ’60s and ’70s, was this generation’s retention of the vernacular language of the time, with usage of the word “like” and the phrase “I mean” plentiful.

Ben Dils’ (Class of ’92) first comment: “I mean, Jim Shriner! Amazing!”

“Like, I can still visualize people’s tricks off the high dive,” said Jennifer Brungart Graham (’90),



**Ben Dils (far right) talks about his growing up experiences during the 1980s.**

*Photo by Charles A. Peterson*

another panel member talking about Spring Valley Pool.

Those two GHS grads were on the panel leading the discussion along with Ben Barton (’82), Kristin VanMeter McGonagle (’86) and Amy Parsley White (’90). Amy Welsh, currently a GHS teacher, secretary of the Granville Historical Society Board of Managers and a 1990 graduate, was moderator.

During this decade, the population of the Village of Granville reported by the U.S. Census Bureau was growing, starting with 3,851 in 1980 and increasing to 4,244 in 1990. (Both figures include Denison University students.) This increase was, however, the result of the annexation of lands out Newark-Granville Road from the longtime village corporation line at the intersection of East Broadway and East College Street, not necessarily from an influx of new residents. The Granville Township population without the village headcount not surprisingly decreased from 3,664 in

1980 to 3,555 in 1990.

However, the Granville High School enrollment decreased at this time, from 562 in 1980 to 382 in 1990; both numbers based on yearbook headcounts.

## UNION SCHOOL

But during the seventies, when 1980s high-school kids were in grade school, Granville's K-12 enrollment had increased to from 1,598 in 1977-78 before dropping to 1,412 in 1980-81 to 1,190 in 1989-90 before increasing again. Helping to absorb that growing headcount, the Union School at the intersection of Ohio 37 and Union Station Road south of Granville, was reactivated by the district exclusively for the fifth grade from fall 1974 to spring 1981. Memories of that experience were vivid.

Lea Ann Parsley Davenport ('86) thought the self-contained nature of the building was an asset for the fifth-graders. "It was really fun because you were the only class out there. You had the whole building to yourself."

Innovative sledding was the order of the day during winters, said Davenport's sister, Amy White.

"Everybody used to get sleds—the little plastic wrap sleds, and they used to put them in their backpack," she said. "I was so excited. I was, like, 'Oh, my turn's coming,' and watching three siblings all get to do this. Then they stopped sending [kids to Union School]!"

"I didn't have a sled," Lea Ann Davenport said, the first to bring up a janitorial hero, Dick James. "James would get a great big garbage bag. You could use the garbage bag and slide out."

One memory of Union School stood out for Kristin McGonagle. "About the only memory I have of Union: Scott Googins, in the middle of town, mooned the volleyball bus as we were driving by. And so his punishment was that he had to wash all the walls of Union School inside, and they were dirty!"

Ben Barton recalled exactly why that was the case. "The Union school had a coal burning furnace, and it was [responsible for] the nasty windows and everything else."

Added Davenport: "It was big deal to be on the bus that would drive past the house of the 22-calibre killers," she said, where the murder of two men by a serial killer took place in 1978 in the house at the southwest corner of Ohio 37 and Silver Street, now razed.

## MIDDLE SCHOOL IN THE OLD HIGH SCHOOL

The last assignment for the three-story school building that once stood at the corner of North Granger and East College Street was to be a middle school for grades six, seven and eight, where kids of the 80s attended classes. It started out as the high school, built in 1924 and was used as such until the new high school on New Burg Street—now the middle school—came to be in fall 1970. The old school on East Broadway was razed in 1997.

Some students were aware of the middle school building's rugged shape and others weren't.

"I didn't know it was in bad shape. I didn't know bad shape from good shape," Ben Barton said. "It was just where we went to school! Everyone ahead of me went to the same place, so that's all you knew, really, but it was a great place."

"The lunchroom was the lobby—that was weird," Barton continued. "And then, of course, lunches back then were horrid. If you got to pack your lunch—this is back when microwaves were just out—they would microwave your hamburger. It was so hot you couldn't touch it."

Deteriorating conditions on the combination stage-gymnasium floor were a critical sign that this building's days were numbered.

Welsh posed this question: "Were you guys in the middle school when you couldn't use the theater anymore because of the ceiling?"

"I think it was towards the end," Jennifer Graham recalled. "Wasn't it the light booth that hung out? Yeah, you couldn't go under there anymore."

Then-Superintendent Dan Douglas reported in his column in *The Granville Sentinel* of March 3, 1988 that repairs were made to the gymnasium ceiling, but that the light booth could not be used, therefore moving the middle school play to the Indian Mound Mall.

White, who lived on College Street near the middle school, slept in on school days until she heard the school bell ring. "We got to lay in bed and listen for the bell and then sprint across the street, hopefully not getting hit by one of the buses," she said. "So, I enjoyed it. It was a little old, but I kind of thought that made it kind of special."

