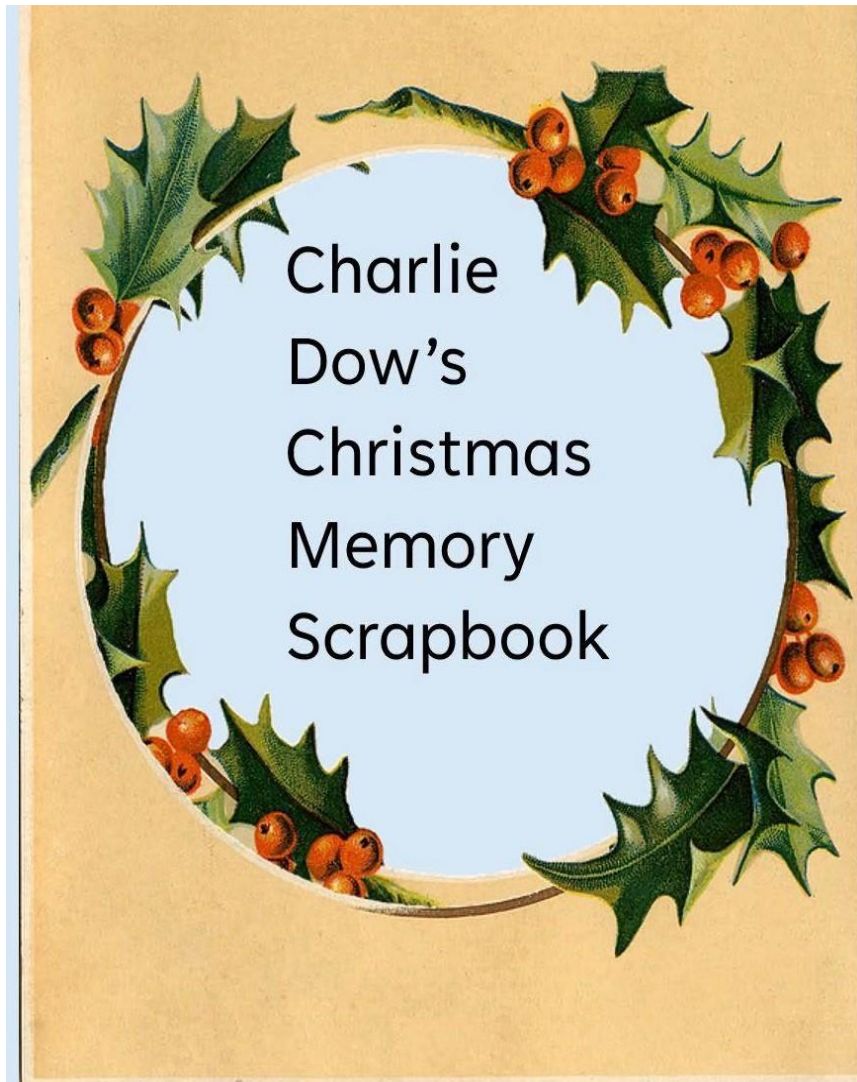




Renewed Remembering: The Newsletter of the Conneaut Area Historical Society

December 2023

Volume 1, Issue 12



From Charlie
Dow's Christmas
Memory
Scrapbook

Christmas
Blessing

"This Christmas
may we all note
and enjoy the
comings and the
goings of those
who are dear to us
and strive for all
of us to live in a
state of peace and
tranquility."

Time Travel Tuesday

December 12, 2023, at the
Villa on the Lake, from 6 to 7
p.m. Debbie Herbal will
present a program about Axis
Sally.

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In This Issue...Charlie Dow's Christmas
Memory Scrapbook...Time Travel
Tuesday..."All Conneaut Will Have a
Sad Christmas"...Dock Talk Tales...

And more

Christmas Connections and Reflections

From Charlie Dow's Christmas Memory Scrapbook



This scrapbook was a Christmas remembrance from my wife Ruth C. Dow, on Christmas Eve, December 24, 1941. She had thought, and it was a most laudable one, that I should use this book, not only for writing my impressions of the war, but also to paste into it the most important news clippings of the day and thus to prepare and hand down the memory from firsthand information of these trying days.

I also wished to preserve in this book the comings and the goings of those who are dear to us. Some of them are now in military service and may never return to their homes. Others are on the point of draft or enlistment, and I fear it may be years before we are permitted to live in the state of peace and tranquility we have so many years enjoyed.

In 1940, Charles (Charlie) Dow and his wife Ruth lived at 184 Liberty Street in Conneaut. Charlie worked as the Secretary to the Conneaut Chamber of Commerce in the Cleveland Hotel building. Since he had registered for both the World War I and World War II Drafts, Charlie had a special interest in the events of December 7, 1941.

It is War

On this afternoon of Sunday, December 7, 1941 (now that date will ever stand out



in American History) I was, as is my custom, either reading or dozing in my den, when at about 2:30 p.m., our telephone rang. Ruth answered the call and after a very few seconds conversation, yelled up to me "that was Sara (Sara Lord) and she told me "the Japs are bombing Hawaii." I needed no greater incentive than that to cause me immediately to tune in and try to get more information from the radio. I was able to do so although the news was meager. At 3:15 p.m. I listened to Mr.

Kaltenborn as is my habit each Sunday afternoon and from him learned what then was available of the dastardy and treacherous attack upon Pearl Harbor.

I could scarcely realize this brazen piece of treachery could take place in this day and age. Yet, when I recall how many nations Hitler has attacked in the same “no warning” way, I grasped the connection between Japan and Germany in this attack. There was no telling at the early hour what losses we had sustained. I felt that they would prove to be severe both in loss of life and ships and I knew it would be days before the worst would be known and the citizenry informed.

Japan has been looking for a war and now she has it, and the full power of the United States must be turned against her to insure our victory.

Charles James Dow and his wife Ruth are buried in Glenwood Cemetery.

In a tragic twist of fate, Sara Lord, who called Charlie and his wife Ruth Dow to tell them about the Pearl Harbor attack, lost both of her sons in World War II.



Sgt. William Roy Lord, Jr., was killed in action on July 12, 1944, and he is buried in Henri-Chapelle American Cemetery and Memorial in Belgium. He has a monument beside his brother Second Lieutenant James Richard Lord and his parents William Roy Lord, Sr., and his mother Sara Sawtelle Lord in Center Cemetery, Conneaut.

