

# Johnston Historical Society

## Historical Notes

Vol. XXI, #2

Christopher Martin, Editor Louis McGowan, Assistant

July 2015

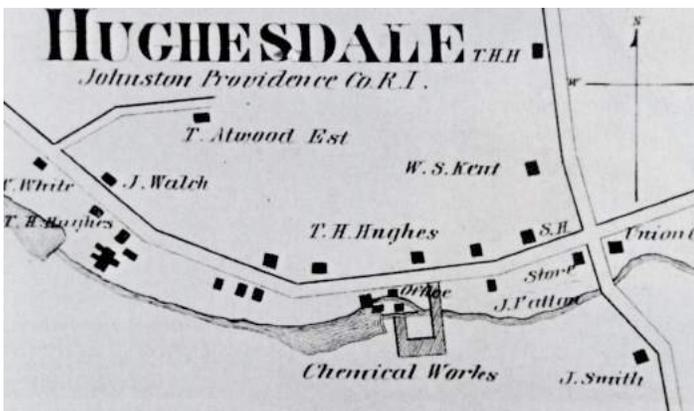
[www.JohnstonHistorical.org](http://www.JohnstonHistorical.org)

### The Thomas Henry Hughes House

*The following is the final chapter of a family history that was written in 1990 by Betty Alden Hughes Morris of Squantum, Massachusetts. She is the daughter of Alfred Ernest Anthony Hughes, who was the youngest child of Thomas Henry Hughes, the nineteenth century industrialist who put Hughesdale on the map. Being Thomas' granddaughter, Mrs. Morris spent many happy hours at his house, which was located on Central Avenue in Hughesdale. The letter contains a wonderfully vivid description of the house, the property on which it stands, and parts of the village that she so obviously loved to visit. We know of no other such intricately-detailed description of an early Johnston home. The house was sold out of the family in the early-to mid-twentieth century, and shortly after, lost to a fire. (LHM)*

### Stone Acres, Hughesdale, R.I.

Because I am probably the only person on the planet who remembers the Hughes homestead, inside and out, I shall try to describe it. By the time I was born, in 1914, the house had been altered and enlarged several times. I have tried often to sketch the floor plan, but am not able to do so. Each room was a different size, there were different floor levels, and the very many doors, windows, and fireplaces were impossible for me to fit in a graph.



This map from 1870 shows the location of the Chemical Works in relation to the upper (left) and lower (center) dams. We believe the Hughes homestead, Stony Acres, was built on the site marked "T. Atwood."

It was not a beautiful house, nor one of any particular style, but was commodious, comfortable, and redolent of family atmosphere and associations.

When Thomas Henry Hughes bought the land in the middle of the nineteenth century, there was on the site a stone-built cottage

which might have been built in the late eighteenth century, judging from appointments of the big "keeping room" or kitchen.

The house was built into the side of a small rise of land, and Hughes used it as the ground or basement floor of the larger house he built above it. The walls were of native stone and so thick that the windows were deeply embrasured (that is, slanted so that the interior width is larger than the exterior width), and set quite low.



This c. 1885 photograph looks west towards Hughesdale following the line of Central Avenue from the Wilder property. Hughesdale church is at right. Photo courtesy of Mabel Sprague.

There was a central entrance to this early structure, a low, painted wooden door which opened into a tiny vestibule, on the right of which was the large, long keeping room. In the middle of the inner wall was an enormous fireplace in which the "crane and pendant trammels showed," and the built-in brick oven was intact.

To the left of the entrance was a small chamber with a quaint little corner fireplace, connected to the great chimney of the one in the kitchen. Behind this room was a somewhat larger one which my grandfather used as a wine cellar. There were empty wine-racks and great trestles for barrels of beer and cider. Behind this room were two more rooms, disfigured by an enormous oil tank which lay on the floor through both rooms. Before the conversion to oil heat, around 1930, it took forty tons of coal each year to heat the big house.

No one seemed ever to venture down to this early structure, at least not when I was exploring, and the rooms were empty of furniture, except for one huge business desk in a corner of the keeping room, evidently too ponderous to be moved.

