

GET IN STEP
WITH
SUMMER



KELLEYS ISLAND

*Home
Town
News*

JUNE 1981

WITNESSING A DROWNING

By Eddie Ryan

One Sunday afternoon my cousin, BILL PAPE, and I were hanging around the "Big Dock" at the foot of Division Street. There were two men with a Chris Craft docked on the east side because it was blowing heavy from the southwest and it was a wee bit bouncy on the water. These two fellows seemed pretty occupied with the boxes in the speedboat. Now that I am older and more knowledgeable, I realize they had a lot of Canadian booze. One was a somewhat nefarious character...I learned later...named Whitey Eberley. He seemed to be running the show and the other fellow was sort of helping out.

Don't know if they got the idea someone was checking up on them, but they took off in a hurry, heading south into the big waves. Whitey was at the wheel and the other guy was in the back cockpit...with the motor in the middle. He tried to climb over the motor cover to reach the two seats in front. Suddenly he fell out of the boat and Eberley seemingly didn't know it. We screamed as loud as we could and Clayton "Hickey" Schlesselman joined with us. The poor guy was obviously in trouble.

Whitey, for some reason or other didn't look back and kept on going. Hickey ran over to the old Gus Kelley dock and got a rowboat. He took a chance himself what with the waves as high as they were.

Bill and I and a few others who joined us kept calling to Eberley, but he seemingly didn't hear us. All of a sudden, the man disappeared and Hickey turned back with the rowboat. Then the motor conked out and Eberley showed some sign of realizing the problem. He somehow managed to bring the sputtering Chris Craft back to the dock - sans his helpmate. I never knew the whole story, but this is what I knew.

Three days later, Walter "Spike Bickely" a loner who had a cabin on the beach in front of Herb Bickley's place (right near Crafts) AND HE TOOK A ROW BOAT OUT TO GET THE BODY. Bill Schnittker helped bring the body into the beach right in front of Jackie Martin's house. Had never seen a drowned body before and it kind of gave me the creeps. Don't know the rest of the story, but some older islanders may know it.

Among the islanders I remember well as a kid and on into later years was Eddie Kekelik, a happy go

lucky all round nice guy. When I was a little and we stayed at the Hamilton house on the shore, Eddie used to cut the grass for the family. He convinced me that he lived in a tree and spent a lot of time looking for his tree house. Turned out the Kekeliks lived to the rear of the Hamilton house.

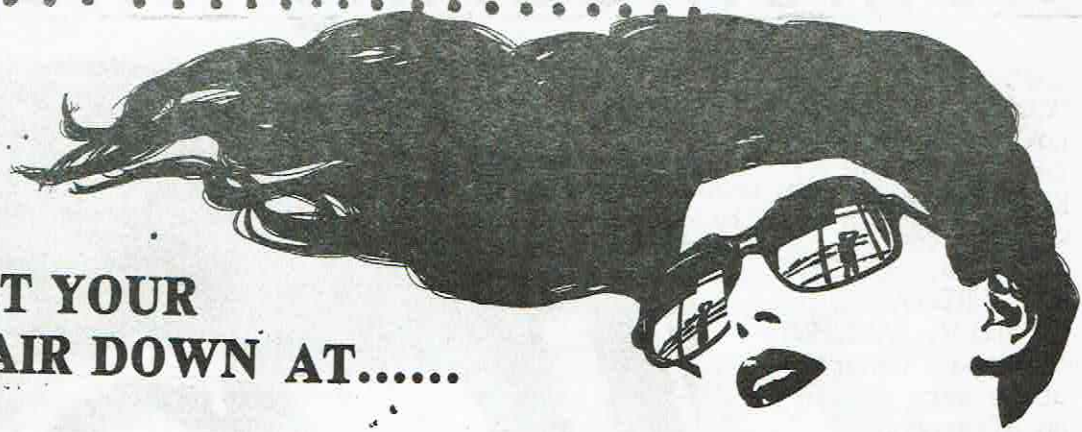
Later, Eddie acted as barkeep for Charley and Martin in their old tavern, before the changes were made. The bar in those days way way in back and there were tables in the front space. Eddie loved to sing....I can still hear him croon BLUE HAWAII and SWEET LELANI two Bing Crosby tunes. Eddie was a big help to Martins and he helped their business with freindly personality. As time went on and the years came, I lost track of Eddie, learned later had developed a drinking problem and died in Hammond, Indiana.

