

Roaming Shores 50 Years,

1966-2016: a Memoir

by

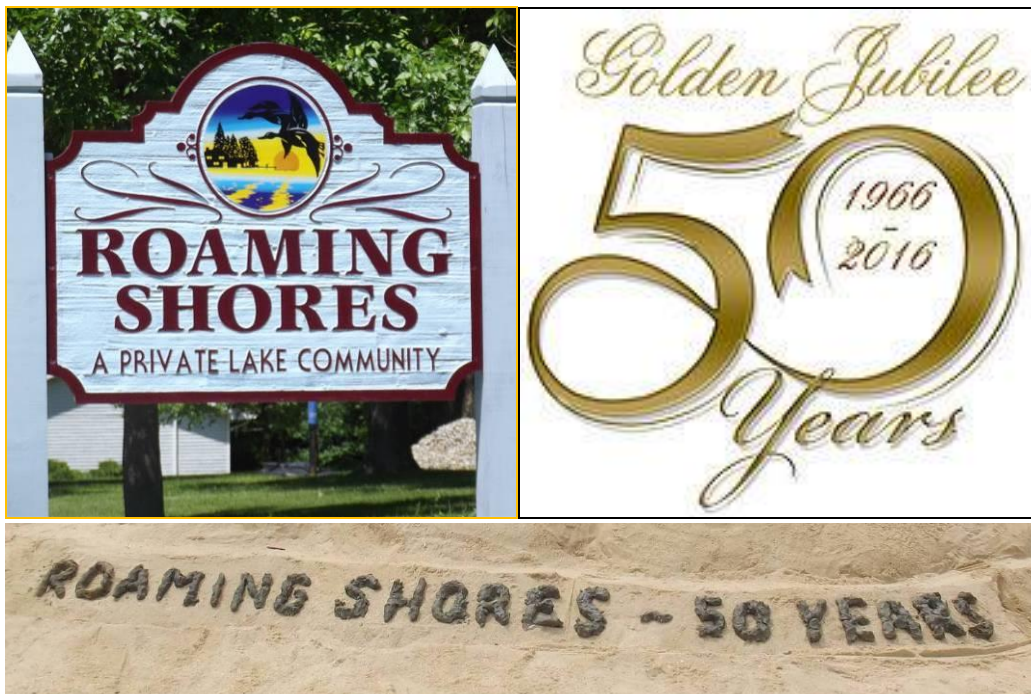
Shawna Gambol Woodard

and

Cheryl Fain

Roaming Shores, Ohio

5 July 2016



Dedication

In memory of **Jason Scribben**.

When I worked as a gate guard at the main pool, Rosemary, Amy, Jason, and Josh Scribben were frequent visitors. Their strikingly beautiful grey and black cat, Seymour, would follow the Scribbens to the beach or he would visit on his own.

Jason was a senior at Grand Valley High School and died in a boating accident on Lake Roaming Rock on 4 July 1998. An annual volleyball tournament is named in his honor.



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Photo credit:

<http://www.roamingshores.org/RAA1/2015/06/04/jason-p-scribben-memorial-3-on-3-volleyball-tournament/>
published 4 Jun 2015.

Sign at the clubhouse promoting the 2016 event.

--Shawna Gambol Woodard

Dedication

In memory of loyal, intelligent, strong, loving, **Huncut von Gambol** (1968-1979), a German shepherd who loved to swim.



This is Huncut in 1976 swimming off the Gambol dock. Fetch, boy!
--Shawna Gambol Woodard

Dedication

In Loving Memory of Al Fain who relocated with my Mom, Betty Fain, from Union City, California in September 1983 to be nearby as their only grandchildren (at the time) grew up around our Lake Community. -*Cheryl Fain*



Cheryl and Alfred Fain in May 1980



Cheryl dances with Alfred Fain with Lee Gambol and Mike Schmidt in the background at the Rome Fire Hall on 29 September 1996.



Santa Al is ready for Christmas 1991.

Preface

All questions used on *Whad'ya Know?* have been painstakingly researched, although the answers have not. Ambiguous, misleading, or poorly worded questions are par for the course. Listeners who are sticklers for the truth should get their own shows. --*Whad'Ya Know? Public Radio International.*

We called this book a memoir because sometimes the way we remember stories is more entertaining than the truth. Feel free to debate the "truth" as we have told it. There is plenty of room in the Grand Valley and Rock Creek libraries for your memoirs as well. Take that as a challenge from us to you. Feel free to use the same format we did or modify it as desired.

*Shawna Gambol Woodard,
Roaming Shores resident from 1974-1993
and frequent visitor to Roaming Shores. where her mother, father, and
grandmother still live.*

*Cheryl Fain,
RomeRock lot owner from 1969,
RRA home owner from 1974 – present,
editor of the Poetry Pantry section of the RomeRock News in the 1970's,
former Village Clerk-Treasurer,
and current Village Councilmember.*

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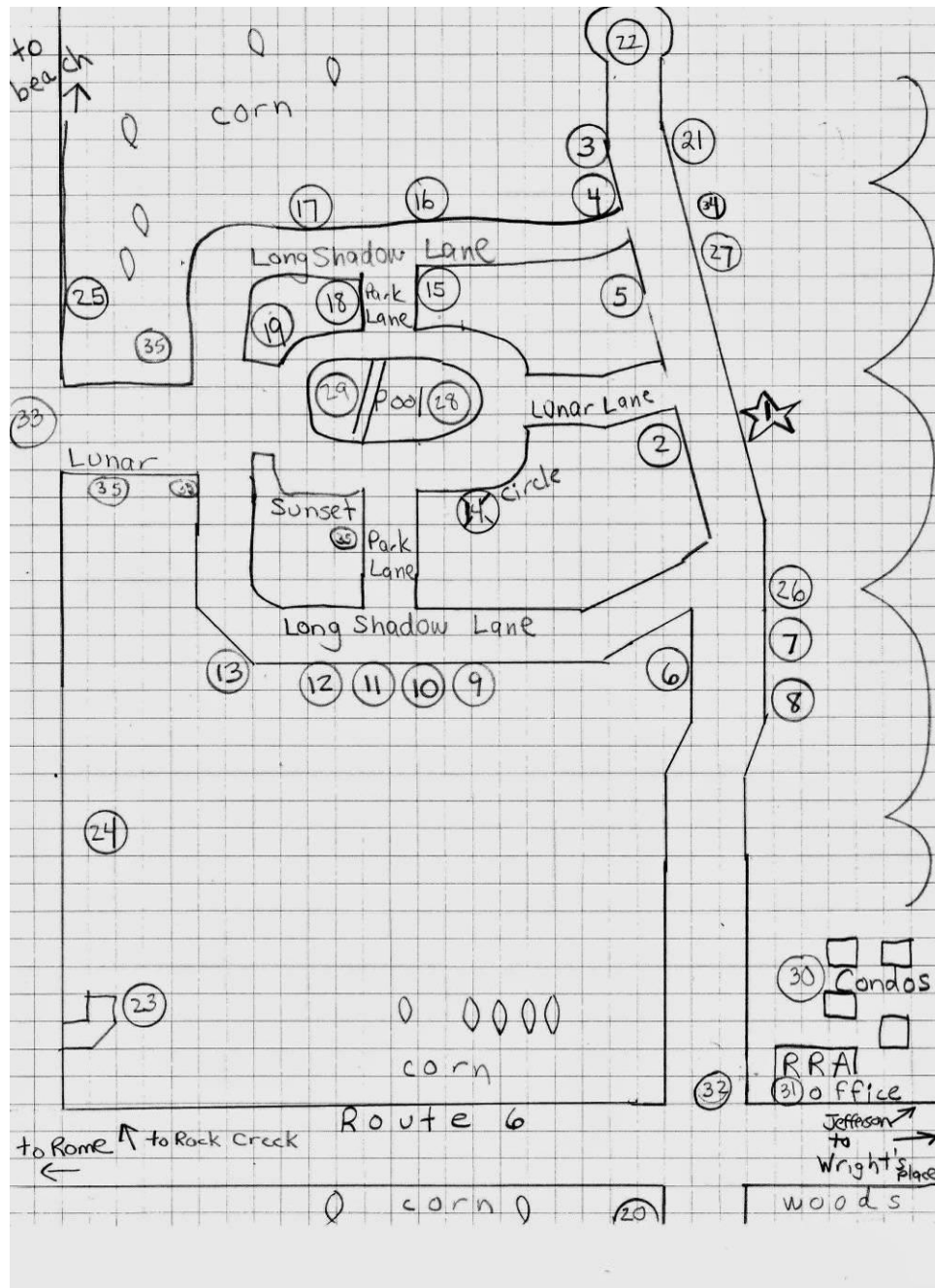
21. Advertisements.

Timeline

Bibliography and Acknowledgements

Copyright Statement

Map
of How Shawna Remembers Her Childhood Neighborhood
Circa 1974-1990.



Map Legend

1. My house with sister, Lee, brother, Destrey, and Mom and Dad.
2. Rusty Depner Macy's House, later this is Grandma and Grandpa Fain's house
3. House where some teenagers lived. They gave out apples for Halloween. Don't trick or treat there again. This is Mom's house now that Mom and Dad are divorced
4. Sherry and Bobby Funtash's house
5. Holli and Brian Snowberger's house
6. Shawn Pilichis' house
7. Mrs. Mack's house. She gives out good candy at Halloween and buys stuff when we have to sell it for school fundraisers.
8. Karen and Jonathan and Matthew Vasko's house. Later this is the priest's house. His sister comes to visit him a lot.
9. This is Dawn and Gary Franklin's house. Later this is David and Michelle and Angie and Rachel Christ's house. 882 Long Shadow Lane.
10. Debbie and Jackie Crandall's house. Then it was our babysitter, Ray Huffman's house. We like having Ray babysit. We have a good time with him and sometimes he grills mini-pizzas for us in the oven. Later this is Jason and Brian Pierce's house. 883 Long Shadow Lane.
11. Either Mrs. Clyde's house or Mrs. Carr's house. They both have granddaughters that visit in the summer. Mrs. Nina Clyde bowls with Mom.
12. See #12.
13. I think Pat Sowry from the RRA lived here for a while.
14. The house and property that all the kids avoid just in case it is haunted. The man killed his wife there. (Gilchrist).
15. Laurie's house. Lee and I babysat Laurie Mraz.

16. Mike and Rick Mauk's house. They have a wonderful St. Bernard named Brandy that wanders the neighborhood. You might be able to ride Brandy if she is willing. Later some other people lived there. It seems like everyone who lives there always has a good dog. I will call it "The House of Good Dogs".
17. Some people I don't know. Maybe they are weekenders.
18. A younger girl on the bus gets off here. Sorry. I don't remember your name right now.
19. The A-frame house that is hardly ever occupied. Mike Mauk has a clubhouse/hideout on that property.
20. This way to Shawn Murphy's house, the Fabulous Becker Boys (Henry and Drew) and Janet DeLisle's houses.
21. Nifty log cabin house and THEY OWN THEIR OWN ISLAND!
22. Place where the bus has to turn around. It is very challenging and substitute drivers don't always get it right. I don't know why there isn't a bridge connecting this road to Lode Star so we can ride our bikes farther.
23. Mr. Winer's (and the other Mr. Winer who is his son) real estate office, later law office. Mrs. Christ works there, too.
24. Water tower. There is a red light on top. Mom and Dad say it is where Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer stops to rest. They painted some blob of a blue logo on it. That's a goose?
25. Fox cross back and forth here a lot. There is a corn field on the Rome/west side and undeveloped woods on the east/Roaming Shores side.
26. Sledding recreation lot (RL). Sled down into a ditch. Repeat until too wet or frostbitten to do so any more. Go home. Hopefully Mom has hot chocolate, grilled cheese sandwiches or tuna-melt sandwiches, and tomato soup waiting. Mmm.
27. Another recreation lot where we sled, but it is scarily steep and ends in the lake, which may or may not support someone's weight depending on the temperature. It was not as safe as # 26.

28. Mowed area for kite flying or looking for meteors. Peewee football and cheerleading practice here. It is good for going across on a snowmobile or go-kart.
29. Spooky woods with lots of brush and dark and mosquitoes. Teenaged bullies may hang out there. (*This has changed drastically since then, so don't fear this area in 2016*).
30. Pam the babysitter lives there. Wendy and Melody Jones live there.
31. "The Office" where we can buy Pepsi and 7-Up in glass bottles as a special treat if we have money. They save the bottle caps for Destrey's bottle cap collection. He hopes to break a world record some day for most bottle caps. People at the Rome Feed Store also save bottle caps for him. The Office also houses the RomeRock Lending Library where people leave hardback books from the 1950's and 1960's and paperbacks from the 1970's. There is a set of Nancy Drew hardbacks and the paperbacks "Jaws" and "Cujo". Lee and I catch the Allegro summer school bus with Jonathan Vasko and Wendy and Melody Jones in front of The Office. Sometimes during the school year we get off the bus at The Office and walk home rather than ride around the east side of the lake.
32. Huge pothole that gets bigger every year. There is also a bump uphill. Sometimes people get stuck there in winter or at least skid a lot.
33. Place where you go to catch the bus if you miss the bus when it stops at your house. This means you, Destrey Gambol and David Christ.
34. Mullenax boys' house
35. Wild blackberries

Chapter 1: Fishing

Well I love her, but I love to fish. I spend all day out on this lake and h--- is all I catch. – Brad Paisley and Frank Rogers



Illustration by Lee Gambol, 1987

A number of clubs have come and gone at the Shores throughout the years, but a consistent is the Fishing Club, started in 1975. Dedicated men and women ensure that the lake is stocked with trophy-worthy fish and that the love of fishing continues from generation to generation. There must be tens of thousands of similar photographs out there as well as 50 years of fishing tales, true or untrue, exaggerated or quantifiably accurate.

Here are the categories for which the Fishing Club currently awards prizes: large mouth bass, small mouth bass, rock bass, perch, crappie, blue gill, catfish, and carp.





Fish caught by Gary Franklin, Sr., in the first three photographs and caught by Gary Franklin, Jr., in the last photograph.

Large mouth bass caught on 18 July 1981: 3 pounds, 17 inches; 2.25 pounds, 16 inches; 13.2 5 inches; three 12 inch fish

Large mouth bass caught the next week on 24 and 25 July 1981: 5 pounds, 10 ounces, 22 inches; 12 inches plus; 3 pounds, 5 ounce, 17.5 inches; 15.25 inches; 13 inches; 5 pounds, 13 plus ounces, 23 inches.

The two fish on the ends were mounted and are currently on display in the clubhouse.

Junior's catch from 24 July 1980: large mouth bass: 3.5 pounds, 19 inches; 1.25 pounds, 14 inches; 2.5 pounds, 17.5 inches; plus a .875 pound, 10.75 inches blue gill.

Fish I Think I Have Seen in the Lake:

Minnows (not sure if they are true minnows, chub, dace, shiners, or baby fish. I don't know the difference), Brown bullhead catfish, Channel catfish, Black bullhead catfish, Yellow bullhead catfish, Rock bass, Bluegill, White crappie, Black crappie, Pumpkinseed, Yellow perch, Walleye, and Northern carp. --*Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Stuff I Know Is in There, but I Have not Seen:

Sheephead/Freshwater drum, Muskie, and Northern pike -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*



*Huncut examines a fish that Lee Gambol has caught in August 1974.
Here is Al Fain in 1983. Before he moved to the Shores, he rented the Marvar
home on the east side of the lake.*

Striper the Patient Cat. We always had one or two outdoor cats. They were the lucky recipients of some of the fruits of our labor fishing. Striper, a gray and black tabby, was one of the most patient and merciful housecats when it came to waiting for and consuming fish. He learned to wait for just the right time when the fish came off the hook and was thrown onto the bank for him. He perfected the art of biting into the head to kill the fish quickly before consuming it. Some of our other cats would torture the poor fish before eating them or wouldn't even get around to eating them. If there was another cat around, Striper knew to slink under the dock with his prey to better protect it from a competitor.

One day Striper was NOT patient and I must have made some kind of false move. He ran down the dock stairs as I was casting and I caught him right on the eyelid with the hook. He started to take off, but we cornered him and tried to get the hook out. Finally my father was able to get the hook out by breaking it in half with tinsnips. After that, Striper would wait at the top of the dock steps for the fish and get it once it was off the hook and on the bank. One summer just about every day I would catch him one fish in the morning, then stop fishing for the day. *–Shawna Gambol Woodard*



Striper was certain that one day he would have these gerbils for lunch. Fall 1985. (He did not).

Early bird Mary Gambol shows off her catch and her basic driftwood stick pole. Her cousin, Destrey Gambol, is still in his pajamas. 1976.



Cheryl Fain fishes off her dock in 1978.

Sister Charlotte, Queen of the Crappie!

Sister Mary Charlotte Gambol, Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, was a frequent visitor to Roaming Shores until health concerns prevented her from making the journey from Pittsburgh. Her brother, Mike Gambol, and her sister, Midge Gambol Bash, both had houses on the lake. Through the years she has made a number of friends and fishing companions in the village. Dad (Mike) had a deep freeze and Sister C kept it well stocked with meal-ready fish. Each day that she would be at the Shores she would start early fishing from the dock and quit when she

was tired and hot. Occasionally one of her fishing buddies would take her out in a bass boat or pontoon boat. Charlotte would have a "catch of the day" in mind and keep only crappie that day (or only perch or bass, season dependent). The keepers were ones over a certain number of inches long.

She would clean and filet them, making sure to take out each bone and that vein along the vertebrae that other fishermen and women might miss. I am often leery of eating fish that inexperienced fishers have fileted. It is so easy to miss some of the bones. I haven't ever mastered the art of taking fish off the bone, so I appreciate very much her ability.

The fish would be sorted into quart sized freezer bags and labelled by species and date. Throughout the year we would have baked, breaded, fried, etc. fish from her times of visiting. She was a guest that earned her keep! -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Resident Gene Sender was Sister Charlotte's primary fishing buddy. She also was friends with Marlyn Cantini. – *Mike Gambol*



--*Illustration by Lee Gambol in 2003*

To My Little Sister, from Big Sister, Lee

We were fortunate to grow up in a lovely rural area of Northeast Ohio, with the house that our Dad built nestled up against the shores of a lake

called Roaming Shores. This lake was home to a few native fish species, including bullhead catfish and crappie. The local Fishing Club kept other game fish stocked – large and smallmouth bass, walleye, and a few others. In fact, our lake was once listed as one of the top ten best bass fishing spots in Ohio! So we kids spent quite a few summer days fishing off the dock, often in the company of Grandpa Fain, and whatever outdoor cats were living with us at the time, hoping for a freshly landed snack. As a matter of fact, we ate quite a few of the prizes from these fishing expeditions ourselves – filleted, breaded, and fried up by Grandma or Dad.

Shawna enjoyed the *process* of fishing, but not the preparation. One of the best lures around is a live earthworm, and I was often recruited by Big Al to head out on a rainy summer evening on "Bait Collection Duty". When standing water forced the largest, juiciest nightcrawlers to the surface of the soil, filling a bucket with wiggly fish-attractors was a simple task. Of course, to use the worm as bait, one had to *IMPALE* the unfortunate invertebrate on a hook (usually creating a nasty splatter of worm guts), and then toss him overboard to either drown or be munched on by the first hungry aquatic passer-by. This was the part of fishing Shawna wanted no part of! A pre-casting conversation would go something like this:

"Lee?"

"What?"

"Will you put the worm on the hook for me?"

"No! You wanna fish, you bait your OWN hook!"

"It's too gross! Just this one time?"

"C'mon, Shawna – you have to get used to it sometime."

Pillleeeeeeaaasse?"

sigh All right."

So Big Sister Lee would grudgingly lance the sacrificial worm. Shawna would plunk it down into the water (with or without a bobber; it didn't

seem to matter in her case), and approximately 5 seconds later, she'd pull up a panicked bullhead catfish.

Now, I don't know if you've ever seen a bullhead, let alone tried to stabilize one of these slimy, incredibly flexible, spine-equipped chunks of finned muscle long enough to try and pry a fishhook out of its mouth. A mouth that is strong enough to crush snail and small turtle shells, and clamps down onto that fishhook with a deathgrip as soon as the owner is lifted from the water. Bullhead catfish are the type of fish that a savvy fisherperson frequently decides is more trouble than the struggle will be worth, and they opt to cut the line and return the cat to the water, hook and all.

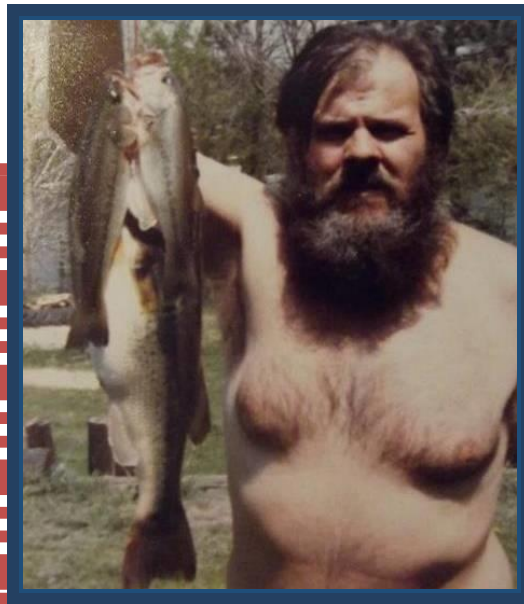
My sister had this amazing ability to catch these problematic Pisceans. With all those different kinds of fish in the lake, you'd think that the odds would be that she'd land a bass, or crappie, now and then. Nope. Bait her hook with a lively grasshopper? Catfish. Use a fancy crappie lure with feathers and shiny metal tabs? Catfish. Try that "Guaranteed to Bring In the Biggest Bass You've Ever Seen" fake frog device? Catfish. And she wouldn't give her fellow fishing companions much time to marvel at her amazing abilities, either. As soon as her hook hit the water (and we even made her try using a BARE hook once, just to test this superhuman power over the cats), the next bullhead would latch on. Remember, I've already established that catching the catfish was just the tip of the iceberg. The hook-extraction process was always good for at least a 10-minute wrestling match. In addition to the slime and muscle, those spines I mentioned before are poisonous – even a little poke can make your hand swell painfully. After a few half-hearted attempts to loosen the hook, Lee would usually admit defeat and find Dad or Grandpa (and a pair of needle-nose pliers) to join in the battle. The catfish would have to lie on the dock waiting, making little annoyed squeaking noises, for one of these rude humans to get the sharp metal out of its tongue and drop it back in the lake so it could spread the news to other bullheads about the attractive tasty items being thrown in the water by a Miss Shawna Gambol.

As I said before, my sister enjoyed the process of fishing. Maybe someday she and her family will visit Lake Roaming Shores together, and she'll introduce her kids to this pastime. When they get there, I'm sure there will be a school of bullhead catfish waiting. Don't forget the pliers!

--Lee Gambol, written in 2003 for a scrapbook on the Woodard-Gambol Family



See, Lee, I can catch something besides catfish (although this is a pretty lame haul) – Shawna Gambol Woodard, Summer 2006.



Shawna Gambol Woodard and her grandfather, Alfred Fain, display the catch of the day: bass in September 1981.

Mike Gambol holds up a whopper in Summer 1983.

Worm Farm

We didn't have a compost bin. We had a worm farm. In order to have a supply of earthworms available for fishing we had an aluminum wash tub at the top of our dock stairs for many years. We filled the tub with dirt, a

little sand, egg shells, used coffee grounds, rotting fruit and vegetables and a little water. Then we waited for a wet day and lifted up rocks, logs, bricks, etc. until we found a good number of worms. We took them to their new home in the worm farm. We had to keep this covered with a piece of particle board with a heavy rock on top of it to keep the moisture in and the raccoons out. We added household food waste and new worms on occasion and stirred it up sometimes. Usually the worms were fine burrowed in the soil for the winter as long as it was moist enough and no predators fed on them. *Shawna Gambol Woodard*



Betty Fain's compost bin is useful for finding fishing worms. 2 Jun 2016.

Morning Fishing

How to walk down the dock steps in the early morning to fish: Swing a stick in front of you to clear last night's newly constructed spider webs. Repeat every morning. In our family we call it a "gator whacking stick" because snowbirds carry these during their constitutionals in Florida. – *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

When NOT to fish. The Tornado of September 1983. Take 1.

What I remember of that day is now a series of impressions, not a clear storyline like Dad can recall. It was a mid-week day, maybe a Thursday, because we got to skip school the day after the tornado hit. The Grandparents Fain were in the process of moving out to Ohio—Grandpa Alfred Fain was staying with us at 1103 Evening Star, and he had just purchased the house across the street where Rusty Macy's family used to live (988 Evening Star). Mom and Grandma Betty Fain were in the middle of the drive from California to Ohio, along with a delivery truck with their furniture.

One of my favorite memories of hanging out with Big Al Fain is being down on our dock, fishing. He loved to fish, and I loved having this special solo time with him. That fateful late afternoon the two of us were down there with lines in the water and several fish already on the stringer, the weather hot and very humid. It had been trying to rain for a while, but wasn't enough to chase us back to the house yet.

Suddenly, a very strong wind whipped up, and rain started up HARD. Grandpa and I grabbed our poles and stashed them over by the dock box, getting ready to dash for the house. As I looked up from the box, I saw what my eyes interpreted as a solid wall of brown dust coming around the bend of the lake from the south, and at the same time heard a really loud sound of wind blowing. Not like the "oncoming train" sound some people describe; just really, really loud wind. Grandpa yelled, "Get up the stairs-it's a tornado!" and I scrambled with him right behind me, but as we got about 2/3 of the way up the wind sound got SUPER loud and there was also a big CRACK! Right then a bunch of tree branches came smashing down around me, and I huddled trapped underneath them with my arms over my head, and Grandpa right up against my back, protecting me.

I don't have a sense of how long we crouched there under the fallen tree, but I remember being really scared and the wind being very loud around us long enough for me to hope that the tornado wouldn't suck us up into the sky—I was ready to cling to that staircase forever. The noise dropped off as abruptly as it had started, and the next thing I was aware of was the sound of Dad's voice calling for us from up in the back yard. Later he told me that Grandpa had been hollering at me as I was kneeling him in a sensitive place while trying to climb up out of the collapsed tree that had sheltered us from all the flying debris. As we emerged from the branches, I saw garbage EVERYWHERE—our big trash barrel was lying on its side, trash spilled and blown about, big pieces of what turned out to be the metal tool shed from next door, and lots of broken branches. The rest of the evening is a blur in my memory, except for our poor dog Turd's odd behavior—he was dashing around to all the family members, licking our faces and whining. We just thought he was scared, but it turned out that he was saying goodbye. His metal 55-gallon drum doghouse and metal run had taken an electrical charge from a downed power line & Turd must have shared in the shock. We found him lying under the truck dead the next morning, and our local veterinarian Valerie Olszak said the electric shock was the most likely cause. -- *Lee Gambol*



The next day, Alfred Fain and Lee Gambol recreated the scene of how they were stuck on the dock stairs until Mike Gambol freed them from under fallen branches.

When NOT to fish. The Tornado of September 1983. Take 2.

I was sleeping that afternoon because I was on midnight shift, and a loud noise like a diesel truck woke me up. I looked out the bedroom window & saw a funnel cloud moving towards the Macy's house. As that sight registered with me, a sudden force slammed me up against the opposite wall as the window blew out. I yelled to Dude [Destrey] and Shawna but couldn't hear them—I found them already hiding down in the wood cellar. I brought them up & told them to stay in the dining room as the wind kept rattling the house—it was a hot evening and we had most of the windows open; otherwise the pressure would have blown them out and filled the place with broken glass. After a minute the noise died down and Shawna told me that Lee and Al were at the dock—I led the two younger kids out into the back yard and power lines were down all over the place. As I approached the stairs to the dock I could hear Al hollering “No, no, no!” because Lee was accidentally kneeing him in the groin while trying to climb out of the tree that had collapsed over them. We headed back to the house and I heard the phone ringing! It was the truck driver bringing the Fains' furniture from California—he was due to arrive the following Monday. When I hung up and headed out the front door to assess damage, the first thing I saw was a live electrical wire dancing around on top of our big fuel tank in the driveway—I'd just had that thing topped off that morning. Hundreds of gallons of gasoline just waiting to explode. I called 911 right then to get the power cut off—they told me a truck was already on the way. When he arrived, his solution was to use a rope hook to grab the transformer on the next pole down and

just YANK it off the pole with the truck. The local fire station sent us a canteen truck with supplies, so we had a picnic for the repair crews and the kids had a field day playing with dozens of glow sticks. It was just our one family, but the driver said, "Hey, we've got the stuff; might as well use it!" The only homes in the area were ours, and the Pilichis'. A tree from right next to the back porch had been pulled right out of the ground, and then the funnel cloud had hopped across the lake to the fields on the east side. Weather guys later referred to the storm as a "microburst", but we saw that tornado. Ol' Turd was the only casualty. -- *Mike Gambol (Lee's father).*

When NOT to fish. The Tornado of September 1983. Take 3.

We were shocked to hear Dad's voice. Destrey's and mine eyes widened as we stared at each other in terror. Safely down in the basement, thinking we were totally prepared for the tornado, the voice came. Realizing what a horrible mistake we had made, we shouted up the stairs saying we were okay. We urged Dad to come down, hoping he would calm our pounding hearts and shaking bodies.

Of all the things to forget, this was the worst. WE FORGOT THAT DAD WAS SLEEPING UPSTAIRS. This was not the first time we forgot that Dad was sleeping. He worked swing shift, so sometimes he was sleeping in the morning, the afternoon, the evening, or at night.

After Dude and I heard the tornado watch (or is it warning? Who can remember?) on television and experienced the sudden change of weather, we panicked. We grabbed our coats, flashlights, candles, matches, radio, and Campbell's soup cans (in case we were trapped for days) and fled for the basement. Not once did we think about Lee or Grandpa who, when we DID later think about them, we thought were in the house across the street. We did not think of Dad WHO WAS ASLEEP ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE HOUSE!

Dad could have been killed from our selfish carelessness. As it was, he was awakened when the window landed on him, leaving sharp gashes on his arm. The first thing HE thought about was OUR safety. He HAD to get to the kids. Dads can protect against even the worst fears and disasters just by their presence and my Dad, the Vietnam veteran, is a lot better in a crisis than most people.

Unlike Dude and me, Lee and Grandpa wanted to prolong their fishing session just a few minutes longer. Watching the sky go from a summer

evening's quiet pink to midnight grey in a matter of minutes fascinated them. Putting away their poles, they saw waterspouts forming on the lake and objects flying past them. About then, Grandpa decided they had better check on the youngsters.

Comparing the reactions to this weather phenomenon, Destrey and I (although I wish we would have remembered Dad) seemed the best prepared and thoughtful of the parties. I don't know how Dad slept through a life-taking storm (our dog was electrocuted). It may have something to do with being raised in a large, rowdy family of eight children. Storms are awesome and wonderful to watch, yet common sense should prevail when one is in danger. I don't think the Campbell's soup would have done us much good, however, since we didn't have a can opener or a spoon, but we THOUGHT we were prepared.

-- Shawna Gambol Woodard (Lee's and Destrey's ("Dude") sister, Mike's daughter, Alfred Fain's granddaughter) written 11 February 1990.

P. S. Destrey went on to a career in the Coast Guard. The Coast Guard's motto is "Always Ready (Semper Paratus)". Lee also is prepared for emergencies as she is a first aid instructor and health educator at the Cleveland Museum of Natural History. Shawna still is pretty good at hiding and letting other people deal with emergencies.



Elijah Woodard checks out his fishing supplies: 1) worms 2) bucket 3) ice water for the fisherman 4) life jacket. 11 Jul 2006.

How NOT to fish. Anna Woodard sticks the end of her rod in the water and Elijah Woodard puts his rod and reel down on the dock, thinking he will have time to grab it before a fish pulls the rod into the water. Chaperones Cheryl Fain (Grandma) and Daniel Woodard (Father) are too cold to care since it is April. 13 April 2009.

Overheard at the 25 June 2016 Kenny Lippert Kids' Fishing Day:

"Reel it in! Reel it in! Reel it in!"

"He caught a tree bass. Help him out, Dad"

"It took my bait, again"

"Girl, you're going to fall in the lake"

"Nice bass"

"Watch the crack in the dock, you're going to get snagged in it"

"I'm not allowed to use a knife"

"You caught your sister's line"

"Ew. I caught a feather"

"I have to pee"

"I have witnesses [who saw the fish before I let it go]"

"Rat-tat-tat-tat" (woodpecker in the background)







Kids' Fishing Day 2016 is pictured.

Testimonial

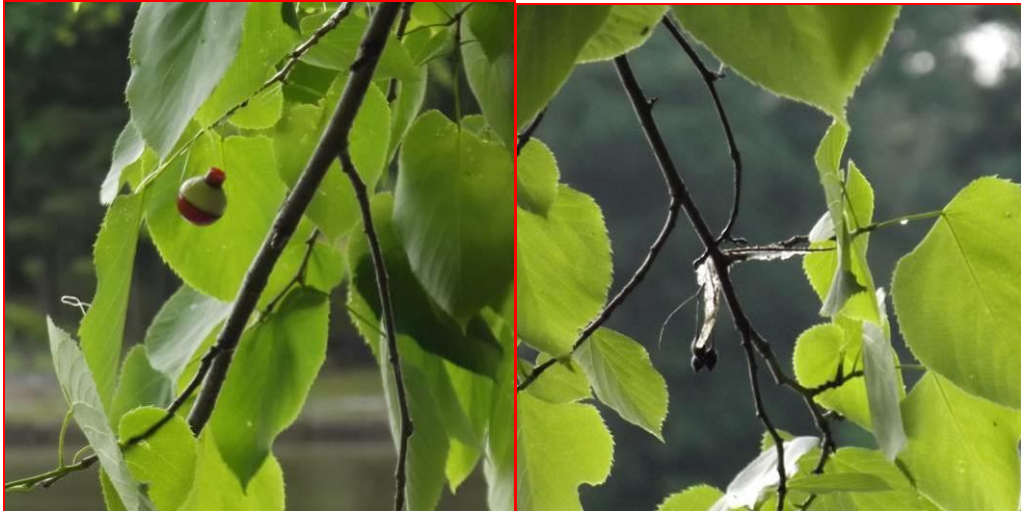
Anna Woodard, age 12, fished for 3 hours straight for Kids' Fishing Day 2016. We didn't think the fishing would be very good off the dock at the main beach, but she caught 16 bluegill and 2 bass using worms. The fishing club gave her a rod and reel and a swimming inner tube. After eating the pizza and Doritos the club provided and changing into her swimsuit she tried out the inner tube in the lake. Later that day she fished for another hour with her new pole. The next day she fished for another hour in the morning, showing off her catch to her grandfather and his sister. Congratulations, fishing club. She is hooked on fishing!



*Lee Gambol holds a fish in front of her niece, Anna Woodard, 14 Jul 2012.
Lee Gambol on 14 July 2012.*



Daniel and Joseph Woodard fish off Mike Gambol's dock in 2012.



Bobber and sinker trees flourish along the lake.



Chapter 2: Boating

I know everyone says money can't buy happiness, but it could buy me a boat. --*Chris Janson*

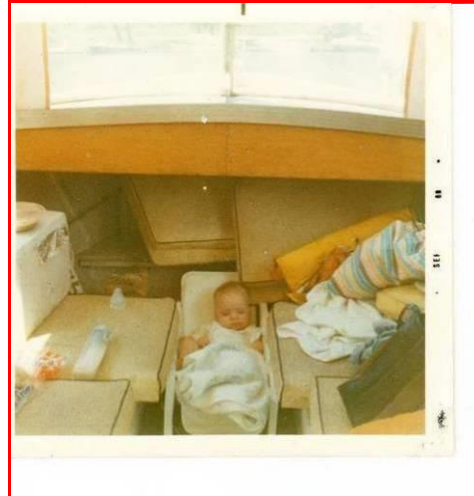
First Raft down the "Lake"

While the Lake was being created the Murphy brothers from Dodge Road built rafts from inner tubes. They attempted to race each other to the dam. It took a number of days, as they would have to take a break to go to work on the railroad. After work, they would resume the "race" where they stopped. Therefore, they were the first "craft" to reach the dam from the Route 6 bridge. —*Marcia McMurphy*

My Motorboats

The first boat we had at Roaming Rock Shores was a red 18 ½ foot aluminum Lyman Cutty Cabin Cruiser with two 25 horsepower outboard motors. We didn't have it very long. Then I bought a 24 ½ foot Glastron Weekender which was designed for camping. It was too big for the lake. Next we had an 18 ½ foot Glastron speed boat dubbed the "Gotta Go II". We were visiting the lake at Yellowstone National Park when we saw a yacht there named the "Gotta Go" with a cartoon of a boy peeing off a boat. With permission of the yacht owner, we named our vessel after it. Lastly, when Al and Betty Fain moved here we jointly purchased a used 24-foot Harris Flote Bote. It was constructed around 1968. It was orange when we bought it, then we painted it blue. Over the last 30 years I have replaced the deck, the carpet, the helm, and the seats. At this point the top is gone. Even the parts that were replaced are now worn out. I won't be putting it in the water this year. I think the trailer is worth more than the boat itself. --*Mike Gambol*

P. S. Throughout the years Mike and family have also owned a fiberglass canoe, an aluminum row boat, and a jet ski. That is to say nothing of various inflatables, training water skis, water skis, inner tubes, and sleds which were pulled behind the boat. --*Shawna Gambol Woodard*



How to get a cranky 5-month old girl to sleep: have Daddy take her for a boat ride. Baby Lee Gambol is pictured here in 1969. These pictures were taken at Mentor Lagoons, but the same baby, Daddy, and boat were transported to Lake RomeRock. This boat does not meet the regulations for boats at Roaming Shores. It was sold soon afterwards and replaced with a ski boat.