The house above all this stood high above the road. The terraced lawn at the front fell to a six foot high stone wall which girded it in. Granite steps rose in the wall from the road to the paved walk leading to the entrance. At the top of the steps were large stone urns filled with geraniums or fuchsias in the summer, hollies, and berries in the winter.

The humble stone cottage basement was not visible to visitors. A long verandah had been built across the front of the house and continuing along the right-hand side, the posts of which supported a green-painted lattice which screened the basement [stage?] from view, and the space between the screen and the house was a flagged passage entered at the extreme left side, and a small arch in the front.

The paved path to the big house from the tall granite steps in the wall below followed the right flank of the main house, broken by steps up to the porch. Ascending to this porch and turning right, the visitor faced the front door.

One entered into a big reception hall. A noble fireplace was on the back wall, facing the front door; a graceful, dark-wood staircase rose from the left rear corner. A window on the landing looked out to a flower garden in the angle between the main house and the kitchen wing.

The reception hall had fine rugs and paintings, but no furniture except for two armchairs by the fireplace. To the right as one came in was a large arched opening into the music room. This was a lengthy wing at right angles to the main house, with floor to ceiling bay windows at the end and at the front, facing the road far below.

Against the left wall, as one entered the room, was a concert-grand, ebony Steinway piano, the straight edge of the instrument against the wall which had a row of clerestory windows up high, sending daylight to the keyboard. Pale blue and gold brocade covered the upholstered furniture of vaguely French lines. Small straight chairs were of gilded wood, and there was a golden half-round glazed cabinet filled with a variety of objets d'art. I remember carved pieces of precious stones, ivory carvings, enameled snuff boxes, a rare tea cup, a painted fan, a bit of old lace. On a gilt and marble console was a marble bust of a young woman with intricate coiffure and pretty face, the neck embellished with incredibly carved stone lace.

To the left of the main entrance door and in the same wall plane was an open entrance to the living room. This was a very comfortable room, although without views because the windows opened only onto the verandah. The fireplace was on the inner wall, and to its left were French doors in the library.

At the far end of the living room as one came in from the reception hall the wall of the room was broken by two or three broad steps up, leading to what the family called the "morning-room." This was a very pleasant room, curiously furnished with more delicate pieces than was the living room.

The library was a long room, parallel to the living room and morning room. At the front of the house in this room were a

small paneled alcove and a little staircase that rose to the master bedroom above.

In addition to the French doors from the living room to the library there were other doors from the living room. To the right of the fireplace was an exit to a side hall where there was a full bathroom, obviously created from a room of other purpose. This side hall went on to have an outer door opening onto large lawns with the driveway and stables beyond; and another door led to the dining room. There was also a door into the dining room from the living room.

The main entrance to the dining room, however, was through the reception hall, a large archway in line with the larger one to the music room. This allowed for a nice processional route for family weddings. The bride could dress in the master bedroom, go down the tiny staircase to the library, cross the side hall to the dining room, and then there was this long stretch, an "aisle" of sorts, the length of the dining room, through the reception hall, and the length of the music room to the long bay window at the end, place for a pseudo-altar. Funerals were held in the music room too. Until the 1930s, weddings and funerals, at least in New England, were more often than not home affairs.

The dining room had a long bay window also, looking across to the stables and carriage house. The room, as I knew it, had furnishings of golden oak and green leather with a considerable display of silver and cut-glass. The fireplace had glazed green tiles around the facing. There was a built-in china cabinet with glass doors. This décor and that of the music room had a fin de siècle look suggesting the years after Theodore Hughes moved in in the 1880s.

The butler's pantry, between the dining room and the kitchens, had glazed cabinets and drawers in dark woodwork.

Two kitchens had been built on to the rear of the main house. It was usual for large houses to have a "summer kitchen" as far as practically possible from the frequented rooms, so that heat and aromas would be diverted from them in sweltering summer weather.

By the time I knew the house, the summer kitchen was the permanent, working kitchen with a big gas stove beside a monstrous iron range no longer used. The first kitchen had become the servants' dining room. It was attractive, with paneled walls painted a muted gray-blue and a door out to a pretty garden of old "old-fashioned" cottage flowers. This garden was traversed by a flagstone path to the milk house, a picturesque stone cottage of two rooms, one



Theodore Hughes, son of Thomas Hughes, took over the manufacturing of textile chemicals after his father died in 1884. Pictured here in 1908, Hughes managed the company until a fire destroyed the complex in 1914. He also served in the state legislature for five years.

above the other, and white-washed walls so thick the windows had seats in their [illegible].

