

The Beaver Beacon



Only Island Publication since King Strang's "Northern Islander" in 1856 - Established January 1955

October 1964

Vivid evidence of Jack Frost's handy work has spread throughout the Islands, as Autumn, once again, presents nature's panorama of color. Flights of wild geese heading south, winds from the north and hunters coming to the Island, are signs a change of seasons is taking place.

WEATHER: Beaver Island weather as recorded at the Conservation Station, by our Fire Officer, Bill Wagner.

Highest temperature recorded 77 degrees on September 2nd.
Lowest temperature recorded 30 degrees on night of September 27th.
Average high temperature for the month was 65 degrees.
Average low temperature for the month was 48 degrees.

There were 8 days in the 70's; 14 days in the 60's; 8 days in the 50's and 16 days above 65 degrees.

There was a trace of rain on the 3rd - 4th - 11th - 25th and 28th.
2 inches of rainfall on the 21st.
Total rainfall for the month of September - 5.87 inches.

GAME NEWS: Early reports from hunters indicate there are plenty of Partridge, but there is still too much cover to provide many with their daily limits. Another week will make a big difference in this respect.

Fishing, for the past two weeks, has been nearly at a standstill because of too much wind. As a matter of fact, Dr. Haynes claims that one day last week, when he threw out his anchor, he had to walk out on the line and jump up and down on the anchor to get it under the water.

Though the number of Archers has been small, one nice buck was taken this past week. The Maurice Teter party of Livonia, Michigan were the lucky hunters. Their luck took a bad turn, however, when they went to St. James with their deer. While there, they were notified that their tents were afire, and when they returned to camp found them burned to the ground, along with all their equipment. Bud McDonough offered them the use of his house on the harbor and during the night the wind ripped the wires loose from the corner of the house, nearly causing a fire there. Needless to say, these lads will long remember Beaver Island.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO OUR OLDEST ISLANDER: Mrs. Mary "Vesty" McDonough celebrated her 85th birthday on September 22nd at her home in St. James. She

was born in 1879 at Sand Bay and married Sylvester McDonough in 1898. Her children are Lloyd and Lawrence McDonough of St. James, Nellie O'Donnell of St. James, Marge Teter of Hinsdale, Ill and Robert McDonough of Grand Rapids. She has 30 grandchildren and 34 great-grandchildren. We all want to wish Mary "Vesty" a very happy birthday.

BIRTHS: Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Marquass of Bay City announce the birth of a daughter Polly Anna. Mr. and Mrs. William Schmidt are the grandparents.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Martin of Fremont announce the birth of a son, Timothy Wayne. The proud grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. George Woods of Allen Park, announce the birth of a son, Richard James on September 24th. Mrs. Woods is the former Rita Near, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Near.

GOLF NOTES: The Beaver Lodge Golf and Country Club will close Nov. 1st after a very successful season. Extensive improvements have been made this fall.

The new 7th green has been opened and the fairways and greens have been seeded and fertilized and are in good shape to winter. In 1965 Tournaments are scheduled. The Junior Championship will be an annual affair. There will also be an invitation tournament prior to the Michigan State Amateur Championship, which will be held at the Belvedere Course in Charlevoix. The dates of the different tournaments will be published in the spring.

HISTORIC PLAQUE PRESENTED: On Sunday, the 11th of October, a plaque designating the Bonner Farm a Centennial Farm, was presented to Patrick and Rose Bonner. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Sutton of Morenci, Michigan and Mr. and Mrs. Murray Wanty of Ann Arbor made the presentation. During the day friends and neighbors dropped in to pay tribute to the Bonners on this occasion.

Over one hundred and seven years ago, a fisherman by the name of John Bonner, who was working his boat out of Mackinaw, discovered the fine trout grounds off Gull Island, an area latter referred to as the "basin". He built a shack on the Island and used this as a point of operation until he had a full load to take back to Mackinaw. This was the time of Strang's rule, and entering the harbor of St. James was not a safe gesture for an Irish fisherman. In June of 1856, after a successful period of fishing, they were preparing to set sail for Mackinaw, when across the water, toward them came an Indian canoe. Upon reaching them, the Indian brought word that the "Big Man" of Beaver Island had been shot. Upon learning this, John decided to take his vessel into St. James, where he met no hostility.

Just one year later, John Bonner purchased 80 acres of land on Beaver Island from James & Nancy Farrell, who had been under the rule of Strang. The price agreed upon was \$200.00. With residence established on the Island, he was close to his fishing grounds, and the land was tilled for crops. John and his young wife, Sophia, raised a family of six boys and two girls; the youngest being Patrick, who was born in September of 1882. Pat and his wife, Rosie, built their home on the farm and of course, are still residing there, thus establishing a continual residence and utilizing the land for over a century.

This is the only Centennial Farm in Charlevoix County and the plaque will be erected in a prominent place on the Bonner property, for all to see.

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOR

"My first look at Beaver Island was in 1908 while serving as crew on my Step-father's two masted schooner, the "Waleska". Quite often we would pull into St. James to pick up a cargo of lumber, cedar posts, barrel staves or rail road ties. The harbor was bustling with activity and was always an enjoyable place to stop, especially for a young lad of 18.

Working on the Lakes under sail was a far cry from today's mode of lake travel. Men under sail not only had to be expert sailors, but had to be weather prophets, buyers and salesmen as well. My Step-father, Herman Ludwig, was one of these men; calm under adverse conditions, which were common in late fall.