Mike's dock in 1975. Mike's 24 ½ foot Glastron Weekender 1974



Mike had his neighbor, Ed Macy, paint this on Mike's boat in May of 1981.

The Great Flote Bote Swamping of 1981

I was hosting one of our huge family reunions the summer of 1981, and had borrowed a Flote Bote from a neighbor on the lake, as we only owned the ski boat at that time. I was taking groups of relatives out for slow tours of Lake Roaming Rock, and the weather was pretty good, with a couple of random clouds.

The Swamping began with me loading aboard the boat my dear mother, who was a lady of some serious size. She got herself comfortable in the seat at the very back of the boat, behind the little built-in table, behind and to the left of my Captain's chair. Then we brought aboard as many other relatives as we could fit – there were uncles and aunts on every seat and bench, plus several folks up on the front bow area sitting on the deck. Yes, I'll admit that I'd overloaded the craft, but we were just going for a very slow 'putt' around the lake & I wasn't worried about the extra bodies.

We'd made the initial cruise down to the end of the lake and were on the return leg of the trip, right around where the main beach and Clubhouse are, when this one little random cloud decided to open up and toss just a few little drizzly raindrops down onto the boat. Seriously, it was a drip here and a drip there.

In response to this deluge, every person on the front of the boat suddenly rushed to the back, trying to get underneath the small canopy that only covered the back where that built-in table sat. As the weight shifted aft, the whole boat basically went up into a nearly vertical tilt, so far that my mother's butt was underwater!

I yelled at the group, "Get the h--l back to the front!" and the panicked group moved – ALL of them! Even the people who had originally been in the back with me and Ma. This caused the Flote Bote to not only crash

back down to horizontal – the now extra weight in the front made the bow nosedive underwater, and a huge wave of water came sloshing up and over the whole deck. Every plastic cup, Styrofoam plate, empty can and anything else small went washing overboard with the wave. I yelled, “Everyone sit you’re a-- back down where you were RIGHT NOW!” Luckily, the collective group was now terrified enough to obey me right away. My dear mother looked over at me from her death grip on the little table and calmly said, “I’m going down with the ship.” I took the now swamped boat in a slow circle, asking anyone who was not frozen in panic to help grab some of the stuff that was floating all over the place. Since I could tell that there were several people freaked out enough to jump overboard and swim to shore, I told the group that I was going to pull into the closest dock we could find & let anyone off the boat who wanted to escape right then – they could go up to the house and ask the residents to call our house for someone to come pick them up. We ended up having three carloads of relatives shuttled away from the borrowed dock. That boat was loaded with doctors, lawyers, all sorts of people you’d assume would have maybe just a little bit of common sense about how a boat works. Nope. -- *Mike Gambol*



Mark Buchmann, Mike Gambol, Frank Gambol, Sr. Shawna Gambol, Beth Gambol, Destrey Gambol, Sister Charlotte Gambol, Patty Gambol, Midge Gambol Bash, and E. Joseph Bash at the Gambol Family Reunion on 25 July 1981.



Melissa Gambol is ready for boating on 26 July 1981.

Cousins Laura Lynn Buchmann, John Gambol, & Tamara Buchmann go for a row on 26 July 1981.

To the Rescue

One day we were out in our low-power boat. The motor on the Prusinskis' boat failed. We helped pull them to safety, but it was slow going because our boat wasn't very powerful. *—Leeann Moses*

A Stormy 4th of July

It was Independence Day sometime in the 2010 decade. We were waiting for the fireworks and had two pontoon boats tied together. Our friends, Rolf and Sandy Haltrich were with us, as well as Dawn, Gary, and Megan. The water was rough and someone said "Are we going to drown"?

Another person replied "Don't worry; the lightning will get you first". So much for being reassured. *----Pearl Franklin*



Cap'n Mike, Destrey, and Shawna Gambol in July 1982. Photographs by Donna Gambol.

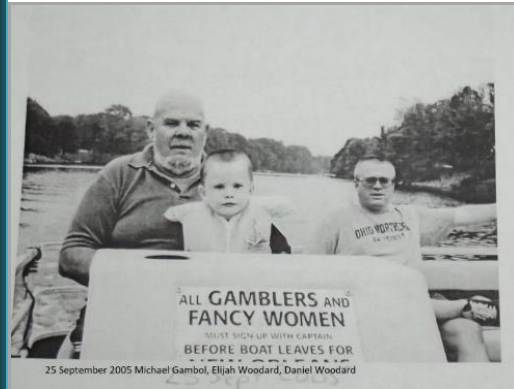


Frank Gambol, Jr., John Gambol, Jessica Jubinski, Mary Gambol, and Laura Buchmann in July 1982. Photograph by Donna Gambol.

Three year old Seaman Apprentice Joseph Woodard takes the helm of Grandpa Mike Gambol's Flote Bote 15 on Jul 2012.

Slumber Party Bonus

I had a slumber party at my house when I was in about seventh grade. My birthday is in the summer, so we did all kinds of fun outdoor activities before getting ready for bed. We had our pajamas on and had brushed our teeth when Dad asked if we wanted to go for a boat ride. The girls looked at him in confusion. Eventually someone said yes, and about four girls and I went down the dock steps in our bare feet and PJs to the boat. Dad took us for a night ride in the speed boat. It was scary and exciting. My friends still talk about this to this day. – *Shawna Gambol Woodard*



Mike Gambol, Elijah Woodard and Daniel Woodard are boating on 25 September 2005.



Mike Gambol, Daniel Woodard, Donald Woodard, Gary Woodard, and Elijah Woodard rest on 8 June 2008. The lake is a great place to have family gatherings. Elijah is pictured with his father, both his grandfathers, and his great grandfather. Elijah Woodard, Lee Gambol, and Anna Woodard are ready to go on 8 June 2008.



Marcella and Donald Woodard enjoy a ride on 8 June 2008.



Personal Water Craft (Jet Skis) are in action and at rest on 21 June 2008.

Nun on a Jet Ski

My dad bought a used jet ski and jet ski ramp after his children were grown and gone from the house. He would use it to go to friends' houses and Paradise Bay. His older sister, Sister Charlotte, would come to fish, watch television, and rest. She often saw him take off from the dock. I was and Dad and I both had jet skied already that day. Charlotte said she would like to try it.

Dad said okay and showed her how to start it and give it gas, which is just about all there is to it. She started it and backed off the ramp into the water. Dad kept yelling at her to give it more gas. She stalled it because jet skis are not designed to go slow. She started it again and we encouraged her to go full throttle so it wouldn't stall. She revved it up

and went for a short distance, turned around, went another length, turned around and came back. Now she had a story to tell her fishing buddies, the nuns back in Pittsburgh, and her brothers and sisters. -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*



Mo Corrigan Fain chills on June 2011. Daniel and Joseph Woodard are on the water in June 2011. Whether it is 1969 or 2011, taking a tired youngster for a boat ride is one way to get her or him to sleep.



Lee Gambol and nephew, Elijah Woodard, on 12 June 2016. The rowboat awaits a new day of adventure on 15 June 2016.



*The Gambols' canoe is on Lake RomeRock in Summer 1987.
Camp Fire Girls are canoeing. We can pretend that they are our local Girl Scout troop.*

K-I-S-S-I-N-G

We were always having cast and crew parties or graduation parties or Memorial Day parties or whatever parties at our house when we were teenagers. It became a joke that if a male and female who were not related to each other went out in the canoe or rowboat together there must be some shenanigans going on – especially if they came back wet. Much teasing ensued. -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Kayaking



Young kayakers are on the lake on 19 June 2016.

Kayaking along the shorelines on a calm weekday morning is quite pleasant, but we don't recommend it on a windy day or on a busy 4th of July weekend. The McMurphies were the ones I would see most often kayaking when I lived in the Shores. (These are not the McMurphies pictured above. These are some children who live in the southeast quadrant of the Shores). – *Shawna Gambol Woodard*



Although they own a motorboat, Jack and Marcia McMurphy prefer to paddle in kayaks or canoes in the lake. 29 June 2016.

Paddleboarding



Barb Buckley told me she had seen paddleboarders, but I had not seen anyone paddleboarding until the day I took this picture – 26 June 2016. I feel like I am in Hawaii! I would like to try this out (the paddling, not the fishing, although I am impressed by this man's ability). -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Chapter 3: Water Skiing

Our minds look ahead, to tropical destinations
Free time with loved ones, on family vacations
Camping, hiking, perhaps water skiing
Traveling far away, for some casual sightseeing.
-- *Memorial Day by Daniel Turner*



Mike Gambol in wetsuit skiing tandem, then kicking a ski in April 1978. For many years Mike tried to be the first one skiing for the year, as soon as there was no ice to avoid with the boat.

The Copper Kettle water-ski team from the Cleveland area used to visit at times. They did tricks and parasailing. -- *Mike Gambol*

We thought it was the Sea World team from Aurora, Ohio. --*Lee Gambol and Shawna Gambol.*

For many years Denny Crandall was the go-to guy to teach children to water ski. He had a quick and powerful ski boat and was good at pushing people to learn by doing. By the time they were 5 both Debbie and Jackie could ski. He probably learned some of his coaching techniques from his experience playing basketball in high school.--*Cheryl Fain and Kathy Crandall*



This illustration was created by Lee Gambol in 1987.

Bass Boat Skiing

It is just about impossible to water ski behind a pontoon boat, but in case you were wondering, you can ski behind a bass boat if you give it enough gas. -- Pearl Franklin

Water Skiing Just about Killed Me!

I was waterskiing and fell. The driver of the boat kept going around me and the ski rope wrapped around my hand. The driver just kept circling and I almost strangled. There may have been alcohol involved. --Bob Funtash, Senior

Parasailing

Mike Woodburn used to go parasailing on the lake in the late 1970's. -- Pearl Franklin

Waterskiing Family

My favorite time with my family is in the summer when we go waterskiing. My dad usually drives unless he is skiing. My dad loves to rock the boat, go real fast, and be an out-and-out hazard. It is fun to see my brother scream and be in a state of panic.

My parents and I know how to ski but my sister and brother just swim or ride behind the boat on our water sled or an inner tube. My parents ski really well but I'm not so good. I'm a beginner and like the sled, too.

Shawna Gambol Woodard, 5 October 1983. This was a five minute writing exercise for Mrs. Kearney's 7th grade English class. Later Lee and Destrey DID learn to waterski. In a complete reversal from what this essay reports, by the time he was a senior in high school Destrey learned to love boating and waterskiing. We still have this water sled, but it is really beat up. It is hard plastic and can be

used in the water or on snow. I don't think they sell this kind anymore because falling on thick plastic can hurt.

Tubing

With the advent of tubing there are so many toys! There are plastic and rubber toys, bullets, inner tubes, and more. In the late 1970's and early 1980's none of these were available, however. Dad made us a real inner tube (from an actual tractor) ride-on toy with ski rope and a wood platform. When it worked, it worked well, but sometimes the wood would conk somebody on the head or another body part. It also dived at times. Today's inflatables are safer, but much more expensive. -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Wakeboarding and Wakesurfing

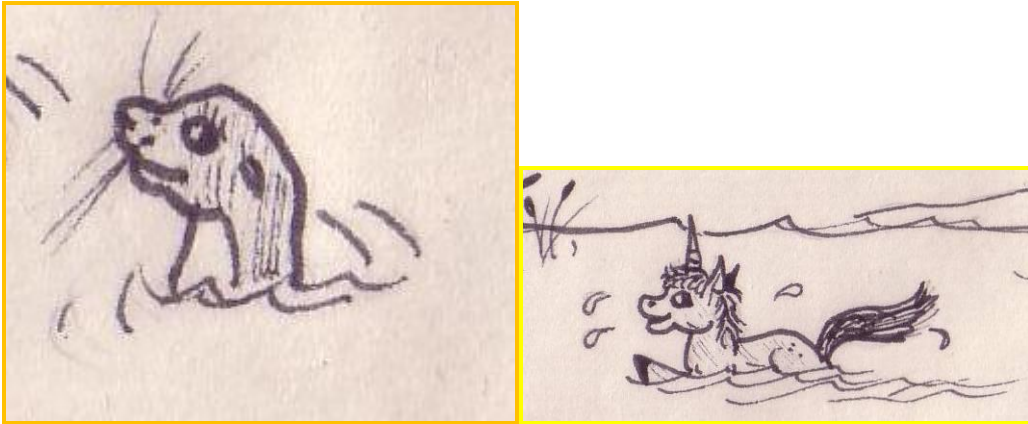
In the 1980's my cousin John would bring his Bullfrog wakeboard and ski behind the ski boat, so I thought I knew what wakeboarding was, but surfing in the wake of a boat on a wakeboard was a way of using the lake I had not seen until this month. I don't have a photograph of it, but I saw someone doing this while I was at the 3 June 2016 promotion club social hour. Barb Buckley was able to clue me in on it. I was wondering why this captain was letting his boat tilt up in such an odd fashion and why this guy on a short ski was so close to the boat. Then I saw the skier – that is wake surfer- let go of the rope and actually surf on the wake. Wow! -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*



Illustration of her cousin, John Gambol, by Lee Gambol

Chapter 4: Swimming and Diving

Two three four. Tell the people what she wore.
It was an itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka dot bikini
That she wore for the first time today
An itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka dot bikini
So in the water, she wanted to stay --written by Paul Vance and Lee Pockriss



These illustrations were created in 1987 by Lee Gambol.

I remember when the pools were heated until November. We used to go swimming at night. There was a great diving board and one evening Bobby and I headed for a night November swim and WOW! The water was cold! So much for the heated pool. — Marcia McMurphy



Audra and Steve Fain enjoy Pool 2 in Summer 1997.

Audra Fain is in the water at the Main beach in Summer 1998.

Teaching swim classes

Cheryl Fain also known as Gambol (a licensed Red Cross Water Safety Instructor) started teaching the local youth classes in basic swim skills in (or around) 1981. Marcia McMurphy was her co-instructor. Classes were held at the four pools around Lake Roaming Rock on a rotating schedule. This was before the four pools closed, and two newer ones were built. One remembers Pool #4 behind which was a cow pasture with GIGANTIC GREEN EYED HORSE FLIES as well as blood-hungry deer flies. These monstrous blood suckers would create havoc with the students. "Duck under the water" became part of the Teaching Care Plan as a defensive measure while under attack.

Participants received official American Red Cross certifications in their skills. Kids did come in from Rock Creek for these classes, too. Lee Gambol got her ARC Water Safety Instructor certification through Hiram College, and co-taught with Cheryl in 1991. One of Lee's roles was to hold her breath and sink to the bottom of the deep end of the pools so kids testing their deep-water rescue abilities could swim down and drag the "unconscious" Lee back to the surface. Fortunately for Lee, all the trainees made it in time. --Lee Gambol



The site of former pool 4 where swim classes were taught is kind of sad and abandoned looking. Note the field behind the park. Cows attracted nasty biting horse flies. This was photographed on 9 June 2016.

Lee Gambol, Elijah Woodard, Anna Woodard, and Cheryl Fain swim in the lake on 9 June 2008. (See the advertisement chapter. Crystal clear lake my Aunt Fanny!)

Were There Ever Lifeguards?

Yes, at one time there actually were lifeguards on the main beach and the main pool. The Crandalls, Franklins, and Gambols all recall the lifeguard stand on the beach. Pearl Franklin recalls baby Gary, 3 months old, napping under the shade of said equipment. --*Cheryl Fain*.

Yes, early on there were 3 lifeguards: Jean Barlow, Mr. Breedlove, and Miss Leonard were all teenagers. — *Marcia McMurphy*.



Here is lifeguard, Susan, at the main pool in 1981. We have photographic evidence that there was a lifeguard on that date in history.

Swim Nude Area

In April 1996 for his birthday the Gambol kids conspired to buy Mike a Coast-Guard-regulation 'Swim Area' buoy, and then added the word "NUDE" to the top. Dad launched the buoy out in front of his dock the following summer, and was soon approached by the local Lake Patrol team, who informed him that his buoy could not be out in the main traffic areas of the lake. This was not due to the concern that public nudity would become the norm at Dad's place; rather, our buoy looked "too official" and would interfere with routine boating/swimming operations. The buoy floated nearer to Dad's dock for another summer or two, and still resides ON the dock to this day. -- *Lee Gambol*



Night Swimming

The Gambol/Fain clan - some imported Fains from Seattle - when gathered in the summer, someone would comment (out of Great Grandma Betty's earshot), "Hey, looks like a good night for (wink wink) a nighttime swim!" This was code for skinny-dipping. The participants (usually the kids, with one adult running lookout duties) would head down to the dock, shed their clothes, and jump in for a few minutes of naked lake-capering. The end would come when either a neighbor came chugging past in a boat, or somebody got too chilly. As years went on, the Seattle teens would push their luck (and their parents' patience) by gleefully holding up a bikini top while swimming in the daylight hours. -- Cheryl Fain and Lee Gambol



Destrey Gambol goes down the slide on his home dock on June 1980 while his mother, Cheryl, watches.

Patricia Gambol and Destrey Gambol 26 July 1981

Slides

We had a slide on the dock. It was much beloved by all including the wiener dogs. "Bark, bark, take me up the ladder and let me slide into the water and swim, swim, swim". -- Cheryl Fain

Swim Team

Maybe someday Roaming Shores will have a year-round pool that can be used for competitive swimming, but for now residents have to drive to the Ashtabula YMCA or other pools. We know that Debbie Crandall was one such student who was on the Y swim team and are sure that there were and are more, but that is a nasty drive in the winter .



Main Beach. Sometimes it is a bit cold for swimming, but we can still enjoy the sand at the beach until our hands start to tingle from the cold or the sand is covered by snow. Mike Gambol and granddaughter, Anna Woodard, with Anna's great grandmother, Betty Fain, in the background. 8 October 2006

The work boat is at rest during the Thanksgiving weekend and these geese have escaped being someone's Thanksgiving dinner. 22 November 2009 Main Beach (drawn down for winter).

1970's Lake Living

In 1973 I built us a house on some property we owned at a small lake community called Roaming Shores. That is where your Mommy [Shawna Gambol Woodard] grew up.

Our place in Rome is a lot like a resort where people would go for a

vacation. The big difference is we lived there all year. We live right on the lake, your mother and brother and older sister all learned to swim about the same time they learned to walk, which was very necessary for your Grandparents' peace of mind living on a lake like we did.

One of the most important members of our family while your mommy was growing up was Sir Huncut Von Gambol. He was a large German shepherd who was just as much a guard, friend, clown, older wiser brother as anyone could be. I don't think that he knew he was a dog. Sir Huncut was a constant companion to your Mommy and her brother and sister. They would swim together almost daily during the summer. When they would get tired they would just grab Huncut's tail and he would tow them around. He loved them as much as any big brother could.

Dear Old Dad (D.O.D.) -- *Mike Gambol, written 3 July 2003*



Here are the main beach, main pool, and Joseph Woodard on the playground on 14 June 2016.

Swimming with Huncut

From 1968-1979 we had a German shepherd named Huncut (which means devil or rascal in Slovak). Huncut LOVED to fetch sticks from the lake. If a human didn't throw a stick he would go find a twig or a branch or even a small tree to retrieve! We had a game where a human would swim out from the dock about 15 to 20 feet. A human on the dock would then

throw a stick as far out into the lake as possible. Huncut would leap from the dock and swim to get the stick. The person in the water would grab ahold of Huncut's tail or back and he would drag the swimmer to shore using his powerful muscles. This game would continue for a long time and at one point the stick-thrower would change places with the swimmer to go for a swim with Huncut. Best. Dog. Ever. -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Swimming with Dachshunds

Miniature dachshunds are not as strong as shepherds, but they are as determined and brave. In the 1980's we had two dachshunds who would go down the waterslide with a person, go for a boat ride, and go swimming. They would even ride the jet ski, long ears flapping in the breeze! One of these dogs would go berserk whenever she saw geese on the lake. A few times she would launch herself from the boat and go right after them. She had no concept of how much more suited for paddling that water fowl are than wiener dogs. We would have to swim after her to get her back on the boat or use the gaff to haul her back to the boat as she tired. -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Water Baby

When Shawna was born, we wanted to start her in swim classes. She was 6 months old when she entered the pool at the local YMCA in Lake County, where we lived before moving to Roaming Shores. She has been swimming ever since. When we first brought her to the pool on Sunset Circle, she was one year old. I will never forget the reaction of the people that summer when they would see this tiny tot fling herself into the pool when we would count "one, two, three, jump!" Then we would spin her around and she would "zoom" to the side, climb out, stand up and wait for the count again. We had so many people exclaiming their astonishment at such a little child being able to swim on her own. She smiled and laughed and was so completely and obviously enjoying herself, that I know she planted the beginnings of many wonderful stories with those who watched her "be friends with the water". This delightful memory helped to encourage me to become a swimming instructor with the Red Cross of Ashtabula County.

I did this for at least 10 years here in Roaming Shores, first with my friend, Marcia McMurphy, then later with Shawna's big sister, Lee Gambol, who

also became a Red Cross Swim Instructor. Many summers, Shawna would come to the swim classes and be a helper. -- Cheryl Fain, written 1 July 2003

Growing Up Swimming



Cheryl learned to swim growing up in such warm climates as California, Hawaii, Guam, and the United States Virgin Islands.

Mike swims, but mostly loves boating, skiing, and jet skis.

Lee and I love swimming wherever we go. Lee also learned to swim as an infant. She has been to the Bahamas at least twice and canoes in the Cleveland area when she gets a chance. She enjoys finding fossils and critters of all sorts in the lake.

I have swum in Russia, Canada, Lake Erie, the Pacific, Atlantic, and Caribbean, and numerous ponds, lakes, rivers, and places I probably should not have swum, such as a polluted stream.

Destrey went on to have a career in the United States Coast Guard serving in Oklahoma, New York State, Michigan, Hawaii, Washington State, and Alaska. --Shawna Gambol Woodard

 American Red Cross	The person certified has taken the prescribed course and has learned a series of swimming skills and performed the following: 1. Dive into deep water, swim 15 feet underwater, surface, tread water 1/2 minute, and swim crawl stroke for 20 yards. 2. Jump into deep water, surface, perform 2-minute survival float, and swim elementary backstroke for 20 yards.	
	THE RED CROSS DOES NOT CHARGE OR RECEIVE FEES FOR INSTRUCTION.	
This certifies that Shawna Gambol is qualified as an ADVANCED BEGINNER IN SWIMMING having passed the required tests at Roaming Rock Shores 7-26-85 <small>Date course completed</small>	Name of Chapter ASHTABULA COUNTY CHAPTER ASHTABULA, OHIO	Chapter Representative <i>Letty Lynn H. Galt</i>
	Instructor <i>Kay E. Cassell</i>	Holder's Signature <i>Shawna Gambol</i>
<i>Shawna N. Ballan</i> <small>Chairman, American Red Cross</small>	 42	CERT. 1399 (REV. 4-79)

I never achieved any certificates past advanced beginner. I started a lifesaving class once, but had to drop out because it interfered with taking the ACT college admittance test.

Almost Drowning at the Beach

Even though I had some idea of how to swim since I was a baby, that is different than being able to swim a long distance or being strong enough to make it to shore when surprised or tired or under certain conditions. There are two times in my life when I remember thinking that I just might drown. One was at the main beach in Roaming Shores and the other was swimming in Puget Sound in Seattle.

I was some age between 5 and 8 and we were at the main beach swimming. A number of our friends and our friends' mothers were there as well. We had an inflatable mattress and took turns lounging on it. I am sure I had been warned not to go out beyond where I could touch bottom, but somehow I drifted out to the deep end near the ropes. I fell off the mattress and sank straight to the bottom. The sand and clay squished between my toes and I looked up to the sky, which appeared green gray from that depth. I started to move my arms and legs, but I wasn't getting enough thrust to reach the surface of the water. I kept trying, but it was too far. I gulped in water and struggled. Then I gave up. I did not want to die, but it wasn't working and I couldn't think of anything else to do. At that moment I was grabbed around the waist and shoulders by Paula Jeanne Kampf. She started to drag me back to shore and I breathed in air. She handed me off to Jeffrey Ryan Waldo who carried me to the shore where our mothers were waiting with towels. At that point, even though I was sputtering and cold I remember being very calm since I had already resolved that I was going to die that day. I am not sure if it was Paula or Jeff or my mother or Mrs. Kampf who spotted that I was in trouble, but I am grateful to all of them. An unhappy footnote to this story is the Jeff died a few years later in an automobile accident when he was only 15. The other time that I was in danger of drowning was when I was 13 and went swimming in Puget Sound with my Uncle Steve (Fain). My legs got tangled in kelp and I panicked. In that state of mind it didn't occur to me to break the kelp to free myself. I kept trying to pull my legs out. Fortunately Uncle Steve was only about two feet away and easily freed me. Even though we have weeds in Lake RomeRock, they are nowhere near the strength and width of the ones in Seattle. --*Shawna Gambol Woodard*

I hadn't thought of that day for many, many years--but as I began reading I felt every bit of it as if it were real--I could smell the air and the water and the sand, and how it sounded, and remember that I just felt like curling up and holding you and crying, I was so glad that you were okay. -- *Paula Kampf. Paula grew up in Rome and was a frequent visitor to Roaming Shores.*



Here are the east beach and east pool and kiddy pool on 9 June 2016. Joseph and Elijah Woodard are our models.

A towel dries at Mike Gambol's house on 14 June 2016. Mike made the teeter totter and the tire swing in the background.

Diving

My award for most beautiful dive goes to Denise Pulsifer. Most water entrances I have seen at any of the pools are goofy cannonballs or can-openers or flailing jumps. Sisters Danielle and Denise Pulsifer lived close enough to the main pool to walk or ride their bike to it often. As a gate guard it was my job to keep an eye on the pool and it was a joy to see her graceful entrances into the water. This was back when a number of the pools had deep ends deep enough for diving and diving boards (which broke at least once every year until they were replaced with solid concrete or removed altogether). Denise would dive from one of the boards which

was concrete and had no spring at all, which is even more impressive than it would have been if she had had a decent board. -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*



Illustration by Lee Gambol, 1988

Dead Waterbed Mattress

File this one under probably a bad idea, possibly illegal, may promote drowning, but has been accomplished at least once and a good time was had by all. ("A good time was had by all" is a phrase that we saw more than once in the Valley News society pages). Take an old, hole-ridden waterbed mattress and fill it with an air compressor. Throw it off the dock and jump on it. Repeat until the air all leaks out. --*Shawna Gambol*

Woodard and Cheryl Fain



Our family dog, Turd, Shawna and Destrey Gambol with the air bag, 1977. This was also fun on land.

Lee Recalls Jumping off "Fantasy Island"

There is an island on the western bank of Lake Roaming Rock, officially titled Recreational Lot 810. Locals refer to it as "Fantasy Island". When we first moved into the 'Shores, the southern edge had a high cliff, maybe about 15 feet or so above the water, and the edge held a marvelous overhang that allowed kids (and the occasional daring adult) to leap off without fear of encountering the solid rock base of the island. Erosion has taken its toll over the years, and now you can stand on the rocky edge of the base below this cliff, making the jump more dangerous – you've really got to LAUNCH yourself out and away from the edge to avoid injury. It was truly a test of bravado for many, many kids, working up the courage to take that leap. Perhaps even more courageous was to walk around the island's perimeter, through the areas populated by families of Canada geese who left the area covered with a treacherous layer of green goose poop.

Our tradition was to stop the boat a distance from the island and toss our anchor out, then swim to the island rather than dock on its shore. Each summer when our Seattle family visited, this was a mandatory event. I was never a fan of jumping feet first – one jump I'd landed awkwardly and had lake water slam into my crotch in an unpleasant way! I was always envious of my cousins flinging themselves off that cliff so fearlessly. Often I'd amuse myself by looking for the super-sized crayfish that hung out under the big flat shale rocks of the island base. -- *Lee Gambol*

Lee always DOVE instead of jumping off the island. She was more the daredevil than the rest of us. I remember that David Christ once jumped off and cut his foot on the ledge below. Ouch. --*Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Thrud Drowning

How on earth can one explain Thrud drowning? My brother came up with a hilarious gag which never got old – "Thrud drowning". Thrud was a barbarian too dumb to know how the laws of physics work. He would start to drown, then save himself by dragging his own body out of the water by his ponytail. Thrud may have been inspired by Destrey and me having to portray "drowning victims" for our sister, Lee, and our mother, Cheryl Fain, who were swim instructors. Destrey says he can't portray Thrud anymore since he is now bald. -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard and Destrey Gambol*.

Rebuttal

Okay, so cruel behavior by parents is passed down. My Dad would do the same thing to me and my brother so he could "practice" saving us. Man,

he had a grip like I would imagine a gorilla having. It hurt like the dickens, but by golly, we got "saved". I obviously did not remember that when I recruited Destrey and Shawna. Boo, hiss. --*Cheryl Fain*

Storming Normandy

Ariel Askey of Orwell was a frequent visitor to the lake. It seems like any time that girl got near any body of water (ditch, frog pond, lake, etc.) she accidentally/on purpose fell in. She always went home wearing a borrowed t-shirt and sporting wet hair. One day (when she was allowed to swim) we were at the main beach. She must have been about two at the time. I don't know what inspired her, but she kept crawling on her elbows around the beach. We decided she was going to grow up to be a Marine or Green Beret. Keep your head down, grunt! -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Swimming across the Lake

Children and teenagers: If you decide to swim across the lake from west to east or east to west or challenge each other to some kind of long distance swimming race or world record attempt at swimming, **tell your mothers, first**. This message is brought to you courtesy of a mother whose children did this and told her later. It is safer to have a spotter in a boat follow you who can drag your butt out of the lake or at least throw you a life jacket if you get in trouble. -- *told to the authors*

Amoeba

I was working as gate guard and two of our regulars at the main pool were the Winer Family and the Spear Family. One day the boys were flailing around and Ellen Winer said "what are you.....amoeba?" The boys looked at her blankly without comprehension and one of them smiled and replied "Yeah" and for the rest of the summer Matthew and Mark Spear and Jared Winer would hop around like frogs and say "Me-bah, me-bah, me-bah!" and make up other things that amoeba (whatever those are) would do. --*Shawna Gambol Woodard*.

What to Wear to the Beach

Acceptable attire for the pool for males: swim trunks. Acceptable attire for the pool for females: one or two piece suits. Under no circumstances should a male wear a Speedo racing bathing suit. This person will be ridiculed for years to come unless he has the body of a Chippendale dancer. If he IS a hunk, certainly that will stand out in our memories as well. I have never seen a female wearing a thong bikini, either. This is not a college town. This is not France.

Acceptable attire for the beach: just about anything except the two above mentioned skimpy outfits. Feel free to jump in in jeans, cut-offs, an Amish dress, or whatever you are wearing that day.

Acceptable attire for swimming off your own dock: anything or nothing! Who can see what you are wearing under the water? The lake has a lot of light-scattering silt.

-- Shawna Gambol Woodard on behalf of my Bohemian family. Keep in mind that streaking reached its pinnacle when my generation was growing up. We thought it was pretty hilarious to streak our babysitters and other unsuspecting newcomers.

SCUBA Diving

Rudy Droese took Jackie Crandall scuba diving in the lake. You will have to ask Jackie for details. -- *Kathy Crandall.*

We aren't sure how much you can see in the lake, but we have heard that Lake Erie scuba diving is much improved since the zebra mussels have invaded.

Chapter 5: Outdoor Recreation

The sky is alive on a mid-summer night
Before the moon comes rising
Stars will dance with their ribbons of light
Stretching to the far horizon
--John McCutcheon

Baseball/Softball



Shawna Gambol Woodard at Sunset Circle Park 13 June 2016. I was on the Rome Rockettes softball team as a youth. Later the team name was changed to Rockets. My brother, Destrey, was on the Rome Muddiggers baseball team. These teams played near Rome Hartsgrove Elementary School and Rome Fire Hall. At the time the Sunset Circle Park hosted peewee football practice and peewee cheerleading practice, but the games were in Orwell. Sunset Circle Park on 2 June 2016. There are restrooms, a baseball backstop, a basketball court, and a pavilion. There are also many, many squirrels due to the large number of nut trees in the park. In the 1970's and 1980's this was the site of Pool 2.

Basketball



Basketball players at the west beach court. 11 June 2016



Elijah Woodard and his grandmother, Cheryl Fain, at Sunset Circle Park on 13 June 2016

There weren't any basketball courts when I was growing up, but they seem to get used quite a bit now. – Shawna Gambol Woodard

Bocce



Free form bocce at Betty Fain's house on 9 July 2006. Lee Gambol, Steve Fain, and Mike Gambol are shown.

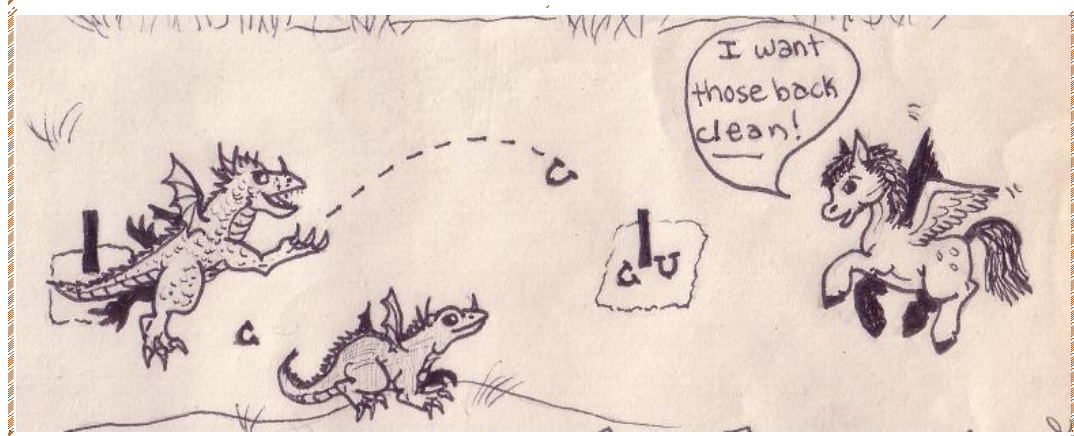
There was a three month period of time between finishing graduate school in 1993 and starting a job in Ashtabula when I was unemployed and moved back to Roaming Shores from Kent State University. I got a glimpse of what it would be like to be retired in the Shores. Here were three ways I spent my time between writing cover letters and interviewing for jobs: 1) substitute bowler on the Grand Valley Lanes Wednesday Mid-Morning Crisis women's league 2) playing bocce with retirees including Ron and JoAnn Leach 3) house sitting for neighbors. The pictures above are free form lawn bocce, but a number of residents in Roaming Shores have asphalt, clay, or other courts set up in a more formal

fashion. This is particularly popular with Italian Americans from the Ashtabula and Youngstown areas. – *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Football

In the 1980's Pee wee Football and Pee wee Cheerleading practiced at Sunset Circle Park. They have not used this location for many years now.

Horseshoes



These horseshoes have not been used for many years, but many residents have had pits in their yards throughout the years. In particular, during our family reunions men, women, and children all played. These forgotten shoes were photographed on 14 June 2016 at Mike Gambol's home.

Lee Gambol drew this picture in 1987.

Playgrounds

There are playgrounds at the west and east beaches. Many parents also head to Rock Creek Elementary School and the former Rome-Hartsgrove School site for playgrounds. There were not any playgrounds in the Shores when I was growing up in the 1970's and 1980's, but I see that the

original advertising for RomeRock said there would be playgrounds. –
Shawna Gambol Woodard



Joseph Woodard demonstrates the use of the playground equipment at the West Beach on 14 June 2016.

This playground at the west beach is much better than the small one that was installed before it in the late 1980's. For a while there was a playground down near the pedestrian covered bridge, but it was in a bad location – too close to a cliff that led into the swampy area behind the bridge, and it was not “industrial strength” like this one is. It fell apart a few years after it was erected. The current playground at the Main beach and the one at the east beach are well constructed. -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Sand Volleyball



*West beach volleyball court (Jason Scribbs Memorial Court) 2 June 2016
East beach volleyball court on 10 June 2016.*

Seaplane

The Milner Family had a seaplane and a house on the lake. — *Marcia McMurphy.*

Soccer, Frisbee, Croquet, Badminton, Cornhole, Ladder Golf, Jarts, etc.

If you don't have a large, flat, grassy yard, there are a number of recreation lots available for day use for these sports. Just pack it up when the day is done. We also use the mowed recreation lots (RLs) for watching meteors in August during the Perseid meteor shower since there are too many trees for good viewing in our own yard. You might want to mention this to the police before doing so, however, so they don't suspect you of doing anything illegal in the middle of a field in the middle of the night. — *Shawna Gambol Woodard, with thanks to Marlene Hocevar for reminding us of jarts.*

Perseid Meteor Shower

The Perseids, which peak during mid-August, are considered to be the best meteor shower of the year. With very fast and bright meteors, Perseids frequently leave long "wakes" of light and color behind them as they streak through the Earth's atmosphere. The Perseids are one of the most plentiful showers (50-100 meteors seen per hour) and occurs with warm summer nighttime weather, allowing sky watchers to easily view the shower.

Perseids are also known for their fireballs. Fireballs are larger explosions of light and color that can persist longer than an average meteor streak. This is due to the fact that fireballs originate from larger particles of cometary material. Fireballs are also brighter, with magnitudes brighter than -3.

The Perseids are best viewed in the Northern Hemisphere during the pre-dawn hours, though at times it is possible to view meteors from this shower as early as 10 p.m. Find an area well away from city or street lights. Come prepared with a sleeping bag, blanket or lawn chair. Lie flat on your back with your feet facing northeast and look up, taking in as much of the sky as possible. After about 30 minutes in the dark, your eyes will adapt and you will begin to see meteors. Be patient -- the show will last until dawn, so you have plenty of time to catch a glimpse. --

<http://solarsystem.nasa.gov/planets/meteors/perseids>

I have great memories of meteor watching. We had these heavy cotton Korean war-era army- surplus sleeping bags in peach and khaki. Why the military made them in peach I have no idea. Maybe they were orange at one point and had faded. We would take these out on a lawn and lay there until something happened in the sky. The best meteor I ever saw was a huge green one that streaked across the entire sky from south to north. I am pretty sure it was a message from Dorothy in Oz.