The servants' wing opened from their dining room. I was never invited to see their wing and don't know how many room were theirs. But there was always a maid and a cook (the same two throughout my being there, from youth to middle-age) so there had to be at least two chambers and baths.

Upstairs there was an enormous guest room over the music room. It had windows on three sides and a straw matting floor. The room was beautifully furnished with old mahogany pieces and always smelled of laundry.

Next to the guest room, near the head of the main staircase was a very big bathroom, again created from what once had been a bedroom. As a child, I marveled to see oriental rugs and an easy chair in the bathroom.

Aunt Bea had a big corner room over the dining room, overlooking lawn, stables, coach house, and the view from the rear window, at the back of the house, was of fields and the road up to the cider mill.

The many additions and remodelings of the house and the sloping terrain caused a variety of floor levels and hallways. Down a few steps, and off a narrow hall was the little room I had when I stayed there until I was "grow up," after which I graduated to the guest room.

The little room had a window that was over the porch roof, beyond which I could see the croquet lawn, the beds of roses with an arched trellis with seats. Further down the rolling lawns I could see the pretty Greek Revival house where the chauffeur and his family lived. [Editor's note: Charles Miller was the chauffeur.]

Probably because the narrow hall was dark, a window had been cut high in the inner wall of the small room. It was a real window with glass panes. This was another marvel to my young self: a window inside a room! I was fond of this room, which had posy-flocked pink wallpaper and white furniture.



This turn-of-the-century view shows part of the Hughesdale Company Chemical Works on Central Avenue, which runs left to right just beyond the building. Photo courtesy of Jean Spina.

In one of the front corners of the house was with [sic] windows looking across the road in front into the dense growth of the

small valley where the romantic-looking ivy-clad ruins of "the works" lay; and with other windows looking down the main road to the chauffeur's house, other houses, and the church beyond. This was Auntie Youdes's room when I was young. She died in 1922, and after that the room remained empty and unchanged.

The other front corner of the house was Cousin Tom's room, the old master bedroom. This room had the little flight of stairs down to the library, and a large dressing room adjacent in the rear, actually another bedroom, for there was a big bed in there with the armoires.

There was an attic, reached by a folding staircase in the hall, but I regret that I never went up there.

The driveway which ran from the road was a small distance from the house and parallel to it. It ran past the stables and the coach house and continued as a dirt road up the hill to the cider mill on the left hand side. The hill to the left my grandmother called the "Heath Crag" because it reminded her of a favorite spot in her childhood domain.

The stables were in better architecture than the house. The two-story, pitched roof building was of native gold and grey stone and shale, with sash windows along both floors. There were four stalls for horses and a "tack room." The second floor was a splendid space. The Miller children roller-skated the long length of the hardwood floor.

The coach house was a separate one-story building which, of course, became a garage for motor cars by the twentieth century, but an old sleigh and other relics of a previous time were stored there as well.

As one followed the road around the bend, the land sloped down on the right to vegetable gardens. The family allowed workers to till the land in exchange for fresh produce for the big house. Halfway up the Heath Crag on the left was a small triangular-shaped building of stone, the spring house, enclosing a spring of sweet, cold water.

Further along on the same side of the road was the large cider mill, another two-story building where every autumn the factory workers hold a festival, pressing out cider and grape juice and roasting a lamb outside. This and the strawberry festival at Hughesdale Chapel were written up in Providence newspapers in the 1880s.

Across the main road in front of the house was a small forest of trees and shrubs on a slope which fell to the stream which flowed allowing water power to the chemical works. The family and neighbors all referred to the main buildings of the company as "the works." The works burned early in the twentieth century, and Theodore Hughes never rebuilt. The ruins, including a picturesque tower, were of stone which soon were covered with ivy. They looked like the "Gothick" landscape transfers on Victorian chinaware.

The chauffeur's house, to which I have alluded, was an attractive Greek Revival cottage with a pillared portico, containing some

good woodwork. My mother always said she would like to live in that little house.

