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published by

Paradise Bay Press

Beaver Beacon

Box 254

Beaver Island, MI 49782

(231) 448-2476

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The *Beacon* welcomes Island Stories, Articles, Photos, and Letters to the Editor. Thanks to all who call & email with news!

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4. NEWS FROM THE TOWNSHIPS

St. James Township

St. James was asked to join a new agency, the Michigan Harbor Coalition, to increase its ability to have its common concerns addressed.

The Board voted to have the Township's fuel oil tanks topped off at the rate quoted last fall rather than gamble this fall's rate could be lower.

The \$300,000 FAA grant was received, which will be used to acquire over six acres west of the current Municipal Airport property.

The Municipal Marina was inspected by the DNR. Although the final report has yet to arrive from Lansing, the agents who were here had only minor recommendations, such as to put up signs for no swimming and no tipping.

The DEQ was generally pleased with our Municipal Sewer System, but criticized the lack of an expansion plan, and found the hook-up records to have a single missing file.

The Port St. James alerted the Township that it was posting 35 mph speed limit signs.

The Board hoped to find a use for the building recently vacated by the Chamber.

The Township was approached about sharing the cost of a hired lobbyist; it wanted to know what it might have to gain.

The *phragmites* eradication

ordinance passed.

The lease agreement for Arranmore Park was termed acceptable. A low-profile rock wall, a low garden, and picnic tables will be allowed.

An account will be opened for the Harbor Light Restoration Fund. Money from the recently awarded Grand Traverse Band grant will be deposited in it.

Don Vyse suggested considering a long-range plan in which additional paving of the Donegal Bay Road from its current end to where the bike path turns north be at the standard width of 22', but the remaining run to Lake Michigan be at 32' and have a white line painted 10' from one edge to extend the bike trail without having to undergo the cost of landscaping a buffer between the trail and the road.

Peaine Township

Twenty-two people attended the Peaine Board meeting, most interested in the Supervisor's report on the possibility of creating an ordinance to allow ORVs on either the road or the shoulder. John Works had talked to the State Police, the Charlevoix Sheriff, the Charlevoix County Commission, the Road Commission, and the Township attorney. The County may consider such an ordinance; we could accept it, reject it, or pass our own. Because of the interest, the County Commissioners

SENIOR HOUSING NEAR

After nine years of overcoming one after another obstacle, the Senior Housing is close to becoming a reality. Most of the money has been raised, and now all that's standing in the way of a well-planned six-unit building springing up between the trees east of the Health Center are a few more commitments to move in. Actually two buildings are being planned. The first will have six reasonable rentals, private apartments surrounding a common

area. The second will have the same configuration, but its apartments can be purchased by those who may be ineligible for rentals because of their income.

A recent survey was mailed to Island residents, but others may find this tranquil and friendly setting on a bluff above the harbor appealing as well. To find out more information, write the Community Development Corporation at Box 447, or phone Pete LoDico at (231) 448-2004.

EMT CLASS OFFERED

A Basic Emergency Medical Technician class will be offered on the Island starting in September. The introductory session is set for Tuesday, Sept. 9, 2008 at 6 p.m. at the Governmental Building

at 37830 King's Highway (The Sheriff's Substation).

For more information, callers should leave a message at the BIEMS office at 448-2578 or call 448-2238.

will be invited to a meeting here to gauge public opinion.

Pam Grassmick read a statement against such an ordinance from the BIA (formerly the Property Owner's Association). She thought there were safety issues; the use can't be policed effectively; and environmental damage was a possibility. She recommended at most a part of the state land be so designated.

Rod Nackerman cited two recent cases of ORV abuse. One involved his property on the south side of Font Lake. The other occurred on a CMU Nature Walk to French Bay, where the trekkers were forced to jump off the trail by the sudden and unexpected appearance of two speeding ORVs.

Other members of the audience pointed out that cars too have their detractors, and said citizens have to stand up to scofflaws by reporting offences to weed out the bad eggs. A suggestion was made that the BIBCo create a pamphlet outlining proper ORV behavior and give it out to owners of the machines they transport.

The *phragmites* ordinance proposal was challenged by a letter from a property owner, who thought it was unnecessary because people are reasonable, and it constitutes a violation of basic privacy and property rights—he feared that granting permission to inspect for invasives

would result in the government eventually abusing this prerogative. Nevertheless the proposal passed.

There was much discussion of the voters turning down the renewal of the operating millage by a 91-72 margin. (Other millages passed: Transit, 81-59; Seniors 103-43; Recycling, 105-60.) The Board pointed out how vital this was for so many things: the payment of the road loan, the EMS and BIHS, the deputy, the utilities, the salaries of the officers, trustees, members of the planning commission and the board of appeals, the assessor/zoning administrator, and the cemetery. The Board hoped the problem was that the language had not made it clear that this was a renewal, and planned to put the matter back on the ballot for November, phrased differently.

But some members of the audience said that changing the language would not address the public's concern that taxes were just too high. The Board replied that most of the tax money went off the Island, and they too, being taxpayers, didn't like it, but did not want to cut any of the services. The only concrete suggestion was to charge more for aviation fuel at the Municipal Airport, but those expressing the feeling that taxes were too high said they would study the details of the budget and make more detailed suggestions for cuts at the next meeting.

YOU TOO CAN BE A HERO

If you're interested in helping protect the community, a neighbor, or a family member, you could do so by joining the Fire Department and being ready to save people, homes, businesses, and our wonderful pristine environment from fire and disaster.

The Beaver Island Fire Department needs you! The BIFD will be offering Fire Fighter #1 and #2 certification, with classes conducted through the Charlevoix Fire Department via

teleconferencing from our Rural Health Center.

Classes will start in October, and run into May.

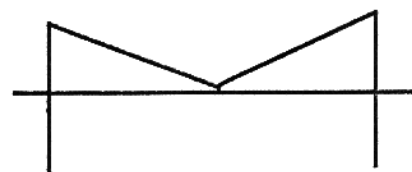
Becoming part of this crack team is not easy—which is why these men are so highly regarded. Can you cut it? There's only one way to find out—call Fire Chief Tim McDonough (2733) and talk to him.