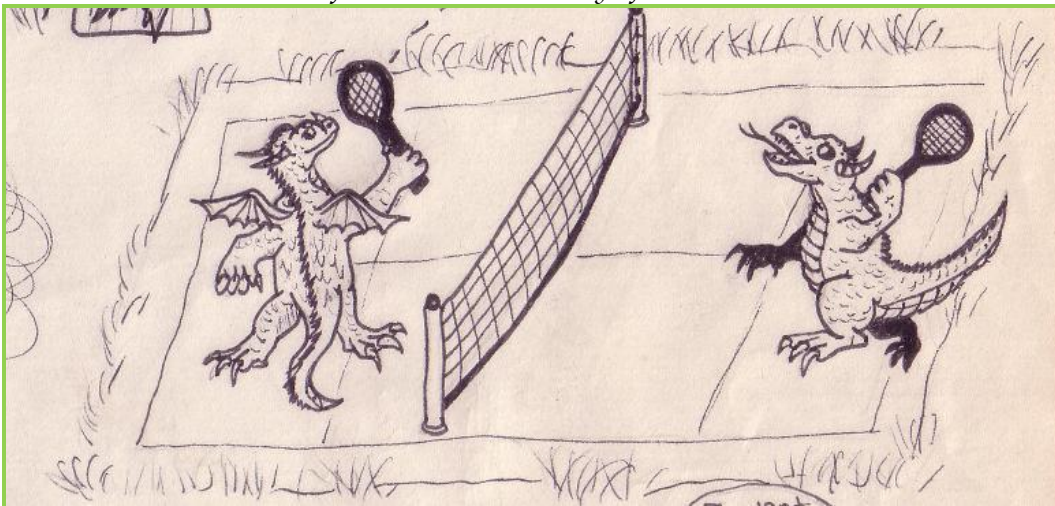
Sometimes our cats would come over to us, confused about why we were lying in the grass and rub their whiskers against our faces to claim us.

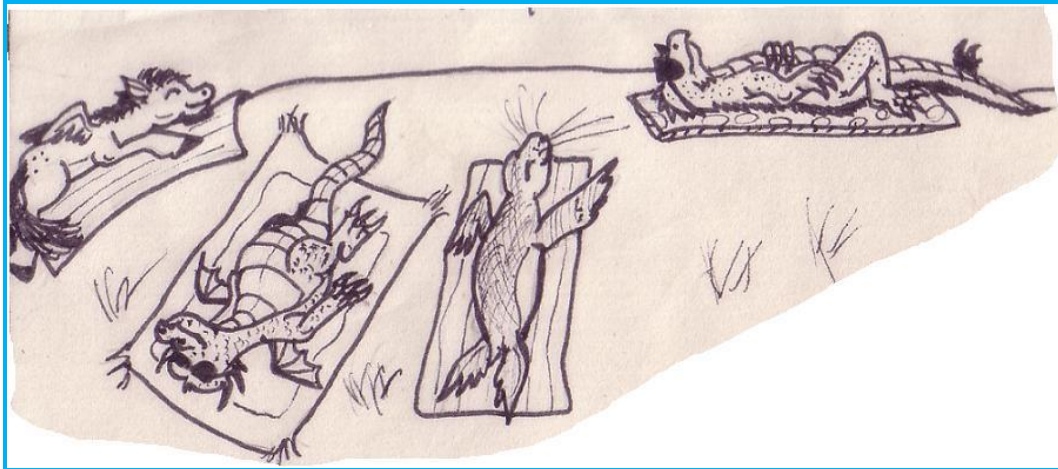
When we had miniature dachshunds the dogs would burrow down into our sleeping bags, warming our feet. Cats and dogs are not the only animals you will encounter in the grass at night. Bats or skunks or raccoons might investigate your spot. Often we would fall asleep and Mom would wake us up to go inside at some point. -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Tennis



Tennis courts at the west beach on 2 June 2016. The sign is advertising the mini-triathlon in celebration of the 50th anniversary of the lake.





Lee Gambol imagines some mythical creatures playing tennis, grilling, and sunbathing. 1987.

Chapter 6: Security and Police

"The sign says 'You got to have a membership card to get inside.'" written by Les Emmerson

Many a time I have hummed this song. We used to insert the name of a certain friend of ours with long hair instead of the lyrics "long-haired freaky people. -Shawna Gambol Woodard



Main Beach, 2 June 2016 (I think they mean to say that you should not trespass before dark, either).

Gate Guards

I worked as a gate guard for many summers at the Main beach and pool. Sometimes the work is quite boring. Mostly it involves pointing visitors to the correct pavilion or to the clubhouse. During a particularly cold or overcast day I could read two entire Harlequin romance books a day (thanks, GV and Rock Creek Libraries and the RomeRock Lending Library). I tried to read Moby Dick one summer, but never finished it.

Let me try to remember who our regulars were at the Main Beach. They would arrive on foot, bicycle, car, and boat. Here are the families I saw at the beach all the time. All of these had children between the ages of 3 and 17 in their families circa 1987-1991 except for the nuns:

The Crosbies, Fularzes, Hanyoks, Nevisons, Powers, Pulsifers, Scribbens, the Sisters of Notre Dame, Ruboskies, Spears, Winers, Woodworths, Spears.

Different women would come to the beach that were members of the Sisters of Notre Dame. They had a house near the Paradise Bay restaurant and would arrive in groups of 3-8 on bicycles. We knew at a glance who

they were by their modest swimsuits, mature age, gender, and smiles. They always enjoyed their retreats in the Shores.

My co-workers were Velma Moses, and Rob Needham. Our bosses were Ron and JoAnn Leach, lake managers.

Contrary to stereotypes, teenagers were not the biggest problem, but drunken housewives in the middle of a weekday. Sometimes they can be quite obnoxious. Almost everyone comes to the beach to have a good time, not to cause trouble.

As guards we loved it when there were wedding or graduation parties. Everyone attending was so cheerful, from a toddler to a great grandmother. Sometimes they brought the guards cake! One time there was a mix-up with arranging for a pastor and a couple was unexpectedly married at the beach instead of at a local church. I don't remember all the details, but we may have called on Rev. Arthur Hess (lot 829) to perform the ceremony. The couple had a license, but not an officiant, so as mayor AND preacher, he was doubly qualified!

As a guard, armed only with a walkie-talkie to request backup, as a teenager I learned the "stern, authoritative voice" which has come in handy in my work as librarian and as a parent.

1. Clearly state the expectations for good behavior and the consequences if the rules are not followed.
2. Implement the next step in the disciplinary plan of action if necessary.
3. Fill out appropriate paperwork while the memory is fresh.

Inch worms would fall on us all the time from the tree canopy. I see that today the gate guards have umbrellas and/or an awning. I am assuming they use cell phones instead of walkie talkies nowadays. -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*



I was taking photographs of Jefferson High School when I came across this bench. Rob Needham was a gate guard during the summer and during the school year he taught special education for the Jefferson schools. He was a driver's education instructor and tennis coach. – Shawna Gambol Woodard

Security Force: Leon Jablonski

Leon Jablonski was one of the security members in the 1970's and retired in 1988. I remember that he drove a Jeep, not a Crown Victoria as was favored by police and security in later years. Leon Jablonski was born 5 February 1921 in Cuyahoga County, Ohio. He lived in Roaming Shores at 2490 Willowbrook Place. He died 14 March 2004 in Saegertown, Crawford County, Pennsylvania.-- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

We used to sneak into the Pool 2 at night to swim. When Leon caught us, he would tell us to go home and come back tomorrow. He knew who we were. – *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

From 1997 and into the early 2010s, the Ford Crown Victoria Police Interceptor was the most widely used automobile in law enforcement operations in the United States and Canada -- *Wikipedia*

Security Force: Ed Barczyk, Senior.

Ed was a policeman for the city of Cleveland for many years. He retired from the 5th precinct. After he retired he and his family moved to Roaming Rock Shores and he worked as a security officer. He lived near the club house on Callendar. Mae was his wife and Ed Junior drag raced with me.

Ed knew all the people, their friends, their relative, their habits. Some time in the 1980's my father, Frank Gambol, came to see me assuming I was home, but I was not. Frank tried the front door then went to the marina where I sometimes hung out. Ed followed Frank. Frank tried the Ole Straw Hat restaurant and bar, but I was not there. Then he went back to my back deck to sit and read the *Wall Street Journal*. Ed approached to the possible robber, then him as my Dad. He knew Frank, but had not recognized the car. That is how well security knew everyone. –Mike Gambol

Security Force: Hook

We remember that there was a security guard with one arm. He had a hook. What was his name? -- Pearl Franklin and Mike Gambol

Security Measures on the Roads

Who remembers when there were gates across the roads activated with laminated green cards and that you HAD to have a white bumper sticker with green letters that said "RRA" on your vehicle or get pulled over by security in the 1970's? One advertisement that I found shows a window decal. The gates were not a particularly effective tool, since there are many roads leading in and out of the Shores. –Shawna Gambol Woodard



Lake Patrol is hard at work off the main beach on 3 July 2016.

Police



Police vehicle at the Village Hall on 3 June 2016.

21 June 2016 Officer David Bonfield and Village Councilwoman Cheryl Fain after a council meeting.

I was the Clerk Treasurer of the Village when we created a Police Force. I had to learn how to do the police payroll from the State Auditor. I am proud of how our "cop shop" has evolved and matured into a viable protection force for local Roaming Shores citizens, and a supportive security facet for all of Ashtabula County. --Cheryl Fain

Roger Dibble was another officer that I relied upon as a gate guard. --
Shawna Gambol Woodard

Roger Dibble and **Randy Rasmussen** would stop for coffee at the Moses home.--*Leeann Moses*

Bill Glover worked for the Shores then left for a job in Ashtabula. The Glover family still lived in the Shores. I got call from Randy Rasmussen saying that Bill had been shot and was in bad shape at the hospital. I got in my dad's Corvair and drove like a bat out of h--- to the hospital. I had my children, Holly and Chad, go over to the Glover house to distract the Glover children from the television where the news was playing. I did get to talk to Bill before he died and I vowed that I would help with his children. I was able to lend a hand to Maryann and the kids until she remarried (a Mountie) and moved to Canada. - *Leeann Moses*



Peggy Ashba was the first female officer on the force starting in 1997.



Officer Kristen Fortune and Cheryl Fain, 27 June 2016.

Officer Jason Kern assures that the 50th anniversary celebrations continue safely, 3 July 2016.

Randy G. Rasmussen was the long time Chief of Police and a resident of Orwell. A ceremony honoring his years on the force is planned at the beginning of the Roaming Shores 50 Years Celebration.

I saw Randy just about every day when I worked as a gate guard. Knowing he was just a call on the walkie talkie away if I needed him was very reassuring.

I was studying for my drivers' test at the main beach parking lot with chairs set up around it to practice for parallel parking. I was using a compact car, but could not get the hang of it. Randy was watching and I said something like "You try it" to him. He amazed me by driving the police car (Crown Victoria) extremely fast back and forth through the course laid out with the chairs on the concrete without even remotely coming close to hitting them. I don't think I even said anything after that.

I was mighty impressed and knew I would never achieve that level of maneuverability in any automobile. -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Draft of the resolution to be presented to Randy Rasmussen at the beginning of the 50th Anniversary of the Lake ceremonies:

RESOLUTION _____

**A RESOLUTION HONORING THE EXTRAORDINARY
SERVICES OF RANDY RASMUSSEN AS THE VILLAGE
POLICE CHIEF FOR THE VILLAGE OF ROAMING SHORES**

WHEREAS, Randy Rasmussen has dedicated his life to the service and protection of others, as an Ashtabula County Sheriff's Deputy from 1982-1997, a security officer for Rome Rock Association beginning in 1988 and a police officer for the Rome Rock Association and the Village of Roaming Shores beginning in 1990.

WHEREAS, Randy Rasmussen served as the Village of Roaming Shores Police Chief from 1997 to May 2016 with dedication, love and commitment to protect the Village for tourists, business owners and residents.

WHEREAS, Randy Rasmussen has provided a confident and easy going leadership style while maintaining the peace of the Village, and has shown gentle but effective efforts to rehabilitate and reform wrongdoers and handle unusual circumstances, including rounding up some unruly and delinquent cows years ago at old pool #4.

WHEREAS, Randy Rasmussen retired on May 12, 2016 after thirty four (34) years of public service as a trusted and highly competent police officer.

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED by the Council of the Village of Roaming Shores, Ohio:

SECTION 1. This Council, on behalf of the grateful residents of Roaming Shores, hereby congratulates, and expresses its gratitude and love, to Randy Rasmussen for his thirty four years of service protecting lives and property in Ashtabula County and the Village of Roaming Shores, and further wishes him the best of luck in the future. A job well done!

PASSED this 21st day of June, 2016.



Randy Rasmussen is surrounded by his fellow officers for his retirement on 1 July 2016. He was hoping for more than a hot dog for all his years of service.

Chapter 7: Roads

"Country roads take me home to the place I belong". Bill Danoff, Taffy Nivert and John Denver.



Roaming Shores Roads, Take 1

Each summer the RRA would put down a new layer of asphalt for the chip seal roads. Each year we would forget and start to walk barefoot to the pool or would get on our bikes and take off for the pool on a hot day. This would result in burns and bituminous coal stuck to skin and metal surfaces. NOT a fond memory. This was better than what the rest of Rock Creek and Rome had, however. They had dirt and gravel. Eventually the RRA REALLY paved the roads instead of re-sealing and re-graveling them.

Coming home from visiting relatives in Chicago or watching drive-in movies in Ashtabula or in Andover we three children would be asleep in the back of the car. There was a bump and a big pothole at the end of Evening Star Drive. This hole got worse and worse for many years before it was fixed. We would wake up when we felt this distinctive bump and thump. --*Shawna Gambol Woodard*

The paved roads are really good for walking and running.
I once saw a car/boat on the lake . --*Marcia McMurphy*



Roaming Shores clean up day, 1983. Dawn and Gary Franklin, Cheryl Fain, Michelle Christ, Jackie Crandall, Lee Gambol.

Cheryl Fain and Mike Gambol with a modified 1964 Chevy Nova (488 cubic inch Rat motor) in front of the gas tanks that used to be in front of their home. (See Mike's account of the tornado that took out these tanks). May 1983.

Lee Gambol with her decorated Chevy circa 1987.

Roaming Shores Roads, Take 2

The roads were just gravel when I was a kid growing up in the 'Shores. Not easy to ride a bike on, and even worse when the Association road crew would spread sticky asphalt tar and oil on the gravel at the beginning of summer to keep the dust down. Granted, by the end of

October any car moving faster than a snail's pace along Association roads would raise a Batmobile-worthy dust cloud, but the tradeoff for the tar was instead of getting dust in the open windows of your car, you'd end up with a horrendous black glaze of petroleum and pebbles coating the lower half of your doors. This La Brea-Level goo would encrust our bikes and flip-flops; several shoes were lost forever as victims of the sticky surface.

The best part of our roads was that they are PRIVATE roads, and pretty much anything goes when it comes to vehicles of choice. Go-karts, snowmobiles, trucks towing kids on sleds...we all learned our basic driving skills long before attending official Driver's Ed classes on those gravel testing grounds. We went through a couple of used golf carts during my childhood, and several still putt around the lake today.

--Lee Gambol

School Buses in Winter

I don't remember the association ever being able to keep up with the snowplowing in the winter, especially in the early mornings. A number of residents would wait until the school bus went by so at least there was one set of tracks to follow. Hopefully the tracks left by the bus were on the paved part of the road. The school bus IS the plow. -- Shawna Gambol Woodard

Rebuttal

The RRA crew does an awesome job plowing. For 28 years I worked as a phlebotomist. I drove to Glenbeigh in Rock Creek at 5:30 in the morning and I got there perfectly fine. From Rock Creek I would drive to the Ashtabula County Medical Center. -- Pearl Franklin

Go-Kart

We received a go-kart for Christmas one year. It was a good thing that Dad had an old motorcycle helmet that we had to wear, because I crashed that thing a lot. My biggest problem was remembering which pedal was the gas and which was the brake, so when I started to have trouble, I would hit the gas to stop, then slam into a ditch, fence, etc. at full throttle. Lee and Destrey were much better drivers. All the kids in the neighborhood were jealous. When we grew up and left home, Dad sold it to the Pierce boys. By then it was rusty and beat up, but that didn't stop Dad from making the boys pay for it with sweat equity. He had them do

yard work and other hard labor in exchange for the go-kart. --*Shawna Gambol Woodard*



28 Sep 2005 Great grandma Betty Fain with Elijah and Anna Woodard



*8 Oct 2006 Street legal? Maybe not. Fun? Yes. Yee-haw! Mike Gambol pulls Daniel, Elijah, and Anna Woodard with his Cub Cadet Tractor.
Anna and Elijah Woodard wait for a golf cart ride in 2006.*



By this time the roads are fully paved, not gravel or chip seal. Elijah Woodard rides his bike. Lee Gambol, Anna and Elijah Woodard, Cheryl Fain are cycling on 12 April 2009.

Evening Star Drive/Lode Star Drive

I don't know why Evening Star and Lode Star are two different roads. Karen, Jonathan and Matthew Vasko and Lee, Shawna, and Destrey Gambol would walk back and forth between the Vasko house on Lode Star and the Gambol house on Evening Star. Boo Conway would also visit his grandparents on Lode Star. We would walk back and forth through the ravine between the two roads and play in the gap area. We would try to ride our bikes all the way, but had to walk them through the gulf and get back on them on the other side of the gulch. -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*



This bike belonged to my Aunt Mary Gambol who died in 1973. We still use it. – Shawna Gambol Woodard

This license plate was spotted at the main beach on 3 July 2016.

Where Do You Live?

Good luck finding any house in the Shores if you haven't lived here for at least 10 years. Even if you have lived here a long time you might not be able to find someone's house. No one will ever find your house (even with GPS) because the numbers don't use standard conventions and the roads twist and turn and stop and start. To confuse things even more, Callender Road is on both sides of the lake.

I grew up on Evening Star Drive and often saw people driving up and down the street peering at house numbers, hoping to make sense of it all. Often they are looking for a number on MORNING STAR, not Evening Star. If they weren't looking for Morning Star, it might have been Lode Star, which is kind of the same road as Evening Star, but they aren't connected! In case you were looking for Dodge Road, once you cross over Route 6, Evening Star becomes Dodge (which is NOT the same as DodgeVILLE Road)! We kept a few extra maps of the lake at our house for this reason and since the RomeRock Association (RRA) office was at the end of Evening Star we would sometimes send people there for additional help navigating the maze.

I didn't know until I moved away from Roaming Shores that other communities have odd numbers on one side of the street and even numbers on the other side.

If you ever figure out the landmarks to look for on the road, then there is a

whole other set of things to look for when you visit a neighbor by boat, so
Godspeed! -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*



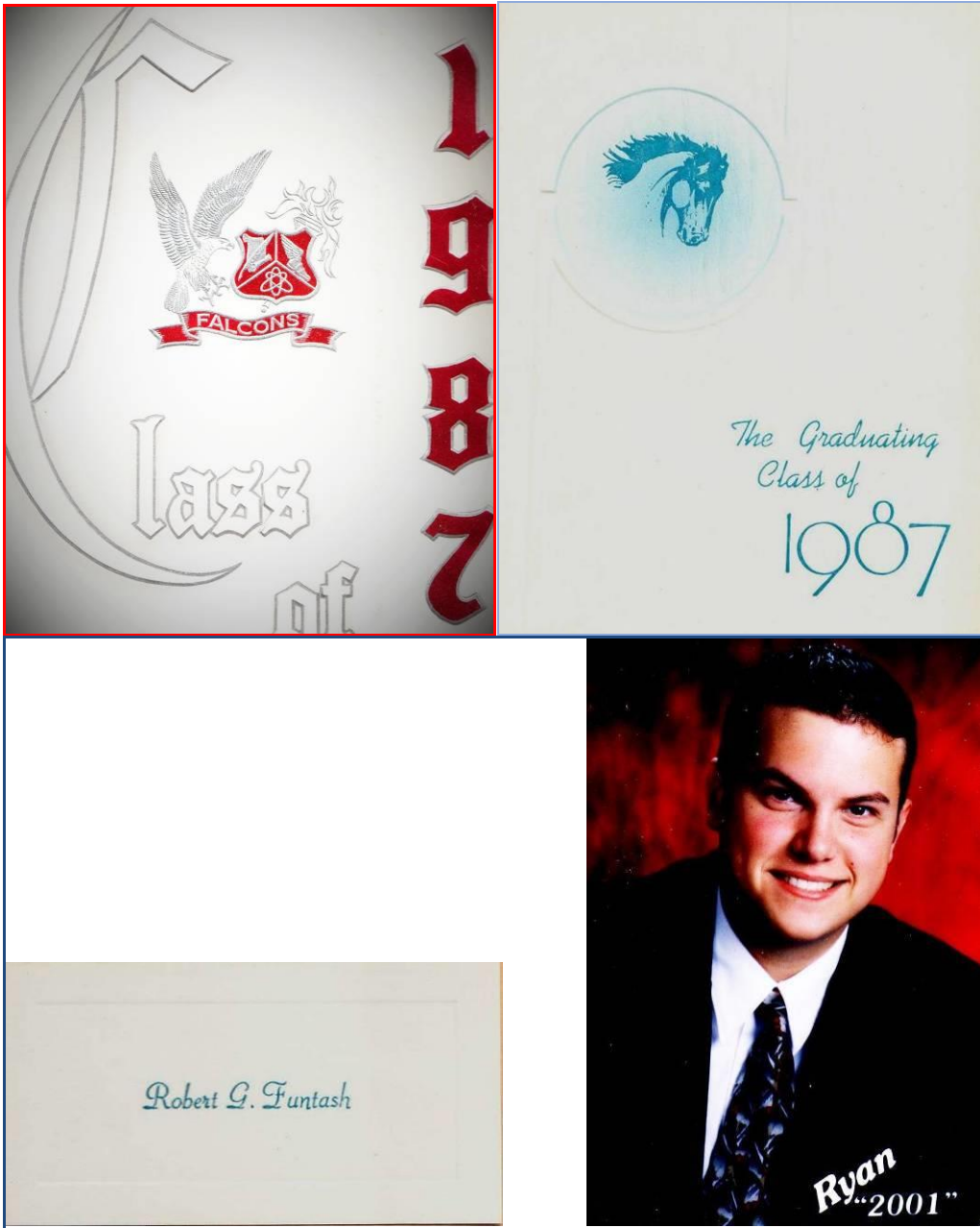
Pedestrian Covered Bridge at the Main Beach, photographed 6 Oct 2011 by Mike Gambol. This is a great spot for engagement, wedding, anniversary, graduation, or any occasion photographs and fits into the Ashtabula County covered bridges theme as an homage to the Callender Road bridge which no longer exists.

The Roller-Coaster Road was the no-mans-land between Morning Star South and Morning Star North. I have great respect for the bus drivers who had to navigate this in the winter.

There is still a sign warning of the Roller-Coaster Road, but it has been elevated and straightened since the early days. 9 June 2016.

Chapter 7: School

"Be true to your school just like you would to your girl or guy" -- Brian Wilson and Mike Love



Gary Franklin, Jefferson Class of 1987, Lee Gambol and Robert Funtash, Grand Valley Class of 1987, and Ryan Franklin, Jefferson Class of 2001.

Grand Valley or Jefferson?

Do you live in the Jefferson or Grand Valley School District? Neighbors in the Shores are rivals on the football field but partners in the pool. As a Grand Valley student I would see my friends from Rome and Rock Creek all summer and on weekends and holidays, but would see my friends from Rome, Hartsgrove, Orwell, Windsor, New Lyme, and Colebrook during the weekdays.

We would root for the (Jefferson) Falcons and the (Grand Valley) Mustangs and boo the (Pymatuning Valley) Lakers. Also, in the summer, my sister and I and a number of other GV students would attend the Allegro summer school at the Ashtabula County Joint Vocational School in Jefferson. There were not many Mustangs there, but we had friends from Allegro who were Lakers, Falcons, Warriors (Buckeye) and Spartans (Conneaut).

It was pretty lousy that half of my school friends were a long-distance telephone call away in Colebrook, Windsor, and New Lyme. It was something like \$.30 per minute to call my mates, so I rarely did. Rock Creek, Austinburg, and Jefferson were local calls, but that wasn't where my schoolmates lived. More than once I wished that the developers would have put the entire lake in one or the other of the school districts rather than cutting the lake in half by district.

I imagined that somewhere in the Rock Creek part of Roaming Shores there was a girl just like me who would have been my "bosom friend" (in the words of Anne of Green Gables) if only we had ridden the school bus together and been in the same classroom. With hindsight, maybe this would not have been the case since I was painfully shy as a girl. I may not have ever spoken to this theoretical girl. It is highly improbable at this point that Roaming Shores will secede from GV or Jefferson school districts.

Psychologically many times we divide ourselves along these same school district lines. Rome residents tend to go south to Orwell for groceries or the library or church or the doctor or dentist or a community dance while Rock Creek residents tend to head north to Jefferson in many cases, especially if they have children to pick up after school. Of course this varies depending on where the parents work as well.--

Shawna Gambol Woodard, Salutatorian, Grand Valley High School Class of 1989



Karla Drenski Pierce, GV '89

The former Grand Valley Middle School and Orwell Elementary School photographed 12 June 2016. Shawna Gambol attended this school from kindergarten to eighth grade. There was a double wide trailer next to it where both her kindergarten and fifth grade classes were housed.

Waiting for the Bus

Vicky and Joey Tuckey went to GV and lived on the east side of the lake just north of Spanish Cove. We lived on the west side of the lake across from them. We would look for the bus to pick them up, then go outside because we knew the bus would be at our house in a few minutes. This was more important (and more feasible due to the lack of leaves on the trees) in the winter. – *Shawna Gambol Woodard*



Vicky Tuckey lived on Lake Vue and graduated from Grand Valley. Melanie Eggleston also graduated from G.V. Melanie's father, Larry, built Marina Bay Café.



The 1995 Falcon football varsity cheerleaders are, clockwise from the right, Stacey Cufr, Cassie Borsukoff, Devaron Roach, Kristen Boggs, Summer Franklin, Julie Cufr, Rachel Langenbach and Noel Brandis.

The Boggs and Franklin Families are Roaming Shores Residents.



Rome School Easter Egg Hunt 1977. Lee Gambol is way in the back. We are not sure, but it looks like that might be John Kampf and daughter, Paula as well. Shawna and Destrey Gambol, Rusty Macy, and Shawn Pilichis wait for the bus in 1982.



Mike Green, Lauren Kampf, Mrs. Jill Klamer, Shawna Gambol, David Christ, and David Kern were the Grand Valley Academic Challenge and Scholastic Bowl Team, Spring 1989. David and Shawna lived in the Shores. Lauren is an honorary Shores resident (see families chapter). The Entrance to GV high and GV middle school was photographed 11 June 2016.

Here is a sampling of kids who went to GV and lived in Roaming Shores .



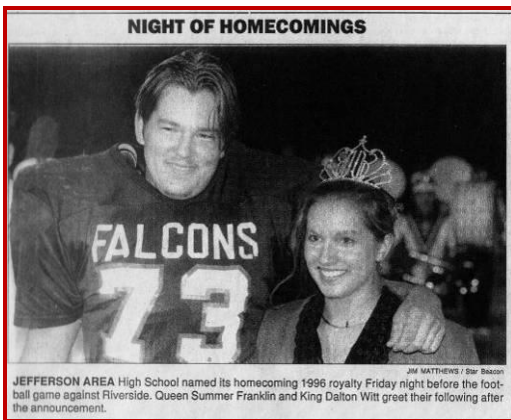
Jonathan Vasko is pictured in 1980 and Wendy Jones in 1982. Jon lived on Evening Star, then on Lode Star. Wendy lived in the condominiums.



Ken Yarish lived on the road leading to the main beach. He is pictured in 1986. This photograph of Jason Takacs was taken in 1990.



The current Grand Valley School is pre-kindergarten through 12th grade in one big building with different wings. Dr. Ellen J. Winer of Roaming Shores is the principal of the elementary school. Photographed 11 June 2016.



Summer Franklin was Homecoming Queen 1996 of Jefferson Area High School.

Poetry Pantry

By Cheryl Gambol

Hello, again, and here's hoping you will all try to send me bunches of poems for next month. HAIKU is a form of Japanese poetry that has become very popular with children. It consists of only three lines. The first line contains five syllables, the second contains seven syllables, and the third contains five. Depending on which authority you're reading, they pertain to nature, the seasons, or are on an emotional or spiritual theme. Here are a few examples from some third graders in Miss Lieberman's class at G.V. Middle School. Please feel inspired by these, and send me some of your own. They are fun and quick to do.

Summer's on it's way.
The grass is starting to grow.
The flowers have buds.

by Gary Franklin

It is pretty out.
And the sun is coming up.
I ran out to play.

Do you like flowers?
If you do, what kind do you?
I do like roses.

by Karen Vasko

The butterfly flew.
It flew over the tree tops
With hardly a flap.

The deer crossed the lake.
It's body made no splashes.
Then a doe followed.

By Lee Gambol

RomeRock News. Cheryl (Fain Gambol), Gary, Karen, and Lee all lived in RomeRock during the 1977-1978 school year.



Dawn Franklin and Deborah Crandall graduated from Jefferson. Paula Kampf graduated from Grand Valley.

GV Buses

For the Grand Valley Roaming Shores students the school bus was number 16 driven by Bill Stanek. When he retired, bus 16 was then driven by Judy Pieh. Later the number changed to number 3. I don't know about the times before or after, but these two drivers were the bus drivers from 1974-1990. My family lived in Rome, but we were bused to elementary school in Orwell. We had to get off the bus at Rome-Hartsgrove Elementary School, and then get on another bus that would take us to the Grand Valley Middle School/Orwell Elementary School. For Middle School and High School the bus drove directly to the destination school without a change of bus. I don't remember the exact time that we got on the bus in elementary school. It may have been at 8:15. For middle school and high school we caught the bus at 6:40. In the winter you can still see the constellation Orion at that time of night/morning. Ugh. Too early! I learned to scrunch down in my seat and go back to sleep until we reached the school. -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*





Jefferson athletic field and Jefferson Junior High were photographed 7 June 2016

Tales from a Jefferson School Bus Driver

I drove for 33 years as a Jefferson Bus Driver. Parents think I had say over when or if school would have been canceled. But I did not. There was only one time I defied the order to bring the kids in to school. This was after I had been a bus driver for more than 25 years. I started my route, and the roads were covered with ice under a layer of snow. I had already picked up some children when I decided it was too unsafe to finish the run. I called dispatch and said I was taking the kids home. Then they canceled school.

My worst day as a bus driver was August 31, 1995 at 9:35am. On the Forman Road leg of my route, I swerved because of a deer. The bus ended up in the ditch with serious consequences. One child broke his leg. There were lights and sirens everywhere. It was traumatic, but I resumed my bus driving after that day.

I loved meeting the amazing young people on my bus. I stay in touch with some of them on Facebook. – *Terry Funtash.*



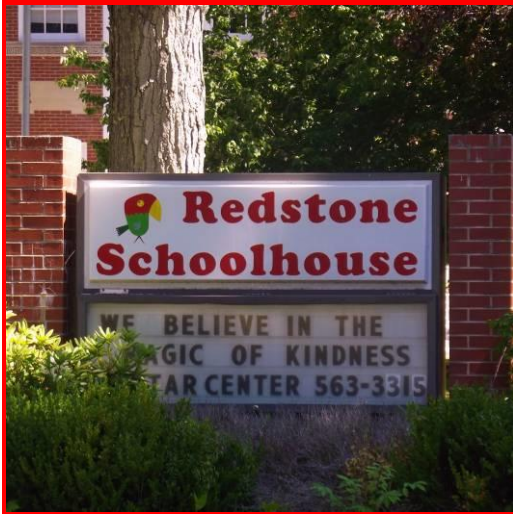
Rock Creek Elementary was photographed 12 June 2016



Rome Township celebrates 200 years. This sign is on the site of the former Rome-Hartsgrove School which many Roaming Shores students used to attend. Before it was Rome-Hartsgrove Elementary School the building was Rome School, from 1st -12th grade. This is at the southeast intersection of Routes 6 and 45. The playground in the background was part of the schoolyard. Lee Gambol, Elijah Woodard, Audra Fain, and Anna Woodard are shown. Lee attended this school. Elijah Woodard and Audra Fain enjoy the slide at the 200th anniversary of Rome township, 9 Jul 2006.

Santa at Rock Creek Elementary

We Santa Claused today at the Rock Creek Elementary School. It is great having [son] Steve as a driver and coordinator.--unpublished log of Alfred Fain, 14 December 1992



The old Rock Creek Elementary and the new Rock Creek Elementary playground photographed 12 and 16 June 2016, respectively. Joseph and Elijah Woodard make use of the equipment.

Private Roads

Most of the time having private roads works out well. There was a time, however, mid 1970's, when this was a problem with the Grand Valley system. The district said they would not have their buses come on RRA roads because they were private. We parents had to petition the board to have our children picked up at our homes. The school wanted the kids to walk to the roads owned by Rome Township. Can you imagine some poor first grader in winter walking to the bus stop? We were successful at that time getting buses to come all the way to our homes. Unfortunately, it seems that every few years this comes up again.--Kathy Crandall and Cheryl Fain

This came up with the Allegro gifted summer school bus, too, in the mid

1980's. Even though it passed right by Evening Star Drive on its way from Rome School to the vocational school, taking Route 6 to Route 46, we were told that our parents had to drive us to Rome School to get on the bus. The years that my sister, Lee, and I and Jon Vasko and Wendy Jones went, our parents convinced someone to have the bus driver stop at Evening Star and Route 6. Right after that we heard from other families that GV again refused to stop at Evening Star and 6 and insisted that children catch the bus at Route 6 and 45. Why? I don't know. --*Shawna Gambol Woodard*



The sign at the football field was photographed 11 June 2016.

GVHS 1986

Favorite School Personnel, Male = Mr. Funtash

Prom Queen = Susan Sturbaum

Best Legs, Female = Susan Sturbaum

Class Brain, Male = Ken Yarish

Class Scholar, Male = Ken Yarish

Last Will and Testament of Kate Whitely = to Mr. Funtash: I leave you a warehouse full of chocolate chips.

Last Will and Testament of Dee Dee Difford = to Holli Snowberger: all the good times of practicing for Rally.

Last Will and Testament of Wendy Loftus = to Mrs. Kampf - I leave the best French class you've ever had. Thank you for everything.

Jeanette King [married name is Gage, see chapter on clubs]:

Q = What will you miss about Grand Valley?

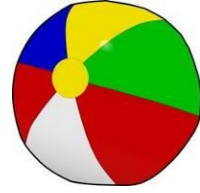
A = Friends, choir, and band.

--*Excerpts from the Round-Up. Grand Valley High School Newspaper. May 1986. Mr. Bob Funtash, Sr. and Mrs. Mary Paula Kampf worked at GVHS.*

Chapter 8: Social Life and Parties!

*"Now when you're feelin' low and the fish won't bite
You need a little bit o' soul to put you right".*

-- written by John Carter and Ken Lewis



The clubhouse is the go-to place for all kinds of organized fun and recreation lots, pools, beaches, parks, tennis courts, basketball courts, and even a baseball diamond round out the public areas for recreation.

I remember that my parents went to most of the dances at the clubhouse with a group of about 10 couples throughout the 1970's and into the 1980's. Sometimes it was country, 1950's and 1960's music, square dancing, or other music and dancing. The same couples also went to dances in Orwell and Jefferson.

Occasionally they would take a long weekend downhill skiing in Ohio or upstate New York. Some of the couples varied, but they included these families: Gambols, Franklins, Crandalls, Kampfs, Hensons, Keefers (lot

286 according to the bicentennial quilt square), Thompsons, Simonitises, Waldos, Funtashes, and Leybas.

As our generation grew up, many of us had our graduation parties at the clubhouse or reserved one of the pavilions for a graduation picnic. Some couples of my generation had wedding receptions at the beach. Then there are the baby showers at a pavilion or at Marina Bay Café/Paradise Bay Waterfront Bay and Grill. By the writing of this memoir, now some of our children are having their graduation parties at the clubhouse and their wedding and baby showers. Many of our parents are celebrating retirements and 50th wedding anniversaries at the clubhouse.- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Weddings



Bonnie Pilichis and Cliff Huffman's wedding reception at the clubhouse. The Pilichis and Huffman families lived within viewing distance of each other at the southwest quadrant of the lake. 1975.

"Shores' couples celebrate 20th anniversary.

Around May 24 some couples from the Shores met at Quail Hollow for dinner to celebrate their 20th Wedding Anniversaries. They topped it off with a cake made by Pearl Franklin with all their names on the cake.

These couples have all lived on the Shores since the early 70's.

Those in attendance were Dennis and Kathy Crandall, Pearl and Gary Franklin, Mike & Cheryl Gambol, Mary and John Kampf, and Fred and Brenda Leyba. Some other couples were unable to attend". -- *Published in Rome-Rock News, June – July 1986*

As of the writing of this book, the Crandalls (married on 10 February 1966) and Franklins have celebrated their 50th wedding anniversaries. Congratulations to both couples who have spent most of these years right here at Roaming Shores! They have raised their families here and

continue to enjoy sharing the lake with their children and grandchildren. Pearl Franklin continues to bake incredible creations. Three generations of Crandalls have worked in construction and real estate matching excellent homes with terrific homeowners. <http://crandallconnection.com/> Quail Hollow Resort, located in Painesville, is still a destination for special occasion dining and romantic weekends.

