



Olmsted 200

Bicentennial Notes about Olmsted Falls and Olmsted Township –
First Farmed in 1814 and Settled in 1815

Issue 94

March 1, 2021

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Murder Mystery Drew Attention to Olmsted in 1860s

There are plenty of stories about poor people in 19th century America who scratched out a hardscrabble living in primitive conditions filled with love, honor and faith, as well as dedication to one another. *Little House on the Prairie* is one example. This is not one of those stories.

Instead, this is a story about murder, robbery, deceit, drunkenness – and mystery. The setting, at the beginning, was rural Olmsted Township a few miles west of Olmsted Falls and, at the end, Cleveland – with a side trip to Canada in between. The time was 1866, just a year after the end of the Civil War. The story made headlines not only in the Cleveland newspapers but throughout Ohio and much of the nation, as well as Canada. Even a New York City newspaper sent a reporter to cover it.

The crimes were committed on Saturday, March 24, 1866 – 155 years ago this month. Nearby residents and authorities found out about it the next day. The rest of northeastern Ohio read about it a couple of days after that. News traveled slowly at that time and not always directly. Consider, for example, how Cleveland's *Daily Leader* broke the news to its readers on March 27. As newspapers did at the time, it proclaimed the news not with one headline but with a series of several headlines, in this case nine: MURDER. – Horrible Tragedy Near Olmsted Falls. – Woman Slaughtered in Her Own House. – The Floor and Walls Smear'd With Blood. – and so on.

However, despite the strong headlines, the story began on this tentative note:

An intelligent gentleman of this city, who returned from Olmsted Falls yesterday afternoon, gives us the following statement, reliable as may be at this stage of the investigation, of the mysterious murder which was committed about four miles south west from that station some time

during last Saturday afternoon or evening. Three miles west and one mile south of Olmsted Falls, in this county, lives a man named William Colvin, a Scotchman whom all thereabouts call "Stuttering Bill." The house or cabin occupied by him, stands in a piece of woods, and Colvin was employed as a wood chopper by a Mr. Crawford, who has a contract for furnishing wood to various parties...

As journalists today would say, the writer of that story buried the lead. Although he mentioned in the first paragraph that Colvin was married, it wasn't until midway through the second paragraph that he mentioned the wife, who played an important role in the story: she was the murder victim. Unlike her Scottish-born husband, Rosa Colvin was born somewhere in America in 1829, so by the spring of 1866, she was either 36 or 37 years old.



These headlines topped the *Daily Leader* story on March 27, 1866, about the Olmsted murder.

The story of her murder dribbled out over several months in the pages of the Cleveland newspapers with twists and turns. Surely it was the talk of the town around Olmsted Falls. After depending on the account of a train traveler for its first story, the *Daily Leader* sent its reporters to follow up after that. On March 27, one of those reporters joined a lawyer and two lawmen for a trip out to Olmsted Falls and Olmsted Township to investigate. He wrote about it for the March 28th issue of the paper.

"A large number of people of both sexes were gathered in and about the 'Olmsted Falls Hotel,' in one room of which the prisoners were guarded, while in another lay the body of the murdered woman, stretched upon a rough litter, in the frightful attitude and unspeakably horrible condition in which it had been found by Messrs. C.L. Underhill, James Wright and James Crawford about half-past two o'clock on the previous afternoon," he wrote. The Olmsted Falls Hotel is the building now known as the Grand Pacific Hotel. The prisoners held there for Rosa Colvin's murder were her husband and his friend, Robert Miller, who was from Canada.

Missing was a third man, Alexander McConnell, who had been born in 1830 in the County of Tyrone, Ireland, and had emigrated to Canada in 1850. He had taken up residence with the Colvins early in March 1866, when he also went to work chopping wood for Robert Crawford, who lived nearby. No one knew what had happened to him, whether he had also been murdered or if he knew something more about what had occurred on March 24.

