



Kelleys Island Historical Association

Volume 7, Issue III

Summer, 2010

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Twenty-nine years in the making

The Kelleys Island Historical Association is proud to announce our new museum will be open for business within the next few weeks. The gift shop is already open. It has taken twenty-nine years of hard work, dedication, grant-writing, and fund-raising to make this possible. So many people have devoted hours upon hours of their time and many of their hard-earned dollars over the years that it is impossible to name everyone who contributed; however, a special thanks goes to Board President Mike Feyedelem who has worked for years to see this museum built and who personally oversaw the construction phase of the new building. Other Board members, past and present, took on the task of getting funds for the new building to be started and completed.

In 1981 the Kelleys Island Historical Association (KIHA) was formed for the purpose of bringing people interested in history, especially the history of Kelleys Island, and to promote the importance of preserving Kelleys Island History. The four objectives of the



KIHA are: 1. to restore and maintain the German Reformed Church building on Division Street; 2. to build a museum on the site of the "haul shed" on the church property; 3. to collect and display items of historic value indigenous to Kelleys Island and the western Lake Erie area; and 4. to maintain the building north of the church known as "the parsonage." We are a 501C3 organization, tax deductible, all volunteers, and made up of any person interested in the Association whose yearly membership dues have been paid.

Upon entering the new building, visitors arrive into the gift shop area, which

Cont. on page 5

2010 KIHA Home Tour Cancelled

Unfortunately the 2010 Kelleys Island Home Tour has been cancelled. It was to have been held on Sat., July 10. Co-Chairpersons Annalee and Carolee Frindt cited a number of reasons they regretfully had to cancel this year's event.

They hope to bring the home tour back next year.

KIHA thanks them for their many years of hard work pulling this major annual event together. For each tour it is necessary to have dozens of volunteers to

handle everything from typesetting and printing of promotional materials, to person-ing the homes and guiding guests through. Not to mention the amazing commitment and generosity of the islanders who opened up their homes to the couple of hundred strangers who would stroll through on tour day.

Thank you to everyone for their hard work, especially Annalee and Carolee. We look forward to next year!

William S. Webb family donates Civil War correspondence—

An ongoing series of the KIIHA Newsletter

*Through the generosity of family members of **William S. Webb**, we were given transcripts of letters that Mr. Webb wrote to his family during his 100 days service in The Civil War. Since the Kelleys Island men left as a company from the island, they, initially at least, stayed together and thus Mr. Webb's letters sometimes include mention of other islanders who were also fighting. It is not often that a person has the opportunity to relive history.*

*William S. Webb was married to **Elizabeth Kelley** and three children—**Sarah, Isabelle** and **Charles**. In 1860, William S. Webb is listed on the Census as a stone mason earning \$8,000 a year.*

*William S. Webb went to war in 1864 and he wrote letters home to his family on Kelleys Island. Captain Webb's daughter Sarah copied his letters into a notebook. **William D. Webb** is the great-grandson of this Kelleys Island Civil War soldier and his grand-daughter, **Katia Duey**, transcribed the letters from the notebook. Katia Duey is currently attending Temple University. We sincerely thank the William D. Webb family for their interest in their own family history and that of Kelleys Island—and for the opportunity they have given the Kelleys Island Historical Association to share this wonderful story.*

*William S. Webb was first stationed at **Johnson's Island** in **Sandusky Bay**, along with other Kelleys Island soldiers.*

No. 21 In Camp Point of Rocks, Va. Saturday July 9th, 1864—

My Dear Wife & Children, Sarah, Belle & Charlie, not forgetting "Grand Pa":

Ma's letter (enclosing one from Belle, also one from Charlie) of Friday & Saturday July 1st & 2nd is just received. It should have been received yesterday, as other letters of same date from the island came to hand then. I see you have rec'd mine of the 21st & 22nd and also mine of the 25th. I am glad that they have safely arrived, as it is very poor encouragement to write letters that do not reach their destination, but worse still is the disappointment attendant upon the non reception of letters from absent loving friends and home, of the many happy hours that are numbered with the past, and it is in these that the writer and the one to whom they are addressed must of necessity look for that consolation in the separation that absence from home would otherwise deny to each.