Second Lieutenant James Richard Lord was killed on August 10, 1944, and not accounted for until September 25, 2018. He is listed in Florence American Cemetery in Italy. A memorial service for Sgt. Lord took place at Conneaut Township Park Bluffs on Lake Road on Saturday, June 22, 2019, and he has a monument in Center Cemetery beside his parents and brother.



REGISTRATION CARD—(Men born on or after April 28, 1897 and on or before February 16, 1907)

SERIAL NUMBER	1. NAME (Print)	ORDER NUMBER
U. 1454	WILLIAM ROY LORD	
2. PLACE OF RESIDENCE (Print) 239 SANDUSKI ST. CONNEAUT ASHTABULA OHIO		
3. MAILING ADDRESS Same		
4. TELEPHONE 32-382	5. AGE IN YEARS 50	6. PLACE OF BIRTH DORSET
DATE OF BIRTH July 10 1891 OHIO		
7. NAME AND ADDRESS OF PERSON WHO WILL ALWAYS KNOW YOUR ADDRESS MRS. SARA LORD 239 SANDUSKI ST. CONNEAUT OHIO		
8. EMPLOYER'S NAME AND ADDRESS Bell Lord Sign Service		
9. PLACE OF EMPLOYMENT OR BUSINESS 239 Sanduski St. Conneaut Ohio		
I AFFIRM THAT I HAVE TRULY ABOVE ANSWERED THE QUESTIONS		
D. S. N. FORM 1 (Revised 4-1-42) William Roy Lord		

William Roy Lord, Sr. filed draft notices for World War I, and World War II.

Dock Talk Tales

December 1969

Christmas 1969- A Time to Reflect



During the past three years our nation has witnessed a social change within a segment of young adults; a change so different from any previous generation that we ask why and what the future will bring. Our youth say they are seeking social reform and in doing so are rebelling against all established institutions regardless of purpose or past performances.

Our reaction is to defend our system mainly through comparing achievements of our nation to any existing form of society or any known to have existed. Yet we know, through experience, these young adults are not

receptive to any answers except complete change. Regardless of how or what developed this attitude in our youth, it does exist and can be used to advantage by examining the part we play in society. The righteous goals our youth seek presently exist in our establishment, namely social justice, and love of neighbor.

Our government is founded on equality of human rights and our religious institutions are based on brotherly love. The wrongs present in our society are not the basic concepts nor the institutions, but people who bend the rules.

Fortunately, a large percentage of our youth have not forsaken our nation, yet they are questioning. Through the action of adults, they will decide whether to pursue our way of life or look for a social-type of government.

Christmas is in celebration of a Man who founded social reform and lived His life on earth as an example of His doctrine. Let each of us reflect on what is happening today and strive to set the example needed to guide our nation and youth toward goals established by our forefathers.

It is my sincere wish that each family enjoy the Christmas season and that the New Year bring fulfillment in all your endeavors.

C.M. McGuirk, Vice President and General Superintendent

“All Conneaut Will Have a Sad Christmas”



Lake Erie wind and waves, relatives of the same ones that had stalked and ambushed the Bessemer No. 2 raced each other to shore and collided with the wooden planks of the Conneaut wharf. On December 7, 1909, and days and months afterwards, people anxiously scanned the Lake Erie horizon for the Marquette Bessemer 2 and its crew. Wives and children, family members, and friends and neighbors of the

crew shivered and pulled their winter clothes more tightly around them. Searching the eternities of lake and sky and life, they waited.

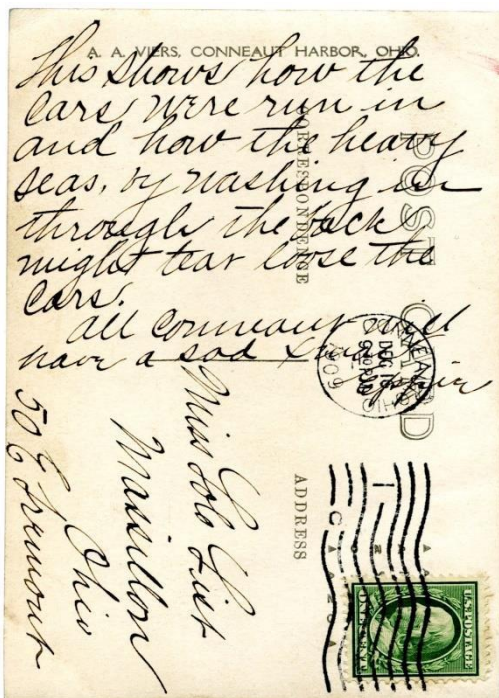


Photo postcard of the Bessemer dated December 16, 1909. At the top of the card is written "The Conneaut car ferry lost sometime between Dec 7th and 10th 1909."

On the reverse side of the card it's also written "This shows how the cars were run in and how the heavy seas, by washing in through the back might tear loose the cars."

"All Conneaut will have a sad Xmas." (From the Facebook Marquette Bessemer No. 2 site Ryan Bekanger.

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/185359218371/>)

On December 12, 1909, the Duluth News-Tribune reported that hoping against hope, the people at the Conneaut wharf were waiting for the tug that left Port Dover for Long Point that Friday afternoon to see if the Bessmer 2 was sheltering at Long Point would find the car ferry. If the car ferry were not sheltering

at Long Point, that would destroy their hopes of its safety like storm tossed waves. The ominous news that the steamer W.B. Davock had reported finding scattered wreckage with the green markings of the Bessemer collapsed like a sand castle buffeted by waves.. The Duluth News-Tribune speculated that if the wreckage that

the Davock had found was from the Marquette Bessemer No. 2, the way the car ferry had been loaded caused her demise. The load featured a heavy weight of bridge iron piled on top of the freight cars and the 75 mile an hour winds and fierce waves caused the load to shift, snatching control of the Bessemer from Captain Robert McLeod's capable hands.

The weekend after the Marquette Bessemer No. 2 failed to return from its regular run to Port Stanley, Ontario the people on both sides of Lake Erie waited anxiously for its captain and crew.

Conneaut people faced the reality of taking the sad next step of planning funerals for their family members on the crew of the Bessemer which the Duluth news described as believed to have "turned turtle in Lake Erie."



