

# The Beaver Beacon



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

March 1968

## HAPPY ST. PATRICK'S DAY ACROSS THE MILES

This special St. Patrick's Day greeting

Is crossing the miles just for you

To wish you the luck of the Irish

And happiness all the year through;

It's sent in the style of old Erin

To bring you, despite all the miles

A wish that your day will be perfect

And brightened with warm Irish smiles!

The month of March stuck right to tradition by coming in like a lion but the lamb surely wasn't very far behind for spring like weather has since lowered the snow level considerably and birds not seen all winter are now making themselves known.

**WEATHER:** Beaver Island weather as reported by Fire Officer Bill Wagner for the month of February.

Most of February was cold and stormy. Even on clear sunny days the temperature stayed below freezing. A daytime high of 37 degrees occurred on the 6th, while on the night of the 13th the temperature dropped to a low of -15 degrees.

Average daytime temperature was 5.4 degrees.

Temperatures here below zero on 9 nights.

For 9 days during the month the temperatures were above 30 degrees; 13 days in the 20's and 7 days below 20 degrees.

Snow fell on 11 days; blizzard conditions on 2nd and 3rd. A total of 11.5 inches of snow fell during the month.

**CIVIC HOSTS KARL KUEBLER:** On the evening of March 20th the Civic Association and other friends, held an Appreciation "Pot Luck" Dinner in honor of Karl Kuebler, at the Circle "M" Lodge.

A great deal of the work that Karl has done and is doing, has been without fanfare and without any personal gain for himself.

Twenty-five years ago Karl came to the Island and served as Conservation Officer. It was in this capacity that many improvements were made to accommodate the influx of tourists. The State Camp Grounds and Lake Geneserath Fishing Site were developed along with and besides his regular duties.

After retirement from the Conservation Department, he was then made Deputy Sheriff on the Island, a job hard to keep and still maintain a long list of friends. This party, however, proved that he accomplished this deed, hands down, for it was attended by the largest group that the Circle "M" Lodge has ever had at any function. Years alone have taken away his badge as Deputy, but Karl is a long ways from being a retired man, for his stamina is best compared to a draft horse.

The Airport has for many years been a project of Karl's. His untold number of hours spent in maintaining and improving it, for the most part, have been entirely without pay, plus the fact that some of the equipment needed to do this work was purchased out of his pocket.

The St. James Township Park has been another personal concern of Karl's. Much of his time has been spent there, clearing brush and maintaining the grounds, and the well on the site was his donation. The list can easily be made much longer, for he has done much more and is still doing it, but much, too much, time has passed without our showing appreciation for his efforts.

Our apologies, Karl, and thanks!

**GAME NEWS:** Now that rabbit hunting is over, the woods are again quiet. Even though the hunting was quite good this year, the hunter population really never got up very far.

Perch fishing in the harbor is going at a good pace. Of course, like any fishing, some days are a lot better than others but compared to three years ago, when nary a one was caught, some nice catches are now being brought in. There were 19 shanties in the harbor.

Karl Kuebler has been trying for Lake Trout between Beaver and High Island, but as yet hasn't connected. There are no doubt Trout out there,

but to find the right spot takes some doing and a lot of patience. If Ol' Man Winter is really on his way out, game in general, have had a fairly easy winter.

Robert A. Drummond, District Fish Biologist, has announced that 10,000 Rainbow Trout will be planted in Fox Lake this spring. These fish will all be legal size. Spring fishing in Fox Lake will be good but not as good as the fall trout fishing will be.

OBITUARIES: CATHERINE "MEL" GALLAGHER - Funeral services were held for Catherine "Mel" Gallagher, 91, a former long time resident of Beaver Island. She passed away in Chicago, Sunday, February 25th. Burial was in All Saints Cemetery in DesPlaines, Illinois. Surviving are a sister, Anna Minogue, of Chicago, Peter O. Gallagher of Charlevoix and various nieces and nephews.