In the then-high school on New Burg Street, the group recalled a dangerous structural failure caused, as those present recalled, by heavy rains and an apparent leaky roof likely during spring 1987.

"We were sitting there in class talking about—I don't know, some book," White said, in her freshman English class with teacher Mark Smith. "I was just



**Approximately 35 attended the Growing Up in Granville program in October at the Granville Historical Society.**  
*Photo by Charles A. Peterson*

sitting at the desk and the next thing I know, I feel somebody grab my desk and lurch and I thought they were messing around, and the ceiling [fell]. No one was injured.” The entire suspended ceiling fell, apparently soaked with water, it was explained.

White said the incident wasn’t a complete surprise. “We all kind of knew, because we had a lot of rain, but we didn’t realize how bad, and that thing just went everywhere. And then that same week I went to open up my locker and it had flooded at the top—all my books were wet. I didn’t get any free passes, though. I still had to turn in my stuff.”

## **PRAISE FOR TEACHERS**

The list of admired teachers was long for this group.

“Mr. Milleman,” Amy White said of middle school math teacher Kirk Milleman. “Always was a good teacher for middle school. He was also our deejay for all our middle school dances. He was fun because he would always dress up, and I’m pretty sure the tapes he made for us were somewhat illegal. If we brought him two dollars in school, he would record an album. I still have cassette tapes in his handwriting that say, like, ‘Thriller,’” she said of Michael Jackson’s 1983 mega-hit album, then drawing laughter by saying, “I mean, money used to change hands all the time.”

“Mrs. Barbree was a classic,” Ben Barton then added about his fifth-grade teacher. “She was from the South, and she didn’t hold back. [She taught] that the South won the Civil War and the Garden of Eden was in Savannah. We’re being taught this! We’re all

thinking, ‘Wait a minute! I don’t think that’s right!’ But, she’s our teacher!”

Barton mentioned a paddle in the middle school, still used for corporal punishment. Asked how many times he had been paddled, he responded, laughing, “Actually, my number is zero. I had to write on the chalk board, I had to hold up history books, I had to play Here to There with Mr. Allen. Remember that, anybody?”

Barton explained that Mr. Allen, an industrial arts teacher, had a sawed-off baseball bat, planed out on both sides, called, The Board. “And he had [the name] engraved in it.”

“If you got into enough trouble—which if you throw a kid into the shop bin, you’ll get in trouble for that—the goal was, you got to grab your ankles and he whacks you and you take it. You would jump forward and he’d hit you again, and you’d jump forward until you got across the room, from ‘here to there’. I got in trouble one time in his class, I just said, ‘Before you hit me, you should call my dad and get permission.’ I was guilty. I said just call my dad who, was like twice the size of him and he [Mr. Allen] was big—my dad was bigger. If he says yes, then I’m done.” Barton said the teacher would not make the call. “So he just said, ‘Don’t ever do that again.’ OK, deal! And I didn’t.”

Ben Dils, remembering middle-school principal Kenneth Woodring, reprised Woodring’s constant warning: “Gum chewing! No!,” imitating him in a husky, heavy voice. “So I would go around to all my friends and say, ‘Gum chewing! No!’”

“I’d say teachers that had the most impact,” Dils continued. “Elementary school, probably Bridget Mills. She was probably my favorite teacher and to me probably had the most impact. I would say, middle school: maybe Kirk Milleman. He wasn’t selling me tapes, though, and then Diane Ryan in middle school. High school, the list goes on. As far as impact, Mrs. Hare. For sure, Mr. Smith. Probably the most classic across all classes, one, was Nick Zaras. I mean, rest in peace, loved that man to death!” Doing another imitation in a husky, heavy voice, Dils’ take on Zaras’s speech was, “Thish ish not Barnum and Bailey. Thish ish study hall! I need you to shtudy!”

“And,” Dils added, “Jim Shriner. Amazing! I know that he knew everyone’s first name. But, if you played sports he would call you by your [uniform] number.”

Amy White elaborated on her fourth-grade teacher, Jody Van Tine, who died of cancer in March 1985. Van Tine as so impactful that an outstanding teacher award is still given annually in her name to deserving Granville teachers.

“She was the sweetest lady,” White said, in the process drawing tears from another of Van Tine’s former students in the audience. “The memory I have of her is just, always, ‘Oh my gosh!’. She loved the Peanuts characters. She had a big Woodstock and Snoopy that used to sit on her desk, and she always knew how to connect with kids. And, if you had her, oh my gosh, you were so lucky. There’s just some people that have a gift.”

On a lighter note, White recalled high-school English teacher Sharon Stone during her senior year.

