

SOUTHWEST PIONEER

SEPTEMBER 2019

grovecityohhistory@gmail.com

SOUTHWEST FRANKLIN COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

GROVE CITY, OH 43123

grovecityohhistory.org

Memories of the 1960s

Uniforms Prevalent For 'Baby Boomers'

By Janet Seese Shailer

The Grove City High School Class of 1967 were the kids born in the direct aftermath of World War II. Most of our fathers and some of our mothers served in uniform from 1941-1945.

When we entered the world at the end of the 1940s, uniforms were prevalent in all aspects of our lives – the bread man, the meter reader, the gas station attendant, the mailman, the bus drivers, the milk man and school nurses plus the elevator operators in tall buildings all wore uniforms.

Our mothers and grandmothers wore “house dresses” and hung clothes out on a clothesline with wooden pegs. Women got together in coffee klatches and either planned trips to downtown Lazarus or jaunts to Cincinnati to see the Ruth Lyons 50-50 Club live on WLWT.

We had our “uniforms” too. The girls wore dresses, socks and Buster Brown shoes. Boys wore wash pants or jeans and many of them carried a pocket knife. Our moms wore hats to church and our dads had hood ornaments on their cars.

The official U.S. Census for Grove City in 1950 showed 2,339 people lived in the village. When we started first grade at the beginning of the 1955-56 school year, there were two elementary schools in Grove City – Park Street Elementary (also known at Grove City Elementary) and the Kingston Avenue School. In the middle of that school year, the South-Western Local School District was formed. Most of the 119 square miles that comprised the school district was farm land. In Grove City, houses were beginning to pop up in subdivision after subdivision – Sherry Lynne, the Groves, Anglebrook, Lotz Drive, Jackson Homes and Monterey Park.

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How Long Has It Been Since You Saw The Village? Harvest Day Soon, Oct. 6

Celebrate the autumn traditions and fellowship of an agricultural community of 19th Century Ohio from 1 to 5 p.m., Sunday, Oct. 6, at the Old-Time Harvest Day at Century Village in Fryer Park, 4185 Orders Road.

The Southwest Franklin County Historical Society and the City of Grove City provide an opportunity for families to connect with the community’s past.

Enjoy a living history experience with a variety of hands-on activities including old-time games, traditional crafts such as leather tooling and rope weaving, and daily chores like churning butter and pumping well water.

Take a wagon ride through Century Village, mingle with costumed re-enactors, listen to period music and observe traditional cooking practices.

View restored or reconstructed historical buildings including a one-room schoolhouse, log cabin, general store and barns. Visit the village herb garden, windmill and antique equipment.

Stop in the blacksmith shop to watch a metalworking demonstration on a traditional forge. Grove City Parks and Recreation Department regularly offers blacksmithing classes.

Attendance and parking are free. Donations of non-perishable food items for the Grove City Food Pantry will be accepted at this rain-or-shine event.

Uniforms Prevalent

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By the next year, half of J.C. Sommer Elementary was ready for students. The second hallway of classes opened later.



As each new house was being constructed, we played in the dirt piles next to dug basements after the workers went home. We stayed outside until the street lights came on. It didn't take much searching to find a praying mantis or a monarch butterfly. Let's face it – when was the last time you saw either one of those?

At school we had “Think & Do” workbooks and 40 kids were seated in a class. By the mid-point of third grade, Richard Avenue School opened. Our mothers wrapped our lunches in wax paper which we carried to school in our Roy Rogers & Dale Evans metal lunch boxes. If kids were lucky, the girls had a Tiny Tears doll at home and the boys had a Howdy Doody puppet. We were the sons and daughters of (mostly) blue collar workers (or in the case of our mothers, pink collars) in a blue collar town. Almost every family had a connection in some way with Beulah Park.

