September 1964

Where did the summer go? This is a frequent question, as most of August was lost to cold and windy weather. A tremendous change from the soaring temperatures of July.
With the second boat on Labor Day, went practically all of the summer residents, leaving the Island in a state of dazed quietness.

WEATHER: The following is our weather report for the month of August as given to us by our Fire Officer Bill Wagner.

High temperature for the month of August - 81 degrees on August 3rd.
Low temperature for the month of August - 33 degrees on August 22nd.
There were 3 days in the 80's.
There were 16 days in the 70's.
There were 11 days in the 60's.
There was 1 day in the 50's.
A trace of rain was recorded on the 15th, 29th and 31st.
Total rainfall for the month was 3.65 inches.
Most of the month was cloudy, foggy and cool.

NEW SCHEDULE: With the arrival of Labor Day our Beaver Islander again returns to St. James for her overnight moorings. Following is the new fall schedule, and please note that the Beaver Islander now runs on Sundays thru October.

September 8 thru October - Sundays
Lv. Beaver Island 2:00 p.m.   Lv. Charlevoix 4:30 p.m.
Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday
Lv. Beaver Island 9:00 a.m.   Lv. Charlevoix 1:30 p.m.
NO BOAT ON TUESDAY

November - Every day except Sundays
Lv. Beaver Island 9:00 a.m.   Lv. Charlevoix 1:30 p.m.

December - Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays
Lv. Beaver Island 9:00 a.m.   Lv. Charlevoix 1:30 p.m.

Why not make plans, right now, to come up and visit Beaver Island during the fall. October is beautiful.

HISTORICAL NOTES: The benefit for the Beaver Island Historical Society, held Sept. 5th, was a big success. Mr. A. J. Roy, President, wishes to
thank everyone who helped make it so. He especially thanks Mr. Bill Wittenburg who was the leading fund raiser.

Considerable work has been done in the Museum. Mr. James Carpenter donated his time and efforts building cabinets. A vote of thanks goes to him.

Winner of the door prize, a Zenith Transistor, donated by the Rountree's, was Mrs. Mabel Roy.

A portable Zenith T V was raffled, after burning the paid-up contract. Winner of the T V was Mr. J. L. VanWagoner of Waterford, Michigan. Congratulations.

SCHOOL DAYS BEGIN: Right on the heels of the receding summer season, the Beaver Island Community School opened its doors on another school year.

Sister Julia Mae, O.P. joins us this year coming from Ravenna, Michigan where she taught last year. This year she will teach the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th grades. Welcome to Beaver Island.

This year the 1st grade grew with leaps and bounds. There are 9 first graders enrolled and this gives Sister Karen, O.P., a full house with a total of 26 students.

THE UNITED PROTESTANT CHURCH OF BEAVER ISLAND: On Wednesday, Sept. 9th a meeting was held in the Medical Center and the United Protestant Church of Beaver Island was organized.

The Board of Directors were elected for the following terms: Mr. A. J. Roy, 3 years; Mr. John Kempker, 2 years and Mr. James Carpenter, 1 year. Mr. Bill Wagner was elected Treasurer for 1 year and Mrs. Philip Gregg, Secretary for a 1 year term.

Services will be held in the Medical Center at 10:00 a.m. every Sunday and everyone is welcome.

At this time we would like to invite any Minister vacationing on Beaver Island to give the service, if he would like to do so. Please contact the Board of Directors, giving the time you will be on the Island, so that a schedule may be set up.

GAME NEWS: Weather permitting, this should be an excellent year for hunting. With the past "open" winter, the deer herd is in excellent condition.

All indications point to an ideal season for partridge hunting on Beaver and Garden Islands. As the Beacon goes to press, all the trails on Garden Island are being opened up and clearings made, to improve hunting conditions. This job, done for the Game Division of the Conservation Department, will be completed by October 1st.

Rabbits, ducks and geese should also be plentiful this year. Oil up that shot gun and come on up.

