

Beaver

THE

Beacon



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

December 1974

*May you have*

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

*which is Peace*

THE GLADNESS OF CHRISTMAS

*which is Hope*

THE HEART OF CHRISTMAS

*which is Love*



*Christmas Greetings and best wishes*

*for the New Year*



Obituaries: Mabel E. Roy - (Since the last Beaver Beacon we have received a more detailed obituary for Mabel, which we are printing now.)

Mabel E. Roy, 82, of Beaver Island and 4861 Cimarron Drive, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, died November 16th at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Byron (Arciel) Wyatt. Wife of Mr. A. J. Roy, Sr., mother of 4 surviving children; Donald, Richard, Arciel and A. J. Roy, Jr., also survived by 13 grandchildren and 9 great-grandchildren. Mrs. Roy was Secretary and Treasurer of the Beaver Island Historical Society at St. James. She was also a Past President of the Blue Star Mothers in Pontiac, Past Grand Chief of Fanny E. Tompkins Temple #41 of Pontiac, Past President of the Knights of Pythias Recreation Center at Indian River, Member of the Pine Hill Congregational Church of Orchard Lake and of the Beaver Island Christian Church on the Island. She was the Co-owner and operator of Roy's Replacem~~ent~~ Parts and Service for 37 years, before her retirement to the Island.

Memorial contributions may be sent to the Beaver Island Christian Church or to the Beaver Island Historical Society.

Miss Mary F. (Mamie) McCauley - Word has been received of the death of Miss Mary F. (Mamie) McCauley on November 21, 1974 in Ludington, Michigan. Interment was at Holy Sepulchre Cemetery in Detroit, Michigan.

Miss McCauley was born on Beaver Island on December 8, 1886. She was the daughter of Bridget and Frank Conn McCauley.

New Hanger: Construction was started on a 62 x 40 hanger on Saturday November 9th at the Beaver Island Townships Airport.

The Hanger, designed by Walt Wojan and Zack Gonganoff, will house "The Beaver", the Beaver de Haviland Emergency Aircraft.

A group of volunteer laborers under the supervision of airport manager, Robert Gillespie are constructing the building. Ed and Connie Wojan very generously pledged \$4,000.00 of their lottery winnings to assist the project. The Beaver Island Airport Fund will finance the balance of the construction. (By Barb Beckers)

Weddings: On September 28th, 1974 Miss Peggy Malloy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Malloy of 14227 Minerva, Dolton, Illinois 60419, was united in marriage to Mr. Charles Caffey with the Rev. Bernard Scheid celebrating the Nuptial Mass.

A lovely reception for over 200 people was held at the House of Lynwood, Lynwood, Illinois. Unfortunately, as Peggy was leaving the festivities to go to her husband's car another car hit her breaking the femur bone in her leg. She was rushed by ambulance to St. James Hospital in Chicago Heights, where she still remains in traction. She will be there probably until the first of the year. She is in Room 459.

With the holiday season upon us, preparations are in full swing to make this a time to remember. Of concern to most and especially the children, is the lack of snow to date. It seemed that we were in store for a real winter with frequent flurries in October and November but so far, December has been pretty mild. This picture can change in just a few hours, so we just might have a white Christmas yet.

Weather: The Beaver Island weather for the month of November as reported by Fire Officer, Bill Wagner.

High temperature was 63 degrees on the 2nd.

Low temperature was 17 degrees on the 27th.

Low 5 p.m. temperature was 58 degrees on the 2nd.

Average high temperature was 45.2 degrees.

Average low temperature was 33.3 degrees.

Average 5 p.m. temperature was 40.6 degrees.

Total rainfall for the month was 2.35 inches (including snowfall).

Total snowfall was 6 inches.

4" of snow on the ground at the end of the month.

Game News: Now that the deer season is completely over, we find that this has been the most successful season in many years. Over eighty bucks were taken this year, a real record, considering that some previous seasons, the number was in the thirties.

Rabbit hunting is the number one passtime for the Island sportsmen now and the hunting is excellent. Because of their increased numbers, there has been an influx of nimrods coming to the Island for a day or a week of rabbit hunting.