Harrisburg Pike (aka 3-C Highway) was a federal truck route before there was a freeway. The sight of big rigs lumbering down Broadway was a great source of entertainment for the boys in our class on a summer day. After watching the trucks, you could go into Wallace's Drug Store and purchase penny candy. Those included: candy cigarettes, Chuckles, Teaberry gum, wax lips, Necco Wafers, root beer barrels, Boston Baked Beans, Jujubes, candy buttons, Red Hots, jaw breakers, Bull's Eyes. If you had a nickel, you could purchase a Sky Bar, Butter Rum Lifesavers or a candy necklace. For 15 cents, you could buy a butterscotch sundae at the soda fountain and stare at the stuffed Marlin that hung on the wall of the store – supposedly caught by Pharmacist Fred Wallace.

Downtown Grove City was our own little wonderland. Besides Wallace's, you could visit Jerry's Comics, DeVault's Restaurant, Clark's Drug Store or the Grove City Bakery. The Sohio gas station on the northwest corner of Broadway and Park Street gave away dishes with a fill up. The Grove City Lumber Yard was a bee hive of activity.

In elementary school we ran home to watch the Mickey Mouse Club with Annette Funicello and Karen & Chubby. We loved “Anything Could Happen Day.” The world was our oyster.

By 1957, Twin Towers Swim Club opened as a private swimming facility. We took swimming lessons and trembled with excitement the first time we jumped off the “high dive.”

The boys played baseball at Windsor Park and the girls practiced Double Dutch or Hula Hoop. We wiled away the summer at the tennis courts at Windsor Park, the Roller Rink, the Grove City Library and the Grove City Bowling Lanes (next to Norris's Funeral Home). It seemed like all the churches in town had continuous pot luck suppers and many of us sang in the children's choir.

During our youth, Grove City had several Mom and Pop restaurants – Goebbels, Grimes and Edgingtons – and a couple of fast food places – Shake Shoppe (home of the Humdinger), A&W Root Beer (home of the Papa Burger, Mama Burger and Baby Burger). And everyone got doughnuts at Grove City Bakery for 5 cents each, 60 cents a dozen.

As we prepared to enter high school, many of our parents allowed us to take the city bus to downtown Columbus to see a movie or performance at the Palace Theatre, Ohio Theatre or the Hartman Theatre – stopping before or after the performance to go to Lazarus's Record Shop. Oh, Downtown Lazarus – how we miss you! The red information boxes hanging on the pillars, the Chintz Room, the Colonial Room – the celery dressing, the wet beef & mashed potatoes, the hot fudge sundaes, the hot dogs at the Highlander Grill in the West Basement - made it a magical place. Most especially, we remember the display windows at Christmas and taking the elevator up to the sixth floor to see Santa at Christmas.

For lunch at high school we got the standard plate lunch – period. If you wanted to sneak out of school for 25 minutes, you could run to Don's in the alley behind school for a “hamburger split.” If you wanted to risk being late for the first class after lunch, you could drive to the BBF at Central Point.

On Dick Clark's American Bandstand we learned the dances of the '60s – Swim, Stroll, Hitch Hike, Mashed Potatoes, Watusi, Pony, Hucklebuck, Fly, Bristol Stomp, *See Page 3*

Uniforms Prevalent

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Calypso, Hully Gully, and Twist – who can forget Chubby Checker!

You could ride your bike all over town and hardly see another car. On Halloween you could go to the Lion's Club Shelter House at Windsor Park and get free cider and doughnuts. In the summer, our parents took us up Harrisburg Pike to the 3-C Drive-In.

And who could forget the Teens Unlimited dances in the J.C. Sommer gym? The girls would prepare by putting their hair in rollers the size of beer cans. Girls wore garter belts and hose. The boys would put Brylcreem or Pomade in their hair. We danced to 45s and drank Cokes.

Grove City had a parade every 4th of July which generally coincided with a carnival held either at Park Street & amp; Broadway or at Beulah Park.