“We had her for English and she was my Sunday school teacher sometimes,” White said. “And I’ll never forget when the teachers used to do skits for Homecoming. All of a sudden in the skit—they start coming out, the teachers, and then there’s this woman that I can’t see—fully dressed in a leather black cat [costume] with a whip, and just takes this whip and whips it, and somebody said that’s Mrs. Stone. I just remember thinking, ‘That’s my Sunday school teacher?’ And I loved Mr. Mason at the elementary school. My oldest is named Mason. I loved Mr. Mason. Again, a gift—just had a connection with people.”

James, the Union School janitor, drew additional praise, along with a few others custodians.

“That guy was like a hero every day,” Dils said. “He brought something from his closets, like magic: ‘Oh, you need this? I got a magic eraser! What do you need?’. There was a guy in the middle school, named



**The Thomas J. Evans Bike Path arrived during the 1980s.** *Granville Historical Society Archives*

Harry Lamb. Harry Lamb worked for the schools forever. Loved the guy. I couldn’t get over his name.”

“In the middle school we had two of them,” Ben Barton said, referring to custodians Don Leas and Keith Lewis. “We called them Spritle and Chim Chim, from the Speed Racer cartoons that were on after school. But they responded to [those names].”

## TRAGEDIES NATIONALY, LOCALLY

Granville kids of the eighties witnessed two major tragedies: one national and one local. They were in classrooms when the Space Shuttle *Challenger* exploded shortly after take-off on Jan. 28, 1986.

“I think I might have been in Mr. Hill’s class,” said Kristin McGonagle. “I was a senior, and he turned it on for us to watch [the launch]. This a really important piece of history, and it exploded. I just remember he walked over and very quietly turned it off, and then we just had a discussion. And it was pretty quiet the rest of that period.”

“I was in middle school,” Amy White said. “I remember walking by the principal’s office. I was grabbing our lunch because we were allowed to get our



lunch and go to our classroom to watch [the launch], and it just happened that I heard, just in the hallway walking by myself, all gasps and people just saying things, and, of course, I couldn't get up the stairs fast enough, and so I missed all of it. But I just remember coming back and the TV was off and everybody was very quiet."

Lea Ann Davenport then recalled the close call the Granville community had with that tragedy. Granville English and Spanish teacher Gail Klink had been chosen through the Teachers in Space program in Ohio as a finalist to be on the *Challenger* that day.

"We had a girls basketball game that night," said Davenport, who was on the team, "and I remember holding it together most of the day. But then they started the National Anthem before the game, I ..."

The local event was the destruction of the century-old downtown landmark, the Opera House, on the late afternoon of April 7, 1982. Amy White and Lea Ann Davenport's brothers, Brian and Bob Parsley, were both on the Granville Volunteer Fire Department for that call.

"I just remember standing in front of the Methodist Church with my mom, and the town and everybody was watching," White said. "I remember how nervous my mom was because she had never seen my brothers actually in action. Because this is a small town, you don't get big fires like that. I just remember her being very nervous watching my brothers up on ladders, and one of them was in the alley between the Episcopal Church and the Opera House." Firemen, it was explained, were watching the east side of the burning building closely so that, if it fell into neighboring St. Luke's Episcopal, they could react quickly to save the church.

Davenport recalled, starting after the fire siren sounded, "My brothers headed up College Street. I jumped on my bike and came up Broadway and got there as they were coming in. The whole town was standing there. I don't think there was a dry eye in town. And that's when I noticed my mom and Amy, and my mom happened to be looking at the person that was on the end of the ladder truck that's parked out front [of the fire]."

Davenport then referenced the Historical Society's pocket history book, *Granville Firefighters—The Story of a Community Institution* on a bookshelf behind the panelists. "That's our oldest brother, Bob, on the end of that ladder [pictured on the book's cover], and the smoke

started to move in, and you couldn't really see who it was. And when the smoke cleared, my mom was, like, basically saying, 'Who's the idiot in the smoke up on the ladder?'" Davenport responded, "That's Bob!" She also recalled the smell of smoke that permeated the downtown area for several weeks because of the blaze.

"I still have a T-shirt that I keep thinking I'm going to donate to the Historical Society," Davenport said. "I think it was a fundraiser that maybe Mr. Hill might have been behind. It's a T-shirt with the Opera House in a Mason jar, and it says, 'Preserve Granville'."

Sam Schnaidt, a fireman responding to that call, added, "I was second fireman on the scene, and I think I had the first toes in on the first floor where the chickens started the fire. Then we very quickly saw that wasn't



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**We wish you a Merry Christmas and a  
Happy New Year from all of us at the  
Granville Historical Society**

going to work. We weren't going to get the fire from there. The best thing is, though, the Granville Fire Department had prepared for that fire, and that's why there was a water curtain that went up in the alley to protect St. Luke's, because we knew if the Opera House really caught on fire that St. Luke's was going to need to be prepared, and the Village Hall behind. So I think it was preparation that made it a lot better than it could have been."