Laurel V. and Addie O. Stone, the parents of twenty-five-year-old Frank Edward Stone, the youngest second mate on the Great Lakes, arranged to bury him in City Cemetery in Conneaut. Chief Engineer Eugene Wood's parents Stephen Wood and Matilda Tinline Wood and his wife Gertrude Ringsell Wood and their two children were left to mourn him. He and Gertrude and his brother are buried in St. John's Anglican Cemetery in St. Catharine's, Ontario.

George R.A. Smith's wife Anna buried him in City Cemetery in Conneaut and Edward Butler's wife and R.C. Smith's wife arranged their burials. Coal passer William Ray's first trip on the Bessemer was his last.

Just a little over a week after the Marquette Bessemer No. 2 disappeared, The Conneaut News Herald edition of December 14, 1909, reported that this day resembled the day that the Bessemer crew last saw their home. That day Conneaut lighthouse keeper Edward Pfister had waved to Captain McLeod as the Bessemer headed into the stormy lake. This day, a little over a week later, the News Herald headline announced that funeral services were held for two crew members of the Marquette Bessemer No. 2 that had been found in Lifeboat No. 4 off Erie, Pennsylvania. Their funerals took place at St. Mary's Catholic Church and the Methodist Church in Conneaut. In the morning last rites were performed over the body of John W. Soares (Not Emmanuel, his brother), at St. Mary's Church and in the afternoon services were held for Thomas Steele at the Methodist Church. John W. Soares was the son of Joseph Soares Sr. who worked at the Pittsburgh & Conneaut Docks and he is buried in St. Joseph Cemetery in Conneaut. Thomas Steel is buried in Center Cemetery in Conneaut.

Plans for the burial of George Smith of Harbor Street, the third Conneaut crewman found in the life boat were still pending. His family was waiting for the arrival of a brother from Westminster, Canada.

The Duluth News-Tribune printed what it considered the “corrected” list of the crew of the Marquette Bessemer No. 2.

R. R. McLeod, captain, Conneaut; J. C. McLeod, first mate, Courtwright, Ont.; Frank Stone, second mate, Conneaut; Eugene Wood, chief engineer, Conneaut; E. Buckler, first assistant, Conneaut; T. Kennedy, second engineer, Conneaut; W. Wigglesworth, fireman, Conneaut; W. Wilson, Wheelsman, Conneaut; Fred Walker, unknown; Watchman F. Annis, Conneaut; J. Clancy, Cleveland; J. Wirtz, oiler, Detroit; G. Lawrence, cook, Port Stanley; coal passers P. Keith, Conneaut; J. King, Port Stanley; J. Bailey, Canada; F. Barrett, seaman, Wisconsin; E. Harvey, seaman, unknown; P. Hughes, seaman, Conneaut; D. Ball, seaman, unknown; Charles Kreitts, seaman, unknown; Albert J. Weis, passenger, Erie; Christ Johnson, passenger, Erie.

Wikipedia List

Robert McLeod, Captain. Body found October 6, 1910, on Long Point. Conneaut. Buried in City Cemetery, Conneaut.

John McLeod, First Mate. Body found April 6, 1910, in Niagara River at Niagara Falls, Ontario. Lived in Courtwright, Ontario.

Frank Stone, Second Mate. Conneaut. City Cemetery, Conneaut.

R.C. Smith, Purser

William Wilson, Wheelman. Body found on Long Point, October 1910. Conneaut.

John Clancy, Wheelman. Cleveland.

F. Annis, Watchman . Conneaut.

Fred Walker, Watchman

Eugene Wood, Chief Engineer Body found May 2, 1910, near Port Colborne, Ontario, Lived in Conneaut. Buried in St. John’s Anglican Cemetery, St. Catharine’s, Ontario

Edward Buckler, First Assistant Engineer. Conneaut.

Joe Shank, Shenk. Found dead in Lifeboat No.4.
J. Olson, Fireman.
W. Wigglesworth, Fireman. Conneaut.
J. Cook, Fireman
John Paddy Hart, Oiler. Found dead in Lifeboat No. 4.
Patrick Keith, Oiler. Body recovered. Conneaut.
A, Snyder, Oiler.
Charles Allen, Oiler/Coal Passer. Found dead in Lifeboat No. 4.
John Wirtz, Oiler/Seaman. Making last trip on ship. Detroit.
William Ray, coal passer. Found dead in Lifeboat No. 4.
Roy Hines. O'Hagen. Coal passer. Found dead in Lifeboat No. 4
J. Hing, King. Coal passer. Port Stanley, Canada
C, Coupt, Coal passer.
George R. Smith, Steward. Found dead in Life Boat No. 4 armed with kitchen knives.
Harry Thomas, Second Cook. Found dead in Life Boat No. 4. Buried in Union United Church Cemetery, Union, Ontario
J. Schwartz, Waiter.
Emanuel Soars, Porter. Found dead in Life Boat No. 4. Not Emanuel, but his brother J.W. Soares.
George L. Lawrence, Porter. Missed boat on previous trip. Port Stanley.
J. Bailey, Canada
F. Barrett, seaman, Wisconsin

In December 2023, the Marquette Bessemer No. 2 and part of her crew still are waiting for safe harbors. Remember them and pray that someday they will finally come home.

Happy Hulett Holidays



Happy Hulett Holidays

From the Conneaut Historical Society



"Dad is due back today and he is bringing the Eskimo! "I am going down to the harbor to watch for him." Polly did not even wait for her mother's answer. She grabbed her wool coat, scarf, mittens and hood from the closet and banged the heavy wooden kitchen door behind her. Lowering her head into the wind, she pushed down the street until she was out of sight of her house. Then she sat down in the snow and pulled on her boots. Jumping up, she tried to run with the wind.



Polly knew that her mother would send her brother Bill after her, especially when the wind threw gusty tantrums and threw snow at everything it could reach. She knew it would take Bill a few minutes to catch up with her. If she ran, maybe she could even gain half an hour ahead of him. She tried to run, but the wind pushed her to a trot. She kept trotting. Christmas was only a week away and Dad had to be home for Christmas. She and Mom and Bill had chopped down a Christmas tree and decorated it with strings of popcorn and cranberries and ornaments they made out of paper.



Polly had wrapped the knitted cap and gloves that she had made for Bill and put the package under the tree. She had made a necklace for mom out of shells she found on the beach last summer and carefully put that package under the tree. She had plans for Dad's gift that she needed to talk to talk over with the Eskimo Santa Claus when he and Dad arrived at the Conneaut dock. She tried to run faster, but the wind pushed against her like a determined fist.