... Yours of the 1st & 2nd rec'd today had no postmark on it and the stamp was cancelled with a pen. It was not therefore mailed from the Island Office: it is numbered 16. I have written so frequently and having no memorandum and not having numbered my letters have lost the "run" of them, although I know by the date of the one you mention as just having been received, that there must be 5 or 6 perhaps more between that and this. I wrote you yesterday (or finished one yesterday commenced the day before) giving a description of my trip to James River in charge of fatigue party. This letter left here this morning and should leave by boat for Washington at 9 o'clock this morning. It was written somewhat hurriedly and I fear the descriptions are defective and imperfect though perhaps the rough diagram will assist in the description. You will remember that most of my letters are of necessity written

hurriedly, subject to interruptions, and that the interruptions with the expectation of them have a tendency to render disjointed letters written under such circumstances. However, I feel that every moment of writing time that I have or can get should be devoted to my near and dear loved ones at home, and that they at least will excuse any and all want of symmetry that may be observable in my communications ...

...It is only when man is for a time absent from home and friends that he can fully appreciate that home, and any man no matter how indifferent he may be as regards ordinary or brief separation from home and friends, will feel and strongly feel an absence compulsory and otherwise uncomfortable. How much more then will one miss the comforts and endearments of such a home as is mine, who never could bear for a period however brief to have the family circle broken or see the vacant chair at his board, who ever keenly appreciates the absence of one of that family circle for however brief a time it might be, and who can have but little pleasure in the enjoyments of life when not shared by the loved ones of his own dear family circle.

But as anything in the shape of regrets would be useless and productive of no good results, it is my determination and thus far carried out to push forward in the path of duty during the time allotted to me, without halting on the way or complaining of the few discomforts that may have to be encountered in the performance of that duty, fully satisfied that there are those who fully appreciate and understand the motives that ever have and I trust ever will govern me in my course. I have put the best face on everything and frequently when I have seen some of the Island boys almost broken down with homesickness, complaining of the different ills that are inseparable from a soldier's life, have felt it my duty to put on an appearance of indifference, which God knows I did not feel. Sympathizing when I could, but not by look, word, or action betraying any of the feeling to which I knew they were the suffering victims. Compelled in the course of duty to enforce orders which I felt would look harsh and tyrannical under the circumstances, compelled to check efficiencies of discontent by severity of tone and words that really were far more severe upon myself to use than on others to receive, all these and more, far more, in addition to what they had to endure in separation from home and friends and all that is dear to man, have been my share here, the individual mental as well as physical trouble of every man a source of deep concern to me. I have borne, borne with all the firmness of which I was possessed.

Almost all of the time with but one commissioned officer, part of the time with none, and at one period had no commissioned officer but myself and not a Sergeant but **Erastus [Huntington]**, and I think only 4 of the 8 corporals who were reported for duty. I have had a harder time, more wear mental and physical, than it was ever my fortune to experience. Erastus (noble fellow) my main dependence, always, now on hand full of life and ready for duty, determined to do more than he should under any circumstances was perfectly invaluable and I had finally to positively forbid his taking upon himself duties that did not belong to him, in addition to his own, fearful that by over exertion and exposure he too would be rendered unfit for duty. Knowing

Jake and Jessie Martin photos donated to museum



Islander **John Kobs** recently donated 20 photos in 10 frames which originated from lifelong islanders and major KIHA supporters **Jake and Jessie Martin**. Jessie was KIHA's first board president, an island teacher for many years, and is a highly esteemed author of several books, including a Kelleys Island history book, which are on sale in the KIHA gift shop.

Without her and many other devoted islander's visions for the facility and plans for the future, Kelleys Island history and so many of its historical artifacts, that have now been donated and preserved, would probably never have come into the museum's possession.

We'd like to extend a special thank you to Jake and Jessie and to **John and Judy Kobs!**

Webb letters continued...

that upon his retaining his health depended the well being of the Co. almost as much as upon myself. I stood up under the whole of the burden until poor **Charlie Mitchell's** death and then for the first time I felt entirely unnerved, but kept it within my own breast as much as possible, for fear of its effect upon the Co. for several were sick at the time. Sending **Wm. [W.D. Kelley]** and **[Martin K.] Holbrook** to Bermuda with Charlie's remains I returned to camp about 10 o'clock and when alone in the silence of the night my long pent up feelings gave way, and many were the tears that forced their way down my cheeks as I sat and viewed everything over. Providential it was that through all this I retained my own physical health unimpaired as it is up to this moment. Never again would I accept command in the service of a company composed as it is mine of all personal friends and lifelong acquaintances. No one without experience of it can fully realize the increased amount of responsibility and concern that attaches to a command of that kind. My Company except those on the sick list are out on picket today **under Lieut. [George P.] Bristol**, having abandoned getting a discharge or furlough, he reported for duty yesterday, and today for the first time goes out on picket. Those left in camp are Erastus, **Lieut. [Henry] Lange**, myself, and some 9 or 10 on the "off duty" list.