ANNA L. HILL - Mr. Hill sent us the following letter: "With great sorrow I must report that my wife Anna L. Hill passed away on February 19, 1968. She was born in Vienna, Austria. We were married in Chicago, November 28th, 1912. We built cabins in Cables's Bay and came to the Island in the summer of 1917 and have been returning often for the last 50 years. Our son Henry was with us on that first summer in 1917 and now visits the Island as often as business will permit. Anna was buried on Thursday, February 22nd in Memorial Park Cemetery in Skokie, Ill. with Eastern Star and Church services.

Sincerely,

Ira Hill  
9618 Lawler Ave.  
Skokie, Ill. 60076

JANE MARIE O'DONNELL - Word has been received of the death of the 6 month old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert O'Donnell of Chicago. Jane Marie was born on March 4th.

BIDS WANTED: The Beaver Island Christian Church would like to offer for sealed bids - one Hammond Spinet Electric Chord Organ, in excellent condition. Minimum accepted bid to be \$395.00. Original cost \$1,200.00. Send sealed bids to Beaver Island Christian Church, Attn. Organ Bid, St. James, Michigan 49782, before April 30th. We reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

BEAVER ISLAND R & R'S: A question often asked Islanders by summer visitors, is what in the world do you do in the winter on Beaver Island. This hasn't ever been a real problem, especially for the men, for there is always hunting and fishing. Two years ago, a group of six, headed up by Bud McDonough decided to make an annual "Rest and Recouperation" outing to his cabin at Sand Bay. Last month a six day stay was planned by Bud, Russ Green (the cook), Walt Wojan, Archie Minor, Alvin La Freniere and Phil Gregg. About four hours a day were spent in the woods rabbit hunting or just plain hiking. The rest of the time was divided between card playing, eating and just plain goofing around. One particular day was spent checking the deer yarding area behind Lake Geneserath, via Walt's snowmobile and toboggan. A great time was had by all. Feeling that turnabout is fair play, three weeks later, the wives of the same group, plus Loy Malloy, planned a similar outing while the men assumed the duties at home. This period of time spanned but two days, but as the men had feared, the gals had such a good time snow-

shoeing and generally taking a break from the home chores, that they are now planning on demanding equal time in the future. Man's domain has been invaded!!!

**BIRTHS:** On March 18th at 11:25 a.m. Beaver Island acquired another Islander. Brian Patrick Cole, son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Cole, arrived at the Medical Center weighing in at 7 lbs 13 oz. Mrs. Hugh Connaghan and Mrs. Grace Cole are the proud grandmothers. This makes 8 boys and 1 girl for Lil and Don.

**ENGAGED:** Mr. and Mrs. John M. Hallahan, 10660 W. 71st St., LaGrange, Ill. announce the engagement of their daughter, Jacquelyn, to P.F.C. Francis E. Martin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Martin of Beaver Island. No date has been set for the wedding.

**HOSPITAL NOTES:** Jewell Gillespie is a patient in the Charlevoix Hospital in Charlevoix.

Lawrence McDonough has returned home following surgery in Little Traverse Hospital in Petoskey.

Sister Cletus, O.P. has been removed to Marywood following a fall on the steps of the Rectory. Her address is as follows and we know she would enjoy hearing from you.

Sister Cletus, O.P.  
Marywood  
2025 Fulton St., East  
Grand Rapids, Mich. 49503

L. Z. Reigle has returned home from the Veterans Hospital in Saginaw.

**SERVICEMEN'S NEWS:** The following address has been given us for Jack Martin, son of Mrs. Ada Martin, who went into the AirForce this month.

A.B. Thomas E. Martin AF 6800991  
C.M.R. No. 6 So 3711 BMTS Flight 281  
Lackland A.F.B. Texas 78236

Ernie Martin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Martin, wishes to thank all of his many friends who sent him cards, letters, prayers and packages while he was in the hospital. The following is his new address:

PFC Francis E. Martin (Patient) US 54967552  
Valley Forge General Hospital  
Phoenixville, Pa. 19460

**WEDDINGS:** **ADAMS-MALLIS** - Mr. William Adams, of Beaver Island and Reva Mae Mallis were married on Friday March 8th at 2:30 p.m. in the Christian Church in Plainfield, Ind.