Hughesdale Chapel (Congregational) was a typical bare, white-painted New England meeting house with a small but well-shaped steeple. I never attended a service there, but cousin Tom wrote, composed, and directed plays and musicals presented there, and invited me to attend. The exterior simplicity of the building extended to the interior. There were "deacon's benches" for pews. A huge Bible for ceremonies contained centre pages for vital statistics. The Hughes family was all parishioners of Grace Church, Providence, but Mrs. Thomas Henry Hughes, in spite of her disappointment at not finding enough Episcopalians to form an Anglican Chapel here, none the less participated in all the activities of the Congregational Chapel. In the big Bible on one page were inscribed all births, marriages, and deaths of the Hughes family. On the opposite page were the same data concerning the family of Queen Victoria to whom my grandmother was devoted in spite of having left England as a child (my father was named Alfred Ernest Anthony Hughes, the first two names were for Queen Victoria's son, the Duke of Edinburgh, who grew up to marry a Russian princess, and sired the famously beautiful Queen Marie of Roumania. The Anthony in my father's name was for his friend, Alfred Anthony, a not too-distant neighbor).

Damaged beyond repair by the 1938 hurricane, the Hughesdale church was the only one in the three neighboring villages of Morgan Mills, Hughesdale, and Simmonsville. In 1870 it was listed as the Union Church. Later it was a Congregational church and finally a Methodist-Episcopal church. It stood on the northeast corner of the Atwood Avenue-Central Avenue intersection.

*Photo courtesy of Mabel Sprague.*



When I visited Hughesdale as a child, Uncle Theodore Hughes was still alive, and the family still took part in civic and political affairs in Providence. Even as a toddler, I saw the village as an idyllic place. After Theodore's death his son Thomas, Cousin Tom, became the "Squire." He was talented and versatile, an actor, painter, craftsman and was [illegible] kind to me. At home, in Southbridge, "the box from Hughesdale" was the highlight of Christmas season. It always arrived early, a large wooden crate, filled with wonderful gifts, topped with greens and holly and berries from Hughesdale. It smelled so sweet when my father pried open the crate!

When Tom died in February 1931, his sister, my cousin Rebecca, naturally inherited. She and her husband, Arthur Noyes Sheldon, remained in their Providence home, a house which Arthur's

father had given them as a wedding present about 1895. Aunt Bea, Theodore's widow, went to live with them, and for some years they used the Hughesdale house as a summer residence. As time passed, Rebecca, always somewhat hypochondriacal, feared having her aged mother "so far from a doctor," and they stayed at Hughesdale less and less, and finally; not at all. Aunt Bea lived to be 104.

The hurricane of 1938 was worst in the Providence area, and amid much other damage, the Hughesdale Chapel blew away. Even the great, heavy bell was never found, nor the Hughes Bible.

The Town of Johnston built a central post office and closed small branches, including the Hughesdale post office. [Editor's note: the Federal Government builds post office buildings and closes post office branches, not the town.] The town also built a central school for the first eight grades near the high school and closed the Hughesdale School. I remember my father had to sign away any family claim as heir to the school house before Rebecca could sell it. The building then became an attractive private home.

Rebecca gradually sold off the lands, including the two reservoirs which evidently were then drained and the pretty pond at Hughesdale, opposite the stables, where Lucien (son of Charles Miller, the family chauffeur) and his friends swam and ice-skated, was erased. [Editor's note: this is a little unclear. There are still two reservoirs in Hughesdale, the upper and the lower, which are in the same place that they always were. The middle reservoir was destroyed in the 1868 freshet and never re-built. Maybe, the reservoirs were drained and then re-filled at a later time. I have never heard of that happening, though.] There was a large ice house on the further edge of that pond which supplied the big house with ice all year. This was torn down when the pond went.

Stuart drove me there just once, following a Memorial Day visit to Swan Point [Cemetery]. I literally could not recognize the village: no church, no post office, no school [the building, though much changed, still stands], no big house. The driveway of the latter had become a suburban street, lined with houses where the stables had been. The site of the pond was covered with houses.

One can still get a bus from Providence marked for Hughesdale. The name is still on road maps of the region. But the village I know is completely gone.