Even though she had to fight the wind, it took Bill fifteen minutes to catch up with Polly. She stuck tongue out at him and kept moving against the wind. The wind grabbed her red woolen scarf and flapped it behind her like a flag. The wind pushed breeze fingers down her throat, trying to get her to stop and breathe like she usually did, but she did not slow down to breathe. The walk from Silent City where their rickety wooden house stood to Conneaut Harbor usually took about ten minutes, but today the wind and snow accumulated walking time like snowdrifts.



Bill loomed beside her, looking like a walking snowman. Snow fingers reached under his stocking cap, twirling white highlights in his black hair. "Mom says to come home right now," he gasped.

The wind snatched the words and blew them into its jaws, but Polly knew what they were. She pushed Bill and pushing against the wind, she tried to keep walking. Bill grabbed her scarf, pulling her back beside him.

"I am going to meet dad," she shouted. Bill kept walking beside her. Polly knew that Bill knew what she said even though the wind snatched away some of her words.

Polly and Bill fought sometimes but most of the time she and Bill worked to pull together even though they were two oars in different oarlocks. Things like mom and dad and living in Silent City because of the Depression and dad working on the docks at the Pittsburgh and Conneaut Dock Company made them pull together. Things like Conneaut Harbor and Lake Erie itself kept them from smashing away angry words and feelings between them like the storm winds were smashing the waves of Lake Erie against the shore.



They finally came to the top of the bluff overlooking the harbor and the wind stopped for a breather. Polly and Bill stopped too. Polly watched the waves racing toward the shore like water racing from the pump in their kitchen. The curtain of snow parted for a moment, and she saw the lighthouse standing like a shadow sentinel guarding the white snowflakes dancing around it.

"I wish dad were here instead of coming down the lakes from Duluth. In a tugboat," Polly shouted in Bill's ear.

Bill scowled. "You do not have to yell in my ear. The wind's died down a little."

"Dad said he was bringing an Eskimo home," Polly said. "Eskimos live at the North Pole so the Eskimo might have a message from Santa Claus."



"Polly, remember mom told us Santa Claus will not be coming this year. Dad does not make a lot of money at the docks, you know. That is why he went to Duluth last fall with the tugboat to pick up some good tows before the snow and ice."

"Dad and Santa are not the same person," Polly shouted.

Bill moved away from her. "I told you not to shout in my ear."



Polly moved over to him and whispered, "Dad is bringing home an Eskimo and that Eskimo probably knows Santa Claus. He could even BE Santa Claus."

"Polly," you have to stop talking about Santa Claus. You hurt mom and dad when you do that."

Polly stared at him. "Why can't I talk about Santa Claus?"

"Because that reminds them that they cannot be our Santa Claus. Not now during the Depression."

"We are not in the Depression, Bill. We have our house and mom makes us good things to eat. We have enough wood to keep warm and we go to school. Those are blessing things, like Father Cassidy at St. Mary's said last Sunday."



"Silent City is not really a blessing, Polly. It is a few rows of run-down wooden houses with fields full of weeds in between. And there are not many people besides us living there. That is why the people in Conneaut call it Silent City."

"Dad said we got a blessing when we moved here because Mr. Carnegie is going to build his steel mill here. He gave Dad a job at the docks. That was a blessing. Dad did not have a job before."

Bill scowled. "Do you see a steel mill? Do you see any neighbors except the Winslows on the next street? Hope is as dim as our yard light."



"No, but we will see the steel mill and lots of people. We have to have faith like Father Cassidy and mom and dad say."

Bill sighed. "Like I need to have faith that I won't have to fight Abner Anderson when I see him."

Polly sighed right behind Bill. "Why do you have to fight him?"



"He keeps calling me 'The Sap from Silent City.' He is no better off than we are. Even though his dad is the lightkeeper, they are as poor as we are."

Polly stared at the lighthouse. By now the dancing snowflakes had turned to flurries that blotted out the lighthouse behind their white curtains. Polly pointed to where she thought the lighthouse stood. "How is Papa going to see his way into the harbor if the lighthouse isn't lighted?" she wondered, brushing a snowflake out of her eye. Or was it a tear?





"Bill's eyes followed her pointing finger. He did not say anything. Polly knew he was worried when he took off his stocking cap and slapped it against his knees to knock off the snow.

"Put your hat back on, Bill. We have to see if the keeper will light the light for Dad."

Bill stood there like a frozen snowman staring at the dark lighthouse.

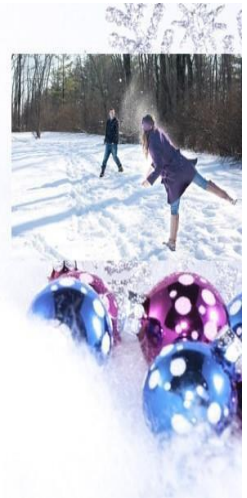


Polly pulled his hat out of his limp fingers and put it back on his head. "Come on, we have to go to the lighthouse and talk to Mr. Andrews."

"Go to the lighthouse! Abner will be there, and will have to fight with him again!"

"Who is more important, Abner or Dad?" Polly asked him.

They half slid, half rolled down the steep hill leading to the Conneaut Beach. Polly stopped worrying about Dad and looking at the dark lighthouse long enough to roll a snowball and throw it at Bill.



She picked off the white snow pebbles clinging to her mittens and threw them after the big snowball. Dad had promised to bring her some stones from Lake Superior – agates he called them. He told her they were formed by the glaciers that created Lake Superior and they had rainbow colors. She could hardly wait for Dad to come home with her agates. She could hardly wait for Dad to come home. He HAD to hurry home before this storm got worse.



By the time Polly and Bill reached the wooden pier and walk that led to the lighthouse, the storm had intensified. Now the snow came in sheets instead of curtains that sometimes parted to allow them to see the lighthouse. Now, the sun resembled a tiny lamp globe with a dim kerosene lantern like the one in front of their wooden house in Silent City. Mom had to light the yard lamp with kerosene, but Dad had told her that the light house had newfangled electric lamps. Now, Polly knew what Bill meant when he said that hope was as dim as their yard light, but she also knew that electricity made lamps glow into the night or in a daytime storm.