Remember, the sacrifices are nothing compared to the rewards.

THE SOUTH POSTPONED

Central Solutions Inc., the company that has provided wireless Internet service in St. James and promised to extend coverage to all of Beaver Island, announced that as of September 30th it

will no longer offer high speed wireless service on Beaver Island. No reasons were given. The three 180' towers built to facilitate internet and cellular service may be able to be used by someone else.



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6. A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE



Every morning I am out the door to ski-walk either the bicycle trail out to the township campground or the subdivision south of the resale shop. This morning was no exception.

It was an ordinary morning walk until I turned the corner at Karnes Road. About half way down the stretch there was a deer browsing on the left side of the road. I stopped using my ski-walking sticks and stood still. Another deer popped his head up from the right side of the road. I walked a few steps and stopped. The deer on the right

stared at me. He took a few steps and bobbed a couple of times. I took a few more steps—he did too.

Then I noticed he had antlers and more than just spikes. I could see his big brown eyes and perked-up ears. He stuck his neck out as if to get a better look at the creature standing in the road. I took more steps, and then some more. That's when I saw the rack on the other deer. When I was about 25' from the deer on the right he casually walked to the other side of the road and joined the other deer. Together they walked up to the tree line. I slipped by. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw they were starting toward me. I looked again. There was no doubt about it—they were following me. This I had to see full view so I started walking backward to keep my eye on them.

They both had racks of 6-8 points in velvet. One had a tine that was longer on one side than the other. They got closer and closer, and were less than 50' from me. When I made the curve in Karnes Road they crossed over to the other side and continued to follow me. Gradually they veered into the woods and went off to whatever it is that deer do at 8 o'clock in the morning.

My heart rate? Accelerated.

—Lois Williams

NOT THIS TIME

Our local candidate for the Charlevoix County Commission, Rich Gillespie, carried Beaver Island, 118-24,

but could not make up enough ground on the mainland to unseat Shirley Roloff, the incumbent.

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A GRADUATION

Beaver Island's Leaha Grace Cary, daughter of Greg and Lynn and granddaughter of Skip McDonough, graduated from Glen Lake High School in Maple City, where she was active in volleyball and soccer.

She lived with her aunt and uncle Julie and Todd (who pioneered the finishing of high school elsewhere to take advantage of expanded opportunities—in his case, football) and their family in Cedar for her last three years.

Leaha now will attend NWM College in Traverse City to pursue a career in the medical field. That's another long-standing Island tradition.



"BIG BAND" COMES TO THE ISLAND

Friday, September 12th will bring big music to Beaver Island when the "Ransom Street Big Band" from Grand Rapids performs in the Holy Cross Hall at 7:30 p.m. Tickets are \$10 and will be available at the door.

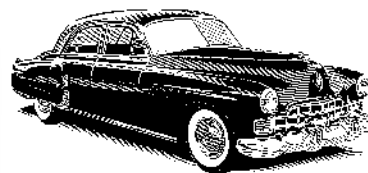
In its "first ever trip" to the Island, the "Big Band" will also offer a special event for the students of Beaver Island Community School during the day. The relaxed performances will feature music from the 1940s and 1950s—especially Duke Ellington and Glenn Miller.

The "Ransom Street Big Band," in its 5th year as a performing ensemble, has a home base at St. Cecilia Music Center in Grand Rapids. The group's 20 members are all musicians of the New Horizons International Music Association, a

growing international organization whose goal is to offer music-making opportunities for older adults. The Grand Rapids chapter has nearly 100 members, many of whom play in one or more of the ensembles, including a concert band, a beginning/intermediate band, a string orchestra, flute ensemble, Dixieland and the group coming here.

The band rehearses weekly and performs regularly at St. Cecilia. They also perform for community dances, and provide entertainment at retirement homes, camps, and other venues.

This "off the mainland gig" of old favorites is sponsored by the Beaver Island Cultural Arts Association, with support from the Charlevoix County Community Foundation.



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8. THE VIEW FROM ONE THOUSAND FEET

an occasional series of stories capturing Paul Welke's adventures flying around Beaver Island

January 17, 1994 dawned a cold and miserable day with the temperature near zero, moderate snow, and strong northwest winds. It did not look too promising for getting in any flights this day (but how wrong this proved to be). It was about 7:30 AM and I was watching the morning news when the LA earthquake occurred (also known as the Northridge quake). I sat and watched in stunned silence as this drama of death and destruction unfolded before me. By 8 AM I received a call from my good friend Marilyn McFarland who informed me that her sister Carolyn's home had been badly damaged in the quake. She added that we (Marilyn and myself) needed to fly out there right away to retrieve their dogs, and asked when I could leave.

Well, we had just acquired our Seneca two years previously and it was

well equipped, with full de-ice and good avionics. The aircraft was on the Island and departing IFR from BI to pick up Marilyn in Bay City would not be a problem—except all of our approach and enroute charts were in Charlevoix. So off I went IFR to Charlevoix with an alternate of Traverse City (if I ended up in Traverse I would have the charts driven down to me). I was able to get into Charlevoix all right, refueled, picked up the charts and headed for Bay City. I departed Bay City at 5:30 PM and arrived in Kansas City 4 hours later, where we remained overnight—with temps hitting -20 F. We left early on the 18th with a stop in Dalhart, Texas, and arrived Van Nuys, California mid-afternoon. When we arrived we were the last civilian aircraft allowed to land before the airport was closed so National Guard troop aircraft

could land. The control tower, which was in operation, had all its windows broken out in the earthquake, so whenever a jet took off they had to cease communicating due to the noise.

Upon our arrival in sunny southern California, the problem arose that all the phones were out and Marilyn had not had any contact with her sister since we departed Bay City the previous day. Carolyn knew approximately what time we would arrive and at which airport, so all we could do was sit and wait. Carolyn and her husband Mark arrived about three hours later.

