

KELLEYS ISLAND

Home Town

News

The sun may shine
on blooming flowers
violets and many
others,
But never does it
rival the warmth
of the smile from
a Kelleys Island
mother

C.V.E.



MAY 1981 EDITION

Remembering when.

ISLANDERS WHO HELPED ME IN MATH AND ALGEBRA.....

By Eddie Ryan

Never did have the smarts in school, and I was simply terrible in the math and science subjects. SAM BAUMAN had a crack at helping me on algebra...So did HeLEN MARCHKY. With their aid, I made it...praise the Lord! On the other hand, my cousin Bill Pape, had the smarts and gained a scholarship in physics to Mass. Institute of Tech. Brother GENE won the Franch medal in college.

NORBY MCKILLIPS has done a great job as Island Police Chief. In recent years, with the weekend influx of too many undesirables, it has been necessasry to bring in county police to back Norby up. Recall some of the keepers of the peace when things were less hectic on the Emerald Isle. LLOYD MARCHKY looked the part of a western town marshall with his handsome features and no-nonsense approach to his job. Then there was jolly FRITZY MARTIN, who also doubled as power engineer when the Island only had its own Delco system back by the crusher.

When the lights would go off, FRITZY headed like a love-starved homing pigeon back to make repairs. One night toward the end of summer, we were all down at Martins and FRITZY offered to show my ~~br~~side, DOTTY, the jail...since the recent fire, the jail unfortunately is no more. He led her into a cell and quickly ducked out and locked the door....We all thought it was a knee-slapper to have Dotty in the slammer until we found Fritzzy MISSING.

He had gone off on a routine check, and forgot Dotty was in the can...He had the keys and there was quite some time before he got back from

wherever he went. Dotty, who has always toward to feeling frightened in a closed trait I believe is called claustrophobia - v too happy about Fritz's little trick. But as to know him better, he became one of her Islanders.

Speaking of handy guys, JEAN DW... father, whom they called COBBEY was no Like SAM MYERS, many a time Cobby fix bikes when needed. He was a very f fellow...especially with kids. Yes, Jean h SWELL DAD. Don't recall her mom, thou

At Kusters Dock where we did a lot of swim there was a little elderly lady who'd been in biz named BESSIE DAINTY. Wore 1 make-up and had sort of strawberry dyed Lived in a little place in the Marco Village Man, that woman could float. She'd bring down to the dock and read it in the water hour as she floated around!!! She must have cork-lined or something...It's true!! If you me ask DON LANGE, SAM BAUMAN, or who hung around Kusters on a su afternoon..



GINI LANG
Belle of
the Beach
on Kelley
Island

HOW THE ISLAND WAS PROVIDED BEEF CATTLE

By Iva Erne

Many people ask us, how many people live on the Island in the winter... There are 94 souls that still brave the winter's cold winds and snow. 45 males and 49 females, 10 of which are school children and 2 pre-schoolers.

Henry (Henny) and Rosella Beatty are our oldest native Island couple. Henny was a commercial fisherman and then Ranger at the State Park.

Virginia Miller is our oldest female. At the present time, she resides at Canterbury Villa in Milan, Ohio. Her husband, Karl, passed away in 1979. She has three sisters living, Olive Blatt of Sandusky, Meda Brown of Milan and Ellis Hughes of Kelleys Island.

John (Jack) Sennish is our oldest Island man. He and his wife, Esther, live on Titus Rd. Their home is surrounded by a lovely big lawn and well-kept garden. Jack takes the mail to and from the airport to post office every weekday.

This past year we were blessed with three CETA workers, who with our two village men have done a marvelous job of painting the town hall, putting a roof on the jail house, plowing the snow and cleaning brush along the main roads.

Where they cleaned brush, we noticed a wire fence on Monaghan Rd. It was once the fence that enclosed Trieschmann's pasture. That started us reminiscing of the old days.

Henry Trieschmann and then his son, Wesley, used the pasture for cattle they butchered and sold in the meat market. Henry Trieschmann passed away in 1924 and then his son, Wes, and daughter, Elda, took over the business.

