



The Island Monthly Since 1955

some stories in this issue:

On the Cover: A Freighter tucked in at Sand Bay. Death by Island, Episode Four; Nancy Peterson's New Studio, Sojourn on Garden, Part II; Latest Community House Construction, 2006 Beaver Island Trip to Ireland; Ed Palmer & His Girls – Family Traditions Beaver Island News and Events, History, People, Places, Photography, Art, and more...



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The *Beaver Beacon* welcomes Island Stories, Articles, and Letters to the Editor and would like to thank all those who call and e-mail with news and events.

Beaver Beacon

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News from the Townships

St. James Township

The St. James Board met on 11-2 to open bids for fuel for the coming fiscal year. For fuel oil there was only one, from Bud Martin: \$3.04 (compared to \$2.08 last year.) The Board had hoped Martin would have filled off the Township tanks before the price jumped up after Katrina, but he explained that he had not been asked.

For propane there were two bids: Martin's at \$2.09 and Shell at \$1.98. But Shell required a \$65 fee for a safety inspection, so that the ~400 gallons needed for the former DNR building would actually be less from Martin. There were also questions about a tank placement fee from Shell (Martin has loaned his tank to the building, but it would be replaced by Shell's if their bid was accepted.) So the mater was tabled until these matters are resolved.

There was only one bid for snowplowing, from Gordon Heika. Because of fuel cost, it was 16% higher than last year. The Supervisor wondered if there was a way to induce the CCRC to plow the Whiskey Point cul de sac, which it has claimed is too tight a turn for the county plow.

The number of people not hooked up to the sewer line dropped from five to three. One of those had wanted to hook up but agreed to wait until well after the season because hooking up would require the breaking up of 12' of sidewalk, and another closed his building and agreed to hook up before opening it in the spring. Supervisor Vyse asked for permission to escalate the response to the final scofflaw.

The Planning Commission was not happy with the performance of Gosling Szubak so far.

Barb Schwartzfisher, BITADirector, presented some financial information to the Board. The first sheet showed receipts from contracted grants over the last eight years: \$1,834,479 has been received so far, with \$464,313 left to draw from the last three years' contracts. In the past year BITA's general operation had cost \$272,432, with these major expenses: boat fuel, \$202,563; Director's salary, \$31,059; and insurance, \$8,328.

The EMS submitted a draft of its budget and other information showing how it had used up its reserve to pay for a paramedic training program over the pastthree years.

Peaine Township

The Peaine Board opened single bids for fuel oil (\$2.99, from Bud Martin) and snowplowing (\$70 for the Town Hall, \$78 for the Transfer Station, from Gordy) and accepted them.

There was some discussion of the request for an Ordinance to allow disabled drivers to use the roads on Beaver Island for ORVs. The Board wondered if a driver's license was needed for an ORV; someone in the audience said no. The Supervisor was worried that if the Township passed an Ordi-



nance and someone was injured in an ORV altercation, the Township could be sued. The applicant had asked for this not to be considered until she would be present, so the matter was tabled until the next meeting.

The Board examined the financial information supplied by the EMS. The Supervisor said that the format previously used by Mike and Bev Russell was more complete, and moved to require the EMS to have an audit done so everyone would have all the information needed to make some decisions-possibly done by Hugh Mason,

Charlevoix opts out of Workplace Smoking Ban

who audits Peaine.

A member of the Trails Committee

showed photos of a long, gracefully

curving bridge that had been built on

the Blue Trail across a stream that peri-

odically gushes water from rains or

broken beaver dams, two and a half

miles off the road. All the materials

were carried in. The volunteer group

encountered an unexpected difficulty

in driving posts for the bridge: the

ground was full of wood from previous

burst dams. The sturdy wooden struc-

ture was strong enough to support the

group's four-wheeler.

The workplace smoking regulation failed in Charlevoix's fall election, although five of the six members of the Charlevoix County Board of Commissioners approved the Public Health Clean Indoor Air Regulation of 2005 for Antrim, Emmet, and Otsego Counties, which is required in a multicounty health district.

Of the of 27 county commissioners in these three Counties, 26 voted to approve the regulation, which will go into effect in 60 days. "Of course we are disappointed Charlevoix County did not pass the regulation," said Teresa Sington, who coordinates the Tobacco Reduction Coalition for the Nor thw est Michigan Community Health Agency, the Health Department that serves Antrim, Charlevoix, Emmet, and Otsego Counties. According to Sington, several Charlevoix County businesses have taken the steps necessary to implement smoke-free worksite policies, and they want to provide clean indoor air for their employees whether or not the regulation is in effect. "I'm happy to help any business in any of our counties to implement policies to protect their employees from secondhand smoke."

Secondhand smoke causes cancer, heart disease, and other illnesses in non-smokers. The regulation will ban smoking in most public and private businesses in Antrim, Emmet, and Otsego Counties, but permits smoking in certain situations. The regulation also allows a business to provide an approved designated ventilated smoking room so nonsmokers are not endangered.

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New Ed Palmer CD – Family Traditions

Beaver Island's best-known musician, Ed Palmer, has released a new CD of old-time favorites called Family Traditions. This time his three daughters, Tara, Hilary, and Rita, pitched in with vocals and guitar, with Ed also singing in his authentic gravelly voice on eight

lends a hand as well.

one who likes to dance-or just listen to the music of their heritage-this release has a chance to make waves in a broader pond because of the hard work and attention to detail that saw him spend over sixty hours in the studio (Playtown),



of the songs. His buddy Rich Scripps

Long a local favorite with every-



perfecting the vocal and instrumental lines. Ed himself plays guitar, piano, and two harmonicas on these songs, engineered by consummate professional Bob Bollinger-another perfectionist. You can listen

to short song samples (1 minute) or order a copy of the

brand-new release online at www.edpalmer.com Or you can order

out so well that he's full of enthusiasm, and is planning for the next one - although Mary still insists that three is enough.

Welcome Liesel May



Parents: Drew and Sarah Owsinski, Beaver Island. Baby's name: Liesel May Owsinski. Date of birth: November 8.

2005. Time of birth: 3:12 a.m. Birth weight: 6 lbs. 8 oz.

Birth length: 18 inches

Grandparents: Mike and Linda Deur, Beaver Island; Larry and Jan Owsinski, Cedar Springs MI

KiteBoarding on Donegal



I enjoyed the article on Kite Boarding. I have been coming to the Island since 1969 (I am Ruth Denny's

son) and wanted to set the record straight: I have been kite boarding on Donegal Bay every July since 2002. It's a fantastic sport, well suited to Beaver Island's shoreline. I wouldn't be surprised if we see more kite boarders around the Island in the coming years. -Chris Screven

ISLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL HOME - On Lake Michigan - View of Fox Islands

This five bedroom four full bath home features twin staircases, cherry floors, three fireplaces with tile surrounds, two

ast Hampton style cedar shake home with southwest exposure to Lake Michigan.





Five bedrooms Four full baths

surrounds

- Three fireplaces with Pewabic tile
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Two staircases

balconies off guest bedrooms Expansive deck facing Lake Michigan

screen porches, one with fireplace, two private balconies off guest bedrooms, and expansive decks facing Lake Michigan. ▲ his home is offered fully furnished turnkey. The open floor plan allows views of Lake Michigan from every room

in the house. The 14-foot ceiling in the Great room has floor to ceiling French doors and windows with views of Cheyenne Point and the Fox Islands. This is one of the most beautiful homes in northern Michigan.









a CD by sending a check for \$15.00 to Ed Palmer Music, 37875 Kings Hwy., Beaver Island, MI 49782. Phone him at (231) 448-2304. This has turned

6.

Charlevoix Park upgrade

A renovation of Charlevoix's marina is planned for spring, and a fix-up of adjacent East Park, using DDA funds and user fees from the public marina, as well.

Marina renovation is expected to begin next spring with new docks and sea walls, according to the Charlevoix

Dickman Kausrud

Dickman C. Kausrud, 82, of Laguna Hills and formerly of Portage MI and Beaver Island, passed away on 10-19 from Alzheimer's disease. Born in Toronto, he was raised in Batavia NY and Eau Claire, WI. He graduated from University High in Kalamazoo and WesternMichigan University.

While serving in the Army Air Corps as a 2^{nd} Lieutenant Navigator, he married his college sweetheart, Carolyn Bramble, from Kalamazoo. He was employed by DuPont in Wilmington, where they lived for several years. After moving back to Kalamazoo he worked as a sales engineer for National Refining Company. Later he went into education, and taught math and physics at Comstock Park High and Lakeview in Battle Creek until retiring in 1983 and moving to Laguna Hills CA.

As a young man he was an avid clarinetist, and over time had a variety of interDDA chairman. The plan calls for the removal of the Mason Street extension into the park and existing band shelter, built 12 years ago with donations and DDA dollars. The city's property at the park doubled over the last decade, as commercial buildings were demolished

ests, including poetry, theology, classical music, art, history, bird-watching, boating, photography, philosophy, and his cabin on Beaver Island's east side. He and his wife Carolyn purchased Eric Petersen's mobile home in 1973 on Point LaPar and spent their summers there for 30 years. Dick and Ed Davis later added a second story bedroom suite and a downstairs living room with fireplace. The Kausrud's son Eric bought the cottage, and his family now enjoys Beaver Island each summer. Eric will return Dick's ashes to Lake Michigan this summer as he requested.

Survivors include his wife, Caroline Bramble Kausrud, his brother Robert Kausrud of Wisconsin, his daughter Marcia and son-in-law Robert Meyer and their children, Derek and Robbie Meyer, and his son Eric and daughterin-law Theresa and their children, Jason and Chrissie. for expansion. A new and more natural fish pond would be part of renovations, and rest rooms would be included at a new performance pavilion.

Project proponents want the new Earl Young-like band shelter at the new southern end of the park.

Mary Margaret Hill

Mary Margaret Hill, a long time summer resident of Beaver Island, passed away on November 20. She was the wife of Henry Hill who started coming to the Island in 1917. Mr. Hill brought his wife to the Island on their honeymoon in 1941. They came over on the ferry that at that time was the *Mary Margaret*. Mr. Hill told his new bride that he had the ferry named especially for her.

Mrs. Hill came to the Island last July and had hoped to celebrate her 90th birthday in August with her many, many friends here, but had to be hospitalized at the end of July because of illness.

She is survived by her husband and her children, Melinda, Howard, and Richard, and five grandchildren.

A memorial service will be held on the Island next summer, followed by interment in Holy Cross Cemetery.





The Eleventh Day of the Eleventh Month at the Eleventh Hour

Thanks to the strong patriotism of Beaver Island, and the presence of the dilligent AmVets, Armistice Day is always well celebrated on Beaver Island. This year there was a dual ceremony once again, starting at the School at 10:30 and then across the street at 11 minutes after the 11^{th} hour of the 11^{th} day of the 11^{th} month.

At the school Jackie Martin began the event by talking about the history

and meaning of Armistice Day. After two songs (*Arms of the Angels* and *Two Little Boys*) the Student Council color guard raised the flag to half mast. Principal Kitty McNamara thanked the AmVets for their presence, and Baily, Olivia, and Jenna sang *Proud to be an American* as the students silently went back inside.

A moment later the crowd reconvened across the street. Post Chaplain

Bob Hoogendoorn led the group in a prayer, and Doug Hartle read the poem, *In Flanders' Field.* Kathy Speck, Elaine West, and Suzy Fischer led the audience in two songs, *My Country Tis* of *Thee* and *God Bless America*, and Alvin LaFreniere related the history of *Taps*, which Bob Hoogendoorn played to close the event after the names of Beaver Islanders who died in war were recited by Jack Spanhak.