His younger brother, Joe, was killed on the island in an auto wreck. Pit Kekelik, Jim's father, died a few years back. The only other one I remember was Farina. Introduced Dotty to him one night at the VFW. I told her there was a guy with the name and she wouldn't believe me, since I kidded her a lot with fake names of "old friends" "Norman Moonrise", etc. She nearly fell off the bar stool when I got up and said "Dotty, I'd like you to meet Farina Kekelik". That must have been 25 or 30 years ago. He, like his brother, was a nice guy.

Ted Suhr, Georgie's Brother, worked for some time at the main dock (foot of Division Street). We became good pals. Ted was a sober, gentle fellow, handicapped with one leg shorter than the other and a slightly twisted arm. He, like many islanders was strong. Played on the old baseball team in spite of the handicap. His boss was Mr. Burger, a rather trascible person who was too much for socializing. We kidded about the fact that when someone said, "Good morning, Burger," he'd reply gruffly, "Good morning, good morning, good morning." But he was really a good man.

This paper recently referred to an island mystery...the tragic death of Mrs. Self. I remember an old Mr. Self who was a quiet little person and the epitome of kindness. Wonder if he belonged to the same family. Friends of Grandma gauche were Mr. and Mrs. Rosswold who lived up Huntington Lane. They used to visit back and forth. Mrs. Lange, Gini's and Doris grandmother was also a friend of grandma.

LET YOUR
HAIR DOWN AT.....



DIRTY DON'S
Casino

SUPER COCKTAIL HOUR

with willy shepherd'S BANDWAGON
CORN CRITTERS — STARTS MEMORIAL DAY

SOON....CHIMO ROAD BAND

ENTERTAINMENT SEVEN DAYS PER WEEK

WHERE EVERYBODY GOES!

Remembering when.

Last autumn, October nineteenth to be exact, two familiar faces to Kelleys Island were united in marriage. CYNTHIA ANN CURILIA AND GERALD W. SALTZMAN of Browns General Store were wed in an afternoon ceremony at Cove Church on Lake Ave. in Lakewood, Ohio. A reception was held that evening at the Hilton Inn in Brook-Park, Ohio. CYNDY has been a summer island resident for many years. She was a baby-sitter for island kids while she was a teenager here, and has seen the youngsters change to teenagers themselves.



JERRY has developed new ideas for the store including the new ice cream parlor designed to resemble the turn of the century motif. The couple has worked to improve and expand their business by installing a vast selection of electronic games and a varied menu of foods including take out orders. Their ice cream cones have become a tradition for hot summer days and nights. But more important, Jerry and Cyndy are considered pals to island residents as well as summer people. . . Keep up the good work. . . The island needs young people and fresh ideas as well as industrious trend setters like the Saltzmans!...editor

LAND TRANSFERS.....

Julie Beneda to Frank Isaac,
P lot 7 Ward Rd 123080

K.I. Shore Development to Burt
Miller and Clara lot 130 Sub.
1233

Frank Isaac to David Almer &
Donna and Albert Fresch &
Marilyn P-lot 5 Hamilton Rd
Oscar McKillips and Mary to
Donald Haas and Aneleise
2 parcel K.I. Township

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW....

New Homes - 8

New Business: Ron Beatty,
Bait Shop, Rob Watkins,
Bike Rental, rooms to rent,
Professional lawn & land-
scaping, John Kilko Jr.

The VFW sponsored again their
annual dinner thanking the
students and teachers for
their clean-up campaign.
VFW 9908 donated an American
Flag for the village park.

Art Lange is bac k on the
island for the summer.

THANKS!!!!

A special thanks to SHARON
DUGGAN of Island Transportation
Co. Put-In-Bay, Ohio for her
assistance and the free use
of her truck while our staff was
working on advertising promo
for Put-In-Bay recently...

Editor

FROM THE RECENT
PAST.....

A scene showing
left to right:
Jim Volz, his
dad, Frank and
his mother,
Fredaliena
Volz.