Some time ago, I attended a party at the home of a friend here in Squantum. I was seated beside an attractive young man, a stranger. I asked him where he was from. "Providence," he answered. "Oh, I love Providence," I gushed, making conversation. He found that unusual, saying many Bostonians speak slightly of the city. I explained, "My father came from Providence, and I always enjoyed visiting there when I was young." He asked where, in Providence, did my father live? "Oh," I said, "he didn't live right in the city but outside in a little village you never heard of, called Hughesdale." He looked at me as if affronted, and coldly said, "I live in Hughesdale!"



## Society Doings

### Yard Sale and Scanning Day

On Saturday, March 2, 2015, we held a yard sale and photo scanning day on our museum property. Many thanks to Dan Brown for lining up a lot of items for the sale, transporting them with his son Kevin, and tagging them for the sale. Dan also coordinated the sale.

Thanks to donations from Robbins Funeral Home (they donated many nice pieces of furniture), Dan Brown, Doug and Linda Stephens, Fred Mikkelsen, Elise Carlson, Anthony Ursillo, and Christopher Martin. Thanks also to the people who worked the day, including: Dan Brown, Elise Carlson and her son Eric, Christopher Martin, Joe Jamroz, Shar DiMaio, Louis McGowan, Anthony Ursillo, and Tim Kee.

The sale was a rousing success. We had a net profit of about \$940. The scanning event was a little slow, but two people brought in photos to scan. Thanks to Christopher for setting up this part of the day's happenings.

### Headquarters Cleanup

On Saturday, May 9, 2015, we performed the annual Spring cleanup of our headquarters property. Joe, Elise, Anthony, Tim, and Louis all worked hard to make our grounds look good.

### Meeting of ARIHA at JHS Museum



On May 18, 2015, the Alliance of Rhode Island Historical Associations (ARIHA) met at our museum barn. There were seventeen people present, representing groups from Woonsocket to South County. We heard a lot of favorable comments about our museum. The alliance seems to be a very spirited group, and we have high hopes for their future success.

### Wine Tasting Fundraiser

A big thank you goes out to Anthony Ursillo for organizing a wine-tasting at Jim Verde's vineyard on Hopkins Avenue on June 27, 2015. Thirty-three people attended this very nice fund-raiser for our Society. If you missed it, there's another wine tasting scheduled for August 23 (see Upcoming Events, page 7).

### Our Properties

At the end of March, financed by our 2014 Champlin Grant, Warren Lanpher finished clapboarding the east side of the Elijah Angell House. Warren also replaced most of the sill boards and made repairs to two of the window frames on the first floor. The whole building was painted during the month of June, funded by

the same Champlin Grant. The house looks wonderful. The painting crew did a great job.

In April, we had some necessary tree work done on our property. A very large vertical branch on our copper beech was rotted and had to be taken down. Other dead sections of branches were also cut off. In addition to this work, the very large pine tree in the south-west corner of the property was taken down. Our arborist told us that these trees snap very easily and the size of this tree made it a danger to buildings, automobiles, power lines, and people. We hate to take down trees, but this one was scary big.

In July, Shar DiMaio spent many hours weeding and rebuilding stone boundaries in our gardens. She did a wonderful job.

### Museum

Our Johnston History Timeline exhibit is finished, has been mounted on the wall, and is a nice addition to our museum (thanks to Louis and Dan for their efforts on this project). A second exhibit is also complete: ten photos are displayed of people who helped make our town what it is today (thanks to Louis, with nice help from Elise for her work on the photos).

Our museum barn is open Monday nights (except holidays), 6:30-8:30pm; and on the third Saturday of each month, 9-11am, for those who would like to visit the museum or examine the society's collection of printed materials. Also, the Belknap School, corner of Atwood and Greenville Avenues, is open 2-4pm the first Saturday of each month, April to October. Both the museum and Elijah Angell House continue to be open by appointment -- we always welcome visits by interested individuals or groups. Just shoot us an email at [history@jhs.necoxmail.com](mailto:history@jhs.necoxmail.com), or leave a message at (401) 231-3380 to set one up.