BIRHC – the pieces falling into place

The Beaver Island Rural Health Center Board held a productive and uptempo meeting on November 19th. The under-two-hour session began with financial reports that showed the last fiscal year to have been better than expected: instead of the projected loss of over \$21,800, a gain of \$8,215 was realized. One factor was that pet gas ran at half the estimate; another was that about \$4,000 was saved in purchasing various supplies. Consequently much less of the Reserve Account had to be used than anticipated.

Billings in October were up \$2,000 from last year, and collections are running higher than average. Patient encounters are up by 17%. Part of the reason is that more services are being offered every day-chemo will soon be available. The facility just obtained a body-fat calculator.

The sale of the BIRHC condo has been essentially closed, producing an \$80,000 windfall.

With pro bono help from Arlene Brennan, the fee schedule has been

Charles Denko

Dr. Charles Denko, a biochemist and physician at Case Western Reserve in Cleveland and 15-year owner of the southernmost Donegal Bay cottage, passed away on October 21st.

Dr. Denko's major research discoveries centered on the biochemical abnormalities in various forms of arthritis that were previously thought to be caused by wear and tear of the joints. Through the years his findings were published in over 100 scientific articles. In the 1950s his portrait was hung in the Army Medical Museum and Library in Washington D.C. as one of 400 people who made a significant contribution to medicine.

He was born in Cleveland but raised in Pennsylvania. He suffered polio as a youth, which left him with a short leg and severe hobble. One day a stranger driving past stopped and came over to him, and told him that the Shriners would be able to help him at their hospital in St. Louis. He went there and underwent leg-lengthening upgraded to conform to insurance company standards. The increase averaged 4%. Another benefit from this relationship: Arlene found a federal grant for Munson that resulted in them receiving \$160,000/year for three years, and has been working with that agency (HERSA) to get Beaver Island qualified to receive a grant like this as well. To apply, though, the Board must first create a statement of its values, its philosophy of caring and serving, which it will now begin. Chances are fairly good; four facilities in the UP also received this grant.

A request for \$75,000 in state funding seemed like it would be approved, but it was shot down at the last moment.

In other financial news a grant request to the Charlevoix County Community Foundation for \$3,500 received \$1,500. A walk-in at the BIRHC presented a check for \$5,000, the first of five he pledged, but wanted to know, if things went badly for him, would it agree to perform a lobotomy on him.

Many on the Board met before the

surgery, which required several months of recuperation.

He won a full scholarship to college, and earned a PhD in 1943 for his synthesis of gold compounds for treating arthritis. He was declared 4F, but wangled his way into the army as a medical researcher; he studied metabolism in conscientous objectors He was later sent to Europe and assigned the task of repatriating the children, mostly Jewish, whom the Nazis had seized as "Nordic types" on their eastward march. On one occasion he stopped in Landshutt and asked to see the cell where Hitler had been imprisoned as a young man. The warden took him to another cell also, and introduced him to a prisoner who would be executed on the following day for 'crimes against humanity,' a man Dr. Denko knew had devised a test for diphtheria, for which he knowingly sacrificed the lives of many people, but which would nevertheless help millions.

Dr. Denko was also involved in de-

meeting to stuff envelopes for the Capital Campaign.

The Endowment Fund has reached \$740,000. The Board decided not to take the \$17,737 of available earnings, for now, but to look into letting the CCCF keep it in a special "holding account" where it could be available but still earns interest (probably 3.5%.)

Sue Solle has finished revising the manual of procedures (which she never thought she'd have to do again after doing it in the Upper Peninsula), so we are now prepared for a state review (the last one was 4 years ago.) Angel Welke and Marilyn McFarland recently reviewed dozens of patient charts to make sure the format complied with state requirements.

There were 20 flu shots available.

The exercise program is going again, on Monday and Tuesday and soon to be on two more days as well.

A representative from the Commission on Aging will answer questions on 12-15 at the BIRHC. Pharmacist John Ochs will also be there.

stroying the vials the new penicillin came in because they were being stolen by black-marketeers and used for selling fraudulent (and damaging) concoctions—the same crime Orson Welles committed in *The Third Man*.

He mustered out in 1947, and went through med school on the G. I. Bill. His research and teaching appointments brought him to the University of Illinois, the University of Chicago, the University of Michigan, and Ohio State before Case Western. His recent work on biochemical abnormalities established that osteoarthritis is a metabolic disorder.

A man who saw most of the world in his later life, he had many interests in many subjects. For example, he wrote the definitive paper on Jack London, establishing that his death in 1916 was not asuicide butwas from lupus.

He is survived by his wife, the poet Joanne Denko, three sons (Christopher, Nicholas, and Timothey), four grandchildren, and a sister.

On This Date

Ten Years Ago The Beacon reprinted a Chicago Tribune article by Bob Greene about Jewell Gillespie, whose obituary also appeared. Greene cited Jewell as an example of the great men of America who fly just below the radar of broad public awareness and vet do remarkable good for their communities: "he spent his life making the Island a better place. During the Depression he worked on the WPA project building the road to Beaver Head. Then he helped install the Island's first generator, and ran it for 45 years. He started the phone company, and established a public swimming beach." Greene also pointed out that Jewell sang in the church choir, in a building he helped build. The obituary mentioned that Jewell received the Michigan Heritage Award as Citizen of the Year in 1993.

A letter from John Johnson responding to Rod Nackerman's of the previous issue sought to do his islandhopping one better, citing 38 islands visited within a single calendar year, islands located in Michigan, Washington, Florida, Alaska, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania.

Construction of a new ferry was impeded when three bidders backed out and the only bid received was \$2,500,000 too high. Bill McDonough thought a reduction of penalties for incompletion in a second request for bids would rectify this.

Dave Gladish contributed a wonderful poem for Thanksgiving, entitled *Gratitude*, in which he successfully took modernist liberties with syntax. The Medical Center announced the creation of two funds at the Charlevoix County Community Foundation: one for operation, the other for an endowment. These funds received over \$3,000 in recent donations, and were designed to make giving deductible.

Ninety hunters attended the Wildlife Club's annual Hunters' Dinner. On the menu were rabbit, elk, venison, squirrel, and raccoon.

The Chamber of Commerce raffled a "Getaway for Two" package.

Peaine's attorney approved the cell tower contract the Board proposed to sign. Peaine considered building a pole barn for storage behind the Town Hall.

Sixty-two people attended the fourhour gourmet meal for the 3rd annual Jose Carreras leukemia-benefit dinner, which raised \$2,800.

Local students got involved with the Nature Conservancy to help save the Rain Forest by selling 89 T-shirts, allowing for the purchase of several acres of land.

Passings noted included Jewell Gilles pie and Joseph "Bus sy" LaFreniere. Bussy was born on Beaver Island (although he lived in Chicago until moving back) to Nels and Sophia LaFreniere, the brother of Archie, Dick, and Pat the Truth; Helen Pike, Wini McDonough, Eva McDonough, and Rita Elms were his sisters.

Twenty Years Ago The townships contacted the DNR to inquire about leasing or acquiring its building across from the harbor. Ken Capman, the Deputy, was offered the Township Airport terminal as his office by Peaine, but St. James disagreed. St. James ordered the immediate cessation of residence in the make-shift, yurtish structure set up at the North Shore Campground.

Expansion of the Ball Diamond was accomplished by buying additional property from Ron Gallagher.

Tax levies totaled \$581,560, with \$301,508 from Peaine and \$280,052 from St. James. The biggest single expenditure of these funds was for the school: \$339,423.

The Civic Association sponsored a successful Halloween Dance. The Civic had to borrow the Museum's mimeo machine to print this issue of the *Beacon*. New equipment was being considered–possibly an offset press.

The Hunters' Dinner served 150 meals, including beaver, coon, fish, deer, grouse, and bear.

Snow fell on November 8th.

Thanks to a tip made to the Report All Poaching line, DNR officers met the *Beaver Islander* in Charlevoix and arrested a Naubinway man for possessing two boxes full of illegal venison and three sets of antlers.

The Lighthouse School said it would begin to accept students (12 to 15 at a time) on January 6, 1986. Traverse City's Terry Ryan was to be the first teacher; he hoped to integrate his students into the community. 48-day sessions were planned, with 18 days on and 3 off (the last segment would be 12 days.) 6 computers were to be installed.

Francis Martin pleaded no contest to malicious destruction of property for



having taken an axe to Tom Erber's 1975 Suburban.

Passings noted included Jewell's brother Gerard Gillespie, a 70-year-old sailor who had moved to Charlevoix from Miami a few years back.

Thirty Years Ago This *Beacon* was composed of James Pooler's much-reprinted story, *When Santa Missed the Boat for Beaver Island*. A full-page holiday greeting from the merchants included the Circle M, LaFreniere's Grocery, Beaver Haven, the Island Rental Service, Isle Haven, Orval Anderson, McCafferty Construction, WelkeAviation, Stan Floyd's Auto Rental, Pebble Beach, Mister Ed's Fixit, Ed and Pat's TV and Electronics, Gillespie Oil, Mark and Archie's Gift Shop, and the Bee Hive.

Forty Years Ago A wet and cold season throughout northern Michigan kept deer hunting on the Island from being much of a success. 489 hunters registered, taking 133 deer. The largest buck came from Garden: 185 pounds and 6 points. The Island doctor, Dr. Haynes, shot the oldest deer: 10 years. The heaviest from Beaver was 180. There was also some controversy because a hunter shot a 27 pound fawnon the theory it would not survive the coming winter. The deer hunters spotted many turkeys, so a turkey hunt was planned for 1966.

The hunters' dinner was prepared by Lil Gregg and Marge Wagner; 131 hunters partook of swiss steak, mashed potatoes, and vegetables. The head of the research division of the Conservation Department gave a talk.

The *Beacon* trumpeted the arrival, lock, stock, and barrel, of a new family: the five Howlands from Bartlett, Illinois. Ed and Jane raised several breeds of show dogs, and thought this would work here.

Despite the continuing decline in population, there was some new construction. Lawrence and Winnie and their two boys added on to their home. Frank and Gladys Schnaudigal worked hard to make the Sunnyside School into a habitable residence. Art Brown, who had been running the West Side sawmill, moved into the stone house on Paid een Og's Road. Bing and Madonna bought the James Gallagher home. And Walt Wojan and "his band of Chippewa Timber Slashers" built a home on the north side of the harbor for the Fenns.

Five Islanders lodged in East Jordan's Grandvue Medical Facility: Mary Greene, Peter Johnston, Telles O'Brien, William Ricksgers, and Art Taft.

Fifty Years Ago The last issue of the *Beacon's* first year opened with a story on harbor improvement: St. James Clerk Elston Pischner called a meeting to discuss what could be done, and 15 people attended. One project was to establish a Village Dock. The sand bar between Gallagher's and Whiskey Point was suggested but turned down because the Township acquired this land for a public beach and park, "which is still needed." Now that dredging the harbor was assured, there was hope that the Waterways Commission could help with a dock. The BIHS held a meeting at which 41 people attended. Work to be done on the former Mormon Print Shop was discussed. It was agreed to tear down the "Post Office Addition" (rebuilt in 1976.) Russell Hoffman read a letter in which the State offered help, and the County said it had funds for restoration. Rebuilding Father Baraga's 1836 north shore church was discussed. Jewell Gillespie accepted the chairmanship of a clean-up committee for the Print Shop, which anticipated costs of around \$10,000.

Subscribers were urged to provide their postal zip codes.

A big blow hurt the opening of deer season, with winds gusting between 60 and 70 mph. 150 hunters toughed it out, taking 33 deer. 100 diners enjoyed a Hunters' Dinner and a "colored slide show" put on by Dr. Robert Rice of Greenville–pictures he took during a Navy expedition to the arctic. Everyone was asked not to shoot the Island's only albino deer.

