



THE HISTORICAL TIMES

Quarterly of the Granville, Ohio, Historical Society

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An eager audience takes in the ribbon cutting and dedication for the new Robinson Research Center on June 7.

A new era begins

Ribbon cut for renovated, expanded museum

The Museum of the Granville Historical Society became significantly larger and much more accommodating for archival and restorative work on June 7, 2012. On that date, former Society President Donald G. Schilling led a ribbon-cutting program for the Hubert and Oese Robinson Research Center addition to the museum. In this issue, we celebrate that event, and what the additional space will allow us to accomplish.

Denison President Dale T. Knobel's dedicatory speech is interspersed with photographs of the well-attended dedicatory event. The photographs include some that include Cynthia Cort, who was President and Vice President of the

Society while the project was being planned and executed. Cynthia played a significant day-to-day role in shaping the addition, which was the longtime dream of many people, especially former President Lawrence L. Clarke, and which was made possible by generous gifts from the Hubert and Oese Robinson Foundation and from individuals and corporations and foundations in the Granville community.

Following Dr. Knobel's speech, Margaret Brooks has put together a brief history of the original portion of the museum, which opened as a part of the Granville Historical Society during Granville's Sesquicentennial in 1955.



THE RIBBON CUTTING: From left to right are Megan Quintrell, Devin Bennett, Board of Managers Vice President Cynthia Cort, Janie Drake and Mayor Melissa Hartfield.

Unveiling ‘Granville’s Attic’

Artifacts help us understand people, relationships

By DALE T. KNOBEL

In anticipation of our move to Texas, my wife Tina and I have started to sort through drawers and closets and even to survey the contents of Monomoy’s attic. What makes forays into the attic far too unproductive is that I keep finding interesting things. It’s not that much of the stuff is so valuable; it’s rather the interpretation that I put upon it, the self-understanding and the understanding of others that grows out of it, that can get me lost in my thoughts as I plow through it.

In some ways, you could call the Historical Society Museum, Granville’s attic. Now, I suspect that its contents have been collected with more intentionality than the contents of my household attic and that they may be better cared for — and while sometimes, even in museums, a little weeding is called for, we can anticipate that most of this

material is there for the long run. But it’s a community’s attic. And here’s the thing: what makes the materials held there precious to us is not so much that they are “stuff” — old or rare as they may be — but because they help us understand people and relationships. They help us understand society and its evolution over time. And it’s not like the materials simply speak to us out of their very materiality. They have to be considered, studied, and held in relation to one another. It’s just like what’s absorbing about the things in my attic. The things in the display cases of the museum, hanging on the walls, or residing in the filing cabinets help us to think, to reflect, and to enquire. Moreover, although they, for the most part, are other people’s stuff, they cause us to better understand ourselves as a community today because we are able to use them to know better from whence we have come.

Monomoy Place is a bit of a museum itself, both because of the artifacts of Denison that it holds and because, as an

Dale T. Knobel is president of Denison University.



This sign, posted several days before the event, was a countdown for the dedication of the new Robinson Research Center.

historian, I've managed to assemble a fair collection of historical materials myself. Certainly I can find enough right under my own nose to offer some illustrations. So I'll illustrate using a couple of items I found in my attic: a brass candlewick trimmer, the only artifact at Monomoy Place that belonged to Denison's first president and professor—actually called the "principal" — John Pratt and a copy of a page from the United States manuscript census for 1860 for an Ohio community very much like Granville. These aren't things that are in the Granville Historical Society Museum — but they sure are *like* materials that are in the museum, and they'll help me make some observations about what the museum holds and how we ought to think about them.