SMALL ENGINE REPAIR

Lawn mowers
Outboard motors

Experienced mechanic, many years dealing with
small engines....see Merle.....
(located below Popeye's Marina down the hill)



THE INN

*New accommodations will be available starting
Memorial Day Weekend in the old Hamilton
House. For room reservations or rental
information please call or write:*

Lori DeBoard

Kelleys Island, Ohio 43438

PH: 419-746-2258 [after May 22]

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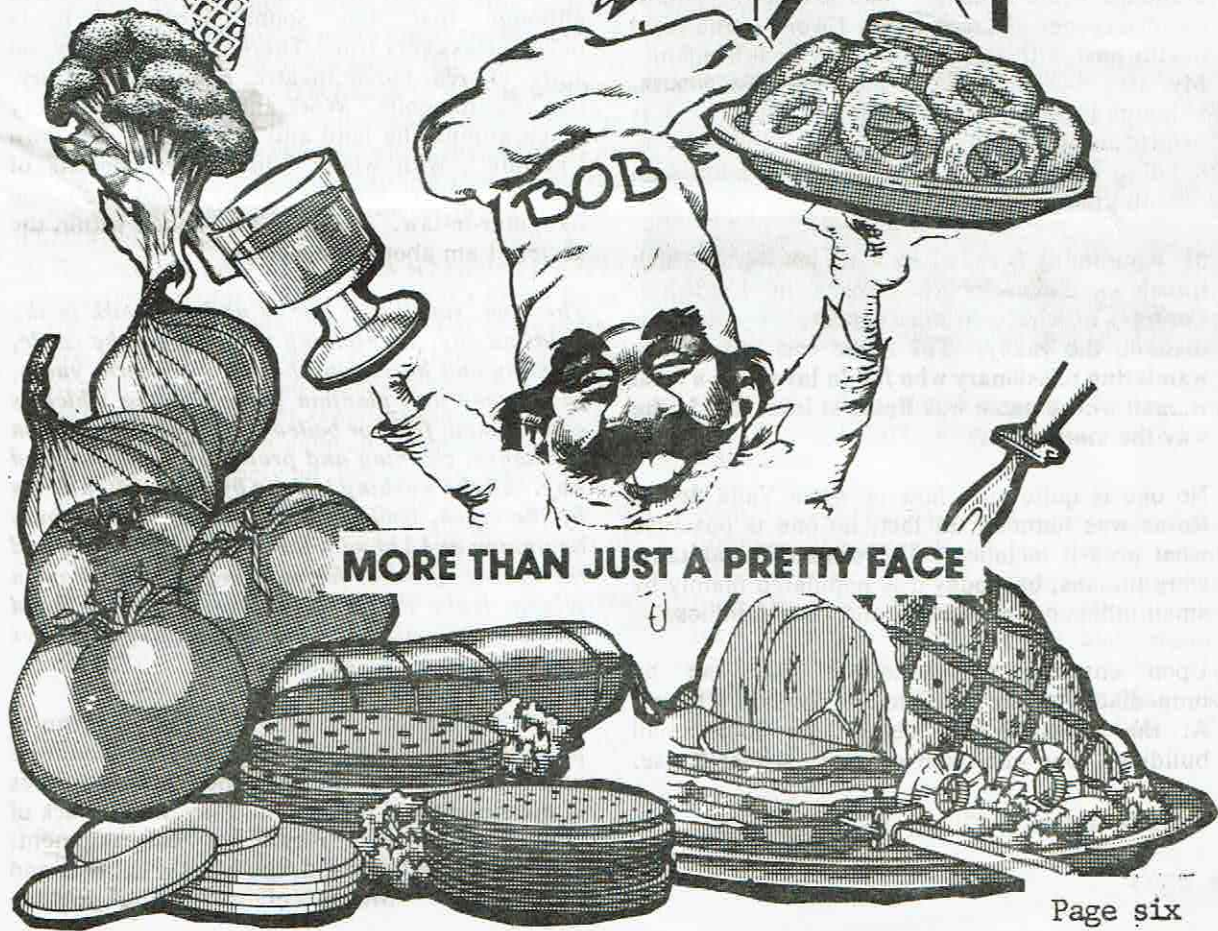
HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!!!