BOW HUNTERS NOTE: Although we have nearly perfect hunting conditions for the deer hunting bowmen, last year we only had fourteen hunters. Two got their deer and most all had shots. Old abandoned orchards, dotting the Island, provide excellent hunting areas for the archer.

Hunters planning trips to Garden or High Islands, will have to arrange their transportation after arrival on Beaver. Also, it must be noted that all hunters going to the other Islands must register with the Conservation Officer, Bill Wagner, on Beaver Island.

SUMMER IS GONE: We have noticed this not only from the weather conditions, but by the closing of the summer business places around the harbor. The King Strang Hotel, Allen's Cabins, Harbor Hills Miniature Golf and the Rustic Villa Grill have all closed their doors until next summer.
OBITUARIES

EVA MCDOUGH PASSES AWAY:

On August 21, 1964, after an illness of several months, Eva McDonough, wife of Lloyd McDonough, left our midst. Born on Beaver Island, May 9th, 1908, Eva C. LaFreniere married Lloyd McDonough on August 25, 1926. Spending the greater share of her life as a devoted wife, mother and grandmother, along with operating McDonough's Store and Cabins, with her husband, Eva still managed to devote much time to her Church and Civic activities. She was active in the Altar Society and a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. Her beauty, along with her many, many friends, increased with the years. Our most heartfelt sympathies are extended to those who survive her. Her husband, Lloyd McDonough; two daughters, Mrs. Walter (Vera) Wojan and Mrs. Russell (Joy) Green, both of Beaver Island; two sons, Joseph (Bud) McDonough of Beaver Island and Bruce McDonough of Charlevoix. She is also survived by 28 grandchildren. Four brothers, Patrick J. LaFreniere and Joseph LaFreniere, both of Chicago and Vernon H. LaFreniere and D. Archie LaFreniere, both of Beaver Island. Three sisters, Mrs. David (Helen) Pike of Montague, Mrs. Lawrence (Winifred) McDonough of Beaver Island and Mrs. James (Rita) Elms of Ludington. Funeral services were held on August 24th at Holy Cross Church with the Rev. Louis Wren O. F. M. (Conv.) officiating. The Requiem Mass was sung by the Christian Brothers. Burial was in Holy Cross Cemetery. Relatives and friends gathered at the family home on Sunday evening, August 23rd to recite the Rosary.

MIKE CULL PASSES AWAY:

Michael Cull, born on Beaver Island the 4th of July, 1885, suddenly passed away September 11th, 1964. Independence Day was an appropriate day for his life to begin, for Mike spent his working years as a Commercial Fisherman, owned and skippered two tugs, the "Betty C" and the "LaFond". He saw Lake Michigan fishing at its peak and saw it fizzle out in 1940. No life was more independant than that of an Irish fisherman, especially a Beaver Island Irish fisherman. Mike was one of those for which the Island was famous. Mike married Mabel Connaghan, also of Beaver Island, June 4, 1913. Mabel and Mike had many happy years together and just last year celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary. Our sympathies go to his family. His wife, Mabel Cull; two daughters, Mrs. Betty Lockton and Mrs. Richard (Sally) Hammermeister, both of Chicago; four sons, Ray Cull of Bay City, Roland Cull, Jack Cull and Larry Cull, all of Chicago. He is also survived by 20 grandchildren. A sister, Mrs. Anna O'Regan of Orlando, Florida and a brother, James Cull of Pontiac. Also, three step-sisters, Sister Mary Clara, Sister Bridgetta and Sister Isabel, a step-brother, Austin Malloy. Mike was a member of Holy Cross Church and belonged to the Holy Name Society. Many friends and relatives returned for the Funeral Services, which were held in Holy Cross Church at 10:00 a.m., Sept. 14th, with the Rev. Louis Wren O.F.M. (Conv.) officiating at the Requiem Mass, assisted by Father Victor Gallagher. Burial was in Holy Cross Cemetery.
KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOR

This summer of 1964 is my fiftieth on Beaver Island as I first came here in July of 1915. Our family liked the Island so well that my father bought a lot from James Gallagher (Bowery) on what is now called the North, or Back, Beach. When Charles Tilley and Kit Gillespie built our cottage in the spring of 1916 it was the first on the north side of the Island except for Father Hays house on Indian Point. People said we built "on the Portage". This was because our lot is on the narrowest place between the Harbor and Lake Michigan, where the Indians crossed. There were many Indians still living on Garden Island, and when they came over to Beaver, they would anchor out in front of our house, walk to town and "portage" their supplies back to their boats, thus saving time and three or four miles of sailing.