Hope dim did not mean hope blown out like the wind blew her scarf, Polly thought as she rescued it from the wind and retied it around her neck. She had to keep catching and rewinding her scarf and she could catch hope and relight the lamp. Mr. Andrews could relight the lamps. All he had to do was pull some switches, according to Bill. She and Bill would help him and so would Abner. She would force them to help if necessary.



Polly and Bill stepped slowly down the pier and along the walkway leading to the lighthouse. She pretended she was one of the Massasauga Indians who had lived in Conneaut long before she and Bill and Mom and Dad had moved into their wooden house in Silent City. Footstep into footstep she told herself.



Slowly, carefully, creeping forward, not running and slipping and falling into the waves crashing against the sides of the pier and sweeping over the wooden walk. She and Bill finally reached the lighthouse and Bill banged on the door.

After what seemed like a forever time to Polly, the door opened. Abner Anderson stood there scowling at them. She remembered him a little from school, but not too much since he stayed with the older boys and did not even look at girls like her. His brown eyes were angry like the Lake Erie waves. He looked from her to Bill.



"What are you doing here Henshaw and what do you want?" Abner demanded.

Bill took a step forward like he was ready for a fight.

Polly took a step forward because she was more than ready for a fight. "We need help," she said. "My father's tugboat is due to come into Conneaut Harbor and the lighthouse is dark. Can you light the lamps so he can come safely home?"



"I don't help little girls like you," Abner said. Especially since you came with Henshaw. That probably means you are a Henshaw too!"

Polly stood tall in her snowy boots. She scooped handfuls of snow from the sleeves of her coat and rolled them into snowballs. Her first throw hit Abner in the nose.



While he spluttered and pushed the snow away, a woman with wavy brown hair appeared behind him. "Abner, what are you doing out here being rude to Polly Henshaw? Come in Polly and Bill. What are you doing out here in the storm?"

The woman pulled Polly into the warm lighthouse and helped her brush the snow from her coat.

An older man with a black beard appeared behind Abner. "I am Hiram Anderson, the lightkeeper," he said. "Can I help you, child?"



Polly pulled away from the woman. "You must light the lamps. My Dad is trying to get into the harbor with his tug Miranda and the storm is so bad. He has to come safely home. I have heard you have a switch that will make them glow like the sun on a warm summer day."

- "I cannot light the lamps, child. The electric plant has been hit by the storm and we have no power to light the lamps."

Polly unwound her scarf from around her neck. "The wind winds and unwinds my scarf, but I can do it too. Isn't there another way to light the lighthouse besides the electric lights?"

Lightkeeper Anderson thoughtfully scratched his black beard. "We have boxes of government surplus candles in the basement. We could use those to light the lights."

He picked up one of the kerosene lanterns that sat in the entryway. "Come in, Henshaws. We will light the way for your dad."

"It will take us a long time to light those candles, Pop," Abner said.

Polly scowled at him. "Not if we work together."



Polly held her scarf in one hand and held out her other hand to Lightkeeper Anderson. "Can we get started? My dad is out there in that storm."

The lightkeeper put his arm around the woman. "This is my wife, Amelia. She will help too."

"Lead the way," Mrs. Anderson said.

Abner stared at Bill. He took a step forward, his hands clenched into fists.

Bill stared back at Abner. "My dad's out there in that storm. We can fight later, Abner, can't we?"

Abner unclenched his fists and he hastily stepped backward. "Let's light candles," he said.

Polly noticed that Abner limped slightly, and she smiled a secret, satisfied smile. Her kick had landed on his left foot, the very foot he favored as he limped ahead of them and behind his father who led them to the basement. In the dim lantern light, Polly spotted what she thought at first were bricks, but as they got closer, she realized that they were really wooden boxes. She opened the lid of the nearest one. The box held what seemed like hundreds of candles.



Light Keeper Anderson called Mrs. Anderson. He and Mrs. Anderson and Abner, Billy, and Polly dragged boxes and boxes of candles up into the lamp room. They spent the rest of the day and into the twilight lighting candles, putting them in lanterns and candle holders and hanging them around the lamp room. The candles lit the room so bright that it seemed to Polly that the summer sun was shining in the lamp room. Dad would see his way into Conneaut Harbor!



But Polly had to be certain! Quickly she ran down from the lamp room, down the winding stairs, and out into the twilight. The wind had died down and the snow had stopped falling, but there was no moon, and the stars were dim pinpricks of light. Dim pinpricks like her hopes for Dad making safe harbor. She stepped back away from the lighthouse as close to the edge of the walkway as she could get without falling into the dark Lake Erie water. She looked up at the lantern room. All she saw were dim pinpricks of light. The candles were not lighting the way for the Miranda to find Conneaut Harbor. How could she make the candles light brightly enough to guide Dad safely into the Harbor?



Polly ran back into the lighthouse and up the stairs. "The lights are too dim," she Lightkeeper Anderson and his wife. Mr. This time she admitted a tear dropped from her eye and ran down her nose, followed by another and another. Mrs. Anderson hugged her. Lightkeeper Anderson patted her shoulder.

"Lightkeeper Anderson scratched his beard again. "I think I have a solution to the problem," he said. But we all have to work together to get the results we want."

"Each one of you pick up a lantern and follow me," he said.

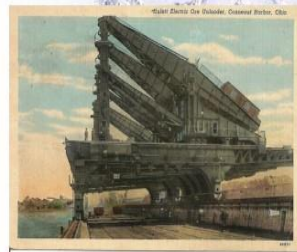


Polly pushed ahead of Abner and Bill. She walked right on Lightkeeper Anderson's heels all of the way down the stairs and across the wooden walk to Dock No 4 where the Hulett's stood like sentinels watching the lighthouse.

When all four of them stood at the foot of the Hulett's, Mr. Anderson said, "Here is the plan."

"I know what you are planning Dad," Abner said.

"I know too," Bill said. "Let's help."



Polly ran ahead of them. Leaning against the wall was a ladder that one of the dock workers had left. She climbed to the top of the ladder swinging her lantern. Mrs. Anderson swung her lantern a rung about Polly. Since Lightkeeper Anderson and Abner and Bill were taller and older than Polly, they climbed the bottom part of the Hulett and held their lanterns up higher.

"They even have longer arms. That is not fair," Polly muttered swinging her lantern and standing on her tiptoes to hold it higher.