Most of our mothers shopped for groceries at either Kropp's IGA, Sig's Market, Massenelli's or the High Meadows Super Duper. Sometimes our parents would take us to Central Point's Green Gables for burgers and shakes. If it was your birthday, you might be taken to Columbus to dine at Presutti's Villa in Grandview, Jai Lai on Olentangy River Road or the Kahiki on the east side.

Our music teachers taught us the Ohio State fight song. We cheered on Jerry Lucas and John Havlicek as OSU won the NCAA National Championship in basketball in 1960 and learned to hate the State up North every time the Bucks played them in football. If we were lucky, we got to see a film strip during class. The sound came from a vinyl record that made a "ding" when the slide should be advanced.

Our "air conditioning" consisted of manually opening a window. If you were lucky, your house had an attic fan that sucked hot air out the ceiling. Our soda pop came in 8 ounce glass bottles. Before school, many of our parents listened to the "Early Worm" on the radio. Another favorite radio personality was Spook Beckman.

Our favorite local TV shows included: Flippo, Caspar the Camel, Midwestern Hayride, Paul Dixon, Bob Braun, Lucy's Toy Shop, Jerry Razor's Dance Party, Fern Sharp and Phil Donahue. Local foods included: Tip Top Bread, Omar Bread, Dixie Margarine, Archway cookies,

Borden Ice Cream and Jacob Pass's produce wagon.

Our fathers and older brothers had cars with chrome fins, Necker's knobs and fuzzy dice. The mandatory seat belt law did not take effect until January 1, 1968. Telephone calls from a pay phone were a dime. You could buy a combo hamburger, fries and shake at BBF for 25 cents. Local doctors made house calls.

Debbie Ruehling's father, John Ruehling, was our principal freshman year. When President John F. Kennedy was assassinated on November 22, 1963, Mr. Ruehling called everyone into the gym for an assembly and announced what had happened. Then he told us all to go home.

The girls wore yellow gym uniforms and ugly matching bloomers and we exercised to the "Chicken Fat" record. The boys put baseball cards in the spokes of their bikes. At home we listened to the Hi-Fi. Our parents took pictures on cameras with flash bulbs.

The Univac computer sounded mysterious. Our heroes included the Mercury 7 astronauts. We drank "Tang" in solidarity with them for risking their lives in space. Meanwhile, we opened steel soda pop cans with a pointed can opener. We had "savings books" at the local bank.

Our grandmothers told us never to say anything bad about anybody in town because "we're all related."

Our parents drank coffee made with a percolator. The school cafeteria offered us either "Johnnie Marzetti," mock pizza, peanut butter cornflake cookies or something made with government surplus cheese.

We were christened the "TV Generation" just in time to witness the famous Mantle/Maris (the M&M Boys) home run battle in 1961.

We watched the Beatles debut on Ed Sullivan and gasped in horror at film from the Viet Nam War. We envisioned flying cars by the year 1990.

We graduated from high school 50 years ago – 50!!! Little did we realize that we were entering another world where we would experience love, despair, joy, sorrow, disappointments and triumphs.

On June 6, 1967 we all experienced one thing in solidarity – we graduated into an adult life. We are the one, the only, Grove City High School Class of 1967.

Reader Comments

The following were comments received from newsletter readers.

Grove City Library

Stephen Smith writes of his “fond memories of my first library card and the wonder of so many books to choose from. Mrs. White was the librarian.

She had a large framed picture of her dog "Scottie" prominently displayed on the wall. Of course it was a black Scottish terrier.

Those days a police officer wasn't needed to keep order, just Mrs. White's index finger placed in front of her lips would result in the end of horseplay and immediate silence. I had to be particularly on my good behavior as she lived down the street and I mowed her grass.”

Kropp Road Bridge



Joan Eyerman responded to the Kropp Road Bridge picture in the June newsletter.

She said she thought about how to describe that old wooden bridge. She said she didn't like going over it when younger. Since it was a wooden bridge it made lots of noise; it moved up and down quickly.

