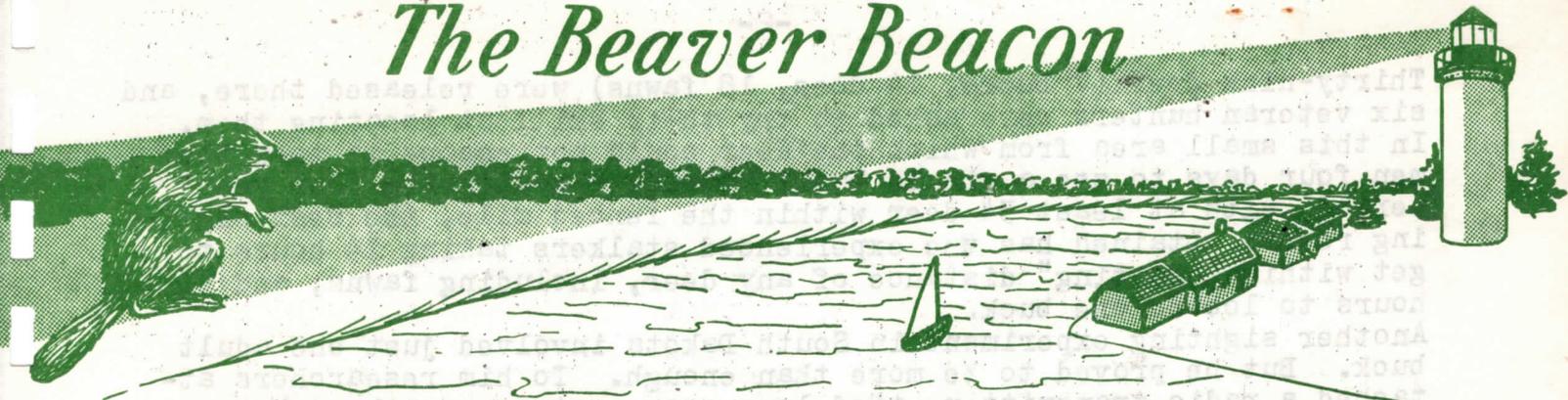


The Beaver Beacon



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

SNOWMOBILE ISSUE

FEBRUARY 1970

Sparkling snow and blue skies mark the days of February on the Island. This is the month when snowmobile traveling is the best and winter beauty is at it's peak, offering adventure and excitement to all who pursue this new dimension to Island winters.

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

High temperature - 35 degrees on the 25th, 26th, 27th and 28th

High 5 p.m. temperature - 35 degrees on the 27th.

Low temperature -8 degrees on the 21st.

Average High temperature - 24.9 degrees.

Average low temperature - 13.1 degrees.

Average 5 p.m. temperature 20.4 degrees.

Total snow fall for month - 26 inches.

Average depth on ground at the end of the month - 17 inches.

Total precipitation - 1.98 inches. Total this year 1.98 inches.

Snow fell on 16 days of the month.

Temperature in the 30's for 11 days; in the 20's for 14 days and below 20 for 6 days.

GAME NEWS: Rabbit hunting is still holding at the fair level while tracks in the snow indicate that the Coyote and Fox population is beginning to tip the scale in their favor. As recorded in the past, when this happens the small game takes a beating until hunting pressure disease or low food supplies bring down the count of predators. For the first time since trout have been planted in Fox Lake, the season has been left open for those who wish to buck the snow to get to it. Sheldon Parker and George Miller poked some holes in the ice this past week but apparently the trout haven't discovered their bait yet. Karl Kuebler has been busy building himself a shanty which he intends to put out in Lake Michigan. off of Indian point, and try for lake trout. This would open up a new field of fishing if he scores. The depth of snow hasn't been so great this year so as to force the deer into their winter yarding areas at the Island's south-end, thus few have been spotted during the many trips snowmobilers have made. Because of this, some feel that our deer population is way down. An Article in the December-January issue of National Wildlife magazine describes just how clever the Whitetail Deer can be.

"Not long ago a revealing study was conducted in the Cusino Wildlife Experiment Station in Michigan. It began with the building of an 11 foot fence around a square mile of hardwood forest and conifer swamp.