Fifty or more head of cattle were brought over on the ARROW or CHIPPEWA which docked at the foot of Division Street.

When the boat landed, the dock was cleared of people and the drive began... Wes hired a crew of young fellows to keep the cattle in line.

The beasts were chased off the boat, then to Division Street to the EUB Church, down Chapel Street, then Woodford Road to the pasture gate where they were kept until the Island needed meat.

The slaughter house was in the woods in the back part of the pasture... Wes would kill five or more cattle at a time. Elda would help cut them up and took care of selling the meat over the counter (liver was given away!)

Wesley passed away a few years ago and Elda lives on Shelby Street in Sandusky.

Trieschmann's Meat Market is now the Island Market owned by Frank and Laura Jean Pohorence.

HAPPY HOUR

Monday Thru Friday

4-6:30PM

FEATURING: fresh Lake Erie Perch dinners and Dinner Steak specials

The
Village
Pump

PUT SOME "POW"
INTO YOUR NOW....

WHERE THE
SUPER
GOOD TIMES ARE...



DIRTY
DON'S

Casino

H APPY JUNE BIRTHDAYS:

June 6

Ella Caroline Davis Russell

Leslie McCall

Linda Mae Cronhkite

June 8

Del Ehrbar

June 10

Ben Elfers

June 13

Jack Evans

June 16

Eric Elfers

June 17

Jean Hazlinger

June 19

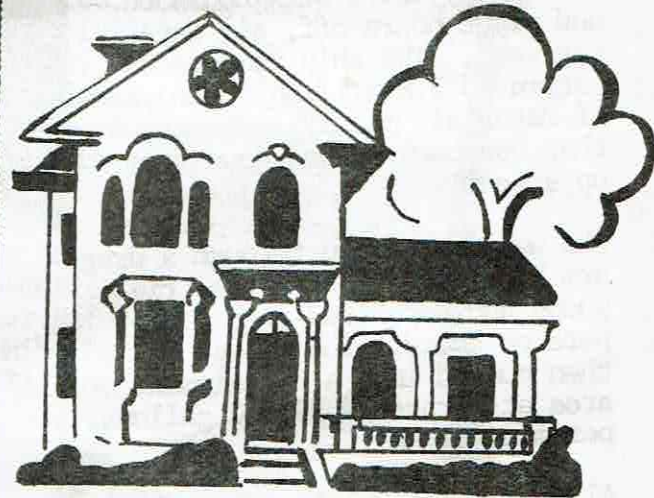
Mark Anthony Navorska



Sure sign of spring.....
Mary Schock and her
trusty bicycle

WE ARE PLANNING A MOVE....
The office of Kelleys
Island Home Town news is
planning to move within
the next few months. We
will continue to bring you
monthly editions just as
before...in fact, we are
expanding our operations
and hope to be able to
add color and more pages
to the paper as we continue
to grow. Keep your letters
and photographs and those
stories coming. We will
notify you of our new address
as soon as the move is done.

.....editor



THE INN

*New accomodations 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]

'World of its own'

DON ERNE admits that life on the lakes is second nature to him now. His life has been spent on or around the water since he was born 49 years ago on Kelleys Is.

He now works aboard the U.S. hopper dredge 'Markham, the largest and most modern of the U.S. Corps of Engineers fleet.

Purpose of the ship is to vacuum shipping channels and harbors up and down the eastern great lakes keeping the water depth regulated for smooth shipping operations.

From mid March to Mid December he works a shift of 4 hours on and eight hours off, six days per week. The ship removes an estimated 3.8 million cubic yards of material, mainly sediment that has been washed down from up stream.

The water is drawn through a drag arm by two 1,000 H.P. electric pumps and deposited into 8 hoppers on board. The sludge is then pumped into a containment area at a rate of 39,000 gallons per minute!

Although Lake Erie's temper can cause her to rise and fall much faster than the other Great Lakes, Erne takes it all in stride. He says he prefers life on the ship to that of his mainland counterparts. "Once it gets into your blood...you are hooked on a sail-

ors life", he explains. And Don's experience with boats began when he was working for the Neuman Boat Line at the age of 16 as a deckhand.