While driving from the airport we witnessed several interesting things: many skyscrapers had been damaged in the earthquake, and there was so much broken glass on the streets and sidewalks it looked like piles of snow. Armed National Guard troops were

SENIOR PICNIC

The Charlevoix County Commission on Aging's 4th Annual Beaver Island Senior Picnic will take place on Sunday, September 21, 2008, from 11:00 am - 1:00 pm at the Beaver Island Community Center. Tickets are a


suggested donation of \$3.00 for seniors 60 years and older, and \$6.00 for persons under 60. Tickets are "first come, first served" and may be purchased by calling Jean Palmer at (231) 448-2915.

The menu is barbeque chicken,

potato salad, baked beans, fruit and cookie with assorted beverages.


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patrolling the streets to lessen the chances of looting; water mains were broken in many places, causing water to run down the streets; and all traffic signal lights were out of service, forcing traffic to stop and go at each intersection while allowing cross traffic to pass—which was done in a most courteous manner.

The drive from the airport to Mark and Carolyn's home took about 20 minutes and we settled in for the evening with a planned departure the next morning. The house was partially destroyed, with no power or phones. One of the most striking things we witnessed was, walking into the front door of their home, there was a gaping hole in the wall looking out over their backyard. This was where their brick fireplace had been—until it collapsed during the quake. We checked for

natural gas leaks and found none, but located the main shut-off valve and closed it, to be on the safe side.

The most notable event occurred the following morning at about 6 AM when an aftershock of about magnitude 4.5 happened, lasting about 20 seconds. This got me up only to find Carolyn, Mark, and their dogs out in the back yard. At the first sign of any tremor, they all ran out of the house. Needless to say, they were still shell-shocked from the main-event quake.

We departed by mid-morning with an overnight stop in Dalhart, Texas. We arrived in Bay City the following afternoon. The only thing of note regarding our return to Bay City was that the California dogs had never experienced winter outside of California—no snow, cold temperatures, etc.—and they were not very happy. When they arrived in

Michigan none of them wanted to put their feet on the cold, icy ground. They were all very healthy dogs but had California coats—thin, with almost no hair on their tummies. At the end of their tenure in Michigan, they all had thick, fluffy coats, had learned to adapt to walking in snow, and had generously fur-coated tummies.

From this event I forged a close friendship with Mark and Carolyn. We still check on them after any news of a quake in their area. We have an agreement that if there is ever another one, we will be on the way ASAP to retrieve their most prized possessions: their two Bassett Hounds and two Blood Hounds.

One aspect I have always liked about living on Beaver Island and doing what I do for a living is that when you get up in the morning, you never know what you may be doing by the end of the day.

LAKE TROUT MAY RETURN

Until a hundred years ago, lake trout were as common as whitefish in the great Beaver Island fishery. Then bad breaks decimated them. Whitefish hung on until the lampreys arrived. For fifty years various agencies have been

fighting to bring the whitefish back. As for the lake trout, they were so far gone they were almost forgotten—except in Lake Superior.

Now Wisconsin's DNR is mounting a plan to stock deep parts of Lake

Michigan in two areas, off Sheboygan, and near Beaver Island. Around 3.1 million eggs from three species of lake trout and a half million fingerlings will be planted. Hopefully enough will survive to restore the fishery.

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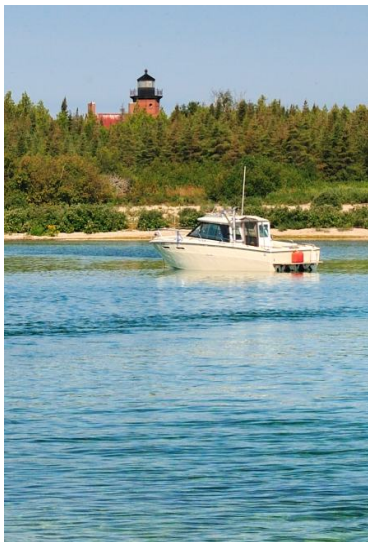


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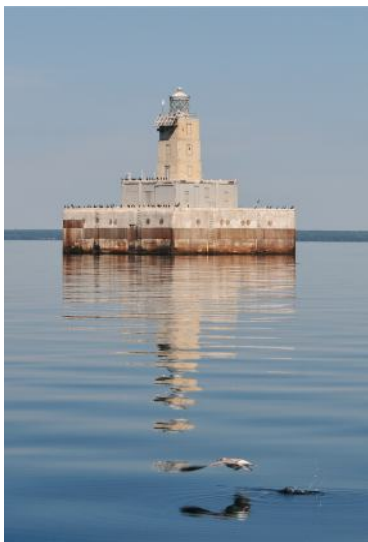
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The anchorage at Squaw



Keeper's Staircase at Squaw



The flock at Lansing Shoal

ON THE LIGHTHOUSE QUEST

The summer of 2008 has been a busy one, with events, progress, projects, and chores moving each day briskly along. If you're not careful, once the first mid-season 80s hit, the summer can slip through your fingers faster than sand through your toes. But after watching the homecoming games on August 11th, a marker of the season, I got the call I had been waiting for all summer from Jon Bonadeo, saying the first of two lighthouse expeditions would set off the following daybreak. Author and guide Jerry Roach had booked Bonadeo's Beaver Island Boat Charters for a group of 14 who hoped to add the Beaver Archipelago's lighthouses as additional notches on their belts.

Eager to tag along with this interesting group and get out on the water to see things from a different perspective, the backpack with cameras, lenses, and lunch was packed before the sun came up. With the boat loaded, we set out past the still marina and the mouth of Paradise Bay at 7:41 a.m.. It was a beautiful day.

As we passed Whiskey Point and the Township Hall, with CMU's boathouse and docks casting dark shadows on the sunrise-reflecting blue water, we passed the brig *Niagara*, which was resting at anchor just outside the harbor's mouth. The cool August morning air and the long serene striations, with a couple white clouds on the horizon, set the perfect tone for our journey. The yellow sides of

the *Niagara* and her masts were mirrored in the tiny ripples in her lee (photographed on the back cover.)

First on the itinerary was a trip past Garden, looping around the #4 buoy off Whiskey for a stop at the privately owned Squaw Island to meet with Bernie. He arrived in his own boat for a quick talk about all the restoration work that had been done to the lighthouse since the tragic vandalism of the 80s. It was quite remarkable to come so close to shore in Jon's 35' boat, although it must have been even more breathtaking when the light was operable and the manmade landing around the point cleared. Yet this was close enough to take us back in time to a different way of life and technology.

