



Neighborhood Club plants tree

A white dogwood tree was planted in Riverside Park by the Bentleyville Neighborhood Club honoring the memory of W. Randolph Bailey and his wife Georgiene Hutchinson Bailey. Bailey was editor and publisher of the Chagrin Falls Exponent for 41 years and was the prime promoter of the Riverside Park bond issue of \$90,000 in 1945 which preserved the land along the river for the Village. His office on Main Street overlooked the park. The Baileys came to Chagrin in 1921 and lived at what is now the new 448 Bentleyville Rd. for over 20 years. Mr. Bailey's daughter Beth Skeel was on hand for the planting of the tree. The Neighborhood Club is a 50 year old club and current president is Mrs. Osborne Dodson Jr.

March, 1980—Mud slingers on Bentleyville Road by Ingalls' house were discussed as several members have been attacked while driving.

January, 1981—President McNeil asked for a discussion concerning increase in annual dues. A motion to increase dues was vociferously defeated. The majority advocated that in 1981, with the National Administration advocating reduced spending, we abide by the current annual dues of \$1. Sentiment was expressed that there are very few such exclusive organizations as Bentleyville Neighborhood Club whose dues are as minimal for the benefits. Suggestions were made to vary types of monthly meetings such as: wine and cheese, husband & wife events and morning coffees. Jean Ingalls has completed the petite point doll house oriental rug which has been her monthly neighborhood club labor of love for her daughter, Melanie. Commissions have come from fellow members for full size rugs to be made by Jean. As of this meeting, a line is forming.

November, 1982— (The following was written by Nancy Martt as a P.S. report at end of meeting—it is a condensed history of the club)

Gertrude Gleason called to see if we would like old snapshots of Neighborhood Club. She will give them to Freddie. From her description and reading old minutes, they could have been from Sept. 1939 or May 1940. While searching these archives I found a Nov. 1937 poem commemorating our 20th anniversary. In those days each meeting had a program such as: an exhibit of Girl Scouts projects, a showing of Mexican dolls, Mrs. Bellamy's spelling bee, Irish games, auction sale of white elephants, song recital, reviewing of children's books, travel talks, an annual plant barter, skits and costumes, guest day, flower show with 3 classes of flower arrangements—miniature, old fashioned, formal luncheon table—Christmas games and gifts with a member playing Santa, Gertrude Beattie playing the accordion, and a talk about wildflowers and grasses. In 1943 programs included food for feathered friends, Valentines, wartime recipes, favorite herbs, talk-talk, knit-knit, talk-knit. In June, 1942 desserts were omitted for the duration, \$5 was given to the Moreland Hills Red Cross and Mrs. Bellamy gave a talk on defense procedures. In Sept. 1944 Mrs. Bellamy read a paper on the racial situation. A shower was given for her in 1938. Ruth Knutsen was proposed for membership in June 1944. In July, 1945 Ruth appealed for shoes, clothes and a double barreled shotgun for Norwegian relatives while Mrs. Bellamy appealed for food and clothing for Dutch friends. Many members "adjourned" to Florida for the winter. In March, 1964 alarm flags flew about a possible water storage tank at the 422 end of Bentleyville Road. Dog letter written, illustrated, shown to mayor by Freddie. Mayor liked and will distribute to all of Moreland Hills.



DR



DOGGEREL AND OTHER COMMENT ABOUT PEOPLE + DOGS

One "man's best friend" can be another's worst enemy.
"Love me - Love my dog" can make unloving neighbors.
Your Wednesday trash collectors shouldn't have to pick up throwaways scattered by a dog. (Some trash could go to the recycling center anyway)

Do you want your policemen protecting you or chasing dogs? Dogs have committee meetings, form packs, and have a wonderful time destroying property, smaller dogs, scaring children and cats, making a lot of noise, hunting wildlife. Dogs running loose can pick up parasites, ticks, fleas, distemper, rabies, and bring them home to people.

It's a known fact that dogs barking outside after 10 PM are 3 times louder to neighbors wanting to sleep.

Dogs in heat can cause great excitement among other dogs and their owners as can male dogs visiting properly tied females. (Dogs that is)

Suburban police departments find dogs one of their biggest sources of complaints. Domestic dissension too - can these be related?

Dogs are usually illiterate, so they don't know that Morelan Hill's Ordinance 505.01 reads:

(b) "No person being the owner of or having charge of any dog, whether wearing a registration tag or not, shall permit it to run at large upon any public place or premises of another. No owner, keeper, or harborer of any female dog shall permit such dog to go beyond the premises of such owner or keeper at any time such dog is in heat, unless such dog is properly in leash. The owner or keeper of every dog shall at all times keep such dog either confined upon premises of owner or keeper, or under reasonable control of some person."