- June 25 Ruth Lange Schni
Lou Gigliotti
Lee Betzenheimer
- June 28 Bev Brian
- June 30 Rev. Warren Walt
- July 2 Pat Haig
- July 3 Leo Goldner
Pam Haig
- July 7 Bonnie Blatt
- July 10 Cecil H. Marchky
- July 12 Bridget Ann Navon
Toni Kuchar
- July 13 Amanda Elfers
Eddie Ryan
- July 14 Betty Ann Kuchar
- July 15 Ed Frindt
- July 18 Dick Kadlec
- July 20 Eila Caroline Tay
O. Hugh Lange
Dolores Forthover
- July 24 Rosetta Navorska
Ken Haig

Let us show
you a little
magic!

FEATURING
AMERICA'S
FAVORITE
COOK

Marine Grill and Motel



MORE THAN JUST A PRETTY FACE

Coming home .

VALLEY OF THE ROSES

I count Kelleys Island as my permanent home even though I haven't lived there all my life or even most of my life; (I lived overseas from the time I was nine years old until my parents bought our family home on the Island in 1976). This year being the 20th anniversary of the Peace Corps, I decided to celebrate by sharing with all of you who read the Home Town News some of my experiences as a Peace Corps Volunteer in Costa Rica, Central America.

I live in a small community near the large Standard Fruit banana plantation in the south-eastern corner of Costa Rica. I work in the rural health post with the Government health agent. My area of specialty is ear and eye health, although I lend a hand or my advice whenever it is needed, ranging from classes on sex education to handing out medicine and weighing babies on consultation days.

My community is called Valle de las Rosas which translates Valley of the Roses in English. Contrary to what you may expect, there are few roses in the valley. The name was given by a wandering missionary who fell in love with a local woman whose name was Rosa, at least that is the way the story goes.

No one is quite sure how or when Valle de las Rosas was founded, in fact, no one is positive what area it includes. The original inhabitants were Indians, but today it is populated mainly by small independent farmers and their families.

Upon entering the valley one may not be immediately aware that one has reached a town. At the entrance and center are four small buildings, one one-room concrete school house,

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the wooden teachers house, a wooden shed which serves as the school kitchen and dining room, a turquoise wooden box on short stilts which is the health post where I work. A dirt road separates the school and teachers house on one side, the health post and kitchen on the other. A dirt road leads down to a stream from where we have been getting our water. Now we have a new well but that's another story.

The houses and farms of the people in the community are spread over a considerable area hidden among the banana, bamboo and coffee trees. The people live simple, very basic lives, although that may sound idealistic, it is nevertheless very true. There is no electricity, no store, church, movie theatre, restaurant, library, bar or automobile. Work and play revolves much around the land and the family. My "Family", with whom I live here, consists of a mother, father, sixteen children and their daughter-in-law. So, I live very much within a society I am about to describe.

The men, starting at age 12 and up, work in the fields all day, maintaining pastures for the cows, planting and harvesting beans, rice, corn, yuca, sugar cane and plantain [huge banana which is eaten baked, fried or boiled]. The women work in the house, cleaning and preparing food the traditional way. All the washing is done by hand, often in the creek, cooking is done over wood fires beginning at 4AM with the stoking of the fire for the boiling of water for morning coffee. We seldom leave the farm, but often lend a hand outside the house, herding and milking the cows and working in the fields.

Life is often hard and tiring, but I don't want to paint too dreary a picture because that would be untrue. Along with the work there are also moments of merriment and relaxation. Play, due to the lack of more sophisticated means of entertainment, revolves around the land, the creeks, animals and the home. Means of recreation include

swimming, catching sweet water shrimp and fish, expeditions to the farther pastures to gather oranges, sweet lemons, avocados and grapefruit or to hunt the wild fowl and animals among the jungle-like underbrush. The social life is limited due to the distance between farms and the lack of good roads, street lights or community center. Sunday, however, finds many of the "Senoras" (mothers of the family and sometimes whole families "paseando" which is the word for strolling to visit old friends or family. Coffee, fruit drinks and bread are usually served, and the family will take a break from their daily duties to sit down and exchange gossip and news.

Last Sunday was a bit different, Alvaro, the Government Health Agent, and I had planned a community meeting. I spent the morning with my Senora learning how to make tamal asada, a sweet pudding-like bread made out of finely ground corn flour and sour milk. It is baked in a large wok like pan. The fire is lit underneath, and then the dough in the pan is covered with banana leaves on top of which are heaped burning embers so the top gets browned as well. The result is delicious!