On Squaw we moved quickly up the narrow path (which had been blazed through the thick underbrush to haul in the restoration materials) until the attached keeper's house emerged. To be proper, waivers were signed so any liability fell on our shoulders alone, and of course we signed the guest-book, adding our names to those lucky enough to set foot here since the light closed in 1928.

From the top of the light, an army of the sticks of dead white birch trees soar high above the evergreens and smaller green trees, just allowing a small inlet of brilliant blue water to be visible between the far shore of Squaw and Whiskey, with the silhouette of High providing the backdrop against the vast lake to the south.



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We had a long day ahead, so reluctantly we set off again. It would have been fascinating to talk with Bernie all day about his experiences, but that would have to wait. With Jerry and a group of four of us on the bow, the rest in the cockpit to the stern, we lifted anchors and were underway. Leaving Bernie's boat and dinghy on the beach as the light became more visible above the trees, we motored away from shore.

The clearness of this day made Lansing Shoal look like she was just off Squaw, and our motion toward the outpost almost imperceptible. Occasionally we spotted a fish or two swimming under us. I asked Jerry how he and the group had come together. Although he had always been interested in history, his wife Barb had brought the passion for lighthouses. He was quickly hooked by the romance of the light, and their quest began.

In 2005 he released *The Ultimate Guide To West Michigan Lighthouses*, now in its third printing. *The Ultimate Guide To East Michigan Lighthouses* came out in 2006, and last fall the third and final in this series, *The Ultimate Guide to Upper Michigan Lighthouses*, appeared. When he began he would set out on his own, but after investing tens of thousands of dollars in travel and charters for his first book, he realized that assembling a group to share the costs was a better way to go. So in addition to author and photographer, he put on the hat of being a guide, helping preservation groups with their events and publicity, and arranging trips like this for others through his website,

lighthousecentral.com.

While talking with Jerry perched on the bow, we caught the glimmer of a fish jumping. Then a few minutes later a group of cormorants confidently powered by our bow with fast, strong wing strokes. Only slightly disturbed by our boat and conversation, they easily maintained their deliberate flight plan close to the water.

Now Lansing Shoal was at hand and cameras were readied. With all its portholes, windows, and doors tightly paneled over, the upper structure yellowed by the sun, Lansing Shoal was guarded by a whole corps of black birds.

At first they maintained their line, but as we circled the cubist construction one cadre at a time gave way to our superior force and darted off along the horizon. The rust-colored metal plates attached to protect the concrete abutments from the ice, the interrupted ladders, the pool-like top rails, and the modern bunker on top all seemed out of place in the middle of the calm lake, like surplus machines bestilled on battlefields after vegetation has grown up around them. We circled, and then doubled back and moved on to the day's main destination – the South Fox lights.

At 8½ this was a lengthy journey, which gave us time to talk as we passed High. Then the Foxes came into view while Beaver slowly became the small silhouette on the horizon.

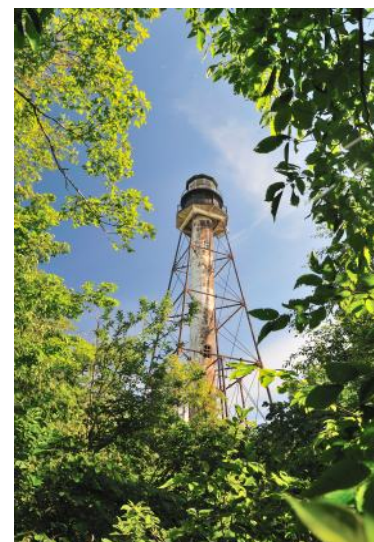
Debbie and Justin Potts from Chicago had begun their quest on instinct. She knew where a lighthouse should be in a given port, and, usually, there it was. As they continued



A road to nowhere: sidewalk to breakwall



Walk to Fox boathouse buried in stones



The new tower light at South Fox

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The sidewalk and oil house at South Fox



South Fox's brick keeper's quarters



Jerry Roach as we pass Beaver Head



*Back row L-R: Chuck Prass - IN, John McFarland - PA, Jon Bonadeo - MI, Jerry Roach - MI, Debbie Potts - IL
Front row L-R: Kristen Khurana - MI, Becky Thorne - OH, Linda Shay - PA, Anne Bucher - OH
Bob Costello - MI, Justin Potts - IL*

discovering new lights, she honed her skill, until they found the lighthouse guidebooks and took their coast to coast journey to a new level of calculation and dedication.

As we made our way to the middle, the lake kicked up to a more Lake-Michigan-like chop. With a little refreshing spray on the bow I made my way to the cockpit to keep the cameras dry. There I commandeered a free seat on the stern next to Janelle Thompson, a watercolor artist from Ladysmith Wisconsin. The weight of the cameras aboard exceeded the anchors on this day, but the trip also included artists like Janelle who were along to see and experience the lights for themselves, to then take the vision and sense of each place home and commit to canvas over the coming year.

Clearing North Fox, an island which outwardly looked similar to the Beaver archipelago, South Fox came into view, with its enormous sand dunes and impressive topography. Most of South Fox is now private. Seeing the modern stables, houses, road, and runway out here seemed opposite to but as surreal as the automated Lansing Shoal Light.

As we proceeded down South Fox's hospitable coast, we came to a large sandblow separating a tree-covered lighthouse point from the rest of the island. The newer tower peaked above the foliage, but the older lighthouse remained tightly nestled in the greenery. Unsure of the rocks near the wrecked breakwater, Jon anchored his boat in a

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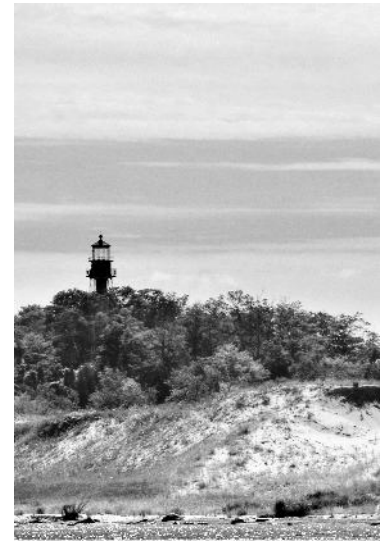
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sandy spot one bay away, and ferried us in two dinghy trips to shore.