"How can this work?" Polly thought. "If the lanterns can't give enough light from the top of the lighthouse, how can they give enough light for Dad to see down here?"



"We don't need to shine lights over the lake," Lightkeeper Anderson said. "We just need to light the harbor entrance and it closer to this level than it is miles out into the lake."

"You are right, Dad," Abner said, sounding surprised. He was so surprised he turned to look at his father and dropped his lantern. Bill quickly picked it up and handed it to him. "We have to keep swinging," he said. They swung their lanterns in unison.



Polly swung her lantern in smaller and smaller circles. How could she have lost hope and left Dad and the Miranda out in the lake? And what about the Eskimo who could be Santa Claus? And what about the Lake Superior agate Dad promised to bring her?"

She straightened her back, threw back her shoulders and swung the lantern in such large circles her arms ached.



"I waited for you, Dad," "Welcome home, Dad. I am happy you are safe. But where is the Eskimo? And could he be Santa Claus?"

The Eskimo is right behind you," a deep voice said. Polly stared at the man. He had a brown beard, wore a pea coat, and looked like an ordinary sailor, not Santa Claus.

"Polly, this is my friend Calvin. He is a Duluth Eskimo."



"Look, there he is!" Light Keeper Anderson climbed up another rung of the Hulett ladder and shouted and swung his lantern. Abner and Bill followed him. Polly scrambled down her ladder and ran to the edge of the dock shouting and swinging her lantern. The Miranda grew larger and larger and finally reached the dock. Dad jumped out and tied her to the dock while another man dropped her anchor. Dad jumped onto the dock and hugged Polly hard as a bear. "I hoped you would be waiting for me," he told her.



Dad said, "Duluth has a football team called the "Duluth Eskimos. Calvin played with them, but they moved out of town, so he has to find a new job. I think I can get him in at the Pittsburgh and Conneaut Dock Company. He is a good worker as well as a good football player."

Calvin smiled. "Your father gave me new hope," he said.



Abner and Bill climbed down from the Hulett swinging their lanterns and talking. They stared at Calvin. "Calvin Griggs!" they shouted. Abner shook one of Calvin's hands and Bill the other. Polly had a feeling that they would be doing more things together besides shaking Calvin Griggs' hands.

Lightkeeper Anderson took them all into the lighthouse kitchen and Mrs. Anderson served the hot cocoa and marshmallows before they left to walk home to Silent City.



Bill and Calvin walked in front of Dad and Polly. Dad smiled at Polly and slipped something hard inside her mitten. "Here is one of your Lake Superior agates," he told her. "I have several more in my bag."

Polly stopped in her snowy tracks and hugged him. "I love you better than an Eskimo who could be Santa Clause," she said. She felt that tear again mixed with the feeling that she somehow had failed her Dad. "But for a little while I lost hope that you would come home."

"But you found it very quickly Polly and I am here. Your hope helped bring me here. Now hurry. We have to get home. Mom will be waiting, and Christmas is coming."



Christmas day arrived quicker than Dad throwing open their wooden door with a loose hinge and hugging Mom. Polly put the package of cookies she had baked for Dad under the tree on Christmas Eve. On Christmas day, they all sat around the potbellied stove admiring their gifts. Calvin the Duluth Eskimo sat with his Christmas cookies that Polly had helped Mom bake in one hand and his knitted cap and gloves in the other. Mom whispered that Polly could help her knit a new set for Dad when he was not looking.



Calvin the Duluth Santa smiled at Polly who was holding one of Dad's agates in her hand, watching the stove flames making light paths across it. "Now tell me something Polly. What did you want to talk to me about? I heard your wish all of the way at the North Pole."

Polly frowned. "You are not the real Santa. How could you have heard my wish?"

"You wished on a star," Calvin said.

"Sailors have been following the stars home for centuries," Dad added. "We followed the stars and your wish all of the way home to Conneaut."



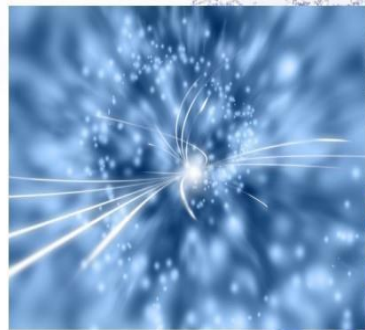
Polly smiled at Calvin who held up the tinsel star he had given her.

Dad held up the foil star that Polly had made him. She watched the light waves on the agate that Dad brought her. "Merry Christmas to everyone in the world," she said, tracing the light path with her fingers and watching it melt into the starlight.



Polly's Starlight Song (To The Tune of Twinkle Twinkle Little Star)

"Twinkle, twinkle, Conneaut Star,
Guiding father home from affair,
Over the wild and roaring waves
Showing me that hope is brave.
Working with each other we can
Make an anchor of helping hands.
When you have a difficult task,
Choose the chart that guides you the best,
Then keep doing all you can do,
Strive until your voyage is through.
While you're struggling look above,
At me shining at you with love,
On the sea row long and harder,
To find others a safe harbor.



We Remember

“Remembering” was the name of the original Conneaut Area Historical Society newsletter. Joan Barnett was the last editor, and with her death and the Covid pandemic the newsletter has not been published for a time. It seemed fitting to name this new version of the old newsletter “Renewed Remembering,” in honor of the former editors including Louise Legeza and Joan Barnett who edited and published the newsletter for so many years. We hope you enjoy it!

The President’s Paragraph

The Conneaut Area Historical Society wants to thank you for your continued support. As always, new members are welcome. You can call: 440-599-6011 with further questions or write to Conneaut Area Historical Society, P.O. Box 563, Conneaut Ohio, 44030. Our street address is: 518 Mill Street.

Jim Jones

Museum Officers

President: Jim Jones

Vice President: Jerry Janco

Secretary: Debbie Jones

Treasurer: Pat Jones

Historian: Kathy Warnes

Newsletter Editor: Kathy Warnes

Printed by Andy Pochatko, Topky Library

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Karl Rowbotham

Jerry Anderson

Delmas

Bennett

Jerry Janco

Debbie Herbal

Mo Tanner

Nancy Lamb

Kathy Warnes

Needed: Museum Volunteers!