Our museum space is also available (on a limited basis) for meetings of small groups of adults at a reasonable price. If you know of a local group or organization that is looking for a meeting space, and might be interested in using our museum, please have them contact us.

### Grant Activity

As mentioned above, a generous grant received from the Champlin Foundations is covering the cost of re-clapboarding the east side of Elijah Angell House, and of painting the whole house.

### Cemetery Committee Report

by Pasco Macari

The cemetery committee welcomes new member Kevin Sarli. A Johnston native and military man who helps the committee by cutting the grass in the smaller cemeteries, in addition to our weekly work. Note: The recreation department workers cut several large yards that we are so grateful for. If they did not perform this service for us we would not have been able to restore over eighteen cemeteries to date. Thank you to Dan Mazzulla and all his workers.

Because of the harsh winter we didn't know what we would find when we finally got back doing what we love. As we approached #77 we were pleasantly surprised -- there was no damage at all. We mortared two head stones and repositioned two more. The

final work on this yard will be to fill in the low areas around the stones with dirt.

The yard next to #77 is #76, protected on all four sides with stone walls. It is in need of a little more cleaning -- no stones are broken. One large marble needs repositioning with the tripod. We will return to #76 and #77 one more time to tie up those loose ends.

Next on our hit list was cemetery #5. This yard is located on the north side of upper Greenville Avenue, about fifty yards off the road. It's well-protected with granite posts and iron rails. There are two marked burials outside of the protected yard. We cleaned up the debris and found no broken stones. We repositioned two foot stones only. This yard is complete.

Cemetery #58, the Randall Yard, is located on land in an out-of-the-way area of the Industrial Park, developed by the Resource Recovery Corporation. It's protected on all sides by a stone wall without an opening, but completely overgrown with large trees and undergrowth. We needed three visits to clean the yard. There are twenty-four marked graves and twelve rude stone markers as recorded by James Arnold in May 1891. As of this report we found twenty inscribed markers; the four missing are all children.

Three marble heads were drilled, pinned, and epoxied; one marble epoxied only. Four large marbles with granite bases were erected using the tripod. One more visit to mortar and reposition several head and foot stones, and the yard will be complete.

Thanks again to our town workers. The Cemetery Committee is Elise Carlson, Shar Di Maio, Marie Theirfelder, Doug Stevens, Tim Kee, Anthony Ursillo, Ed Cornwell, Everett Cogswell, Kevin Sarli, Steve Merola, and Pasco Macari

### Speakers

On Sunday, March 22, 2015, we had a special presentation by our good friend, Pat Perry. We had a lot of fun with her fact or myth talk, in which she asked us to guess whether the origins of popular sayings that she read to us were in fact the real origins. We all had a good time and most of us got a few right (except Anthony Ursillo). We may continue this series of Sunday winter talks in the future.

Our March 2015 general meeting was well-attended with thirty-five members and guests. Our speaker was Gloria Merchant who fascinated our group with stories of pirates in Newport. She is the author of a recent book on the subject of her talk.

On Sunday, April 13, 2015, members Tim Kee and Anthony Ursillo entertained twenty-eight members and guests with a slide presentation based on their recent trip to China. It was a great time, and we all learned a lot about one of the major countries in the world. Tim and Anthony brought a nice cake decorated with Chinese motifs, and Steve Merolla brought in a delicious carrot cake.

Our April General Meeting speaker was Ralph Scorpio, life-long Graniteville resident and long-time professor at CCRI. His presentation on the Vietnam War covered Vietnam's troubled history from its occupation by Japan in WWII, through the re-

colonization of the country by France, and finally the Vietnam War with the United States. It was a lot to cover, but Ralph did a great job summarizing this difficult period.

Jim Ignasher visited us at our May general meeting and entertained us with a talk/slide presentation on strange happenings in Rhode Island. He likes to research events which have not been written up by other researchers. His talk was a lot of fun, and we learned about various topics including the Smithfield Airport, forgotten airplane crashes, and a man who attended his own funeral. At our June meeting, Fred Mikkelsen treated us to a photo tour of Rhode Island's lighthouses. We all learned a lot about these picturesque and historical structures. After the tour, Fred told us his story of lighthouse-keeping in Narragansett Bay. It was a nice glimpse into the life of a lighthouse keeper, a profession that is extinct around these parts.