On our side of the point white shells were a foot thick and many feet across. Crinkling them underfoot, we came to the breakwater. What I had thought was a large rock turned out to be remnants of the former abutment. The sidewalk crossing the beach was now a civilized road to nowhere. Seeing the steel exposed, metal structures strewn on the beach, and the concrete cross-sectioned and eroded by the massive strength of the ice, it was an odd juxtaposition following the sidewalk up past the partially restored boathouse and on past a neatly arranged ring of firewood to the red-capped oil house and original schoolhouse light with its adjacent large brick keepers

quarters now having iron grates across its windows for fear of vandals. The sidewalks, as perfect as when this was active, led us to the new tower light, which soared above the re-cleared path. Through breaks in the trees we could see its bolted structure and two windows, which gave this industrial-age marvel a human scale.

The layers of paint and rust on the corrugated steel fog station and its outside tanks told a story of years of solitude and isolation. We could have spent days imagining life here, walking the sidewalks from building to building, old light and new light, once so vital to navigation—such an idyllic if also harsh, lonely, and courageous way of life. But it was time to start for home—even now, we would be out for



Over the sand blow the new tower soars



*Front row, L-R: Debbie Potts - IL, Linda Shay - PA, Paula Knight - MI, Becky Thorne - OH, Jon Bonadeo - MI, Anne Bucher - OH, Janelle Thompson - WI, Jenny Thompson - WI
Back row left to right: Kristen Khurana - MI, Justin Potts - IL, John McFarland - PA, Jerry Roach - MI, Chuck Prass - IN, Cheryl Gunderson - WI, Bob Costello - MI*



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A patina of many years of paint and rust



The tower atop Grays Reef Light



Cormorants guarding the lower door



Grays Reef Lighthouse

the sunset and to watch the moon rise over the water. We passed a few Island fisherman enjoying the night as we motored up the east side of Beaver and returned to the harbor, with reflections of St. James illuminating our way.

As we skirted the harbor buoy, Chuck Prass (from Colfax Indiana) pointed out the sequencing of buoy lights and our own functional Whiskey Point, which we mostly take for granted. Now its reassuring red glimmered over the water and our wake as we made our way to Jon's dock.

After such a long trip the day before, we got a reprieve on the morning of the 13th, not leaving the harbor until 9:29, passing a St. James more familiar to me on the way out. As we headed for Ile Aux Galets, the ferry cruised up the East Side in the distance. This too was a supremely calm day as we needed our way north of a storm front, the clouds providing a dramatic backdrop.

While Jon tested radio range, the group joked about technology and communication, and a teacher in the group, (Mac, from Pennsylvania, the home state of the brig from the previous day) talked about how students today learn how to set up technology instead of repetitively hammering home basic fundamentals first-hand as they did in years past. The good-spirited discussion rang true as we journeyed out to rediscover the outposts of this navigation network from the era when signals were visible and audible and so directly connected with the men.

As Skillagalee appeared on the horizon, a number of us made our way to

the bow to give all the lenses a clear field of view. The keeper's house, oil house, and fog station had been removed by a coast guard crew in 1943, and the light tower now stands alone in the center of this treeless island. The light towering vertically on the horizontal white beach of this flat pebble island provided a striking counterpoint. It must have been dramatic to be stationed on the only spot above the plane of breaking waves.

Fearing the odor of the birds who make their home here, the group elected not to bring the dinghy on this trip, though I regretted not having a chance to set foot on Skillagalee to add that notch to my belt. Two white swans made their way calmly along the shore, frequent tourists to this wonderful island who are unable to tell us about it as they swim our coasts, a friendlier sight than the much-hated black cormorants of the day before.

As we made our way on to Grays Reef, a freighter dwarfed a small sailboat on the horizon, identifying the shipping lane these lights were erected to make safe a century ago. From the water, the low door in the Grays Reef Light's cribbing was striking. On top, the bolted steel structure seemed eminently modern, built almost like a ship for the task at hand.

In the distance the White Shoal light was a few inches high on the horizon, like a great chess piece floating on a glass lake against the turbulent sky. Presenting a different world than the vision of this light we got from the air in April, the grand entry and the glass still in the windows made this the most fairy-taleish of the beacons, though her red

White Shoal Lighthouse in front of the storm front



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painted stripe was strewn with a patina of hundreds or thousands of white streaks—magical nevertheless.

As we fired photographs, some were adding the light to their collection for the first time while others, like Chuck who had been working on his book for eight years and still has a year of research and writing ahead, were getting a better angle. Another interesting corollary was pointed out by Mac, who had started out observing birds. Many of the rarer of the 650 species he sought can be observed in only one location on Earth. He segued to encountering each of the lighthouses, of which there are around 600 on the list. While others are working on their books, he plans to assemble a collection to give to the National Lighthouse Museum in Rockland Maine.

After coaxing the adventurers into a quick group shot in front of the White Shoal Light, we finally made our way to the old Waugoshance Point light. Like at Lansing Shoal, a brigade of cormorants occupied this perch, dividing their number among the lower rocks breaking the lake's surface and the upper tiers of the castle-like steel keeper's structure. White streaks bleed from the windows, while crumbling sand falls on the metal structure from the exposed stone tower above.

A lone ladder marks the way up the slap-rock crib, but the chimney still stands amidst the burned-out structure. During practice only a single bomb lit the fire, leaving the lower steel intact. We circled while noting the great slabs of rock forming the bottom of the

shallows. Against the point of the mainland, with the bottom seeming so near—and given its history and fate—our imagination couldn't help being captured by Waugoshance. Hopefully plans for restoration will proceed; it would be a shame to let this piece of history crumble.

Approaching Hog Island on the way back, we didn't have the heart to tell Dr. Powers that the cormorants had also assembled for a confab, but we did blow the horn several times to break it up. We spotted a few nice fish off Hog near a huge Volkswagen-bus-sized boulder. Then Beaver slowly changed from the band on the horizon to the Island home I know.