As the *Daily Leader* later reported, there was good reason for William Colvin to be suspected of the murder: "Colvin, it seems, did not live in the utmost harmony with his wife; and disputes and quarrels were frequent." Their home life wasn't good, and neither

was their home. The reporter referred to it as both a shanty and a hovel, 20 feet by 18 feet, made of rough boards, located a quarter mile south of the Dutch Road, which is what Bagley Road west of Olmsted Falls was known as then. The woods to the north of it were thick enough that the shanty couldn't be seen from the few houses nearby. To the east, south and west was thick forest.

“There was no hint of yard or garden,” the reporter wrote.

The open area was inexpressibly dreary, and the house seemed the picture of all that is wretched, dismal and profane in life. But no conception of the squalor could be formed until the interior was inspected. There were but two rooms, lighted by one common and two very small-sized windows. No more were needed, since daylight flooded the house through the wide cracks between the upright boards. The floor was loose and full of fissures and chasms. In the front room were a bed, table, a broken cooking stove, two or three chairs, a cupboard in which were dirty dishes, bread and crackers, besides several barrels, boxes, etc. A few common pictures were pinned like a naturalist's insects to the siding. In the back room were two bunks, a box stove and trumpery ad infinitum. Blood was everywhere.

That blood on the floor and walls alarmed Crawford when he stopped by the shanty at mid-morning on Sunday, March 25. Colvin and Miller, who were preparing breakfast after consuming much alcohol the day before, claimed not to have noticed it, although that must have been hard for Crawford to believe. As the *Daily Leader* reporter wrote, the “blood had gathered in pools on the floor, and a mop standing in one corner was found saturated with gore. On the door were bloody marks of fingers so delicate that they must have been those of a woman, while the wall was flecked with drops, and, in some places, dashed with spirts of blood, showing that there must have been a most terrible encounter in that room.” One of Rosa Colvin's earrings was in a water pail, and her bracelet lay on the floor.

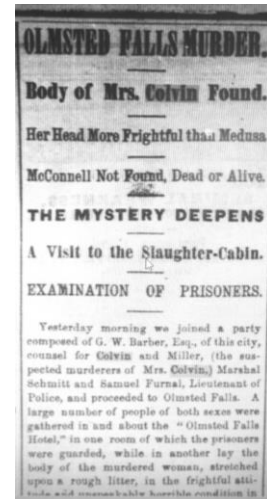
Crawford suspected not only Rosa Colvin had been murdered there, but maybe McConnell had, too. He sent for Constable Sabin, who came from Olmsted Falls about noon and arrested Colvin and Miller. The authorities then had suspects but no body. A search of the grounds within 200 yards or so of the cabin turned up nothing, not even a trace of blood, although a layer of snow hindered the effort.

That mystery led some people to come up with their own explanations. As the newspaper put it: “Some imagined that McConnell and Mrs. Colvin had eloped, (for she was known to have money that would furnish them wings,) and that they had smeared the floor and walls with blood that it might operate as a [unreadable] on Colvin's mind, a theory not as brilliant as might be formed; others claimed that she was killed and her body secreted by McConnell, he having been stimulated by motives of gratifying his passions to enter upon a course of action which resulted in her violent death; while others inclined to the opinion that, inflamed with liquor, Colvin found the parties at home under

circumstances which made him suspect the nature of their relations, and, infuriated, with or without the aid of Miller, slew the missing man and woman.”

While those theories swirled, the search of the grounds continued that Sunday, March 25, until Rosa Colvin’s body was found about 26 rods, or more than 140 yards, south of the shanty between a log and a woodpile, which had been toppled over on the corpse. The *Daily Leader* reported:

A man had stepped on a blood-saturated dress east of the house. His boot-heel crimsoned the snow at the next step. The direction was thus guessed, and the body quickly found. The removal of the first stick revealed the feet. The clothes were hunched up about the chest, exposing the body. The corpse were [sic] removed to Olmsted Falls, and exhibited as found. The head was turned to the right, the left arm turned up and so twisted or turned that the head rested on the cheek. The eyelids were opened, but the eyes shed no light. The upper teeth protruded upon the lower lip. The hair was dishevelled [sic] and clotted with blood. A blow with the butt axe upon the top of the head had torn off the scalp, exposing a triangular space of the fractured skull large as one’s palm. The top of the left ear was cut off, and the ear-ring dangled in her gory hair. The other ring lay on the floor, and a broach in a water-pail. The wood had left savage marks on her face, neck and bosom. The expression of the face was inexpressibly horrible.