Thirty-nine deer (7 bucks, 14 does, 18 fawns) were released there, and six veteran hunters were asked to try their skill at locating them. In this small area from which the deer could not escape it took the men four days to see a single buck! During a continuing four year period, with at least 34 deer within the fenced mile, the best sighting record obtained has the experienced stalkers taking 14 hours to get within "shooting" distance of any deer, including fawns, and 51 hours to locate one buck.

Another sighting experiment in South Dakota involved just one adult buck. But he proved to be more than enough. To him researchers attached a radio transmitter, tied long orange streamers through ear tags and released him in the Slim Buttes area. His actions were accurately tuned in by radio technicians. Again, skilled observers searched for seven days without finding a trace of the buck. During this period many hunters, unaware of the test, passed within 40 yards of the hidden animal and returned to the checkout station complaining that the region was without deer. Sheepishly, they learned about the elusive buck and the radio transmitter pinpointing his movements.

Next, experimenters decided to drive the slippery deer into the open. Again, they located him by radio and sent three experts into his exact area. A careful bush-by-bush search went on all morning and afternoon and although the men knew exactly where he was supposed to be, they couldn't find him.

Chagrined now at the way nature was outstripping science, the testers called in two more skilled searchers. Even with the radio zeroing him in, the five men searched unsuccessfully all day. Returning from an area where the buck had been "tuned" one hunter, by accident, almost stepped on him where he hid, cocooned in underbrush.

Despite seemingly insurmountable drawbacks of a tattletale transmitter and blazing orange streamers, that deer had learned his early lessons so well that for nine days he outwitted searchers. With such talent, deer, to the delight of us all, seem, in the wildlife world, to be proving the biblical prophecy, "The meek shall inherit the earth" -- with a slight rewriting. These meek are mighty.

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE - SCHOLARSHIP AVAILABLE: In a letter received from Dean Milton Pike of Central Michigan University, it was learned that the Board of Trustees at the College approved a Trustees' Scholarship to be awarded to a deserving graduate of the Beaver Island School. The applicant will be expected to meet the usual criteria established by the scholarship; namely, that he or she shall have graduated in the upper one-third of the class. Scholarships are awarded for one academic year and may be renewed for the second, third or fourth year, provided the student maintains a satisfactory grade point average, normally 2.50 or C+, or above.

The decision to award the scholarship was prompted by the desire to express gratitude for the courteous consideration the Islanders have shown the University staff and enrollees during their stay at the Biological Station here.

Once again, the Islanders can be proud of the observations made upon them!

MARCH OF DIMES: This year instead of the party at the Shamrock, the Island had a Mother's March and the total proceeds of this March was \$138.00. Pretty good for a small community.

REMEMBER: MARCH 7th IN CHICAGO -- MARCH 17th ON BEAVER ISLAND.

ANNOUNCING

THE 16TH ANNUAL ST. PATRICK'S PARTY

For the benefit of Holy Cross Church, Beaver Island, Michigan

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1970 - 8:00 P.M.

ST. KEVIN'S CHURCH HALL
10513 Torrence Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Rev. Bernard Scheid, Pastor

DONATIONS: \$2.50 per person
\$1.50 per child (under 18)

Your donation entitles you to:

- * An evening of dancing and entertainment with THE BILL STACK BAND
- * Buffet Lunch
- * CASH door prizes

Remember the date. Come and bring your friends. Help us make this party a success. It is a worthy cause and a wonderful opportunity for a good time, a chance to see old friends and make new ones.

If you are not able to come, a contribution can be sent directly to:

Father Herbert Graf
Holy Cross Church
Beaver Island, Michigan

ISLAND HOPPING: Since the first snow tracks have been made to all corners of the Island and as the winter wore on, the urge to push further began growing. As February weather began seeking the zero mark, regular checks of ice conditions between the Islands were made, to insure the safety of a future expedition. Always, as soon as ice travel is mentioned, eye-brows are raised and exclamations of "darned fools", and "somebody's going to fall through" begin to stir the winter air. None of us who like to range out, do it with the idea of getting wet or throwing safety to the four winds. Ice conditions do change due to currents and wind and these have to be considered.