Take, for example, the wick trimmer, belonging to Principal John Pratt, a young Latin and Greek professor from Brown University who was recruited by the Baptists

to start up a frontier college in Ohio. It's an item that's been useful to me over the years. I've employed it as a prop more than once when I've spoken about Denison's educational mission. I observe that it's significant that this is a candlewick trimmer, not the more familiar snuffer. It was used to prepare a candle for lighting by removing the old, carbonized wick remnants. It's a fitting reminder of Pratt the educator, who was all about igniting a fire in the minds of young people — just what we try to do at Denison today. But its very existence in our house inspires questions: Why was this, and not much else, preserved from the earliest years of Denison? Was it because this was a rare finished brass item that couldn't have been locally manufactured? Consequently, was it inherently valuable? Or did it have special meaning to the first president or to a member of his household? It was a special design meant to catch the black, carbonized clippings before they soiled the floor. But in the 1830s, the floors of the new wooden college buildings were rude and bare, and there had to have been much more concern about the students' muddy farm boots than a few candle clippings. Did Pratt bring this item more suitable to a fine carpeted parlor because it was a memento of a more genteel life back east or because it represented a bet on the future, evidence that the new president expected the new college and the town it inhabited to flourish and, in time, become more sophisticated and comfortable?

Then there is a copy of a page from the U.S. manuscript census for 1860 for an Ohio town very similar to Granville, Hudson, Ohio, a town founded just eight years earlier than Granville and by settlers from the same Massachusetts/Connecticut borderlands that originally populated Granville. In fact, members of some of the same extended families turned up in both communities. Probably, word came back from this town to Granby, Connecticut and Granville, Massachusetts and the countryside in between as it did from other early Ohio communities like nearby Worthington that Ohio land was rich and unbroken and the state was a place where one could make a new start and perhaps be better off than on the rocky, over-worked fields of New England. Sure, you can use the manuscript census like this — that is, the original handwritten notations of the census enumerator as he moved from house to house and farm to farm — to, say, do family genealogy or tsk, tsk at the large size of families, on the one hand, and the evidence of high infant and childhood mortality on the other. But what makes this an important article, an *historical* article, is when you begin asking questions about it and digging deeper into it. The whole reason I have this is that it is part of the research materials I've assembled. I wanted to find out what happened in an area that between the 1820s and the 1880s was bisected by a transportation web of canals and railroads, in this case several townships in northeastern Ohio.



LEFT: Former Granville Historical Society President Donald G. Schilling making dedicatory remarks on June 7. RIGHT: Mayor Melissa Hartfield addresses the audience for the dedication and ribbon-cutting ceremony.

There are many records that tell us that many or most of the common laborers were immigrants — from Ireland, Germany, England, or Wales — but it isn't like they got off the boat in New York harbor and built their way across New York State and Ohio to wind up in, say, Chicago. All along the way, they dropped off the line of work: they got tired, they became angry with the boss, they dallied with a local girl, they got fired, they saw an area or community they liked. Can we find evidence in this set of Ohio townships that workers did indeed linger there? The short answer is yes. Odd, because these are communities that pride themselves, historically, on their "pure Protestant New England heritage," etc., etc. And what happens to these folks? Well many of them stayed to make a life, or at least try to. But the German — and especially the Irish — communities find themselves locked in menial occupations and set apart, even despised. When they tried to build a Catholic church to be

served by a circuit riding priest, the work site was vandalized and the place of worship, if not stopped, was delayed. Another set of records, tax rolls (we may have some of those upstairs, too) makes it pretty clear that immigrant enclaves were consigned to the poorest farmland, if they got any, and the lowest, most flood-prone parts of town down by the railroad tracks. But to read the local histories — both those written in the late nineteenth century and those in just the last twenty years — you'd never guess any of this. The artifacts — in this case census returns and tax maps, and much more — have to be interrogated.