<http://www.quailhollowresort.com/>

“Other couple unable to attend” was Bob and Terry Funtash. They recently celebrated their 50th anniversary. In honor of the occasion they purchased a pontoon boat in anticipation of taking their grandchildren tubing. This is the first time they have owned a boat since moving here in 1978. Congratulations!



*Mike Gambol won this trophy at an adult Halloween party for which **highly offensive** costume? A. Aborted baby. B. Klu Klux Klansman C. Dr. Josef Mengele . The answer is on the last page of this book.*

Gary Thompson and Hank M. carve up a roast pig in 1981.

Fireworks

Terry Funtash and Shawna Gambol Woodard remember that for most of the years of fireworks at the Shores there was a one hour time after the fireworks when there was a water shortage. Everyone came home at the exact same time and everyone flushed their toilets at the exact same time. That was the only time we ever had this problem.

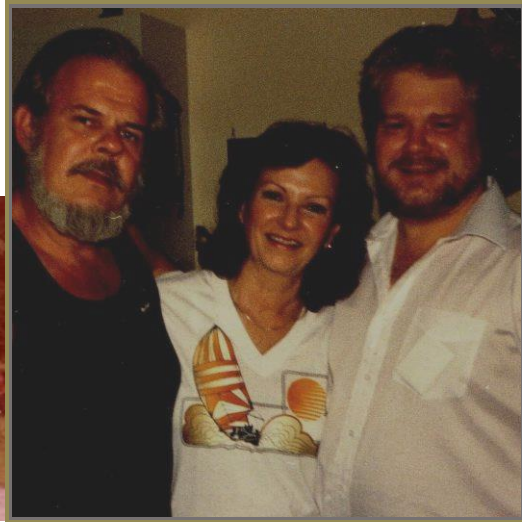


Fain family gathers at Sunset Circle Park Pavilion in June 2015.
Here is Sunset Circle Park on 2 June 2016.



Memorial Day 1983 at the Gambol House. Barbara Thompson, Terry and Bob Funtash, Carla Henson, Pearl Franklin, Gary Thompson, John Kampf, [unidentified woman with back to camera], and Kimberly Henson. The Thompsons, Franklins, and Funtashes lived in Roaming Shores. The Kampfs lived in Rome and the Hensons in New Lyme. Barely visible is an Orwell Golden Dawn paper grocery bag. Save-a-lot is where Golden Dawn used to be.

Worship on the Water Church Service held on 8 Jun 2008



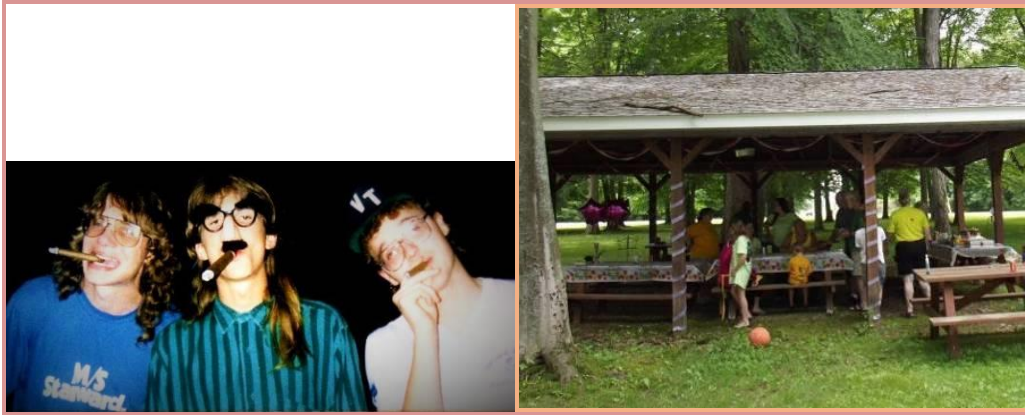
*Roaming Shores float for the Morgan Ox Roast, 1981.
Mike Gambol and Barb and Ken Simonitis on June 1990. The Simonitis live on Morning Star.*



Cheryl Fain's retirement party at the Clubhouse with special guests Captain Kirk, Bones, and Spock who beamed in for the occasion in July 2010

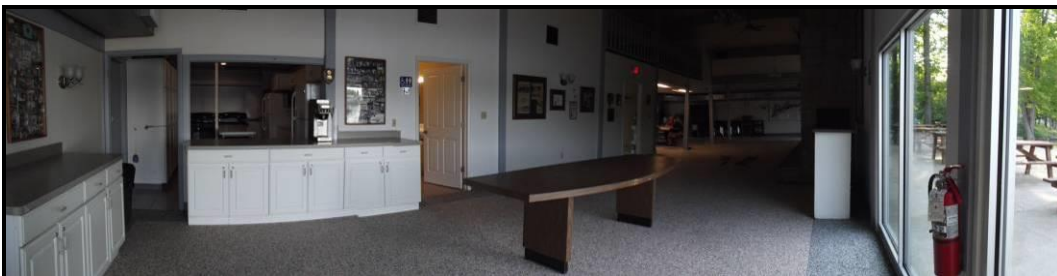


A Halloween Party was at Sunset Circle Park on 13 October 2013.



Marx Brothers 1989 clown around. The Brothers are also known as Destrey Gambol, Derek Lowell, and David Christ.

A party is using the Sunset Circle Park Pavilion in June 2015.

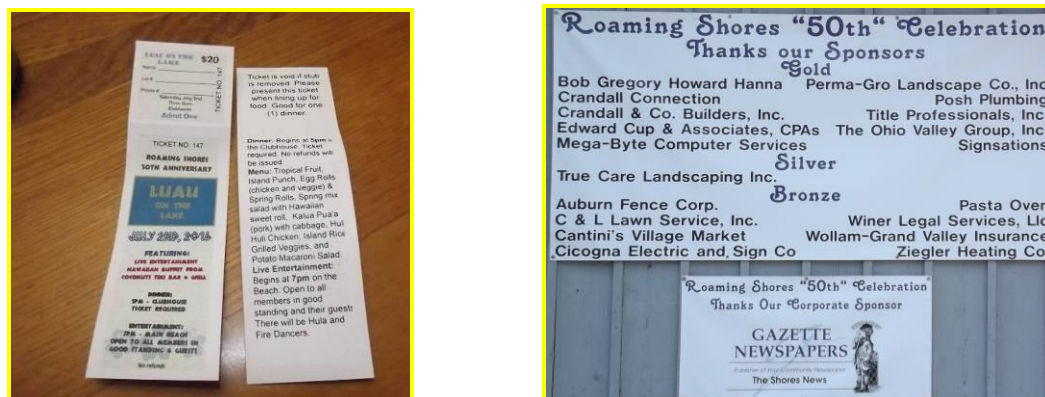


The main beach and the clubhouse await guests, June 2016.

Celebration of the 50th anniversary of Lake RomeRock



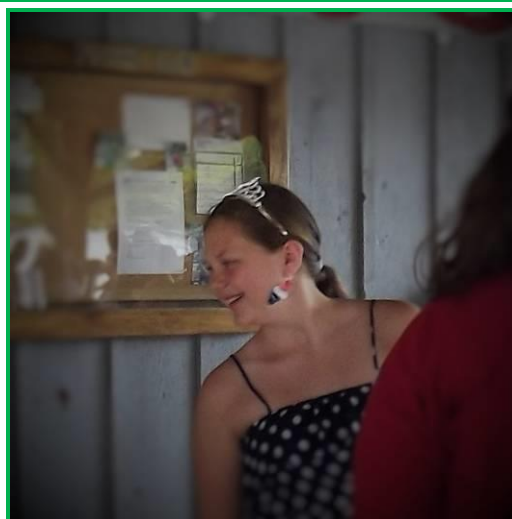
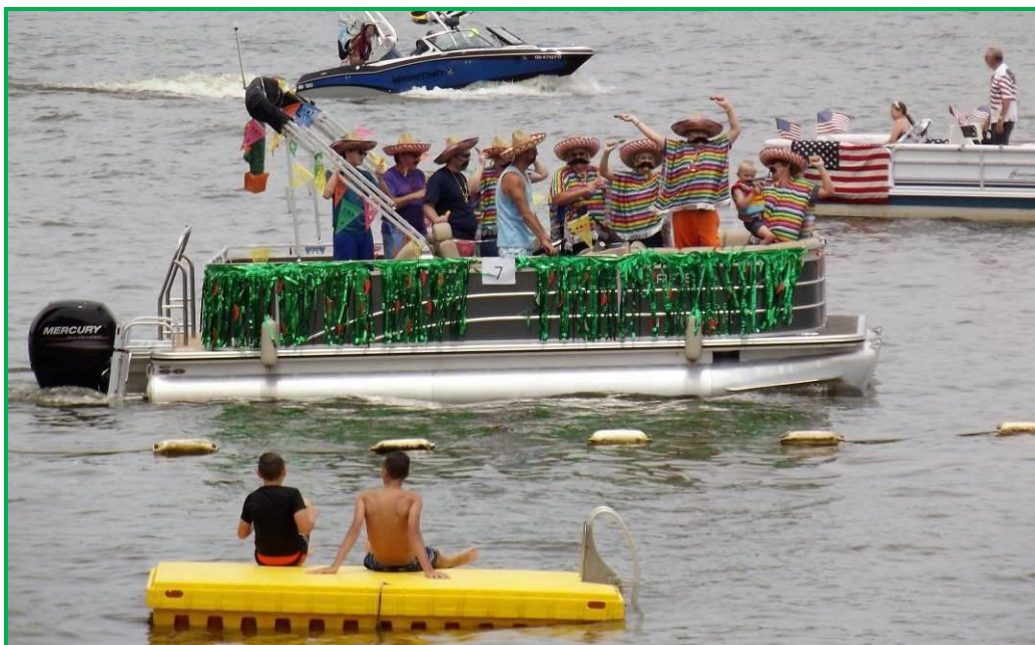
Here are a sign at the east pool and promotional material for 50th anniversary for sale at the RomeRock Association building.



Tickets for the luau and sponsors of the celebration of the lake's 50 years party.



The clubhouse is set for the luau. Fruit plate and Hawaiian dancer from the luau are shown on 2 July 2016.



Boat parade for the 50th anniversary celebration. This boat's theme was "Mexican Hat Dance". In the background is Fred Ebersole's boat with our 50th anniversary celebration Queen, Miss Ebersole. In the front we see the swim platform and the ropes delineating the swim zone at the main beach.

Our Queen Miss Ebersole outside the clubhouse. 3 July 2016.

Chapter 10: Clubs

And they all play on the golf course and drink their martinis dry

--*Malvina Reynolds*

Here are the clubs currently listed on the RRA website:

fishing, friends and neighbors, golf, promotion, quilters, polar bear, girl scouts, hold 'em, and water aerobics. In the past there was the over-21-club (OTC) and we are sure there are more that have come and gone.

Friends and Neighbors

This club holds dinners so people can get to know each other and have fun.

Golf

Men and women golf on Thursdays at Hemlock Springs in Geneva.



Roaming Rock Golf Course. The Roaming Rock Golf Course was in Roaming Shores in the 1970's.

Here is information gleaned from Facebook:

[Robin Hayford-Fiebig](#) There was a golf course at Roaming Shores on the west side of Crosby Cook, at end of Brockway Rd. back in the 70's. I was just a kid and remember passing it on the school bus.

[Robert Schultz](#) The greens are still there but overgrown. It was ahead of its time, as were the Condos on Rt. 6.

[Leeann Moses](#) I believe it is now the property at the Association owns behind Morningstar to Knowlton Road area.

Marcia Burr Hopkins Let's put it back in operation!

Doris Karger That's where they are putting the spoils from the dredging of the lake.

Terrie Lefti Adams It would be nice to have something like that again! There are lots of golfers out there.

Michael Dunlavey Golf, right here at home along with fishing and boating and hunting not far away? Oh my! Heaven on earth! Although golf courses cost a lot of money to run. It might not be a good idea.

The golf course wasn't so great. It was 9 holes and pretty run down by the time my Dad [Alfred Fain] and I golfed there.--Cheryl Fain

The Golf Ball

As a teacher I had time off in the summer. I played a lot of golf, much of it up by Lake Erie. I joined a golf league and got to know a lot of residents of the Austinburg and Saybrook areas. A little over 50 years ago many people were laughing and scoffing at the idea of a community built around a man-made lake. "It will never work". "It's in the middle of nowhere". A little over 25 years later as I was retiring golfing friends introduced me to a contractor who led me to the Shores. I fell in love with a lot on the east side backed up to and surrounded by woods. During the planning stages I was told that my lot was on the edge of the 2nd fairway of a short-hole golf course that used to be off Knowlton Road. Too bad I didn't move there sooner. One day as I was visiting the building site one of the workers said he had something for me that he had found in my future back yard. A golf ball! Somebody had a really wicked slice! I think that ball is still in my dresser drawer. -- Ann Schmidt.



Lee Gambol won this blue ribbon for a pinecone and shell turtle she created and entered in a craft show at the clubhouse on 8 September 1979.

Promotion

The promotion club represents the lake to the public, offers a welcome wagon to new lot owners, holds festivals, and more.

Here is an example of the sort of things the Promotion Club does.

Roaming Shores Promotion Club Unofficial Meeting Notes of 22 May 1992

Present: Eileen Oiler, Frank Oiler, Al Russo, Dee Russo, JoAnn Leach, Joyce Clark, Millie Moskoff, Velma Moses, Bill Moses, Barb Drake, Ed Drake, Anita Manners, Marlyn Cantini, Renee Frodos, Joyce Connor, Al Fain.

Discussed:

\$1,782 on hand

50/50 raffle for fireworks

cookbook in the works

June 20 will be the annual yard sale day from 9 a.m. – 4 p.m.

\$1025 lottery

casino night is May 30, a Saturday, from 8 p.m. -11 p.m.

Roaming Shores Day

4th of July fireworks will be on a Saturday this year [1992]

--unpublished log of Alfred Fain

I dealt one of the 21 games at casino night and had a really good time.

--unpublished log of Alfred Fain, 31 May 1992



Tables and chairs in the upstairs of the clubhouse are ready for poker, board games, bridge, etc. Here is some material used for Casino night and stored in the clubhouse.

Quilters

The quilters meet every other Wednesday at the Quilting Block store that is part of the Gage property on Route 45 in Rome.

In honor of the 50th anniversary and inspired by the 1976 quilt hanging in the clubhouse, a team created a quilt that will be displayed in the clubhouse as well. Doris Karger, Nan-Marie Graham and Jeanette Gage

assembled blocks made or commissioned by Shores Residents.



Jeanette Gage holds up the 50th anniversary quilt.

Polar Bear

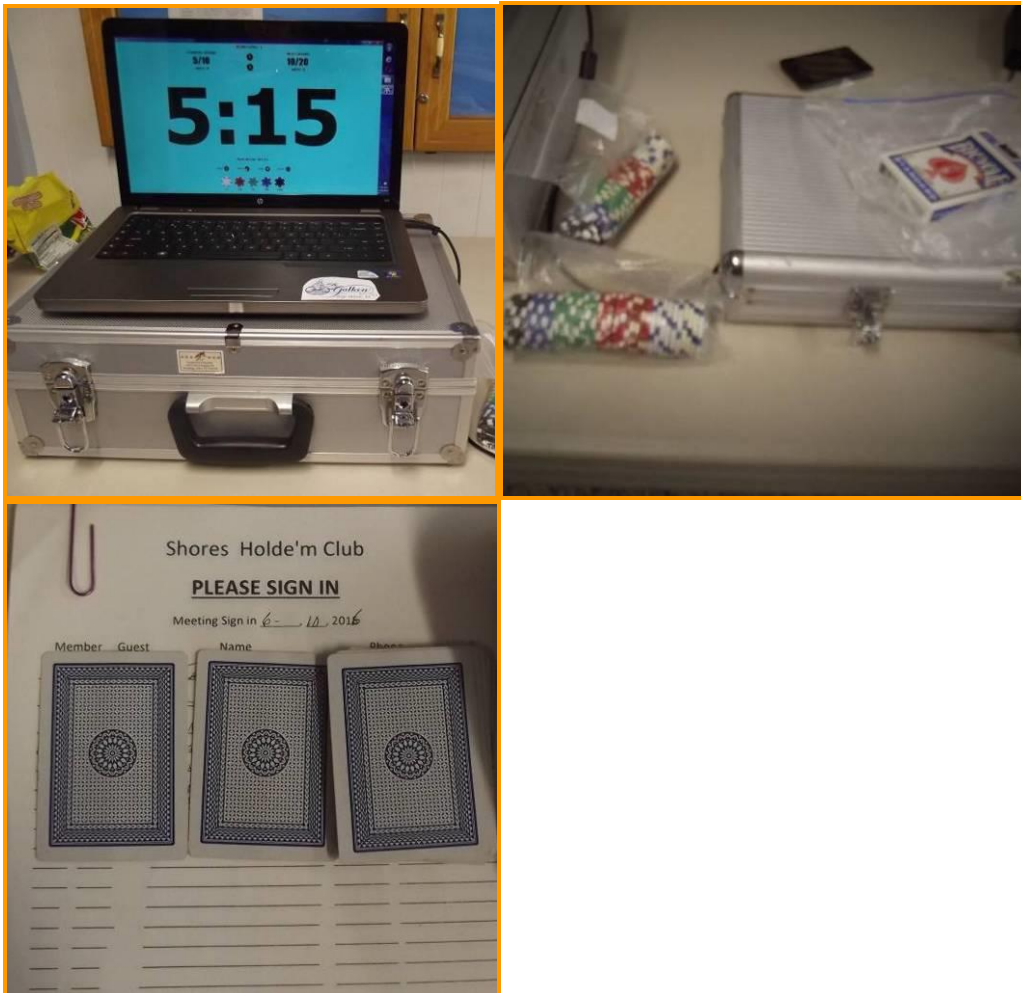


Year 2006 was first annual polar bear plunge and it continues into the future.

Girl Scouts

Girl Scout Troop 583 under the leadership of Laurie Schulze meets at the clubhouse twice a month.

Hold 'Em



I attend the meeting of the Hold 'Em Club on 10 June 2016. I don't play poker so I brought my proxy, Mike Gambol, to gamble. There was a \$10 buy in with all cash distributed to the first and second place winners. The president for 2016 is Fred Ebersole, vice president is Nan-Marie Graham, and secretary/treasurer is Susan True. They reported that the club is about 4 or 5 years old. – *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

I've been playing poker for a long time. I remember back in the late 1960's or early 1970's in Las Vegas Hold 'Em Poker was just starting to exist. At first they called it "Bet or Get Out" at places like the Four Queens, the Riviera, Tropicana or Showboat. --Mike Gambol

Over Twenty-One

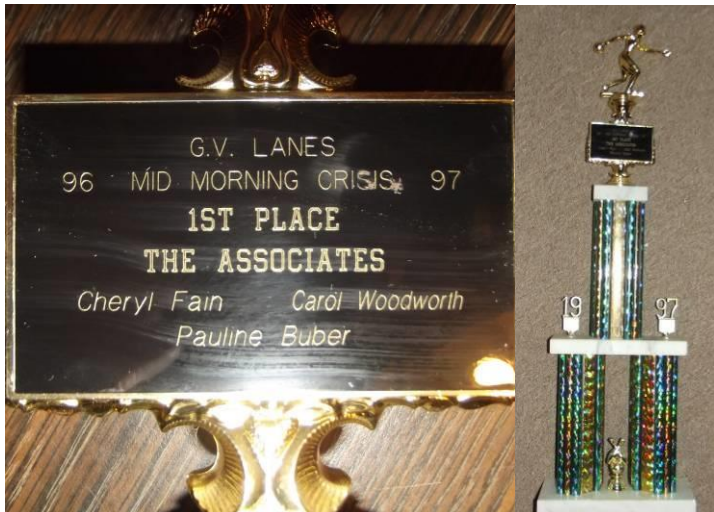
Membership in clubs wax and wane over time due to personalities, schedules, and more. A group of people in their 20's and 30's ran this club for a number of years. Many of them had children the same age.



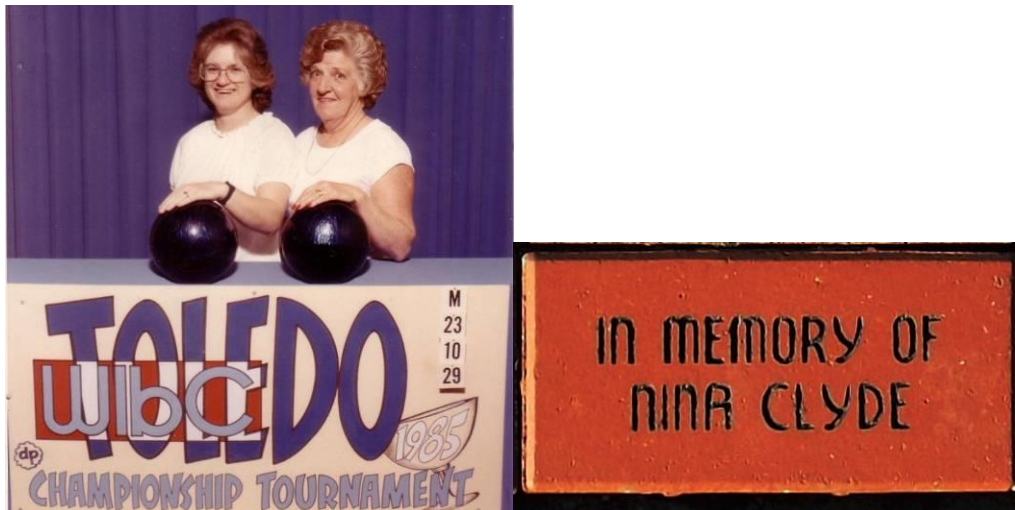
The Playground at the west beach was funded by the over twenty-one club in 1998.

Bowling

Bowling is not an official club, but often Shores residents team up at Grand Valley Lanes or Jefferson lanes. Nina Clyde, Carol Woodworth, Cheryl Fain bowled together for many years on Wednesday mornings at Grand Valley Lanes.



Thank you to the bowling team's long time corporate sponsor, Gary J. Franklin and Associates.



Cheryl Fain Gambol and Nina Clyde in June 1985 in Toledo, Ohio. Nina bowled very well and was awarded money in this national championship.

Memorial brick at the Roaming Shores village hall, photographed 21 June 2016

Bridge

Bridge was not an official club, either, but for many years has been played at Shores residents' houses and in Orwell.

Two Tables of Bridge

Last Saturday night we had two tables of bridge composed of Betty and me, Ron and JoAnn Leach, Ed and Barb Drake, and Roger and Jean Hubble. Betty won. Lots of fun!

--unpublished log of Alfred Fain, 19 May 1992

Bridge 1995

Al and I play as much bridge as we possibly can. We played with Ed and Barb Drake every week for a few years until they moved to Columbus to be near their children. At this writing our weekly bridge buddies are Jean and Roger Hubbell - two very dear people. Sometimes we join the group which plays bridge on Wednesdays at Orwell Country Neighbor. Occasionally we have four couples in for two tables. --*Betty Fain, written in her autobiography in 1995. Her husband, Alfred Fain, died in 2003.*

This group of couples rotated homes to play this card game. — *Betty Fain*

The Country Neighbor group moved to the Flea Market and has since disbanded. — *Cheryl Fain*

Chapter 9: Plants

I come to the garden alone while the dew is still on the roses -- *C. Austin Miles*



Arrowroot grows along the banks. It is food for a number of creatures. Lee Gambol used to collect it to give to her turtles. The Native Americans used it as well. It keeps coming back year after year in the same spot off Mike Gambol's dock.

Water lilies grow along the east beach.

Gardening is very popular across the Shores and there was a garden club at one point in Roaming Shores. Whether it is a victory garden, a few geraniums in a pot, or a plot of juicy, vine-ripened tomatoes, gardens are a large part of what makes the community beautiful.





Hibiscus, lilies of the valley, brown-eyed Susans, horsetail reed, clematis, and more were photographed at lot 988 on 24 August 2014.

The plants pictured above are from the home of Mrs. Betty Fain and the late Alfred Fain. With all these lovely flowers, is it any wonder that Daniel and I passed on the store-bought flowers and had my Grandma and Grandpa (Betty and Al) provide the flowers for our wedding? --
Shawna Gambol Woodard

Al and Betty's Yard

We have dwarf yellow irises, German irises, lilacs, and shade garden featuring: bleeding hearts, ferns, day lilies, hostas, and New Guinea impatiens

--*unpublished log of Alfred Fain, 19 May 1992*

Blue irises are in full bloom

--*unpublished log of Alfred Fain, 24 May 1992*

In bloom: yarrow (red, pink, and yellow), redhot poker, coneflowers, cosmos, Ohio wild tiger lily, Day lilies, rubrum lilies, calendulas, alliums, petunias, marigolds, brown eyed Susans, Asian poppies, cinquefoil, sedum, pansies, phlox (tall), liatrus (purple)

Done blooming: phlox (low), golden sunshine, sweet Williams, irises (dwarf and regular), rhododendron, forsythia, azaleas, lilac, tulip, crocuses, daffodils, bleeding heart, snowballs (shrub), coreopsis.

Developing but not yet blooming: hostas, hibiscus, rose of Sharon, dahlias, canna lilies, autumn joy, goldenrods (wild), gladiolus --

Unpublished log of Alfred Fain, 15 July 1992

Magnolia tree is blooming. Betty pruned it. Maybe that is why it is late this year. -- *unpublished log of Alfred Fain, 23 July 1992*

Yesterday Steve [son] and I used Mike's [ex-son-in-law and neighbor Mike Gambol] Ram Charger to haul the last of the 24 bags of leaves from Jerry Noda's place to our yard where we'll compost them and use them as mulch.--*Unpublished log of Alfred Fain, 17 December 1992*

The RRA crew is grinding brush from ditches and I asked them to dump half a load at the end of my driveway. Yeah! They said "yes". That pile of mulch will have to cure a year, but Mike [Gambol] has a good cured pile from which I've already stolen two carts full. Mulching trees is fun.--
unpublished log of Betty Fain, 18 August 2011



Get your compost here! This is on Route 6 just south of Lake Vue Drive. 15 June 2016

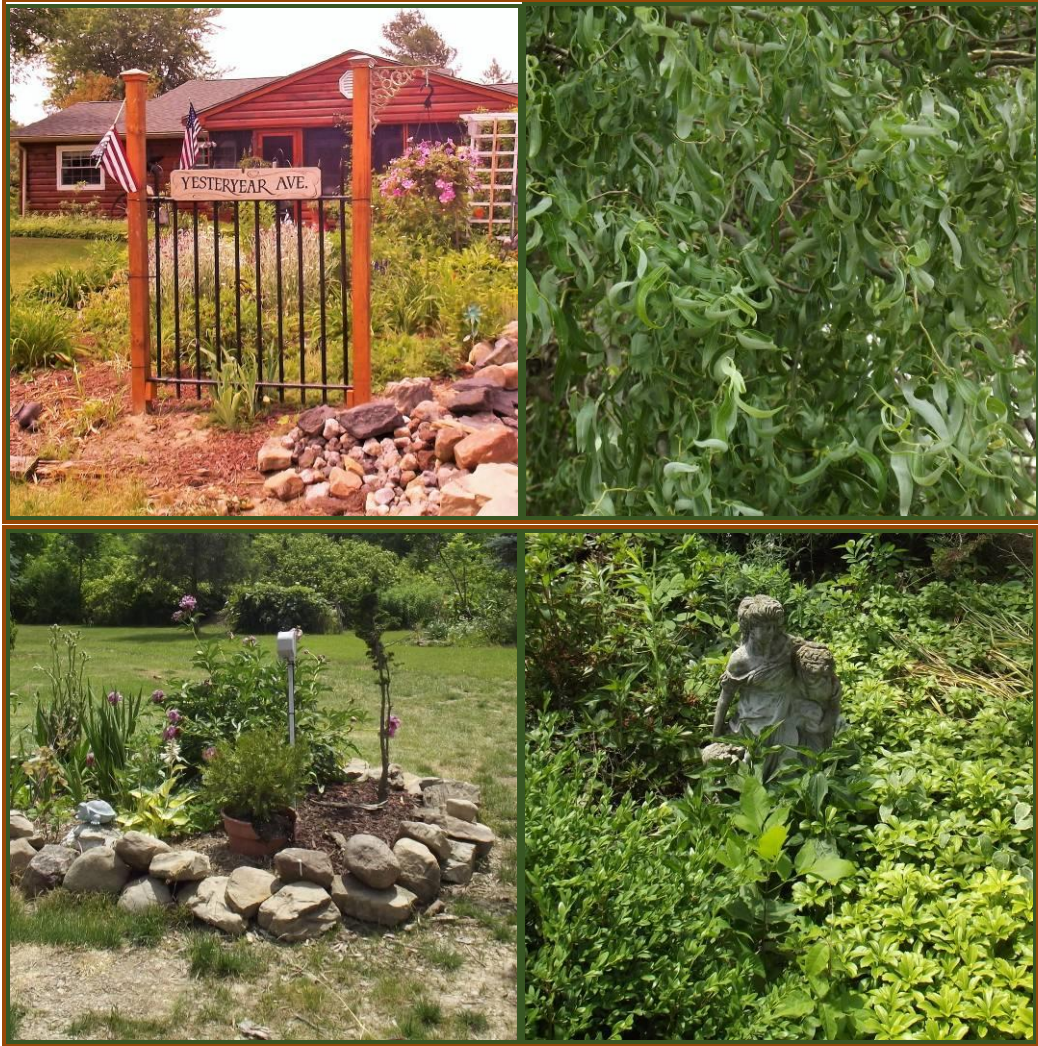
Yesterday I enjoyed cleaning out the fern and bleeding heart bed. The bleeding heart is spreading and I transplanted one clump to try to keep it together. Thank you, Lord, for pretty plants. – *unpublished log of Betty Fain, 12 May 2012.*

Today I've started on a compost bin – starting a new one. In a day or two I'll have some new dirt for veggies now growing. Hooray.-- *unpublished log of Betty Fain, 31 July 2012.*

I am getting some welcome exercise raking leaves. I like putting them under trees mostly, but some in composting bins. Thanks, Lord, for nature and for a home with a big yard and the shade trees.-- *unpublished log of Betty Fain, 5 October 2012.*

Bob and Terry's Yard

Terry Funtash has made her yard into a garden of delights and there are unexpected touches everywhere. There is still room for baseball and softball practice, however.



Trees



The tulip tree at 1103 Evening Star was photographed on 24 Aug 2014. This tulip tree at 988 Evening Star was in bloom in June 2016.



This sand covered nut was on the main beach on 3 July 2016. Here is freaky cedar apple rust on 17 June 2016.

Ninevah Cemetery / Northeast Rome Cemetery

We weren't sure where to put this in the book, but a cemetery is a green space so file this under "flora". The cemetery is on the east side of the lake at Callender Road and Morning Star Drive. It is administered by Rome Township.



Monroe Frados was very active in the Roaming Shores community. These two photographs were taken on 3 June 2016.

Chapter 11: Critters

Oh, I wish I were a little striped skunk. I'd sit up in the treesies and I'd perfume all the breezies. --*I Wish I Were a Little Bar of Soap, traditional campfire song*

American Beaver

One time a beaver cut down a tree and it landed on the power line on my street. The electric workers had to come out to repair the line. This young guy says "D—n kids keep us busy repairing the lines". I said I could describe the perpetrator. He was about a foot and a half tall and 35 pounds. He was a beaver! The youthful laborer didn't believe me, so we asked the older man in the cherry picker basket what he thought. He said it was beaver that weighed around 40 pounds.

Lot 1106 next to my property had lots of birch and cottonwood trees. These are easy for beaver to cut down. Generally, one day they cut down a tree and the next day they cut it up. On the third day they carry away the logs to their lodges. I figured this was some free labor, so I would wait until they cut them up, and then steal them for firewood.

Those beaver would drive Huncut the German shepherd crazy. He would bark at them and stalk them, but not attack them. Sometimes he would get so worked up he would swim after them. They would go under the water and come back up 100 foot later. That poor dog was so confused! He never caught one.

In the early 1980's Al Fain and I were observing nature in my yard. We saw a 30 pound beaver sunning himself on the landing of the dock stairs. That same morning we saw two deer in the yard. I think that is one of the reasons they decided to move here from California – the wildlife viewing. --*Mike Gambol*

Bats

I got a bat in the house. He was in the attic, yesterday but in my bedroom the night before. -- *unpublished log of Betty Fain, 8 September 2011*

Striper the cat would wait under a certain light in our back yard, hoping to catch a bat that was attracted to the insects swarming around the light. Striper was thinking "Bat eats bugs, cat eats bat". --*Cheryl Fain*

Teenagers Ray and Steve Huffman used to walk over to our house to watch “Hoolihan and Big Chuck” and eat popcorn on Friday nights. One time Steve was freaked out by bats swooping down around his head and he ran all the way back home. --Cheryl Fain

Black Bear

We haven’t seen any, but they are around northwest Pennsylvania and have been spotted in northeast Ohio. Others in the northeast Shores have posted pictures of them eating from their bird feeders.-- Cheryl Fain

Common Muskrats

Muskrats are abundant, seen in ditches and along the roads and shore line.

Common Raccoon



August 1981. Lee Gambol and raccoon. The photograph is not specifically labeled, but this looks like the stone at the clubhouse. Kids: do not approach wild animals.

Baby raccoons come to my back porch all the time. I throw my vegetable and fruit scraps off the back deck for them. Some years I can even hand feed them grapes while the mother fusses. [Children, don’t try this at home]. One time I had a pet baby raccoon named Fingers. Unfortunately he died of aspiration pneumonia. -- Mike Gambol

Coyote

Some time around 1990 I saw a coyote in the cornfield behind my house. My thought was “What is that. Is it a dog”? I have seen coyote in the wild since I grew up in California, but this one looked bigger. I only saw the coyote that one time. (Coydog?)

Years later we had a speaker at Rotary that talked about coyotes in Ohio. They have moved in from the western states and have bred with domestic dogs. People hear the coyotes in Rock Creek. Gerry Veneble of Rock Creek has heard them. I spoke with Roaming Shores Police Officer Dan Bennett. He says he has seen them, but rarely. --Cheryl Fain

Eastern Chipmunk



Chipmunks are everywhere, especially in yards where there are no cats or dogs. They are very clever about stealing birdseed from feeders. Some lot owners who put out birdfood like attracting birds and chipmunks but not squirrels. Some like birds and squirrels, but not chipmunks. Some want birds only. *Chipmunk feeder photograph by Mike Gambol on 29 Jun 2014.*

Eastern Cottontail Rabbit



Like the chipmunks and squirrels, rabbits are everywhere. *This rabbit was photographed 11 June 2016.*

Eastern Gray Squirrel

Squirrels nests are anywhere there are trees. Just last week I saw about 10 squirrel nests in the Sunset Circle Park. It is a heavily inhabited squirrel community. --Cheryl Fain

Those d---n squirrels eat the bird seed I set out for the birds and chipmunks. I chase them off. – Mike Gambol



This squirrel was photographed on Mike Gambol's bird feeder by Elijah Woodard on 16 June 2016.

Groundhog a.k.a. Woodchuck

Groundhogs are abundant and are being trapped and removed by Trapper Bob because they dig into our earthen dam. That is a NO-NO you varmints--Cheryl Fain

Mink

There was definitely a black mink in my backyard about 15 years ago. For reasons I will not state here, I will say no more about that. See me for details. --Cheryl Fain

Northern River Otters

Otters have been re-introduced to the Grand River. This book was about to go to press saying that we had not seen any in the lake, but then we talked to Marcia McMurphy and she said she had seen otter in the lake a few years ago. --Cheryl Fain

Red Fox



This was an adult wild fox and here is his son, Casey. Mike and Cheryl Gambol raised this abandoned baby fox for a while, but, unfortunately, he did not survive to adulthood. May 1970.

In the late 1970's and early 1980's I would see a fox about three times a week in the field across the street from the water tower next to Winer Law office. He would cross from the Sirrine property into the undeveloped wooded area and back all the time. Then for about 10 years I didn't see any foxes at the "fox crossing". Then I started seeing them again. I see them fairly often--*Cheryl Fain*

I can confirm that many times I have seen fox crossing from the Sirrine field into Roaming Shores at Lunar Lane and back. – *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

I saw a fox catch and eat a rabbit. – *Pat Sowry*

Striped Skunks

In October of 2015 I saw my first Apricot Wild Skunk on Lunar Lane and Evening Star. I could hardly believe my eyes and had to verify online that they do exist in the wild. It was a cream color with the traditional wide white stripe down the back and a white tail. -- *Cheryl Fain*

We often went walking with our dog, Bingo. One day upon returning home, Bob and Bingo startled a skunk. I instructed them not to dare enter my house until they hose showered each other. — *Terry Funtash*

Silver Fox

I saw a silver fox once. – *Mike Gambol*

Virginia Opossum

Opossum are not the brightest creatures. They are most often found dead on the road. They must do alright for themselves, however, since we keep seeing them, and smelling them. They are pretty stinky.

One night Dad and I were in the dining room and we heard a thump on the back porch. We would feed our cats on the back porch, so we figured that Striper, our black and gray cat wanted food. Dad opened the door and said “Come on in, Striper”. A low-to-the-ground gray animal came in. I wasn’t paying attention and Dad went to the cupboard to get some cat food. Then we both realized it wasn’t our cat, but an opossum who had ambled into our house!

We looked at each other in disbelief. Dad reached over the ‘possum to open the door again and it sauntered out. Then we turned on the lights and shouted at it to go away. After that, we tried to feed our cats during daylight hours, only. --*Shawna Gambol Woodard*



Beaker (the black and white cat pictured in the upper left corner of the second photograph) has decided to let the ‘possum have his food since the ‘possum outweighs him. 3 February 1998.