The 16th of February dawned slightly overcast due to a temperature rise of several days of near and below zero to 30 degrees above, making ice travel ideal from the comfort standpoint. A party of five -- Archie LaFreniere, Russ Green, Bill Wagner, Sheldon Parker and myself, set out from Indian Point, heading for Whiskey Island about four miles away. Probes with an axe found us to be on ice in excess of 10 inches. The first couple of miles out the ice was smooth and comparatively new but soon we were into rough going over jagged pack ice which slowed our progress considerably. We were all amazed at how well these machines could take this apparent abuse, for close examination afterwards found no damage to track or runners. After about an hour we reached the Island but huge banks of blue ice slabs surrounding the shores, prevented our access until we found a slot we could get through. This Island, which is perhaps a mile long and a quarter mile wide, is the habitat for a good number of rabbits, for their tracks are everywhere. The cedars are browsed as in a deer yard, only closer to the ground. After traveling around the Island, we found a little clearing among the cedars and with birch bark and dry twigs soon had a healthy bed of coals over which we roasted our prepared sandwiches. A slight breather and we were off again, this would be a short jump from Whiskey to Squaw Island, about a mile and a half distant. The ice was rough all the way but even at a slow pace it didn't take but about half an hour. Squaw Island is a bit smaller than Whiskey, but boasts an old lighthouse and several buildings. This is private property and remote as it is, vandels have made their mark by forcing entry into the main house and leaving things in general disarray. We noticed in traveling around this Island there were but a few rabbit signs for apparently they had reduced their food supply to the point where many had died off.

Leaving Squaw Island, we headed for the northern tip of Garden Island, finding a few patches of smooth ice but still the going in general was rough. Looking out towards the U.P. the vast reaches of rough ice dispelled any thoughts of mainland visits this year. By the time we reach Garden Island it was nearly four o'clock so it was decided a trip to Hog Island would be put off until later. The going was good along the shore as we sped down the east side of Garden and around the south end we could see that it would be smooth going over to Hog but time wouldn't allow it this trip. The crossing to Beaver was made in jig time and soon we were sitting in the Shamrock going over the events of the day and planning the next venture.

ENGAGED: Mr. and Mrs. John S. Adams of Kalamazoo, Michigan, announce the engagement of their daughter, Constance Ann to Edward Bruce Wojan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Wojan of Beaver Island. A June wedding is being planned.

WEDDINGS: HAYS -BELFY - Mr. and Mrs. John D. Belfy announce the marriage of their daughter Sharon Kay to Mr. Richard Walter Hays on Sat-

urday, the fourteenth of February at six o'clock in the evening in Saint Jude Church, Detroit, Michigan. The reception was held immediately following ceremony at the Vintage House in Fraser, Michigan.

BIRTHS: Dr. and Mrs. Hans Stein (Davilyn Wilson) of Royal Oak, Mich. announce the birth of a daughter Christa Kathryn, who weighed in at 7 lbs. 1½ oz. on January 22, 1970.

The proud and happy grandparents are Judge and Mrs. David E. Wilson of Ferndale, Michigan and summer residents on Beaver Island.

SERVICEMEN'S NEWS: Tom Elms, son of Mr. and Mrs. James (Buster) Elms, (the former Rita LaFreniere), has returned from a tour of duty in Viet Nam. Just before he left for the States he ran into Giles McCann who is also over there, and they had a chance to visit for a while. Tom's new station is Wichita, Kansas and his wife and son will be able to be with him.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY DINNER: On Tuesday, March 17th (a National Holiday on Beaver Island) a pot luck dinner will be held at the Holy Cross Parish Hall. The dinner will begin at 6:00 p.m. with entertainment following. Why not come and join in the fun.

OBITUARIES: Word has been received of the death of Rene L. Rocque, 3318 Winterberry, Orchard Lake, Michigan. Rene was born on January 14th, 1906 and passed away on February 10th. Funeral services were held on Friday, February 13th at 2:00 p.m. at the Elton Black Funeral Home with Rev. Henry Jones officiating. Interment was in Acacia Park.

Rene has been coming to the Island for the past 15 years and we know his many Island friends will miss him.

MRS. BERTHA SPAULDING - Word has been received of the death of Mrs. Bertha Spaulding on January 26th, in a Chicago hospital.

She was born July 27, 1900 and for sometime had been living with her daughter at 14227 Minerva Ave, Dolton, Ill.

Burial was in the Oak Ridge Cemetery, Bay City, Michigan.