December of 1910, we had left St. James with a cargo of barrel staves, headed for Ludington. We encountered gale winds off the Manitou Islands, with driven snow so thick one end of the vessel couldn't be seen from the other. The old man, who could judge the speed of the vessel by looking at the wake and plotting a course from his last visible sight before the gale hit, headed for Frankfort. After running his estimated time he headed her toward the piers. With the sails snapping in the gale and snow stinging our faces, we listened intently for the horn on the pier. The old man shouted "If we miss her, we'll walk ashore, boys". When we first heard the horn we could then make out the piers -- on either side! We had made it right on the button.

In 1912 I married Alice Johnston of Beaver Island and went to work for the Beaver Island Lumber Company, piling lumber on the dock and loading vessels. Between 200 and 250 thousand feet of lumber a week were being shipped from St. James. The train that ran to the head of the Island had to make at least two trips a day, with eight cars, in order to keep the mill busy. Often times they had to head the train up with two engines and make four trips a day. During the summer months, tugs would tow booms of logs up from the head to feed the mill. At this rate it was no wonder the timber was taken off so fast.

From 1915 to 1935, my brother, Erwin, a hired hand and I commercial fished with the tug "Silver Star". These were the days when catches were measured in tons not pounds.

I remember one December during this period, when we were caught off the Fox Islands in foul weather for ten days. It was freezing too hard to lift our nets, so it was just a matter of waiting it out and shifting anchor from one lee to the other around the Island.

Between 1935 and 1937 I served with Captain Allers on the Conservation Patrol Boat No. 1. We patrolled all of Michigan waters, from Michigan City to Isle Royal, in Lake Superior.

I went back to commercial fishing again from 1937 to 1940, with Roland McCann on the tug "Venus II". Fishing was falling off. The era of the big catches was over and a war was coming on.

I left the Island to work at the Fisher Boat Works, in Detroit, where I helped build 110 foot Sub-Chasers for the Navy.

I returned to the Island and went back to fishing with Roland McCann un-

til 1950. By this time the fishing had practically stopped and the "Venus II" was one of the last tugs to fish gill nets from Beaver Island.

The bones of the first boat I served on, the "Waleska", are now bleaching on the beach, just each of Charlie Martin's dock. The tugs are gone, the mill is quiet. The Island is in a new era and I now serve a few hours a day as bartender at my daughter's tavern, the "Beachcomber" in St. James."

William Belfy, interviewed by Phil Gregg on October 8th, 1964.

CIVIC HOSTS DINNER: Hunters on the Island were offered a chance to get away from their own cooking Saturday, the 10th of October. A spaghetti dinner was prepared by the women of the Island. Over a hundred sat down to a hearty meal, followed by games afterwards. The turn out was even better than expected.

Fred Annand, of Lansing, received the last serving available by scraping the bottom of the kettle, which isn't spectacular, except this is the second time it has happened to him in a year. Come early next time, Fred.

OBITUARIES: Elmer L. Sorensen, 53, of Trufant, died October 8th at the home of his brother, Victor of Green ville. Services were held at 2 p.m. Sunday, October 11th, at the Hoffman Funeral Home with burial in Trufant Cemetery. Mr. Sorensen has been coming to Beaver Island for many years. Another brother is Dr. N. P. Sorensen who has a summer home on the Island.

NEW ISLANDER'S: Mr. and Mrs. L. Z. Reigle of Flint recently purchased the M. B. Collins home of St. James harbor and moved to Beaver Island. Mrs. Reigle's daughter, Carol Schlocter, and Mr. Reigle's sister, Adelina, have joined them, to become Islanders. Welcome to Beaver Island.

HIGH ISLAND CRUSOE'S: On the first Saturday of the hunting season, yours truly delivered two ardent hunters to High Island, namely Bill Ross, the new manager of the Beaver Lodge, and a Mr. White of Philadelphia, a guest at the Lodge. Arrangements were made to pick them up at the end of the day, weather permitting. However, the weather didn't permit it. Not only that day but the next. An attempt was made early Monday and still the seas were too high. The Coast Guard was pressed into service before noon, and thanks to their service, they didn't have to stay a third night.

CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE: Home, overlooking St. James Harbor on Beaver Island. 6 rooms 2 story with 3 bedrooms, bath downstairs, partly furnished. Write or call Mrs. Sybil Larsen, St. James, Michigan. Phone 448-5502.

FOR SALE: Six room house on the harbor - just east of the new Episcopal Chapel - two large lots. If interested contact Norbert M. Gallagher, 920 Jackson Blvd., Rochester, Indiana.

FOR SALE: FRIDAY TAKE OUT DINNERS
Fresh White Fish, or New Orleans Breaded Shrimp
Complete Dinner - with Fries, Cole Slaw, Bread & Butter
\$1.50 Boxed & Ready to Go
Call 448-5908 or 448-5968
CIRCLE M LODGE

The following poem was given to us by Sybil Larsen for use in the Beaver Beacon.

I'M FINE

There's nothing what ever the matter with me.
I'm just as healthy as I can be.
I have arthritis in both my knees
And when I talk, I talk with a wheeze.
My pulse is weak and my blood is thin
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

I think my liver is out of wack
And a terrible pain is in my back.
My hearing is poor and my sight is dim
Most everything seems to be out of trim.
My days, my Doctor says are few
Every week he finds something new.
And the way I stagger sure is a crime,
I'm likely to drop most any time.
I jump like mad at the drop of a pin
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

I have arch supports for both my feet
Or I wouldn't be able to walk on the street.
Sleeplessness I have night after night
And in the morning I'm a perfect fright.
My memory is failing, my heads in a spin
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

The Moral is as the tale unfolds
That for you and me who are growing old,
'Tis better to say I'm fine, with a grin
Cause it will surely help
For the shape your're in.

SEE YOU NEXT MONTH

POSTED BY SYBIL LARSEN
FOR THE BEAVER BEACON
DOLBY G. BUREAU
ALBANY, N.Y. 5-11-50

FIRST CLASS

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