White-Tailed Deer

Deer are ever-present. Two years ago when my neighbor was gone for the winter they ate ALL the foliage from his yard. The geraniums, all the perennials were totally gone. --*Cheryl Fain*

Snakes

You know what's NOT fun? Mistaking a corn snake or rat snake sunning itself on a dock pretend to be a mooring line! These abundant, harmless snakes have plenty of food in the local mice and chipmunks. Other common snakes are kingsnakes, milk snakes, eastern garter snakes, and eastern ribbon snakes. Only once did Lee and I see a worm snake. That was totally freaky looking. – *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Snapping Turtles

Mom found a new hatchling snapping turtle smaller than a quarter in her yard and gave it to me. I took it to the Cleveland Museum of Natural History where I work. Now the turtle lives at the museum. It is the size of a plate and completely docile *for now*. It is hard to say if he will remain passive or become aggressive as he ages. He is an animal ambassador. I named him Grumpy, but he was renamed King Koopa. You can see videos featuring this turtle on the internet. -- *Lee Gambol*

Despite what your older siblings may have told you, children, there are no alligators or sharks in the lake and the snapping turtles are not interested in biting you, so swim and ski in peace. --*Shawna Gambol Woodard*

The Little Turtle: A Recitation for Martha Wakefield, Three Years Old

There was a little turtle.

He lived in a box.

He swam in a puddle,

He climbed on the rocks.

He snapped at a mosquito,

He snapped at a flea,

He snapped at a minnow,

And he snapped at me.

He caught the mosquito,

He caught the flea,

He caught the minnow,

But he didn't catch me.

--by *Vachel Lindsay, first published in 1920*

American Bullfrog

“Grum. Sploosh”. That is the sound I heard just yesterday when walking across the street to my Grandmother’s house. That is the distinctive sound of a bullfrog jumping into a ditch. This sound takes me back to the days when Rusty Depner Macy lived in the same house. Rusty and Shawn Pilichis were two neighborhood kids that would catch frogs with us. Next to Shawn’s house was (and is) a large culvert pipe – an ideal place for frog sightings. Unlike my sister, Lee, I don’t get into bugs and snakes, but frogs and toads are okay by me. Maybe this is because they don’t tend to surprise me with their presence. – *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Eastern American Toads

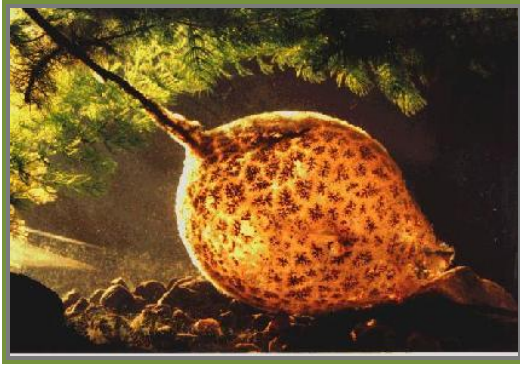


Toads are very common in gardens. Here are two that we captured and played with for a few hours before releasing them back into the wild. -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Bryazoa

Have you ever seen something like this in green or brown on a branch underwater? You probably jumped back and said “Gross”! It is an aquatic colony of bryazoa. It is sort of like freshwater coral. If you look close you can see wiggly parts. They are filter feeders that eat the little

bits of organic matter in the lake!



Photograph courtesy of the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources.

Bugs

I have not lived here for the last 20 years. I had forgotten how many bugs there are all over the place, especially near the lake. Spiders are everywhere. They eat the bugs and the birds eat the spiders. It seems like everywhere I go I run into a spider web (literally). Insert here the sound of Shawna spitting out bits of cobweb dust. --*Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Crashing the Boat Due to Cicada

In the *Gotta Go II* speedboat in the late 1980's, it was summertime with a lot of people visiting including Sister Charlotte Gambol. Destrey and I went out on boat ride. More of the lake was wake zone back then. We headed north. We were talking and saw a giant cicada land on floor of boat between us. It was the biggest one I ever saw. I thought I would catch it for my daughter, Lee, who is into bugs.

We were going about 12 mph and Destrey prepared a t-shirt to put it in. I tried to catch the bug and mentally I thought "I shouldn't be doing this where the lake makes an 's' turn". Oops. Suddenly I was the green of grass, not water. We hit the bank. I pushed Des down to the floor as we struck land. The boat ran up on the bank, then back into the water. My face had hit the windshield. Destrey saw blood. It was raining a light drizzle and Destrey's eyes were like saucer. The bleeding looked even worse than it was since it was running down my face due to the rain.

I started up the boat and put it in gear. It vibrated badly. We tried going slowly home, but the boat wobbled quite a bit.

Sister Charlotte was there and some others. Charlotte said to go to the hospital, but I wanted to inspect the boat. It turns out that one propeller

blade was gone, so I went to the barn and found a new prop to replace it. I stood in the water to replace the prop and forgot about the blood. I tasted metal in my mouth and remembered that both my lips and my gums were bleeding. I tested out the boat and drank a beer to dull the pain and rinse out my mouth. Unfortunately, at that point, the boat was taking on water. There was a hole in the hull below the water line and I had to take it to the local marina. We had cracked one of the main spars in the hull and it took two weeks to repair. The moral of the story is: PAY ATTENTION AT ALL TIMES AND STOP THE BOAT WHEN CATCHING BUGS! -- *Mike Gambol*

Sometimes when he tells this story it is a katydid. -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Dock Spider

Dock spider is not a species, but any spiders found at the dock. They grow to extraordinary size since mosquitoes and other bugs are abundant there. Often they have less than eight legs. This is not a genetic deformity, but a sign of a hard life. We imagine a conversation between two dock spiders with either Connecticut, Scottish, or Pirate accents.

“Argh, me hearty, t’was the summer of ’14 and me web were attacked by a large mouth bass, and the end of the story is that I lived (with a few less appendages).”

“Faith. Me limb were taken off by a human boot “.

Mostly they are fishing spiders (genus *Dolomedes*). --*Lee Gambol, Shawna Gambol Woodard, and Cheryl Fain*

House centipedes

Scutigera is the genus of house centipedes and we decided that was a perfect name since we imagine the sound they make as they “scutter” around is “scutta, scutta, scutta”. --*Lee Gambol and Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Lightning Bugs

The lightning bugs are early this year and plentiful. Why do we call them lightning bugs here in Northeast Ohio but all the media call them fireflies? I saw some on 13 June, but I usually see these in July or August . I remember that many years ago an elderly relative (Great Aunt Frances Fain) visited from Missouri and she was delighted by the lightning bugs.

It took her back to her childhood and she darted around the back yard
chasing them like a 10 year old. *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Anna Viola's Song by Gramma Cheryl

I see the flicker of the dusk fliers...
Reminding me of my grand-daughter
Who delights in the chase and the capture--
Of the glowing aerialists.

"Gramma - can I keep them?" she implores.
We find the jar and the lid (or not)
Make the holes
Then create a bedding of grass.

For the evening entertainment has just begun:
Dash here. Stand still. Dash there.
The dance challenge can go on until...

The child or the gramma has had enough
Of the endless pursuit of the
Blinking
Winking
Fiery
Flashing teasers.

Chapter 13: Birds

Morning has broken, like the first morning.

Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird.- – *Cat Stevens*

Birds abound! Cowbirds, [mourning] doves, [red-winged] blackbirds, finches, a Downey woodpecker, cardinals and more.--*unpublished log of Alfred Fain, 25 May 1992*

Bald Eagles

Back when the bald eagles first showing up it was Village clean-up day and someone said there was a bald eagle in a tree. It was so regal looking it was amazing! I teared up with joy. Now this seems routine. --*Cheryl Fain*

Barb Buckley recalls an eagle at the beach was seen by Zach, her grandson. It was eating a fish. – *Shawna Woodard*

There are bald eagles on our property now. One day I saw what looked like one swimming. He was actually gripping a huge carp that was dragging him into the water. The bird was tiring and had to give up the fish and rest on the shore. Those carp are really aggressive! – *Marcia McMurphy*



Baltimore Orioles

Suddenly there is a flashing yellow bird! What is that? A Baltimore Oriole! — *Terry Funtash*

Blue Jay

All the flowers are sleeping,
A feather blanket of snow over them.
Blue Jay balances on a dry old sunflower's bent head-
He dives under -
He strikes out seeds with angry beak.
His wings are barred with frost,
His snow-dusty feet
Are like dull crystal.
I like him - almost-
But must he keep on screeching in such a voice
And the flowers at their wits' end
For a little quiet?

By Hilda Conkling, age 12, first published in 1922, "Book of Knowledge". This author lived in Massachusetts, but we think her sentiment is fitting for our local jays as well.



Bluebirds

We have had a bluebird nesting just north of the [Sunset] Circle. Right now they may be on their second crop of babies.

--unpublished log of Alfred Fain, 19 May 1992



Canada Geese and Quancy

Who remembers Quancy? He was a white, domestic goose who hung out with a harem of female Canada geese. He protected his harem aggressively. Whenever we would see a speckled or nontraditionally patterned Canada goose we knew it was one of Quancy's offspring. Eventually that expression of genes died out. --*Cheryl Fain*



This goose illustration is by Sister Charlotte Gambol.

Cardinals

Our state bird is at home in Ohio year round. Very near to Roaming Shores is a community called Cardinal Lake. These colorful birds are featured on many Christmas cards. If you see a streak of scarlet out of the corner of your eye and hear "chip-chip-chip", a cardinal has discovered you.



female cardinal eating at Mike Gambol's feeder 16 June 2016 male cardinal from the Book of Knowledge.

Chickadee



This chickadee was spotted on 16 June 2016.

Chimney swifts and swallows

In different years both swallows and chimney swifts have raised families in the chimney of Mike's house since he stopped using the fireplace. We hear them cheap when there is a quiet time in his house. – *Mike Gambol and Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Gold Finches and Ruby-throated Hummingbirds

We had dogs and cats in our yard for most of the years living in Roaming Shores. When Dad decided not to have any more pets, critters like squirrels, chipmunks, and birds found their way into his predator-free yard within a very short time. Gold finches, hummingbirds, and more are around the Shores in abundance, but don't show up in your own yard until you entice them with thistles, sugar water, a bird bath, or whatever is appropriate for the birds and small mammals you wish to lure into your morning-coffee-and-newspaper-reading zone. The same thing happens in our back yard in the Dayton area and used to happen at my grandparents' home in Mentor. When we fill the hummingbird feeder or put out some bird seed, the birds show up within hours or days. Otherwise we don't see them. – *Shawna Gambol Woodard*



This hummingbird visited on 6 June 2016.

Illustration of an American goldfinch.

Great Blue Heron

It took quite a few years for herons to discover the lake. In the mid-1980's there was ONE heron. My grandfather called it GB for Great Blue. Eventually another heron moved in. I am guessing they flew in from Lake Erie, Pymatuning Lake (constructed in 1932), Mosquito Lake, or some other local lake or pond. Now they are a common sight, majestically flapping over the water.

For such a large bird, they have a pretty wimpy honk like a goose. Here is something you don't want on your dock: heron poop. A heron can,

literally, hit the deck, leaving an area with an eighteen-inch diameter of white, sticky goo . -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*



This stunning photograph of a regal heron was taken by Daniel Woodard on 20 June 2016. This less flattering picture of what the heron leaves behind on a dock was taken by his wife, Shawna Gambol Woodard. The Cutter bug spray bottle is pictured to show the size of the droppings.



Stained glass window depicting a heron by Marcia McMurphy, photographed 29 June 2016

Someone on the west side of the lake took a photograph of a heron in the middle of eating a fish. Fascinating! They used to be rare, but now they are everywhere. --Cheryl Fain

Grosbeak



This grosbeak visited on 6 June 2016.

Kingfishers

It was summer and my daughter, Lee, was in elementary or junior high. Lee and I raised a batch of baby kingfishers. We got them minnows and cut up fish that we caught for them. They flew off eventually. –Mike Gambol

Mallard Ducks



I took this photograph to show Anna catching minnows at Whirlpool Park, but then I saw there were two colorful mallards behind her. 20 June 2016 –Shawna Gambol Woodard

Are there less ducks and more geese than there used to be? We don't have data, but it seems to be the case that the geese are "winning". -- *Marcia McMurphy and Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Northern Flicker



Who has been leaving these holes? Is it you, northern flicker? 11 June 2016.

Owls

Last summer a trio of owls serenaded me from the trees across the road from my house. That was the first and only time for me. Barn, barred, and great horned owls are all found here. I don't know what kind this trio was. --*Cheryl Fain*

Peregrine falcons

A neighbor of mine had a wild field mouse that lived under his house. He grew fond of the mouse and would feed it bread crumbs. The end to this pastoral scene was violent. The mouse met its demise one day when a falcon swooped down into the yard and had the mouse for lunch. It was "Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom" in real life. --*Cheryl Fain*



Peregrine falcon and Great Blue heron from the Book of Knowledge

Purple finches

Striper [cat] hasn't stopped our wild birds from feeding. We have three feeders outside the bay window and a pair of purple finches nested and raised (finally) two babies on the east side of driveway on first evergreen tree near the tip of the limbs, right near the house. – *Betty Fain letter to Shawna and Lee Gambol who were studying at Hiram College in 1990.*

Robins



Robin Eggs on Mike Gambol's back porch, 2015

Chapter 14: The Dam

"Swim" said the mama fishie, "Swim if you can"
and they swam and they swam all over the dam --
Josephine Carringer and Bernice Idins

Minnow Pool/Whirlpool Park

The best place for catching minnows and baby catfish is on the northwest corner of the dam next to the primary spillway. There is a small recreation lot. For at least 40 years this has been our choice of locations. Sometimes we have kept our catch in tanks. Sometimes we have used them as bait or turtle food. -- *Cheryl Fain.*



*Elijah, Joseph, and Anna Woodard search for minnows to use as fishing bait.
These photographs were taken at Whirlpool Park on 20 June 2016.*

Where the Water Doesn't Freeze

About 100 yards south of the dam, in the middle of the lake it would not freeze. The rest of the lake would freeze solid, but for about a 6 foot diameter it was open water and the geese would walk around it taking turns. We wondered if there were springs of methane gas or pollutants. I worked at the Village office next to the dam. -- *Cheryl Fain*

Before the Dam

Where the dam is now there were several families who had homes along the Rock Creek who had to re-locate upon selling their properties to build the dam. The residents around the area wondered about the potential failure or success of the concept of a manmade lake as well as the influence on the area. Some remember hearing the large earth moving equipment dredging and piling the dirt. The Stuart Family was one of the original families that relocated. There was an iron bridge connecting the now existing Dam Vue Drive, down the hill, across the iron bridge, then up the hill again to Rome Rock Creek Road. There was a covered bridge crossing the creek as part of Callender Road, and many remember the dump site below that bridge. That location was also used by Larry Brockway to gather frogs for his frog- leg dinner. --*Mrs. Marian Brockway (widow of Larry Brockway).*

I remember the dump at the covered bridge on Callender Road very well. My brother Jerry used to buy Pepsi and save the bottle cap liners which you trade for money. We would search through the dump for the bottle caps.

I recall the iron bridge near where the marina is now. There was a sign there saying "Soon there will be 40 feet of water over your head! " --
Marcia McMurphy



Work on the dam in Spring 1986 is shown.

Over the Dam in a Canoe

One day in about 1982 thirteen year old Ben* and his mate, Bubba*, got the idea to take a canoe over the dam and down to the Harpersville Bridge to fish. Ben and Bubba came back home without the canoe or any of their fishing tackle. When the canoe was recovered the next day all of the rivets were worn off the bottom of the canoe. The good news is that they are both alive today. **Names have been changed to protect the guilty parties. This story was told to Cheryl and Shawna in June 2016.*

Dam to Rock Creek Flotilla

Have you ever been part of an inner tube flotilla from the dam to the Rock Creek water falls? Try it sometime from late spring to early autumn. Wear old shoes and be prepared to have to portage at times. P. S. Start PAST the dam not ON the dam like Ben and Bubba.-- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*



This view of the dam is from the Village of Roaming Shores Hall property on 3 June 2016.

Chapter 15: Things Lost in the Lake

Kerplunk. It sunk. What junk. Too bad. How sad. –*Titanic Song*,
anonymous

1. **Beach toys** washed off the beach when a big wave came in. My guess is that there must be about 100,000 pieces of plastic in the lake from 10,000 shovels, pails, balls, rakes, etc. A number of metal buckets as well. Add to that at least 10,000 empty beer and pop **cans**, 10,000 **bottles**, and 8,000 **plastic cups** lost in a gust of wind.

2. **Glasses** – prescription, sunglasses, prescription sunglasses, bifocals, contact lenses and more. How many might that be after 50 years – 1,250? How many times have children and adults gleefully jumped in the lake and before they even hit the water, realize that they left their glasses on? Per Pearl Franklin, her husband, Gary, has at least 3 pair in the lake. Don't forget to add to that number, the glasses left on the picnic table on the dock or on the boat and never seen again. Were they picked up by eagles or what?

Fran Jubinski is my hero, because once I jumped in the lake with my glasses on and he actually found them in the brown water among the muck, rocks, etc. about 7 feet down. That saved my parents at least \$200. Too bad he wasn't here for the other times I and other family members lost other pairs of glasses in the lake. -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

3. **Watches**. I lost *another* watch? Sometimes the band gives out or they are swept off the boat where you left them to keep them dry. Either way they are gone. Add to that total the more than 75% of all watches which are not waterproof and ruined by an encounter with water. Quoted from Elijah Woodard: "My first watch is in this lake".

4. **Cellular telephones**. See #3.

5. **Leg braces**. There is at least one pair of leg braces in the lake. Destrey started wearing full length leg braces in August of 1974. He finished up this treatment for his tibial torsion (bowlegs) and threw the offending contraptions into the lake on October 5, 1975. --*Cheryl Fain*.

6. **Beer**. At least one full can of beer ("I thought it would float like they show on television").

7. **Lures.** Lures are hanging from the trees after every weekend in the summer. (see photograph in fishing chapter)

8. **House cat.** Licorice our black and white cat went missing. The mystery was solved when the winter ice on the lake receded. We found her body at the edge of the water. Upon investigation we found a tree with a broken branch. Our guess is she was in the tree when the branch broke, fell into the lake and could not get out.

9. **Towels, bikini tops, and other clothes.** I could have sworn it was right here! Number 9 is more likely to happen in the presence of a. children. b. alcohol. c. darkness. d. all of the above.

10. **Deck chairs and tools** were lost and found. When the lake was drawn down one year we recovered a number of items lost the previous year. – *Leeann Moses*

11. **Rings** and other jewelry. One time when the lake was drawn down, my father, Mike Gambol, and I took a trip in a rowboat to look for a gambler's pinky ring that belonged to my grandfather, Frank Gambol, then his son, Mike. Dad had lost it in the lake that summer and he knew approximately where he lost it, but the lake was too deep midsummer to search for it. It was a long shot that we would find it, but Dad wanted to try for sentimental reasons. We were not successful.

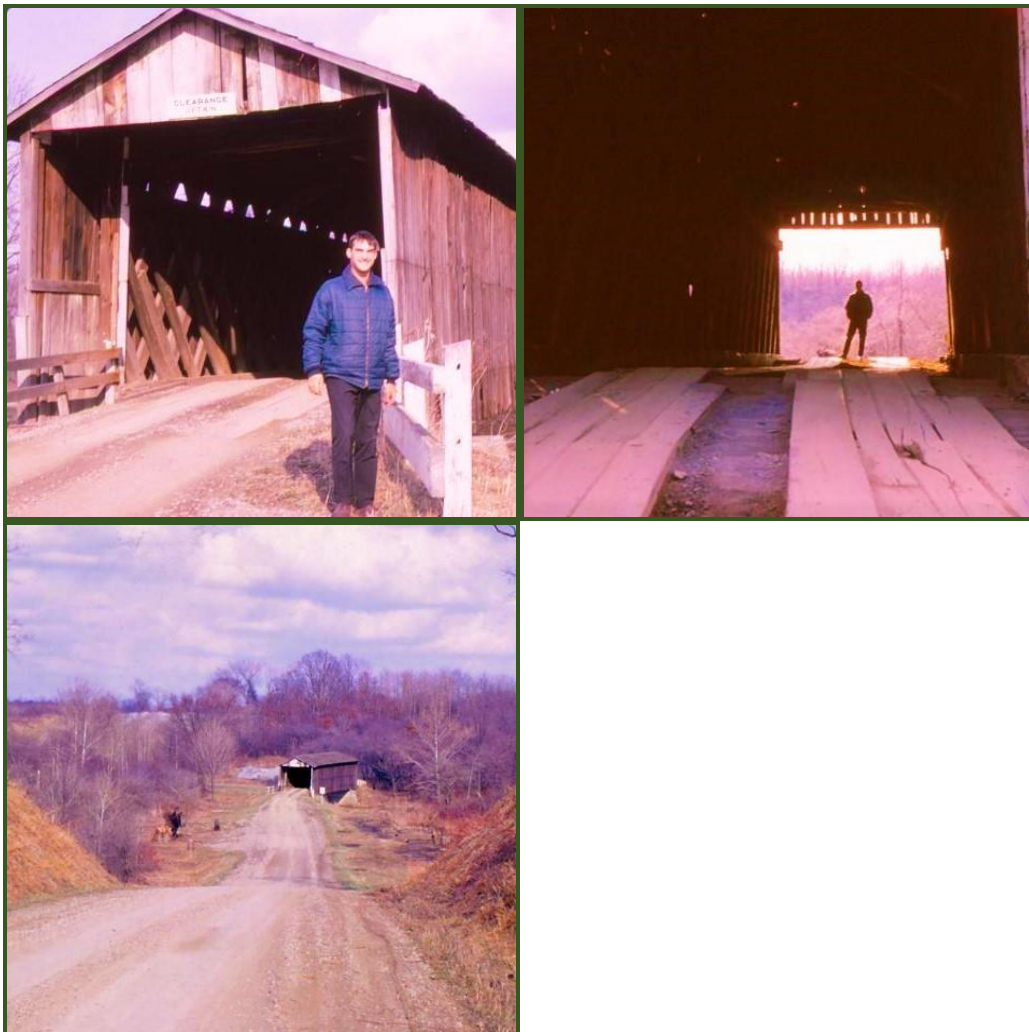
With the lake being a trickle, we certainly don't advise taking out any kind of motor boat, but there is something mystical about going out in a canoe, kayak, or rowboat when the lake is all but a small stream. You can see the blue gray deposits of clay that make up the lake, fossils, clams, fishing lures, the plastic fish habitats that the fishing club has added to help fry have homes, and lots and lots of lots of leaves.

12. **Snowmobile.** We were snowmobiling on the lake in the 1970's. Of course we were trying to be more and more daring. The snowmobiles were challenging each other and one ran right into the dam, punched a hole in the ice and down it went. We did manage to get the driver out, but not the vehicle. I think his name was Goober and it was a Baby Cat. – *Mike Gambol*

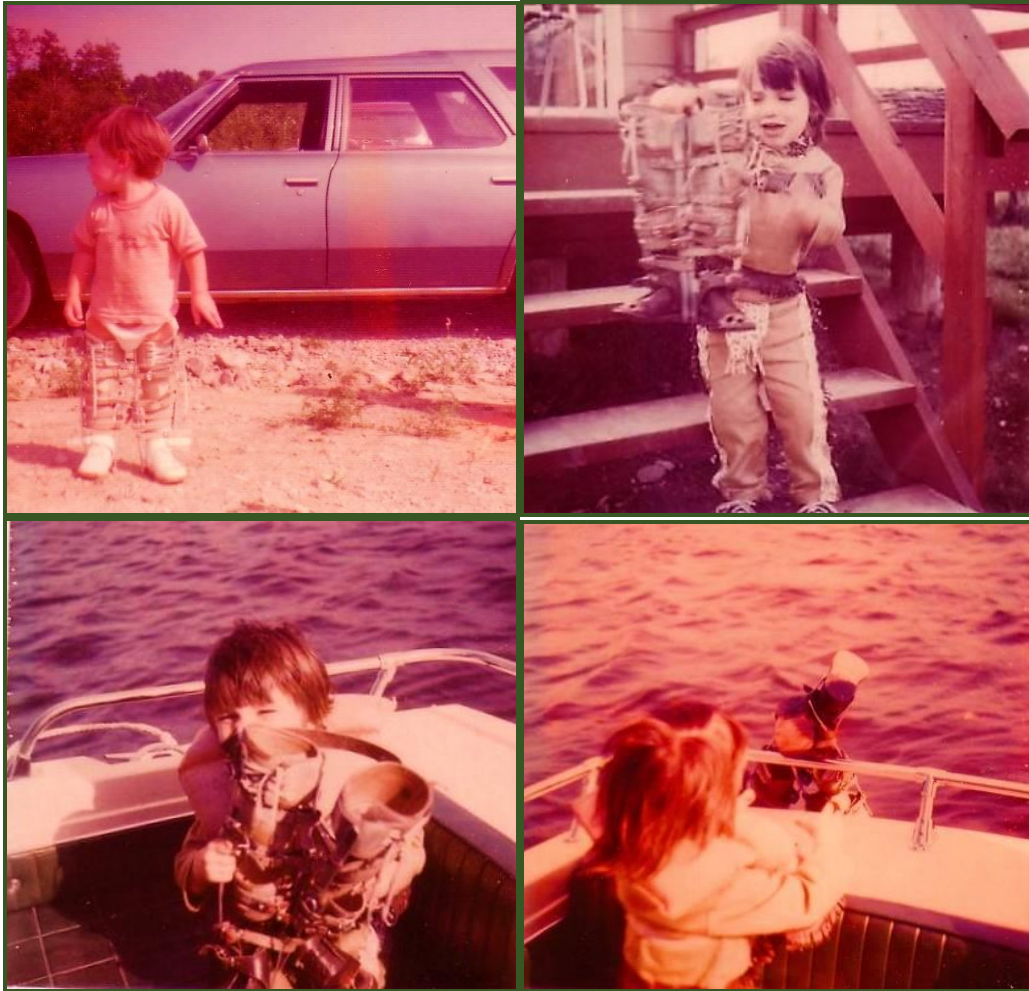
Pearl Franklin also tells a story about a neighbor on a snowmobile going through the ice. In her story both the driver and the snowmobile were

recovered because it was shallower water near the shore. She describes the man as an adult male in his 20's who borrowed his father's snowmobile. We will not name him in this book.

13. **The Callender Road Bridge.** Did you know that there are still steel piers under the lake from where there was once a covered bridge across Rock Creek on Callender road near Beach 1? You can see them when the lake is lowered in the fall. If you live near the middle of the lake you might think this is obvious, but I lived at the southern end of the lake and did not know this for many years. They are freaky, like remnants of a ghost town or post-volcano Pompeii.



The photographs above of the Callender Road Covered Bridge are by Jerry Murphy. His brother, Bobby, is pictured. The authors thank Brian and Marcia Murphy for these images.



Destrey Gambol had to wear leg braces from August 1974 to 5 October 1975. They were ceremonially dumped into the lake when the physical therapist declared Destrey was done with them. He is shown on the first day of his braces and the last. We see that he has aged more than a year from the first picture to the last 3 pictures.



*Cheryl Fain, Elijah and Anna Woodard and Ariel Askey are shown beachcombing at the Main beach when the water was drawn down. Mostly we found clams and leaves that day. Next time = **TREASURE!**. 22 November 2009.*

We don't know what happened to this butterfly, but we guess that the rest of it was lost in the lake. 10 June 2016.



This man is hoping to find something valuable with a metal detector at the west beach on 3 July 2016. The authors would be happy just to recover some of the things we have lost in the lake throughout the years.

Chapter 16: Lake Effect Ohio Winters

Talk of your cold! through the parka's fold it stabbed like a driven nail.
If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze till sometimes we couldn't see
-- Robert W. Service



Shawna, Destrey, and Lee Gambol) in February 1976. In the background is the Macy house (later the Fain house).

Cross Country Skiing

There are no designated trails for cross country skiing in Roaming Shores, but after a snowfall it is a fine way to get around on the edge of the roads. Depending on the thickness of the ice, it is a fun way to glide around the lake as well. Our family has not tried this on the rails-to-trails, but it is worth a go. --Shawna Gambol Woodard



Mo and Steve Fain are cross country skiing on the lake in December 1983.

Sledding

Growing up we would go sledding on one of two recreation lots (RL) on Evening Star Drive. One of them had a slope into a stream that ran into the lake. The other had a slope running into the lake. The one running into the lake was steeper and more dangerous since the ice over the water could break at any time and the sledding party could be soaked. We got wet either way, but the hill into the stream was available for even the smallest athlete. Both of these lots are now next to houses and although are technically still available, I am sure the owners of the house next to the RL would not appreciate squealing kids on what they would consider to be their properties.

When we visit Roaming Shores on a sledding-worthy day now, we head to Beach 2. Road conditions permitting, we also go to the park in Orwell across the street from the school. Punderson State Park in Newbury is another place to go for sledding as well as cross country skiing and snowmobiling. If you are lucky, you can see dog sleds on the mushers trail. <http://parks.ohiodnr.gov/punderson#activities>

--Shawna Gambol Woodard



Audra, Mo, and Camille Fain, visiting from Seattle, Washington, and Joseph Woodard of Clayton, Ohio were sledding at the east beach on 27 December 2012. Chauffer Mike Gambol, experienced in navigating vehicles on snow and ice, supervises. Elijah Woodard trudges back up the slope.

Snowmobiles

I don't know what laws or rules regulate snowmobiles in 2016, but there have been some wild times in the Shores made even more fun on a Ski-Doo, Polaris, Yamaha, etc. People tell tales of that being the only way to get to work in a blizzard. I found an advertisement in the Plain Dealer listing that Roaming Rock Shores is a good place to snowmobile. --*Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Skating on the Lake and Hockey

Clear off the ice with a push broom or shovel and get out an old Goodwill pair of skates or wear your moon boots. Dust off a ski mask you found in the back of the coat closet. Use a stick or a bat or whatever you have to push a chunk of ice or a volleyball or a frisbee or what-have-you around on the ice and you have a hockey game. --*Shawna Gambol Woodard*



Heaps of snow are on the side of the road around our car in January 1977.

Lee, Shawna, and Destrey Gambol play in the snow in February 1977.

That Winter of 1978

The winters 1976-77 and 1977-78 were the two coldest winters recorded in Ohio. After surviving 1976 and 1977, hardy Ohioans faced even more challenges. In 1978 a massive snowstorm hit on January 19-21, and then another blizzard struck on January 25-January 27. The Ohio National Guard was still attempting to clean up when a THIRD storm rolled in during the 2nd week of February!

Electricity and telephones were out for weeks at Lake RomeRock. The roads were impassable for quite some time, but people were inventive on

how to keep warm and cook food. Some people used fireplaces, wood stoves, or gasoline generators. They unpacked their Coleman camping stoves and Sterno canned-heat burners for their fondue pots. (This was the 1970's after all).

That was the year retirees vowed to buy that home in Florida or California. Some communication was possible through citizen band radios and ham radios run by car batteries or generators. People would spend hours or days visiting at neighbors' houses depending on who had heat in what room.

There was a lot of damage from frozen, bursting pipes and heavy snow and ice caused roof damage to many homes. The good news is that firewood and fresh water in the form of new fallen snow were plentiful. We did a lot of jigsaw puzzles and played a lot of board games that year as well as eating snow ice cream and getting lots of sun on our cheeks as we played in the snow. We built massive snow forts, snow people, snow chairs, snow tunnels, etc. with all of the children and teenagers in our neighborhood who had an extended period of time out of school. I'm sure we did a lot of singing, as well, but it was too cold to keep our fingers out of gloves for Mom to play the piano or guitar. Maybe she played the harmonica, though.

At one point Dad drove us children in the Dodge Ram Charger over to Uncle John and Aunt Martha Martin's house in Hartsgrove where we stayed with them for a few days since they had a wood-burning stove. -

Shawna Gambol Woodard



At the time we lived on Morgan Terrace which had a fireplace. We cooked in a pot on the fire and put potatoes in the coals to roast. There was no water. Since Dennis was in construction, we had uninstalled insulation that we brought into the room with the fireplace and spent our time there during the blizzard.

--Kathy Crandall

We moved in with the Huffmans for a few days because they had propane heat. All of our house plants died from the cold. I remember that some neighbors burned their old kitchen table in their fireplace.--*Pearl Franklin*

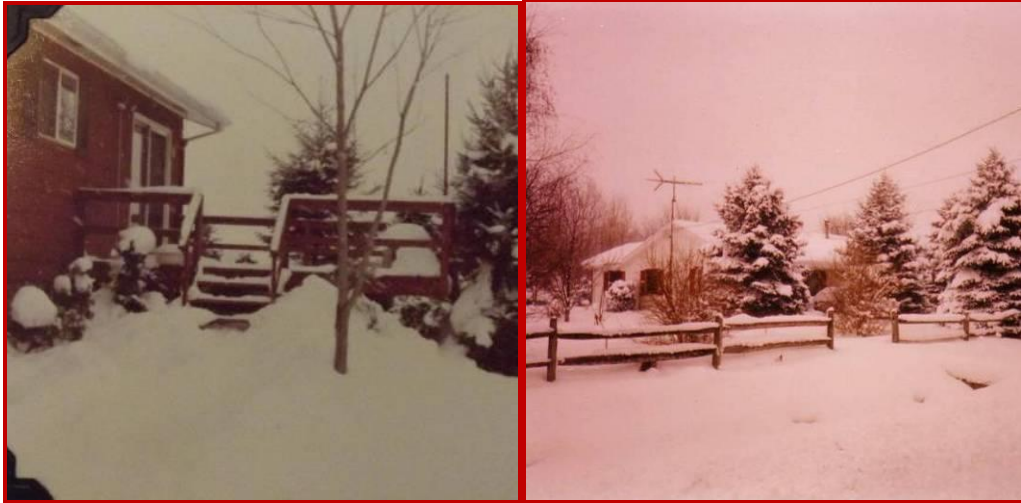
Our house was under construction, so we were living with the Sturbaums in Rome. Bob [Funtash] and Dave [Sturbaum] used the Kabota tractor to help people get out of ditches. Fortunately, the Sturbaums had a fireplace. I remember using a grill on the front porch. — *Terry Funtash.*



Huncut the Dog 1969, Turd the Dog 1977, and Striper the Cat 1991

Pregnant Lady in a Blizzard

One of the days of the Blizzard of '78 the telephones were working and I got a phone call from Aggie Conway. She said there was a pregnant lady living on Long Shadow whose water had broken, but the ambulance couldn't get through. Could I dig out the roads from Route 6 to Evening Star Drive and down Long Shadow to her house? I had a back hoe and plow so I did this and later saw the lights from the ambulance. I called Aggie and asked if it was a boy or a girl. She said the lady didn't end up going to the hospital that night, anyway. What the f—! I thought I was helping in an emergency. She DID have the baby the next day, though. Why didn't she just go to hospital that night and stay there until she delivered?--*Mike Gambol*



Here is a typical winter scene. This one happens to be 1103 Evening Star Drive in December 1991. We receive a LOT of Lake Effect snow!
The Fain home is pictured in Winter 1993. -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Report from Another Blizzard

Many years after the great 1970's blizzards there was another winter storm that knocked out the power. Denny drove me in the Jeep to a hotel that had power and water. We ordered chicken from Kenny Kings.
That's the way to weather a storm if possible! --*Kathy Crandall*

Two Notes from a Snowbird

Ohio, 1983-84. Our first winter in Ohio - and LAST! It was Ohio's worst winter in umpteen years. How cold was it? It froze our sliding glass door shut. Steve and Mosie [visiting son and daughter-in-law] had come to snow ski and ice skate, so ingenious Mosie shipped out her hair dryer to melt the ice so we could ESCAPE. Feels odd to be iced in! -- *written by Betty Fain in her autobiography in 1995. Until 1983 she had lived only in places considerably warmer than Ohio in winter.*

[Alfred and Betty Fain were spending a winter in Corpus Christi, Texas]. Our winter ends in a sort of "tragedy". Daughter Cheryl called to tell us our house in Ohio had been FLOODED! What a crock! A small copper pipe in the attic had ruptured and ruined many worldly treasures. This ended up costing \$10,000 for repairs.

I flew home to survey the damage and to help select new carpeting for the remodeling. Al was not too happy with that decision. He had to drive home from Texas alone. Sorry, Al! -- *written by Betty Fain in her [unpublished] autobiography in 1995.*



*The pontoon boat awaits another summer of fun. 25 February 2007.
Cheryl Fain with her cold-weather friend on 15 April 2007.*



Lee Gambol practices first aid on Elijah Woodard who acts as if he has crashed a vehicle on icy roads. Joseph Woodard pretends to dial 9-1-1 on 29 November 2013.

Hail at the Gambol home on 15 March 2015.



We don't need the plows in summer, but we know it is just a matter of time before they will be put back in service. Here a plow rests at the RRA maintenance building on 12 June 2016.

Chapter 17: Working in the Shores

Tumble out a' bed and stumble to the kitchen
Pour myself a cup of ambition
Yawn and stretch and try to come to life – *Dolly Parton*

Although Roaming Shores is zoned residential, there are a few ways people work in the village. Some labor for the Village or the RomeRock Association (fiscal officer, office workers, gate guards, concessions, police, water and sewer workers, maintenance crew, lawn care, and more). Some residents have home offices. There are construction workers and real estate agents. There is one bar and grill and one marina. Once upon a time there was a golf course in Roaming Rock Shores. Along the edges of the Shores are a storage units, and a law office.

RomeRock Association (the RRA)



Barb Buckley and Jen Addair work for the homeowners' association. Barb was the chair of the 50th anniversary celebration. Jen was emcee for the ceremonies. Here is an RRA sticker on a pickup truck. These were both photographed on 3 July 2016.