He now lives with his wife, Lois, in Bayview, Ohio when his schedule allows him shore leave...which isn't often, there are a few months of the year when the ship is docked at Cleveland's E. ninth street pier for major repairs... then it is out to sea again.



DON AND LOIS ERNE

....photo and story
by;
Carol Vogler Elfers



psst...

12 ACRES FOR SALE.....
Wooded lots with large
building suitable for
boat storage

and

11 individual lots
along south shore with-
in view of the lake.
Capable of holding three
or four homes. This land
is cleared, mowed, and
beach privileges are
included. Plenty of top
soil and within walking
distance of the boat dock.
Surrounding lots are also
well kept and mowed. lots
of trees, privacy, off
shore breezes. For more
information call; Carol
Vogler Elfers 419-625-4551
and Mike McCune Realty
746-2257 or 625-6780



RIDE! ISLAND EXPRESS

PUT-IN-BAY MON 10:10 AM
PELEE CANADA THURS
9:45AM



RESERVATIONS ONLY
TICKETS AT SUNSET POINT
PH.746-2391 LODGE

The Lusty.

On a sunny afternoon it was once the thing to do..... hop aboard the Island Express and visit Put-In-Bay or Pelee Canada.

Seen here, Howard Navorska stands surrounded by a group of young ladies about to depart for other islands in Lake Erie.

Photo was taken in the late 1960's. Thanks to Rosetta Navorska for sharing this memory with our readers.

We encourage your participation with photos. Wrap them securely within an envelop and send to: Home Town News, 304 Feick Bldg. Sandusky, Ohio 44870. We will return them to you unharmed.....Editor



WINTERS ON KELLEYS ISLAND

By Josephine (Pohorence) Krizek

The Pioneers had nothing on us Islanders when it came to surviving the winters...they probably had it better, snug in their log cabins.

We lived in a two-story house, gone now, that used to stand not ten feet from the road between the Pape Cottage and the Lange homestead. It was a converted saloon and billiard parlor with fourteen feet ceilings and seven foot windows. It was the coolest place in town in the summer and likewise in the winter!

It had no basement, no furnace, no storm windows and NO RUNNING WATER (unless you count running back and forth to the Lange Press house with buckets).

Every fall, Dad would haul the old soft coal stove out of its summer resting place in the dining room and after setting up the base in the living room would summon a couple of strong fellow fishermen to help him lift it onto the base. Getting the pipes to fit so that they would stay in the chimney was a job. I remember one time Dad crawled up the high ladder and took off the fancy flu cover and to our amazement...two BEFUD-DLED BATS flew out into the living room. Everyone began batting the bats till the room was a shambles. Someone finally opened the door and they flew out along with our cat who didn't come back for a week!

Controlling a coal stove took a lot of savvy and often times Dad would fill her up and open the draft and between the draft in the house and in the chimney, the whole stove and the pipe got red as a beet in ten minutes.

Dad would have to use a broom handle to close the damper while we prayed the pipe wouldn't fall. Even though the stove glowed red we were cold a few feet away.

The one advantage to living in this house was the grandstand seat we had to viewing all that went

on on the lake. When the lake was thoroughly frozen, cars zipped back and forth to the mainland day and night. We often spent hours watching the headlights coming back till late at night. Sunday afternoons Islanders played hockey right out in front and ice boats skimmed back and forth between the docks.

One Sunday afternoon a certain islander, who had sipped one too many drinks, came stumbling down the hill to the slip at Koster's dock. A crowd of us were standing around a big smokey fire on the beach and there were several iceboats moored in the slip. Well, this character decided he was going to go for a ride and before anyone thought to stop him....he was off and running with the boat!

It so happened that this particular day there was black open water about a mile off shore...when this joyrider got into the wind, he began one of the fanciest, wildest, wierdest series of antics... We all held our breath as he headed for open water...then did a U-turn and headed straight for the dock, just missing it. He then side-slid on one runner over a pile of ice cakes and then again headed for the open water!