Within the next month, we should know whether there will be any perch fishing in the harbor this winter. It has been a long time but hopes are still high that they will come back. On the subject of fishing, just to assure folks that there are lots of fish in Lake Michigan now; Paul Kenwabikise recently made a commercial catch of over 1½ tons of whitefish. Trout too, have made a real comeback and someday should once again be a big asset to Beaver Island's economy.

Election: The Annual Election for the Beaver Island Civic Association will be held on January 9th at the St. James Township Hall at 8:00 p.m.

The following people have been nominated and from this list five members will be elected to serve on the Governing Board of the Civic Association. If you are a member why not come and cast your vote on January 9th.

Ed Ladd	Phil Gregg	Carol LaFreniere	Bonnie Wagner	Jean LaFreniere	Vera Wojan
Ron Wojan	June DeRosia	Betty Anderson	Barb Beckers	Richie Gillespie	

'Tis The Season To Be Jolly: A wide variety of activities have stimulated the Spirit of Christmas throughout the Island.

A beautiful big Spruce Tree was set up on the Yacht Dock property by a group of volunteers and the use of some of Gillespie's equipment. Strung with lights and now mantled with snow, it really looks great.

Headed up by Vera Wojan and assisted by Lil Gregg; most of the school children spent two nights caroling from door to door, wishing all a Merry Christmas.

On Thursday, the 19th, the children put on a Christmas Program at the Holy Cross Hall. Two short plays were presented and the grades one through four sang carols until old Santa paid his visit. Refreshments were served during intermission. It was a well presented program, enjoyed by all attending.

On Sunday, the 22nd, the Annual Christmas Bazaar was held at the Holy Cross Hall. Many hand-made and home-made objects were offered for sale by the Ladies of the Holy Cross Parrish and the Beaver Island Christian Church. A Fish Pond was set up for the children and later a drawing for the Clock Radio, given away by the Junior Class, was held and Mr. Howard Sprenaoc of Almont, Michigan was the winner.

At 6:00 p.m., a dinner of ham, baked beans, potatoes salad, hot rolls, salads, coffee and cupcakes was served. A good turn out made the whole venture a success.

Notice: Mrs. Mary McDonough has asked that the following notice be made. Anyone interested in having names on/and dates placed on tombstones, please contact Bob Winchester, Charlevoix, Michigan and someone could come over in the spring to do all the work at one time.

From The Mailbag: The following letter was received from Mrs. John Sipes of Lake City, Michigan.

#### Christmas On Beaver Island

Sometime ago some one said "Why don't you come to Beaver Island and see how we spend Christmas?" So last year on the 22nd of December we decided that is what we wanted to do. We went to Charlevoix and got on the plane and in 15 minutes we were on Beaver Island. Within a few minutes from the Airport we were in our daughter and son-in-law's home to spend Christmas, also with our little grandson, Craig.

We were there in time to help put up the large Christmas tree, and we saw people in town hurry around doing their last minute preparations for Christmas.

As we were sitting in the living room one evening, up the long winding driveway came several or more cars with their headlights beaming. When they got to the house, children, young people and older ones came up under the yard light and began to sing lovely carols, which filled our hearts with the Christmas Spirit.

On Christmas Eve, people go to different homes to spend the evening, a fine lunch was pre-

pared for all of us and a fine time was had by all. As we remember the roads were real icy as we went back home, but the memory of it all will always be with us.

On Christmas Day, families spent Christmas with their families, but in the afternoon and evening, neighbors and friends came in wishing everyone well.

Last Christmas on Beaver Island to us will always be remembered and altho we will not be there this year may we wish each and everyone of you on Beaver Island a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sipes.

Happy Anniversary: Paul and Marge Barfell celebrated their 39th Wedding Anniversary on Saturday December 14th at a dinner party for 20 at their Club in Elkhardt, Indiana. Larry and Jean Barfel arranged to fly Dick and Jean LaFreniere down as a surprise. It was also a surprise to their son and daughter-in-law, Don and Susan and to George and Martha Miller. Larry and Jeannie and Ray Ziegert were the only ones who knew they were coming and surprised the others at a Christmas Party at the Ziegerts on Friday evening. Our Best Wishes to the Barfells.