The Game Club's venison dinner was served to 29 at the Lodge. The Game Club planned an instructional course for young hunters.

This Year's Hunt

Miserable weather hampered the Island deer hunt this year, with howling winds and rain-much as it did for the rest of the lower peninsula, where many hunters claimed Michigan's deer herd must be down. Yet a number of hunters went home with one or more buck, and all who came had a good time.





Nancy Peterson's Open Studio



When Nancy Peterson opened her studio in early November, many Islanders and visitors had a chance to see her wonderful, newly-finished home (her studio is in a walk-out basement) and learn something about the fine art of creating glass beads.



The thirty people who trooped through all felt there was more to this art than they had suspected. They watched her choose a hollow glass rod of a certain color and melt off the tip with her 1200° propane torch, shape it, add ground glass or other shiny materi-



als, and put it in her 975° kiln until the next morning.

They also got to examine the topical creations she has made to commemorate local landmarks, such as Iron Ore Bay, Lake Geneserath, and Paradise Bay. Working with her dremel, each



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step is meticulously performed– although every so often an unplanned development, perhaps just a hint of a suggestion, an homage to randomness, takes her off in a modified direction.

Working glass is not easy, but it's obvious that this is what she loves. She



just retired from her position as a biologist for the Army Corps of Engineers, and hopes to spend more time in her lower Sand Bay studio. She mentioned that the art show venues at which she has customarily shown and sold much of her work are becoming more com-



petitive and less profitable, in part because of the internet. She's resilient enough to be planning to continue to expand her own web site– www.beaverislandjewelry.com–which will give those who weren't at her open house a chanceto see whatthey missed.





some of these pieces were photographed on display.











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Pam O'Brien, Master Gardener PO Box 357 . 38315 Freesoil Avenue, Beaver Island Michigan 231-448-2206

Letters: In Appreciation

The Irish group from Chicago were so overwhelmed with their welcome on Beaver Island that we wanted to write and express our thanks. Sixty of us visited from September 30 to October 2. From the moment we got on the *Emerald Isle* to the last wave good-bye from Paradise Bay, we had an outstanding experience.

It began with a wonderful feeling as everybody waited to greet us when we landed–especially the banner welcoming the dancers in our group. Everybody was so warm and helpful–carrying the luggage, arranging rides, explaining directions. We were all so happy with our spectacular hosts; they couldn't do enough for us. Our various accommodations were warm and comfortable and homey.

Friday evening started off with a wonderful meal at Stoney Acres and Donegal Danny's Pub. Great food and atmosphere! Then we proceeded to the Hall for some ceili and set dancing. We brought our own music and dance teacher, Ann O'Brien. The hall full of set dancing was like a hundred and fifty years ago, when the Irish first populated Beaver Island. We could feel their spirit dancing along with us.

Saturday morning we all gathered for the bus tours around the Island. Everybody really enjoyed that. It gave us a real feel for the whole Island. The tour guides were wonderful-very knowledgeable and great craic! We all had a fine time.

After the bus tour, some of us dropped in on your wonderful Bite of Beaver. It was so enjoyable to see the Islanders in their element, working so closely together in great camaraderie. Others of us enjoyed walking around the harbor, visiting the stores and the museums. What a picturesque town!

One of the highlights of our trip was the reception at Nancy and Dale Cull's home. All of us were invited for lunch and drinks to their fabulous lakeside log home. It was such a wonderful experience. We all got a tour of their home and grounds and had great food and fun. (Nancy's a great cook.) They were so thoughtful to do this for all 60 of us! Such wonderful hosts. Thanks also to Dale for all the chauffeuring and the use of his vehicles.

Saturday evening we spread out to sample the various restaurants and pubs, enjoying them all immensely. Everyone maintained they had gone to the best place. Then back to the Hall for a great,

to the Beaver Islanders

great night of dancing and singing, and more eating. Linda Wearn arranged for the Hall both nights, and organized the tea. The ladies from Chicago brought homemade baked goods to share so we could all break bread together. Cindy Gillespie-Cushman arranged for the wonderful local musical talent to come and sing and play for us. She even imported a fiddle player from the mainland for the occasion! Richie Gillespie set up a sound system for us (he also hooked us up with the great bus company.) We had a wonderful night. We danced to the live music and we danced to our taped music.

We were thrilled so many locals came in and joined our party. We got a little merrier because Bill McDonough arranged for the bar in the Hall to be open. We know you have many, many lively nights on Beaver Island, and we experienced a small portion of that. Thank you.

Some of us were particularly thrilled that we could have a '25' game (a traditional Irish card game) going on in the kitchen while the dancing was going on in the Hall. Most likely this was the first time in a hundred years that a full school of 25 was played on Beaver. It was really meaningful to those of us that play the game. At night's end some of us were off to our warm beds but others snuck off to Donegal Danny's to have a nightcap and meet dear Island friends. We couldn't help but notice the full glass in front of Ernie Martin's picture and raise a toast in his honor. Ernie, we'll never forget you.

In the morning, most of us made it to Mass and enjoyed Father Pat. As always he was inspirational and gave a great sermon (Notre Dame not withstanding.) Then we had the mad dash to the ferry where everybody helped with our luggage. Hugs and warm wishes were heartily exchanged. We felt lonely leaving everyone. Everybody was so warm, so welcoming, so helpful. (Angela and Tom, Mary and Pat could hardly do their health walk with so many Islanders stopping and offering them rides!) Thank you all so much. We mentioned a few people but thank you to everybody who helped make our trip a wonderful experience. Thanks too for ordering up the perfect weather; the Island looked like a picture postcard.

Slán agus Dia dhaoíbh-Goodbye and God be with you.

-Cathie and Michael Boyle and the Chicago-Irish Tour Group.





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Death by Island: Episode 4

A serial murder mystery starring people and places of Beaver Island. by Peter Plastrik

It was another beautiful morning on Beaver Island. Redwing blackbirds, chickadees, and orioles chirped and sang, while doves cooed–a heavenly choir, punctuated by screeching terns and gulls. The haze over Paradise Bay signaled the advent of another hot, humid summer day. Skip Duhamel's fishing boat, riding low in the still water, was heading past the sailboats and yachts anchored in the harbor. Pastor Howard Davis was presiding over a spirited communion–on the porch at Dalwhinnie's Bakery & Deli.

"Pass the bread, please," said Howard to his wife Sally. "Alittle more juice would be nice," he told a waitress.

Howard and Sally were one of three couples, old pals, gathered around a green plastic table loaded with food and coffee. They often met during the week to breakfast together, share the latest gossip and a few laughs, and, like many people in many a town, to solve the world's problems. Naturally, talk turned to the murder. A few days earlier a young woman from off-Island had turned up dead right in the middle of town. Some clues had been discovered, but authorities seemed no closer to solving the crime.

The naked body had been found in a kayak tied to the ferry boat dock. It was determined that she had been drowned in Lake Michigan, not one of the inland lakes, and then placed in the kayak, which should have been a halfmile away in Kayak Ken's lakeside shack. Howard looked across Main Street at that flimsy structure.

"Why," he asked no one in particular, "why would someone put a body in one of Ken's kayaks and then tie it to the boat dock?" That was just one of the mysteries within the mystery. At first it had seemed the murder might be drugrelated: small packets of cocaine were found in the shaft of a paddle usually tethered to the kayak. It was not enough powder to make much money, so it was probably someone's personal stash. But why was it in a kayak paddle?

"Maybe," Howard mused, "the murderer was trying to get the body off the Island."

"Off Island? To where?" responded one of the breakfasters. "It's 30 miles to the mainland. That would be one heck of a kayak trip."

"Maybe just out to Garden Island, that's a couple of miles," said Howard. "Or to one of those boats in the harbor. But, anyway, something went wrong. With that body stowed in the kayak, he would have had to swim along pushing it. And maybe he–of course, maybe it wasn't a fella–maybe he put the cocaine in the paddle while he was swimming."

"What aboutPinky's bikini?" someone asked. That was another mystery. Forensic evidence from a bikini Pinky Harmon found at Greenes' Bay had been matched to the dead woman. Photographs of the woman in nude poses also found at the scene suggested a pornography ring might be at work on the Island. But a magnified examination of a makeshift sign in the photos had led to a different conclusion. "Clothing optional" it read, and in smaller print: "Nudists of the World, Unite." Was the woman trying to start a nudist beach on the Island? It had been tried before.

And there was evidence at the beach that a body had been dragged through the sand. What had happened at Greenes' Bay andwhy?

"Motive," someone said through a mouthful of scrambled eggs. "Just like on TV, you have to establish motive. If it wasn't about drugs and it wasn't about sex, what was it about?"

"Could be money," Howard speculated. "Eddie Wojan says he thinks the woman might be an heiress from Chicago. Her father owned a lot of property here on the Island, but Ed found out that he died last year. Some of the land was land that those Mormons who came back to the Island last month were interested in buying. Ed's been talking with the deputy about this."

"Mormons?" said a waitress who was listening in. "What about religion? That could be a motive; people kill over that. Remember King Strang? He was killed right down the street, because he was a Mormon. Anyone want more coffee?"

"That Mormon stuff isn't just ancient history," someone said. "I



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1514 Mifflin Street telephone: (814) 643 5053 Huntingdon, Pennsylvania 16652 e-mail: greglarson@pennswoods.net heard about this town in Arizona, right on the Utah border, that is run by Mormons who say a man can't get to heaven unless hehas atleast three wives."

"Maybe Donald Trump owns the place-he's on his third."

"Anyway, they don't have enough women for the men who want to go to heaven, so they take married women and assign them to other men. There're 8,000 people there."

"Sex and religion-great motives," said the waitress. "Don't the police say the murderer is usually someone the victim knew-a crime of passion. Do you think an Islander did this?"

"No one here seems to know who she is, so how could it be an Islander?

"A secret boyfriend? A summer romance gone bad?"

"You know," said Howard, "maybe if we put our heads together we can solve this little murder mystery. That's the way most things get done on the Island, isn't it, people working together?"

At the next table, a young man was devouring a double order of blueberry pancakes. Unshaven for several days, he was dressed in the expensive but casual attire of the urban sailor who ties up in Paradise Bay for a few days and samples the Island's wares. His face was impassive, but he was listening intently to the speculation about the murder. His mind was racing.

He knewhe should leave the Island

right away; he had been thinking that since the afternoon of the murder. And yet he couldn't take the risk of leaving. He had to find the one thing that might undo him. That damned diary! She wrote everything down in it-everything! Where the hell was it?! He had searched the boat and several other places where she'd been on the Island. He wanted to leave, but he knew he couldn't leave without it.

He gulped down some Starbucks dark roast. He'd heard some Islanders balking at paying \$2 for a 16-ounce cup of coffee, but he was a long-term Starbucks addict. *You're an addictive personality*, she had screamed at him. Maybe, he thought, the laptop she'd left on the boat had a clue about where the diary was.

Slowly, he got up and left without drawing so much as a glance from any of the armchair detectives a few feet away. Story of his life.

That evening, everyone inside the Beaver Island Christian Church was sweating. It was hot and humid with no breeze, an unpleasant rarity on the Island, but a recurring one in our summer of global warming. Deb Plastrik was running the church chimes choir through a final practice of "The Marine Hymn," a familiar melody with tricky timing. An odd choice for a church service, but it was to be played at the retirement party for Pastor Davis, an ex-Marine and proud of it. You'd hear it if you rang the doorbell at the parsonage where Howard and Sally lived.

Once more through the (no longer) rousing tune, thought Deb, and the choir could head home to finish melting away. As they packed up the chimes, Diane McDonough turned to Deb. "Do you think we'll ever get the timing right?" She rolled her eyes. "By the way, did you see that woman in church the other night, someone new, while we were practicing?"

"I don't think so. What did she look like?"