The meeting went well. It was scheduled for 2PM and didn't begin until 3:30 but that's Costa Rican time for you. Nobody got impatient or anxious. We held it at the health post, sitting around on wooden benches and school chairs. I served coffee and the sweet tamal asada I had made. After everyone had enjoyed the refreshments we discussed a variety of community issues from cleaning of the community well to the proposed building of a new health post. The main order of the day was my proposal for a recreational-community action committee. I want to begin classes of activities, different skills, arts and crafts for the children of the community and also adults who are interested. My idea is to have anyone in the community who has a skill or special ability and is willing to share it to help with the teaching of the classes.

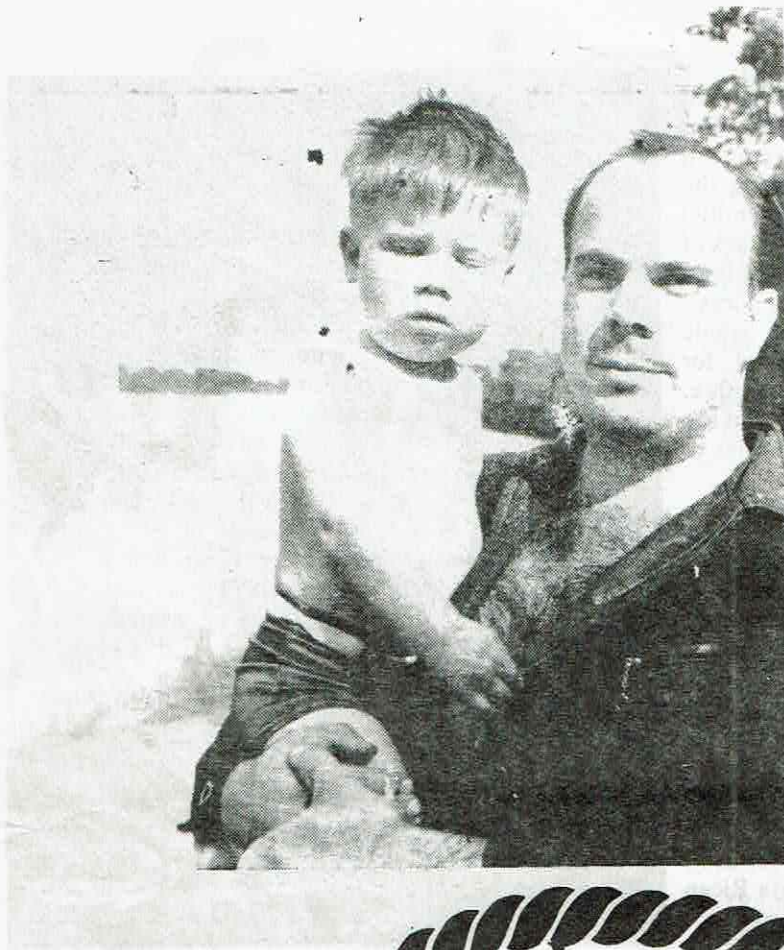
The idea has been received pretty enthusiastically but there is still a lot of work to do. After the meetings' official business had been covered



everyone sat or stood around chatting until it began to get dark, when we started the hour's walk home.

Well, I guess I have run on long enough about my life here. I hope you enjoyed reading about my adventures as much as I enjoyed writing them. I figure the more we know about other people and their lives, the better we will understand and appreciate them. I hope this helps you to understand the people as they are getting to know a bit more about me and my way of life. Yours truly,

JODY ZETTLER



RECOGNIZE THIS FACE?.....
The proud PaPa is none other than our own correspondent from Florida, Eddie Ryan. He is holding his son, Mike at Kaemphe's sand beach about 33 years ago.

Eddie writes for a Florida newspaper now and is so good at sending you news of yesteryear on good old Kelleys Island...judging from the mail we get applauding Eddie's column, he has a steady following of islanders, past and present.

**FRESH
LAKE ERIE
PERCH DINNER
THE VILLAGE PUMP**

**LAKE SHORE DRIVE
KELLEYS ISLAND, OHIO 43438**

Serving Liquor 7 Days A Week

ORDINANCE FOR HEAD TAX THREATENS ISLAND FERRY SERVICE

A new ordinance, adopted last month by council could mean the additional revenue needed desperately by the village or it could result in the loss of ferry service to the island.