About this time the owner of the boat came looking for it and when he learned it was in jeopardy, quickly got a couple of ice boaters to go after him. There ensued a merry chase, which finally ended with the culprit careening again over the ice pile and straight up onto the beach.

One of the nicer winter happenings was the Masquerade Ball. I can remember our whole family going and for fifty cents you got a full course dinner and could dance till one or two in the morning. Tables were lined up in the Town Hall basement and with white table cloths, china and silver (nothing paper then) we were served a wonderful meal.

Mary Augusta and Ossie would furnish the music and when it came time for the grand march, little Mr. Russworm would organize the entrants and lead the parade around and around the hall while the judges sat on the stage. Every single year, for

years, JOE MATSO would arrive just in time for the march. It just wasn't official until you saw Joe in his Red Devil Suit and pitch fork come up the stairs, proding anyone in his path...He was hilarious!!!

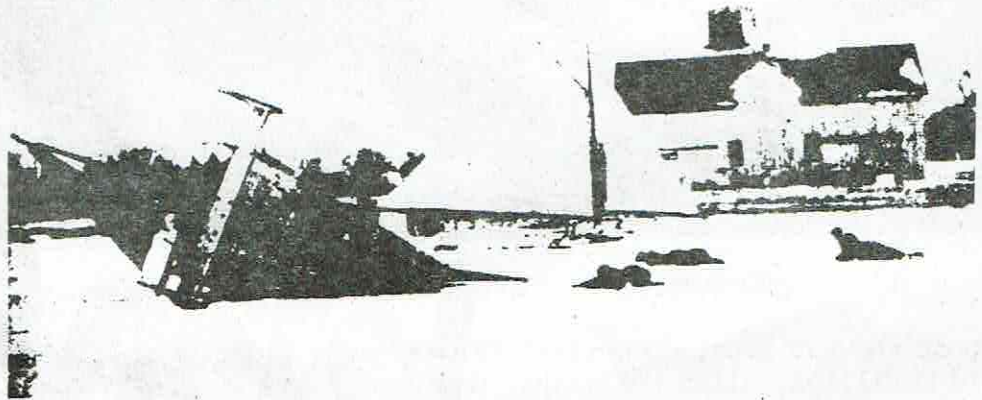
Then there were sleigh rides. After a good heavy snow we'd often ask Lloyd Marchky to take us for a ride. These were during my early school years at the Catholic School. We would meet at the school hall about seven in the evening and soon Lloyd would come along with his big sleigh and team their traces strung with sleighbells.

We'd all pile in under the fur rug he had for us

and would ride over to the priest's house to pick up Father Joe Maerder and his housekeeper. One time Father Joe had a new housekeeper who was very heavy. When she tried to board the sleigh, it began tipping, and we all had to get to the far side so that she could get on. We all had a good laugh and singing and swallowing a lot of cold air...we drove off. On several occasions, we stopped the ride in front of Mr. William Burgers house to sing a few songs for his bed-ridden invalid wife. Those were wonderful years...when Father Joe Maerder was our mentor.

Now, for twelve years I've lived here in Rancho Cucamonga California, and if the temperature goes below sixty five degrees....I'm FREEZIN!

off to smooth start



The huge wooden ice boats could travel at the speed of the wind, but could also spill their passengers across the ice when they tipped over! Here a group recovers their composure shortly after the accident. The wooden ice boats held 3 or 4 passengers and carried canvas sails. Today's boats are built for one driver and sport nylon sails. Since they are not built to haul supplies, they are not a popular vehicle for inter-island travel, as were their larger A-frame counterparts.

THE PEOPLE PAGE



WHEN COMMERCIAL FISHING WAS BOUNTIFUL

Part of the Lay Bros. Commercial Fishing crew...pictured here are: David McKillips, Allen McKillips, George McKillips, Allan (Boss) McKillips, Joe Moross and Steve Lachmey. Constant straining against taut lines and Lake Erie Current produced men with extremely strong backs and arms. This is one of the reasons the Kelleys Island baseball team was unbeatable. It also prevented young men from the mainland or other islands from stealing away eligible young women. Can you imagine facing a group of strong men such as the above picture and explaining that you wanted to date one of their sisters?