"Well, it's hard to say, she had on a big yellow hat that covered her hair and she had sunglasses on, at night. She was sitting near the window where the turkeys were pecking the other day during practice. That one." Diane pointed to a chair next to a stained glass window that depicted a lion and a lamb. "I thought she was praying and I heard her talking to herself. Maybe she was the woman who was killed. I think it was the night before the murder."

"What was she saying?"

"Nothing that made any sense. But she also wrote something in a little book and later that night-this was weird-I saw her sitting in front of the library working on a lap top. You know, they have a hot spot there."

"Sounds like my husband," Deb said. "He uses his computer so much he ought to have it surgically attached to his body."









Lost and Found in the Woods

On the cold but snowless opening day of deer season one of the many hunters spread out over Beaver Island, Keith Howard, 62, from Tennessee, failed to return to camp at dark, filling his hunting companions with anxiety. They reported him missing to a DNR agent who was observing the hunt, who alerted the Sheriff, our Deputy, our Fire Department, and the Coast Guard.

A search was begun in the French Bay area on the lower west side. Moving around, Howard heard people searching for him and fired his gun to draw attention, but the wind was howling too much for anyone to hear anything.

The Coast Guard helicopter began making passes. Just before midnight the bird saw the lost hunter's frantic flashlight near the West Side Road and put down. Worn out but not in terrible shape, he was treated by the EMS, and released-to return to camp, and continue his hunt.



The peaceful trailing edge of our first snowstorm of '05



Letters: Golf Carts on Beaver

To the St. James Town Board: Over the past 15 months Golfcarts have been a topic of conversation, including writeups in the *Beacon*. To that end I have queried over 800 customers at my store, regarding their feelings of Golfcart use on Beaver Island. Their comments touched on benefits like "safe, slower than cars, easier to park, economical on gas with over 40 mpg, and they're environmentally friendly."

I have collected the names of Islanders and summer residents who feel that

Golfcarts would be a positive addition to Island life (their names are included with this letter.) It is my desire, along with my many friends, that the Board consider an ordinance allowing adults-only Golfcart use on Beaver Island. The State of Michigan allows Townships the latitude to authorize the use of Golfcarts on Township roads. It is my understanding that the State holds the Township harmless of liability where Golfcarts are allowed on their roads.

-Mary Scholl



Snowboarding: "testing 1 2 3..." and ready for more snow!



Construction Begins on the Beaver Island Community Center



October 6th, 2005

Almost twelve years ago, a group of dedicated Beaver Island residents decided to form the Preservation Association of Beaver Island to preserve a key landmark on beautiful Paradise Bay. At that time, it was called Dockside Market, but it went through several hands in the more than one hundred years that it stood welcoming visitors to Beaver Island as they disembarked from the ferry. PABI planned to create a



October 13th, 2005

Community Center for the Island in this old market, but unfortunately the structure was unsound and the painful decision was made to tear it down. Like a phoenix, a new Community Center is now arising in its place.

The new Community Center will enclose three main areas: (1) a Welcoming Center that will include the Beaver Island Chamber of Commerce, and a lobby area around which an historical

mural will span; (2) a Youth and Senior Center (The Hangout) which will provide a place for both our young people and senior citizens to spend time, with games, computers, and space for their favorite pastimes; and (3) an Event Center for movies, theatrical and musical performances, family reunions, weddings, and much more. A kitchen will be included in this area as well.

The Preservation Association has

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November 5th, 2005

November 6th, 2005

October 19th, 2005



20.

November 11th, 2005



November 5th, 2005

spent much of the past 12 years designing, redesigning, and re-redesigning the final product, and of course, fund raising. Not all of the money is in hand to complete the project but the board feels now is the time to begin. PABI board members and friends continue to raise funds to complete this building which, at this time, will be built in three phases: framing, finishing, and furnishing.

You can help by donating to PABI.





All funds are tax-deductible (PABI is a 501(c)(3) corporation.) Funds are managed through the Charlevoix County Community Foundation (which provides additional tax breaks in the state of Michigan).

There are several levels of giving available. Founding Family, Friend or Business, Endowed Chair, or general donor. Founding Family, Friend or Business status is given to those who contribute \$10,000 or more to the project. Endowed Chairs will include a brass name plate on the event center chair for a donation of \$2,000. General donors are those who give any amount up to \$1,999. All will be recognized in the WelcomingCenter.

Anyone wishing to help by donating funds can contact PABI through Jon Fogg, (231) 448-3192 or Jacque LaFreniere (231) 448-2220.





November 11th, 2005

November 14th, 2005



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November 26th, 2005

November 26th, 2005

Rx: Beaver Magic for Camp Q Kids

Camp Quality does so much good that when it brings over its kids, as it did this past summer, Beaver Island always throws open its arms to welcome them. This year was no exception.

The CQ Kid's adventure got off to good start with a tour of the *Acacia* before boarding the ferry–where Mike Green gave them a lessen in piloting. Once the 13- and 14-year-olds arrived, they piled into Gordie's Suburbans and headed for Dalwhinnie. After hot pizzas they drove to their base: the Beaver Head Lighthouse School.

The next morning they toured the Bio Station's zoo, with the kids coaxed

into handling the exotic species. Next was a trip to Big Rock, followed by a lunch provided by the Dawsons on their porch. After crossing everything off on their Scavenger Hunt at the Museum, they explored



er Island

Mary's Toy Store and rode bikes out the Bike Trail. They dined on the Shamrock's veranda, and enjoyed a good swim at Iron Ore Bay. The next day they drove to the Golf Course, where

they modified the rules: in a difficult placement, they were allowed to pick up and throw their ball.

After lunch at Stoney Acres, Neal and Connie Boyle pontooned them around Font Lake and then hiked them up Mt. Pisgah. To cool off they hit the Jewell Gillespie playground for a swim before returning to base for an evening of games.

In the morning they were sad to

leave, but cheered over getting ice cream before boarding. Once again they had a wonderful time, but the biggest thrill was left for us to derive from savoring the broad smiles on their faces.

– Nancy Ferguson

Beautiful setting

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Museums

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Rouse Simmons Novel

Ninety three years ago, on November 21, 1912, the Christmas Tree Ship *Rouse Simmons* set sail from Manistique, Michigan with a cargo of 5500 balsum, pine and spruce trees headed for downtown Chicago. But the ship sunk in a storm a day later near Two Rivers. New underwater technology verified its location in 1971. Remnants of the Christmas trees were still on the deck. The *Rouse Simmons* was a 125' schooner with a 28' beam, built in 1868. She weathered 44 years of service on the Great Lakes.

A new book by Carl Behrend, *The Legends of the Christmas Tree Ship*, is a novel that brings together some of the old salts of the inland seas: Captain Herman Schuenemann, Captain Bundy's Gospel Ship, and the notorious fresh water pirate, Dan Seavey meet at different ports around Lake Michigan.

The tale of the Christmas Ship has become legendary. This new family holiday tale is crafted from bits of folklore, fancy and true events surrounding the ill-fated Christmas Tree Ship and its final voyage to the bottom of the Lake.

Escanaba author and singersongwriter Carl Behrend also released four CDs. The balladeer, dubbed The Spirit of the Great Lakes, makes dozens of appearances each year, playing his story songs for audiences throughout the Great Lakes Region.

Whiskey Point Grant

St. James Township received a \$16,000 grant from the Michigan Lighthouse Assistance Program, paid for by lighthouse license plate purchases. Grant funds will be used to hire an architect/engineer to conduct a structural evaluation of the Beaver Island St. James Light Tower, study the cause for moisture infiltration, analyze appropriate remedies, and prepare engineering plans and specifications for the recommended work to secure, stabilize and ventilate the tower. Additionally, St. James Township will contract to make repairs. including metal repair, tower window repair, entry door replacement, tower window vents installation, and foundation repair. The soil will be tested and a report with recommendations produced.

Isabel L Alimenti

Isabelle Alimenti, 88, of Iron Mountain, passed away October 15 in Powers.

She was born December 27, 1916 on Beaver Island, the daughter of Barney Mooney and Rose Janac. In 1932, she married Ittilio Alimenti in Iron Mountain, where they were life-long residents. He preceded her in death on April 23, 1987.

Survivors include her son Dr. Don (Theresa) Alimenti of Escanaba, her step-sister Lilian Osterberg, 12 grandchildren, 14 great-grandchildren, 1 great-great-grandchild, and many nieces and nephews. Besides her parents and husband, she was predeceased by her son Terry and her brothers, Albon Mooney and Alfred Roach.

After 62 years, and with her family in tow, Isabelle was finally able to return to her beloved Beaver Island in 2002 at the age of 84, and was reunited with her cousin, Don Mooney. Since that time, the families have been in close contact. Don and Eleanor will miss her dearly; she touched their hearts so briefly, but they were forever changed.

Michigan's Shadow Towns

Gene Scott's new book surveys 128 places in 64 Michigan counties that have survived a severe decline–such as the blow delivered to Beaver Island when the fish gave out. Scott conducted interviews on the Island, and found us unique and stimulating, as is shown in his three-page summary. His acute presentations of other Michigan communities give us a context in which to see ourselves.

Vintage Views

Vintage Views of the Charlevoix-Petoskey Region is the product of two writers, Christe Byron and Thoman Wilson, who met as members of the West Michigan Historic Postcard Club; it's subtitled Antique Postcards and Travel Ephemera, and in its 30 pages on Beaver Island reproduces both known (and treasured) images familiar from reprints and some rarely, if ever, seen. Ferry tickets and flyers, quotes from old tourist magazines, and even an occasional personal message from the back of a postcard appear, giving a comprehensive sense of our ambiance at the turn of, and well into, the previous century.

Kellie Gillespie Engaged



BIPOA Reminder

The Beaver Island Property Owners' Association has become an effective agency for setting issues in context and focusing on the steps required to find a solution. Yet with success their membership has dropped—as if people feel that now that they've done such a good job, participation is no longer Kellie Marie Gillespie and Joseph Michael Knox announced their engagement, and plan on a wedding at Holy Cross next August 19th, with a reception at the Parish Hall.

The bride-elect is the daughter of Laura and Rich Gillespie. She graduated from BICS in 2002, and has been attending North Central Michigan College since; she plans on graduating in 2007 with a nursing degree.

Her fiancé is the son of Michael Knox of Browns Mills, NJ, and is a 2001 graduate of Pemberton High School. He joined the U. S. Coast Guard in 2002, and is currently an MK at the Charlevoix Station.

When his tour of duty is over in 2008, the couple plan to move to New Jersey–or to the Grand Rapids area, where he hopes to join the State Police.

required. Consequently dues are down, and the Board has decreed that only the paid-up members will receive its newsletters. Annual Membership dues are \$20 (Beaver Island Property Owners Association, P.O. Box 390, Beaver Island, MI 49782) or to learn more or contact BIPOA: www.beaverisland.net/BIPOA



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Sojourn on Garden – Part 2

by Larry Robinson; transcribed from a journal begun in 1994

Oct. 22nd. This morning is cloudy and windy. I have a 48# bag of dog food at the DNR cabin near Garden Island Harbor, so I'll take a walk there and bring it back to this side.

There were lots of tire tracks along the trails as I walked, and many sounds of civilization. I had to laugh when I came into sight of Indian Harbor. Generators were buzzing, and as I got closer I could see the source of all the noise. A barge with a crane and a large travel trailer, and other things heaped on it. There are pilings, and a houseboat alongside that belongs to someone else. It looks like a small marina, with other boats too!

On my way back I saw Dennis Clarkston on his little motor bike; he was on his way to Larson's Orchard to do some bow hunting. I wished him luck; I meant it in a deeper way than he took it. I hope that this Island brings everyone the kind of luck I mean, myself included.