We need Enthusiastic and Dedicated Volunteers to help us help the Conneaut Area Historical Museum realize its full historical potential. Even though we are closed for the season, we have not stopped working to improve the Conneaut Area Historical Museum. We could use some help organizing collections and updating the inventory. Lend us your willing hands, hearts, and minds to help our museum grow. Be a Museum Volunteer!

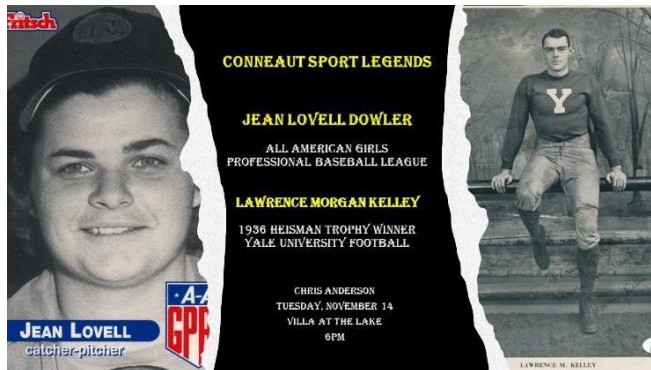
Time Travel Tuesdays Present

Different Place-The Villa on the Lake
Different Time- From 6 to 7 pm.
Light Refreshments After the Program

December 12, 2023, from 6 to 7 pm.
Deb'bie Herbal will present a program
about Axis Sally.



Time Travel Tuesday Past



Historian Chris Anderson from the Hagen History center in Erie and the sports stories of Jean Lovell Dowler and Lawrence Morgan Kelley that he researched and presented created a symbolic triple play and a touchdown for the November Time Travel Tuesday program.

Jean Lovell Dowler

Conneaut native Jean Lovell Dowler (nicknamed Grump) was skillful enough at the male dominated game of baseball to earn a spot as a catcher on the Rockford Peaches team of the All-American Girls Professional Baseball League.

A native of Conneaut, Jean went to elementary school at Amboy. One of her classmates from Amboy Elementary School, located on South Amboy Road near Route 20 in Conneaut, vividly remembered a baseball practice session with Jean.

“We were playing a game of catch at recess out on the playground,” the Conneaut resident said. “And she threw one ball so hard, it ripped off the top of the webbing of my glove and hit me right in the nose. It bled like crazy! In fact, I bled all the

way across the playground, up the steps to the school and for a long time after that. I wasn't surprised whatsoever that Jean became a professional ballplayer," her teammate said. "She was so strong and so athletic, even during those days we were in grade school together and out there playing ball in recess. It was obvious to all of us Jean was just so superior to all of the rest of us. None of us were surprised when she went on to play professionally."

Jean attended Conneaut High School for a time before her family moved to Pennsylvania. After graduating from Abington High School in Abington, Pennsylvania, she played semi-profession soft ball primarily at Painesville and Conneaut before she joined the All-American Girls Professional Baseball League.

Philip K. Wrigley of the Wrigley chewing gum family founded the All-American Girls Professional Baseball League, the parent organization of women's professional sports in the United States, in 1943. Acting on the concern that baseball would lose its impact as a national pastime during the World War II years, Philip Wrigley decided to act. Since thousands of men were away fighting the war, why not let women play professional baseball, strictly as wartime substitutes until the end of the war?

After a modest beginning, the All-American Girls Professional Baseball League grew to ten teams mostly located in the Midwest with over 600 women playing baseball. The end of World War II did not mark the end of fans watching the women play professional baseball. Nineteen forty-eight proved to be a grand-slam year, with over 600 thousand spectators watching the games. Jean's team, the Rockford Peaches, won four championships, the best record in the League.

She also played for the Kalamazoo Comets, the Kenosha Comets, and the Lassies.

The All-American Girls Professional Baseball League disbanded in 1954, Jean Lovell's last and most spectacular season. She played in 82 games with a batting average of .286. Twenty-one of her 74 hits were homeruns, the league lead, and she batted in 69 runs. She hit 25 career home runs, the most by any catcher in the All-American Girls Professional Baseball League.

Although her days as a professional baseball player ended, twenty-eight-year-old Jean moved on with her life. She married Harold Dowler on November 1, 1959. They lived in Union City and raised German shorthairs together and enjoyed a happy and adventurous life, according to her sister-in-law Delores. "She was so talented. Jean was good at everything she decided to do. She was ahead of her time as a woman. She played golf, she bowled, she rode motorcycles. There wasn't much she didn't do."

Kidney problems eventually forcing her to go on dialysis made Jean's later years more difficult than the chronically sore knees she had endured while playing baseball. Finally, Jean decided to be taken off the dialysis machine, which she clearly knew would mean the end of her life. Her decision hastened her death on January 1, 1992. Diabetes was listed as her official cause of death at age 71. While planning her funeral, she ordered an arrangement of yellow roses with her catcher's mitt inside of it. She is buried with her catcher's mitt in Waterford Cemetery, in Erie County, Pennsylvania.

Lawrence Morgan Kelley



Like Jean Lovell Dowler, Lawrence Morgan Kelley began his life in Conneaut, Ohio, but moved away from his hometown to establish his sports career. The census records indicate that he spent some time in Canada and then at age eight moved to Williamsport, Pennsylvania where he attended Williamsport High School. At Williamsport High School, Larry recalled that his coach told him that the only way he would ever play on a college team would be to pay his way in. After he graduated from Williamsport High, Larry spent a year at the Peddie School, a boys preparatory school in Hightstown, New, Jersey, where he graduated first in his class.

In the fall of 1933, Larry enrolled at Yale College armed with a \$900 a year scholarship covering his tuition and expenses. He played for Yale's baseball, basketball, and football teams. In 1934, as a sophomore, Larry emerged as a star football player for the Yale Bulldog's football team, and by his junior year in 1935, Larry had attracted widespread attention for his pass receptions and his rapport with the press. He delivered one of his most famous lines during a football game with Princeton. A Princeton player entered the field as a substitute, confused about who he was replacing. Larry Kelley told the referee, "Maybe that sub is for me , sir. I've been playing in the Princeton backfield all afternoon!"

Newspaper man Damon Runyon characterized Larry Kelley as "always ready with a smart crack at the tip of his tongue." Larry's nicknames were "The Great Kelley," which he preferred, or "Laughing Larry."