Just as all the materials so much better housed and better displayed in this museum need to be interrogated. If they aren't, what we've got is antiquarianism, not history. And the history is so much more important — because it is about people and their relationships. Is there a bucket yoke in the collection — you know, the wooden yoke that fits over the

shoulders and makes it possible to carry two heavy water pails on each end, the weight of the one balancing the weight of the other? Dig deeper. What size is it? Does it seem meant for a man or a woman or a larger child? What might this say about gender and family roles in the era in which it was crafted? Are there china plates and teacups in the collection? If they're from an early period in Granville's history, why such apparent extravagance when inexpensive and expendable stoneware might suffice? As with the candlewick trimmer, are they evidence of a longing for comforts left behind or a bet on the future of the new community? If of imported manufacture, what do they remind us about the nature of international trade in the early nineteenth century? Do they have a Chinese design? What made this such a popular motif in the English speaking world during these years? Lots and lots of questions to ask about a humble teacup.

People didn't always ask questions like these about museum materials. Actually, there's an older tradition of historical scholarship that lasted until perhaps 150 years ago or even less that the study of history should be understood to be the piling up of "facts," or what we might call information, and this would include material artifacts, the contents of museums. The theory was that the facts, including the materials, would speak for themselves. As the German scholars who dominated the international historical profession had it, these things would show "*wie es eigentlich gewesen*," how it really was, and, actually, any effort to interpret them would only distort their meaning. We think differently now and we realize that facts and things may speak for themselves but their meaning changes as well and we come to better understand their context and import.

One of the things materials in this museum — of both the material and textual kind — can do is help us not get caught up in a romanticization of our community. Visually, at least, the Granville we see about us today is largely an invention of the last forty years. It was never this pretty or uniform for most of its past nor was it aesthetically so "New Englandy." And at many points along its historical development, Granville could have developed in a number of different ways. Materials in this museum can help us see that.

Although the replica tree stump beside the Presbyterian Church and the rendering of it in the Depression-era Post Office mural can make us believe that the founders were some kind of latter day Puritans seeking to establish "a city on a hill," the records pretty clearly show that economic ambition was squarely behind the establishment of the Granville settlement. Physically, the form that the early village took was pure Ohio, not Massachusetts. New England had developed along the late Medieval European plan of the "open field agricultural village," where families didn't have individual farmsteads but slices of land alongside their



Denison University President Dale T. Knobel, right, who gave the dedication address on June 7, is pictured with Capital Campaign Chair Tom Martin at the event.

neighbors in each of the woods, fields, and swamps surrounding the central town where all kept their homes. The idea was to enforce both rough equality and mutual dependence. Though open field agricultural villages were breaking down in New England by the time the migrants from Granby and Granville made their way west, the New England towns still bore this visual stamp, with very irregular lot lines and roads defined by winding cattle tracks.

Not so Granville. From the first, individual family farms were laid out and bid upon, with different families getting land of very different quality in very different locations. That suited the settlers. They were seeking the main chance. And, the hills notwithstanding, they imposed a grid of streets upon the topography that mimicked the division of the Northwest Territory into townships and townships into quarter sections and quarter sections into smaller square or rectangular lots. Because of the hills in Granville, the road layout — or at least projected layout — could get a little ludicrous. Ignoring the rise in the land, the town platters had today's Summit Street going right straight along the faces of Prospect and College Hills to link up, presumably, with Burg Street.

The expectation of the founders, of course, was not that Granville would become a picturesque village but that it would be competitive in growth and trade with Newark and Zanesville, to be sure, but also Columbus and Cleveland, though Cincinnati may already have been too far developed to be a realistic competitor. It wasn't a crazy idea. These places weren't very large yet either. Remember that Worthington, founded just a few years before Granville,



Guests and visitors browse through the new Archival Storage Room on the second floor of the new Robinson Research Center.