Who's Who at the RRA?

In the office: Dan Mullins is the Operation Manager, Pat Sowry is the Office Manager, and Jen Addair is the Information Technology/Website Manager.

Out and about there are these divisions of RRA workers:

- 1) Maintenance- year round plus some summer-only help
- 2) Gate Guards-summer
- 3) Concession Stand-summer
- 4) Boat Patrol-summer

Rome Rock Association Office Manager

I started working for the RRA in May of 1987. I was hired because of my skills with computer programs. I learned this at the Ashtabula County Joint Vocational School. A teacher at the Vo-Ed was a Director on the RRA Board. This person let me know there was an opening in the office. At the time, the Directors were my bosses. Then they hired JoAnn and Ron Leach as Operation Managers and they became my supervisors. After the Leaches, was Gary Phillips, then Dan Mullins. I moved from Ashtabula to be close to work. I rented in Roaming Shores from 1988 to 1991 then I purchased property in the Shores on the West side in Rock Creek.

The best part of my job and living here is the people. Having Monday and Tuesday off is also a benefit. There have only been a few times in winter, when it has been too hard to get to work. Winter is the off-season, anyway. I can make up my work on a different day.

The office moved to a temporary location two years ago, from the corner of Route 6 and Evening Star, to Route 45 in Rock Creek north of the waterfalls at Brandeberry Park.

Plans have been approved for the new office building back at the Rt. 6 location. Once upon a time, that was the Thomas Family potato farm. What's different about my work from when I started? More work is on the computer now and some computer systems have changed. --Pat Sowry



A gate guard is working at the east pool on 9 June 2016.

The RRA is in temporary quarters on 12 June 2016.

Concession Stand Early Years

Originally, the concession stand was owned privately before the RRA took it over. Donna Williams worked the concession stand and then I worked there. I used to take the boat to work. On the way there I would lie out in the sun until it was time to report.

The stand had a custard machine and we sold hot dogs. My brother would come to pick me up end of the workday and eat the leftover dogs. There was a pinball machine in the clubhouse. The whole beach was covered with people on Sundays. We sold LOTS of hot dogs on Sundays.

--Marcia McMurphy



The concession stand is a longtime fixture. It is pictured on 10 June 2016.

Working in the Beach One Concession Stand

For two summers of my middle- and high-school career, I worked in the Beach One Concession stand, selling snacks to the sand-covered families

and teenagers desperate to spend their pocket change on ice cream “Drumsticks” and hot dogs. Mostly it was boring, as they wanted the stand open even on drizzly days when there would be no visitors to the beach at all, and maybe one or two hard-core local kids in the pool. I learned the words to all the pop songs of the 80s, as my one faithful companion was the small transistor radio in the back of the stand. On busy, hot weekend days, things could get hectic really fast. I had three major issues against me: 1.) I am really bad at doing math in my head, and we just had a calculator for tallying up bills, 2.) We had one small wire-framed hot-dog cooker that could only hold 6 hot dogs at a time, and 3.) we had one small “Fry Daddy” to cook French fries. (I have attached an image of this device, if you want to include it)

Those were the two cooked items we stocked: hot dogs and French fries. No problem if you had one parent and one child come up and order these; it took about 3 minutes to cook the frozen fries (as long as the oil was already hot), and I could keep 6 hot dogs cooked and ready to go on the wire cooker. What usually happened, though, was a huge family of 6 or a herd of teenagers would come up and order 10 dogs and 10 orders of fries. I’d tell them it was going to take about 15 minutes, as I could only fit 3 orders of fries into the ‘Fry Daddy’ at once, and the oil would cool off between uses. Most groups would say “No problem”, and head off to swim some more while I tried to keep the already-cooked fries warm while working my way through multiple batches. Some groups would just stand around and gripe about how long it was taking. Either way, that Fry Daddy was my arch-nemesis and I eventually started trying to talk big groups out of ordering fries, suggesting the bagged chips instead. It was always such a huge relief when a bunch of customers would walk up and only order ice cream. To this day, I have nothing but respect for people who work in food service.

Somewhere in there I also played the role of Gate Guard, and this was before the current practice of making all beach visitors both show their RRA Member’s card AND sign in on a piece of paper. This meant that my job consisted of saying to approaching visitors, “Are you a member? Do you have your card with you?” Most adults would have their card, most kids would not. Not having any way to immediately summon assistance (this was pre-cell phone, and the one clubhouse phone was a bit of a distance from the gate), if the visitor did not have proof of being a member of RRA, all I could do was say, “Okay, well, if you go in and the Lake Security guards come by, they’ll have to ask you to leave.” Then I was supposed to keep an eye on the unlicensed visitors, so I could point them out to Security. This made for a lot of uncomfortable angry looks

from kids getting shooed out of the pool, and I washed out of Gate Guard employment after only one summer. -- *Lee Gambol*



Summer RRA Work.

I worked in the concession stand and as a gate guard from 1986-1991. Fortunately, they did get rid of the Fry Daddy before I had to use it. I did, however, have to deal with changing the CO₂ tanks for the Pepsi soda fountain when the drinks went flat. I knew that one would explode on me one day. It didn't, though. (If you are not from Ohio, just so you know, we don't use the term soda here. It is pop). Eventually they got rid of that dangerous device and switched to cans of pop.

I would be sweating like crazy with a huge fan blowing on me and drinking about a half a gallon of ice water on the hot days, then an elderly lady would come up to the counter and order hot coffee. You're killing me, lady! It would have been great to have a Keurig back then.

I kind of liked toasting the hot dogs in the toaster oven and reheating pizza in it as well. We didn't have a microwave. The lowest priced snack was twizzlers red licorice candy, which were \$.15 each. Often this was purchased by a child with a nickel and ten pennies. I took home a number of these clear plastic containers over the years and they make great Beta fish tanks or pots for house plants. Since they are clear, you can see the roots develop in the potted plant.

At the end of the summer we always had a collection of lost and found items at the concession stand which we took home or gave away. We thought it was funny to take home t-shirts with rock band names on them and have my Dad wear them. Sometimes the guys at work were impressed with his knowledge of popular culture, even though he didn't have a clue about the music. We obtained some decent beach towels as well. --*Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Spring RRA Work

The first job I had (besides babysitting) was stuffing envelopes, sealing them, and applying stamps to them for the annual Spring billing from the RomeRock Association. I didn't know there were sponge office tools for doing that. I thought everyone had to lick them. That was a wonderful invention. Seriously. You can see the patents on <https://patents.google.com/> or Ebay under "stamp moistener" one day when you're bored. The office was at the end of the road where I lived so I could get off the bus and work there for a few hours after school. I remember asking my parents what Social Security was since this was the first time I saw my Social Security Number. It was only for about 2 weeks, but I felt so grown up. I think I was 14. Here is a shout out to JoAnn Leach and Pat Sowry and here's thinking of you, the late Ron Leach. --
Shawna Gambol Woodard

Clerk-Treasurer of the Village

I worked as the Clerk Treasurer under several Mayors, the first being Norm Atchison. He approached his job with the attitude "I am here to do my job, not yours" albeit with a tremendous sense of humor. I would say "Look what the State Auditor showed me how to do today!" He would say "Don't show me! Someone will expect me to do it!"

When Delores LaVelle took over, she became my mentor and guided me through many learning situations with dignity, compassion and sincerity. She also donated to my shabby attempt to learn golf, by giving me a set of WOODEN CLUBS. Later I realized these were truly antiques. I carry her spirit in my heart.

Mayor Hess was next and he was kind, calm, and reassuring. He was such a blessing to our community. He was really great at Invocation time of the council meeting!. -- *Cheryl Fain*



Fine Cut Diamond Tool Building photographed 12 June 2016. The village rented space above the factory for the village's first office. We didn't see a sign out front of this in 2016. We are not sure if this building is still a business or is now a residence.

Memorial brick at the village hall, photographed 21 June 2016



The village hall will soon be filled for the 21 June 2016 board meeting.



Cheryl Fain and Leeann Moses are finished with the council meeting of 21 June 2016 and still in chambers. The logo of the village is in the center of village hall.

Zoning Inspector

Mike Gambol, was zoning inspector, briefly, but he does not suffer fools or give a fig about politics, so he was impeached. -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard*



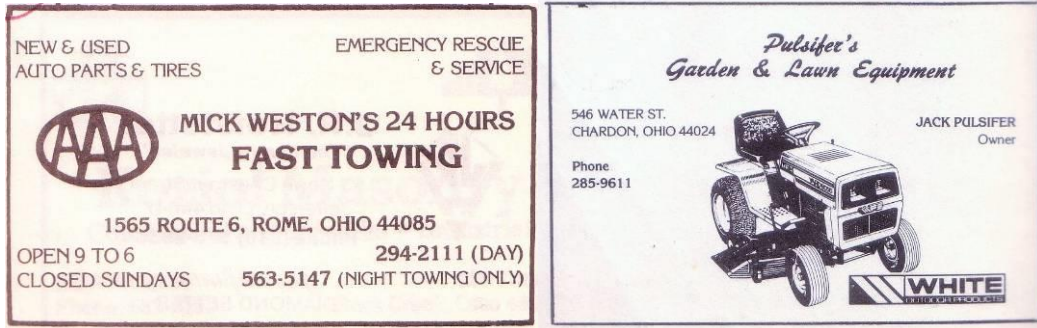
Businesses



Paradise Bay Restaurant and Bar Beckons on 11 June 2016.



Current Billboard west of the intersection of Route 46 and Route 6 and current business card for C & L Lawn Service. Mike Gambol says that the De Maiolo company has been around for many years and is now in the second generation of De Maiolo construction/owners. The authors can attest that Jeremy grew up in the Shores. Cheryl even may have had him as a swimming student. Shawna remembers him from the pool. She can endorse him.



Business cards from 8 October 2008.

Septic Tank Cleaning Portable Toilets Complete Systems Installed Electric Sewer Cleaning	Authorized Multi Flo Dealer
T & J SEPTIC TANK and Portable Toilet Service OWNERS - TIM AND JEANIE GAGE (216) 563-3631 4150 RT. 45 SOUTH, ROCK CREEK, OHIO 44084	
STURBAUM ENTERPRISES DAVE & PAT STURBAUM 3058 ROUTE 6 ROME, OHIO 44085 (216) 563-3043	
(216) 563-3985 J & S HEATING GAS, OIL, ELECTRIC, PROPANE HI EFFICIENCY HEATING & COOLING JACK T. ULMAN 2275 MORNING STAR DRIVE ROCK CREEK, OH 44084	
563-3043 DAVE STURBAUM CONSTRUCTION NEW HOMES REMODELING, ADDITIONS, BARNS & GARAGES DAVE STURBAUM 3058 ROUTE 6 ROME, OHIO 44085	


The Gages are property owners, the Sturbaums owned property on Evening Star Drive. We read on the card that Jack Ulman lived on Morning Star Drive. 8 October 2008.

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Vittle Village
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 Groceries, Produce, Deli, Beer &
 Wine, Party Trays Available,
 Instant Lottery - Gasoline
Open 7 Days
A Week, 9-9

PHONE 563-9202

- LOTTERY
- CARDS & GIFTS
- GROCERY
- ICE CREAM

3276 MAIN
ROCK CREEK



3C's Grocery, Inc. *Betty & Jodi*

Both the Cantini family of Vittle Village/Cantini's Market and the Covenbach family of 3C's have homes in Roaming Shores. Jodi currently works as a gate guard. These advertisements are from 8 October 1988.



Crandall Connection
 "Our Family Helping Yours in The Shores"

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 EXIT NOW REALTY

Dennis (440) 223-8581
 Bruce (440) 223-8582
 Debbie (440) 223-8584
 crandallconnection@windstream.net
 www.crandallconnection.com

Each Office is Independently Owned and Operated



*Dennis Crandall and Rudy Droese were doing some interior work at 1103 Evening Star Drive in November 1982.
Here is a current Crandall Connection business card.*

The Marina



The signs are still up with the old name of Rockpoint Marina, but the ownership and name of the marina has changed. In 2016 the name of the marina is Roaming Rock Marina & Powersports. In the past year a lot of remodeling and restocking has been done. There is now an ice cream parlor and they rent pontoon boats, kayaks, paddleboards, and paddleboats.

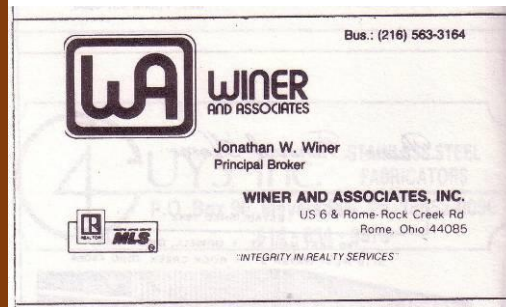
Poisoning

On April 6, 1975 Destrey [Gambol] went to the Marina with Mike [Gambol] and Cliff and Bonnie [Huffman]. Destrey tried tasting teak cleaner containing phosphoric acid. Mike went with Destrey in the new rescue vehicle to Ashtabula General. Bonnie and Cliff came home to get me and drove me to the hospital. When I arrived, there sat The Dude [Destrey] all smiles. That sure relieved Mommy! So we then forced fluids for a half hour or so then came the ipecac. Two doses were required before he threw up. Then he was released and slept all the way home. What an ordeal! ---Cheryl Fain Gambol

Ole Straw Hat/Manners Restaurant



Mike Gambol owns this mobile that was once part of the Ole Straw Hat Restaurant. Mike says for many years Genesee was the beer of choice for Shores residents.



This was the Winer Real Estate then the Winer Law Building. Charles Winer and his son, Jonathan Winer, owned/owns this building. Here is a Winer business card from 8 October 1988.

Chapter 18: Roaming Shores Divided

"A house divided against itself cannot stand". *Abraham Lincoln*

We are unified in our love of the lake, but how are we divided, separated, cleaved, divorced, or rent asunder?



The Roaming Shores website directs you to either the RRA or the Village.

<http://www.roamingshores.org/> accessed 24 Apr 2016

We have the Village and the homeowners' association.

How else is the lake divided?

Are you an East sider or West sider? Actually, this only comes up once a year for the annual 4th of July tug-o-war.

Do you live in the Grand Valley or Jefferson school district?

Where do you live? Rome? Rock Creek? Morgan? 44084? 44085?

For a few years there was a rumor that Roaming Shores would get its own zip code. Tentatively it was reported that the discontinued East Orwell zip code of 44034 would be giving to the Village but that didn't happen. Regardless of which township you are in, you vote in the same place – the clubhouse.

Are you a full-timer, week-ender, or snow bird? Do your grandkids stay for a month in the summer? I remember that Teresa, Mia, Eva, and Boo were four children we would see in the summer months and at Christmas when they visited their grandparents.

Are you an old-timer or johnny-come-lately to Roaming Shores?

Old-timers: expect less rules and regulations, remember burning their trash, "in my day we were happy to have ANY electricity in

winter"! Cable, what cable? Snow plow, what snow plow? My drinking water tastes fine!

New-comers: Where are the sidewalks? How is it far to restaurants and theatre? Where are the street lights? Leash your dog! Ban atvs and snowmobiles! Drink bottled water. Panic when the electricity, or cable or internet goes out. New-combers are surprised at how expensive taxes, dues, and water and sewer fees are.

Both old and new-comers: We can see the stars! We see the meteors! We see the international space station!

Are you paid up or (gasp) *delinquent*? Delinquent is like saying your mother is a prostitute or you have cancer. Like the "c" word, it is sometimes whispered as in "Jennifer can't come to the beach with us. Her family is *delinquent* in their association dues".

Do you have an A, B, or C lot? Are you on the water, across from the water, or even farther out?

Do you own one, two or three lots?

The ultimate renting asunder is from life to death. Here is a list of six tragic deaths at Roaming Shores. Most of the time Roaming Shores is a quiet bedroom community of commuters. There is a low crime rate and quite a bit of homogeneity. Every once in a while, however, something goes terribly wrong. Here are some premature deaths that have impacted the community and continue to haunt surviving family and friends to this day.

1. Jeffrey Ryan Waldo. 12 May 1964-15 Feb 1980. He and his girlfriend (Heather Blair) died in an automobile accident in a snow storm in Chardon. His family lived in Roaming Shores and had recently relocated to Burton when this occurred.
2. Bernadette "Bernie" Simon Gilchrist. 30 June 1958 – 8 April 1988. She was a homemaker and mother of two minor children. Her husband, Thomas, went to jail on 3 May 1988 for aggravated murder.

3. Jason Paul Scribber. 30 Jul 1980- 4 July 1998. Jason was the victim of a boating accident in Roaming Shores.
4. Alesha Bell 1997-2015. The remains of this 18-year-old's burnt body were found a fire pit in Roaming Shores in 20 August 2015. This resident of Warren, Ohio died some time between 24 July 2015 and 20 August 2015. The investigation continues as of this writing.
5. Emily Nicole Plickert. 5 Nov 1998 – 13 Nov 2015. This Grand Valley cheerleader died in a two car collision in Windsor.
6. Cassie Norden. 11 September 1987-14 May 2016. This 28 year old mother of two was killed in a hit-and-run accident.

Sweet freedom whispered in my ear
You're a butterfly
And butterflies are free to fly
Fly away, high away bye bye
-- *Elton John*

Chapter 19: Families

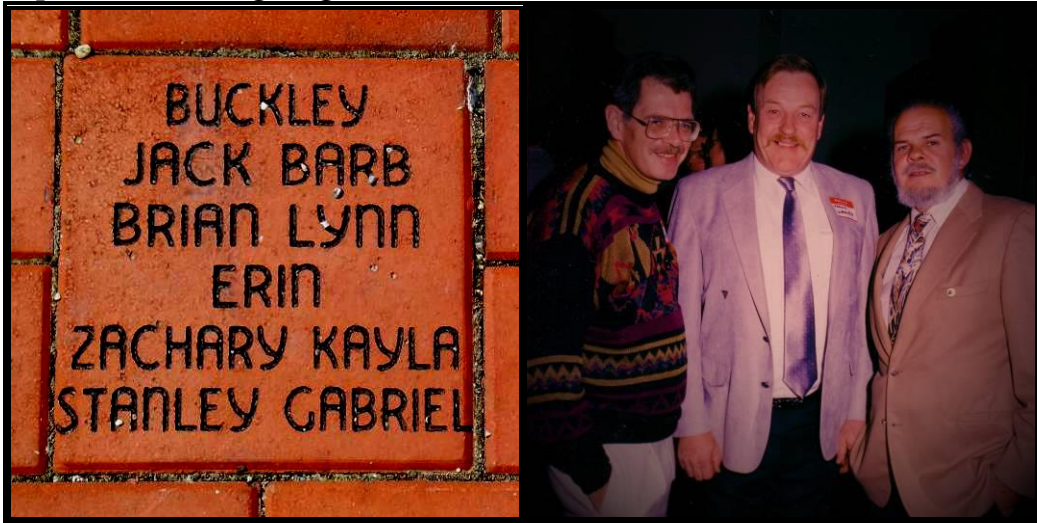
"My house is me and I am it. My house is where I like to be and it looks like all my dreams" by Daniel Manus Pinkwater.

How did we choose these families to feature? These citizens are no better or worse than any other. By including them here it doesn't mean they are eligible for the Daughters of the American Revolution or they only drink out of tea cups with their pinkies up. Really, the only criteria we used is that we thought to talk to them or that their names came up in conversations or in our family scrapbooks when we were writing this book.

Buckleys

Jack, Barbara, Brian, Lynn, and Erin

The Buckley family purchased land in Roaming Shores in 1979 and moved here in 1985. Barb is a long time RRA employee and is currently the supervisor of the gate guards.



Grand Valley School memorial brick photographed 11 June 2016

Jack Buckley, Harold Weaver, and Andrew Michael Gambol worked at Lincoln Electric for many years. These three sometimes would carpool. We do not envy them the years of their lives spent in winter commuting to Euclid and back.

Conways

Doc and Aggie

These two were some of the first home owners.



Memorial bricks at the Roaming Shores village hall, photographed 21 June 2016

Crandalls

Dale, Dennis, Kathy, Deborah, & Jacqueline

The Crandalls have been building and selling homes for 3 generations. Dennis is a builder, contractor and real estate agent specializing in the Roaming Shores community. He has built over 100 houses in Roaming Shores. You can ask to see a photo album that shows many of these. He started off as a kitchen cabinet maker for Horst Droese and learned more about construction through the years. Denny went into the construction business with Horst's son, Rudy, when he moved to Roaming Shores. Kathy is a retired real estate agent and proud grandmother. She also owned a beauty salon in Orwell and a boutique in Jefferson at one point. Their daughter, Debbie, and son-in-law Bruce Warring continue the tradition of finding people homes in the Shores. Dennis's father, Dale, also worked construction in the Shores for many years. Many people remember Dale on his backhoe. In 2015 Dennis Crandall's construction company was named Builder of the Year by a popular vote of *Star Beacon* readers.

Denny and Kathy have lived in a number of homes that they constructed and/or sold. We are not sure that we have listed them all, but here are some streets they have lived on in Roaming Shores: Long Shadow Lane; Lake Vue on Spanish Cove, a second home on Lake Vue, Morgan Terrace, Plum Creek, the Shoreside Condos, and Dam Vue.

Dennis and Kathy and Debbie relocated from Cleveland (Kathy worked in the beauty department of Higbees) to Lake RomeRock in 1969. They found out about the lake from an advertisement in the Plain Dealer. They came to look at a model home on the northeast corner of the lake and fell in love with the area. They also convinced the Franklin family to move here.

Jackie was born after they moved to the lake.

Grandpa Dale lived with the Dennis Crandall family for many years. Dale was an over-the-road trucker and he was on the Queen Anne Highway in Canada when his truck went over an embankment. He was severely injured which ended his trucking career. As he recuperated from his trauma he moved to Roaming Shores to live with his family. After sufficiently recovering from the crash, Dennis encouraged his father to

switch to operating machinery and join him in Crandall Construction. Debbie and Jackie grew up in the Shores swimming and skiing as much as possible and graduated from Jefferson High School. Kathy recommends coming to Naples, Florida for the winter months. A number of families from Roaming Shores winter there: the Crandalls, Anita Manners, the O'Keefes and more. --*interview with Kathy Crandall.*



Friends for more than 40 years Cheryl Fain and Kathy Crandall are photographed in Kathy's home in June 2016.

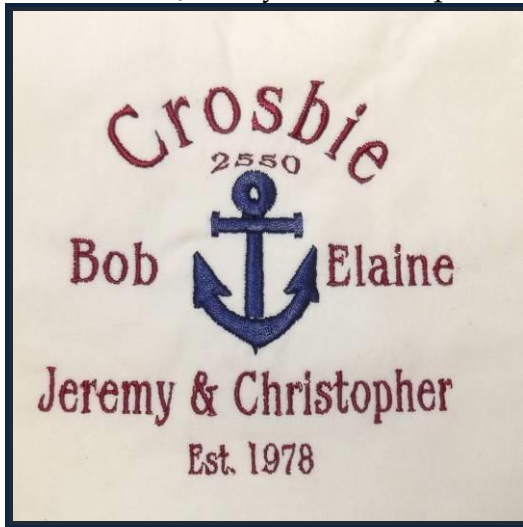
Dale Crandall's tombstone was photographed on 21 June 2016 in Ninevah Cemetery in Roaming Shores.



Memorial bricks at the village hall, photographed 21 June 2016

Crosbies

Bob, Elaine, Jeremy, & Christopher



From the 50th anniversary of Roaming Shores quilt, photographed 15 June 2016

Fains/Gambol

Alfred, Betty, Sister Charlotte, Mike, Cheryl, Lee, Shawna, Destrey, Joe, and Midge

A friend of the family, Leonard Schwartz, owned property in Cherry Valley. One day in mid-1966 Mike Gambol and Mr. Schwartz went for a ride in the country in Ashtabula County. They saw advertisements for the lake and so they went to see the three model homes that had been constructed near the Ole Straw Hat restaurant. The salesman showed them some lots and bragged that they were priced at \$13,000, but for a limited time, if they acted now before all the lots were gone they could be purchased for \$8,000-9,000. Neither Mike nor Mr. Schwartz purchased a lot that day.

Two or three years later, in 1968 or 1969 Mike won lot 1104 in a poker game. At that point in time his wife, Cheryl, visited the lake. Before they built the house, when they would visit the lake, Cheryl would stay at the beach and nurse the baby in the clubhouse while Mike would be out boating with buddies from the factory where he worked (Lincoln Electric in Euclid). As more children came along (Shawna and Destrey) lot 1103 became available for purchase and they bought it. With two lots next to each other, they decided that was enough space to build a house. The house is on 1103 and 1104. In As Mike would work on the house, Cheryl would take the children to the Pool 2 area or the main beach where there were restrooms. Here she met a number of other mothers with small children. A number of these women still are her friends today.

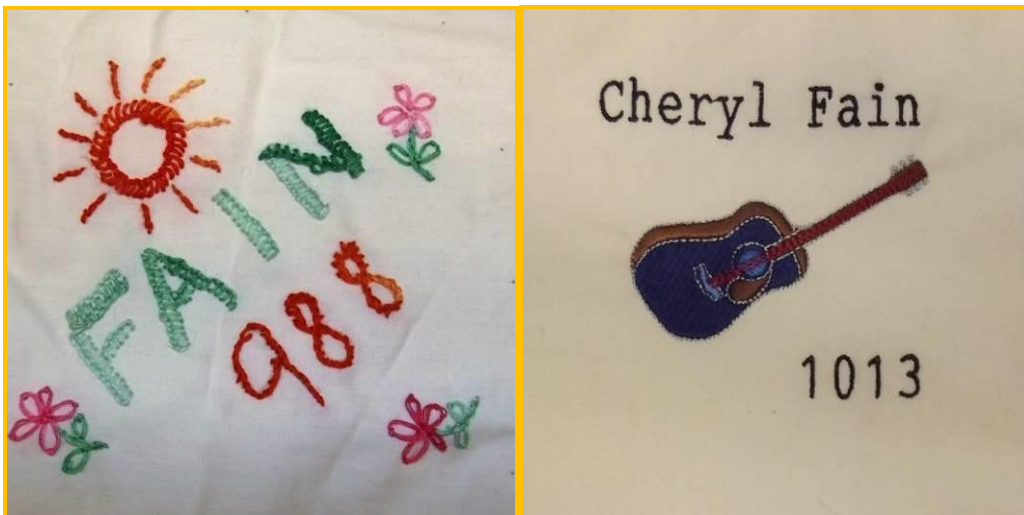
The house was ready for occupancy in 1974 and in June the Gambol family relocated from Willoughby Hills. Later they obtained a third lot,

1105, from an elderly man who had used it for fishing for many years. With this third lot, there was room to add a barn and a tennis court to the property.

When they divorced, Mike stayed on the 1103-1104-1105 property and Cheryl purchased a home on lot number 1013 on the same street. In 1983 Cheryl's parents, Alfred and Betty Fain, purchased a home on lot 988. Mike, Cheryl, and Betty all live on Evening Star Drive in 2016.

At one time, Mike's sister and brother-in-law, Midge (Gambol) Bash and E. Joseph Bash also owned a home on Morning Star Drive at the Shores. For many years Mike and Midge's older sister, Sister Mary Charlotte Gambol, was a frequent visitor to the lake. Mike and Cheryl's children, Lee, Shawna, and Destrey all went to G.V. schools and graduated from Grand Valley High School.

At one point in time Mike was the zoning inspector for the village. Cheryl was the editor of the "Poetry Pantry" column in the RomeRock News and gathered poems from local authors. Cheryl Fain was elected Clerk-Treasurer and served in that post for a number of years before graduating from Kent State Ashtabula Campus taking on a career in nursing. Now retired, Cheryl is currently a Village council member. As teenagers, Lee, Shawna, and Destrey all worked summer jobs for the Association. – Mike Gambol, Cheryl Fain, and Shawna Gambol Woodard



From the Roaming Shores 50th anniversary quilt, photographed 15 June 2016



Lee Gambol, Cheryl Fain, Destrey Gambol, Shawna Gambol, and Mike Gambol are shown April 1993 at the clubhouse. In the background are two bass caught by Gary Franklin, Sr. and the Fishing Club Ralph Cantini Memorial Award.

Relocating

The summer of 1983 was lots of fun. We came to Ohio [from our home in Union City, California] to visit Cheryl's [my daughter's] family and rented the house at 1936 Morningstar Drive. Al [my husband] and Mike [my son-in-law] bought a motor for us to use on Gambol's rowboat. We traveled from our house on the east side to theirs, crossing Roaming Rock Lake in the "motor" boat.

The lake life was so nice we decided to look around for a modestly priced house to buy and discovered the one at 988 Evening Star - across from Cheryl - was for sale! We paid cash for it and began building a two-car garage almost as soon as Cheryl and I arrived home from selling the condo in California.

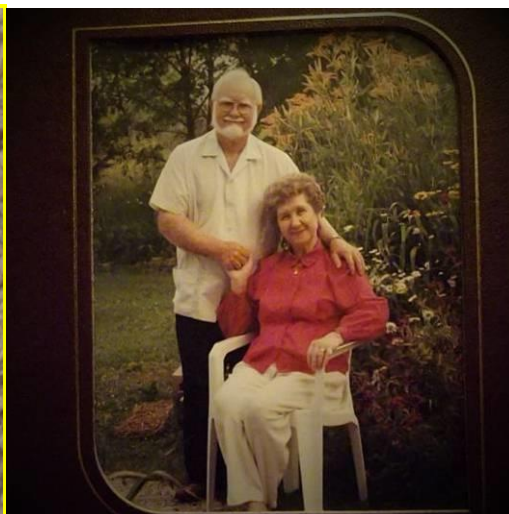
Volunteering: For over a year I worked with the Promotion club, helping market Roaming Shores T-shirts and other sports wear with our village logo. The year we celebrated the village 25th anniversary we sold cups and license plate frames as well.

RomeRock News: For approximately two years I was editor of our Roaming Shores newspaper. Al was a tremendous help to me computing and estimating the spacing. On days when we made trips to Jefferson we treated ourselves to lunch. It was a very satisfying experience. --Betty Fain, written in her autobiography in 1995. Her husband, Alfred Fain, died in 2003.



8 Oct 2006 Gambol barn/garage. Barns/separate garages are allowed in the Shores as long as they are not taller than the house on the property, but animals for agricultural purposes are not permitted. A number of property owners have barn/garages to store recreation vehicles, boats, snow mobiles, etc. in the off-seasons.

Betty Fain visits lot 1103 on 4 July 2001.



Betty Fain was in the Promotion Club during the 25th Anniversary celebration. Here are Betty and Al Fain posing for their 50th anniversary.



Cheryl Fain and daughter, Shawna Gambol Woodard, collaborate on this book over coffee. Photo by Martha Rice. 6 May 2016.

Destrey, Cheryl, Shawna, Mike, and Lee Gambol are shown in August 1977.

Franklins

This is the only family we know of that has in the present year four generations of Roaming Shores residents.

1. Mrs. Pearl Ellinger, mother of Pearl Ellinger Franklin = resident since 2006.
2. Gary (Sr.) and Pearl (maiden name was Ellinger) = residents since April 1969.
3. Dawn, Gary (Jr.), Summer, and Ryan = Dawn and Gary moved here in April 1969. Summer and Ryan have lived here since they were born.
4. Jocelyn, Connor, River, and Emma = current residents. (There are other Franklin family members in this generation, but they live in Jefferson).

The original Franklin lot and home was on 882 Long Shadow Lane. The home was complete and they moved in April 1969. They then rented a farm house in 1978 until they moved to Browning Point when Pearl was pregnant with Summer. They currently live at 396 Jefferson Point which they purchased from Tom and Pat Ahola.

How did they find out about Roaming Shores? The Crandall family told them about it. Pearl and Kathy have been friends since elementary school. They both grew up in Cleveland. They thought that Dennis Crandall would construct a duplex for the families, but instead they had houses built next to each other. The Franklin Family lived in the newly constructed Crandall house at 883 Long Shadow Lane for one month while the Franklin house on 882 Long Shadow Lane was being finished by the Crandall and Droese construction company.

Pearl Ellinger, the Elder, had a cottage in Marblehead with well water and the Franklins were considering purchasing a home there, but once the Crandalls showed them Lake RomeRock and Pearl drank the tasty public utilities water of RomeRock they were hooked on the lure of suburban living in a rural setting. We won over Marblehead!

Dawn and Gary, Jr. attended Rome School then Rock Creek Elementary. Summer and Ryan attended the Jefferson School District. Ryan also went to the vocational school for information technology. All of them played sports. Dawn won the female all-sports award for her contributions to Jefferson Area High School volleyball, basketball, and softball. Gary played football and won the Brains and Brawn award. Summer was a cheerleader and the Homecoming Queen.

I love the great breeze off my back deck, but the best part of living in the Shores is that the Crandalls and Franklins are best of friends and their families gather as often as they can. – *Pearl Ellinger Franklin*



Gary, Jr, Dan Michaelski, Dawn, Ryan, and Summer in the back row and Gary, Sr, and Pearl Franklin in the front in December 1997.

50th Wedding Anniversary

Gary and Pearl Franklin of Roaming Shores will celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary Friday.

Gary and Pearl (Ellinger) were married Jan. 15, 1966 in Cleveland.

The couple's children are Dawn Franklin of Roaming Shores; Gary (Megan) Franklin of Jefferson; Summer (Todd) Brainard of Roaming Shores; and Ryan (Arin) Franklin of Roaming Shores.

They have eight grandchildren.

Gary has been self-employed as an accountant in Orwell since Oct. 1, 1974.

Pearl retired as a phlebotomist/ pathology secretary from Ashtabula County Medical Center in 2012.

They are members of Rock Creek United Methodist Church. --*Star Beacon*
10 January 2016



Gary and Pearl cut their 50th anniversary cake.

Jocelyn Franklin, Harper Franklin, Riley Franklin, Emma Brainard, Kennedy Pearl Franklin

"Meme" Pearl Ellinger Franklin holding River Brainard and Morgan Franklin, and Connor Franklin

Pearl Ellinger Franklin is surrounded by her 8 grandchildren. What a blessing! 12 July 2015 photograph by Pearl's daughter-in-law, Arin Franklin.

Fultons

Lee and Shirley

Lee has passed away and Shirley has remarried and relocated, but we remember fondly this couple. They were always so cheerful and laughing. Lee and Shirley were excellent singers. They were in a choir in the Warren/Youngstown area. The Fultons performed solos at the Rock Creek United Methodist Church. They loved music and it would stream from their home when they cranked up the vinyl records or had musicians visiting them.



Memorial brick at the village hall, photographed 21 June 2016
Ninevah Cemetery, photographed 21 June 2016

Funtashes

Bob (Sr.), Terry, Sherry, and Bob (Jr.)

Bob worked in a factory with Larry Sturbaum of Rome. The factory started having more and more regulations and Bob got fed up. At the same time I (Terry) was frustrated with the school situation in Cleveland. We decided it was time to get out of the city and move to the country. That was in 1978. We purchased land from the Sturbaums. While we were building our house we lived with the Sturbaums and moved into the Roaming Shores house in 1978 (after the blizzard). We could not see any other houses on Evening Star when we moved in. There were dirt bike trails along the undeveloped lots along the lake.

Our neighbor, Sandy Meckley, had Christmas trees planted for to fund her retirement, but in the mean time, Sandy was a bus driver and recommended that I become a driver for Jefferson Schools as well. I was a school bus driver for 33 years. I got the Roaming Shores route when Mrs. Myra Terry retired. She was Mrs. Terry, so I became Miss Terry. This made for an easier transition for the kids.

For a while my sister, Brenda S. Leyba, and her family lived in the Shores as well.

--Terry S. Funtash

Hocevars

Dick and Annette and Laurie, Judy, and Marlene

I attended school in Maple Heights, southeast of Cleveland. My family started out using our lot for recreational purposes and eventually moved out to the Shores permanently.

In the Flame Lake area there were just four houses. I used to hang out with a family which shall remain anonymous who did practical jokes back and forth with my family. One night, our group of kids (avoiding the word gang, of course) went over to the Callender Road Cemetery. There appeared a white apparition speeding along scaring us until it started wobbling. Then all the ruckus disclosed an actual human under a sheet riding a bicycle! FAIL!

Other "Little Rascal" type stories I can tell include a toilet strategically placed in someone's front yard and relocating a car. These high jinx were constant in the friendly neighborhood. We were so tuned in to each other, that we could identify from the sound whether we heard a car from one of our families or a vehicle of an outsider.

One year the pools did not open up when we were ready for them to and we made signs protesting this oversight. We petitioned right in front of the RRA president's home. --Marlene Hocevar



Kerchelich

Mary

Yesterday I got acquainted with a neighbor on Longshadow - 933. She is the lady who wanted an American flag. She came and got the flag I bought at the marina. She's kind and sweet and understanding. I hope to see her again. -Betty Fain, unpublished log, 24 September 2011

Moses

Bill, Velma, Leeann, Todd, Holly, Chad

I was already a swimmer when we started coming here. I was a YMCA kid. I became a lifeguard and a water safety instructor.

My family would ride out from Madison in 1966-1967 to the Shores. One time we got stopped by the police in Rock Creek. We had a wiener dog then and it just kept growling at the officer. I used to think then that the Shores was way out in the boondocks. I did not EVER want to live there. I remember in 1969 the roads were like cow paths. You could get lost forever in the Shores. Obviously I do not feel that way now!

As an adult, I became a banker. I worked for Northeast Ohio Bank in Jefferson, then Rock Creek. I bought a home on Beaver Dam then. After I lived here, my parents, Bill and Velma Moses, moved to the Shores from Madison. Dad was a banker, and then became a real estate agent. Mom was a homemaker and got a job as a gate guard in Roaming Shores. Fourteen years ago I moved from Beaver Dam to Morning Star across the street from the east beach.