Mrs. Spaulding and her husband managed and were part-owners of the King Strang Hotel for a number of years. They built the home now owned by Dr. Christie. She was active in community affairs by directing plays and musicals during her stay on the Island.

She is survived by a son William Spaulding of Bay City and her daughter Mrs. Lawrence (Joann) Malloy, Jr. of Dalton, Ill.

NEWS OF FATHER LOUIS: The following is an excerpt from a letter to the Islanders from Father Louis at his new Parish.

"It was dark when we arrived here at my new station and I was pretty tired and so was poor little Peppy. But she was a good girl and stood the trip very well. Fr. Kevin, the pastor, was at home and greeted me most kindly. The next day I had a good look around. The first thing I noticed was the absence of all snow; it seemed strange after leaving 2 ft. of it on the island. The rectory, hall, school and Church are arranged one after the other.

The rectory is very pleasant-all the buildings are less than 10 years old. It seems a luxury indeed to sit down to a meal prepared by a housekeeper. There are over 400 children in the school and the corridors seem so long.

The Church seats over 600 and at 2 of the 4 Masses on Sunday it is packed. The Church is lovely - very clean and lacks all unnecessary ornamentation. The property is quite extensive and the buildings are set well back from a residential street. From what I write you perhaps think I am completely happy and satisfied. Of course that is not true. This is a lovely parish and I would be completely happy were it not for Beaver Island. I am here in body but my mind is still up there. I wonder when it will come down, if ever? I never met people quite like you - you were always so kind and friendly. I seemed a part of each family. I don't like to go into detail about the Island as it only makes me blue. But this is a lovely place and as long as I was changed it couldn't have been better. My farewell week I will never forget. The dinner in the hall and in the Christian Church. I felt as close to them as I did to you. The final farewell at the airport when so many of you came in the snow and the cold to wave a good-bye. All this I will cherish in my memory always.

This of course is not a final farewell as I will come back again for a vacation. And any of you on the way to Florida must stop and say hello.

Keep well and write. God bless you all.

Father Louis Wren
Our Lady of Consolation Church
10803 Deering Road
Valley Station, Ky. 40172

SCHOOL NEWS: The Senkor Class of Beaver Island Community School attended Government Day at East Jordan on February 9th.

All the school children have had the opportunity to take part in a Sarfari. Three different trips were planned. First the 7 thru the 11 grade students took the Senkor Class on a trip. Second, the 5th thru the 8th graders traveled around the Island, and last, the 1st thru the 4th graders were given a Sarfari. Needless to say, a wonderful time was had by all.

CORRECTION: In last months Beaver Beacon we misspelled Father Graf's name. The correct spelling is Father Herbert Graf. Please forgive us for the error, Father Graf and we want to say Welcome to Beaver Island, the second time.

PEAINE TOWNSHIP BOARD OF REVIEW: Will meet at the Medical Center on March 9th at 9 a.m. for the purpose of reviewing the tax rolls of Peaine Township. Frank Schnaudigel, Peaine Township Supervisor.

ST. JAMES TOWNSHIP BOARD OF REVIEW: Will meet at the home of Lloyd McDonough, March 9th and 10th from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. for the purpose of reviewing the tax rolls of St. James Township. Joseph L. McDonough, St. James Township Supervisor.

MUCH IN COMMON: George Miller of Michigan Center and Beaver Island has much in common with our first President. They are both named George - celebrate their birthdays on February 22nd and married a Martha. Also, George and Martha Miller live at 507 Washington Drive, however, one thing they do not have in common is age.

BEAVER TALES

The following Beaver Tale is a poem composed by Sheldon Parker for the Beaver Beacon.

(The Characters and incidents in this poem are entirely true and not the product of the Author's imagination)

THE SAGA OF BILL, MARGE AND LIL or

"WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD"

There's a shack on the south end of Beaver
That's beat by the storms and time worn,
A lonesome little old shanty
With tarpaper tattered and torn.

It sits in the pines and the spruces
Back from the road quite a piece,
Seen only by the partridge and chipmunks
Or maybe the high flying geese.

But now we go on with our story
"In the town of old St. James"
A meeting was held to select a spot
Where a club could have fun and games.

This club was not like others
Not this brave and hardy crew,
For when Polaris' blasts changed the scene to white
On their snowmobiles they flew.