“Younger drivers were known to go fast as they approached the bridge then become airborne. That thrill required a quick stop at the end of bridge because of a stop sign just feet away requiring a very quick stop. I was very happy when the old bridge was replaced.”

Lady in the Shoe

Linda Lewis recognized her mother in the 1939 Grove City Civic Club float. Irma Mumma Lewis was sitting in the shoe with an umbrella.



Comments Appreciated

Comments are always encouraged. It makes the newsletter more personal.

Anyone who has a comment, story or question is encouraged to email jhale45@gmail.com or mail an item to SWFCHS, 3378-B Park St., Grove City 43123.

HISTORY Dateline

By Jim Hale



Remember the flash flood we experienced this year on June 19? Many streets were covered with rain runoff and a few were even closed because the storm sewers couldn't carry the runoff quickly enough to avoid flooding.

The ground was saturated from weeks of rain. High water also created havoc for homeowners when basements flooded after 3-5 inches of rain fell over a short span.

But, did you know wet ground is part of the history of Grove City and Jackson Township? There were two reasons William Foster Breck, the founder of Grove City, most likely built a brick and tile factory. He wanted better built houses; and wanted to help drain wet farm land.

At one time in our history, residents who went to town were often forced to wear gum boots because village streets could be ankle deep in mud after rains.

The late historian, Harold Windsor, wrote in a 1930s column in *the Grove City Record* explaining the “wet season” for Grove City was a time when village roads were almost impassable because of mud.

While Broadway and Grove City Road were water covered this past June, it was nothing compared to the horse and buggy days. To improve road traffic, Broadway was covered with logs and planks from the Grove City sawmill. Sawdust was used to create sidewalks.

As the village started to create a tax base, roads became a priority. By 1890, the village graveled streets including Park, Columbus, Grant and Midland.

In 1910, Windsor said Columbus Street became the first street to receive a hard surface and curbs. A few years later, Grant and Midland Avenues were improved with a hard surface. It wasn't long until Grove City boasted it had 12 miles of paved roads.

Improved streets enticed more people to consider relocating to the growing village in southwest Franklin County. Windsor also quoted an early settler who described Grove City as a settlement of shacks and mud holes. It certainly doesn't describe the city today.

Mushroom Factory Located On Franklin St.

By Janet Shailer

Grove City once had a mushroom factory located on Franklin Street near the end of Sunshine Place on the east side of the railroad tracks.

The site is not far from the present day First Presbyterian Church, which was a farm field in the 1940s.

Today the site of the mushroom factory holds the remains of the old 3-M building.

According to Grove City resident William Cain, brother of SWFCHS member Betty Seese, the factory was co-owned by Charles Donnelly, Sr. and another man whose last name was Ducher.

Cain, now 90, worked at the factory while a student at Jackson Township-Grove City High School during World War II.

He was a classmate of Donnelly's son, Charles (Chuck) Donnelly, Jr. The Donnellys, Cain recalled, lived on Demorest Road.

Cain said that a railroad car stacked full of horse manure would pull up behind the factory.

The manure would be unloaded and sterilized before being used to grow the mushrooms. He said the work was difficult due to the smell.

Cain recalled that the mushrooms would sprout up overnight and had to be harvested every day.

After high school, Cain served in the Air Force and later graduated from Otterbein College. He is retired from the Ohio Bell Telephone Company.

Donnelly graduated from Otterbein College and served his career in the Air Force, rising to the rank of general.

He was a fighter pilot in the Vietnam War and in 1981 was named commander of the 5th Air Force and all U.S. Forces in Japan and Korea with headquarters in Yokota Air Base, Japan.

In 1984, he became commander in chief of all U.S. and NATO air forces in Europe with headquarters in Ramstein Air Base, West Germany.

Among his medals is the Defense Distinguished Service Medal and the Distinguished Flying Cross.

He died in 1994 in Washington, D.C.



