

Lost and Found

Back in July 1991, we had quite an adventure which confirmed once and for all the pristine clarity of Ten Mile's waters.

Over the years, there have been many items lost in the lake. This time it was a full plate of upper dentures which were swished out of the mouth of a visitor who wiped out while tubing along Chariton Beach!

All of us on Chariton Beach heard the story about the event that day as well as the hours spent by our cousin Phil Shelton's family scouring the waters in front of their cabin for the missing teeth of their brother-in-law from Texas. Alas, they had no luck in their search and it seemed to be a lost cause.

The next morning the brother-in-law, Jerry, and his wife left for Texas since life without teeth is very challenging. That evening, my husband Bob and I decided to take a cruise in our canoe from our cabin next door to the Sheltons'. As we set out into the lake, Bob said, "Which way should we go?"

After a moment's thought, the light dawned. "OH!" I said. "Let's go over this way and see if we can find the teeth!" Brilliant!

We paddled along looking carefully down at the sandy bottom as we went. We knew this would be a very unlikely success story, but on we paddled.

SUDDENLY we passed over a white "crescent" perfectly visible down in the sand. "STOPPPPPPPPP!" I yelled. Well, stopping a canoe is a tricky proposition. However, with great skill 😊, we managed to slow down and shortly returned to the exact same spot. Yes! It really was THE TEETH lying quietly in the sand just waiting to be found!!

"BOBBBBBB!!!! JUMP OUT and get 'em!!" I cried. After only a moment's hesitation, our hero Bob went overboard and down into what turned out to be 10 feet of clear Ten Mile Lake water to fetch the teeth from the sandy bottom.

As he rose to the surface, victoriously waving the teeth, we shouted "We FOUND 'em!!! Jerry's TEETH!!"

With much whooping and hollering, the soaked hero and his assistant paddled to shore and presented the proof of our success to a very admiring crowd! A phone call was made to a very grateful Jerry, who was still on his way South.

The next morning we hurried to the Hackensack Post Office and sent the precious package to Texas via the fastest method known at the time. Via return mail we received a note from Jerry who was elated with our find and had decided to order a new plate "just in case".

Submitted by Cheris Shelton Garrison