## TEEN HANGOUTS

As for teen hangouts, the Coffee Shop on the second floor of the two-story brick building at the corner of North Prospect and East College streets had grown in popularity after its start during the 1970s.

"I loved going to the Coffee House!" said Jennifer Young Barton ('89). "They would have dances there. We had disco lessons there with Granville rec. It was the first place I had cream soda. I remember the old pop machine that opened up and you could pull out [the bottles]. My parents actually chaperoned there when my sister was in high school. So I got to work behind the candy counter. And when you walked straight up the steps there was this beautiful long, glass candy case and all the candy was behind that. And then they would show movies and they were, like, Abbott and Costello, Laurel and Hardy, King Kong, and we all loved them. There was foosball, and it just became a very popular thing for our generation—early 80s-middle school. That was definitely the place to go."

"We used to go to the Elms," White said of Elms Pizza on East Elm Street, where it still operates today. "Before basketball games we used to go to Aladdin to load up on french fries and chocolate shakes, because, you know, that's always good!"

"And Harold's!" Kristin McGonagle said of Knucklehead's, located in the shopping area off South Main Street where the IGA grocery store is located.

"Do you recall being allowed to be 'emancipated' in high school, where your parents would sign a waiver that said you're 18—you can live on your own? Give that some thought for a high schooler!" Ben Barton said. "So we had two. We had John Averill and Bill Haskell. Bill Haskell lived in the apartments across from the old middle school. That was our hangout. It was bad. I mean, in a good way—in a funny way. But we had double lunch hours. We were in Journalism and we sold ads for the yearbook and for the paper and everything else, so we would have study hall-Journalism-double lunch [hours]-study hall. We had

## Teachers Who's Who

Granville schools teachers mentioned in this article, the schools in which they taught and their subjects:

Nick Zaras — GHS Business and Accounting  
Jim Shriner — GHS American History  
Mark Smith — GHS English  
Mary Ellen Hare — GHS English  
Sharon Stone — GHS English  
Kirk Milleman — GMS Math  
Diane Ryan — GMS English  
Rich Allen — GMS Shop Class  
Bill Mason — GES Guidance  
Carolyn Barbree — GES Fifth Grade  
Jody Van Tine — GES

five periods where we would check out of school and go sell ads, and we'd sell one or four ads, maybe, and we'd fund the yearbook, and we'd fund the newspaper."

Once the ads were sold, Ben and pals would go to one of the apartments across from the middle school or to Love's pond in the Maplewood neighborhood. "We would hang out there all day long."

For Dils, Taylor's Drug Store was the place to be, as had been the case for decades prior.

"I had a good friend of mine, George Kaufman. His mother used to tell him when he would come spend the night at our house, 'If I see you hanging out in front of Taylor's, you're in trouble!' You know, we weren't doing anything other than hanging out."

"In high school," Dils continued, "there was a place off of Lafayette Road. We called it the Bat Cave. A lot of high schoolers would go out there and drink 'water' [laughter, likely alcohol]. So, Bat Cave was kind of a high school hangout." (This place was north of Granville around Cat Run Road, which had also been a hangout for 70s-era teenagers.)

Amazingly, the basement of what is now the Robbins Hunter Museum was a play area for Dils and several friends as kids in a scenario that is highly unlikely in today's world.

"Myself, the Davidoffs and a few other people, and John Bean. But the old curator of the Avery-Hunter museum basically let us build forts in the basement. There's a chapel in the basement and, basically, at the time it was filled with all this excess wood. And he was, like, 'You guys can do whatever you want down here,' and so we literally built these forts in the basement. We had open reign, and we could come and go, so it was



**By the time the 1980s rolled around, First Federal Savings had taken over the building that housed Welsh's grocery.**

*Granville  
Historical Society  
Photo*

like for a couple of my friends and I.”

## **MUSIC**

Even though it existed for only, approximately, six months, Jay's Records was readily remembered.

“I remember we used to go there and get Duran Duran buttons,” White said of one band popular at the time. “They had stickers and buttons and records and, was it T-shirts? It didn't have a lot of stuff and it was very small, but it was there for a hot minute.”

“He would play vinyl if you wanted—whatever you wanted at the time,” Dils said mentioning Van Halen as another of the popular bands they listened to. Additionally, Dils said paper for rolling cigarettes were also sold there.

Ben Barton noted how music in the 1980s began to change from that of the 1960s and '70s.

“Music in the 80s, the late 70s and early 80s was the probably the greatest era of music of all time,” he said. “We had the 60s and 70s running into it, which we all listened to, and in the 80s was the beginning of kind of the alternative, mixed stuff. Music just completely changed. But for this town, having WDUB [the Denison University radio station] spinning records up on the hill was unbelievable! And we got to know those guys. [GHS students Rob] Gallagher and [Tom] Sharp, they'd go up there and deejay. We're in high school, and we're hanging out with these [Denison] students who are running WDUB playing all this great music. That all filtered downhill and, literally, that was our music. Certainly, I'm biased, but it was great music at the time, and to this day that's what we listen to.” Alternative

groups such as Devo, the Talking Heads and Adam Ant were among the 80s bands Barton recalled.