A reception was held at the brides home for relatives and friends following the ceremony.

After a trip to Tallahassee, Florida, the Adam's will travel north to Southgate, Mich. to visit Bill's two daughters by his former marriage. They will then return to Beaver Island for the rest of the season.

BEAVER TALES

SAFARI TO CROSS VILLAGE

By Phil Gregg

When ice began to form out from the Island in January, Archie LaFreniere started a one man campaign, amongst the local owners of snowmobiles encouraging them about the possibilities of crossing the ice to Cross Village. Many tales of years ago were spun, describing the routine trips of the mail carriers, with horse drawn sleighs. A fact often pointed out was that not a man was ever lost on these many trips, even though there were a few horses that met with disaster. As the winter wore on the temperatures closed the gap between the islands and the mainland and Archie's campaign was stepped up to the point where we actually discovered he was serious.

The recruits were mustered on the 20th of February. Perry Crawford, with his snow machine and sleigh, Walt Wojan, with his machine and his covered toboggan (in case someone got wet or cold), Archie LaFreniere and his sleigh and Alvin LaFreniere and I were passengers. Alvin riding with Walt and I perched on a wooden box on Perry's sleigh. It was decided to get started the next morning, weather permitting.

The next day looked good even though the temperature was reluctant to move very far from the zero mark and there was real fine frost snow in the air. The sky was blue above and the sun was shining, so we felt certain the day would be a good one.

We had learned that the big ice breaker, Mackinaw, had crossed our route during the night but it had been and was so cold, this caused little concern for nobody but Archie, but as long as he was first, our enthusiasm nearly matched his. Our good byes were brief and at 12:30 p. m., we were on our way from the back beach, heading for Garden Island. In fifteen minutes we were skirting the mouth of Northcutt Bay at Garden Island. Though my seat lacked padding, other than my own and the ice was anything but smooth, I thought what a snap this trip would be. Crossing the north end of Hog Island, Walt had to make frequent stops to pick up pieces of his covered toboggan, as the rough ice was shaking it apart. It was decided to leave it on the beach at Hog Island and pick it up on our return. At this point I realized it was really cold and the face mask my wife had knitted, began to be appreciated. Perry had one on too, so I knew I wasn't the only one who could feel the cold. The wind was picking up out of the northwest and surface snow limited our vision to about 200 yards on occasion. Leaving Hof Island, we headed out to Hat Island, east of Hog. Arriving here, we stopped for a coffee break and to check our chart. I took one mitt off to unscrew the cap of my thermos and my fingers were quickly numbed by the cold. The wind had increased, reducing visibility and increasing the cold. I feel certain that if any one of us had suggested turning back and try another day, there would have been no argument, but this suggestion never arose. It was decided to hold our course well to the north, for we knew there was open water south of Gray's Reef. A course was set for White Shoal's, which would keep us on heavy ice. The going was especially rough following the shoals, where often times the cakes of ice were shoved up four feet or so. I didn't bother counting the

times I was thrown off my sleigh, but you can rest assured it was an impressive number. Actually, this was a blessing in disguise for in running to catch up to the sleigh it would bring back the circulation to my numbing feet.

At one point, Archie was lost to view from the rest of us and with the wind driven snow, his tracks were barely visible to follow. His load being lighter, we were having difficulty keeping up. As soon as he realized this, the pace was set so we kept close together. Walt stopped about every fifteen minutes for a compass check, for working around high cakes of ice, we were far from following a straight line. One big thing in our favor was that the wind was blowing directly on our backs and this was a good direction reference as long as it held the same.