Doggone Helpful Hints from the Bentleyville Rd. Neighborhood Club.





Mrs. Harvey (Ruth) Bingham & daughter.



Gertrude Gleason & Myrtle Cudmore



Mrs. Homer (Edith) Schneider



"Muzzie MacMillan



Betty Koford & Marg Farr



*Myrtle Cudmore &
Mrs. Earl Campbell*

Editor's note: All of these photos have a date of October 23, 1939 printed on the back. It appears they may have dressed in period costumes as this style was not popular at that time.

December, 1982—Joan Freemantle organized a small Christmas choir. She played the piano and singers were Jean Ingalls, Karen Keesler, Shirley Copeland, and Pat McNeil. Beautifully done. Those of us who don't attend the Methodist Church discovered that Karen Keesler has a glorious soprano solo voice. Encore, Karen! The rest of us also joined in for some singing.

January, 1983—The biggest discussion concerned the road, at least it was interesting and by Fall, if all goes well, the road should be whole. The project is going to be let for bids this Spring with the cost approx. \$350,000. The county is going to pay for it and a thing called gambrel baskets will be used. This is a method of round wire baskets with stones and sand inside to help the clay drain and not hold so much water. The only problem being the road will be closed all summer. Barb Jung lead some of the others with loud groans!

May, 1983—Roll call was all done when Tina Mabry came racing in with a wild report of why she was late. Some men were yelling and calling to her as she was going to get in her car. Being the lady she is, she chose to ignore the men and drove away. With her speed reaching 50mph, her handbag flew off the car roof scattering all the contents along the street which she had to go back and gather up. I don't know which was worse, the aggravation of time wasted and being sure everything was there or the come down of finding out it was not her person being whistled at—Oh well!

(Editor's note: There was no date or author found on the following poem. There was no mention of when BVR actually closed for repairs, just the comment in January about it closing in the summer of '83.)

Ode to Bentleyville Road

Hail to thee blithe spirit, road that took me far.

To me, you were a friend indeed, not merely stone and tar.

How lowly you have fallen, these many months gone by,

Your face is sagging, out of sight, in utter ruin you lie.

The silence gathers 'round us, the neighbors gather too,

From far and near they come to hear the latest dope on you.

They come by bike, on horse, on foot, they carry food and drink.

They contemplate the pile of dirt; we've lost you, they must think.

The workmen come, the workmen go, they all enjoy the view,

They catch up on the latest news and take a nap or two.

They're fixing it, oh never fear, they've loaded it with fill,

The endless trenches surely mean they've used their utmost skill.

Signs are at your either end. Road closed, they say. How true!

The folks who try you anyway, must have a low IQ.

The cars come to a screeching halt, the gravel leaves the ground.

I cannot bear it anymore, I'm the village turnaround.

November, 1983—Chagrin Valley Little Theater Annex was the setting for the treat Dee Ramsey had in store for the Neighborhood Club members and other friends. A performance of selected readings was given by Dee's own group, "The Prime Time Players." Six performers, including Dee and Joan Freemantle, provided a delightful potpourri of chuckles and whimsy and sentiment for us. The audience was asked to make a selection among hats available in the entrance or to wear one's own, along with gloves for this afternoon of theater and high tea served in the outer hall. A gift to all who were present and a grand beginning to a festive time of year!

January, 1984—Joyce Goretta suggested that members might like to consider a petition to change the name of the road to "Bentley Road" (!) Joyce thought she might become an activist and propose this change because a) it is easier to write, b) we don't live in Bentleyville, etc. Not much encouragement accompanied this proposal.

February, 1985—Old minutes of the Miles Road Neighborhood Club from 1949 were read. They had a luncheon, sang songs, and sent Valentines. They told of the petition to change the name of Finkel Road to Miles Road.

April, 1985—A picture perfect Spring day found club members and their guests at the Chagrin Valley Little Theatre. The occasion was a delightful one-act play—"The Quiltin' Bee", written for The Prime Time Players ensemble by our own Dee Ramsey. The play tells the stories, through their minds and hearts, of several hardy women who find themselves in the great western United States during the late 1800's. Each one is working on a square for a quilt, the designs of which are all quiet, yet bold statements of their own personalities and backgrounds. And as the quilt is pieced together, their lives meld and any petty differences are lost in the joining of the states that each square represents. Along with Dee, Joan Freemantle appeared in dual roles; one as a young Irish woman from Oregon and the other a Chinese immigrant from California—complete with accents. Bentleyville Road's "artist in residence" Nancy Martt designed the striking quilt. A wonderfully appropriate tea was prepared and served by Dee in the River Room for all members, guests and cast after the play.