Hospital Notes: Mrs. Edna G. (Skip) McDonough is an out-patient in the University Hospital in Ann Arbor. We know she will be delighted to hear from you, at the following address:  
Parkview Medical, 1000 Wall Street, Ann Arbor, Mi 48105.

Mrs. Grace Nackerman was a patient in Little Traverse Hospital for cataract surgery. We are delighted to say that she has returned home but will return for a check-up in two weeks.

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A Christmas To Remember

It has been fourteen and a half years since we moved to the Island and even yet, our first Christmas stands out as the most interesting, if not the most adventurous.

December of 1960 was the beginning of an almost snowless but cold winter, tinted a little bit with uncertainty but Blessed with the joy of making a new home and new friends. We had leased out our home in East Lansing leaving behind such niceties as automatic heat, supermarkets, movies, bridge club and a job with lots of fringe benefits. It seemed a long way off now. Our girls, Phyllis, 12 years and Ruthie 9, had adapted well to the Island and were excited about the smooth ice that was quickly forming across the harbor.

The final trips of the boat were now being made and as the days drew closer to Christmas, the Post Office became the center of attention, as the mail orders came in. Sleds, wagons and other unwrapped, bulky items had to be discreetly handled from the boat, so their final destination couldn't be determined.

Lillian was busy baking fruit cakes to be used as gifts and my time was consumed cutting wood

to feed the ever hungry stove that took the edge off the drafty old house. We laugh about it now, but that house was so drafty that on windy days, the linoleum in the living room would lift right off the floor.

This was a time of much gaiety and parties. At one time, a party of about 2 days duration was in progress at a house a short distance down the street. Late one night, one of the party pounded on our door and woke us up to announce that he thought their house was on fire! Partially dressing, I ran outside to take a look. Sure enough, he was right. This being our first experience with an Island fire, I hastily dressed as Lillian called Vern Fitzpatrick, our Fire Officer, at the time. The party had vacated the house and were milling about the yard. "Fitz" fired up the ancient fire truck and headed for the scene. Lacking headlights, he nearly ran into our house coming around the corner, for one of the party members had stalled his car right in the middle of the road. Anxious to do my part, I grabbed a ladder off the side of the truck and ran for the house. The ladder was a hinged affair that had to be opened up and locked together. This I quickly did and clapped it against the house so it reached a small window in the attic, where smoke was pouring out. What I didn't know was that there was a right and a wrong way of doing this and of course, I did it the wrong way. One of the party goes with the hose nozzle over his shoulder and dragging the hose, ran up the ladder to do his deed. I had placed the ladder with the hooks down and when the ardent fireman placed his bulk at the folding joint, half way up, the ladder folded, bringing this gallant effort to an undignified end. However, soon, water was being poured in the right places and things were looking good when the truck ran out of water. A bucket brigade was started from our house, using a variety of receptacles such as mop bucket, pots and kettles and a dishpan. It was a bitter cold night with a brisk north west wind, making the effort seem hopeless, especially since by this time some flame could be seen coming through the roof around the chimney. The path between our house and the fire became icy as water was continually being stopped along the way. On occasion, a container would reach the scene with just a dribbling left in it, especially after it had been passed up to the peak of the roof. The truck, in the meantime, had gone to the harbor to re-fill. Even in this comedy of errors, the fire was actually extinguished before the truck returned.

Several of the party goers had found the warmth of our stove more inviting than fighting the fire, and Lillian was concerned about the safety of her many fruit cakes that were being readied for shipment. Fritz and Archie Lafreniere came to her rescue however, and firmly up-rooted the party goers, who merely found another place to continue their revelry. In all the excitement and our not knowing who to call in such emergencies, Bud and Skip McDonough, who lived next door, were unaware of the whole thing, and Bud was the Fire Chief! Even though it was still the wee hours of the morning, the volunteer fire fighters and myself included, decided to wake him up to report the incident; leaving Lillian to clean up

the shambles made of our house. I don't really think Bud was too impressed with the whole procedure and I know for certain that Lillian wasn't.