was thought a worthy competitor to Columbus (really an invented place across the Scioto River from Franklinton) for selection as the new state capital in 1803. And the early residents of Granville invested in industry and commerce as if they intended to compete. Within a quarter of a century of the founding there were grist mills and fulling mills, distilleries and ropewalks, manufacturers of hats and guns, odorous tanneries and a foundry which not only produced pots and pans but sent steel to Columbus where a new plow manufacturer was making a name. To promote commerce a bank was required, and when the Ohio Canal passed as close as Newark, a branch was constructed to Granville, not only to draw upon the Raccoon River to keep the main canal line's water level high but to promote trade. The founding of the Baptists' college for the training of clerical, civil, and commercial leaders in Granville in year 26 of the town is evidence that it wasn't just the locals who thought the town was a "happenin'" place. Of course, the Congregationalists in Ohio thought the happenin' place was Hudson, where they had earlier founded Western Reserve College; the Presbyterians thought it was New Concord (and when that turned out to be not so happenin', they thought maybe Wooster was). And, in time, the Methodists and the Lutherans thought that Delaware and Springfield were destined to be the new centers of commerce and gov-

ernment in Ohio and fit for colleges.

The feeder canal notwithstanding, the decision of the canal builders to take the main route well east of Granville and the failure of efforts to get a railroad route through town in the 1850s made it clear at least by the time of the Civil War, that Granville was *not* the new Columbus or Cleveland. The disappointment and the general doldrums of trade were enough to propel most of the founding families and their descendants out of the community — typically farther west — where they could seek to advance their fortunes further. Within fifty years of the founding, more of the original family names could be found on street signs or the gravestones in the Old Colony Burial Ground than on businesses and homes of the community.

Still, as the records in this museum show, this was a place that continued to think that, at the least, it could be a center of commerce for the rich agricultural townships surrounding it. When, at about the turn of the nineteenth into the early twentieth century, plans were laid to run an electric interurban line between Granville and Newark, it was resisted by at least some of the merchant community as being potentially dangerous to local business. They didn't want shoppers going down the road to what had become the larger community. I first visited Granville as a boy in the 1950s and got to know it somewhat better in the mid-1960s when



From left, Granville Historical Society Board of Managers treasurer Alex Galbraith and Bill Kirkpatrick, author of the first volume of the Society's new Pocket History series, enjoy the dedication program.

Photos of the dedication by Jodi Lavelly, Bill Holloway, and Tom Martin, of the Granville Historical Society.

I spent one year as a student at Denison. There were five groceries and/or butcher shops on Broadway and I think at least four of the half dozen gasoline service stations that had sprung up in Granville in the automobile age. There was still an auto repair shop right behind the main block of stores and now restaurants on the principal business block of Granville. It was altogether a workaday sort of place, with a modicum of cultural sophistication added by the college.

The recovery of our real history is an ongoing and important task, and the museum can help. As a community, as we make decisions about our future, we need to be careful about the justification we seek to find in our past. The "pretiness" and visual homogeneity of our town today is a modern construct, not the reconstruction of an earlier Granville, though we've built on some of the structural members of that. We won't make the best decisions going forward without contextualizing them in a strong sense of from whence we've come.

And sometimes you just can't make an invented present fit with a real past. Stand in front of Monomoy and look at it real hard. At first blush, it's symmetrical, with a center door, a window on the first floor left and right and five windows above. But when you look closely, you'll notice that the second story windows don't seem to be staggered right; they don't line up in an orderly way over the door and windows below. That's because they weren't set up for the door configuration we have today. When Denison got the house in 1935, Swasey Chapel and the first buildings on the East

Quad had been built, and in a few years the Life Science Building (now Higley) and Curtis Hall would get underway. The architectural theme was Georgian — thought to be appropriate to our "New England" village. Monomoy Place, originally built in 1863 to be vaguely Second Empire with a mansard roof and then enlarged in about 1888-1890 as a Italianate Villa, was painted white by the college, dark green window shutters were added, a wrap around porch with a corner turret was removed, and the front entrance, which angled from the street to the porch (which explains the layout of the windows on the second floor), was turned parallel to the street and given a sort of Federal style portico. Voila!, instant colonial — sort of, if you could overlook the remaining Tuscan roof brackets and ornate exterior window moldings. How many other houses were reinterpreted in Granville in this period?

Well, actually, that reinvention of Monomoy is part of our past, too. And that only adds to my point. When you look at pictures, documents, or artifacts in the museum, take some time to think about what you see. What does this thing mean? What do we learn from it of lives and relationships in the past? I'm convinced we'll learn some things that apply to *our* lives and relationships — to our community — today.