How did I become the clerk treasurer of the Village? Cheryl Fain Gambol and I were at Jazzercise led by Debbie Kingzett at the clubhouse. I asked

Cheryl if she knew of any full time jobs available in the Village. Cheryl said “take my job, I’m not running again”. It was a piece of cake getting the job! Over time this job evolved from part time to full time. I now do the jobs that three separate positions entailed at one point.

The neighborhood was close knit when I moved to RomeRock and it still is. There are just more people now. There were only about 350 people in the Shores when I started working here and there are over 1,000 now. I really love living here.

I have been in several clubs over the years. My Dad, Bill, encouraged my social life here. I was in the Over Twenty-One Club, helped run the Friends and Neighbors for a spell, and am currently involved in the Quilters Group. – Leeann Moses



Valley News March 1990



Detail from the Roaming Shores 50th anniversary quilt, photographed 15 June 2016.

Leeann Moses poses with a quilt that she stitched. It is hanging at the Village Hall. Photographed 24 June 2016.



Velma and Bill Moses

Murphies/McMurphies

Ed, Eleanor,

Jerry, Kenny, Dennis, Bobby, Brian, Marcia, Jack,

Shawn, Travis, & Brandon.

This family is classified by the RRA as “original property owners” of Rome township.

Before the lake was formed, the rocky creek was on the east side of the Murphy farm. There were lots of rocks the family would move around to form a “swimming hole”.

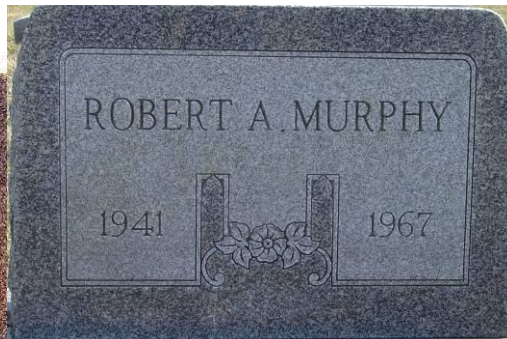
There were cows pasturing on both sides of the creek and a fence at the Route 6 bridge to confine them south of it. After the dam went in, the family had to build a pond west of the Dodge Road to water the animals. The family has had many episodes of trespassing from the water from people boating (canoeing and kayaking) and fishing. Trespassers also leave behind their trash.

Since the beginning of the lake the McMurphy family has noticed quite a bit of erosion along the shoreline and would like to encourage leaving the trees on the lots to slow this erosion.

The family had a 40 HP motorboat for awhile. Some of the family skied. Some could slalom. Jeff Winer (Jon’s brother) would enjoin in “pirate fights” squirting water at each others’ boats.

Ed was in the fishing club. He won a prize for a fishing adventure on Lake Erie. Some of the boys would fish. Marcia would, too, however was not willing to put on the bait, or take off the fish. Eleanor cleaned the catch and filled the freezer with bluegill and bass for the winter feasting.

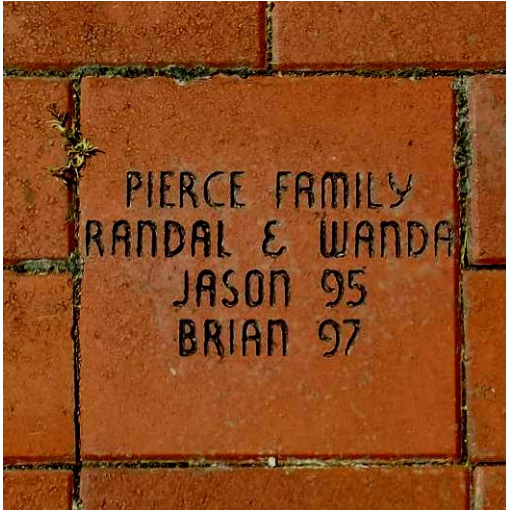
I remember when the original lake salesmen were in full sales mode we would dress up and pretend to be potential clients for them!
Jack and Marcia's boys: Travis McMurphy had several jobs at the Shores: he was certified as a lifeguard, and worked as a gate guard and with the maintenance department. His brother, Brandon, also did maintenance and gate guarding.
Kenny helped clear the land for the lake creation at \$4.10 per hour which was very good money back then. When Marcia worked at the concession stand she only got a little more than \$1.00 per hour.
A tornado went through while Kenny was working clearing brush to make room for the future lake lots near the Rezniks' farm. Equipment and tools were lost in the tornado.
One day the Murphys cows wandered all the way to the Rezniks.
The Murphy family was famous for its sweet corn. People would line up down the road for it. It was super sweet hybrid corn. They only raise it for their family now, not for sale.
— Marcia McMurphy.



Tombstones at Rome Center Cemetery and Jerry Murphy. Tombstones and Jerry Murphy photographs provided by Brian Murphy. Mailbox on Dodge Road.

Pierces

Randal, Wanda, Jason, & Brian



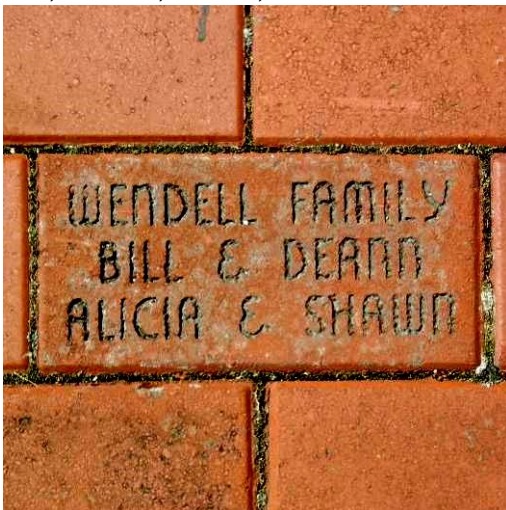
Memorial Brick at Grand Valley School, photographed 11 June 2016

Pilichis

John, Mary, Dennis, Bonnie, & Shawn

Wendells

Bill, Deann, Alicia, and Shawn



Memorial Brick at Grand Valley School, photographed 11 June 2016

Westons

Carl, Ruth, Mickey, Pam, Wendy, & Kimberly

Carl A. Weston told me that he was one of the land owners who sold land to the original developers. He and other sellers petitioned for the Original Property Owner (OPO) card. With that card the sellers and their families

could and can get in to all RomeRock Association managed properties. The sellers also petitioned that each family be allotted one RRA lot. Later on, Mickey and Pam built a house on Lake Vue on property that abuts the original Rome Township Weston property, the yard of Weston Towing, and the residence of Carl A. and Ruth Weston in Rome. -- *Mike Gambol*

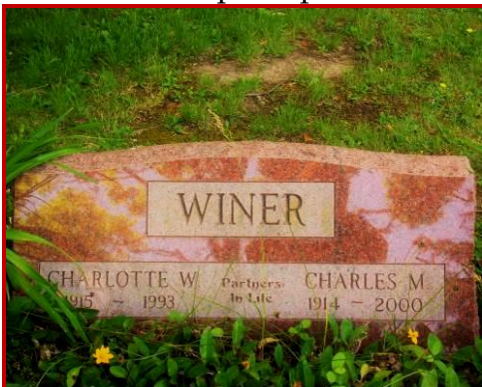
Mickey Weston knew that he was dying (1948-2005); he arranged with the Fleming Funeral Home to paint his casket International Orange. This was the signature color for the Weston Towing. They had to use paint from the automobile parts store. You don't see an orange coffin every day. -- *Mike Gambol*.



Mickey, Wendy and Kimberly Weston at Cheryl Fain's birthday party at the Rome Fire Hall on 29 September 1996. Mick is wearing orange, of course.


Winers

Charles, Charlotte, Jonathan, Jeff, Ellen, Alyssa, Katie, & Jared
Charles Winer and Jonathan Winer sold real estate, specializing in Lake RomeRock. Later Jon Winer practiced and practices law from property on the edge of Roaming Shores at RomeRock Creek Road and Route 6. Dr. Ellen Winer is principal of Grand Valley Elementary.



Ninevah Cemetery photographed 21 June 2016

GRAND VALLEY THEATRE COMPANY
Presents
Peter Pan



A Musical Based on the Play by JAMES M. BARRIE

Lyrics by CAROLYN LEIGH
Additional Lyrics by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN

Music by MARK CHARLAP
Additional Music by JULE STYNE

July 27, 28, 29 & 30, 1995

ProducerEllen Winer
DirectorLinda Fundis
Music DirectorJoy Leirer
Lighting Design/SoundJerry Hornung,
Jonathan Hornung, Rich Pekar
Set DesignLinda Bartunek, Bob Fundis
Costume DesignDeann Wendell

Costume CommitteeNancy Bennett, Michelle Gage,
Kathy Hornung, Debbie McKee, Cheryl Rogers

PropsWinnie Hosking, Belinda Sweeney
TicketsMary Pekar
ConcessionsPat Hunter

Apprentices:
Stage ManagerBobby Havlicek
Assistant DirectorAbby Pekar
Assistant Music DirectorCourtney Bartunek
Choreographer/Vocal Coach ..Nancy Leirer, Robyn Lutz
Drama CoachAndrea Sitler
Tech Crew/Vocal CoachJon Hunter

Stage CrewJohn Fundis, Maggie Lanphear,
Mary Mastromatteo, Shane Portman,
Megan Sweeney, Wendy Weston, Alyssa Winer

DIRECTOR'S NOTE

There comes a time when all man and woman-kind need a little fantasy. There has never been a place more fantastic than Neverland. "Nicely packed and hardly any room from one adventure to the next!"

Oh to never have to grow up! To be a boy forever and never have to wear a tie! Fantasy? — not to the little bit of Peter Pan in all of us.

Linda

THANKS TO:

Ralph Bacon, Christian Life Camp - John King, Wayne Dudinsky, Larry Eggleston, Charlie Fike, Elaine Finley, Grand Valley Custodial Staff, Grand Valley High Drama - David Laster, Meeghan Humphrey, Renee Jarvis, Sue Kellogg, Barb Kuchta, Tina Lanphear, Susan Laupp, Darrell Lowe, Jordan Lowell, Fr. Phil Miller - St. Mary's Church, Orwell Golden Dawn, Mrs. Shirley Patterson, Pizza Express, Duane Reed, Vince Rogers, Rome Feed, Rome Fire Department, Rome School Staff, Rome Township Trustees, Mickie Weston, Pam Weston

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Ashtabula Arts Center and Beth Koski, Director; Grand Valley Board of Education and John Rubesich, Superintendent; and the parents of our actors, apprentices, and crew for their wonderful support and cooperation.

CAST

(in order of appearance)

WENDYMegan Fry
JOHNJimmy Hunter
LIZAAddie Leirer
MICHAELJohn Lanphear
NANAPaul Strock
MRS. DARLINGCorrie Meister
MR. DARLINGChris Sweeney
PETER PANSara Wilber
LIONMichelle Wann
KANGAROOEllie Portman
PEACOCKTracy Dobay
SLIGHTLYHeather Sweeney
TOOTLESLaura Hunter
CURLYCourtney Leitz
NIBSNicole Wilson
1st TWINMindy Scott
2nd TWINJessie Johnson
CAPTAIN HOOKJason Philipps
SMEEBill Page
CROCODILERobert Sitler
TIGER LILYKim Weston
STARKEYJeremy Wann
CECCOSharon Evans
NOODLERMichelle Wann
MULLINSJoshua McCreight
JOKESKasey Chapman
WENDY Grown UpSharon Evans
JANEMegan Fry

LOST BOYS Olivia Leirer, Brandon McGann, Katie McCreight, Becca Bartunek, Jenny Evans, Leann Sitler, Amanda Hosking, Joshua Gottron, Katherine Sartor, Elizabeth Sartor
PIRATES	... Danny Evans, Robert Sitler, Paul Strock, Chris Sweeney
INDIANS Jennifer Brown, Tracy Dobay, Nathan Emerine, Sara Lawrence, Jonathan Lawrence, Addie Leirer, Corrie Meister, Alicia Monroe, Stephanie Monroe, Vanessa Monroe, Melissa Paul, Ellie Portman, Alicia Wendell, Shawn Wendell
TREES Jennifer Brown, Katie McCreight, Melissa Paul, Elizabeth Sartor, Katherine Sartor, Leann Sitler

Look at all those Shores families! We will probably miss some, but we see: Winer, Bartunek, Wendell, McKee, Weston, and Eggleston.

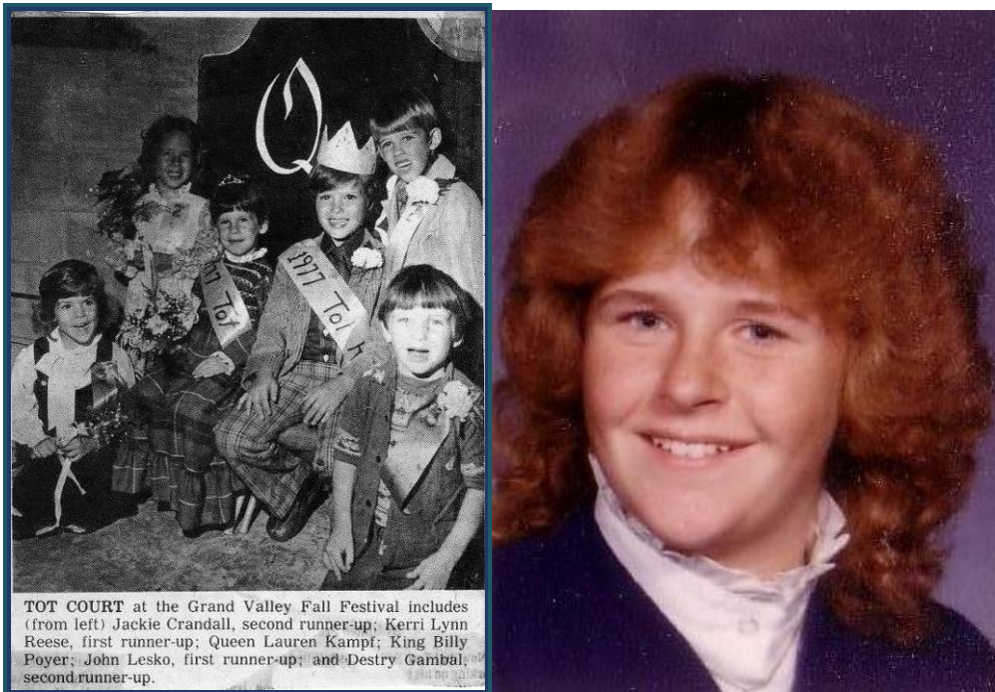
Here is Shawna's opinion of the production: Kim Weston was radiant as Princess Tiger Lily, a minor character. I thought she stole the show.

Honorary Roaming Shores Residents

The **Kampf** family of Rome: John, Mary Paula, Paula, John, Seanna, Lauren, and Erin.

The authors dub the **Kampfs** and **Hensons** "Honorary Roaming Shores Residents". Sorry, there is no trophy or cash prize. You just get the title and Cheryl will go swimming with you any time you want. These two families show up time and again in our family stories and photograph albums. It seems like they were there for all the weekends at our houses or theirs, parties at the clubhouse, sporting events, and more. Tom Henson (1948-2015) and Mary Paula Barrett Kampf Magary (1941-2016) are deceased.

Pearl Franklin remembers meeting Mary Paula for the first time at the Main Beach. Mary Paula had been trying to learn to water ski and had plenty of bruises on her leg. They struck up a conversation, and friendship ensued. They got to know each other better and Mary Paula became friends with a number of Shores residents through the parent-teacher association at Rome School.



Lauren in 1977 and Seanna in 1983. Long time Shores residents Jackie Crandall and Destrey Gambol are also in the Tot Court photograph.

<http://www.lanefuneralhomes.com/>

Mary Paula Barrett Kampf Magary, 74, peacefully passed away Wednesday, February 3, 2016 at Autumn Hills Care Center surrounded by her family.

She was born September 24, 1941 in Steubenville, Ohio the daughter of William and Mary Frances Murphy Barrett.

Mary Paula was a graduate of Catholic Central High School and a graduate of the Franciscan University of Steubenville. In 1965 she married John Kampf with whom she raised her five children. She married Matthew Magary in 1993.

Mary Paula enjoyed 40 years of being a church organist, and 20 years as an English, French, & Gifted Program Teacher. Through the years, Mary Paula was a devout Catholic, an avid reader, a lover of musicals, and enjoyed cooking and baking. Her greatest joy and source of great pride was raising her children and teaching high school students. She was a vivacious and exuberant woman with a big heart -- a woman who loved the life gifted to her by God.

She will be deeply missed by her five children Paula Kampf of Cleveland, John Kampf of Jefferson, Seanna (Jim) Butler of Denmark, Lauren (Michael) Mathews of Warren, and Erin (Frank) Kampf-Melillo of Niles. Her siblings Bill (Sandy) Barrett of Dublin, Patricia (John) Kuhlman of

Morgantown, W.Va., & Tim (Annie) Barrett of Beavercreek; As well as nine grandchildren - Sarah and Ben Hess, Craig, Justin, Joshua, & Jacob Butler, Allyson Crays, Kaitlyn and Liam Mathews; and the many friends, colleagues and former students who brought joy to her life.

She was preceded in death by her husband Matthew Magary and her parents.

A Mass of Christian Burial will be held 2 P.M. Monday, February 8, 2016 at St. Robert Bellarmine Catholic Church in Cortland with Rev. Father Kish officiating.

The family will receive friends from 2-6:00PM on Sunday February 7, 2016 at Lane family Funeral Homes – Shafer-Winans.

Entombment at Mount Calvary Cemetery in Steubenville will be held privately at a later date.

The family would like to thank their Autumn Hills Care Center family where she made her home for the past four years, and Southern Care Hospice for their dedication to Mary Paula's comfort.

Donations in lieu of flowers can be made to the family, who will use them to support the Grand Valley High School Drama Department and her Catholic parishes.

Honorary Roaming Shores Residents

The **Henson** family of New Lyme: Tom, Carla, Kimberly, Kelly, and Krystal.

<http://www.painefuneralhome.com/>

Thomas E Henson

(June 16, 1948 - May 12, 2015)

New Lyme Twp. --- Thomas Edward Henson – age 66, died peacefully at his home on Tuesday, May 12, 2015 with his family by his side. Born June 16, 1948, in Cleveland, Ohio, he was the son of Carroll and Josephine (Rein) Henson. Tom was married to his high school sweetheart and the love of his life, Carla Rae (Benton) Henson, on March 21, 1970. Having graduated from Kent State University in 1971, Tom was a teacher for 42 years. He taught at Middlefield Cardinal High School for five years and at Grand Valley High School for 37 years, earning Master's Degrees in Health and Physical Education as well as Library Science. He coached multiple sports for more than 42 years, and also served as Athletic Director at Grand Valley for 13 years. Tom loved spending time with his wife, Carla, his children, and grandchildren. He had a love for sports, coaching, and teaching. He dedicated his life to his family and to the many student-athletes who walked the halls of Grand Valley High School.

Tom's joy in life was providing students with guidance along with words

of encouragement and inspiration to be the best they could be on and off the field/court. Tom was a member of Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Rock Creek, where he also taught CCD with his wife, Carla, for several years. He was a member of the Ashtabula County Basketball Foundation Board of Directors, the Ashtabula County Touchdown Club, the Ohio High School Football Coaches Association, the Ohio High School Basketball Coaches Association, the Grand Valley Athletic Boosters and Boosters Hall of Fame Committee, as well as the Western Reserve Basketball Coaches Association. Through his service to the community, Tom was also a recipient of The Gene Gephart Service Award from the Ashtabula County Women's Scholar Athlete Association; The Knights of Columbus Post 5589 St. Mary Church "Man of the Year" Award, and an award of Special Recognition was given to Tom and Carla for their years of service in the Grand Valley community from the Ashtabula County Basketball Foundation. He was a 2007 inductee into the Ashtabula County Basketball Foundation Hall of Fame and a 2014 inductee into the Grand Valley Athletic Hall of Fame along with his wife, Carla. Tom is survived by his wife and three children; Kimberly (Thomas) Triskett of Orwell, Kelly Henson of Orwell, and Krystal (Paul) Force of Kirtland, 6 grandchildren Anthony (21), Abigaile (15), Madalyn (11), Carmen (5), Jordan (5), Logan (1), and two brothers: James (Evelyn) Henson of Edinboro, PA, and Timothy Henson of Jefferson, OH. He is also survived by 6 nieces, 2 nephews, several great nieces and nephews, mother-in-law Betty Benton, as well as brother-and sister-in-law Al and Karen Benton. He was preceded in death by his parents, a stepmother (Margaret), two brothers Johnny and Jack, a sister Mary Margaret, and father-in-law Carl Benton.

A Funeral Mass officiated by Rev. John Madden and will be held at St. Mary Church, 103 N. Maple Street, Orwell, OH 44076 on Friday, May 15th at 10am. Visitation will take place one hour prior to services at the church. Visitation will take place at St. Mary's Church Hall on Thursday, May 14th from 4 to 8pm.

In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be made to The Ashtabula County Basketball Foundation @ 235 Broad St. P.O. Box 667, Conneaut, OH 44030; The Grand Valley Athletic Boosters in care of Justin Turk @ 111 Grand Valley Ave., Orwell, OH 44076, or to Hospice of the Western Reserve @ 1166 Lake Ave., Ashtabula, OH 44004. Envelopes will be available at visitation. Arrangements by Paine Funeral Home, Inc., 140 E. Main Street, Orwell, OH 44076. Condolences at painefuneralhome.com



Grand Valley School memorial bricks, photographed 11 June 2016
The author, Cheryl Fain, currently volunteers as a tutor in Mrs. Krystal Henson Force's class in Grand Valley.



Who are three people you never would think would be up on stage singing karaoke? Gary Franklin, Carla Benton Henson, and Bob Funtash were willing to do so on 29 September 1996 for Cheryl Fain's birthday. Only for you, Cheryl!



Chapter 17: How Life Has Changed and What Remains the Same

*I watch the ripples change their size
but never leave the stream of warm impermanence – David Bowie*

Changes

What has changed at the Village office? In 1990 they became computerized. Every day is a new adventure in my job. Any given day I could be rescuing loons, or dogs, or people lost in the labyrinth of Roaming Shores roads.

The dam used to belong to the RRA. When the insurance went sky high for them, they transferred ownership to the Village, which had more leeway to access less expensive insurance. This also requires Village representation every five years at a workshop provided by the State of Ohio to explain about culpability of dam owners.

—Leeann Moses

What Else Has Changed Since the Early Days?

- At first, and for many years beach 2 also known as the east beach was skuzzy, slimy, weed infested, and pretty much left to the geese. Now there is a pool, beach volleyball, a swim platform, a pavilion, and a playground. In the winter there is sledding. It gets considerable use.
- We have a police force, not just security.
- The roads are paved – really paved, not just gravel and tar.
- There are new buildings in both the Jefferson and GV school districts.
- The number of pools has been reduced from four to two. (There are also two wading pools in 2016).
- Pavilions.

- We can hear more sounds of traffic on the RRA roads, Route 6, and Rome-Rock Creek Road because there IS more traffic AND there are less trees buffering the sound as more homes are constructed. Are there less owls as well? It seems to the authors that there are less owls, but we have no statistics to cite. Other wildlife is more abundant than ever. Some of it is annoyingly abundant.
- From the early 1970's until about 1979 the people who lived on Evening Star Drive and adjacent streets had to get their mail at boxes at the corner of Route 6 and Evening Star. We were Rural Route 2. Later we had postal delivery at our homes. --*Cheryl Fain and Mike Gambol*
- Bald eagles are here! Who would have thought back in 1979 when there were only 4 breeding pairs of bald eagles in Ohio that they would have aeries in Roaming Shores, Pymatuning, and the Mosquito Creek Wildlife Area in 2016?
- The Ole Straw Hat restaurant and bar (later known as Manners' Restaurant) is no longer open to the public. It is now part of the development for senior citizens off Hayford Road to the northeast of Roaming Shores. Instead, Paradise Bay is here (formerly known as the Marina Bay Cafe).
- We import water now instead of owning a water treatment plant. The sewage is still processed locally.
- Roaming Shores is a village.
- The lake is owned by the people, not a corporation.
- There are new RRA and Village buildings. First there was one RRA maintenance building; now there are three. One building is for road maintenance, specifically for storing cinder for de-icing the roads, another is called the old maintenance building, the last is called the new maintenance building.
- Dredging of coves and working the chub weed cutter changes the depth and proliferation of foliage of the lake each year.

- Now there are tennis courts, a baseball diamond, and basketball courts.
- Cable television.
- Internet.
- Natural gas access.
- Fireworks!
- Wake surfing and paddleboarding are new to the Shores.
- There are all kinds of inflatable toys to tow behind boats and many jet skis. Water skiing was all we ever saw behind a boat in the 1970's.
- Telephones. Here is a story that tells how telephones have changed over the years and how life was like before computers or the internet or cell phones. Pearl Franklin remembers getting her Rome telephone switched on by the Rock Creek telephone company. Yes. It was confusing. We couldn't ever find Rome in the Ashtabula County telephone book because it was in the Rock Creek section of the book. Some other Rome and Hartsgrove residents had a Trumbull exchange. This makes things even more confusing.

Anyway, Pearl was on the line with the operator and the operator asked her what telephone number she would like to have assigned. The number had to start with 216-563-3, then three more numbers. One of them said "How about 882 the same as the house number"? Then someone in the background at the phone company said something like "Hold on, Martha, while I check the list...yep. It's okay, Bill". When they moved from 882 to lot 396 they were able to keep this same telephone number.

What Is the Same?

- There are good people here with well-maintained homes and yards, and a high property resale value. When we started interviewing people for the book we thought that people would say that their favorite thing about living here was fishing or the view or swimming. Instead, most people said it was their neighbors that made this community so special. Upon reflection, that old advertisement of two beavers shaking hands has a whole new depth to it.
- Erosion control has really helped retain banks. Whether it is the use of large rocks, a retaining wall, or elaborate landscaping all lakefront owners do something.
- Overall we still don't have streetlights or sidewalks
- We have country living but with electricity, water and sewers. This is consistent with the original advertising.
- The marina was open, then it was defunct, and now it is back, and better than ever.
- "Marco" ... "Polo" Marco" ... "Polo" Marco" ... "Polo"
For the ten millionth time!
- Love of lake is the same in 1966 and 2016. Now there are 50 years of excellent memories.

Chapter 18: Roaming Rock Shores and Roaming Shores Advertisements

*"Now how much would you pay?
But wait, there's more"! Weird Al Yankovic*

Advertisements

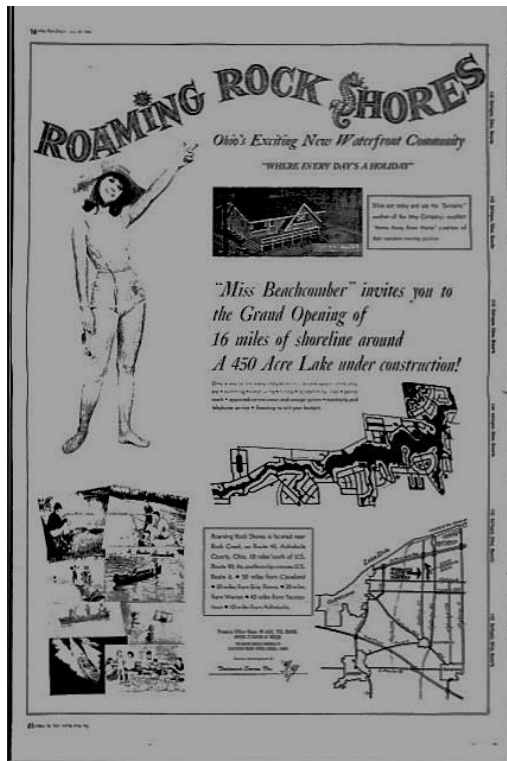
Beavers in berets drinking martinis!

Beavers shaking hands!

Geese flying over a lake and pine trees!

Leeann Moses has a wooden beaver left over from the original advertising for Lake RomeRock. The authors are jealous.

Artwork for the Roaming Rock Shores advertisements in the Plain Dealer circa 1966-1968 were by artist Bob Browne who worked with the developer, Don Emerson. Bob was the son of Cedric Browne and the uncle of Susie Rosenberg Prentice.



*Plain Dealer, 16 July 1966,
page 16*

115 Cottages, Sites, Resorts

ROAMING ROCK SHORES



Ohio's New Concept in Lake Resort Developments.
Learn about this exclusive and private 500 acre lake with
over twenty miles of shoreline . . . and the beautiful lake
that surround it.

VISIT OUR
MOBILE EXHIBIT
LOCATED IN THE PARKING LOT AT . . .
Southgate
SHOPPING CENTER
Libby (Rt. 17) at Northfield (Rt. 8) Maple Heights.

Mail for:
ROAMING ROCK SHORES
P.O. BOX 287
JEFFERSON, OHIO 44047

I would like to know more about
Roaming Rock Shores

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Phone _____ Zip Code _____

PD 2-11

Plain Dealer 11 February 1967, page
46

50 THE PLAIN DEALER
FRIDAY, MAR. 31, 1967 115 Cottages, Sites, Resorts

Ohio's New Concept in Lake Communities

ROAMING ROCK SHORES



Learn about this exclusive and private
500-acre lake with over twenty miles of
shoreline. Enjoy paved roads, central
water and sewer systems and an attrac-
tive clubhouse.

VISIT OUR MOBILE EXHIBIT
Located on Main Street at
GEAUGA COUNTY SYRUP FESTIVAL
April 7, 8 & 9, Chardon, Ohio

For more information
simply mail coupon below

Mail to:



Plain Dealer 31 March 1967,
page 50

115 Cottages, Sites, Resorts 115 Cottages, Sites, Resorts

DEVELOPMENTS By D.S.I.*

ROCKY, I'M CELEBRATING THE FIRST ROBIN OF SPRING.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE CELEBRATING THE COMPLETION OF OUR 500-ACRE LAKE. YOU'D BETTER GET THAT ANTI-FREEZE OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM... YOU COULD STOP UP YOUR BLOCK.

Come on out and see our 500-acre lake with its 20 miles of beautifully wooded shoreline. Everything you want is here... beaches, swimming pools, boat docks, marina, clubhouse, central water and sewage systems!

ROAMING ROCK SHORES

MAIL COUPON TO:

ROAMING ROCK SHORES
P.O. BOX 207, JEFFERSON, OHIO 44047

I would like to know more about Roaming Rock Shores

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE
PHONE ZIP CODE

*D.S.I.—Development Services, Inc., national builders of lake communities.

Plain Dealer 14 April 1967,
page 56

115 Cottages, Sites, Resorts 115 Cottages, Sites, Resorts

DEVELOPMENTS By D.S.I.*

LOOK LUCKY LINDY, A NON STOP FLIGHT ACROSS LAKE ROAMING ROCK MAY SEEM LIKE A BIG DEAL TO YOU... BUT IT'S NOT!

Come on out and see our 500-acre lake with its 20 miles of beautifully wooded shoreline. Everything you want is here... beaches, swimming pools, boat docks, marina, clubhouse, central water and sewage systems!

ROAMING ROCK SHORES

MAIL COUPON TO:

ROAMING ROCK SHORES
P.O. BOX 207, JEFFERSON, OHIO 44047


I would like to know more about Roaming Rock Shores

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE
PHONE ZIP CODE

*D.S.I.—Development Services, Inc., national builders of lake communities.

Plain Dealer, 21 April 1967,
page 48

DEVELOPMENTS By D.S.I.*



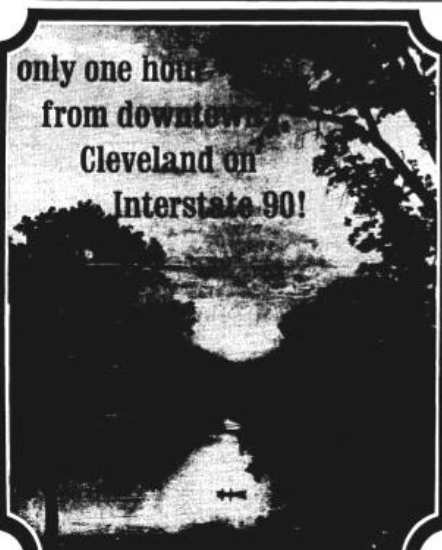
FORGET IT! YOU'RE NOT IN INTERNATIONAL WATERS EVEN WHEN YOU GET OUT BEYOND THE THREE MILE LIMIT

Come on out and see our 500-acre lake with its 20 miles of beautifully wooded shoreline. Everything you want is here . . . beaches, swimming pools, boat docks, marina, clubhouse, central water and sewage systems!

ROAMING ROCK SHORES

*Plain Dealer, 26 April 1967,
page 36*

only one hour
from downtown
Cleveland on
Interstate 90!



OHIO'S NEW CONCEPT
IN PRIVATE LAKE COMMUNITIES

ROAMING ROCK SHORES

500 ACRES OF CLEAR WATER
19 MILES OF WOODED SHORELINE

Roaming Rock Shores is the planned lake community with a private membership. It has a huge clubhouse, boat marina, protected beaches, swimming pool, picnic and playground areas . . . everything for you and your family to enjoy boating, swimming, fishing and skiing.

Best of all, your lot purchase can be financed, up to five years, through low interest bank financing. Drive out today and learn how you can immediately begin to enjoy these treasures — even if you don't build — but hold your property as an investment.

OFFICE OPEN SEVEN DAYS A WEEK FROM 10 A.M. UNTIL DARK

*Plain Dealer, 13 May 1967,
page 21*

THE PLAIN DEALER, CLEVELAND, MAY 27, 1967



ROAMING ROCK SHORES

OHIO'S PRIVATE LAKE COMMUNITY
HAS EVERYTHING

WHETHER YOU BUILD ... OR HOLD FOR INVESTMENT:

- ☐ Central Sewage System
- ☐ Clubhouse and Beach
- ☐ Paved Roads
- ☐ Swimming Pool
- ☐ Control Water System
- ☐ Boat Marina and Dock
- ☐ Electricity and Phones
- ☐ Playground Areas
- ☐ Suitable Restrictions
- ☐ Picnic Areas

...AND A PROPERTY OWNERS ASSOCIATION

The owner you trust to give you immediate benefits NOW Lake Roaming Rock is full and the Clubhouse, Boat Marina and Swimming pools are completed. The equity in your property grows in value from year to year as you enjoy these facilities. Best of all, a small down payment gets you in on this big investment, and we have low monthly taxes through low interest bank financing, if you desire.

Plain Dealer, 27 May 1967,
page 18E


ROAMING ROCK SHORES

OHIO'S NEW CONCEPT IN PRIVATE LAKE COMMUNITIES

500 ACRES OF CLEAR WATER
19 MILES OF WOODED SHORELINE


Boating • Swimming • Fishing • Water Skiing

Only one hour from Downtown Cleveland on Interstate 90!



PROPERTY OPEN EVERY DAY 10 A.M. 'TIL DARK

DRIVE OUT TODAY!



DEVELOPER: ROAMING ROCK SHORES, INC.

GENERAL MANAGER: ROAMING ROCK SHORES, INC.

10000 W. 10th Street, Cleveland, Ohio 44115

Phone: (216) 431-1000

Telex: 431151

Roaming Rock Shores is a Lake Development

OHIO'S NEW CONCEPT IN PRIVATE LAKE COMMUNITIES

ROAMING ROCK SHORES

ONLY ONE HOUR FROM DOWNTOWN CLEVELAND ON INTERSTATE 90



...THERE'S A LOT TO SEE AT ROAMING ROCK

500 ACRES OF CLEAR WATER
19 MILES OF WOODED SHORELINE

BOATING • SWIMMING • FISHING

WATERFRONT LOTS
LAKEVIEW LOTS

PAVED ROADS AND ALL UTILITIES

The owner who understands with a private waterfront 4000 acre lakefront community, perfect for the family, the business, the vacation, the investment, the future. Everything for you and your family in one place. Call today.

PROPERTY OPEN SEVEN DAYS A WEEK FROM 10 A.M. UNTIL DARK

DEVELOPER: ROAMING ROCK SHORES, INC.

GENERAL MANAGER: ROAMING ROCK SHORES, INC.

10000 W. 10th Street, Cleveland, Ohio 44115

Phone: (216) 431-1000

Telex: 431151

Roaming Rock Shores is a Lake Development

Plain Dealer, 10 June 1967,
page 44

1.0 Kilgus, Phil, News 1.0 Kilgus, Phil, News 1.0 Kilgus, Phil, News 1.0 Kilgus, Phil, News 1.0 Kilgus, Phil, News



**Why put off
till tomorrow
the excitement
that's here today?**

**ROAMING
ROCK
SHORES**

**EVERYTHING
FOR
EVERY SEASON**

If you visited Roaming Rock Shores in the past... maybe before the lake was full... you should see it now! Property owners are enjoying use of the lodge, the swimming pool, the beach plus wonderful swimming in the clear, clear lake which is now full... IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR YOU TO TAKE ANOTHER GOOD LOOK AT ROAMING ROCK SHORES. Chances are you'll find it's just what you've been looking for.

**EVERYBODY HAS BEEN
WAITING FOR A GREAT LAKE
TO BE BUILT.**

WE'VE GOT IT!

Everything for you and your family to enjoy
BOATING • SWIMMING • FISHING

- PICNIC AND PLAYGROUND AREAS
- LARGE BEACH FOR LAKE SWIMMING
- HEATED SWIMMING POOL
- CLUBHOUSE ACTIVITIES
- LIFE GUARDS AND CLUBHOUSE HOSTESS

BE OUR GUEST...

DRIVE OUT TODAY!