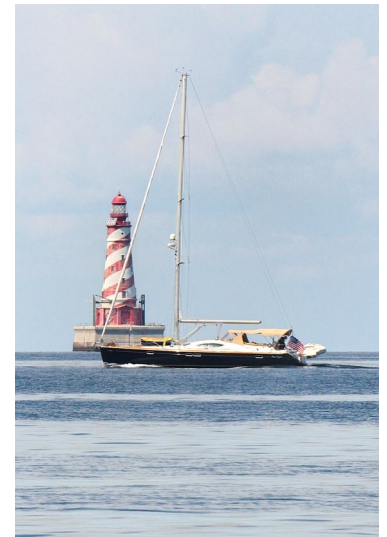
The 5:30 ferry was already docked but her wake still surged toward us. We couldn't help but reflect on a remarkable two-day journey, on why we have come here in the first place. It's a good thing to make the time to just be out on the lake at least once a summer.

At first I only set off to experience the trip itself, but along the way this group's lighthouse quest got under my skin and I conjured up a romantic vision of what life had been like at each of these stations when they were at the forefront during the nineteenth century, when Beaver was at the center of this great water highway system, and technology was so visceral and tactile in the dawning industrial age.

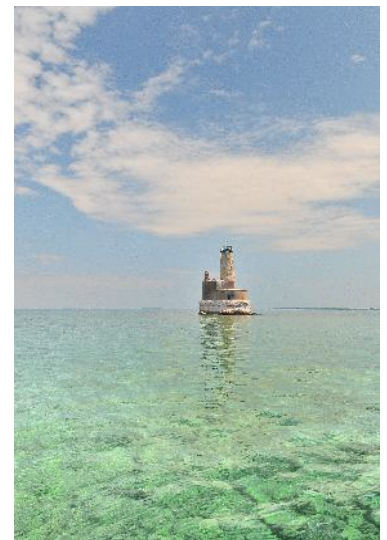
The focused charter with this group of lighthouse questers provided a memorable cornerstone to another great Island summer, a welcome reminder of what being here is all about.



Thunder clouds frame Skullagalee (cover)



A sailboat passes White Shoal on the return



The shallows surrounding Waugoshance

A glimpse inside the burned-out, bombed old Waugoshance Point Lighthouse

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20. ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

from Joyce Bartels

Charlevoix Courier Wednesday, September 2, 1908 **From Beaver Island:** "Mrs. Sheridan left for Milwaukee Monday."

"A young son of Dr. McCann is seriously ill."

"Mrs. Tillotson is busy in the interest of the Maccabees."

"Miss Mary Gallagher was at Charlevoix for a few days."

"W. W. Boyle made a flying trip to Charlevoix the other day."

"Mr. Gibbons has left for Green Bay, where he is to be operated on."

"Mr. and Mrs. Pat Malloy have now moved into their new home."

"Fires were numerous last week over the Island, no serious damage done."

"Being aristocratic does not exempt one from recognizing their patrons."

"Misses McCauley, Douglas, and Gallagher were in Charlevoix a few days."

"Mrs. Lafiniere (sic) left for a week's visit with her daughter in Deward, Michigan."

"The Hart boat the other evening had the misfortune of breaking a cable here."

"Mrs. Bursley and family, from Naubenway (sic) are here on a two weeks visit with her mother and sister."

"A party of ladies consisting of Mesdames Heath, Pratt, Sheridan, Roddy, and Sandenburg (sic) drove into the country last week to visit friends, whom they hadn't seen in eleven years."

Charlevoix Sentinel Thursday, September 3, 1908 *Front Page Article:*

AN INDIAN FUNERAL

The Ancient Garden Tribe and its Ancient Cemetery

Just over the hill side from Garden Island harbor, under the beautiful maples, in the midst of the graves of generations of pureblooded Ottawas, there is a newly made mound of earth. In the shallow grave lies the body of an Indian boy, killed by the kick of a horse.

It fell to the lot of the scribe, last Wednesday, to be able to accompany Rev. Father Norbert, of St. James, to the historic Indian settlement, six miles to the northward of Beaver Harbor, on his sacred errand. The party numbered about twenty-five guests of the Hotel Beaver, and included Prof. H. J. Cox, of the Weather Bureau, and Father Daniels, the distinguished Franciscan missionary priest.

The trip itself, in a gasoline boat, with a smart easterly breeze, threw the spray mast-high, and gave spirit to the passage of the channel. Garden Island harbor is one of the best in the straits region, and its surrounding cannot fail to charm the beholder.

Here beside the still waters, with the forests all about, live the 'Garden Island Indians.' The log houses of the settlement have sheltered many generations of the dusky natives. Small patches of cleared ground supply their simple needs of potatoes and corn, and fish nets and boat building constitute their occupation.

Around one of the small log house was gathered a silent, stoical band of Indians, some of them from High Island, where another band lives. Led by the good priest, clad in his sacred

vestments, came four Indians bearing the rude coffin containing the body of the boy. Augmented by the crowd of white visitors the procession wound its way slowly up the hill a quarter of a mile, where in the limestone the grave had been dug. All about were roofed shelters over graves, one of which we were told contained the bones of old chief Peaine, who died more than a half century ago. A few of these shelters were comparatively new and in good repair, but many were broken down and decayed. Occasionally could be found a little grave house, tastefully built, and decorated with lattice work and paint, silent and rude tributes of parent love and parent sorrow.

In the very heart of nature is this 'silent city of the dead.' Not a tree or a bush has been disturbed. Under the great maples lie generations of the ancestors of this boy whom we followed up the hill-side to his rocky grave.

At the foot of the grave stands the good priest; at the head stands the stricken parents, silent and unmoved, but—who knows? About the grave stand the Indians. Then the priest recites the liturgy in the Ojibwa language, blesses the grave, and the boy that was probably as great joy to the home as if he had lived in a mansion, was left under the beautiful trees with his ancestors. For a brief moment the parents stood by the grave as the coffin was being covered, and then down the hill the procession wended its way.

It was a rude picture in a rough setting, but it taught its lesson.