This article is based on Dr. Dale T. Noble's speech on the occasion of the dedication of the expansion and renovation of the Granville Historical Society Museum on June 7, 2012.



From left, board of managers member Jennie Kinsley and Vice President Cynthia Cort among the audience viewing the dedication program.



The Cataloging and Three-Dimensional Storage level of the Robinson Research Center.



ABOVE: The building (at right) between 1891 and 1916 when it was an ice cream parlor. The buildings to the left burned in 1927. **BELOW:** The building sometime after 1916 when it served as the Interurban station.

A long, fascinating road for museum building

The Granville Historical Society's museum is housed in a building that has a long history in the village's business district. Built by William Stedman of local stone that was quarried on the Denison University hill, the single storey building opened its front door in 1816 as the Alexandrian Society's Bank. The Society had been chartered for library activities, but regulations establishing banks were loose during that period. The bank, which issued its own currency, failed in 1817. It was reactivated by a Buffalo entrepreneur in the mid-1830s and failed again by 1837. A trap door in the floor leads to the basement vault where the bank's assets were kept.

Historical records show that the building was used for many different enterprises: a post office, library, barber-shop, ice cream parlour and interurban depot. Two historical photos document its use as an ice cream parlour (the man wearing a white apron stands in the doorway) and its gritty-looking days as the Granville/Newark interurban depot. A section of rail found just to the east of the building where a track was built for freight loading is now on display in the museum. The building is on the National Register and designated by an Ohio Historical Society marker.

In anticipation of the Sesquicentennial celebration in 1955 of the village's founding, a bequest from Clara Sinnet White allowed the Granville Historical Society to acquire the building and to expand it as a new permanent home for the collections and archives. Photos document changes to the front yard and the addition of the white iron fence that preceded yet another addition, which now occupies the former yard at the rear of the building.

— Maggie Brooks, Jennie Kinsley, and Flo Hoffman





ABOVE AND RIGHT: Both are views of the Granville Historical Society Museum in 1975.

BELOW: The front of the Granville Historical Society Museum in August 2012.





The scope of the damage of path of the B-25 impact can be seen in this photograph taken several days after the crash. Observers indicated that the disintegration of the aircraft was so complete that it was impossible to make out the outline of the plane.

70 years ago: a B-25 plane crash turns Newark neighborhood upside-down

By **B. KEVIN BENNETT**

Over the years the Licking County area has experienced its share of aviation accidents and disasters. The worst, however, occurred on September 8, 1942 when a B-25C bomber plummeted from the skies, slamming into a residential area of Newark. With a toll of eight killed and several injured and burned, this tragic incident remains as the area's worst aviation catastrophe.

During World War II, the air over the continental United States was a dangerous place. The little-known statistics are alarming: the Army Air Forces lost more than 7,100 aircraft in the United States to accidents in training and transportation. Such accidents claimed the lives of more than 15,530 pilots, crew members and ground personnel. In contrast, the U.S. lost 4,500 aircraft in combat against Japanese army and naval air forces during the same period. Unfortunately, the story of these fatal incidents is largely forgotten.

The North American B-25 Mitchell was an American twin-engine medium bomber manufactured by North American Aviation. It was used by many Allied air forces, in every theater of World War II, as well as by many other air forces after the war ended, and saw service across four decades. The B-25 was named in honor of General Billy Mitchell, a pioneer of U.S. military aviation. By the end its production, nearly 10,000 B-25s in numerous models had been built. These included a few limited variations, such as the United States Navy's and Marine Corps' PBJ-1 patrol bomber and the United States Army Air Forces' F-10 photo reconnaissance aircraft. The most famous mission associated with the B-25 was the daring Doolittle Raid over Japan in early 1942.