Toilet Paper Manufactured In Central OH

Everyone has fond memories of the past but who really wants to return to the “good old days”? Some may have memories of the Ford Model T but do you recall those rides without a car heater and wrapped in heavy wool blankets or quilts to keep warm?

What about little “comforts” such as super soft and strong toilet paper? Maybe, a few recall what the Sears catalogue pages were used for in that little wood building behind the house.

That's when toilet paper was a luxury item many couldn't afford or see a need to purchase when Sears supplied that need absolutely free.

Dietitians today have fits because of all the processed foods we consume. But how many of us are ready to return to the days when the wife was expected to have a banquet type meal ready every evening?

There's no way that could work because the wife often works outside the home helping pay bills and support the family.

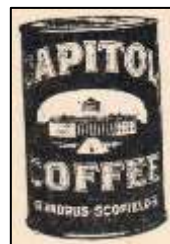
Look how many of your neighbors, maybe you too, have Keurig coffee makers. The taste is uniform and it's no effort to alter the strengths. The old percolators never offered a uniform taste but we got by without complaints. But are you ready to return to those days when coffee wasn't ready in an instant?

According to Merriam-Webster, “the good old days” are a period of time in the past that a person thinks were pleasant and better than the present time.

There were many good memories. Remember your first television set and the afternoon Liberace Show and Howdy Doody? I do!

Were you one who played cowboys and Indians instead of computer games? Can you recall excitement of receiving a letter in the mail instead of an email or Facebook post?

What about new clothes made by Mom that looked “store bought”? Some great memories should remain in the past or should they?



Joan Eyerman, Daughter Visit Russia

Last month, Joan Eyerman set off on a tour that she has been dreaming about for years, a trip to Russia!

Accompanied by her daughter LeAnn, they began with a short visit to Helsinki, capital of Finland since it regained independence in 1917, but originally founded in the Middle Ages as a small fishing port.

Boasting neoclassical and art nouveau architecture, highlights on their walking tour included the unique “Rock Church”, a structure carved into a block of underground granite with a domed copper roof, and the Helsinki Cathedral in Senate Square.

Had it not been for a ferry excursion across the Gulf of Finland off the Baltic Sea to Tallin being offered on the tour, they might never have thought to visit Estonia.

Joan is thankful that they did, as the old city center is like a living museum; Tallin is the European capital with the longest history existing on the same site - since the 13th Century – making it one of Europe’s most authentic medieval cities. Now a UNESCO World Heritage Site, they strolled the quaint cobblestone streets and lunched in Hansa medieval restaurant, named after a merchant conglomerate who used to rule the Baltic, the Hanseatic League.

Journeying from Helsinki to St. Petersburg by train, they passed by forests, farms and lakes, and more forests. Besides the coiled sharp wire fence at the Russian border, a difference in the types of homes and building condition marked their entry into Russia where, on St. Petersburg’s Neva River, they boarded a river ship that was to be ‘home’ for the next 12 nights.

St. Petersburg, a gold-gilded city, served as capital of the Russian empire from 1712-1918; however, history of settlement there dates back to the 8th century. Besieged by German forces during WWII, the city was largely destroyed and looted.

Today, much has been restored, though some work is still underway. Joan and LeAnn toured The Hermitage, along with hundreds of others lined up for an hour or more awaiting entrance, taking in room after room of art works and Royal court décor, then enjoyed a Russian ballet performance of Swan Lake in the adjacent theatre that evening. They also visited Catherine

Palace and gardens, just outside the city. Both display the opulence that Catherine the Great required for her living environment, glittering with gold and crystal at nearly every turn. Along the way, the bus inched through heavy traffic, as it drove through some industrial zones and past some run-down church buildings that were used as light factories during the Soviet era and are now slowly being restored for religious use. The more well-known churches they toured, such as Peter and Paul Cathedral and St. Issac’s, today serve as museums.

On their last afternoon in St. Petersburg, they joined with a small group to visit a communal apartment, where they were served afternoon tea by a woman who lives there named Iirina. A collection of 11 unrelated people share kitchen, bath, toilet and hallway, having just their own room (six of these) as personal space.