There were very few summer cottages around St. James. Dr. Ruth of Des Moines, Iowa had built the first one. It stood where Wojan's Motel is now. Farther down the road, the place most of us call "the Bundy cottage" belonged to Capt. Denny of the Grand Rapids Fire Department. Below this house, between it and the harbor, could be seen the log foundations of King Strang's "Palace". People were still talking about the time a few years earlier when a $20 gold piece had been found by some one poking about in these ruins. Farther west was the cottage belonging to Miss Grisella of Detroit, the place now owned by the Heflins. This completes the list; there were no other summer homes around St. James except for the Daniels' cottage out at Bonner's Bluff, which now stands empty. Mr. Daniels had two distinctions, he had acquired his twenty acres of land by trading, sight unseen, for a saddle and $25; and he owned the only automobile on Beaver. There was quite a cluster of cottages around Nomad, where the Coles operated a sawmill and a small store. Nomad was a town and had its own Post Office.

The present hotel in St. James had been built some years earlier by Capt. Manus Bonner and in 1915 it was owned and operated by Mrs. Rae Gilden. As well as transients, there were quite a few people who came year after year, some of them staying all summer. Old timers will remember Mr. and Mrs. Ricks and the men called "the German Army", the latter having known Mr. Protar when he lived in Davenport, Iowa. They came every year to fish. In the fall the hotel stayed open until early in October, to accommodate its Hay Fever customers who were also regular yearly visitors.

The big Mill in the Harbor was closing down its operations that summer. The railroad was still running; but what they were doing was salvaging the rails by pulling them up, beginning at the end of the line, at the Head, and working north. This was the last year that the Island women were able to use the railroad as a way to get out to the berry patches. It was an established custom to ride the flat cars out in the morning with pails and lunches, and then home in the evening on top of the logs, the pails full. It was great fun I have been told. The Y of the railroad was in the opening where the Episcopalian Church now stands, and from there a spur went down to the Mill and the Mill Dock at the foot of Free Soil Avenue. The Mill was much larger than the one standing there now, and you can see by the piles sticking out of the water that it was a very large dock. Free Soil Avenue had been laid out by the Company and was lined on both sides by Company houses, many of which have disappeared. It got its name because most of the people living on the street had been brought here by the Mill to work, and many of them had come from the town of Free Soil, Michigan. What is now McDonough's Store was the
Company Store; and a church, also built by the Company, stood just north of the present Protestant Church. Instead of cement sidewalks, we walked on wooden affairs, a foot or so above the sand. These had been built by the Lumber Company and were falling into disrepair. It was an adventure to walk on them, for you never knew when you stepped on one end of a board whether the other end would fly up and hit you on the head.

Besides the Company Store, which was bought by Mr. Grill at about this time, there were three other stores; James Dunlevy's in the building that is now the Beachcomber, Nels LaFreniere's in the empty building across from the Museum, and McCann's where Dick LaFreniere is now. Mike McCann was the Postmaster so the Post Office was in one corner of this store. Our meat we bought from Lawrence Malloy in his butcher shop; and Lawrence's Island raised beef we all remember with nostalgia as the best beef we ever ate. There were things we couldn't get in the stores. Our milk we bought from neighbors, and many times when my sister and I were sent to get the evening supply, we had to go out with the other children and hunt for the cow. When we finally found her, by distinguishing her bell from all the other cow bells, we drove her home through the woods. I still remember the setting sun through the trees, and the tinkle of the cow bells. The list of businesses is not complete without mentioning the taylor shop in what is now the Post Office.