The body was put in one room of the Olmsted Falls Hotel, while Colvin and Miller were held in another room until they were taken before a justice of the peace. Each pleaded, “Not guilty.” But they didn’t look innocent. Colvin had blood on his vest and on the top of his pants, as though he had carried Rosa’s body. However, he said he had bought a forequarter of beef the day before the murder. That was a possible explanation for the blood, but it seemed suspicious to some people that Colvin and Miller had told Crawford they had not noticed the blood in the cabin. Others thought the two just had been too intoxicated to notice.

The Daily Leader ran this story on March 28, 1866, after Rosa Colvin’s body was found.

Some people suspected McConnell could have been the culprit because there was no sign of him. “All depended on finding him, dead or alive, and to that end all efforts were directed,” the reporter wrote. “A reward of \$75 was offered for his discovery.”

McConnell had once worked for the Kinsman Street Railroad Company in Cleveland, so authorities looked for him there but didn’t find him. Colvin suggested McConnell murdered Rosa to get about \$150 she had kept in a trunk in the south room of the shanty. But after the justice of the peace heard from many witnesses, he decided

Colvin and McConnell should be tried for murder. Yet, one key official remained unconvinced: Cuyahoga County Sheriff Felix Nicola.

When it became known, by chance, that McConnell had a home in Fitzroy, Ontario [then called Canada West], which was near Ottawa, Nicola dispatched a detective, John O'Dell, to check for him there. He arrived at night with a group of Canadian detectives whose help he had enlisted. Mrs. McConnell delayed letting them in while her husband hid in the garret. They found him anyway, along with William Colvin's overcoat, fine boots, quarry boots and pants. McConnell put up strong resistance, despite the threat he would be shot. Nevertheless, they arrested him.

"There could be no doubt of McConnell's guilt, for the goods in his possession and his manner when arrested showed it," the *Daily Leader* reporter wrote. Subsequently, after word of the arrest reached Ohio, Colvin and Miller were released.



This April 4, 1866, story in the Daily Leader told of McConnell's arrest in Canada.

Daily Leader reporter, who did not offer a flattering description of McConnell: "He is a little below medium height; thick set; has wide jaws; heavy eye-brows; and low, contracted forehead; blue eyes, restless and sinister in their expression. His complexion is fair, and his hair the inevitable brown. When conversing he never looks you in the face; his lips wear a continual smirk, and the corners of his mouth twitch nervously."

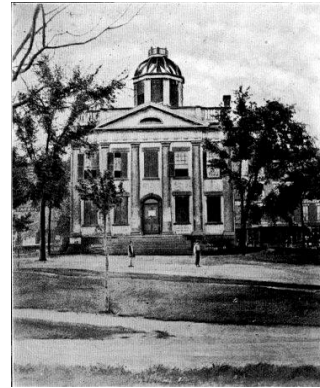
McConnell said he had first traveled to Cleveland to earn \$12 to pay a debt to a man who had threatened to sue him. In doing so, he had left behind his wife, the mother of six children with a previous husband who had died and another three with McConnell. His mother and his unmarried sister also lived nearby at Fitzroy.

Three months after the murder on June 24, 1866, McConnell's trial began before Common Pleas Judge Horace Foote. Many witnesses were called, but McConnell did not testify on his own behalf.

“During the whole time of the trial McConnell preserved the coolest indifference, except when the clothes worn by the murdered woman were produced, together with those belonging to Colvin which had been found in the prisoner’s possession,” the *Daily Leader* reported.

The trial lasted four days. Judge Foote then spent about 90 minutes charging the jury, after which the jurors deliberated for 16 hours. The verdict was McConnell was guilty of murder in the first degree.

“Not even then did McConnell exhibit any feeling, although his sister who had come from Canada to attend the trial gave way to hysterical weeping,” the *Daily Leader* reported. The newspaper also said that, when he was led back to jail, McConnell passed his sister on the courthouse steps and said, “Never mind, Becca.” His voice quivered and he wept, which was the first emotion he had shown since the trial began.