In Soviet times, about 80 percent of people in cities were assigned to live this way and now 20 percent still do – mostly due to economic constraints – though they are privatized, meaning folks own their own rooms, or rent such rooms from the owners.

Once the ship set sail from St. Petersburg, it made its way down rivers, across two of the largest freshwater lakes in Europe, and along canals constructed to connect the Baltic Sea to the Volga River in Moscow. Along the way, there was ample evidence of the timber industry that contributes much to the economy of Finland and this NW region of Russia. Ports of call during their journey included historic villages and provincial towns.

First stop was Mandrogy, which was ruined during WWII, but reconstructed as an open-air museum by a private investor in the mid-1990s. Today, artisans demonstrate their skills there in pine log buildings. Joan and LeAnn chose to paint Russian nesting dolls called Matryoshka. Lovely weather throughout the day yielded spectacular cloud formations and water reflections.

The northernmost point on this journey, just 300 miles south of the Arctic Circle, Kizhi Island is home to one of Russia’s three UNESCO World Heritage Sites. The impressive Church of the Transfiguration, which is traditional wooden architecture, was originally constructed in 1714 with only wooden pegs. *Continued Page 7*

Russia Trip

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Now, nails hold the ash wood shingles on the 22 domes, shimmering naturally in the sunlight. Since the large church is still undergoing a structural restoration (2012-2020), Joan and LeAnn could only enter the smaller Church of the Intercession beside it, where Orthodox worship services continue to be held. The local guide explained how the rows on the icon panel (wall) guide the people's worship, similar to the way an order of liturgy guides many traditional church services here in central Ohio.

Next, the ship docked in the Vologda region for a school visit and a tour of a vast historic monastery established in 1397 by one St. Cyril, where only 14 monks live today. The monastery was also a fortress and a farm at various times during its history and sits on the banks of a lovely lake. Upper school students gave the school tour and explanation inside the primary-secondary school, all in English. As they drove, we also had opportunity to see how ordinary rural townspeople live.

Following, their ship called at the Port of Yaroslavl, a city founded in 1010. Residents take a lot of pride in their town; it was extremely neat and clean. A superb local guide, who is normally a professor of Byzantine history at the university in town, led the group Joan was part of to two churches, a market area and the historic governor's house.

One of the old churches has frescos on the walls, and they learned that these pictures are 'read' from the upper right corner of the room as one enters. This is the way people learned the Bible when many were illiterate. At the governor's house, the two docents enacted the roles of being the governor's daughters guiding this visit, and even danced for us at the end, accompanied by a live ensemble, as people of higher status would have done in the 19th century.

The final port of call prior to Moscow was Uglich, founded in 1148. There, the excursion began with a home-hosted visit with Tatania and Nicolai, who obviously enjoy applying creativity to daily life. Both their garden and home are colorful and filled with inventive decor. They had an interpreter to help with getting acquainted, toasted with Russian 'moonshine' brewed by Nicolai, and nibbled on homemade apple cake,

pickled cucumbers, rye bread and potatoes with chives and dill. Following, Joan and LeAnn were guided around the town's kremlin (which means fortress in Russian), where they observed a portion of a Russian Orthodox worship service, heard a local music group in a former church - now museum - and strolled past the oldest structure in the town, a brick building dating from the mid-14th century before touring a small church painted bright red to commemorate the assassination of one of Ivan the Terrible's sons.

Joan's first day in Moscow started out with an unplanned adventure. Due to heavy fog, the ship was six hours delayed during the night, so the passengers disembarked rather unconventionally - helped up a small step ladder and over the side of the boat and the top of a lock's cement wall onto a path beside the lock.

From there, they walked up, around, over railroad tracks, then through a parking lot, across a major road (about 3/4 mile in all) to board the tour busses that took them on a tour of parts of Moscow. On the way in, past many, many apartment blocks, they learned that there are no single family homes in Moscow. Even places that look like large spacious homes are actually another form of apartment.