Because there were no cars on the Island, except for Daniels', if you wanted to get anywhere you either walked or hired a horse and buggy from Floyd's Livery Stable, standing on the ground now occupied by Wojan's Shop. The first time I ever went to Fox Lake it was behind a horse and it was an all day outing. The first time I went swimming at Boyle's Beach at the north end of Big Sand Bay, I walked before I swam. Old Mrs. Floyd was still living in the Floyd house in front of the Livery Stable, now belonging to the Wojans; and she remembered seeing King Strang when she was a child. This seemed a real link with a remote past. Another link was the Mormon Dock on which King Strang was shot. Only a few piles can be seen now; but in 1915 it was still being used.

A picturesque element on the Island scene was furnished by the members of the House of David. We called them "Holy Rollers" and they had a thriving settlement on High Island where they grew a lot of garden stuff. Fresh vegetables were scarce on Beaver so when they came over to sell their produce, we were all avid customers. The boys had long braids down their backs, but the men tucked theirs under caps. The uncut beards looked strange, particularly on the younger men. One story we always liked grew out of their belief that it is a sin to take life in any form. "Don't you kill rats and mice?" asked an Islander. "No," said the Holy Roller, "We just set traps and let them kill themselves."

After the United States entered World War I, most of the ships were taken off the Lakes for coastwise service on the Atlantic. One of the few large boats left was the "Kansas". She carried both freight and passengers and made every port on Lake Michigan, including Beaver Island. Her schedule was erratic; but she usually got in sometime between the promised 11 P. M. and 4 A. M. On the night she was due, a dance was held in the Parish Hall that continued until the "Kansas" whistled as she came into the Harbor. Then the dance broke up and most of the Island trooped down to the dock and into the ship's cabin where, no matter the time, the "Kansas" put on a free movie for all comers. As I remember it, Tim Roddy was First Officer and Mr. Sheild was Purser,
The Harbor looked very different in 1915, less tidy but more interesting. The Church should not be seen, it was still on its hill by the Cemetery, and near it stood the signal tower. Every night the official weather forecast was telephoned out and the Priest hung signal lanterns on the tower to let the fishermen know what weather to expect the next day. In all honesty it must be said that they depended more on their own reading of the sky and the wind than on these signals. They were seldom wrong. The Harbor was ringed by docks and net houses, from McCann's around to Andy "Mary Ellen" Gallagher's near the Point. Each fisherman had his own, and there were many fishermen. On the beach, the net reels creaked in the wind, an eerie sound, but one many of us would like to hear again. I do not have an accurate count, but I have heard it said, that at one time thirty fish boats were operating out of St. James, and that more tons of fish were shipped out of this harbor yearly than out of any other fishing port on the Great Lakes. I, myself, have seen, in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, the model of Capt. Johnny McCann's boat, the "Margaret McCann", placed there because of her great fishing record. She was one of three steam tugs fishing from the Island. The other two were, the "Link" belonging to the Left family, and the "Shamrock" owned by the Martins. Later these tugs became too expensive to operate and they were replaced by gasoline boats. Big Art Larsen's "Estonia" was the first diesel powered outfit on the Island. Each engine made a slightly different sound, and every Island child recognized the sound of his own. Long before the boat was in sight, he knew that his father was on the way home.

It was the fish that were important in those days, not the people, and certainly not the resorts. Departure time might come and go; but the Mail Boat did not leave the dock as long as her Captain saw a fish boat coming in with a catch to be loaded. When we finally did pull out, the lower deck was full of fish boxes, not cars. Upon reaching Charlevoix, the boat went to the Booth Fisheries Dock to unload the fish; only then did we cross over to the Municipal Dock to unload the passengers.