Front Page article Number Two:

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CABLE BROKEN

"Last Thursday morning while Prof. H. J. Cox, of the Weather Bureau, and the local cable Superintendent were at St. James, the steamer *Fannie Hart*, in trying to get away from her dock with a high easterly wind blowing, drifted on the bank on which the government cable laid.

She picked it up and parted it. Consequently St. James has now been cut off from communication up to date. The Washington weather bureau authorities wired the local office Tuesday that Chief Robinson, of the telegraph service would arrive in Charlevoix September 5th and that meant that the cable will be mended about next Tuesday." (Note: J. H. Robinson, Wash. D. C., appears in the *Hotel Beaver* register on Sept. 6th)

Beaver Island News: "E. C. Lidtkie and W. A. Sheid returned from a visit at Manistee."

"Miss Nellie Connaghan is visiting at Grand Rapids this week."

"Mrs. C. C. Gallagher has returned home much improved in health."

"Rev. Fr. A. F. Zugelder, formerly of this place, but now of Beal City paid the Island a visit last week."

"John D. Gallagher had three fingers taken off by a saw in the lath mill a few days ago."

"Mrs. J. A. Heath, of Charlevoix is visiting friends here this week."

"Mrs. Patrick Roddy and Mrs. James Sheridan, of Milwaukee, are visiting their mother for a few weeks."

"Fran Roddy lost a valuable horse a few days ago, by being caught by a fallen tree."

"The Leap Year party, given in the

hall last week, proved to be very prolific. We understand the bachelor list of our city will be greatly reduced in consequence."

"The steam barge *Annie Laura* discharged a cargo of coal this week for James McCann."

"Vincent Bros. have completed the re-build on the tug *Violet*. Captain Martin is to be congratulated on the excellent work he had done on his boat."

"Alderman Con Gallagher, of Escanaba, stopped here a few days last week on his way to Washington, D. C. on official business. Mr. Gallagher was formerly an Island boy."

"Miss Eva O'Malley, of Chicago, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. James Donlevy."

"Joseph M. Gallagher of Philadelphia, is visiting friends on the Island."

"Mrs. Capt. P. McCafferty, of Charlevoix, is visiting the captain's mother at this place."

"Tommie, the ten year old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McCann, is suffering with an attack of pneumonia."

"E. J. Dowdall who has been the guest of Mrs. James Donlevy the past month, returned home on Monday's boat."

"Forest fires are doing considerable damage at present. Several camps throughout the Island have been wiped out."

"Miss Ida B. and Miss Mamie Gallagher attended the teachers' Institute at Charlevoix this week."

"The tug *C. A. Elliot*, which has been at Charlevoix the past month for repairs, returned this week."

"The tug *Badger* has had a thorough rebuild. Vincent Bros. did the work."

Charlevoix Sentinel Wednesday, September 9, 1908 **From Beaver Island:** "Delegates to County Republican Convention: Peaine - Daniel F. Gallagher, Hugh E. Boyle; St. James - W. W. Boyle, W.J. Gallagher."

Just Among Ourselves: "Mrs. Coblentz went to the Beaver Islands on business for the Gleaners Saturday."

Charlevoix Sentinel Thursday, Septmber 10, 1908 **Local News:** "The fishing tugs *Violet* and *Ciscoe*, operated by the R. Beutel Co., have moved from St. James to this port for the remainder of the season."

"Mr. James Mooney, of St. James, is stopping a few days with his daughter Mrs. Mollie Smith."

"Mr. J. H. Robinson, chief of the telegraph division of the U. S. Weather Bureau, arrived here from Washington Friday to superintend the repairs to the B. I. cable. A survey of the damage was made Saturday by Mr. Robinson and Mr. J. H. Martindale and Tuesday they went to the Island. Yesterday the cable was spliced and is now working again. The cable was out of commission two weeks." (Note: J. H. Robinson, Washington, D. C. and J. W. Martindale, Charlevoix, appear in the *Hotel Beaver* September 8, 1908)

Charlevoix Courier Wednesday, September 16, 1908 **From Beaver Island:** "Dan Cupid is never idle at the Beavers."

"Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Green, a daughter."

"An infant of Condy Gallagher is seriously ill."

"Several squaws were injured in a quarrel Saturday." *continued on page 22.*

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22. **One Hundred Years Ago**, from page 21.

"Mrs. Burdey and family have returned to Natenway (sic)."

"The pond net fisherman are now taking pond nets ashore."

"W. T. Gallagher went to Charlevoix on business Tuesday."

"Deputy A. O. O. G. Coblentz left for Charlevoix Saturday."

"Dr. A. M. Wilkinson made a flying trip to the Beavers Saturday."

"Nellie Malloy has returned to Charlevoix after a few days visit here."

"D. F. McCauley and family expect to move to Charlevoix very soon."

"A number of resorters have been enjoying themselves fishing at the small lakes."

"All schools were opened again Tuesday, a great number of children attending."

"The cable is again in running order, it having been repaired the first of the week."

"Mrs. Lafiniere (sic) has returned from a two week visit to her daughter at Deward, Michigan."

"W. D. Gallagher, supervisor of Peaine township, has been busy attending to fires of late."

"Ed Pratt and several friends were hunting ducks at Font Lake. Ed conquered one half dozen."

"John LaFond, of Manistique, formerly of Scotch Point, was wind bound here for a few days."

"Mr. and Mrs. Burley are preparing to move to a different locality. Mr. Burley having accepted a position as sawyer at Ellsworth."

Charlevoix Sentinel Thursday, September 17, 1908 **Local News:** "John Maloney, of Chicago, joined his wife here Monday for a short vacation. He will make Beaver Island a visit."

"Lieut. Ballinger, Inspector of the U. S. Life Saving Service in this district, returned from Beaver Island yesterday. A full station was ordered for B. I. two years ago, and would have now been in operation but for a defect in the title of the site selected, at 'the point' near the present volunteer station. Lieut. Ballinger this time was to investigate the situation, and he returned with the opinion that the title defect could be rectified and the station established as originally planned. To this end he will bend his energies before he leaves the district to take command of a revenue cutter on the Atlantic Ocean after Jan. 1st."

Beaver Island News: "Barge *Schroeder* loaded ties here this week."