Off the coaches, they took the subway for a short distance in order to appreciate the very beautifully and artistically designed stations. At Red Square, they saw part of the Kremlin wall, where Lenin's Tomb is, the former state department store -now an upscale mall - and St. Basil's Cathedral. In the early evening, Joan and LeAnn really enjoyed a superb Russian folk musical performance before returning to the boat.

The following day, they joined an excursion to a monastery just over 40 miles NNE of Moscow. It was a gorgeous day, and the beginning of the weekend, so they inched along in traffic for a while getting out of the city (all five lanes), and a bit through construction zones on the way back in. People here say that the traffic conditions are notoriously bad, so this was not unusual. Along the way, the highway passed settlements of small summer villas that were part of earlier Soviet schemes to demonstrate how good life was for people, and to promote the growing of one's own vegetables. Founded in the 14th century, the monastery complex of Sergiev Posad is a place of pilgrimage for people from all over Russia, so the crowds were a mixture of tourists, pilgrims and clergy. *Continued Page 8*

Russia Trip

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Much variety is evident in the colors and architecture here, where around 300 monks serve and study. The abundance of cobblestones left Joan sitting sometimes, while LeAnn took photos, especially from the elevated lookout, where two floral peacocks are growing in the lawn at the base of the monastery hill.

Their explorations concluded with a visit to the Moscow Kremlin. A kremlin in any Russian city serves, in a sense, as a city wall for protection of important buildings and people, in this case the President and Prime Minister, and so forth, of the Russian Federation.

Besides their offices and some secure areas that are, of course, not open to the public, there are multiple church-museums, over 800 cannons, and a bronze bell weighing over 200 tons. That bell cracked immediately after being cast and resided in the casting pit for a century until French engineers devised a way to move it to its current base.

Toward the end of the tour, Joan and LeAnn had the opportunity – along with hundreds of tourists from all around the world – to see the end of a military parade, complete with a band playing in the background, and their grand adventure drew to a close.

\$100 Donation for Grant House

Barbara Weygandt Burkhart has made a \$100 gift in memory of her brother, Lewis Elvin Weygandt, a former Grove City resident. She directed the donation to benefit the Grant-Sawyer House.

Howison Accepts Challenge To Oversee Oral Histories

Society member Barb Howison will now coordinate the Grove City Oral History project sponsored by the Grove City Historical Commission.

The program has been dormant for some time and she is anxious to get it operational again. Oral histories, once completed, are available for public viewing at both the Grove City Library and Grove City Welcome Center and Museum.

A genealogical program of family names and information is also available at the museum.

Messenger Reporter Was Historical Society Friend

Sandi Latimer, 75, a reporter for the Messenger newspapers, died Aug. 19.

She was a longtime friend to the Society and was responsible for numerous newspaper articles in the *Southwest Messenger* featuring historical events and activities.

Latimer also helped introduce the Lincoln Village community to the activities of the Southwest Franklin County Historical Society.

70 Attend Society Banquet, Fund Raising Event Aug. 24

The 2019 German themed Society banquet at St. John’s Lutheran Church was a success according to Steve Jackson, president.

The dinner was enjoyed by 67 members and guests. It included a silent auction and several raffles. A full report later.

Baseball Lecture Series Planned At Local Museum

A series of baseball lectures will be held at the Grove City Welcome Center and Museum Sept. 4 and Sept. 11. The lectures are free and will begin at 6:30 p.m. Space limited. Reserve your seat by calling 614-277-3050.

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Southwest Franklin County Historical Society

3378-B Park St., Grove City, OH 43123

A 501c3 NON-PROFIT CHARITABLE ORGANIZATION



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MONTHLY SOCIETY MEETINGS

Monthly Meetings first Tuesday at 7 p.m.

St. John’s Lutheran Church, 3220 Columbus St.