Jackson Eldred was taken to hospital yesterday and was today removed to the depot or post Hospital. He is said to have an attack of typhoid fever, and was a little delirious when I saw him about half an hour since. The boys who carried him up to the Hospital have not returned. I feel very much concerned on his account but hope his disease will soon take a favorable turn. He has been unwell for some days, but refused to be reported to the Dr. until yesterday morning. I went to see the Dr. about him when he was taken to the Reg'tl. Hospital. He was reported better this morning by the Dr., but this afternoon I rec'd an order for his removal to the Depot Hospital, as he could be much better taken care of there. I will give the latest news from him before closing this.

I hardly dare think of the effect produced on the island by the reception of the news of **Charley Mitchell's** death by my dispatch to **Alfred [Kelley]**. I presume you must have rec'd it by Monday the 4th. It was sent through (or started on) Sunday morning the 3rd July. Poor Mrs. Mitchell.

The general health of the company is improving, less on the sick list, and I am in hopes of getting through with no

more losses. I have just heard from our Boys on picket, they are driving a considerable [amount??] of trade with the Reb. Pickets in newspapers & [??unknown word??]. Should they bring in a paper I will send it to you. You will doubtless hear by their letters home of their picket experience.

Our duty here is constant, and it seems to be understood by the commanding officers of Reg'ts, that all that can be by any possibility got out of the 100 day men during their time of service is to be made available. Our Reg't furnishes daily 100 men for picket, from 100 to 200 men for fatigue duty and all not out on picket or fatigue, guard the breastworks nights. Then we have an order for company drill 3 hours each day. When it is considered that 200 of the Reg't are on the sick list all the time, you will see that we have plenty to do. All the boys are glad to escape the duties of camp by going on picket and there is no company here (my own particularly) but that would agree to camp out on the picket lines and keep on that duty during the remainder of their term of service.

Deserters are constantly coming into our lines, and there is now no difficulty in the pickets conversing freely with each other—that is when the Rebel officers are not about. They do not allow any "trading" and order their pickets to fire at any of our boys over the line. The "Rebs" however tell our boys that they will not fire at them unless ordered to and aim high enough to go clear of them. They all speak of Western men (particularly Ohio troops) as commanding their respect and say they have always been the best fighting men they have met.

As I wrote you yesterday I think there would be no difficulty in any one of good address getting here by applying at Washington to J.C. Witmore Agent for Ohio for a pass in case it were necessary. I hope **Alfred [Kelley]** promptly forwarded that money. The \$80, paid for Mitchell leaves me short in case of any further extraordinary call. There is no money to be obtained here and none of the line officers arrived here with as much as I had applications to borrow were numerous, but I held what I had for the benefit of my own company, and the result showed the wisdom of the course. My love to all and a kiss for Mother, Sarah, Belle & Charlie from you.

**Aff. Husband & Father,
Wm. S. Webb**

We'll continue this series of letters in our next newsletter. Our thanks again to Wm. S. Webb's descendants for donating them to the Kelleys Island Historical Association.

Unintended consequences

Anne Sennish

I've never been able to tell this story right – to re-invoke the hysterical, doubled-over laughter of that night.

But now that Ned Haig has died, and remembering our delight in his company, it seems fitting to give it one more shot.

First, some background: Once, in the Haig family, there had been **Don, Kenny, Ned and Carol**, children of **Frank and Viola Elf-ers Haig**, all of them a vital, familiar part of the Kelleys Island community, all of them now gone. Ned was the last.

Growing up, we kids had all of Kelleys Island as our playground. There were no Keep Out signs. You could go to any part of the island, on foot, by bike, however. Bikes had baskets then, so you could put a beach towel and your lunch in the basket and pedal to the sand beach. During our teen years we girls knew which boys “liked” which of us, and spent many hours – when we weren't diving and sunning on Kesters Dock – mulling over these would-be relationships.