OFF-STAGE PROFILE: DEE RAMSEY

Dee began her stage career at CVLT in our production of *Babes in Arms* in 1971, and she enjoyed the stage so much that she went on to earn her BFA in Theatre Arts from Kent State University. She received some of her acting and directing credits there, and returned to CVLT to play the role of "Mrs. Chumley" in *Harvey*. In 1981 she portrayed "Emily", the leading character in Arthur Kopit's drama,

Wings, in our River Street Playhouse. She performed with Solon Players in *Count Dracula* and *The Impossible Years*; and at Mayfield Civic in *The Rape of the Belt* and *The Clone People*. Dee is currently studying Acting and Directing with Tom Fulton at Phoenix, and she is the director of CVLT's Prime Time Players, an acting group for men and women over fifty. This group meets every Thursday afternoon at 2:00 p.m., and would welcome new members. CVLT is very appreciative of Dee's commitment to the Theatre, and of her willingness to help where she is needed. Thank you, Dee.

February, 1986—Joyce Goretta is still actively seeking interest in a petition to change the name Bentleyville Road to Bentley Road. Lois Beattie commented that she often receives mail to Beattieville Road which was amusing!

October, 1987—What talent we are fortunate to have surrounding our daily life here on Bentleyville Rd. After days of dreary rain, the sun shone in its glory. The Neighborhood Club gathered at the River Street Theatre for a theater party hosted by Dee Ramsey to see an original play by Dee, "Past Fifty is Nifty", and the Prime Time Players. Nancy Martt provided the set decorations.

August, 1988—BRNC met at Look About Lodge for a wonderful dinner with husbands. After dinner we surprised Lois Beattie with a resumé of her membership in Neighborhood Club. She has 37 years of membership. We read old minutes for a fun insight into the unique quality and individuality of our members. The minutes show how the club has gradually changed over the years.

September, 1989—Neighborhood Club enjoyed a special treat at the Science Club Lodge. As in previous years, we had the pleasure of watching a wonderful presentation of a piece written by Dee for her group of Prime Time Players. It was a series of one-woman skits by fictitious Senior Beauty Contest entrants vying for first prize. It ended on a comic note and left everyone in a fine mood for the lovely tea table luncheon.

January, 1991—We talked a little bit about the war with Iraq and whether or not we should do anything as a group, such as displaying the American flag, ribbons, etc. We decided this is an individual thing and each family could show their concern and/or support in their own way.

February, 1991—Shirley Copeland asked if we all knew about the death of Gertrude Gleason who had lived on Bentleyville Road most of her life. We talked for awhile about Gertrude's interesting life. A copy of the newspaper article that appeared in the Plain Dealer on February 7, 1991 accompanies these minutes.

Gertrude Gleason, noted stenographer

Gertrude Gleason became such a proficient stenographer when she attended Dyke School of Commerce, now Dyke College, in 1915 that she toured high schools throughout the area to demonstrate her skills.

She traveled the country for years as a convention reporter before settling down with her family.

Mrs. Gleason came out of retirement at age 65 to take job assignments through Kelly Temporary Services. She was named "Kelly Girl of the Month" in June 1974, because of compliments from her employers.

Mrs. Gleason, 93, died Tuesday in the Copeland Oaks retirement community in Sebring, O.

She was a lifelong resident of Moreland Hills, where she lived on a small farm until she entered the retirement community.

Every morning until she was into her 80s, she carried her stenotype

machine a mile to the bus stop to go to work. In winter, she also carried a flashlight that she swung back and forth as she walked so motorists could see her in the dark.

Mrs. Gleason wanted to help elderly friends, so she studied government regulations for services to them.

She became so well versed that she served as an advocate for nursing-home patients.

She purchased greeting cards by the hundreds and sent them to friends on birthdays and all holidays.

Mrs. Gleason's husband, John, died in 1962. Her daughter, Nancy Bailey, also died. Mrs. Gleason is survived by a grandson.

Services will be 11 a.m. Friday at the Stroud-Lawrence funeral home, 95 S. Franklin St., Chagrin Falls.

March, 1992—Michelle Jouriles gave an overview of the meeting at town hall on March 18th regarding the slide on Bentleyville Road. Almost everyone voted to close the road and use temporary barriers that can be moved for emergency vehicles. The meeting ended with the impression that the road will be closed. Jean Ingalls mentioned that Paul said we must emphasize the fragile road, not that we just don't like extra traffic.