With so much activity, I think I'll stay more to the north and west corner of the Island. I thought this was a wild-

life preserve!

Oct. 23rd. A beautiful sunrise. It was sunny and warm as I walked barefoot along the shore of Bomway Bay, and grounded myself to Mother Earth. As I walked to and from the spring, I nibbled different areas of nahmahbinigunj. Not only do I enjoy that special minty taste, but the beauty of the delicate purple flower and fragile plant has weathered the cool fall in abundance. Ialso enjoyed the peppery little leaves of the Orpine plant, also known as 'live forever;' their flowers are a pink-purple color.

Even though I eat them, I personally would prefer living well to living forever.

Oct. 24^{th} . The daylight brought a beautiful sunrise, full of rich pastel colors. With the fullness of the sunlight along the shoreline and a light fall breeze blowing softly across the lake, I felt content in my decision to fast from food and water.

The old chicken coop has not been used for a few years, so I dug and sifted some of the rich black dirt from within its four rotting walls. After filling a five-gallon metal bucket, I decided that I had enough to plant the garlic I had been saving for a day such as this.

With Gii Goo Dy tagging along I took the bucket of dirt, garlic sets, and shovel, and started down the shoreline towards Larson's Clearing. Just past the southeast end of Bearberry Flats I noticed a young doe standing in about 8" of Lake Michigan water, about 60 yards past Larson's Clearing. As I dug and planted the garlic, I wondered if she was the same fawn I had seen several times along the trail between camp and Larson's. I remember one time we were only about 9' apart. Her soft eyes accepted me as being a natural part of the land; in her mind, I belonged on Garden Island.

After the garlic was planted I started back to camp. At the shoreline 1 looked to the right and saw she was still there, so I went to investigate closer. Gii Goo Dy, being the curious puppy that he is, kept following close behind me. I finally got Gii Goo Dy to lie down and stay put. I moved closer to the wide-eyed young dear. When I closed to 25', I stopped and looked her over



carefully. I couldn't see any visible injuries. I knew I couldn't contain Gii Goo Dy any longer, so I walked him back to camp.

Upon my return to where the doe was, all I saw were her tracks: before continuing into the woods she'd come out of the water onto the sandy shore where I'd stood. As I surveyed the area closer, I discovered coyote prints, where one had been hiding while I approached the doe. She must have been more afraid of the coyote than of me. She'd been able to continue only after I'd frightened her stalker away.

Well, I just finished taking the canvas tarps off the line at the shore. They're folded and smelling fresh. I put them up in the rafters of the cabin.

Now for a little reading to complete the day.

Oct. 25th. Not only did the East bring a magnificent sunrise this morning, but strong winds and interesting cloud formations as well. Nature has brought me fine greetings for another day of fasting and enjoying the abundance of this place.

There is half a poplar tree laying close by the old chicken coop that I have started sawing and chopping into stove-size pieces. The old woodshed attached to the cabin will keep my firewood nice and dry. I carried pole lengths of maple from a ridge about 550 yards west of camp. Not only does that area have an abundance of wind-fall maples to keep me warm, but it reeks of leeks. Just the smell of them makes my mouth water, particularly now. I worked up a good sweat chopping, sawing, and stacking the maple in the shed, to keep my mind off my taste buds.

After putting up a week's supply of firewood, I decided to walk to the northwest corner of the Island. The strong east wind at my back made the hike easy. I found a large flat rock that seemed the perfect size to fit on the ground in front of the stove in the outdoor kitchen. I had to carry it back to camp in stages, hauling it as far as I could and then stopping to catch my breath, fighting the wind all the way. I was determined not to put it down until I could set it in its new home. I had remembered the space correctly; it made a perfect hearth.

I'm worn out, but very satisfied with what I accomplished today.

Oct. 26^{th} . All the clouds gave the colors of the sunrise a unique splendor. I watched them change as I played fetch the stick with the always energetic Gii Goo Dy along the shore.

I've gone over 72 hours without food or water. My throat is a little sore. I allow myself the pure pleasure of a sip of filtered spring water. Wow! What a treat! I feel refreshed enough to take a long walk.

I hiked to Barn Clearing, where I gathered some tasty apples into my backpack. Because I'd left Gii Goo Dy at home, I saw much more wildlife up close, even some deer that had been enjoying apples from the same tree that provided mine.

I walked west from the orchard to a high ridge, where I came across one of the most beautiful birch trees I've ever seen. It's only about 8" in diameter, and burgundy in color; I've never seen such a rich hue in a birch.

Continued on page 26.



wonderful view of Beaver Harbor from the living room area, kitchen/dining area and the den area. A third room on the lakeside that can be used as a den, office area or family room could also be used as a third sleeping area. There is a screened-in porch off the den area on the lakeside and an open front deck in front of the dining room. The house has a new stove and refrigerator in the kitchen with a washer & dryer in a very functional basement. There is new carpeting throughout the house except the kitchen & bath, which also has new flooring. Landscaped backyard. Propane fireplace in the living room that is finished in Beaver Island stone; propane tank is almost entirely full and ready for you to use. This house is in a location that is a short walk to downtown St. James and less than 1,200 feet from the public swimming beach on the harbor. Close to school, healthcare center, public hall, restaurants, grocery store, etc. A retiree could comfortably live here without owning a car. This house and lot is the closest you can come to owning a Beaver Harbor residence without paying the price for harbor frontage. **\$237,000**.

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Sojourn on Garden, continued from page 25.

After a little more exploration of the deep woods on and around the ridge I ventured back to the water's edge near camp. There I watched a pair of loons swimming, diving, and singing with a young one, a small student carefully staying close to its parents. Soon the trip south will be another lesson for the young one, perhaps somewhat like a final exam.

Back close to the cabin, I sat in the prayer circle and watched two small woodpeckers actively flying about. They were joined by a third, and all three flew in a semicircle from north to south, back and forth.

The weather's been cool, so I've worn long pants the past two days. I started a fire in the cabin, and put a pan of water on the stove to cook Cream of Wheat. Even though it's been about $3\frac{1}{2}$ days without food, I feel I could easily go without it longer. I'm as strong as ever, but I feel better, as if I'm tapping into a deeper strength.

Cool and raining outside, but warm and comfortable in here.

Oct. 27th. It's been windy and cool. There've been lots of clouds, some sun, and even a sprinkle of rain. A good day

to just be here now.

Oct. 28^{th} . The cool wind and rain outside has helped me to decide on keeping the home fires burning today. I put a couple more pieces of firewood into the stove, grabbed my two water containers and carrying pack, and started off towards the spring.

The winds are very strong at the northwest point, and as I watched the waves with their whitecaps merging and crossing, I couldn't help stopping and enjoying the splendor and beauty of it all. Gii Goo Dy was chasing the waves, jumping and playing in the Lake. He saw me laughing at him and seemed to enjoy the game all the more.

After getting back to the warmth of the cabin with enough water to last at least a week, I realized I had no idea what time it was. My clock has been the sun, and it didn't shine once today. It seems longer than three weeks ago that I arrived here.

Oct. 29th. It's windy and cold outside. The clouds have brought a light snow with them this morning.

I walked over to Larson's Orchard. The entire area was criss-crossed with ORV tracks. And to think I was worried about scaring game away from the Great White Hunters!

Later, while exploring the ridge west of my camp, I heard a chain saw and people intermittently talking. Upon investigating I came upon Dan Higdon, Robert Gillespie, and some others as they were clearing the trail coming from Barn Clearing–something they do on a regular basis. With so many ORVs and gunshots close to camp, I'd better keep the dog tied more.

Oct. 30^{th} . Another cool, windy day, with some snow. I noticed ORV tracks down on the shoreline, heading past the trail to my camp. A good day to just sit and think.

Oct. 31st. It's still windy this morning, with a little snow. I took some clothes down to the water's edge. After stringing them on a rope, I threw them into this immense automatic washer. I tied an anchor on the far end, and tied this end to a log on the shore so they won't get washed away. I carried some Lake water up to the camp to take a bath. Bathing outside sure is getting colder. Brrrrr.

Being that it's All Soul's Day, I decided to walk across the Island to the Cemetery near Indian Harbor. On the way I picked up apples to put on some



of the graves. I also put some on the spirit house of Annungoday. To my surprise, there were even ORV tracks through the cemetery.

I met Bud Rouch as I walked the west side trail back towards my camp. He told me that most of the other hunters had gone off the Island, but more were expected to show up on Thursday to stay through most of deer season. Two does and one small buck have already been killed during bow season, and two others were wounded but haven't been found.

At a verdant dip in the west side trail I found and ate some very tasty wild mint. I leisurely gathered apples at different spots. The best were from a tree in an orchard I'd never seen before. They looked and tasted like a cross between an apple and a pear.

I also gathered some yarrow that was still in bloom in this hidden place.

After storing away all I had brought back to camp, I took Gii Goo Dy for a walk over to Larson's. There I picked a fair amount of pearly everlasting, and more fresh yarrow.

From there we took the center trail to Gitchi Ossian. Several small dead trees were blocking the light, so I took the time to remove them to enhance the beauty of this meditation spot.

After walking as many miles as I did, I sure had a big appetite when I got back to camp. Wow! Bud Rouch dropped off a big pot of hobo stew. With some broth over his food, Gii Goo Dy ate well. And me; I had a feast.

*Nov. 1*st. It was cloudy and cool as Gii Goo Dy and I walked down the east side of the Island this morning. I moved slowly and studied the shoreline. The waves from Lake Michigan had washed all sorts of treasures and trash back from the water's edge. Old shipwreck boards and beams were strewn here and there. Old net floats and line that had gotten away from fisherman were now tangled up with everything else. A single piece of coal sat in one spot, and there were pretty washed stones left especially for me to see.

At the little clearing near Jensen's Bay I took a rest and ate a daisy that was still in bloom. What a special treat it was! I gathered yarrow, and gained great energies from there. There were lots of Joe-Pye weed and Boneset between the tree line and shore. I found a small turtle shell close to the water's edge, and a huge old wire pen back in the trees. I explored Little Pete Neilsen's more, finding an antler and then, a short ways away, the rest of the deer's skeleton, bleached white from the sun and weather.

It feels good to finally take my boots offand relax. The rocky shoreline made my feet and ankles a little sore by the time I got home. Pass me some more of that hobo stew and a little herbal tea, and I'll be fine.

Nov. 2rd. It's a warm, cloudy fall morning as I walk to the spring. When I arrived there, I took a few long slow drinks before cleaning the sediment from the bottom of the holding ponds. Then I trimmed dead cedar branches from the trees around and behind the spring. What a pleasant spot this is.

Nov. 3^{rd} . Rain filled the rain catchers last night. The sky is partly sunny this morning. The light winds are removing and drying whatever water was left clinging to the branches.

My walk to Ninnegoe's Bay was nice and peaceful. The ORV tracks, though, showed me that it wasn't so peaceful not very long ago.

I used to think that this Island was large enough for all of us. Now I'm not so sure. ...





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Francis J. Fry

Francis John Fry, 85, of Port Charlotte and Beaver Island, and formerly of Indianapolis, passed away on Sept. 22. For decades he enjoyed his Wicklow Beach home.

He was born April 2, 1920, in Johnstown, Pa., the son of a survivor of

the 1889 Johnstown Flood. Professor. Frv graduated from Pennsylvania State University in 1940 in electrical engineering, and completed a master's degree at the University of Pittsburgh in 1946.



His storied professional career began with Westinghouse from 1940 to 1946, where he was a design engineer. He was the designer of the circuitry for the Grand Coulee Dam. In 1946 he went to work in the department of electrical engineering at the University of Illinois, where he excelled as a research associ-

ate professor and an associate professor. In addition he was the president and director of research a t the Interscience Research Institute. In 1972 he became the associate director of the Indianapolis Center for Advanced



Research and an associate professor of surgery at the Indiana University School of Medicine, and continued as a visiting associate professor at UI. Until 1990 he was a development engineer for Labsonics In corp or at ed in Mooresville, Ind., and their senior research scientist.