## **THE JOB MARKET**

Jobs for teens varied.

“I worked at Young's Apothecary. With my grandma,” said Annie Welsh Quintrell ('92), sister of Amy Welsh. “First, I worked for Omega Pest Control, answering the telephone, but then I worked with Grandma up at Young's after school. Eventually I worked at Knucklehead's. Other than that it was babysitting.” Amy and Annie also worked at the Denison library.

“And, then, one of the beauty shops when I was 14, just cleaning brushes,” Amy Welsh said. “She was on Prospect. She paid me under the table—a 14-year-old, just cleaning brushes.”

Newspaper delivery routes were still in the mix as well, before disappearing by the 1990s. “I delivered papers in Maplewood,” Ben Barton said. “Big, huge hills! But that was my thing.”

“I was lucky enough to work with a man who, I think, was a legend in Granville, Ron Engle at Harold's,” McGonagle said, “and he was just a really good, nice man. He lived in our neighborhood, so I knew him that way, too. But I think a lot of kids grew up working at Knucklehead's. I know my kids did, and I just wanted to give a shout-out to Ron because he was pretty special.”

Regarding the Granville Recreation Commission, forerunner of today's Granville Recreation District,

Amy White recalled the simplicity of kids' sports at that time.

"The thing I miss about the Rec Commission is, one—all the [games] were played locally. There was no travel," she said, in comparison to the trend starting in the 1990s of youth sports teams traveling around the state and even nationally.

There were also the cumbersome reversible basketball shirts that were white on the outside and blue on the inside, she said, for Granville Rec basketball games. "So you show up and they tell you you're the blue team, so you'd run into the bathroom—the guys didn't have to—turn the shirt inside out, then throw it back on. But playing basketball with two T-shirts on, that was hot."

"Does anybody remember the Granville Jaycees?" Jennifer Barton queried. "They had the [Family Fling] at the high school. Our high school, each classroom had something set up. So there were games and there was food, like sloppy joes. I don't know what happened to the Jaycees, but they did a lot in the community, and that Family Fling was a big, big deal and a big fundraiser for the community."

"Talking about fundraisers, do you remember donkey basketball?" Lea Ann Davenport asked.

"It was literally a basketball game and the players were riding donkeys in the gym," Amy Welsh said. Often, teachers played each other or outside teams.

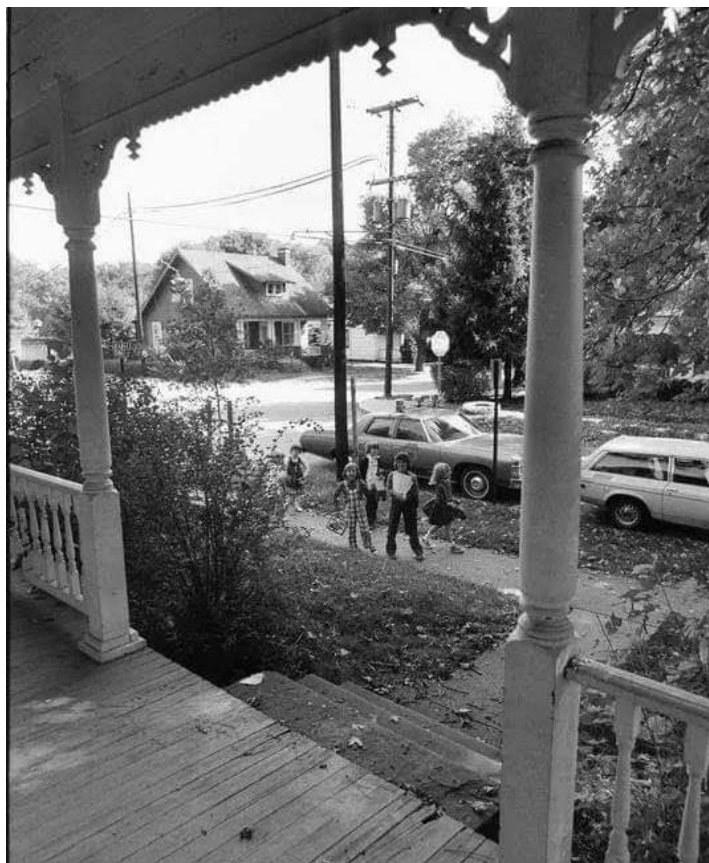
"They were on donkeys, literally, trying to go up and down the court, which is impossible on the donkey," Ben Barton said.

The popularity of the Spring Valley pool was still paramount during this decade.