After some time, I suddenly caught a quick glimpse of a dark object off to my left and hollered to Perry. The blowing snow let up for a few seconds to make out the candy stripe markings of White Shoals Light. Racing to catch up to the others, we pointed toward the light and we headed for it. Often times the blowing snow would completely hide it from view but we finally come up to it. The ice cakes surrounding the light were huge and high for perhaps 200 feet around it. Walt and I managed to climb through them to the ladder that led to the deck, at the base of the light. Once we were up there (approx. 25 ft.), we could see the mainland above the blowing surface snow. We took a new bearing to head on Waugoshance Point.

Our next concern, besides the cold, was finding the path of the Mackinaw. There was no mistaking it when we came on it though, for she sure leaves a mess in her wake. The roughest ice we encountered was this fifty foot strip. Archie tested the ice between the cakes with his axe and found it to be as solid as Int. 75. After inching the machines across, we were on our way again and White Shoals Light was disappearing fast behind us. Sight of land ahead was reassuring but the cold was something else. With long underwear, wool shirts and insulated hunting suit---and with my back to the wind, I was getting real cold all over. I was especially worried about Alvin for he had no covering on his face and riding on the back of Walt's machine, he couldn't duck behind the windshield. The metal frames of his sun glasses were frozen to his nose, the side of his face was plastered with ice. A white stripe down his chin had all the earmarks of frostbite.

Reaching Waugoshance Point, we headed westerly on a straight line for Cross Village. This, of course, brought the wind to bear on our right flank and with lowering of the sun, so went the temperature, making these last miles a struggle against the paralyzing cold. Even my arms were cold and I had to keep looking to see if my feet were really still attached.

Just about a half mile out from Cross Village, Archie's machine sputtered and stopped. Thinking he was out of gas, he filled his tank. It didn't take as much as it should if it were out, so obviously this was not the problem. It wouldn't start and it was so cold the re-wind starter wouldn't work. After working at it for what seemed an eternity, he jumped on the back of the sleigh I was riding on and we headed in, reaching the beach at 6:20 p.m. A Welcoming Committee made up of Roy Chambers, Ralph Hess and Jack Erber were there to greet us and soon we

were enjoying the comforts of civilized living. Ralph and Jack did us a great favor by going out and bringing in Archie's machine.

Our plans of returning to the Island the next day were altered for the snow was blowing even harder. The day of layover was needed, not only to thaw out but to get all our gear organized and tune up Archie's machine.

The eve of our return trip was spent at a motel in Levering, which was the closest accommodation to Cross Village, for we wanted to get an early start. Early that evening Archie received a phone call from Fred Annand, of Lansing, who said he was sending two snowmachines up to Cross Village for us to take back for Bud McDonough and Russ Green. This sounded good, for we had discovered that on a trip such as this, one man per machine is best. Alvin and I both agreed that the title of passenger was not a very good description of the pain involved. My backside was one big black and blue spot and the thought of sitting on that box again was extremely disturbing.

The next day dawned overcast but with good visibility and the temperature was at least reasonable.

By 9:30 a.m. we were back on the ice and headed for home. I was still in the rear but with the distinct advantage of a padded seat. Being able to see where we were going, we could take a more direct route and avoid most all of the rough ice. This was going to be like a down hill run.

About four miles out one of the runners came disconnected on Alvin's machine so we stopped and discovered the nut had worked off the bolt that held it on. The threads were shot, so Walt tied it securely with heavy cord and we were soon on our way again.

We had heard the Mackinaw had been through again; that is, all but Walt had heard this. We were pretty much all abreast of each other when we approached the ice breaker's channel. Archie again stepped up to it with his axe. One swing and the blade hit water between the cakes. He had just turned, shaking his head, when we noticed Walt already going across. (It wasn't until we were home that he realized how thin this ice was). His machine being the heaviest, gave us the assurance needed to cross, and all went well.

We stopped at Gray's Reef light long enough to stretch our legs and take some pictures.