Ferry operator/owner Harold Neuman says he will shut down his boats effective June 14 if the ordinance goes into effect.

The tax would be 15 cents per passenger, each way in addition to the normal boat fee. The village feels that the tax would be the fairest means of collecting additional revenue, rather than an alternative which would include more taxes on the property owners.

At the present time the village has enough money to operate on a normal basis, according to William Smith, the village solicitor. But should something unforeseen happen, like lightning striking the water tower or major disruption of the water system, the village would find itself in a precarious situation financially he pointed out.

Recent council meetings have seen record crowds of interested persons as well as islanders turn out for the proceedings. Mayor Mike McCune was complemented by many after the last session for the means by which he conducted the meeting. It is difficult to hear speakers in the townhall, and information of this critical nature can be misunderstood. McCune afforded both sides the opportunity to speak individually and asked the audience to cooperate by remaining silent during such speeches.

The Neuman Boat Line has criticized language within the ordinance spelling out regulations for such things as schedules and rates. Neuman said he hasn't heard of other islands with such ordinances, but Smith pointed out that such regulation is allowed under state law. Both airlines now serving the island would also come under the jurisdiction of the new ordinance requiring the tax be collected.

At the June 4 council meeting it was agreed by both parties to form committees and meet as soon as possible to attempt to work out an agreeable solution to the situation.

BOB GRULY.....

Young man on the move recently completed a new room in his Marine Grill/Motel complex. The new arcade features an assortment of electronic games for kids of all ages.



MOVIES AND SPECIAL EVENTS

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12 ACRES FOR SALE.....
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Vogler Elfers 419-625-4551
and Mike McCune Realty
746-2257 or 625-6780



Today is Saturday, May 16th and we have just come home from a wedding...that of CHUCK MARTIN AND JOY LYNN WILKINSON. It took place at 2PM at St. Michaels church and the weather was made to order, sunny, warm and calm. This was a radical change from almost two weeks of rain, and wind and cold.

The bride was very lovely in an off-white satin gown with lace sleeves and a crown of flowers for her hair. Her attendant, ANNE JACKSON wore a blue chiffon dress, with blue flowers in her hair. The groom was all decked out in white, while his best man AL GOUDREAU, wore a light blue suit.

The bride's mother was dressed in deep pink, and JESSIE MARTIN, the groom's mom wore a beige dress, both ladies were lovely. JAKIE MARTIN, the groom's dad was unrecognizable (to me) in a light grey suit...handsome!

Something new for us was added to the ceremony. The priest stepped down from the altar and instructed the bride and groom to face their guests as they repeated the marriage vows. At the end of the receiving line, little DANIELLE FRESCH held a basket of rice for each of us to take a handful and shower the newlyweds. A reception followed at St. Michaels Hall, complete with champagne to toast the happy couple.

We were sorry to learn the MARYLYN FRESCH had been hospitalized with back problems, and that GEORGE YOSCOVITS had to be taken to the hospital with a severe nose bleed. Heard he had ruptured a vein in his nose. Also heard that Eleanor Liwosz was back in the hospital had had been there two weeks already and ROBERT ERNE is back home after a lengthy hospital stay. JEANIE DWELLE had surgery on Saturday May 9 and has been back home already for several days now. She really bounced back on her feet in record time. Good for you, Jeanie!

It has been the source of a great deal of annoyance to me that in all the six years we have been here permanently, everytime that Lee goes off in the car

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alone ...to the dump, the post office, the store he has returned to tell me so many times that he had seen a deer along the way. (One time was four), but never when I was along...so you imagine what a thrill it was for me the other when we were riding along the shore and as we made the turn into Titus Road by Minshall's said "Look!" and there crossing the road ahead of us was a beautiful white-tailed deer. She stopped along the side of the road and kept on standing there as we passed. It looked at us for several minutes, as pretty as you please, they bounded into the woods.

And speaking of Titus Road...I was admiring MARY AUGUSTA McKILLIPS bouquet of white hyacinths on the table at our April Zion Women's meeting. I told her that we had been on Titus the other day and saw a hillside full of Dutchmen's breeches (wild flowers). Said Mary... "Titus Rd...where is that?" I told her where it was located and she replied "Oh, You mean Lover's Lane!"....Here Mary A. had never known that road was Titus Rd. and the shoe was on the other foot for me.