CATCH THE
SPIRIT OF
MOTHER'S DAY

**Take Mom Out
For Dinner**

AT THE

**Marina
Grill
& Motel**



Have you ever noticed how a chance remark can take a conversation way off to left field? Such a thing happened to me one day, quite a while ago, as I was talking to LAURA JEAN POHORENCE.

She told me she was leaving for the mainland to enter the hospital for tests on her eye. I asked which hospital and she told me Lutheran Medical Center in Cleveland. I replied that I had been a patient there when it was just plain Lutheran Hospital. I explained that I had lived on W. 114th St in Cleveland and Frankie chimed in "Really? I used to work at 116th and Clifton!"

Said I, "Remember the Granada Theatre?, St. Rose's Catholic Church, Dunk Donut Shoppe....." and so it went for a good 15 or 20 minutes, remembering all the landmarks from that area and to think he was living and working just a few blocks from us!....such nostalgia!

And speaking of nostalgia...those of you who have never known anything but supermarkets, can't half appreciate Frankids little store as I do! I grew up in the neighborhood Frankie and I had been discussing and when I was little, we had a real old fashioned corner grocery store, complete with a long wooden counter and all the goods stocked on shelves behind the clerks so that you had to ask for what you wanted.

Then, when my sister and I would go in to pay our bill, the store keeper would go over to the candy counter and reach in those huge glass jars and fill a striped paper bag with all sorts of goodies!

Next door was a real old-fashioned butcher shop...with saw dust on the floor, sausages hanging from hooks and the butcher waiting to cut your meat, wearing straw sleeve guards and a straw hat...In both stores you could stop and chat awhile with the owners and with neighbors who might be in the store. That's what it is like at Frankies and it brings back so many happy memories....!

Lee and I have been walking to the store ea morning, and one day, as we passed the Villa Pump, I said to Lee that WAYNE FINGER should be coming pretty soon, as JAKIE MARTIN had told us he'd be back the latter part of March. When we got to the store and walked in...the first person we saw was WAYNE...My old E.S. again. Wayne will not be with us this summer has a good job in Florida, but he will be back the island for his vacation! We shall miss him and his family, but wish him good luck in his new venture.

Heard that the PETE NIERS family from Popeye Marina are leaving us for Florida and that LO GIGLIOTTI will be moving up here shortly as a year-round resident. Sorry to lose the one, but happy to gain the other!

Took a ride with Lee down to DON WILLIAM home where Lee was going to check on it once more before the Williams came back. JOE AND NAOMI JASTER drove in next door as we were there and NAOMI invited me inside to see her house. She also showed me dozens of lovely quilts she had made and lovely embroidered pictures on the walls...What a very talented person and a very generous one! Before we left she gave RONNIE a beautiful brass lantern, and to me, a pottery oil lamp...very unusual, that I had seen at our Unity Service, as a decoration on the tables where we had our coffee hour. I found out it belonged to SIS McKILLIPS and she said it had been given to her. When I saw Naomis, mentioned having seen the lamp Sis had and she said she had given her one. Naomi then went to a cupboard and brought forth another lamp....like hers...and gave it to me.

Once more, I have encountered a batch of 3's...This time concerning the SWALLOWS OF CAPISTRANO. The first occasion came with JAKIE MARTIN's visit to Kelleys in March and the pictures he showed us of the Mission in Capistrano. "Oh, I said, "The one famous for the swallows!"

BY CORADINE MYERS

The second occasion was a few weeks later when a story appeared in the paper concerning a new Mission being built in Capistrano, and hopefully the new tower would bring back the swallows, who number had been decreasing over the years. The Third occasion was at church a few weeks later, when I admired a beautiful ceramic pin that LUCILLE MATHEWS was wearing. It was in the shape of a bird and Lucille said her daughter had sent it to her from California and that it was a swallow from, you guessed it...Capistrano!