This drawing depicts Cuyahoga County’s third courthouse, used from 1858 to 1875.

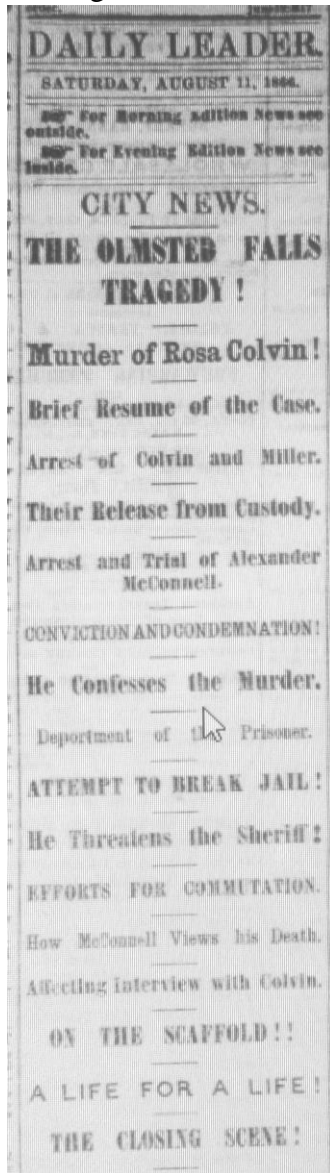
When McConnell was sentenced – after Judge Foote rejected a motion for a new trial – he again showed no emotion but “gazed upon the Judge with a vacant half-idiotic state,” the newspaper reported. The judge sentenced him to be hung on August 10, 1866, between ten o’clock in the morning and two o’clock in the afternoon.

After he was returned to jail, McConnell reportedly became “exceedingly depressed.” Sheriff Nicola repeatedly urged him to confess. Eventually, he did. He explained that he and William Colvin set out on the morning of March 24 to walk to Berea together, but all along McConnell did not intend to go the whole way. He went only as far as the Cleveland & Toledo Railroad tracks (now the Norfolk Southern tracks), where he complained that his knee hurt so badly that he had to return to the shanty.

“There was no one at the shanty when I got there,” McConnell said in his confession. “I took Colvin’s clothes and boots and left my own in the bed. I then started for the railroad, past Crawford’s, intending to go by Elyria westward – the way I came. On the way to the railroad track, I met Rosa Colvin in Egler’s lot. I kept on, explaining to her that I had Colvin’s things to carry them to him; that he was going to Cleveland. She said if Colvin was going she was going too. We went on about half way up the lane by Clodell’s house, when I told her that if Colvin did not get his things he would not go to Cleveland; that I was tired and we would go back to the shanty – I having bethought me that it wouldn’t do to tell the other story.”

Back at the shanty, when he set the clothes down, Rosa Colvin said she didn’t believe he had intended to take her husband’s clothes to him. He admitted that he had exchanged his clothes with her husband’s and intended to return home to Canada, but she became suspicious that he might have tried to take something other than the clothes.

“She snatched up the iron poker, and, placing herself in the door, said I should not go till William got home,” McConnell said. “I insisted that I would go. She said she would go and call in the neighbors. I got my own clothes and started to go out of the door



The Daily Leader ran a long piece on August 11, 1866, with the full story from the Colvin murder to the McConnell execution.

when she struck me over the arm with the poker. I laid down the clothes and think I struck her with my fist. It knocked her down. She got up and struck me; am not sure if she struck me or not. I seized a stick of wood and struck her – I think on the back of the head, she fell. She jumped up and struck me over the head with the poker. I staggered back against the wall, seized an axe and struck her on the head – one blow – she died instantly. When I struck her the blow with the stick of wood, she fell, and I kicked her, which I think cut her ear.”

After the fight, McConnell picked her up and said, “My God, have I killed you?” Whoever wrote down the confession, noted that McConnell then wept bitterly and was unable to speak for a while. When he resumed his story, McConnell said the time was shortly before noon. A few people walked past the shanty. When he was sure they were gone, 20 to 30 minutes after he had killed Rosa Colvin, he took her body out and put it under the woodpile with heavy logs over her feet. He returned to the shanty, mopped up some of the blood, and then took off with William Colvin’s clothes. He denied taking any money or a watch that was missing.