In 1936, Larry's 25 fellow Bulldogs and lettermen elected him team captain and the team earned a 7-1 record and a number twelve ranking in the final associated **P**

Kelley tallied 17 receptions for 372 yards and six touchdowns in a 1936 press poll. During his career at Yale, he spent 1,298 out of 1,500 minutes played. He totaled seventeen receptions for 372 yards and six touchdowns for the year.

At the end of the 1936 season, the All-American Board, Associated and United Presses, Collier's Weekly, and the Sporting News as well as others unanimously chose Larry for the 1936 All-American team. He enjoyed the distinction of being the only Yale football player in its history to score touchdowns in every game he played against Harvard and Princeton. In three years at Yale, Larry Kelly totaled 49 [passes for 889 yards and 24 touchdowns, scoring three additional touchdowns on pass interceptions.

On December 2, 1936, Lawrence Kelley won the Heisman Trophy as the best college football player of the year. In its announcement of the Award, the Downtown Athletic Club revealed that Larry had won by a landslide, received more points than quadruple the point total that any other player received. The award had been established in 1935 as the Downtown Athletic Club Trophy and renamed the Heisman Trophy to honor longtime coach John Heisman who died in October 1936. Larry Kelley and Leon Hart were the only two linemen ever to win the Heisman Trophy.

Larry Kelley remembered that when he got the telegram informing him that he had won the Heisman Trophy, he said, "I didn't even know there was such a thing!" He later donated a replica of his Heisman Trophy to the Peddie School because he said that "Peedie had the greatest influence on my life

In December 1936, Larry received offers from the Detroit Lions to play football for them, and a bid from the St. Louis Cardinals to play Major League Baseball. He also refused a \$15,000 offer to go to Hollywood to star in a film called "Kelley of Yale." He gave the advice of his friends and the reputation of football players as a "rough and ready bunch" for turning down the offers. In 1969 he was inducted into the College Football Hall of Fame.

Instead of professional sports and Hollywood, Larry accepted an offer to teach mathematics and history and coach football at his alma mater, the Peddie School, remaining there until 1941. He tried to enlist during World War II, but since both eardrums had been punctured during his football years, the Armed Forces classified him as ineligible. Instead, he worked as a 2B classification until the war ended. After the war, Larry worked for glove manufacturers in upstate New York and in 1958, he joined the teaching staff at Cheshire Academy. He returned to Peddie in 1970 as alumni director and retired from there in 1975.

Larry Kelley was married four times, and had one child, a daughter, with his first wife. After he retired from the Peddie School, Larry moved to Pensacola, Florida. In deteriorating health, he suffered a stroke and underwent heart bypass surgery.

In December 1999, Larry Kelley sold his Heisman Trophy at an auction, explaining that “I wanted to right my affairs and my estate and take care of my 18 nieces and nephews.”

Larry Kelley’s Heisman Trophy was sold to the owner of The Stadium Museum and Restaurant & Bar in Garrison, New York for \$328,110. The sale was a Heisman record, even greater than the \$230,000 that O.J. Simpson’s Heisman sold for at auction in February 1999. On June 27, 2000, just six months after he sold his Heisman Trophy Lawrence Kelley committed suicide in the basement of his Hightstown, New Jersey, house. He was 85 years old.

Chris fielded questions after his presentation, including the thoughtful one of why Lawrence Kelley committed suicide, a question that provoked a discussion about his motivation.

Both members of the Conneaut Area Historical Museum, Chris, and his significant other Karen, are working on cataloging and digitizing the museum library and other historical projects.



Snowflake Christmas Song

Hurry! Hurry! Christmas bells are ringing,
Hurry, Hurry! Hear the children singing!
Dance! Dance! Dance! Whirl, twirl, and shake!
Swirl on trees like frosting on a cake.
Spinning! Spinning! Blowing across the sky,
Working together, snow flakes climb house top
high.
Falling, falling, their heavenly message increase,
Cover, cover, the earth with silent peace!

Patron's Pages

Join Our Patrons Program!

The Conneaut Area Historical Museum is excited to announce a new Merchant Patron program which is available to any local business who desires to help our museum to function and improve. For \$50 per year (January to December) we will include your business name and phone number in the publications the museum produces, including a monthly newsletter, any future books the museum produces, and our website.

If interested, send your donation of \$50.00 to P.O. Box 563, Conneaut, Ohio 44030. We will include you in our list of great merchants and businesses in this area.

American Legion
Post 151
272 Broad Street
Conneaut, Ohio

Angela's Café
Dine-in-Takeout. No
Delivery
268 Lake Road
Conneaut, OH
44030
440-593-6060

Biscotti's
Restaurant
186 Park Avenue
Conneaut, OH
44030

Castaways
877 Broad Street
Conneaut, OH
44030

Chris Brecht, State
Farm
216 Main Street, Suite
B
Conneaut, OH 44030

Conneaut Dairy
Queen
1009 Main Street
Conneaut, Ohio
44030

Conneaut Creek Vet
Clinic
382 West Main Road
Conneaut, OH 44030

Crafty Shanty 183
Park Avenue
Conneaut, OH 44030
Jennifer Betts

Gerdes Pharmacy
245 Main Street
Conneaut, OH 44030

Leslie & Donald O' Bell
2 Bretenahl Place
Suite C
Bretenahl, OH 44108

Marcy Funeral Home
208 Liberty Street
Conneaut, OH 44030

Kathi's Golden Retrievers of Albion
11790 Penside Road
Albion, PA 16401
814-756-5432

Lynn Armington
48 Ranch Road
Willoughby, OH 44094
440-951-3122
Photo Cabin O' Bliss taken in 1925.
Grandparents Irus and Ellen Sheldon.
Bliss experienced as they grew up in
Conneaut in the early years of the 20th
Century.

Port Conneaut FCU
1002 Broad Street
Conneaut Ohio 44030
440-593-7350

Susanne Trigg
Canfield, OH

Conneaut Area Historical Society Membership Application



The dues period runs from January through December.

Single \$15.00_____ Couple \$20.00_____

Family \$25.00_____ Patron \$50.00_____

Name_____Address_____

City_____State_____Zip Code_____

Phone Number_____

Would you be willing to volunteer at the Museum during the summer months or help us with winter projects?

We are open Friday, Saturday, and Sunday from noon until 5 p.m., starting on Memorial Day and ending on Labor Day.

What day or time is best for you?

Thank you for your membership.

P.O. Box 563

Conneaut, Ohio 44030