In 1990, he moved to Port Charlotte and became very active in the St. Charles Borromeo Catholic Church community as a Eucharistic minister and a coordinator of the Small Faith Sharing Group.

After his retirement, he earned national recognition as a folk artist. Mr. Fry's awards, honors and accomplishments are numerous, including more than 30 patents, one for an artificial mechanical

heart in 1959. He authored over 350 books and articles; he was principle investigator for a dozen funded grants and proposals; and he lectured at more than 80 international and domestic meetings and symposia. Awards include the Pioneer Award for Ultrasound, and one for his lifelong work with therapeutic ultrasound technology.

> In 1946, he married, Marie Ann Michels and the couple adopted 12 children.

> Professor Fry is survived by his endearing wife of 59 years; and his c h i l d r e n, P h i l o m e n a Boehmer, Robe r t F r y, K a t h l e e n

Weltzin, Mary Slade, Diana Miller, Charles Fry, Theresa Russell, Francis Fry, Anne Hug, Lisa Fry, William Fry, and Kimberly Fry, M.D.; 37 grandchildren; and 16 great-grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his parents; two brothers; a sister; and a grandchild.

About Frank Fry and his art

Frank Fry's inventions were awarded many patents. During World War II he was assigned to the Manhattan Project. Afterwards he and his brother William pioneered one of the first human artificial hearts.

Throughout his life he was dedicated to bio-medical research, and his work was celebrated throughout the world. In 1976 he underwent quintuple bypass surgery, plunging him into profound, clinical depression. With the encouragement of his daughter, he began painting folk art as therapy on Beaver Island. It worked. Having never used acrylics or painting in this form of art, his own style emerged from the dark-

ness of his depression, and bright colors and humor leaped from his brush.

Father and daughter continued to collaborate on one-of-a-kind creations referred to as Papa's Paintings and the artist as Leonardo da Papa! His wife Marie aged his paintings with a crackling technique. Fry's art evoked the wonder, warmth, and whimsy of

man, beast, and nature. After 9-11 his work Angel of the Mourning breathed his love for God and country.

Fry's work was featured on HGTV and in national publications, and is displayed in public and private collections.

In 2003, he was afflicted with Wet Macular Degeneration, and in 2004 his Florida home was demolished in Hurricane Charley. The WMD continued to diminish his sight. His limited peripheral vision was reduced to one eye where his sight was cloudy and his world all gray. With the assist of a tabletop monitor to magnify his canvas, Fry used hand/eye coordination and was able to very slowly paint small areas at a time, continually moving his canvas around. His colors were from memory.

by Kathleen Weltzin

At 85 years old he was elated to be able to continue his passion for painting!

He and his wife were married 59 years. He died in her arms, surrounded by all twelve of his adopted children. At his memorial service the Irish pastor sang The Irish Blessing and the Irish Farewell Song to the tune of Danny Boy... a song he loved to sing.

He was known for his bio-medical scientific discoveries and inventions. through the Church as a Eucharistic Minister and Prayer Group leader, by his wife as the love of her life, by his children as the greatest Dad on earth, by friends, colleagues and strangers as a quiet humanitarian and hilarious life-of-

> the-party, as a singer of the great Irish ditties, as a storyteller, and late in his life as a beloved folk artist. But the best role of all was simply as "our Papa".

> How he loved Beaver Island and its great people and cherished history! His family started out with a threeroom tent constantly invaded by chipmunks. We'd use an old washboard for laundry

down at the lake. Eventually Papa built a unique home overlooking Lake Michigan. As years passed and more children were added, our friend John Works Jr. assisted in the expansion of our place where four generations gather.

Every year upon arriving, we'd make the annual sojourn around the Island, visiting the "hot spots" known to all and a few secret ones he'd discovered. He and Mama celebrated each wedding anniversary at the Lodge with their friends, the Haleys. Papa loved to play a questionable game of golf, and would wave the serious players on by him and Mama. And he loved to head into town to pick up the "catch of the day" that was often netted right out

Continued on page 30.



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About Frank Fry, continued from page29

front of our place. He'd reminisce about the old times he'd sit on the front stoop of Pat Bonner's place while he played his fiddle and told stories about Protar.

Many years back Papa would take his boat, the *Veronica S.*, out in the harbor, steering like a New York cabbie. He'd have us all go out, sorely lacking athletic ability, and make an attempt at skiing while he'd get lost in the glorious scenery. Half the time we'd be down in the water waving wildly and he'd be still carrying on about the view.

One time he encouraged Mama to try her sea legs at skiing. She went along, donning a screaming orange diving suit with one of Papa's pajama shirts, bright red lipstick, and went into the water. He got distracted, as usual, and there was Mama behind the boat with her skis doinking straight up in the water and her head bobbing, with that fire engine lipstick, gasping for air with her eyes as big as baseballs at her predicament. He gave her the high sign as if she had broken all Olympic records–until we convinced him otherwise.

He'd often have to fly on and off Beaver Island with work obligations. For nearly 50 years he and Mama brought we children up and now grandchildren and great-grandchildren have been introduced to the magic. It was a quiet escape from the pressures of his demanding work, and he lived to come home each summer. It was never in his nature to sit still for a second, always building or tinkering around in paint-spattered jeans and a worn flannel shirt.

Papa and Mama were truly "a one." You rarely if ever saw one of them without the other. As his black hair and her brown hair changed with the many seasons, their snow white hair gave them a beauty like the gorgeous cover of a long love story within, the kind you just can't put down. And that is what they had: a love story forever in the hearts of all who knew them.

Papa excelled at everything he did, and Mama was his greatest cheerleader. She truly was the silent wind beneath his wings, always stepping out of the limelight that shined on him. They attended Mass and prayed the Rosary every day, and couldn't be missed through the years,



always in a front pew at Holy Cross with our huge family in tow. They loved to sing the hymns and crooned with their hearts even though with age it may have been slightly off-key. And when the memory bricks were placed in the Church courtyard, it became the first stop they made that summer upon arrival to say a little prayer for our family.

When Papa underwent quintuple bypass surgery, he was plunged into depression. Remembering that he had drawn and painted in younger days, we encouraged him to paint to help him find his way out of the anguish he suffered. Beaver Island was a place of refuge that summer. Every day he'd sit by the window looking out on the water, and force himself to paint.

It was an unbelievable effort at first, mechanical at best, but with each work he completed there was an enormous sense of accomplishment. All the while Mama would pray and he'd join her. And very slowly the depression began to lift, his incredible sense of humor peeked through, and he'd spend the better part of every waking hour truly enjoying his newfound talent.

As he quickly excelled with his paintbrushes, he and I collaborated with our work. (My husband Michael and I own *ART From Land and Sea*, rustic furniture and sculpture created with driftwood, lake stones, sea glass, fallen birch bark, and other naturals.) He began painting on our tables and accessories. He and I were invited to be in a show in St. Louis later that year, and within the first hour of the show all twenty-five of his paintings had sold. He was hooked. We named the front porch on the Island place the Fry Gallery.

The following year on Beaver, strange fish spawned in the Fry Gallery. Papa came up with the name for these driftwood creatures I'd fashion out of wildly shaped gatherings from the beach. He insisted they must all have real sharks' teeth, which they did (found on the Venice, FL beaches.) After painting the first collection of them he stood back and jokingly commented, "These are Grotesque Feesh!" The name stuck, and customers went wild for them.

He loved to paint on anything that would sit still for him...furniture, a baby cradle at the BI house we found at the old thrift shop, candle holders, tableware, and much more.

His folk art style was the most popular of his paintings: many hysterical works depicting animals doing humanlike tasks, such as *Animal Picnic* where a bear was at a stone grill cooking (?!) with a deer and another bear sitting nearby at a picnic table. Another was *At The Beach* where a fish wearing a fisherman's hat was 'standing' in a boat holding a pole with a hamburger dangling as bait for a man swimming underneath. There was another fish wearing trunks perched in a lifeguard chair, and yet others in 1950s style bathing suits sunning on the beach.

He'd often get up in the morning, eat breakfast in his striped pajamas, and rush into the gallery, without having changed, and begin to paint. He couldn't wait to start. If folks would happen by to see his work in the late afternoon, he'd often be found still in his pj's (to their delight) and he'd casually explain, "One must never interrupt the flow of creativity!" Mama was forever buying him new pj's and he'd have them splattered with paint within 24 hours.

Throughout his memorable life he rose to the challenges with determination and humor. He vowed if his eyesight ever left him permanently, he would buy one of the tropical island 'art' elephants (the ones that have gained attention holding paintbrushes and wildly drizzling canvases for big bucks) and haul it around the country having 'trunk' shows.

Papa would paint anywhere, but it was looking out at Lake Michigan from his Beaver Island home that gave him the most inspiration and complete joy.



Attention Business

& Rental Property Owners

Did you know that the Beaver Island Chamber of Commerce:

- Responds to over 4000 requests for information each year via phone email and face to face visits in the office.
- Prints and distributes **20,000 pieces of Beaver Island literature** annually and hands out thousands of copies of members' printed material.
- Maintains an award winning web site www.beaverisland.org that is visited 35,000 times a year by people seeking Island information. Chamber membership and web site ads are often the sole marketing investment for summer weekly rental owners. One member rented his home for sixteen weeks in 2005.
- Hosts, guides, provides photos and supports visits by journalists and television producers that result in "advertising" that is valued at tens of thousands of dollars.
- Spends fully 50% of the annual budget directly on **Beaver Island marketing**.
- Operates a **room finders** program during July and August to assist visitors in finding a place to stay during the busy summer season and assist members in keeping their occupancy rate high.
- Bite of Beaver Island, Celtic Games, July 4th Parade, Citizen of the Year ...

Learn more about how you can support your Beaver Island Chamber of Commerce.

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The Rhyme of the Grand Old Mariner

One blustery eve the nativity ship crept through the fog and ice, A safe bay on the Island leeward to find, From howling wind and frothy wave she nestled close to shore To give her weary crew a respite from gale's blow, A Christmas berth surrounded by falling soft snow. One old sailor knew the Island and called her home, For years ago he had left her shores the seven seas to roam, But alas, fame and fortune he had never known. His heart was cold as frost on an icy thorn, His coat was frayed and threadbare, his cap ragged and worn, Callused hands had he, and a face that wrinkled forlorn, Of one grown old on pints of brew in ports unknown, A withering soul was he, from youth's dawn to this moment of anxious return. Captain's leave given, he rowed to shore on a starry night, Pulled the skiff up on frozen crust, And climbed the lofty wind-swept dune. To the murmur of rabbit scamper and thrush. Along the juniper ridge, To meet the freshly plowed white road home. The Christmas lights on clapboard houses blink and flicker in the feathery fall, And in the village hall the carols echo joyous, strong, and low: "Silent night, Holy night" whispers past in the frigid air, And from each home the laughter of children grows neigh. Glow of trees and waiting presents beckon forth, Mistletoe for love decks each gay hearth. Down Main Street past the ferry dock he trod, Stopping to remember the love he had won and lost To the lure of adventure on high seas far from the little harbor light. Taking a turn to the left and up the rise, Seeing her house, soft and warm once known. Lamenting the day he left her alone, Lost in sleep on a flowery springtime bed. Quickening his step to the church he sped, Up the stairs into the narthex, silent, dark, and still. Shaking snow from cap, and taking a taper in hand, He lit a prayer candle for his long lost land And bowing his head in forgiving repose doffs his knapsack to floor, Then to his work he goes. At each pew did he stop, and pull a gift from his sack, A boson's whistle for Bill, and a Dutch dolly for Sue, A letter for the old light-keeper, with a kind remembrance of fishing he once knew. A note to Cousin Sally who chased him along the lake reeds on a summer's eve, A limerick for Uncle Sean to muse, A book from the Far East for old friend Jim, who dreamed afar, A mandarin chess set for Jack from Shanghai's market town, And a Samurai sword for Joe, he once found, A miniature medieval castle from the Rhine to delight the children of Ellie and Tom And a dry rose picked from County Donegal's moor for his once love no more. To each pew a gift he brought, with memories of things tender and true, Until near the altar to the nativity he drew, And fell to his knees to worship the child, In a way for him quite novel and new. The weathered seafarer climbed the ship's ladder with a satisfied grin, A quiet resolution of undone things now said, Of a path set straight, Of a past that now seemed right. Christmas morn would dawn as the ship weighed anchor south, From icy deck he gazed back at the receding harbor mouth, And puffed on his pipe with secret delight. And smiled as the little town faded out of sight. His old friends would arrive to take their seats, And remember with surprise One who had wandered 'til this Christmas without trace, And they would wonder at the miracle of the birth for the human race, And most especially of all they would remember The hope of returning mystery, and grace.