Hog Island was soon coming close and Alvin's runner came loose again but was fixed once more. We stopped at Hog to pick up Walt's toboggan and also had lunch. It tasted especially good even though the sandwiches were partially frozen. The sun was bright and the temperature was barely freezing.

Announcements had already been made of our estimated time of arrival at Beaver, through the use of airplanes and we especially wanted to make an impressive entrance into the harbor. Alvin's runner had come loose again but Perry snapped his pair of vise grip pliers on the nut end of the bolt, for we were plum out of cord to tie it on. We were in perfect formation as we approached the harbor, with Archie in the

lead. Except for the possibility of one of the machines breaking down, our entrance would be a grand one. Suddenly, the whole formation fell apart. Archie had spotted two Coyotes out on the ice and with his sled wagging like a dog's tail, spewing out duffle and thermos bottles, he took out after one of them, a big male. At first it looked as though the Coyote was going for the woods on Beaver but it turned and headed for Garden with Archie in hot pursuit. As he was gaining on it his machine sputtered and stopped. Even though he kicked it the darned thing wouldn't start.

I was the only one who had a machine that wasn't burdened with either a sleigh or mechanical difficulty so I took off after the other one. I was amazed at how fast this machine could go and was soon within a very few yards of the big bushy tail of a female Coyote. I felt she, too, would head into the woods of Beaver for she was running parallel to the shore and right on the lake side edge of the ice banks. Crowding the machine between her and the ice banks and hollering (as though it would do any good), I thought I might be able to alter her course back to the rest of the group. We finally broke away from the beach and headed out into the open on a straight line for Squaw Island. I came along side her and tried to get her to turn but to no avail. Lurching the machine I hit her broadside! Her feet went straight up and for a second I was certain she was going to come through the windshield. This maneuver put my machine out of control and it spun around a couple of times. The Coyote, in the meantime, hadn't changed it's mind as to its desire to get the heck out of the way of this infernal machine.

Once more opening throttle, the machine wouldn't respond and stopped. The gas line had come loose, where it slips over a nipple on the carburetor. After getting it back on, it started right up but the Coyote was just a spot in the distance. Drifted snow made the going rough but the machine fairly flew from peak to peak of the drifts. Soon the Coyote was close ahead again and I inched directly behind it to the point the its tail was touching the front of the machine. With a sudden twist of the throttle, the machine hit it directly behind but she merely rolled off to the side and was soon running right along side, her tongue hanging way out and those big curved teeth biting big chunks of winter air. This promptly put out of my mind the thought of jumping on it, especially at 35 m.p.h. I maneuvered the machine along her right flank, with another nutty idea. I thought if I could get a good grip on that tail, I knew darned well she couldn't run backwards fast enough to bring those teeth into play and wouldn't that be great to bring a hand caught Coyote back to Archie and hand it to him on the fly. She never altered a bit and I was right along side, with her nose just behind the front of the machine. I reached out and made a grab for the tail. I could feel a good wad of fur through my glove but the main part of the tail wasn't in my grip. Steering the machine with one hand over a rough surface was bad enough but with a very concerned Coyote in the other was more than a little bit beyond my abilities. I ended up with a handful of fuzz and stopped long enough to watch her streaking for a haven in the out island. In a way I'm glad it happened that way, for she certainly earned her freedom and will no doubt give it a great deal of thought before she ventures toward Beaver Island again.

Other than that, the trip was like in the old days-----uneventful!

ABOARD SHIP: The sailors of Beaver Island have had their call to their respective ships.  
Phil "Don" Burke has been called back to the Henry Phipps on April 1st  
Archie Minor is to be on the D.G. Kerr on March 29th.  
Don is to report to Milwaukee, Wis. and Archie to Superior, Wis. by the above dates.

THANK YOU: Mrs. Katherine Burton of Harbor Springs sent the Beaver Beacon a number of Irish papers and we want to thank her very much for them. If any one is interested in reading them please contact the Beaver Beacon. Thanks again, Mr. Burton.

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