- * CENTRAL WATER SYSTEM
- * CENTRAL SEWER SYSTEM
- * PAVED ROADS



Plain Dealer, 4 August 1967,
page 48

SEE FOR YOURSELF

"OHIO'S COMPLETE LAKE DEVELOPMENT"

ROAMING ROCK SHORES

CLUBHOUSE
BEACHES
SWIMMING POOL
BOAT DOCKS
BOAT RAMPS
BOAT MARINA
PLAYGROUNDS
PICNIC AREAS
PAVED ROADS
ELECTRICITY
TELEPHONES
WATER SYSTEM
SEWERAGE SYSTEM

**RELAX WITH US
ON 500-ACRE
LAKE ROAMING ROCK
OVER 19 MILES OF SHORELINE**

BOATING • SWIMMING • FISHING

**LAKEFRONT LOTS
LAKEVIEW LOTS**

Bank financing for your convenience



**FOR MORE
INFORMATION
MAIL COUPON
TO:**

ROAMING ROCK SHORES
P.O. BOX 287
JEFFERSON, OHIO 44047

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Telephone _____ Zip _____

I am particularly
interested in:

☐ "Vacation homes"
☐ Permanent home
☐ Lakeview home
☐ Recreation investment

Roaming Rock Shores is not only "complete"... the developers also set new standards for others to follow. The concept of a full utility system, for example, to provide your "round recreation and permanent home living if desired. The lake pollution problem has been solved. Our sewerage system protects lake Roaming Rock where you can swim or enjoy boating and fishing in clear, clean water. And if the lake water is too cold for your swimming pleasure, we have a heated pool! The property owners' investment is secure because Roaming Rock is being produced by Development Services, Inc., "The Nation's Builder of Lake Communities." With us it's been a full-time job for thirty-five years.

DRIVE OUT TODAY:

Only a one-hour drive from Cleveland on I-76. Exit right at Rt. 43 (Lakeland-Warren Rd) then follow signs (10 miles) to Roaming Rock Shores.

Plain Dealer, 22 May 1968,
page 71

ROAMING
ROCK
SHORES

OHIO'S NEWEST CONCEPT IN PRIVATE LAKE COMMUNITIES

**IF YOU ONLY HAVE ONE VACATION A YEAR—
WHY NOT CONSIDER MAKING IT
ALL 365 DAYS!!**

Come see what we mean. Everything for family fun and enjoyment. 500 acres of crystal clear water with 19 miles of shoreline. **BOATING • SWIMMING • FISHING • WATER SKIING • ICE SKATING • SKIING • ICE FISHING • CROSS COUNTRY SKIING**, the best word is your annual vacation home!

DRIVE OUT TODAY!

ANOTHER LAKE COMMUNITY BY
ROS
DEVELOPMENT SERVICES, INC.
Nationally Ranked as Lake Country, Ohio

DIRECTIONS: Roaming Rock Shores is located west to the town of Rock Creek, Ohio. From the Cleveland area take Interstate 90 to the Automobile exit at ROUTE 45. Turn right, drive south ten miles to Rock Creek, Ohio. Follow the signs.

For additional information, fill out and mail this coupon to:

ROAMING ROCK SHORES
P.O. BOX 207 JEFFERSON, OHIO 44047

Name

Address

City

State

Phone DP 0000 PG 114

Plain Dealer, 8 November 1968,
page 50

SEE OUR
DISPLAY
at the
BOAT SHOW
Booths 1111-1113

ROAMING ROCK SHORES

FREE BONUS
\$300.00
ROAMING ROCK SHORES

"Yes, I would like to have more information about Roaming Rock Shores." To find out, mail this coupon to:

ROAMING ROCK SHORES
P.O. BOX 207, JEFFERSON, O. 44047

Name

Address

City

State

Telephone P.O. 1-15-69

500 Acres of Open, Clear Water With 19 Miles of shoreline. Everything for Year Around Family Fun! WOODED LOTS • LAKEVIEW LOTS • SWIMMING • FISHING • BOATING • WATER SKIING • ICE SKATING • SKIING • ICE FISHING • CROSS COUNTRY SKIING • LOW-LOW DOUBLE DECKERS

Plain Dealer, 15 January 1969,
page 76

INVEST YOUR NEST EGG (ALL OR PART) AT

ROAMING ROCK SHORES

Why buy raw land and wait years and years for your investment to appreciate in value? Roaming Rock Shores offers RIGHT NOW proven appreciation on every investor dollar. You will have paved roads, city water and CITY SEWAGE to every lot. You don't have to wait for these improvements to be installed. They are here right now! From 1 lot to 100 lots. SPECIAL investor planning helps you choose the amount of money you wish to make.

Call Collect
Mr. William Ailes
Vice Pres., Sales Division
1-563-3610

Where else can you invest your money and buy fun for your family at the same time?

Plain Dealer, 8 April 1969,
page 29

THAT'S GOT **ESTABLISHMENT**
WRITTEN ALL OVER IT! TOO
BAD YOU'RE NOT AS CREATIVE
AS THE DEVELOPERS.

ROAMING ROCK SHORES

WANTS YOU
TO ENJOY A LIFETIME OF
• BOATING • SWIMMING • FISHING

DIRECTIONS:
Roaming Rock Shores—(and beautiful 600 acre Lake Roaming Rock with over nineteen miles of shoreline)—is located next to the town of Rock Creek, Ohio. From Cleveland take Interstate 90 east to the Ashland Exit or Rt. 45. Turn RIGHT and drive SOUTH ten miles . . . Follow the signs.

**WATERFRONT LOTS
LAKEVIEW LOTS**
Paved Roads and Full Utilities
BANK FINANCING

FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1969 3

Plain Dealer, 20 June 1969,
page 91

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO GO TO THE MOON FOR? THERE'S NO ATMOSPHERE... AND IT'S DRY!

NOT ONLY THAT... BUT THERE'S NO WATER!

ROAMING ROCK SHORES
has over
19 miles of shoreline
around a private 500 acre lake

WATERFRONT AND LAKEVIEW LOTS
Bank financed and fully served by
sanitary sewers • Central water • Surfaced roads

BOATING • SWIMMING • FISHING

As a member of the Property Owner's Association you and your family can relax and really enjoy living... we've got swimming pools, beaches, picnic areas, clubhouse, and other recreational facilities... and it's all private!

Roaming Rock Shores is located next to the town of Rock Creek, Ohio. From Cleveland take Interstate 90 east to the Ashtabula Warren Exit at Route 45. Turn right and drive south ten miles... Follow the signs to Roaming Rock Shores!

Property open every day 10 A.M. 'til dark

PLAIN DEALER, JULY 18, 1969 5

Plain Dealer, 18 July 1969,
page 99

111 Sales Farms and Acreage

NEW RANCH—NEVER LIVED IN

On a 5 acre parcel of land with an additional 10 acres available, set back over 150 ft. off State Highway 7, on a knoll with trees in front yard and looking a scenic wooded ravine, over 1,150 sq. ft. of living area, solid 10 inch steel beam runs entire length, kitchen done in exceptionally fine taste, all flooring ready for carpeting, wood-burning stone faced fireplace set in paneled wall in large 28x13½ living room, 3 bedrooms, ½ baths. This would make an ideal retirement home for those who desire peaceful serenity. Priced right at \$26,000.

ROAMING ROCK SHORES

With its 500 acre lake can be at your disposal if you select this 5-room and bath ranch with double attached garage and full basement. This is located on premium 3 acre lot complete with large in-let for boat docking. Most lots in Roaming Rock are approximately ¼ acre and the largest lakefront lot sold for a price in excess of \$20,000. All this can be yours for \$39,900.

One wise Real Estate investment is worth a life-time of labor. Let us help You find it!

ASHTABULA
COUNTY
REALTORS

Jim David
REALTY CO.

34 SOUTH CHESTNUT ST. 576-1080
JEFFERSON, O.

OFFICE
OPEN
SUNDAY
10-5 P.M.
DAILY
9-6:30 P.M.

Plain Dealer 15 March 1970 page 105

Plain Dealer, 15 March 1970,
page 105

Residents Pearl Franklin and Kathy Crandall were on the main beach one morning with their children playing in the sand. A seaplane landed outside the swim area. Some men walked onto the beach and asked the mothers if they could take some photos of the children scooping sand. The kids, Dawn and Gary Franklin and Debbie Crandall then became part of the posters advertising the area.



Plain Dealer, 17 July 1970



Gary Franklin, Jr., Debbie Crandall Warring, and Dawn Franklin pose at the main beach with the photograph of them from 1970.

115 Cottages, Sites, Resorts**Roaming Rock Shores**

Year-round recreational living

- . SANITARY SEWERS
- . CENTRAL WATER
- . 4 SWIMMING POOLS
- . BOAT MARINA
- . GOLF COURSE
- . FIVE MILE LAKE
- . LOTS FROM \$2.295
- . FIVE YEARS EASY PAY

CHARLES M. WINER

REALTORS

ROAMING ROCK 1-563-3164

PAINESVILLE 1-354-4331

Take 90 to 45 to ROCK CREEK or
US 6 to 2 Miles East of 45

115 Cottages, Sites, Resorts



Wonderful Things Are Happening At
ROAMING ROCK SHORES
 An Established Lake Community of Proven Value

- Sanitary Sewers
- Central Water
- Lots From \$2295
- Five Year Easy Pay
- 4 Swimming Pools
- Boat Marina
- Golf Course
- Five Mile Lake

300 Beautiful Lots To Choose From
 Many Homes Ready for Immediate Occupancy
 We'll Build Your Home For You

Offering Real Estate at Roaming Rock Shores

CHARLES M. WINER, REALTORS

ROAMING ROCK 1-563-3164
 Lake 98 to 45—Office on U.S. 6, 2 mi. East of 45

PRIVATE LAKE, RESORT LOTS
 SWIM, FISH, CAMP, BOAT
 Mobile homes, cottages, welcome.
 Wooded, scenic views, 10 acres \$1,795.
 small lots, 1/2-2 acres, 2 miles E. of
 Portsmouth. For information and
 open. Call 1-435-5151, Or 1-393-1055.

THOMAS REALTY
 1 Mi. W. of Andover on Rt. 6

GRAND River—franchise, 3-bedroom
 cottage with all commissions, \$13,900.
 1-446-1160. 0897: 1-446-4747 even. Ask
 for Mr. O'Brien.

54 BEAUTIFUL remote wooded acres
 in scenic W. Va. water, elec. phone,
 40 hrs. from Cleveland, \$5,500.
 216-365-2184.

HOLIDAY LAKE lot, 115x148. Beautiful
 view of lake, green area and dock
 shareable. \$1,500. 321-3221 days.

SPECIAL Treasure Lake lot within
 2 blocks of lake, near Country Club,
 make offer, 277-9708.

WANTED WATER FRONT LAND
 WITH OR WITH COTTAGE.
 631-3155 or 991-6463.

ROAMING Rock Shores lot 10x125,
 near lake, also 16' fiberglass boat,
 make offer, 5. Elected, 362-7919.

TREASURE Lake lot, by owner, wood-
 ed, walk to lake, 543-4318.

WOODED waterfront lot, Holiday
 Lakes, Willard office, 724-0254.

ROAMING Rock Shores lake front lot
 for sale. Call 662-0893.

Plain Dealer, 3 June 1972, page 79

**ROAMING ROCK
 GOLF COURSE**

**Roaming Rock Shores
 Rock Creek, Rome, Ohio**

9 HOLE—PAR 36

Let The Kids Fish While You Golf

**This Coupon Worth 50¢
 Toward Green Fees
 (Limit One Per Person)**

Plain Dealer 1 September 1972, page 49, column 1

Roaming Rock Marine
Roaming Rock Shores
Rock Creek, Ohio 44084
1-563-3040
Mercury, Glastron, MFG

Plain Dealer, 27 April 1973,
 page 88

ROAMING ROCK SHORES
 Lot 75x124, Water, sewer in, Near Club House, Selling below cost. Jo Lottante. 668-1306.

ZEPKIN & CRISAFI
 Realty, Inc.

VACATION SPECIAL
 A frame home on island lake. 2211 sq. ft., insulated for year round living, fine for fishing-boating-swimming-water skiing. Hooper Lakes, Huron Co., mid 50s. 218-5131.

FULLY IMPROVED WATERFRONT LOTS AT ROAMING ROCK SHORES!
 Let us show you our beautiful lake!

WINER REALTORS 1-563-3164
 U.S. 6 2 MILES E. OF RTE. 43

HOLIDAY Lakes, Willard, Lot No. 1049, open for inspection thru July 14, moved out of state, will sell for \$500 or take your payments, orig. \$2,000. Call Ed Brown, Holiday Lakes, 419-935-0208.

HOLIDAY Campers, Andover, O. Ready to use, 4 slide drive, culvert, back filled, lawn and shade, water, electric and sewer, \$4,600 firm. 217-4052.

WE have a limited number of 1/2-acre cottage lots available at our private retreat, Foster Lake and air field, Jewett, Ohio. Call 216-419-7174 for free brochure.

ROAMING ROCK SHORES, Waterfront lot, driveway, 2 docks, 214' shoreline. Priced to sell. Owner leaving state. Pontoon boat also available. Call 402-2941.

MO-ASH LAKE, Carrollton, Ohio, has cottage lots for as low as \$800, with water and electric. 216-499-7172 or 672-9998 for free brochure.

CHAUTAUQUE LAKE
 Private lockrent cottage. Excellent condition. North end. 473-6106. Ask for Phil Chell.

CABIN on 1-acre lot, access to state game land, R. 35 N. near T. Bensburg, Pa. excellent condition, furnished. Call Antebellum, Ohio 662-3497.

LOT, Apple Valley Recreation area, New London, Ohio. Good site. Crawford, 1-799-9791.

BEFORE LOT FOR SALE - MIDNITE BASS ISLAND ACROSS FROM CLUB HOUSE AND POOL. CALL 1-933-6113.

CINNAMON Lake lot, directly across from boat ramp. 11' walk-way on left to dock area. 240-7129.

CINNAMON LAKE lot, beautiful pines, unfrested open space, \$1,000 and continuous payments. 711-5454.

6 RM. furnished cottage near Burton, Ohio, by owner. 528-6111.

ROAMING Rock Shores-Lakefront lot, make offer. Call 431-3400 or 292-9991.

*Plain Dealer, 8 July 1973,
 page 102, column 8*

**ROAMING ROCK
 MARINE**

**Mercury,
 Glastron**

**Harris Flote-Bote
 & Sea Star Dealer**

(216) 563-3040

**Roaming Rock Shores
 Rock Creek, Ohio 44084**

*Plain Dealer, 16 January 1974,
 page 82*

MERCURY NOW!

"Folks, you're looking at the greatest lineup of outboard power in Mercury history."
(Jerry Reed. As seen on TV.)

**EXCITING VALUES
AT THE MID-AMERICA
BOAT SHOW.
JANUARY 14-23.**

Come see us at the show and you'll see why there's only one way to move in 1977... Mercury.

From the famous 175-hp Mercury Black Max™ to our new 70-hp model right on down to the smallest fishing Merc®, you will be looking at the most exciting blend of performance and dependability we've ever put on the water.

And during the show, Mercury dealers in the Cleveland area will be featuring some great buys on new boats powered by new Mercs.

**MERCURY SALES
& SERVICE
ROAMING ROCK MARINE**
See us at the Boat Show
Booths: 1022 & 1024
Roaming Rock Shores
Rock Creek, O.
1-563-3040



Plain Dealer, 13 January 1977, page 85


THE BOAT SHOW IS STILL ON!
At ROAMING ROCK MARINA!
With prices on Wellcraft and Glastron Boats NO ONE CAN BEAT!
ROAMING ROCK MARINA,
Roaming Rock Shores, Rock Creek,
Ohio. 563-3040.

Plain Dealer, 29 March 1978

CLEARANCE SALE!!
**ALL 1978 GLASTRONS AND
WELLCRAFT MUST GO!!** We have
1979 Models in STOCK NOW! And
MORE Coming. Financing Avail-
able!
ROAMING ROCK MARINA
Roaming Rock Shores
Rock Creek, Ohio 563-3040

*Plain Dealer, 19 August 1978, page
B29, column 7*

—TRAVEL—




If you're not living like this now, \$45 per month will get you started.

Build when you're ready to build, but start living now.

When you own a lot in Roaming Rock Shores (near Rome in Ashtabula County), you have automatic beach and boating privileges on the big, beautiful and sparkling-clean private lake.

Swim, sail, water ski, fish—enjoy!

What's the catch? No catch. Peoples Savings Financial Service Corporation has some lots available in this picturesque development.



They range in price from \$2,500 to \$7,000. Some are wooded. Some have lake frontage. All have water, sewer, and electricity.

There is a small down payment. Peoples Savings Financial Service Corporation will finance everything else for you.

The best lots go first, so why not visit Roaming Rock Shores this week? Phone (216) 998-5200 and ask for Mr. Sites, Extension 211. He'll arrange everything.

PEOPLES SAVINGS FINANCIAL SERVICE CORPORATION

Plain Dealer, 10 September 1978, section 5, page 5

Promises, Promises.

Most of what the advertisements promised (and promise) was (and is) true. Roaming Shores is a great place to call home. Some amenities promised in ads were around for a while then were no longer offered. Some never came into being.

Here are some **half-truths**:

1. **Clubhouse hostesses.** True for a very brief time. Not true now. I guess the gate guards would count as hosts or hostesses.
2. **Lifeguards.** True at a few times in the history of the Shores, but usually not available. In 2016 some lifeguard tasks are performed by our gate guards and cell phones help in emergencies. There was a lifeguard stand at the main beach for a number of years.

THE PLAIN DEALER, MONDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1985

LEGAL NOTICE

SUBSECTION 101

ROAMING SHORES
ASHTABULA COUNTY, OHIO
INVITATION FOR BIDS

Notice is hereby given that bids will be received by the Village of Roaming Shores herein referred to as the "Owner", for the performing the work as described for the following two (2) separate contracts:

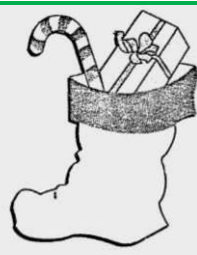
1). General Construction Work — Furnishing of all labor and materials to erect complete one 40,000 GPD Packaged Extended Air Wastewater Treatment Plant, 3 Blowers and appurtenances, 3 Pole Buildings, site work and fencing to provide for a complete working addition to the existing Wastewater Treatment Facility as shown on the drawings and specifications.

2). Electrical Work—Furnishing of all labor and materials for electrical service to new structures and equipment.

Sealed proposals will be received by the: Village of Roaming Shores
P.O. Box 237
Roaming Shores, Ohio 44084

until 12:00 Noon, local time, on October 30, 1985, at which time said bids will be publicly opened and read.

Plain Dealer, 14 October 1985, page B7



Nov. 17-18
Christmas at the Shores Roaming Shores Club House, off Rome Rock Creek Rd., Roaming Shores; 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Nov. 17; noon-5 p.m. Nov. 18; arts and crafts, bake sale.

Plain Dealer, 21 October 1990, page 10, column 4

3. **Heated pools.** It has been a challenge to keep the pools heated. A number of systems have been tried. For many years the pools in the history of Roaming Shores the pools were heated and for many other years the pools were not. Not every pool that existed at the Shores was equipped for heating.
4. **Golf course.** Once upon a time there was a golf course. Not now. Maybe someday when the economy is good and there are enough golfers to support it this may happen again. It was a rugged 9 holes and 3 par.
5. **Crystal clear water.** Clear? Clearer than today? Maybe for the first three months or so since the bottom of the lake is made up of a lot of blue-gray clay it looked sort of clear before the autumn leaves started adding tannins? Maybe they meant “not polluted like the burning Cuyahoga” when they said “crystal clear water”.

My family has been here since 1955 and my brothers helped clear the land that became the lake. It was clear for the first years. Over time algae, weeds, bacteria, and more have crept in. --*Marcia McMurphy*

It was once not as murky as now. Circa 1974 I could see down about 5 foot because my son fell in the lake and I could see him to rescue him. --*Cheryl Fain*

6. **Playgrounds.** I don't think there was any playground equipment until the mid 1980's. People went to Rock Creek Elementary and Rome School for playgrounds.
7. **Tennis Courts.** There are tennis courts now, but that did not happen until the 1990's.

Never Happened:

1. Coming Soon: a 12 Store **Shopping Plaza.** No. This didn't happen. The land was purchased and plans were made, but it fell through. It was supposed to be on Rome-Rock Creek Road across

the road from the sewer treatment plant, east of the old railroad tracks.

2. **Enclosed pool.** Nope. Maybe someday. Every year someone talks about it.
3. **No seahorses.** The original advertising had a pretty font with a sun over the "I" in Roaming and a seahorse as the first "S" in Shores. There was also a seahorse sculpture in the clubhouse for many years. It has since been replaced with a marlin. Lovely as they are, seahorses would not last long in freshwater and certainly would not survive Ohio winters.

I was going through the scrapbooks at my father's house and found these two essays that I wrote when I was away at college in Iowa my freshman year. At that point I was 18. I had lived in Roaming Rock from age 3-18 and that was the only home I could remember. I was homesick that whole year and transferred to a college in Ohio for my sophomore year. I have lived in Ohio ever since. I am placing these under the advertising/propaganda category. The first also is an ode to capitalism and libertarianism.

--*Shawna Gambol Woodard*

Impression of my Neighborhood

Nestled among the pines and various deciduous trees of Northeast Ohio lies my home. A part of the growing rural village of Roaming Shores, a lakeside community, is the few blocks that make up my neighborhood. At the southern end of the lake, a private-access body of water, is found "our pool", also known as Pool 2.

This pool is maintained, along with three other pools, the lake, two beaches, and roads, by a home owners' association to which we pay annual dues. Love of water and the country binds the residents. Most people there fish, boat, water ski, swim or have picnics on the banks of the lake.

Unfortunately these recreational activities cost money. To keep the beaches clean, the roads from being worn thin from semis, and to assure relative tranquility, we have to confine the privileges to paying members. This make sense to me, but people outside our area often sneak in, using and abusing our facilities, calling us highbrows and snobs. The area IS exclusive, but so is the rest of life. Get over it, people. Get jobs and buy your own property.

The people in my neighborhood, which makes up about a tenth of the village, congregate around the pool in the summertime. Many of the wealthier or elderly citizens head south in the winter, missing out on the joys of snowmobiling, sledding across the recreation lots, snow-sculpting contests, and cross-country skiing.

The pool really gives an opportunity to see the community members doing what they love to do. Swimming and roughhousing take place within the pool confines while in the yard around it people picnic and frolic. Baseball and football for little tykes are practiced within hearing distance of my house.

Although some people outside our village say it is a retirement community, as an eighteen-year-old who grew up there with plenty of kids my age, I say "activity" is Roaming Shores' middle name. With the best percentage of new houses, families, and neighbors in the county and region, my neighborhood is buzzing! -- *Shawna Gambol Woodard, Morningside College, Sioux City, Iowa, 19 February 1990.*

Description of My Home Town

Describing my home town takes some explanation of what I consider to be my home and town. Inside the constraints of Rome and Morgan townships in rural Ashtabula County, Ohio is the Village of Roaming Shores. Although only called that for ten years, the lake around which it is based has existed for twenty-four years.

As quiet as a goose taking flight off a nest and as active as a beach on the Fourth of July, Roaming Shores has something for all water buffs.

Summer weekdays are the best .

Even if the day has to start before daybreak, Orion is there to greet the riser. Above the sparkle of the dew on well-trimmed grass, above the television antennae and pine, and above the red light on our water tower the ancient constellation can be seen.

The stars fade as, looking down the lake, the rising sun peers out from the skyline of sugar maples and oil derricks. The birds wake, protecting their vast territory. They have no reason to fear invasion as the trees are plentiful and worms abound.

From my dock I can view one end of the boundary of Roaming Shores. The bridge signifies Rock Creek's swelling to Lake RomeRock. The other end of the lake, four miles away, is marked by the dam. This lake, created especially for pleasure, binds us all in our wonder.

No industry is allowed. No companies are headquartered from here.

Soliciting is prohibited. The Association and the Village are the only offices within the confines. Even these do not disturb our view. An old

farmhouse and a carefully created brick building mask the activity within. These two businesses, both serving the residents, work to make our life comfortable.

The country life, within a two-hour drive of Cleveland or Pittsburgh, has it all. Snow, the cold blocked by trees, sun, filtered for comfort, and water in abundance add to life in the Shores. Home Sweet Home. – *Shawna Gambol Woodard, Morningside College, Sioux City, Iowa, 19 March 1990.*

Professor Ragan's comment: "Did you make this up? Seems too good to be true – very well written, too".

Roaming Shores

Roaming Shores is a nice vacation place to be in the summer months. You can go to the beach. You can go to the pool and the marina and get ice cream. You can go on boat rides and play ball. At Grandpa Mike's you can play tennis or jump in the lake. You can play the computer and go bowling in Cellar Lanes and do things in The Fun Zone. You can ride bikes or drive remote-controlled cars. These are just a few of the exciting things to do around Roaming Shores. –*Elijah Woodard, age 13. Elijah is the son of Shawna Gambol Woodard, grandson of Mike Gambol and Cheryl Fain and the great-grandson of Betty Fain. This summer is the first time the marina offered ice cream. Cellar Lanes and The Fun Zone are areas of Mike's basement where his daughter, Lee, and his grandchildren created a pretend bowling alley, video arcade, and discotheque. Their budget was zero and materials used were: a few old bowling trophies, squishy tennis balls, battered golf balls, a rediscovered boom box and karaoke machine, toys, magic markers, paper, masking tape, old stuff in the basement and garage and plenty of imagination.*

Shawna's Guide to Real Estate Considerations:

Why NOT live in Roaming Shores

Buying a home in RomeRock is a major decision. I am writing this as a realistic guide to some factors you should consider when contemplating purchasing a house in the Shores. Why do I not live in Roaming Shores when I just have written this book saying how great it is?

1. Closeness to family. I wish I could live closer to Mom, Dad, Grandma, and Lee, but my husband also wants to live close to his family in western and southwestern Ohio. My sister-in-law moved from Michigan to be close to us in the Dayton area.
2. Career opportunity. Where I live in a suburb of Dayton there is more opportunity for movement in my career as a librarian and I make more money than I would in Ashtabula County. As we write this book I find that Roaming Shores is an EXCELLENT place for a writer to work.

3. Commute. Roaming Shores is a great place to visit, but can be treacherous in winter. Even in summer it is a long way to go for a variety of groceries, department stores and more.
4. Economic considerations. We have a median income between my husband and me. We are not sure we can afford it.
5. Schools. Jefferson and Grand Valley have good schools, but we chose a district with superior ratings and a larger student population so our children have a wider variety of options. There are disadvantages to this choice as well. Each year my children have to make new friends as the same children are not in their classrooms or on their soccer or softball teams from year to year. That had not occurred to me. It is a trade-off.

If money were not a factor, our family would definitely own a home in Roaming Shores.

Other options besides buying a house on the lake are: purchasing an off-lake house, renting a house, or purchasing a lot and living nearby. If you purchase a lot and live in Rome or Jefferson or Chardon or some other close-by place, then your housing might be cheaper. You could still pay the RomeRock Association's membership dues and use the amenities. Another option is buying, but later, not this year. Maybe factors are involved that would stop you from purchasing *now*, but *later* would be a good time to buy.

Here are some factors which may lead you not to purchase land or not to purchase it NOW. Thanks to Pat Sowry and Mike Gambol for their insights.

- Finances. Carefully consider if you can afford to live here. There is the initial purchase, but also taxes and home owners' association dues every year. In addition, water and sewer are more costly than other places. If you are purchasing a house as a second house, many costs will be doubled. Consider for a while before committing to a purchase.
- Divorce. Wait until your financial situation is finalized before investing.
- There are a number of rules and regulations in the Village and as part of the RomeRock Association. Do you have a fiercely independent personality or can you conform to these restrictions?
- There is a lot of maintenance with a dock and boats. If you are not willing to spend the time and money, consider an off-the-lake lot. My sister, my son and I have spent more than a week clearing off

Dad's overgrown dock this summer, reclaiming the rowboat from the weeds, and repainting furniture on the dock.

- If you or a family member has some sort of medical condition, it may be better to live closer to the Cleveland Clinic and/or University Hospitals for adults with medical concerns. It might be better to live closer to Akron Children's Hospital or Rainbow Babies & Children's Hospital if you have a child with health concerns. There are some auxiliary services available locally, but it isn't the same as being close to the main hospital. In addition, we tend to lose power more frequently than in the city or suburbs. If you need oxygen or another life-saving electric powered device, you should have a generator backup plan.
- If you do not drive, getting around is quite challenging. You would have to arrange for a driver ahead of time.
- For many people Roaming Shores is a long commute and especially dangerous in winter.
- Shopping options are limited. While writing this I had to plan a trip to Ashtabula, Mentor, or Niles to get some office supplies I was not able to pick up in Jefferson or Orwell. The good news is that you can stock up on your Whole Foods or Trader Joe's, etc. ahead of time and/or order home delivery off the internet. Unlike the city and 'burbs, in the winter you may not be able to get the freshest fruit and vegetables.
- Internet service can be dicey, so if you telecommute, have a backup plan. There are times in winter when land lines do not work, but cell phones are generally more reliable.
- Culture. It is not true that there is no culture here. The thing is you have to find out about a concert, play, musical, art exhibit ahead of time and put it on your calendar. You just have to plan, not expect to see a concert on the spur of the moment.
- If your children are heavily involved in a sport that Jefferson or Grand Valley does not offer like hockey, lacrosse, gymnastics, or swimming you might want a different district. In other sports, however, these schools might be the perfect fit for your family.
- Do you have strong family ties, religious ties, or specific ethnic or cultural ties that are supported in the area? For example, one of my childhood friends is Greek Orthodox. Every weekend their family drove to the west side of Cleveland for church and family commitments. I would not be willing to drive that far. In another example a man at the Shores was in a German singing club out of Warren. He was willing to go that far every week, but are you? How important is that Lithuanian dance troop to you? If you are

caring for an elderly family member is he or she coming with you to the Shores?

- If spiders and other creepy crawly things freak you out, beware they do hang out near the lake and sometimes make their way into the house or car.

Timeline

So much time and so little to do. Wait a minute. Strike that. Reverse it.

Thank you. --*Roald Dahl*

1966	6 January – 10 June	Land for Roaming Rock Shores is purchased by Roman Rock Corporation, a subsidiary of Development Services, Inc., and development of the lake begins.
1967	16 January	The first bylaws of the RomeRock Association are adopted.
1967	20 January	The clubhouse opens.
1967	Memorial Day	Swimming Pool #1 opens.
1968	Memorial Day	The concession stand opens.
1976	4 July	USA Bicentennial. If your house has stars and stripes wallpaper, it may have been constructed near this time period. If your desk lamp has an eagle and Colonial soldiers on it, it may have been manufactured around this time. If you ever wore Uncle Sam inspired polyester bell bottoms, you may remember the Bicentennial!
1977		Blizzard!
1978	25 January – 27 January	Blizzard! For the second year in a row terrible storms raged. After this date many houses added fireplaces and wood burning stoves in case of another harsh winter with no electricity.
1979	5 July	Roaming Shores becomes a Village.
1983	July	A vote is taken whether to dissolve the Homeowners Association. In order to have the vote in neutral territory, the election was held at Sacred Heart Church in Rock Creek. The vote was 430 to 10 to retain the Homeowners Association.
1985		Austrian rock singer Falco records “Rock Me Amadeus”. This has nothing to do with Roaming Shores, but it seems to the authors that it should be mentioned in any timeline.
1986	December	Office Space is added to the Water Treatment plant so the clerk and treasurer have offices. Before this time, the Village rented space above the Fine-Cut Diamond Tool Company on Rome-Rock Creek Road.
1988	8 April	Bernie Gilchrist is murdered.
1988	July	First annual fireworks display is a success.

1991		A number of lots are finally available for development after being in legal limbo for years. This lead to a building boom.
1992		Marina Bay Café is constructed.
1996		Fishing club funds construction of a pavilion at the clubhouse.
1997	18 November	Patrolman William Glover of the Ashtabula Police is killed in the line of duty. Glover previously worked as Chief of Police for Roaming Shores
1998	4 July	Jason Scribbs is the victim of a boating accident.
1999		Tennis court constructed
2000		Two new pools replace four old pools at the lake.
2010-2011		A new village hall is constructed. Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne were not employed.
2010		RRA gets a second maintenance garage.
2015		RRA builds a storage facility for the cinders used on the roads in winter.
2015		The marina reopens under Sandro and Jennie D'Amicone's ownership.
2016		The floor of the clubhouse is replaced.
2016	1-3 July	Roaming Shores celebrates 50 years with a 3 day party. Events include a luau, tug-o-war, boat parade, jet ski parade, sand sculpture contest, volleyball tournament, mini-triathlon, and fireworks. A quilt project represents the families of the Shores.
2016		Demolition of the old RRA building is slated and construction will begin on a new RomeRock Association building.



This is the patriotic wallpaper from my brother's room. It was put up in 1974. – Shawna Woodard



Karen, Lee, and Gary all lived on the lake. Back in 1975 Cheryl Fain wrote on this "getting ready for the bicentennial".

Bibliography and Acknowledgements

"If I have seen further it is by standing on the shoulders [sic] of Giants". - Sir Isaac Newton

Title Page

This image is taken from the 50th anniversary celebration of the lake sand sculpting contest on 3 July 2016. This is sand and clay from the main beach.

Dedication

Find a Grave Memorial# 8426329. Image of Jason Scribben's tombstone.
www.findagrave.com.

Boy, 17, Killed in Boating Accident. Plain Dealer: Cleveland, Ohio. 5 July 1998. Page 13A. Topic: death of Jason Scribben.

<http://www.roamingshores.org/RRA1/2015/06/04/jason-p-scribben-memorial-3-on-3-volleyball-tournament/>
Topic: Photograph of the Jason Scribben Volleyball Tournament.

Preface

Quotation from *Whad'Ya Know?* Public Radio International. Wisconsin Public Radio. Madison, Wisconsin. <http://www.notmuch.com/>

Table of Contents

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Swimming and Diving

Outdoor Recreation

NASA. <http://solarsystem.nasa.gov/planets/meteors/perseids>
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Security and Police

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O'Donnell, Patrick. Arbitrator Sides with Fired Deputy Ruling Says She Was Wrongfully Dismissed. Plain Dealer: Cleveland, Ohio. 9 December 1997. Page 1B. Topic: Peggy Ashba, a police officer of the Roaming Shores Police Department was involved in a law suit over her previous job.

Vosburgh, Mark. Ashtabula Patrolman Dies of Wounds William Glover Leaves Wife, 3 Children; Suspect Charged with Murder. Plain Dealer. Cleveland, Ohio. 19 November 1997. Page 1A.

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Feather, Carl. Photograph of Grand Valley National Honor Society Inductees. Star Beacon: Ashtabula, Ohio. 1986.

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Montgomery, Lucy Maud. Anne of Green Gables. L. C. Page: Boston, Massachusetts. June 1908.

Night of Homecomings. Star Beacon: Ashtabula, Ohio. 7 October 1995. Topic: Summer Franklin, Queen.

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Valley News. Graduation Issue. Gazette: Jefferson, Ohio. 30 May 1990. Topic: Jason Takacs.

Social Life and Parties!

Clubs

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Birds

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Thompson, Holland. Book of Knowledge: The Children's Encyclopedia. Grolier Society: New York. 1922. Printed before 1923 in the United States, therefore out of copyright. We used images from this book when we were unable to photograph a bird ourselves.

The Dam

Things Lost in the Lake

<http://www.dalejtravis.com/bridge/ohio/htm/3500424.htm>

Topic: Covered bridges.

Lake Effect Ohio Winters

Ohio History Central.

http://www.ohiohistorycentral.org/w/1978_Ohio_Statewide_Blizzard?rec=1649

Topic: Blizzards of 1978.

Ohio National Guard. Blizzard '78 After Action Report. Ohio Memory Project. <http://cdm16007.contentdm.oclc.org/cdm/search/searchterm/Report>
<http://www.ohiomemory.org/>

We tried to find statistics, but depending on which source we consulted, the average annual snowfall in the area was reported to be between 73 and 120 inches. Temperatures reach as low as -20. On rare occasions the mercury has shown close to -30 degrees.

Average snowfall for Rock Creek is 80.7 inches.

<https://snowfall.weatherdb.com/d/a/Ohio>

Average snowfall for Rome, Ohio is 73 inches.

<http://www.bestplaces.net/climate/zip-code/ohio/rome/44085>

It doesn't seem that they can be that different when they are right next to each other and the elevations are about the same.

Working in the Shores

S.C.A.D. Auxilliary & Rome Volunteer Fire Department Presents an Evening at the Races. Rome, Ohio. 8 October 1988. Pamphlet for the fundraiser. Topic: For the purposed of this book, we found businesses owned by Roaming Shores residents or lot owners.

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Roaming Shores Divided

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Thank you to the Henderson Memorial Public Library, Grand Valley Public Library, Rock Creek Public Library, RomeRock Lending Library, and the Cuyahoga County Public Library. Old Plain Dealer articles are keyword searchable through the Cuyahoga County Public Library. Any Ohioan can get a CCPL card online without having to drive to Parma. Unfortunately, the Star Beacon, [Grand]Valley News, [Jefferson] Gazette, RomeRock News, and Shores News have not been digitized, yet. This makes searching for topics considerably more difficult. Thank you to the Dayton Metro Library and Shawna's boss, Jamie McQuinn for allowing her a leave of absence to work on this book.

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So, go ahead and print pages to share with your family and friends if you wish. The homeowners' association and village, builders and real estate agents may use this to promote our wonderful community. We wrote this a labor of love, not to make money. (Not that we are so rich or proud that we would refuse tokens of appreciation. Cheryl and Shawna enjoy eating nuts. The Grand Valley and Rock Creek Libraries could always use monetary donations as could the fireworks fund and fishing club. We are shameless).

Answer: B. Klansman