The B-25 involved in the Newark incident had taken off late in the morning of September 8th from Wright Army Air Field near Dayton. It was on a training flight scheduled to

terminate at Mitchell Field on Long Island, New York. Piloting the aircraft was Colonel Douglas Kilpatrick, 35, of Houma, Louisiana. The co-pilot was LT. Lawrence Lawver, 29, of Freeport, Illinois, a student pilot. Other crew included LT. Russell Mewlin of Indianapolis, Indiana and Mr. Ovido Pecon of Dayton, Ohio, a civilian crew chief. Two other Army personnel, Private Charles Watson and Corporal Russell Arens were aboard catching a "hop" while on leave.

After taking off, the flight was almost immediately beset with problems as they encountered very severe thunderstorms. Around noon they were over Newark and were flying at a dangerously low altitude, possibly due to the storms. According to several witnesses the plane was very low, perhaps as low as 100-200 feet above the city just prior to the crash. According to local newspaper accounts, the plane was "hedgehopping" over the downtown business district, shearing off treetops and clipping the roof of one building before finally crashing. Surprised observers reported the plane "zoomed" just enough to miss the courthouse and steeple of the Second Presbyterian Church, that the right wing then dipped, hit the roof of a residential building with the fuselage "slumping onto the top of an apartment building with part of the plane skidding across Hudson Street striking the offices of a local physician." Another eyewitness reported seeing the plane fly directly over Carroll's Department Store (now closed) prior to impact. He stated that it appeared that parts were falling off the plane. The crash time was 12:03 p.m. during a bout of heavy rainfall.

The tremendous impact of the crash caused the aircraft to break up into numerous pieces to the point that the debris was widely scattered, causing more collateral damage to other structures in the area including nearby Arensburg Pharmacy. The deadly nature and extent of the breakup was evidenced by one large piece of debris that tore out one of the huge stone pillars of the nearby Church of Christ building. As the B-25 ripped into the area it spilled its gasoline, which quickly ignited and created a devastating fireball that was estimated to rise 30-40 feet. Not surprisingly, the fire caused significant damage to nearby structures. The local police and fire department responded quickly but were greatly hampered by the intense heat generated by the crash.

All six personnel aboard the B-25 were killed. The pilot, Col. Kilpatrick, was killed when he bailed out at very low altitude just seconds before final impact. His parachute not having enough time to properly deploy in the wet weather, he fell through the roof of a building at the corner of Clinton and Locust streets, landing in a kitchen. The co-pilot, Lt. Lawver was also killed when he bailed out at low altitude just prior to Col. Kilpatrick. He slammed to earth on the loading platform of the freight office at the B&O Railroad



Co-pilot LT Lawrence Lawver (left) unsuccessfully attempted to parachute from the doomed flight.

Depot. Again, the weather and height did not allow his parachute to fully deploy. Horrified eyewitnesses remarked on seeing this desperate attempt to survive, with vivid accounts of the doomed men arms and legs waving and the awful thud with which they struck.

Killed on the ground was Mrs. Jane Irwin Weston, 62, who owned the apartment building that was directly struck by the plane. Also killed was 73-year-old Mrs. Dolly Campbell, who was on the sidewalk at the intersection of Hudson and Wyoming streets when the plane struck. She was returning from a shopping trip to nearby Carroll's Department Store. Others were injured. Mr. Steve Italiano was driving south on Hudson Avenue just as the bomber crashed. He recalled being startled by the close roar of the plane engines and the next moment his car was lifted off the road and rammed against a tree. Stunned and singed by the blast of the igniting gasoline from the plane, he managed to scramble to safety with only minor burns and bruises. Local residents Mrs. Mary Welsh, Mrs. Paul Winsch and 7-year old Jerry Neighbor were seriously injured by flying debris and suffered burns. Army officials and a detachment of Military Police arrived late that afternoon to secure the area, conduct an inquiry and initiate recovery efforts of the bodies. The smoldering hot ruins made it impossible to dig into the wreckage until late that evening. The bodies were so badly charred or mutilated that positive identification had to

be made by fingerprints through the FBI.