Decided it was, at this meeting,
(Chaired by the able Russ Green)
That this lonely old shanty set in the pines
Was the best place they had seen.

Sure, it would take some fixing,
But the roof was sound and straight,
Some Plywood here, some siding there
And some stuff to insulate.

Anyway--

The summer's gone and the autumn
Has also passed away -
And the little cabin in the woods
Isn't ready for fun and play.

Much has been done on the week-ends,
There's not much left to do,
It's felt that a few hours of steady work
Is enough to see it through.

So early one Wednesday morning
Phil and his good wife Lil
Decided to go down and wind it up,
With the help of Marge and Bill.

Phil hooked his mount to the cutter
And followed the east road round,
While Bill, Marge and Lil took the center
And off through the slashings they ground.

To follow a road is too easy,
No challenge it offers a man,
While charging right off through the boondocks
You find if you can't or you can.

Our Bill took the lead on his Johnson,
And charged away with a rush
While Marge and Lil tried to keep up with Bill,
But stopped bottoms-up in the brush.

Now there was unlady-like talking
I don't want to kid you a bit,
But they finally heave to with a roar and a slew
And off on the trail they hit.

Meanwhile, our Bill tries his darndest
To hold to a line, east by south,
But the lousy terrain gave him nothing but pain
And brought naughty words from his mouth.

They finally come onto Dotys -
The trail, the camp is that way
No time they can waste, they have to make haste
For it is getting well ontowards mid-day.

They'd told Phil that much upon leaving
That they's see him round about noon
Now the worst part is past, we'll give 'em a blast,
And pull into camp pretty soon.

So they wheeled their steeds east on Dotys'
And soon fetched the trail through the swamp,
There is no doubt now, with a little know-how
This thing can be turned to a romp.

But the trail that has lead through the cedars
In the willows is soon lost to view,
North, South, East or West, Not a place that looks best,
Now what in the world do we do?

Bill scratches his head as he ponders,
While the women talk up a storm
They want to eat, they claim they are beat
But with hot food they'd soon be to norm.

"Enough of this yapping", Bill Thunders,
"What I've heard now is making me sick.
If I hear more words from you chicken type birds
Some fannies I am going to kick."

So off through the bracken he heads it-
No path, so he needs make his own.
While poor Marge and Lil take off after Bill
With a sigh and a moan and a groan.

Now, there's no stopping our hero,
Trees better not get in his way.
What he cannot bust down, he lays on the ground,
His axe sure was busy that day.

Up hill and down dale, he forges a trail
'Til down by the foot of a rise
A big beaver pond that's got some ice on
Stretches in front of his eyes.

He leaves his machine by the rushes
And jauntily strolls from the brink.
But, to his surprise, clear up to his thighs
In the dirty, cold wet he did sink.

The women are now in hysterics.
They're rolling around in the snow.
They laugh and they scream, but I think they were mean
For treating this poor wet guy so.

No chance of going there, further,
We'll all have to head for the lake.
The ice may be thin, we may all fall in,
But that is the odds we must take.

So, off again into the southeast
They charge, they slash and they bust,
For the day's getting late, they cannot long wait
For reaching the shack's now a must.

So finally, when all hope is fading,
They come to the edge of the lake.
Their trip is 'bout done, their victory is won,
But miscalculations they make.

The snow that is so soft and fluffy
Hides water on top of the ice,
The track that's so strong, that hard snow's just a song,
They find watery going not nice.

They push and they pull and they flounder,
They slip and they slide and they cuss,
They finally make shore and they're off with a roar
Before it can get any "wuss".

Now that's about all of the story,
At last they tie up to their dock
But instead of high noon, what they's thought was so soon
Has now changed to past four o'clock.

They're wet and they're cold, they're hungry,
They're sure glad to be in this coop
They sit by the stove to dry their clothes
And guzzle down all of Phil's soup.

Now, that is the end of the story.
They finally got dry and went home.
And to this day, all poor Phil has to say
Is:

"Keep those characters with you when
you go down there or you'll end up
doing all the work."

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Sarasota, Florida 33581

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tact Gene Burke, 716 N. Rowe S., Ludington, Michigan
Phone 843-9749.

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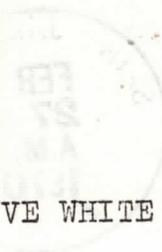
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