There was no curfew on Kelleys Island. Nights, we were let loose on the town, hanging out in the room behind Martin's Bar, drinking pop, dancing to the jukebox. Either that, or we were riding around in Bibber's station wagon, or walking home in a group along

the shore. There was an adventure nearly every night.

One night a group of us was walking along the front street [Lakeshore—see note at end of piece]. Not all of us were headed home; some, like Ned Haig, were along for the fun.

As we slowed near our corner, Ned glanced down the bank. There, the State of Ohio had put up a large white sign, explaining the Inscription Rock for visitors. The sign stood slightly up the bank and a little to the west of the rock itself.

Ned was tall and long-legged, always on the alert for a wild idea. The sign at the Inscription Rock gave him one of his best. With a shout, he took off down the bank, arms flapping.

We all turned to watch as Ned galloped toward the sign, clearly planning to go sailing right over it.

Feet first, arms flung wide, he made the leap. But his feet fell short of the top, and instead of hurdling over the sign they shot through the middle of it, punching two holes as they went.

There he was, sitting in the sign, legs straight forward, like a colonial criminal in the stocks.

As we milled around near the base of the sign, a small sound came from the prisoner above.

“Hey.”

Ned's new subdued tone set us off. For a delicious interlude, as we stumbled down to the beach and staggered around, bent double, convulsed, we laughed till we cried. We laughed so hard that few if any of us

ever knew how Ned got out—which he did, undamaged.

It was one of our all-time best events.

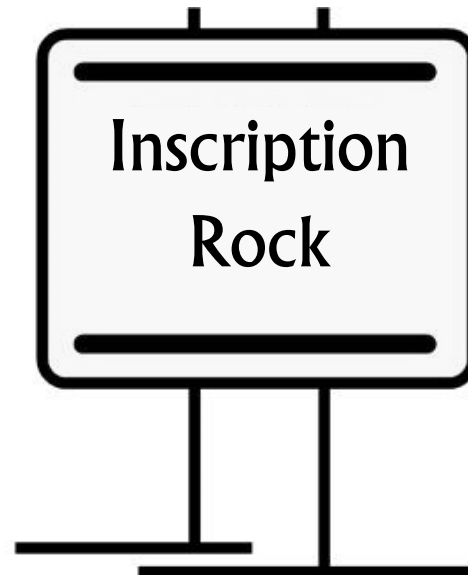
The next Inscription Rock sign was much smaller, and a much less attention-getting dark brown.

Rest in peace, Ned.

Editor's Note: *When asked to clarify whether the front street mentioned in her piece was Lakeshore, Anne told us the following—*

“The front street is now formally named Lakeshore Drive, but we didn't have street names then (except for

Division Street). It was: the church street, the school street, your street, my street, the quarry road, Lover's Lane, etc. We had many fewer streets then, too.



The front street was so called by my grandmother, a lifelong islander, so I guess the name has some authenticity. We all called it various names (lake shore, water, etc.) And when anybody called Lakeshore the front, it wasn't in capitals; it was just an adjective to quickly denote what they meant. You know, like the red hat, the blue flower, the tall refrigerator, the front street. Somebody - the village - put up street signs in the late 1940's.”

Thanks Anne for sharing your delightful and fun memory with all of us. Please send more. And sorry for the typo (spell check suggestion name—error) on your last name in our Spring issue.

Big Chuck and Li'l John CD Tour of Kelleys Island

Available only through the KIHA gift shop or by visiting our website—kelleyslandhistorical.org

This is the ultimate guide to KI from KI's “Big”est star **Chuck Schodowski** and his sidekick **Li'l John Rinaldi**. View all aspects of KI's assets with the duo, as they go in search of the mysterious KI golf course. Enjoy a tour of all the “real” KI hot spots with these beloved TV hosts.

Twenty-nine years in the making, Continued from Page 1

his free of charge. To enter the museum a small admission fee is required, although there is free admission to all KIHA members.

Displays include historic items never displayed before that have been donated and/or loaned to our museum along with older displays moved from the Old Stone Church. Older displays will be changed as time allows along with more displays added. There are too many displays to list all of them but include items

such as fossils, Native American artifacts, land deeds, and many photographs.

The opening and hours of operation will be posted on the KIHA sign in front of the Old Stone Church on Division Street. If you currently are not a member, please consider joining us as our expenses have increased with the new building. Membership applications and Memory Brick forms are available in the gift shop.