The official Army investigation into the crash was concluded rapidly by modern standards, due to the exigencies of war. It was concluded that the aircraft broke up in flight probably due to the severe weather it encountered. It went on to conclude that the port wing failed halfway between the landing light and wing tip. Left unanswered were the observations of several eyewitnesses who stated that the B-25 appeared to be intact just prior to impact or others who reported that the plane engines were not making any unusual noises. The definitive answer of whether the incident was due to human error, mechanical failure or both will never be answered.

One of the more curious aspects of the official inquiry and a good indicator of how puzzled the investigators were as to the actual cause is the case of one of the passengers, Private Charles Watson. The investigation revealed that Pvt. Watson was not authorized to be aboard the doomed B-25 and had no orders. He was AWOL from Fort Thomas, Kentucky, after re-enlisting in the regular army. He had been in and out of the army during the 1930s and was a civilian employee/photographer at Wright Field just prior to re-enlisting on August 21, 1942. He apparently was renting out two Dayton apartments simultaneously in the weeks



A B-25 C Mitchell Bomber similar to the one that crashed in Downtown Newark on September 8, 1942.

before the fatal flight. Pvt. Watson had gained passage on the aircraft by providing false leave orders that he “secured from an unknown source.” People who knew Pvt. Watson testified that he had stated to them that he was leaving on a “mission” to the East in the near future. His peculiar behavior spurred the belief that he might have been a saboteur. After a thorough investigation of Pvt. Watson’s background and behavior prior to the flight, Army authorities finally determined that Pvt. Watson was not responsible for the airplane accident.

Almost 70 years have passed since this tragic aviation accident. There is little in the area of Hudson and Wyoming streets that serve as a reminder of the event and lives lost. Still, it is only fitting that this long forgotten tragedy and unheralded sacrifice be recalled.

B. Kevin Bennett is president of the Granville Historical Society.

Society members: A deal for you!

Books discounted through the end of 2012

In order to reduce inventory, some of the books that have been published by the Granville Historical Society are on sale for up to fifty percent off for members of the Society until Dec. 31, 2012. Included in the sale are:

- *Jacob Little's History of Granville*
- The boxed set of Volumes I and II of *Granville, Ohio: A Study in Continuity and Change*
- Volume III, the photo and map volume of that publication
- The complete three-volume set

Other publications are available at their regular price, including *Granville: The Story of an Ohio Village* by William Utter; *Unhitch the Horse, I'm Here* by Mary Fitch; *The Welsh Hills* by Janet Procida; and the first three Pocket Histories — *The Founding of Granville* by William Kirkpatrick; *Granville's Industrial Past* by Theresa Overholser; and *The Civil War and Granville* by Kevin Bennett.

Limited copies of several other titles also can be found on the book carousel in the museum, along with a new collection of postcards, and boxes of note cards featuring sketches by Chris Semer of some of Granville's iconic buildings



Volume III, the photo edition of the 2005 bicentennial box set, is available to Society members for a discount price.

— Bryn Du Mansion, the Granville and Buxton inns, Swasey Chapel, the library, the Old Academy Building, and the Robbins Hunter and the Granville Historical Society museums.



'A Small Town in Amerika'

On these facing pages are more unpublished photos from those taken in 1975 by Anestis Diakopoulos for the United States Information Agency Russian language publication, *Amerika*, for distribution in the Soviet Union. (The article, "A Small Town in Amerika," was the subject of a story in the Winter 2012 edition of *The Historical Times*.)

OPPOSITE PAGE, TOP: East Broadway looking west from Prospect Street in 1975.

OPPOSITE PAGE, BOTTOM: The 1810 House, where antiques and other desirables were sold to benefit charity, was located on the north side of Newark-Granville Road, as it looked in 1975.

RIGHT: A North Prospect Street scene, at the Granville News shop.

BELOW: The Old Colony Burying Ground, looking south towards the Granville Milling Co., prior to the start of the restoration project during the early 1990s.



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