May, 1994—May 30th used to be Decoration Day to commemorate those who fell during the Civil War. When it was made to include all wars, the name was changed to Memorial Day.

January, 1995—It is interesting that with the changing times and life styles of our group that so many ladies make the effort to adjust their lives to make room for our little group to keep it healthy and active.

February, 1995—There was a lengthy discussion on the values of chocolate. There are 10 degrees of good chocolate and Nancy Thomas told us that Mitchells Candy Company uses the best chocolate. Jeannie McHugh confided she is a chocaholic and keeps her chocolates in her bedroom out of reach of the whole family. In the 75 years since the inception of BRNC, its residents have maintained a constant sense of responsibility towards maintenance to their homes and property. They have not let the neighborhood deteriorate. It is in a constant state of renewal and additions. It continues to be a popular street with real estate people. One member, Nancy Martt, has lived in three houses on the street. Two members (Jean Smith & Jean Ingalls) have lived in two houses on the street. Five live in their parent's houses—John Jackson, Karen Knutsen, Grant Wilk, Gay Brewer's daughter Betsy, and Joan Kerber. For a short time, Shirley and George Copeland lived in Barbara Cox's house and Bill Rowe at one time lived in Hooper's house. Long live the BRNC, a most remarkable group of people.

June, 1995—Conversation centered around the gardens disappearing due to the groundhog explosion in the neighborhood.

October, 1995—Freddie Anderson sent a message to alert neighbors to be aware of strangers and report same. She lost a tree full of apples to some looter.

November, 1996—For the record, we had a record 30+ inches of snow around November 11-12. No school for 2 days. Hours without power. Seventy inches in Chardon with National Guard called.

January, 1997—Barb Jung discussed her experience on the village deer committee. We talked about our feelings and the various pros and cons of control or no control. All agreed that these lovely eating machines are a problem.

May, 1997—We talked about the fox who has been roaming around our area. Also, the raccoon and skunk problem. Discovered Massengill Douche takes away skunk smell along with vinegar.

May, 1998—The informal discussions touched on the difficulty of finding reliable cleaning help with mention of one girl taking a nap in Linda's bed and others working at a snail's pace. Mailbox vandalism was another topic with Jean Smith relaying a recipe for a bat-proof box. A regular sized box inside a larger one with a layer of concrete between should defeat drive-by attacks.

September, 2001—Fall arrived, and the world changed since our family potluck picnic in August. The weather turned cool, the rains turned the lawns green again and the tragedy of September 11th has made us all sad and reflective.

