

SOME REMEMBRANCES FROM ~ 2000 (FROM OLD WEBSITE)

Bob's Remembrance

Sometime when I was between age 5 and 10, the Ted/Lillian Eilands visited Huntington for probably about a week or so. I came back having lost my wallet. I was disappointed, but soon got another. Over a year later, when we had recently moved to Steubenville, I got a package in the mail from Logan: yup, my wallet. It had fallen to the ground when I was on the ferris wheel at Camden Park in Huntington. A man getting off the ride with his kids the following year had noticed the wallet and picked it up. He saw in it a picture of Papa Rudy and Grandma and had instantly recognized them. Since I was so young, I didn't have any ID in there. The man who found it took it to Papa Rudy and Grandma and was advised who I was and where I lived. When I looked inside the recovered wallet, it contained twice the money I had lost. The man who found it was their milkman; and Papa Rudy and Grandma had turned the lost wallet into a profitable investment. (For whatever reason, this hasn't worked out the same way when I've misplaced my wallet in times since!)

Mom's Remembrances

Tante Charlotte was the nice, sweet one who was the big cheek pincher, not Tante Paula. Charlotte is the one who always had cookies and milk for the kids. Charlotte had 3 kids of her own: Lillian, the eldest, with whom my mom and dad became friends; Harold or "Bucky" Kohn, who with wife Dorothy (both of whom attended Dad's unveiling) had 3 sons and who attended Ohio State with my mom; and Raymond, who never married and died a few years ago.

Paula had 2 sons, Henry, the eldest whom she adored, who died while serving on a battleship (not submarine); and Leon, who had Tourette's Syndrome, though Paula didn't recognize it as such (may not have been identified by the medical community yet?). For many years, Paula refused to acknowledge that Henry died. Leon she treated with less than compassion.

The person to whom Paula referred as a hero was her cousin (not her son), one of the Gruners - Mom can't remember which. Whichever he was, he worked with the underground against the Nazis and was captured and presumably killed.

Randy's Remembrances

Papa Rudy is listed in the Who's Who book of West Virginia, he had great influence on the Jewish residents of WV as well as nearly all the immigrants from Europe who ended up in Logan. He spoke a great number of languages and acted as an interpreter in legal matters, he was a mediator

in everything from business disputes to marital disputes, he led the Logan Jewish congregation in lieu of a Rabbi, he financed and/or supported many a destitute person in Logan during the tough times. He really was quite a special person, and we all should be proud to be descendents of RR Eiland. So, you can see why I want others to share their memories so we can all take what we want from them to better understand our Grandfather, Grandmother, Parents (uncles & aunts), and ourselves. There is a great legacy and story for our own children in all this.

Stephanie and I had another electronic chat today and, while discussing Eiland memories, I thought it might be fun to reminisce about some of the stories we have all heard; although I bet they differ significantly due to different storytellers. I would hope that many of you know family stories that are unknown to the rest of us and will share these.

Being fortunate enough to live in the apartment above Papa Rudy and Grandma, I have many early memories of both. When I think of Papa Rudy, the phrase "sonny boy" comes to mind. In fact I am not sure I can remember him calling me by my given name, but I definitely remember the "sonny boy" . I have no idea what he used for Stephanie, Terry and Emily.

How about the store?....and the question I heard untold times from Papa Rudy , "Would you like a Hawaiian punch?".....followed by a light punch to the arm and then a cold drink of punch...did any of you ever use the bathroom in the back of the store and wonder about the lye soap...so different than what we had at home....and that store..so many neat things for a kid to see, so many "dated" things.... a place to explore.

Are any of you familiar with the story of Papa Rudy's love for dogs? My dad told me about the time when they lived , I think , on Logan Island, and Papa Rudy had 17 dogs to "protect the family and farm". Grandma was not as fond of dogs and finally told him it was her or the dogs...he got down to about 5 and all was well.

There was another story about a favorite dog of Papa Rudy's, and I can't remember the names, but it had to do with a deputy sheriff. Someone else may remember this better than I. Anyway, Papa Rudy had this big white dog that was his favorite. It was very loyal and obedient, as well as extremely tough. It may have been a Hungarian breed and I believe it had a Hungarian name . Well back to the story, this deputy sheriff had a dog that he believed was the toughest meanest dog in Logan County. The man was evidently a ruffian and bully of sorts. At some point he ran into Papa Rudy and his dog near the railroad tracks and bet that his dog could beat Papa Rudy's in a dog fight. Well, Papa Rudy did not want anything to do with this, but the man pushed and evidently sicked his dog on Papa Rudy's. Needless to say, Papa Rudy's dog was completely overwhelming the deputy's dog, and the deputy pulled out his gun and shot Papa Rudy's dog. This so incensed our grandfather that he gave the deputy a severe beating...to the point that he thought he had killed the man. (Does this sound like a similar story of why Papa Rudy immigrated to America?). He did not know what to do so he went home to wait to be arrested.

The Sheriff was a good man and told Papa Rudy that he was not in trouble, the deputy only suffered minor injuries as it turned out; and the deputy had been fired for gross negligence.

This may be a memory not known to many. Since we lived in the same building, we were always in Papa Rudy and Grandma's apartment. And one memory that is very distinct is Papa Rudy's love for professional wrestling. I can remember sitting on the floor, he in the corner chair closest to the dining room, yelling at the television screen. He was a big fan of wrestling and I think he would really enjoy today's version; although I have an idea he would not think highly of "Rodzilla" and Karl Malone being in the ring, much less Jay & Kevin taking on Hollywood and his sidekick.

Stephanie's Remembrances

surely you remember Papa Rudy, first thing very early in the morning, wearing the hat with the rim cut off. I don't know how I found out, but he did this because his hair was so thick and this was the only way he could get it to lay flat. Of course, you had to be up early to catch him in the rimless hat.....and unfortunately, not many of us inherited the thick hair in later life.

and if you did get up early, Papa Rudy would make his famous "coffee-milk" and you would share some early morning "schmoozing" with him...or Grandma would make her "poppy seed" tea and you could share tea and lechvar cookies with her.

and how about the den (I suppose it was a den) with the ceiling high, glass front bookcases? (We are fortunate to have some of them at our house)...and the old foot peddle sewing machine in the same room....and do you remember the Family Tree that hung on the wall? I was always intrigued by it. I think Rick C. may have that. Perhaps very few remember this, but on the drawer of the sewing machine there was an old Life Magazine from WWII that had a photo of Marines on the front cover, and one of them looked just like Uncle Eddie, and of course, the family always believed it was Uncle Eddie. I have no idea where it ended up.

Now this is a strange memory, but the apartment had two bathrooms, one off the Dining Room that, it seems like, no one ever used and the one in the hallway next to Papa Rudy and Grandma's bedroom that everyone used. Although it was a long time ago, I remember the razor strap and the shaving soap bowl. I guess I remember it because my dad did not have one and, even at that distant time, it seemed a bit "antique".