With everything back to normal, the time came for us to cut our first Beaver Island Christmas tree. I hooked the trailer on our car, rounded up the girls, and also joining us on that venture was young Mike Martin. We headed down the East side of the island, stopping often to check the woods for just the right tree. With four critics, I could soon see this was going to be a very selective chore. Somewhere past Lake Geneserath, we finally agreed on a tree and with my carefully sharpened axe, I felled our tree and loaded it on the trailer and soon, we were headed back home with our prize. Suddenly, I felt the car lurch, and heard the ominous thump, thump of a quickly flattened rear tire. The kids decided to get out and hike ahead rather than bore themselves waiting for me to change the tire. I figured they wouldn't get far by the time I changed the tire and caught up with them so I quickly set to work. By the time I had dug out the spare, the jack and the lug wrench, the kids were well out of sight and luckily out of earshot also, for it was then I discovered that the jack didn't work. After regaining some composure, Lil and I scrounged the adjoining woods for bits of wood and a stout maple sapling I cut with the axe. Using the pole for a pry, we managed to raise the axle enough to get the wheel off but there wasn't enough clearance to get the spare on. After some deliberation, it was decided to sacrifice the sharp edge of the axe and chop enough of the gravel road away to allow me to install the spare. It worked, but that axe would never be the same again! Once more, we were under way and we took off in haste to catch up with the kids, who by now had hiked nearly two miles and were chilled to the bone. Well, we would soon be home, and thoughts of hot chocolate and coffee took away a good share of the anxiety we had experienced. Upon reaching the four corners, one of the girls exclaimed from the rear, "Daddy, the tree is gone!". I should have tied it on but never thought it would bounce off. After re-tracing our route, we found the tree about 200 yards from where we had the flat. It had a broken limb or two but at this point, who cared? It was beginning to get dark when we arrived home. The fire had gone out and the house was as cold as a barn, but we had our tree, and it didn't cost us a cent!!

Christmas is extra special on Beaver Island as the entire population takes time to open their hearts and homes to friends and neighbors in celebration of the birth of our Lord. We were invited to attend Midnight Mass with Bud and Skip, after which we had a huge breakfast at Lloyd and Eva McDonoughs. By now, our apprehensiveness of living on the Island had been completely dispelled and we knew we were home for good, among people who loved where they were at, and through their warmth made us feel a part of it. Isn't this really what it's all about?

Merry Christmas

Merry Christmas And A Happy Healthful New Year

We are making a donation to the  
Medical Center Building Fund instead  
of sending cards this year

LaFreniere's Store  
Dick & Jean

\*\*\*\*\*  
Greetings of the Season and Best Wishes for the New Year

All of us at McDonough's Store send a prayer at Christmas time -- that God will  
always Bless you and those you love with lasting happiness.....Thank you for  
your friendship.

McDonough's Store  
\*\*\*\*\*

To Faithful old Friends..

To cherished new Friends

Our Best Wishes for the New Year

We are making a donation to the  
Medical Center Building Fund instead  
of sending cards this year

Beachcomber Tavern  
Pat & Jim  
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Never a Christmas morning

Never the Old Year ends

But Someone thinks of Someone

Old Days, Old Times, Old Friends

Wishing you a very Merry Christmas

and a Happy New Year

I am making a donation to the  
Medical Center Building Fund instead  
of sending cards this year

Loy Malloy

Christmas Greetings and Best Wishes for the New Year

Circle M Supper Club

Holy Cross Church

Beaver Island Christian Church

St. James Episcopal Church

Beaver Island Museum

Island Rental Service, Inc.

Beaver Haven

The Shamrock

McDonough's Market

LaFreniere's Gifts

Wojans' Construction Company

Vernon H. LaFreniere

Harbor View Tourist Court 1 - 11

Beachcomber Bar

Welke Aviation Service

Rustic Villa

Erin Motel

Isle Haven Tourist Court

Beaver Lodge

Cloud Nine Log Cabins

The Bee Hive

Orval Anderson

Gallagher's

Pebble Beach Lots

Island Telephone Co.

Emerald Isle Cabin Patrol

Beaver Island Municipal Yacht Dock

Beaver Island Townships Airport

Beaver Island Boat Company

'Beaver Beacon'

The Beaver Island Civic Association

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Please note our new front sheet. Mrs Archie LaFreniere is the artist.  
Thank You, Archie.