"Spring Valley, obviously, was a magical place," Dils said. "It literally was just like a large playground. Not only just hanging out on the sand, playing basketball, playing kickball with Ben Barton for three hours. But you could venture into the woods—the nature preserve that it is now. A lot of times kids would just wander on back to the woods. I learned how to swim there, learned how to do flips from my sister Becky on the high dive."

McGonagle, who was allowed to ride her bicycle to the pool starting along Welsh Hills road from her home in Snowdon Estates, worked at the pool's food stand. "That grill was disgusting," she said, "but the food was excellent!"

White agreed. "The salads and the hot dogs—the way you made them, Kristin, I still make my hot dogs that way."



**Kids filled the streets walking to school before school buses began to transport them to the elementary school.** *Photo courtesy of Carol Apacki*

"My family moved to Granville at the end of '85 and my mom was a swimming pool person," Jennifer Graham said, "so by the time the summer came we were there all the time. I can still visualize certain people's tricks off the high dive, kids running and diving off of that cement wall. Fantastic place!"

One parent had fond memories of kids walking to and from school in the village, which later went away when the school district began to bus most of them.

"We lived on West Maple Street for a couple of years," she said. "But I remember kindergarteners, first graders, second grade all walked. The streets were filled with kids and they'd stop at Buck Sargent's [grocery] after school, and he'd get them some cheese and there was a couple—I can't think of their names—that would pass out cookies. Instead of school buses, everybody in the village walked. It was marvelous, and our kids would come home full of adventures and not on the hot bus. I'd love to think of kids walking, who live in the village, again, instead of all the school buses."

*Video recordings of all the "Growing Up in Granville" programs—for the 50s, 60s, 70s and 80s—may be found online on YouTube or on the Granville Historical Society's website, [granvillehistory.org](http://granvillehistory.org).*



# ORAL HISTORY: Jack Williams' mom owned The Buxton Inn while Dad was a town doctor

**Edited by CHARLES A. PETERSON**

*Following are highlights of an oral history interview with Jack Williams conducted on Jan. 27, 2023 in Germantown, Tenn., age 89 at the time of the interview. Jack grew up in Granville, son of Dr. Russel and Dorothea McCann Williams. He had three older sisters—Betty, Jean and Patricia. The family lived in a house at 229 E. College Street. Jack was born May 13, 1933; graduated from Granville High School in 1951 and from Denison University in 1955. His mother owned the Buxton Inn for a number of years and his father established his doctor's office in the front east corner of the Inn. Dr. Williams was also a founder of the former Whisler Hall medical center on the Denison University campus, where his painted portrait hangs just inside the front door of what is still Whisler Hall, home for human resources, student accounts, mail services and the copy center. Williams affords us another look at Granville in the 1940s, a decade described well by Louella Hodges Reese in the last edition of *The Historical Times*.*

## **What Jack remembers about the downtown business district:**

Fuller's Market. There were four grocery stores. [including Fuller's, Sargent's, and Welsh's]. How they survived I don't know. They all did. Most everybody, certainly in our family, worked at grocery stores. I had the job of delivering groceries in a World War II Jeep, and man was that fun! You'd start with—Mrs. Jones would say, "Jack I want some grapes but not too big, not too small and not too red, not too green," and all that stuff. [Jack would deliver them and] put them in the fridge. I knew that half the people were not paying their bills because I had to keep track of that as well. In '53 I went to the Boy Scout Jamboree in Irvine, Calif., and one of my sisters took the Jeep and I was afraid I was never gonna see it again. She was not, still not [a great driver]. But that was a lot of fun.

Jim Remmele had a job of filling candy bar machines and vending machines, and I enjoyed playing in his place because I got the (old) candy bars—they were real hard, but they were cheap. There was a jewelry store—George Stewart, I think. He was an

optometrist also, next to the Aladdin [restaurant]. There was Jim Bone [The James Store]. Jim had a place both up and down stairs. My father-in-law thought he must own the place because she really liked his (Jim Bone's) clothes.

Then there's the alleyway next to Buck Sargent's place [now the Pub on Broadway] and that

took you back to [Virgil] "Tug" Fryman's garage. Tug was one of my idols. He was one of the several fire chiefs and he had a son my age and they were neighbors as well, two (or three) houses up. Back down the street (downtown)—Taylor's Drug Store.

## **Other jobs he held as a kid.**

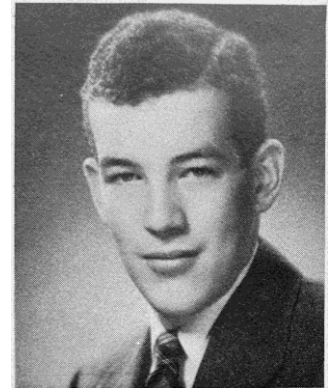
I was also a paperboy. I always worked summers at Denison. During the Ohio Baptist Convention, [those attending] stayed in lower [campus] dorms. They had activities for them. Little boys would sit down there by the dorms and wait for the little old ladies who couldn't carry their bags, and we'd carry their bags into their rooms for them. When meals were served, we hung around and helped wash dishes and wait tables. It was a good place for young people to get together.

