



# Depot Café

Serving the Lake County area since

September, 2019

## Chef Joe's Dinner Specials September

### The Depot Clambake

Where did the summer go? Start with a cup of New England clam chowder and a house salad followed by one dozen Middleneck clams, sweet corn, redskin potatoes and your choice of New York Strip, Roast Prime Rib, Atlantic Salmon or Boneless Breast of Chicken.

### Seafood Pesto

Shrimp, bay scallops and sun-dried tomatoes tossed with linguini with olive oil, fresh basil and pine nuts dusted with fresh grated Romano cheese.

### T-Bone Granchio

20 oz. of succulent, bone-in flavor broiled with blue crabmeat in a gorgonzola butter sauce.

### Cavatelli

Dumpling pasta tossed in our homemade tomato marinara with your choice of meat sauce, meatball, mushrooms or sausage.



## Stop in for lunch!

We now take all major credit cards!



### LABOR DAY: WHAT IT MEANS

Labor Day, the first Monday in September, is a creation of the labor movement and is dedicated to the social and economic achievements of American workers. It constitutes a yearly national tribute to the contributions workers have made to the strength, prosperity, and well-being of our country.

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***Closed Labor Day  
Monday, September 2***



*The newsletter is available on our website at:  
[www.silvestrosdepotcafe.com](http://www.silvestrosdepotcafe.com)*

# Deep Thoughts

*By Jerry Silvestro*

Hi Friends and Neighbors,

I am a beach bum. I have been since I was a baby, I think. I'm talking Moon Doggie, Big Kahuna, Gidget and Annette, Annette and Annette. How cool would it have been just to take the whole summer off and live on the beach battling Eric Von Zipper and the gang?

From an early age until I had to start working for the summer (I was 6, I think), when summer vacation started, my mom would pack us into the old Pontiac and we would head to Headlands Beach for the day. Upon arrival, we would pile out of the car and begin the trek to the waters' edge. Back then it seemed like it was miles from the parking lot to the shore. We would unpack our gear which consisted of pails, shovels, beach blanket and a radio. Other people would bring an umbrella but to this day I don't understand why. Umbrellas are for rainy days, not for sunny summer days. My mother would then break out her specially-made suntan lotion which was a mixture of baby oil and iodine. No SPF for my mom. More like sun magnification factor.

About noon, I would start to gaze longingly at the concession stand situated at the top of the beach. Yeah, we could have brought our own food but what was better than trudging through that hot sand for a hot dog and a fudgesicle. After lunch we would impatiently sit and wait for one exact hour (timed by my mother) before, we could enter the water again. As everyone knows, going into the water immediately after eating was out and out suicide.

As I reached my high school years, the shores of Lake Erie still beckoned. Albeit the experience was slightly different, the anticipation was still the same. On the unseasonably warm days in May, we would skip the hum drum of school and, armed with some things a little stronger than a hot dog and fudgesicle, we'd hit the surf. We would sip a few malt beverages and sing along as that big AM boomed CKLW out of Detroit playing all the latest hits, taking a break only when Manners would offer their 2 for 99 cents Big Boy special. Later, those evenings, the bonfires would be lit, a few more beers would be drunk and fun and frivolity was had by all, boys and girls. Innumerable times I woke up in the morning with that warm sand on my cheek.

50 years later, my friends and I are still heading to the exact same spots that we hung out in so long ago but something seems to be amiss? A lot of the park is underwater. And when did they quit cleaning the grounds? Or dragging the sand for rocks and debris? My beloved concession stand could sure use an upgrade! Seems I remember lifeguards in those really tall chairs that aren't there anymore.

Someone from the State Park System recently explained that, because of the weather, Beach Fest had to be canceled. Mother Nature seems to have thrown them a curveball.

Yeah, well, Lake County Metroparks look like they can hit a curveball.

**Stay Well & God Bless**





## Take the Trivia Challenge

Each month we'll give you a new trivia question. Bring or mail in your entry. The first 10 people to answer correctly will be in the drawing to win a dinner certificate worth \$15.00.

**In September, 1953, John F. Kennedy married Jacqueline. What was Jacqueline's maiden name?**

- 1) Bouvier
- 2) Johnson
- 3) Thorpe

My Answer: \_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, and Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

### Fr. Jozef Murgas

Although Italian inventor Guglielmo Marconi is better known for his contributions in the development of radio, many view a Slovakian priest from Pennsylvania as the actual father of radio, a pioneer in overland wireless telegraphy.

Jozef Murgas was born February 17, 1864, in Slovakia. He entered the seminary there, attended art school in Munich, Germany, and studied at the Electrical College of Vienna, Austria. Ordained in 1888, he came to the United States in 1896.

Fr. Murgas founded the Catholic Slovakian Church in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. In his parish basement, he experimented with wireless telegraphy. Inventors Marconi and Nikola Tesla had discovered how to transmit messages without wires, but only using simple, single-tone signals.

Fr. Murgas developed a musical tone system that sent messages faster than Morse Code. He also successfully sent a telegraph signal over land, which Marconi hadn't been able to do. After patenting his system in 1904, the priest began to construct a tower to demonstrate its capabilities – it could telegraph 50 words per minute. Marconi's could do 15. In 1905, Fr. Murgas formed a partnership with some Philadelphia investors, and the United States Navy hired Fr. Murgas as a consultant.

When three major investors died within a year, and wind knocked over his transmission tower, Fr. Murgas (whose health was failing) met with Marconi in 1912. Fearing his work would be lost, he gave Marconi his patents and his research records.

Fr. Murgas died on May 11, 1929.



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Silvestro's Depot Café  
470 Railroad St.  
Painesville, OH 44077



## INSIDE...

### Dinner Specials for September



Deep Thoughts from  
Jerry Silvestro



Win a Free Dinner

## Dining Room Hours

### Lunch

Monday-Saturday  
11:00 a.m. – 2:00 p.m.

### Dinner

Monday – Thursday  
4:00 p.m. – 9:00 p.m.

Friday and Saturday  
4:00 p.m. – 10:00 p.m.

### Sunday

1:00 p.m. – 8:00 p.m.

Phone: 440-354-4475  
Fax: 440-358-1054