### Acquisitions

- Eighteen deeds and other documents (mostly involving Charles A. Brown and concerning land purchases and other legal issues in Johnston. The collection was donated by Borders Farm of Foster, R.I.
- Elaine (Healy) Digiulo dropped in on a Monday night in April and gave us two photos of Royland Gas Station (that her father Ernest ran in Graniteville) and one photo of her grandmother, Mrs. Healy, who was active in the Graniteville PTA and the Graniteville Baptist Church.
- Louis McGowan donated the following: Johnston Tax Books from 1867, 1883, 1892, 1908, and 1936; three Mendes-Hobson Post #41 American Legion Anniversary booklets (from 1939, 1949, and 1954. The post was on Killingly Street in Providence, but was commanded by Ralph Mohr); a reprint of a circa 1940s article entitled "Steatite Quarry at Johnston, R.I." by Foster H. Saville.
- A life-saving competition trophy won by Harry Sharp, Captain of the Greystone Lifesaving Crew at a water carnival held in front of the Greystone Social Club was donated by Lynn Greene, Robbins Funeral Home.
- Three Johnston Hose 2 (Graniteville) record books were donated to our group by Vinny Crosby. Two are from the 1950s and one from the 1930s.
- A program from a Testimonial honoring Mario R. aRussillo from September 2, 1964, was donated by Anthony Ricci.
- A Graniteville School yearbook from 1953 was donated to our archives.
- A six-sided granite hitching post was donated to us from the people who own the former Emor Angell House. Thanks to Dan Brown for enabling this to happen.

Many donated objects may be seen in the Acquisitions photo album on our Facebook page ([www.facebook.com/johnstonhistorical](http://www.facebook.com/johnstonhistorical)). As always, our sincere thanks to all who have donated items for our collections. Keep it coming!

### Wish List

Following are a number of items we could make good use of:

- Display mannequins
- Any Johnston-related memorabilia

### Historical Teasers -- Do You Know Your Town's History?

*Answers to last issue's teasers:*

1) Before Manton became known as Manton, it was known as Triptown and Rockville.

2) Plainfield Pike started out as the Providence and Norwich Turnpike, chartered in 1794.

3) The Silvestri family dump and surrounding area was purchased in 1980 by the State to be used as the state's landfill.

*New Historical Teaser Questions:*

1) This Johnston resident claimed to have originated the character "Paladin" from the fan-favorite TV show: *Have Gun – Will Travel*. He dressed the part and even used the business card pictured on the TV show. He traveled to shows all around the area playing the role. Eventually, he sued the show's owners for stealing his character. What was his real name?

2) Thomas Tefft, Rhode Island's first college-trained architect, designed this English-style, Gothic church in Johnston. What was its name?

3) At the turn of the twentieth century, there were two bridewells in our town. Where were they located and what exactly is a bridewell?

**Anthony Panichas Passes**

Our society mourns the passing at age 87 of Anthony Thomas Panichas, husband of Eleanor (Eli) Panichas, and historical society member. Mr. Panichas grew up in Pawtucket and was a U.S. Army Korean War veteran. His working career was spent at the Family Court of Rhode Island, where he served as Deputy Administrator. Mr. Panichas was one of the founding members of the Neutaconkanut Hill Conservancy. Tony belonged to our group for many years and was known as a very pleasant and generous man. Our thoughts are with Eli and her family.

**Upcoming Events**

**July and August 2015**

Summer hiatus -- no general meetings in these months.

**August 23, 2015**

Wine Tasting Event

4pm

Verde Vineyards, 50 Hopkins Avenue. This event has proved so popular, we're doing it a fourth time! Jim Verde will give a talk on the history of Verde Vineyards, how wine is made, and how to taste wine, and he'll give a tour of the vineyard right here in Johnston. \$25 per person; 21+ only; limited to a total of twenty-five guests. This event has sold out three times, so please book early by calling Anthony Ursillo and Timothy Kee at (401) 764-5901 or by e-mailing aursillo401@gmail.com to reserve your spot.