New Film on Ecology

Barbara Lucas and Pam Grassmick have begun planning scenes for a new video which will showcase Beaver Island's delicate, interconnected ecology. They've applied for two grants. If funding develops, their film might be available for viewing at the airport and on the ferry, and for showings on- and off-Island.

Gerry Volgenau's Islands

Gerry Volgenau's superbly-written book is subtitled *Great Lakes Stories*. Its 16-page section on Beaver Island captures how it is today–which includes the still-felt historic influences.

During his many years as Detroit Free Press travel editor, the author frequently visited Beaver Island, and the affection he developed shows through on every page. Yet he was a perceptive enough observer to grasp both sides of our issues, and he does not let his affection impede the accuracy of his portrait. And because he provides chapters on other islands, reading his book gives us better insight on the nature of islandness, the source of the allure Beaver has for us.

Call for Papers

The *Society for Strang Studies* is calling for papers on James Jesse Strang for next summer's Beaver Island conference, June 16 - 18. Proposals are due by 2-3-06. ContactVickie Speek@yahoo.com

– Ken Zick, Christmas Eve 2004





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One Hundred Years Ago

by Joyce Bartels

Charlevoix Sentinel December 6, 1905 **Marine Notes**: "The *Beaver* is making her regular trips to the Island, and Capt. Campbell expects to run all this month, as weather permits."

Beaver Island News: "W. J. Gallagher and W. E. Stevens were away from the Island last week on business."

"Dr. Holiday of Traverse City returned to his city practice after a two weeks stay on the Island."

"Mr. Frank Bird of Robt. Beutel Fish Co. at Bay City left for his home last week."

"James Gallagher broke ground Monday for a bowling alley south of C. C.Gallagher's saloon."

"Sisters M. Clementine and Eleanor spent Thanksgiving in Grand Rapids returning on Monday boat."

"The str. *Covell* left Monday morning on her last trip loaded with lumber for the B. I. L. Co. bound for Chicago."

"Hugh R. Boyle returned Thanksgiving day from the Snow Islands where he had been in the employ of the U.S. Lake Survey."

"Mr. B. Franklin, the Chicago expert tailor who has been on the Island for the season left for Chicago on Monday boat to be gone until Spring." "The *Thomas Friant* used by the Game Warden laid in Beaver Harbor Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday last. Deputy Eddy of Sault Ste. Marie and A. O. Coulter of Grand Rapids were on board."

"The weather signal is up and signals being displayed night and day. Mr. Roy N. Covert of Chicago who has been here superintending construction of the tower returned to Chicago last Saturday."

"Married on Wednesday, Nov. 2nd Mr. Daniel Gallagher of Escanaba, Mich. and Miss Ellen Gillespie of St. James. The ceremony was performed at Holy Cross Church at 10 a. m. and the dinner served at John Gillespie's, father of the bride. Eighty couples sitting down to a most beautiful repast. Adjournment was then made to Gallagher's Hall where the wedding party tripped the light fantastic till the 'wee sun hours'."

Charlevoix Sentinel December 14, 1905 **Beaver Island News**: "Mr. Kennedy of Grand Rapids visited the Island on business Monday."

"No ice or snow yet in Beaver Harbor. Last year at this time teams were driving over part of the harbor." "Prospects seem good for a light winter."

"The B. I. Lumber Co. have bought a new and larger logging engine for their business here, finding it was required to keep the plant running to the full capacity. It is expected to arrive today by steamer *Covell*."

"Gus Kitinger and W. E. Stevens are expected to arrive today (Wednesday) on the *Covell*."

"A new regulation bowling alley is being built here, which will afford a pleasant way of wearing away winter evenings."

"The Holy Cross Church is to hold its Christmas entertainment at Gallagher's Hall, and it promises to be up to the usual high standard."

"Born to Mr. and Mrs. Will Gibson a fine ten pound boy. Mother and child doing well."

Charlevoix Sentinel December 21, 1905 **Beaver Island News**: "J. O. Gallagher is home for the holiday."

"Winter fishing is light both trout and whitefish."

"Chas. Rowe & Co. Of Harbor Springs is on the Island for winter fishing."

"W. W. Boyle is in Green Bay,





Wis., taking treatment at the hospital there for stomach trouble."

"C. C. Gallagher is putting in new piling and planking and otherwise repairing his dock property."

"Emil Lidke took passage on the str. *Covell* for his home in Manistee to be gone over the holidays."

"The K. O. T. M. holds its regular meeting this week Saturday night. Let every member on the Island be present."

"Keeper Spencer and wife left Monday for Muskegon, Mich. from where they will go to New York for the winter."

"Peter Nelson of Garden Island left Monday for Denmark where he has gone for his father. They will return together in February."

"Mr. Condey Gallagher of Seattle, Washington, uncle of C. C. Gallagher of this place, is enjoying a pleasant visit after 16 years absence."

"James McCann returned from his Chicago trip by way of Bay City, Mich. bringing his niece Eva Gibson with him to spend the Holidays. Miss Gibson is attending High School at Bay City."

"The National Protective League is forging rapidly to the front. If all the local legions are increasing as fast as St. James legion is doing, it will not be long before the legion will be seeking new worlds to conquer."

"M. J. Bonner, Capt. of the *Rouse Simmons* which was demasted by one of the gales which swept the lakes this fall, went to Milwaukee last week where he dry docked the schooner and found her hull to be in first class condition."

"B. C. Lane the tubular well contractor of Charlevoix accomplished the feat of driving a well and securing plenty of good water at 159 feet for camp No. 3 of the B. I. L. Co. Hundreds of dollars have been sunk by the company in trying to get good water. The rocky formation hindered the quest for the past 2 years."

Charlevoix Sentinel December 28, 1905 **Beaver Island News**: "On Tuesday evening of this week occurred one of the most successful Christmas entertainments in the history of the Island. It was given at the Island Opera House, Gallagher's Hall by the Holy Cross Church. The Dominican Sisters devised the program and trained all the performers with the exception of the leading speaker of the evening who was Captain Campbell of the steamer *Beaver*. The captain did himself proud as he usually does with what he undertakes in handing the task allotted to him. After stating that he was no speechmaker he proceeded to prove the contrary by a happilv worded extemporaneous address. His chief theme was the wonderful change which had taken place on Beaver Island during the past ten years. It was just a decade since his first trip to the Island and at that time the educational system in vogue here was very inferior, resulting in an Arabic class of children, mostly boys, who infected the docks and proceeded to act smart and make themselves generally obnoxious whenever a boat would land. Two or three years later the Sisters came to the Island and from educational change brought forth as talented, respectful, and well trained youth as can be found anywhere. The captain said he had never been better entertained by a miscellaneous program rendered by school children with the same facilities for entertaining and properly ascribed the changed conditions to the work of the Sisters who teach our Public Schools. During the course of the evening a purse of \$148 was tendered the pastor Fr. Paschal as a Christmas gift. At the close of the entertainment proper a large number of presents were distributed."



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Beaver to Ireland Trip

A trip to Ireland beginning March 30, 2006 is being planned for those interested in reconnecting with their Arranmore roots. The main focus of this trip will be on Arranmore Island, for 3 nights; other stays will be in Donegal Town, Galway City, Tralee, Co. Kerry, and Ennis, Co. Clare. Those interested can get information from Sandy LoDico: (231) 448-2004 or e-mail marieconnaghan@yahoo.com.

Island Evolution?

Islands have generally been considered evolutionary dead ends. After animals and plants emigrated from the mainland, it was believed they became so specialized for island life that they could not leave. They eventually became extinct, only to be replaced by new arrivals from the mainland.

"They were like baubles of the evolutionary past," said Christopher E. Filardi, a biologist at the American Museum of Natural History.

But Dr. Filardi and Robert Moyle, a colleague at the museum, have found evidence that islands can act as engines of evolution instead of dead ends. Animals can spread from island to island, giving rise to an explosion of new species, and even colonizing the mainland again. The results suggest that conserving biodiversity on islands is vital for the evolution of new species in the future.

Fall & Winter Events

December 3rd at Nina's – **Holiday Season Kick Off Dinner**. Start the holiday season off with a bang and enjoy a selection of finely prepared entrées from the chefs at Nina's.

December 3^{rd} and 4^{th} – Annual **Christmas Cantata**, 3:00 p.m. at the Christian Church.

December 8^{th} – **Cookie Carnival** from 1:00 - 5:00 at the Christian Church.

December 15^{th} – A representative from the **Commission on Aging** will answer questions at the BIRHC. Pharmacist John Ochs will also be there.

December 16th and 17th – **Basketball** & Volleyball vs. Ojibwe Charter at Beaver Island 6:00 p.m.

December 17^{th} – **Come see Santa** at the Emerald Isle Hotel. The AmVetsAuxiliary will provide treats in the conference room, and Santa will be landing on the roof and coming down the chimney to meet children in the upstairs lobby from 11:30 a.m. – 1:30 p.m.

December 20th – **BICS School** Holiday Program

December 31st New Year's Dinner, Nina's traditional elegant dinner of Lobster and Steak to send out the old and ring in the new!

AA meetings – Beaver Island Christian Church: Classroom until December 7^{th} , then to move to the Rectory. Wednesday evening: 7:00 p.m.; Saturday morning: 11:00 a.m.

Alanon meetings – Friday evening: 8:00 p.m.; Beaver Island Rural Health Center has contact information available.



38230 MICHIGAN AVE. BEAVER ISLAND, MI 49782 (MEMBER FDIC)

OPEN TUES AND FRI, 9:00 A.M. TO 2:00 P.M., STARTING ON DECEMBER 5

(231) 448-2190

Real Estate, For Sale: FOR SALE BY OWNER - END OF ROAD LOT NEAR LAKE -Contoured very nice site. Font View Court; Double-size lot, design your creative or traditional home here. Borders 30-acre preserve. Perked. Maps, elevation, info & comps available.: \$27,500. (917) 628-8263 or onthenews@aol.com

WEST SIDE LAKE MICHIGAN LOT FOR SALE - Lot 24 of the Western Shores Plat: 3.5 wooded acres, with 250' frontage on Greiner's Bay. Eight miles from town on Mrs. Redding's Trail. Very deep and private. Land contract possible with acceptable down payment. Contact owner Victor Dmitruk at (269) 207-2970 or e-mail villpsych@aol.com.