“God knows I am sorry for the deed I have done, and I hope to be forgiven,” McConnell said at the end of his confession. “The foregoing statement I make voluntarily, and have desired Sheriff Nicola and Mr. Castle, the Prosecutor, to be present with other gentlemen to hear it and take it down.”

Back in his jail cell, McConnell soon vowed to get revenge against the men who arrested and convicted him. He reportedly told another prisoner, “I’ll die game, but before I die I’ll put a knife into Nicola, for he is the cause of my arrest and all my troubles.” Later, after he expressed interest in reading scriptures, he was given a *Bible*, but he reportedly showed the most interest in it only when he heard someone approaching his cell (and he might have been illiterate).

About two weeks before his execution day, McConnell and other prisoners got into an unoccupied cell by blowing off the lock with explosive powder. They then tried to blast a hole through the stone ceiling to get to the female section of the prison above them. From there, they thought they could escape

McConnell stood at his dungeon's door and reached out his hand to the man he had so much wronged. No word was spoken. Colvin drew back and shook his head.

"William, forgive me," said McConnell, with choked emotion.

"If God forgives you, I will forgive you," replied Colvin, still refusing to give his hand. The sheriff then told Colvin that he was not showing a Christian spirit, that God had forgiven McConnell, and Colvin ought to do so and shake hands with him.

"I can never shake hands with a murderer." As Colvin said this his voice trembled so that he could scarcely articulate.

McConnell, bursting into tears, retired into his cell, and, kneeling at the side of his pallet, began to pray.

The Sheriff and others remonstrated with Colvin and said he ought to shake hands and say he forgave him.



Colvin then went into the cell and McConnell rose saying, "Wont [sic] you forgive me, Mr. Colvin?"

"If God forgives you, I do," was the reply. "I always treated you well", continued Colvin, "and I suffered more than death because of you. My wife was murdered. I was accused of the crime and disgraced. Nothing but the consciousness of innocence upheld me. I knew if they hung me I was guiltless. I'll never treat another man as kindly as I did you. How have I suffered?"

"I know it, Mr. Colvin, I know it," replied McConnell, "but do forgive me."

"I want to see him die," said Colvin; "if God forgives you, I will." Then with sudden emotion, "Yes, I forgive you as I hope to be forgiven," extending his hand, which McConnell grasped convulsively and wept more bitterly than before.

Colvin then bid McConnell good-bye, wishing him the favor of Heaven.

McConnell said goodbye to the jail matron, Mrs. Katy Aragan, and thanked her for her kindness. The Rev. Bush of Berea entered the cell and spoke with McConnell about his hopes. McConnell said, "I am willing to go and have no fear."

At 12:15 p.m., Sheriff Nicola, his deputies, two pastors, and the prosecuting attorney ascended the scaffold with McConnell. After he was on the scaffold, McConnell asked for Henry Klabish, the guard who had watched over him for the previous two weeks. Klabish went up and stood beside him. After one of the pastors prayed, McConnell responded, "Amen. Lord, help me."

Then all of those on the scaffold bid farewell to McConnell. He stood beneath the dangling rope. McConnell turned to the people watching and said, “Gentlemen, I trust in the Lord. I hope all men and women will forgive me. I forgive all and hope to be done by the same. Good bye.”

McConnell gave his pocket handkerchief and necktie to Klabish. As the sheriff arranged the noose, McConnell turned to the balcony where the reporters sat and said, “Good-bye – this is a dreadful hour.”

After the noose was on, McConnell turned to the sheriff and thanked him for his kindness. The noose was adjusted, and then a black hood was put over his head. His hands were handcuffed, and his legs and arms were bound with a strap.

As the sheriff stepped back to spring the drop, McConnell turned his head slightly, which caused the knot to go under his chin, preventing his neck from breaking. The *Daily Leader* reported that McConnell’s hands “grasped convulsively” for eight minutes, and then, after 14 minutes, four doctors pronounced him dead.