**September 13, 2015**

JHS Picnic

4-7pm

Johnston Historical Society members and their families and friends are invited to partake of pic-a-nic goodies. JHS will supply hamburgers, hot dogs, buns, and soda. Anything else is pot luck, so please bring a dish to share. Plus, there might be badminton, sitting around chatting, maybe even a raffle.

**September 30, 2015**

General Meeting

7pm

David Norton Stone, author of the Quahog Trilogy (*Clamcake Summer*, *Stuffie Summer*, and *Chowder Summer*) will discuss clam shack history and his humorous quest to find the best clamcakes, stuffies, and chowder in the state.

**October 28, 2015**

General Meeting

7pm

Betty and Carlo Mencucci from the Burrillville Historical Society will give a presentation on the history of Glocester, showing highlights from the three-video series *West of the Seven-Mile Line*.

**December 2, 2015**

General Meeting

7pm

Filmmaker Marian Gagnon will screen, *America's Forgotten Heroine*, her documentary about Newport lighthouse keeper Ida Lewis.

Unless otherwise noted, all events take place at the Johnston Historical Society Museum Barn, 101 Putnam Pike, Johnston, and are free and open to the public.

**Note:** Our museum barn is open Monday nights (except holidays), 6:30-8:30pm; and Fridays, 2-5pm, for those who would like to visit the museum or examine the society's collection of printed materials. Just in case, call ahead to confirm we're here. Also, the Belknap School, corner of Atwood and Greenville Avenues, is open 9-11am the first Saturday of each month, May to October.

Do you have a suggestion for a future speaker? Or do you yourself have a topic you'd like to present at one of our meetings? Please drop us a line at [history@jhs.necoxmail.com](mailto:history@jhs.necoxmail.com) or leave a message at (401) 231-3380.



As of this month our Facebook page has 429 followers! Have you 'liked' us yet? To find us type this address into your computer browser:

[www.facebook.com/johnstonhistorical](http://www.facebook.com/johnstonhistorical)

**Contribute To Our Newsletter!**

We are always looking for articles for our newsletter. Naturally, we would like pieces that have to do with the town's history, but if you have an interest that ties in with history somehow, why not share it with us? Maybe you collect old snuffboxes or old railroad material. Maybe you have done some of your family history that others might be interested in. Maybe you would like to talk about the old days in Johnston. Wouldn't it be fun to share your knowledge! You do not have to be a great writer to put together an article. None of us are great literary figures. If you need help though, one of us would be glad to assist you.

We think that it will make for a much better newsletter if others contribute pieces that they have written. Remember, your reminiscences about the old days in Johnston will become valuable pieces of our town's history. But if you do not get them down on paper, they will be lost forever. We should make sure that future generations know what went on in times past.

**Next newsletter deadline: November 15, 2015.**

**Our Executive Board**

President: Louis McGowan  
Vice-President: Dan Brown  
Treasurer: Joe Jamroz  
Recording Secretary: Elise Carlson  
Corresponding Secretary: Christopher Martin  
Trustees: Belmira McGowan, Rolf Johnson, Doug Stephens and Anthony Ursillo.

Our Executive Board meets at 7pm in the Museum building, 101 Putnam Pike, on the second to the last Wednesday of each month, September through June (except December). All are welcome to attend.

General Meetings are held at 7pm the last Wednesday of each month, September through June (no December meeting. We hold our Holiday Party that month). The meetings are held in the Museum Barn.

Phone: (401) 231-3380  
Website: www.JohnstonHistorical.org  
Email: History@JHS.necoxmail.com  
Facebook: www.facebook.com/johnstonhistorical

**Annual Dues**

Have you paid your 2015 dues yet? Your dues help us to operate. The price of a single membership is only \$20; a family membership is only \$30. Wotta bargain! So once more, please pay your 2015 dues. Send us a check today!

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Renewal    Single (\$20) \_\_\_\_\_  
                  Family (\$30) \_\_\_\_\_

New            Single (\$20) \_\_\_\_\_  
                  Family (\$30) \_\_\_\_\_

Don't forget -- your donations to the Johnston Historical Society can be deducted from your taxes. We are registered with the Federal Government as a non-profit organization.

**JOHNSTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
101 PUTNAM PIKE  
JOHNSTON, RHODE ISLAND 02919**