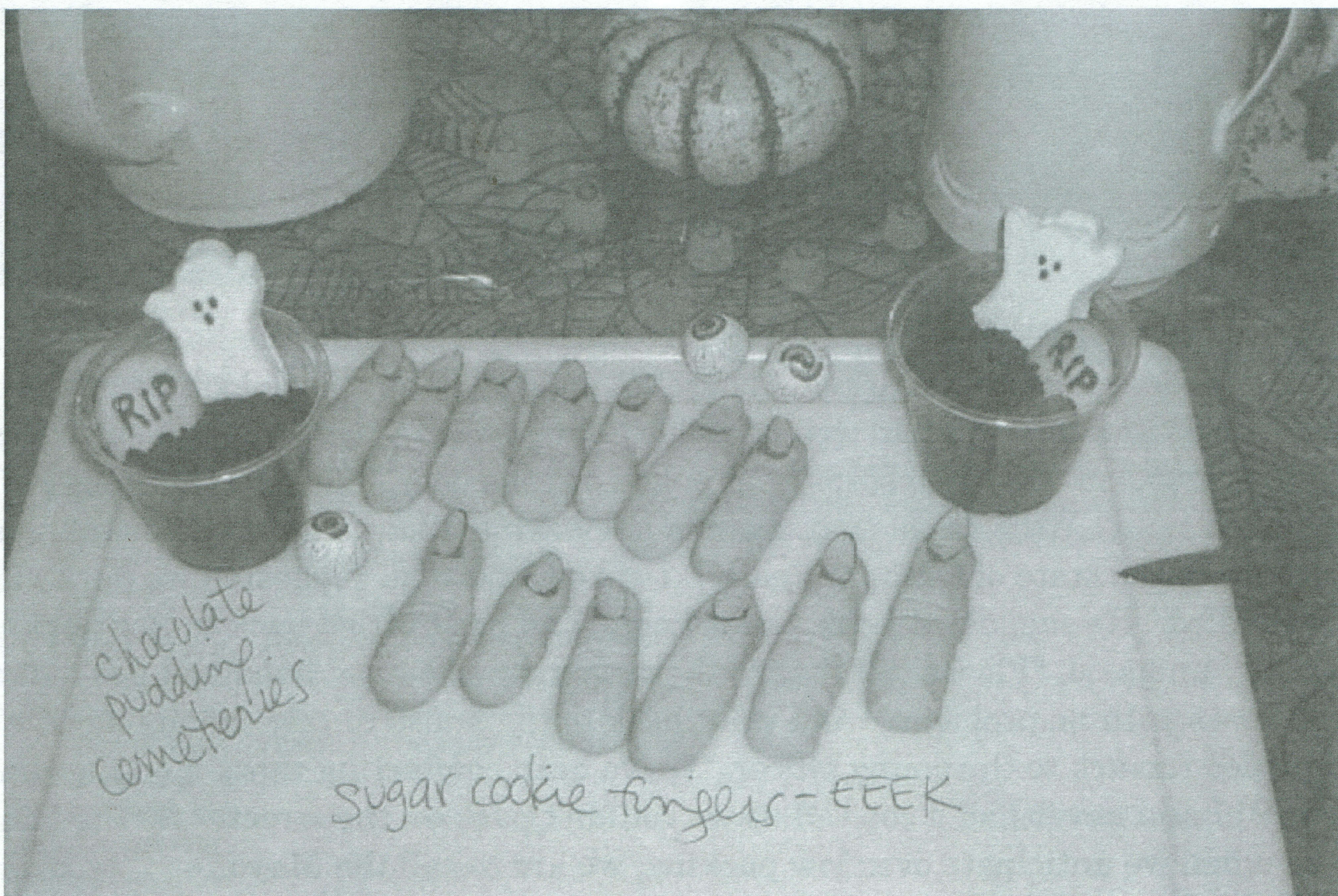
March, 2002—Though the group was small, the conversation never seemed to lag. It was suggested that we discuss notifying members regarding the monthly luncheon through the use of email. Some of the pros were that emails could be sent and responded to at any time and were much more convenient for those notifying the 30+ members of the club. The negative was mostly that some of the members may not yet be familiar with or might be reluctant to use email.

May, 2002—The Miles Road bridge is to be closed June 10th, 2002 for 477 days for repair and/or reconstruction.

September, 2004—Joyce Gorretta brought back a lighter mood with a demonstration of the thumb piano. A conversation ensued about household hints including putting herbs in the washing machine on the spin cycle to dry them. Also, washing baseball caps on the top shelf of the dishwasher.

June, 2005—Recently a sign in a Chagrin Falls shop window read: “Remember the summer you wished for? You got it!” After record breaking 90+ degree days and a bona fide heat wave, we’re off to a brilliant Cleveland summer. And a final BVR history lesson. Hal Kerber is 82 years old, has lived at 289 BVR forever, and has saved everything over the years. He is planning to move close to his daughter, has sold this home and is not telling anyone who bought it. (Tom Cruise?, asked Sherri) This is the oldest house on the street, dating pre-Civil War. There is a long cement alley in the basement, once outfitted with a pulley system for targets which was used by the Chagrin Rifle Club years ago. (Editor’s note: this house was demolished, and a new home was built by Denise and Craig Maxwell.)

October, 2005—Gathering under Halloween skies with rolling gray and black clouds, everyone was in the spirit of the season—clown, pirate, hippie girl, witches hats and Halloween sweaters and shirts. There were howls of disbelief when dessert arrived. Sue Schefft gave new meaning to the term ‘finger cookies’ - they really WERE finger shaped sugar cookies with gory almond silver fingernails—EEEEK!





March, 2006—A beautiful day to gather at Jenny Burke’s on Bentleyville Road. As we sipped on tea and lemonade, someone remarked, “There’s a policeman out there looking at the cars on the street. Do you think he’s going to write a ticket? Jan, is that your car?” and out we streamed across the yard, stood on the porch steps, and poked out the door. I’m sure this young officer never saw such a sight. We learned that there is no parking allowed on the hydrant side of the street anywhere in the state of Ohio Really? I asked where he suggested we park when the driveway was filled. He suggested Look About Lodge and be shuttled back to Bentleyville Rd.! I smiled broadly and said, “Please tell that to these women who have lived and parked on this street for 30 years with no problem.” As I went back to the house to retrieve my keys, I heard Michelle Jouriles remark to the young officer, “We’ve been conducting these meetings on this street since 1917 and never had a cop tell us we couldn’t park on the street.” So the long and short of it is: when we anticipate overflow parking, we are to call the Mayor or City Hall and let them know beforehand. Really?