That story stood for 23 years, until the *Plain Dealer* reported that what, in fact, happened after McConnell turned his head so that the knot went under his chin is that Sheriff Nicola hastened McConnell’s death “by letting himself down the rope until he stood on McConnell’s shoulders, his weight drawing the noose tighter.”

The corpse remained suspended for half an hour before it was cut down and taken to the rear of the jail, where it was put into a wooden coffin studded with silver nails. A hearse took it away in the custody of one of the pastors.

Although the *Daily Leader* was very thorough in its coverage of the Colvin murder, the *Plain Dealer* of August 10, 1866, brought out an angle its competition had not mentioned:

The shanty in which the murder was committed, is at present occupied by a poor family named Miller. They say that up to the publication of McConnell’s confession, strange noises would be heard in the shanty, nightly, as of persons opening and shutting doors – chopping with an axe in the back room – raising window, &c. These noises would be heard every night between ten and eleven o’clock. One particularly pleasant quiet night, when the moon was shining brightly, and when not a breath of air was stirring, the shanty commenced to shake violently, between ten and eleven o’clock. Willis’ bed was shaken to such an extent that he was awakened, when he found the windows, the chairs, the stoves,



Rosa Colvin’s body was buried in Berea’s Adams Street Cemetery, but some people thought her spirit stayed in Olmsted Township.

the beds, &c. in violent commotion. He immediately sprang out of bed and hurried from the building – passing entirely around it; but no living thing was seen. Bloody marks still disfigure various parts of the shanty. One place, from the sharp imprint of bloody hands and arms, and a great daub above them, is evidently where the poor woman fell against the wall, after receiving the terrible blow with the axe.

The Colvin shanty is surely long gone, but somewhere in Olmsted Township, not too far to the west of Olmsted Falls, lies a piece of land, perhaps with a nice suburban home on it, where Rosa Colvin met her end. Has anyone heard anything unusual lately?

Many thanks go to David Kennedy for his help in researching this story.

Story Stirs Up Vita-Mix Memories

Last issue's story about the century of history of the Vita-Mix Corporation prompted many responses through email and Facebook.

“Just found out about your newsletter,” Kathy Hudak wrote. “Wonderful history of Vitamix. I am retired from there. I was the Engineering Receptionist and also spent many of the years in Customer Service. So I know you are so correct in your story. I also raised my 5 kids in Olmsted, and they all graduated from the high school.”

Dave Shirer wrote from the West Coast: “Every time I see a Vita Mix machine in a store or see a person at the Washington State Fair giving a pitch for Vita Mix I am reminded that I worked for them briefly in 1950. I fixed Vita Mix machines that were returned for repairs and also helped package bulk health foods to be shipped to clients. My friend Don Stearns also worked there as well as another young married couple. Bill [Barnard] Jr. was in charge. His son, Bill the 3rd was a year behind us at OFHS. Later, after my dad retired as OF Police Chief he also did the pitches at various shows.”

Denny Shirer wrote: “My dad used to have a film of that first infomercial that he got from Bill back in the 50's. I will never forget Bill's spiel, ‘You go to your neighbor's house what do you have? Maaaaashed Potatoes. Your neighbors come to your house what do you have? Maaaaashed Potatoes.’ After my dad retired, they asked him to demo VitaMixes at trade shows which he did for many years. We used to have a bunch of them. My dad was also involved with the sound system at the Cleveland Expo and Public Hall.”

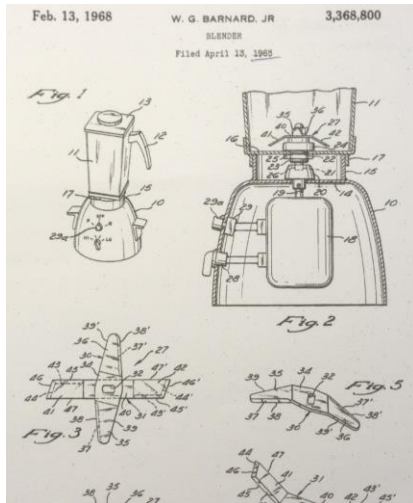
Several people wrote about their affection for Vitamix blenders. “I love my Vita Mix,” Priscilla Patterson said. “When I told a demonstrator at Costco that I'm from the town where Vita Mix ‘lived,’ he looked at me like I was crazy.”