Our Golden Agers from our former church have been given a sight-seeing tour by Lee, and when they came back they all ganged up on me and said "What's this we hear about you being so fond of driving along Lover's Lane?" Said I, "Lover's Lane?...where is that?"...I never knew it called that until that day.

April 29th might just as well have been Friday, 13th considering the way the day went for me. CLEO STARKWEATHER was to have picked me up at 9:45 AM that day, and we were to go to Sandusky with her to drop her off at a car dealer where she was to pick up her new car. Then, we were to bring her old car back for her. Well, we waited, waited and waited until it was 10AM and still no CLEO! Since the time change was just a few days ago, I said to Lee that I bet Cleo forgot to set her clock ahead. So, we got in our car and drove to her house to let her know it was 10AM and to catch the 10AM ferry.

Along her drive, Lee swerved into the grass to avoid a ditch in the driveway, and got stuck, really stuck...had to walk the rest of the way to the house (and it was raining). Cleo was so surprised to see us so EARLY and was she even more surprised when we told her how late it was! She decided to go on the IPM boat, so drove us home as we still couldn't get our car out and went to MARY SCHOCK's to visit till time to go. The rest of the day went without further mishap.

Our son, Bob and his family were here for 4 days after Easster, to open Timothy House next door. Poor Bob and Mary...they are afraid to come up anymore for it seems I fall down and hurt myself badly nearly everytime they are here.

But, If I must fall, it's nice to have a minister and a nurse to comfort me!


BOB SCHWARTZ happened to be here when I fell and he brought Pixie down to see me a few days later. She brought me a gorgeous bouquet of tulips, daffodils and narcissus. Pixie had surgery on her one eye (a lens implant) and was to go back for surgery in the other eye. And I just learned that this is what I have to undergo too...surgery for both cataract and corneal transplant on my other eye!

According to statistics, April had 17 sunless days, the rest partly sunny and only about six days of sun. But for us, we had sunshine everyday...The forsythia bushes were exceptionally beautiful this spring, and we have one in the corner of the house by our bedroom window. So, each morning, as we drew our drapes on the floor to ceiling windows...those bushes were LIKE A BALL OF WARMING GOLDEN SUNSHINE.

THE PUT-IN-BAY TEAM.....



Does anyone recognize any of these boyish faces? The picture was taken during the early 1950's and shows the put-In-Bay basketball players. Hot competition resulted whenever K.I. and the Bay got together over a game. The islanders accompanied their team and the weekend was always filled with many laughs despite an occasional loss by the home team.

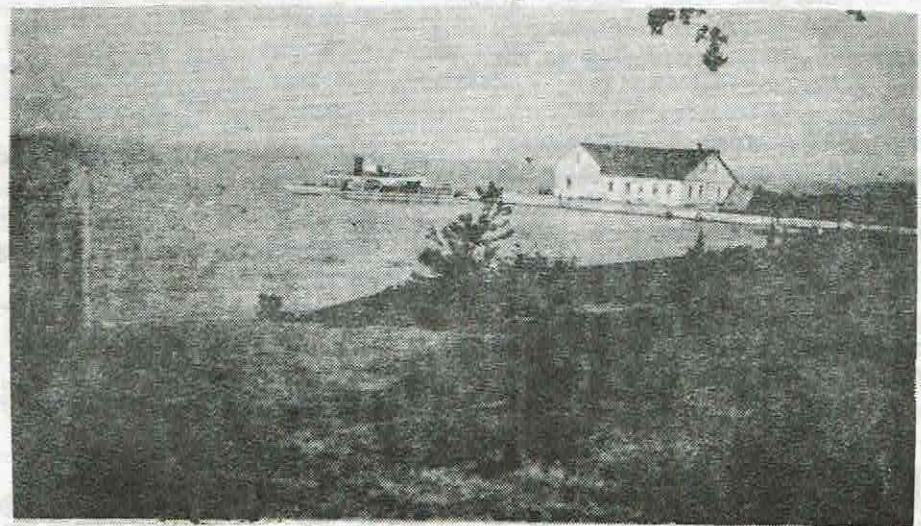
FATHER'S  **are Special!**

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Sandusky, Ohio 44870

vessel aptly named



THE MESSENGER docked at the old store dock downtown brought news of the mainland as well as new faces....