Beaver Island was a much more isolated place than it is today. Picture, if you can, a world without television and without radio. Even the mail failed to come for two periods in the year; when the Lake was freezing over in the winter, and again when the ice broke up in the spring. After the mail boat stopped running in the fall, Capt. McCann brought the mail over in his tug. He always made a great effort to see that the Island received its Christmas mail; but after that there were no deliveries until the ice froze thick enough for the mail to be brought over by a horse and sled. In the spring, when the ice was breaking up, again there were weeks without mail.

Because of this isolation, the 1965 people on the Island, recorded in the Census of 1910, still lived in the tradition of independence and self sufficiency built by their fathers and grandfathers who had come from Ireland looking for a better life. There was also a tradition of kindness, and courtesy to outsiders; but the Island didn't really need any outsiders; it needed on the fish, and the land, and the lumber. The fish boats went out in the fall as long as it was humanly possible; because that was the time when the big hauls were made; but when the men had to stay off the freezing Lake, the Island could forget the outside world. Then the men worked in their net houses, making new nets.
and repairing old ones. They split the wood that kept the fire going, no oil or gas then. They drank their own milk, for each family had its cow; they ate the beef the Island had raised; and for fruit they ate the quarts and quarts of berries that the children had picked and the women had canned in the summer and fall. There was no need of outside entertainment; one could always play cards, or dance, or tell the tall tales we still cherish on Beaver Island.

There have been many changes since 1915. I am glad that I first knew our Island when it was a unique and integrated community, friendly, but dependent on no one, creating its own wealth out of the land and from the Lake.

Helen Hoffman Collar
(Mrs. George C. Collar)

On the preceding pages is an article written by Mrs. Collar, who is spending her 50th summer on Beaver Island. We are delighted to begin our new series with Mrs. Collar and will each month bring you information about your neighbor, so you may become better acquainted with them. Anyone, who summers regularly on the Island will be eligible and we would appreciate receiving a resume, a paragraph or two of your family. Please send them to KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOR, BEAVER BEACON, ST. JAMES, MICHIGAN.

SILVER ANNIVERSARY: On September 2nd, Winni and Lawrence McDonough celebrated their 25th Wedding Anniversary. Punch and cake were served to friends and relatives, who dropped by to congratulate them, during the afternoon. The day was climaxed with dinner at the King Strang Hotel for the family. Congratulations.

LAND MARK DISAPPEARS: On Friday, August 22nd, the barn on Perry Crawfords farm burned to the ground. This is the old McCaully Farm located on the corner of the Kings Highway and the Airport Road. No one was injured and that was the only building burned.

SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN: Q. M. l A. J. Gallagher and Mrs. Gallagher, the former Pat Martin, have returned to Brooklyn, New York, where A. J. is stationed. They spent two weeks visiting their respective parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Martin and Mr. and Mrs. John Gallagher.

BACK TO SCHOOL: Colleen Nackerman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nackerman, returned to Marygrove College to begin her junior year.

Mary Elizabeth Gallagher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gallagher, is teaching 4th grade in the Charlevoix Public Schools.

HOSPITAL NOTES: Lawrence Malloy is a patient in Little Traverse Hospital in Petoskey, following an operation.

Patrick Bonner has returned home following a medical check-up at the Charlevoix Hospital.

Mrs. Bud (Skip) McDonough was a patient in Little Traverse Hospital in Petoskey.

Also, in Little Traverse Hospital is Bill Wittenberg of Beaver Island and Lansing, Michigan.
FOR SALE: Home, overlooking St. James Harbor on Beaver Island. 6 rooms, 2 story with 3 bedrooms, bath down stairs, 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: 3 room cabin on large lot near town, a real buy. Write to Beaver Beacon, Box E, St. James, Michigan.

FOR SALE: Hammond Electronic Chord Organ, like new with bench - $750.00. Write Rogers Carlisle, St. James, Michigan.

Polaroid Camera #150. For 3000 speed film, 3 1/4 x 4 1/4 size, with fitted case, wink light, photo electric shutter attachment, flash attachment, light meter and copier - $75.00. Write R. W. Carlisle, St. James, Michigan. All above like new.

SEE YOU NEXT MONTH