Likewise, Janet Walters wrote: “Love my Vita-Mix and was so surprised to learn when calling customer service that they were in Olmsted Twp. It's not exactly a big city.”

Ted Kucklick, who grew up in Olmsted Falls and went on to run a successful medical device company in California, shared a businessman’s appreciation of the company: “Vitamix is one of the rare niche housewares companies that has managed to stay independent and family owned, and profitable. Normally companies like this are gobbled up by bigger companies or private equity outfits. The patent infringement story was interesting as I have been involved in one of these. (I got a nice settlement from a very large competitor.) \$11M is a fairly large settlement in that business.”

Even descendants of Vita-Mix founder William Barnard responded to the story. “My great grandpa was pretty amazing!” Sarah Barnard said.

Reacting to all the comments on Facebook, Bonnie Byrne wrote: “Ha! Ha! Everyone’s talking about living ‘just down from Vitamix’ on Usher Road - I lived next door, that’s because that is my grandpa there [in the photo] and my parents spent their



lives demonstrating the Vitamix all over the country, writing the recipe books and everything. I remember dusting shelves at the old ‘Natural Foods Inc’ health food store for 25 cents an hour and handing out samples at fairs in the summer time as a tiny little girl. Loved the 12 acres of woods I grew up on and long hours of playing down at Plum Creek. Vitamix is getting ready to celebrate their hundredth anniversary and creating some amazing museums from the old log cabin house my parents built and the front log part of Vitamix. Good old Olmsted Falls, my hometown. You can still see Papa Barnard’s Infomercial on YouTube. Get ready for a chuckle. It’s a good show.”

This illustration accompanied the 1965 patent application for a Vita Mix blender. Thanks go to David Kennedy for finding it.

Meanwhile, David Kennedy, who has been researching patents filed by Olmsted residents who will be subjects of future *Olmsted 200* stories, found one filed by Bill Barnard Jr. on April 13, 1965, for a blender with “a novel blade construction” that resulted in U.S. Patent 3,368,800.

People who have worked for the company had only good comments about Vita-Mix. “Love my Vita-Mix,” Jennifer McRae wrote. “I miss working there. Great company, Great family values❤️”

Holly Stone Nanasy wrote that she worked at Vita-Mix for 48 years. “Love the Barnard family,” she said. “Great place to work.”

David Jennett wrote, “I knew Papa Barnard. Great guy. I worked at Vitamix for about 5 years.”

Housing Developments Go Way Back in Olmsted History

From the post-World War II years through today, many housing developments have been carved out and are still being carved of the woods that once covered Olmsted Township and Olmsted Falls. Some developments even occurred well before World War II. In fact, one was announced 150 years ago this month:

The tract of eight, or nine, hundred acres of land, known as the Walker farm, has been purchased by lawyers Estep and Nicola of Cleveland; and that portion lying on the road between the two R.R. stations in Olmsted, cut into small pieces – from 10 to 20 acres – and will soon be for sale, making pleasant places for some one. The portions known as the Usher or Kisir farms, are to remain about as they are. Three or four hundred acres of wood land are also to be divided into farms, and is now being surveyed.”

That item appeared in the March 3, 1871, edition of Berea’s *Grindstone City Advertiser*. The road between the two railroad stations in Olmsted (the Olmsted Falls Depot and the West View Depot) would be what now is known as Columbia Road. It is not clear whether the Cleveland lawyer named Nicola was any relation to Sheriff Felix Nicola who was mentioned in the Colvin murder story above, but it’s possible.

Still to Come

The next issue of *Olmsted 200* will mark the 160th anniversary of the start of the Civil War with a story about Olmsted residents who served in the war.