10.1 ACRES OF HARDWOODS with 700 feet of frontage on West Side Drive one mile north of Fox Lake. For Sale by Owner. High ground with private road and fully cleared building site. \$45,000.Call Bubba at (989) 821-5344

BEAVER ISLAND HARBOR LOT FOR SALE - Protected Harbor site: 60' Lake frontage by 250' deep. North of the Toy Museum. Call (231) 448-2391 **40 WOODED ACRES WITH CREEK** - Driveway, clearing, and small storage building. State Land across the road. Located on King's Highway minutes from town.\$69,500. (616) 681-5466. **KING'S HIGHWAY LOTS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN** - Two beautiful wooded lots right near town, the Brothers' Place, and the harbor. Asking \$40,000 each. Call (773) 646-1424.

TWO LOTS IN THE PORT ST. JAMES near Font Lake. Perked, wooded, buildable. #708 & 709; electric and phone right there. \$14,000 each. Call Peggy at (269) 671-5557.

40 ACRES ON SLOPTOWN ROAD - Call Bud at (231) 448-2397. **10 ACRES OLD FOX LAKE ROAD**

Beautiful, wooded, great building site \$45,000, please call (231) 409-1214.

GREAT LOTS FOR COTTAGE IN PORT ST. JAMES - 3 to choose from. Wooded, power, perked, ready for building. Lake Michigan access nearby. Call (269) 857-6084..

Cars, Boats, & Planes:

TRUCK FOR SALE - 2002 Ford F-150, Lariat, supercrew cab, Fx4 offroad, leather captain's chairs. Red with silver clear-coat. 62,500 miles; excellent condition. (231)448-2894.

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Text classifieds are an affordable way to get your ad printed and read in 1,200+ *Beacons* every month – cost is only \$1 per column line per month. Please call (231) 448-2476 or e-mail the *Beacon: beacon@beaverbeacon.com*



FOR SALE: BEAUTIFUL NEW HOME

Located in Port St. James, 1,800 sq. ft. home, planned for efficient living: 3 bedrooms and 2 full bathrooms, Cathedral ceilings (T & G Pine), large open loft, master suite with walk-in closet and master bath. Wrap-around covered porches, steep roofline with dormers, cedar siding. Beautiful wooded double lot. Quiet setting. One mile to Port St. James private beach on Lake Michigan. 1.5 miles to St. James village. \$225,000.00

Call Ed Wojan Realty: Real Estate Office: (231) 448-2711 Toll Free Number: 1-800-268-2711



FOR SALE – HARBOR-AREA HOUSE: Four bedroom, 1 ½ bath house on two lots with garage. Wonderful location near town and the harbor. Asking price is \$225,000. Call Ed Wojan Realty: Real Estate Office: (231) 448-2711 Toll Free Number: 1-800-268-2711



HARBOR-AREA HOUSE FOR SALE: 2-Story 2,688 sq. ft. house plus 2 car attached garage & full basement. 3 large bedrooms-master BR with private bath and walk-in closet, cathedral ceiling. 2 ½ baths. 2 decks. Approximately 1-acre corner lot. Peekaboo view of the Harbor. Potential for a bed and breakfast business. Asking: \$245,000. Owner is licensed agent. Call Jackie at **(231) 448-2342**



BEAVER ISLAND'S NORTH SHORE: Two 100' x 400' +/- Lake Michigan lots on the North Bluff a mile from town on Indian Point Road. Each have a cute, usable, rustic 1 bedroom/1 bath cabin with enclosed porches, decks and views. Furnished and equipped. Shared drive and well; separate electric and phone. "Bluff" \$170,000, "Woods" \$165,000. Possible land contracts with substantial down payments. Call John Johnson, (231) 448-2533 BI, (305) 294-9909 FL, (305) 304-7188 Cell.



TWO BEDROOM HOUSE FOR RENT:

In a beautiful wooded setting near the riding stables. Walk out the back to Sweeney's Pond. See the eagles and deer; let the loons lull you to sleep. Reduced rates for the off-season. Nice touches; everything brand new! Call (231) 448-2397



HARBOR-LAKE FRONT: (one block W. of marina) Sharp 3 bedroom, 3 bath, washer/dryer. Sleeps 8. Awesome view of harbor from living room, kitchen/dining room, and master bedroom. \$1,200 weekly. Call Patti Fogg (616) 399-5067 or email mfogg@egl.net



BEACHFRONT HOUSE FOR RENT: Exciting cottage with view of High Island from large deck. Open floor plan, huge windows on extremely private beach. 2 BRs with 2 full beds + loft with 2 twins. 1½ baths, TV/VCR, W/D, microwave, gas grill, all amenities. \$1095/week; spring & fall \$895. Limit 6 people. Please call (706) 268-2022, (219) 874-4676 May to Nov: 448-2001





DONEGAL BAY COTTAGE: 3 BR, 2 BA, full kitchen, W/D, fireplace, secluded patio & deck surrounded by pines and bluff and overlooking one of Beaver Island's best beaches. \$850 per week June-September; winter rates available. Call (734) 996-3973 or suziqp16@comcast.net

Real Estate, For Rent

SAND BAY - "BAY HAVEN" COTTAGE - WEEKLYRENTAL - Lake Front, Sandy Beach, 3BR, great view, laundry, East Side Dr., brand new home. \$1700.00/week, available in June, September 2006. Call Laurie Bos at (616) 786-3863 or lauriesbos@chartermi.net Photographs of Bay Haven can be viewed at *bayhaven.beaverisland.net*

LOEW'S LODGE ON LAKE GENESERATH - 6 BR (queens in 4 BR, bunks in 2 BR), 2 shower baths, 2 screened porches. laundry facilities, linen and bedding provided. Fully equipped kitchen. Boat and motor available. \$1050/week. (231)448-2809.

DONEGAL BAY COTTAGE - On dune with private beach access. 3 BR, 1 bath, sleeps 6, washer/dryer. Kayaks and bikes for your use. \$750/week. Off season rates on request. Please call Dana Luscombe evenings (248) 549-2701 or email dpluscombe@msn.com



THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS: BEAUTIFUL SAND BAY SETTING FOR RENT: Why not enjoy the best beach on Beaver Island? This attractive cottage has 3 bedrooms, 1½ bath. Sandy beach. Screened Porch. Satellite TV. Gas Grill. \$1100/week. Call Ruth or Jackie at (231) 448-2342



BEAUTIFUL SECLUDED NEW CHALET: Near Donegal Bay's beach. 3BR, 2Bath. MBR has garden tub. W/DR TV/VCR Grill. Upon availability, bikes & auto for your use. Sleeps 6-8. No Pets. \$790/week. Off season rates available April thru June15 & Sept 15 thru Oct. Evenings (708) 389-0621

WEEKLY RENTAL - Close to town (short walk to Dalwhinnie), Sleeps 6, 1 ½ bath, washer/dryer, linens furnished, freshly remodeled, pet friendly, \$800.00/week, Contact Ryan & Gretchen Fogg at (616) 836-1597.

RENTAL CABIN - for rent - Sand Baysleeps 8-amenities-available May to September \$950.00 wk plus security deposit. (231) 582-5057 or email robin@robinleeberry.com

WEEKLY RENTAL - Lake front. "The Last Resort" 2 BR house on Sand Bay, great view, beautiful sunrise, laundry pair, 1 ¹/₂ bath. Phone Bill McDonough at (231)448-2733 (days).

SECLUDED 1940'S LOG CABIN JUST ONE BLOCK FROM LAKE and market on one acre. Sleeps 4-6, *pets welcome* (\$100 deposit.) Washer, Dryer & linens furnished. Bicycles, canoe, grill available \$600/wk; weekends available. (219) 253-6500.



BEACHFRONT HOME FOR RENT: 3 bedrooms and loft – total 5 beds, hot tub, gorgeous views, solitude, wood stove, May-Sept. \$1050 Off-season \$795. Call Perry at (313) 530-9776 or e-mail pgatliff@hotmail.com



SECLUDED BEAUTIFUL CHALET FOR RENT: 10 Acres of pine with 360' of sandy Lake Michigan Beach. 2-BR (including loft), one bath, Great Room with 2 sofa sleepers. Fabulous views of the Lake. Large decks. Sleeps 7. Across from state land and hiking trails. Satellite TV. No pets. No smoking. \$800 per week. Off-season \$200 off. Deposit required. Call Ed or Connie Eicher (810) 629-7680 or (231) 448-2257



ISLAND AERIE: Overlooking harbor next to Nature Preserve, easy walk/bike to town, 3 bathrooms, 4 BR w/2 king and 10 twin beds, large 1st floor decks, 2nd floor wet bar and deck, 3rd floor game room, all modern amenities and appliances, great for multiple families and groups. \$1600/week, reduced off-season and extended-stay rates. Call John and Jan (989) 866-2159



THE BIRCH HOUSE ON FONT LAKE/ DONEGAL BAY ROAD: Close to town, beautiful sunrise, fishing, and solitude. 3 bedroom (sleeps 6) and 1 1/2 bath. Phone Mary Rose @ (630) 750-7870 or email mrdoig@hotmail.com \$750.00/wk off season rates available.

BAYWATCH VACATION HOME: Located at the entrance to St. James Harbor, Baywatch has 143 feet of private beach with picnic table and fire pit. Newly decorated home includes four bedrooms, a large open kitchen-living room, and a family room with a full-



THE HISTORIC BLUEBIRD HOME & ORCHARD: Available again as a rental. Charming and beautifully-renovated log farmhouse with apple orchard. Full housekeeping. 4 bdrms, 4 baths, jacuzzi tub. Fullyequipped kitchen, diningroom, parlor, library, and sunporch. Rates and reservations: (303) 817-2554 or TheBluebirdFarm@gmail.com

CEDAR COTTAGE - On bluff with view of harbor. Two bedrooms, one dbl. bed, two singles. TV, VCR, grill, full kitchen, washer/clothesline, 2 bikes; no pets. \$600/week. Call (734) 769-7565. mschroer@a2mich.com

LOG CABIN ON SAND BAY pets allowed. 2 BR, 1 bath: \$500. Call (734) 449-0804 or email delzey@earthlink.net

DONEGAL BAY - 3 BR 2 bath Home; sleeps 6; many amenities. \$880 a week. Reduced rates for off-season. Phone (313) 885-7393, after 4:00 p.m.

WEEKLY RENTAL - Harbor Beach Two-bedroom Condos. \$475/week. Call Carol Wierenga at (231) 448-2808, (231) 448-2598 or (231) 448-2596.

THE FISHERMAN'S HOUSE - Great 'In-Town' location. 4 BR/2 Bath; W/D; Beautifully appointed. For availability, call Bill or Tammy (231) 448-2499 or (231) 448-2733.

DONEGAL BAY HOUSE FOR RENT -

size pool table.

Call (231) 448-2650

Nice wooded location. Two bedrooms. New kitchen. Summer: 675. Off-season 425. (269) 668-7892 or email nprawat@yahoo.com

WATERFRONT COTTAGE - On the east side. Available by the week or weekend. One BR, full kitchen and bath. Enjoy the water and the woods, year round. Offseason rates. Complete privacy. (231) 448-2907.

DONEGAL BAY - Clean/ Comfortable 3 Bedroom Home. Private Beach, Unforgettable Sunsets. Call Valerie Connors at (810) 487-1028.

ORLANDO'S BEST resort condo, sleeps 6-8, full amenities, kitchen, laundry. In gated Orange Lake Country Club, use of 7 pools, tennis & racquetball, private lake, surrounded by prestigious 36-hole Legends golf course. Luxurious relaxation, Feb.24-Mar.10, \$850./wk or \$1575./2wks. (231) 448-2616



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Full Housekeeping Home Sleeps 16 - 7 Bedrooms w/ sinks Fully-equipped Kitchen Beach Access Great for Multi-Family Groups, Family Reunions, Business Retreats Open Year Round Weekly Rental in season 2-night minimum off-season

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