## **Recollections of the Fannie Doane Home.**

That was a big part of Granville, particularly during World War II, because a lot of retired ministers lived in Granville. There were several. I remember Pearl Harbor. And then [one missionary]... he was a retired minister... and spent his time in China. But he had a son in the Philippines, and he knew enough geography .... he knew the Japanese were going to move to Pearl Harbor, and his son spent all of World War II in a prison camp. It was a pleasure meeting him after the war... in the Philippines. But his dad, the minister, knew that the Japanese would just hop-skip [to Pearl Harbor in Hawaii].

## **Jack's father.**

My father had a dry sense of humor. On occasion he



**Jack Williams, GHS  
Class of 1951**

would say “What are you doing tonight, Jack?” I said, “I’m going to a movie.” He asked, “Who are you going with?” I said, “I’m going with Bruce and Mickey.” He said, “Tell them that they’re not paid for yet.” [Meaning his father, Dr. Williams, was never paid for delivering those babies.] And half the people born in that town were not paid for yet. He’d get paid in eggs—stuff like that.

### **What did kids do to pass the time in Granville?**

It was just playing clean. It was Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts. If you were not an Eagle Scout and either played a sport or were in the band, you were nothing. But then there were those who were the townies whose parents could afford to live in town or didn’t have a turkey farm three miles up the road, or a peach farm or whatever. So there were town people and the country people and we had both for friends. The country guys were much better football players.

### **When his parents took ownership of the Buxton Inn.**

It’s gotta be in 1920. ... My dad had a dual major, apparently, at Denison because he went to work for Dayton Electric Company [Delco] as an accountant and decided to go to med school after he’d done that. World War I — he was in 89 days. The war was over, they mustered out and he went back to work for Delco and then sometime later, apparently 1920, we bought the Buxton.... Minnie Hite Moody wrote *The Inns of Ohio*. There were several sections on Granville and there were several mentions of the Buxton Inn, and the ownership of the Buxton Inn was in my mom’s name, and that was 1922.

Mother and father. I mean, he had to go through Ohio State and then he had to go through Akron General Hospital for his internship. And he owned [the Buxton] and leased it to Nell Burnell. And she ran it, and his office was on the east end, which now, I think, could be a gift shop or some such thing.

They leased it (out) for a number of years. I think their involvement at the Buxton ended about ’58. My dad quit practicing then.

### **On Woody Hayes.**

Interesting guy... I was at one of my Denison reunions and this gentleman standing behind me came up and said, “Are you Jack Williams?” and I said “Yes.” And he said [introducing himself], “Woody Hayes.” Well, my dad was team doctor, which got me in all of the [Denison] football games but also got me into halftime and under the grandstand. ... At halftime that’s where Woody and his coaches would be giving



**Jack Williams, 2023**

things I was, you know, I was a kid. Woody reminded me of some things my father had done for their family, medically.

### **On the former Whisler Hall medical center at Denison.**

That was built in my father’s time. He was going [into Whisler] 24/7 for years mainly on heart medicine. He had a heart problem. He had run a College Hospital as well. ... At one point they had a break in that line coming from [the heating plant on South Main Street] and my dad came up with the idea of getting a steam tractor and hooked the steam tractor to the hospital. So it was warm. Amazing kind of stuff. ... It was just a block from the grade school-Granger. And so when somebody got hurt, somebody would say, “Take him up to your dad.” My dad was upset with me because I usually passed out [while attending to a patient]... He said, “Well, you’re not gonna be a doctor, I can see this.”

### **But Jack did assist his dad in other ways in his medical profession.**

I was his driver. I was driving solo at 14, and 16 is minimum (age), and it caused a lot of consternation among my friends. [Quoting friends:] “Jack’s got his dad’s car. Well, he’s a doctor, he can afford it. He’s got plenty of money.” Looking back, I think he, because of his bad heart, and he took nitroglycerin—it would take him two nitroglycerin pills to get from the bench to the middle of the football field [during games] because of his heart. But I think he taught me to drive so that I could be his fill-in driver. But, there was no stoplight in Granville. They put one up, I think the first one was on the same street that the firehouse was on [North Prospect and East Broadway]. And they had no town cop. Before that we had a town night watchman who walked the streets. Then we got a town cop and then we got a police car [from Hud’s Chevrolet, now Elms

Pizza]. And they put the stop light up. [When his dad was stopped during a medical run for running through a red light...] My dad said, “No, that’s for other people. I gotta go to save somebody’s life.” The cop stopped him, so my dad said, “You can’t stop me, you’re not paid for.” It was another one of those [parents not having paid the medical bill for the birth of their child].