The first boat from Sandusky on March 25th brought us some unexpected company..... THERESA BUSCI, who had come over to pick up her car, which Lee had been fixing for her. It was such a surprise...as we had been planning to drive the car to the dock and then Theresa was to have picked it up at Sandusky. She got homesick for Kelleys and decided to come get it herself. Then later on, CAROL ELFERS and daughter, Erin,

along with MARY SCHOCK, Paid us a visit! was so good to see them all again.

And at Pot Luck a few weeks ago, STEVE AND MAYBELLE KEKELIK brought along the granddaughter, PEGGY, her husband, RICHARD HOLMES, and their two lovely children. It was good to see SANDY BOCKERMAN, along with MARSHALL and the BLOOMS.

Our sympathies to JUDY WEINTRAUB on the loss of her mother.

After managing to pull through the winter without her usual bout with the flu, ELLIES HUGHES laid up with it now...in SPRING!

Our "Snow Birds" are popping up all over...see DON NOWAK and LILLIAN KOKAS at the store and ELMER CRAFT stopped by to pick up his keys and deliver a huge bag of oranges. Did not see him at that time, but saw him at the store the next day and did a double-take as I could not believe it was Elmer...his head was all covered with curls! He got a permanent ...as barbers were non-existent where he was...You'd better keep an eye on him ROSIE, he looks REAL CUT!


LOU GIGLIOTTI was first in line for the first ferry from Marblehead on April 4th, with the A. RUMEL's a close second. TED BLATT was first on the ferry from Sandusky in March. Al and Marge came to see us Sunday and gave each of us a gift bought while on their trip to California, a lovely vase for me, a bolo tie for Lee and a beautiful shell key chain for RONNIE. We thought it was so very wonderful of them to think of us like that!

Once more...I MUST SAY IT...."HAVE WE GOT FRIENDS"

Till next time
coradine

THE LETTER SHOP

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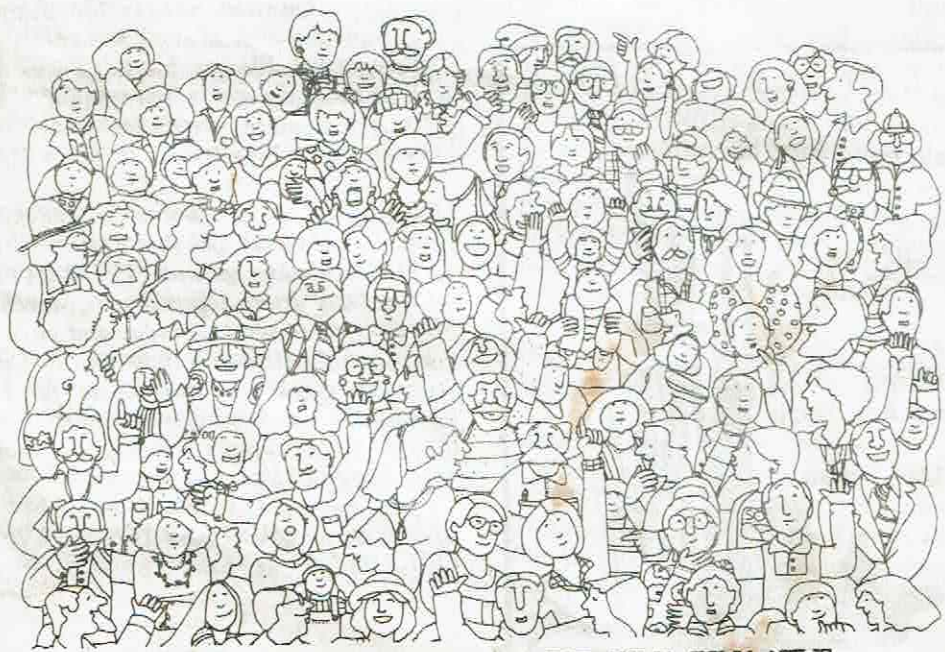
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