KI School children and staff “move” museum



Kelleys Island School students and teachers assisted the KI Historical Association with the big move to their new museum building next door to their current facility at the Old Stone Church. The effort was a part of the school's Move More program.

L-R in photo: **Ms. Shannon Leary, Gage Peterson, Collin Nunn-Strassner, Lexia Gonzalez, Layne McNeal, Ms. Karen Wisner, Octavia Schnittker, Tateanna Brunnet, James O'Dee, Ben Krzynowek, Mr. Jude Lill, Olivia Schnittker, Crystal Krzynowek, Mrs. Erin Sandvick, Rusty Zettler, Zuri O'Dee, Jonathan Dodson, Bobby Coulon, Ty Bell, Michael Krzynowek, and Ms. Amy Krajnak.**

2010 Events

~~Cancelled~~
 Game Tour
 Saturday, July 10

Art Show
 Saturday, August 7

Annual Membership Meeting
 Saturday, August 14—2 p.m.

Butterfly Festival
 Saturday, September 11

Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!

The KIHA Board is very pleased and proud to finally see the fruition of nearly three decades of volunteer efforts to build and open our new museum. We will try in another issue of our newsletter to list the names of all we can.

We would, at this time, however, like to especially make note of the fact that without the nearly 24/7 dedication of board member **Sharon Brunell McIntire**, this museum could not be opened. She has expended extraordinary efforts in packing, moving, unpacking, and arranging the artifacts and Gift Shop items for display in our new Museum building. Thank you Sharon!

Another major thank you goes to the following people who donated their time and energy to help in the new museum building: **Ed Frindt, Francis Minshall, Chris Yako, Ardie Mader**, the entire **Kelleys Island School—students and staff, George & Elise Homegardner, Bill Koenigseker, and Jim McIntire**. Additional thanks to **Jim McIntire** who is now mowing the museum's lawn for no charge and for fixing and refurbishing the museum sign which had blown down, and to **Mike Feyedelem** for building a new counter top in the museum

Memorials, Donations and Gifts

A memorial donation was received from **Rose Thrash** in memory of **William Leo Brennan**

A donation was received from **Barb Ohlemacher** in honor of **Bill & Terri Stevenson's** 50th Wedding Anniversary

General donations were received from **Kevin Pape, Key Bank** from **Delores Cole** matching funds, and **Wayne Neumann**.

Museum items were received from **John Kobs** of 20 historic photographs from **Jake and Jessie Martin**.

Christine Koenigseker donated 21 pairs of hand-made pierced earrings for sale in the Gift Shop.

May 50/50 Raffle Winner

Alyce Beck of SE Paris, OH—\$70.00

**MAKING KELLEYS ISLAND HISTORY
EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS**

Kelleys Island Historical Association

P.O. Box 328

Kelleys Island, OH 43438

*A 501(C)3 organization.
All contributions are tax
deductible.*



Kelleys Island Historical Association

We're on the web!

kelleysislandhistorical.org



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Pick up and delivery

From KI Ferry \$45

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Two or more share cost

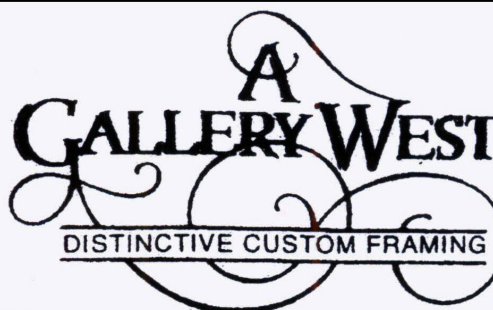
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KATE

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Kelleys Island Historical Association

P. O. Box 328

Kelleys Island, Ohio 43438

Membership Application—Membership runs from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31

Please give us the address you want your newsletter sent to:

Name: _____

Street: _____

City: _____ **State:** ____ **Zip:** _____

E-mail: _____

Phone: _____ - _____

Membership Categories

All fees are annual except Life membership

() Individual Membership \$15

() also check here for 2 or more Individual memberships but just one newsletter sent to one address

() Family Membership \$25

() Business Membership \$30—includes business card size ad in one issue of newsletter

() Patron Membership \$100

() Life Membership \$500—once

(office use only below this line -----)

Paid: \$

Received by: _____