### **What teenagers did during the 1940s.**

That [bowling alley] didn’t come till later. I set pins there. It was just 200 yards from my house. But [this era] was so tame. I knew a guy who smoked a cigarette one time. My Dad and Mom said, “Stay away from him, he’s gonna be bad news.” It was just—you had to be an Eagle Scout and or play football or basketball or cheerleading or be in the band. And that was it. We were shepherded by, I thought at the time “elderly” people. They’d stop you on the street—“You going to the ballgame tonight?” You know, whatever. Halloween—the mayor, who was also a professor, saw me on the street—I was walking down the street in front of Taylor’s Drug Store, and he said, “How are you, Jack?” I said, “Fine.” He said, “You going trick-or-treating tonight?” and I said, “Probably.” He said, “Well, let me show you something.” I said, “OK.” We went over to the City Hall and showed me the new jail. He said, “If you get in trouble, that’s where you’ll spend the night.” So he said, “Remember that, Jack.” [Jack said], “OK!”

### **Recalling Spring Valley Pool.**

It was just a gathering place. It was really family-owned, family-run (by) children, spouses etcetera. Great tennis courts. Some very good tennis players came out of there. All of my sisters were very good swimmers and divers and they spent a lot of time there.

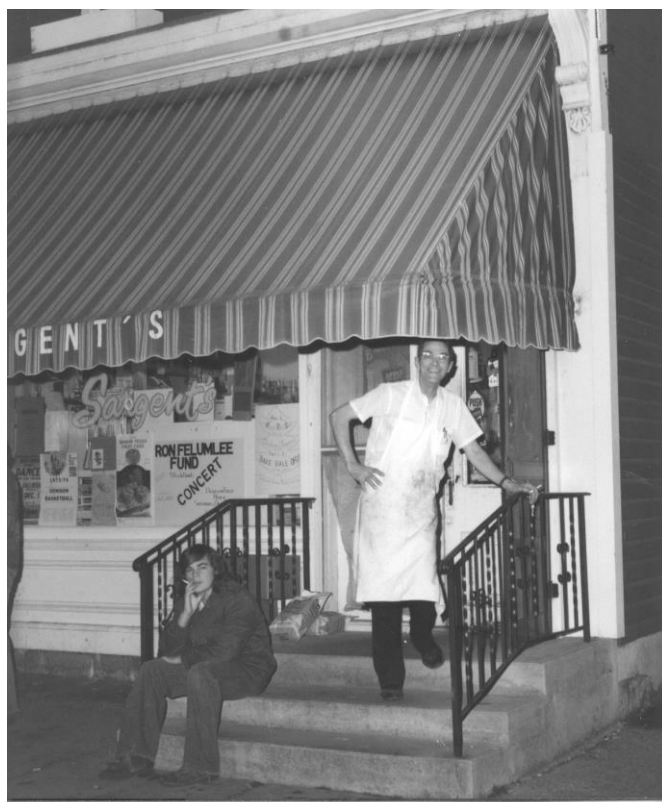
Up above [the woods on the hills above the pool] we used to go there with friends and we would camp out.

I remember my first jump [off the diving board]. I got stuck in the mud and it scared the heck out of me. One of my sisters was a lifeguard and she explained to me that that wasn’t too smart. So I spread my legs and changed the trajectory.

I remember the end of World War II. It was announced over the PA system and we’re at Spring Valley. I’m not making this stuff up.

### **When did you leave Granville for your career and why?**

The Air Force thought it would be fun to have me for a while, so I spent three years in active duty and then came back and had a short-term job between



**Harold “Buck” Sargent had one of four grocery stores downtown during Jack Williams’ youth.**

*Granville Historical Society Archives*

graduation from Denison and going on active duty. And I worked for the highway department in the engineering department for three or four months before I was activated. When I came back there were two things that I had to do: one was to get married .... and getting married was important. The other thing was to get a job. Then I went to work for the highway department back to my old job again ended up becoming a trainee in the feed business in Memphis, Tennessee.

### **How Granville had changed after he grew up and moved away.**

Not terribly dramatically. The introduction of liquor by the drink [in 1976] I think was kinda heartbreaking in a way. But as long as the Aladdin was there and Buck Sargent was there, and Fuller’s grocery and all of those—Taylor’s, Mike Gregory [Gregory Hardware]—all those things, they were they were part of my life.

### **On growing up in Granville:**

If one was to pick a perfect place to grow up, that was pretty much it. We had lifelong friends there. Interesting. Sad, and still sad—there was one family of black folks, really nice folks, lived two houses in from the main gate to the graveyard [Maple Grove Cemetery]. There was another family that lived almost to Newark, and that was it.

## GRANVILLE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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