If you know of other people who would like to receive *Olmsted 200* by email, please feel free to forward it to them. They can get on the distribution list by sending a request to: wallacestar@hotmail.com. *Olmsted 200* has readers in many states beyond Ohio, including California, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana, Florida, North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, West Virginia, Michigan, Wisconsin, New York, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Maine, as well as overseas in the Netherlands, Germany and Japan.

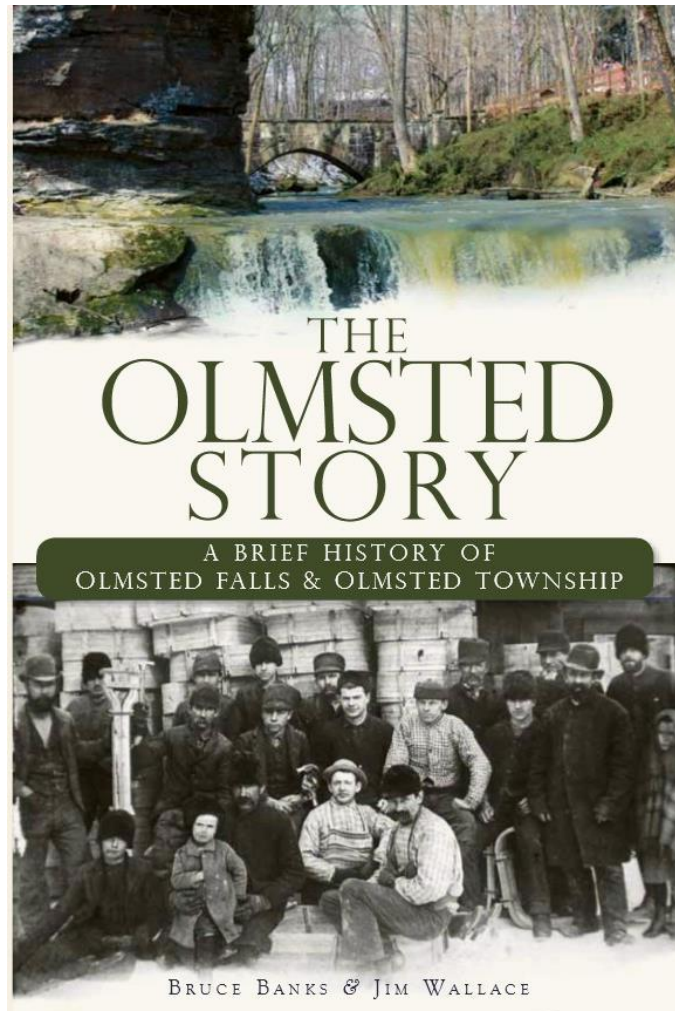
Your questions and comments about *Olmsted 200* are welcome. Perhaps there is something about Olmsted’s history that you would like to have pulled out of *Olmsted 200*’s extensive archives. Or perhaps you have information or photos about the community’s history that you would like to share.

If you have missed any of the past issues of *Olmsted 200* or want to share them with someone else, all of them can be found on Olmsted Township’s website. Go to <http://olmstedtownship.org/newsletters/>. A list of *Olmsted 200* issues is on the right side. Click on the number of the issue you want to read. All of the issues of *Olmsted 200* also are available on the website of the City of Olmsted Falls. Find them at:

http://www.olmstedfalls.org/olmsted_falls_history/index.php. A link to *Olmsted 200* can be found on the left side of the page.

Except where otherwise noted, all articles in *Olmsted 200* are written by Jim Wallace. Thanks go to Mary Louise King for help in proofreading and editing many issues. Thanks also go to David Kennedy for frequently contributing research and insight for some stories. Written contributions and photos, as well as comments and questions about items in this newsletter, will be considered for publication. Send any correspondence by email to: wallacestar@hotmail.com.

Olmsted 200 is written, researched and edited by Jim Wallace, who is solely responsible for its content. He is co-author (with Bruce Banks) of ***The Olmsted Story: A Brief History of Olmsted Falls and Olmsted Township***, published in 2010 by The History Press of Charleston, S.C. ***The Olmsted Story*** is available at Angelina's Pizza in Olmsted Falls and the Berea Historical Society's Mahler Museum & History Center and through online booksellers.



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