"Fred Nackerman returned from a trip through Canada."

"Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Green a 12 pound girl."

"Mr. Jas. Donlevy made a flying trip to Chicago this week."

"Water! Water all around us, still everything is burning up."

"Schooner *Simmons* is loading tan bark this week."

"Miss Mary Duffy, of Donegal, Ireland, arrived here last week."

"Miss Mary Schmidt of Harbor Springs is home for a few days."

"Dr. A. M. Wilkinson called here one day last week professionally."

"Capt. M. J. Bonner says it is so dry that the roosters have refused to crow."

"Miss Mary J. Gallagher is at Escanaba this week visiting friends and relatives."

"Peter McCauley and wife returned from a visit with friends at Elk Rapids."

"Mrs. Nels Lafiniere (sic) and daughter returned from a visit with friends at Petosky."

"Mrs. T. Williams of Chicago is visiting with her uncle, John S. Gallagher."

"R. H. Gibbons, who has been under doctor's care at Green Bay for the past month, returned some what improved in health."

"E. B. Ward and C. Driscoll, president and treasurer of the Farmer's Mutual Insurance Co., transacted business here last week." (*Note: E. B. Ward, Charlevoix and C. Driscoll, Petosky, appear in the Hotel Beaver register on September 4, 1908*)

"Mr. Martin, our barber, has refused to shave any one until this dry spell is over. The lather dries up so quick it's impossible to shave."

"Mr. and Mrs. T. Graham of Grand Rapids, who have been visiting their son, Dr. Graham of this place, returned home on Monday's boat."

"Last month the 'Gleaners' were here and done considerable gleanings. This month the Lady Bees (Maccabees) are here extracting honey."

"Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McCann take this means of thanking their friends and neighbors for the kindnesses shown them during the sickness and death of their son."

"Last week death visited us and took from our midst 'Tommy,' the ten year old son of James J. McCann. Little Tommy was a bright, promising young fellow, and beloved by all who knew him."

"Again this week death claims another of our bright little boys. Williard, the three year old child of Mr. and Mrs. John Stafford. The remains were taken to Northport for interment."

Charlevoix Courier, Wednesday, September 23, 1908 **From Beaver Island:** "The barge *Wente* arrived in port

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Sunday for a load of lumber."

"The infant son of Condly Gallagher and wife is not expected to live."

"Miss Mary J. Gallagher has left for a two weeks visit in Escanaba."

"Editor Smith attended services at the Catholic church here Sunday." (Note: Williard Smith, Charlevoix, appears in the Hotel Beaver register September 17th, 1908)

"John Maloney is making a week's visit with relatives and friends here."

"Oscar Richardson has now entirely recovered from his recent illness."

"Another infant son of John Stafford is again very ill of cholera infantum."

"The atmosphere being laden with smoke is causing more or less throat trouble."

"John Carmondy left for Milwaukee aboard the *Hart* to attend the funeral of a brother-in law."

"Editor Smith and John Maloney were out hunting a few days ago. No game repaid their labor."

"Miss Hattie Gallagher has gone to Charlevoix for a week's visit with relatives and friends."

"The Gleaners had to postpone their meeting last Thursday on account of the absence of officers."

"Owing to the extremely dry weather, farmers claim there will be a scarcity of potatoes here this fall."

"The Maccabees are to have an entertainment and dance Friday next. A good time promised to all."

"Chas. Roddy and wife left Saturday for Milwaukee to attend the funeral of his brother Patrick Roddy."

"Mrs. Andrew Roddy and son Francis left aboard the *Hart* Sunday to attend the funeral of her son Patrick Roddy."

"John Stafford returned from Northport, accompanied by Frank Stafford and wife where they interred the remains of little William Stafford."

Just Among Ourselves: "Landlord Bonner of the Hotel Beaver, St. James, was in the city the last of the week."

"Mrs. John Stafford of St. James, is spending a few days in the city with her son Louis Borisnean."

Charlevoix Sentinel Thursday, September 24, 1908 **Beaver Island News:** "Miss Hattie Gallagher and Miss Laura Sendenberg visited Charlevoix and Petosky last week."

"O. S. Richardson, who has been on the sick list the past two weeks, is out again prepared to paint the town."

"Mrs. Anna Pennock, of Harbor Springs, was here a couple of days last week."

"Miss Ida B. Gallagher has been engaged to teach the school in District No. 2 again this term."

"Mr. Dennis Gallagher and daughter, of Chicago, are the guests of his brother, Phil B. Gallagher."

"Charles Beaudoin, of Manistique, has purchased Vincent Brothers gasoline boat."

"Mrs. John Stevens and daughter Bernice, have returned from a visit to Manistee."

"Mr. Mike Burke, who has been visiting friends here for the past two weeks, returned to his home in Escanaba."

"The tug *Badger* is in commission again after a thorough rebuild."

"Charles Blake and wife are at Manistee this week."

"Frank Stafford, wife and family, returned from Traverse City, Saturday."

"The tug *Cisco* broke her shaft last week and was towed to Charlevoix for

repairs."

23.

"Mr. Gus Kitzinger, of Manistee, transacted business here this week." (Note: Gus Kitzinger, Manistee, appears in the Hotel Beaver register September 17, 1908)

"Death has again claimed one of our little boys, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Gallagher, who died Monday evening of cholera infantum."

"The sad intelligence of the death on the 19th inst., at Milwaukee, Wis., from stomach trouble, of Mr. Patrick Roddy, came as a shock to his relatives and friends here on the Island, as his illness was not considered dangerous. Born on Beaver Island Sept. 4, 1863, he was the son of Capt. and Mrs. Andrew Roddy. He attended the public school here, obtaining what knowledge as was possible from the meager opportunities which the schools at that time offered. For several years he taught school in the different districts on the Island. Mr. Roddy was married Jan. 7, 1885 to Miss Helen Carmody, who survives him. In 1887 he moved to Milwaukee, and held different positions in that city, when finally he applied for a position in the fire department and was accepted. From that time his rise was rapid, and at the time of his death he held the important position of assistant chief."

Charlevoix Courier Wednesday, September 30, 1908 **Just Among Ourselves:** "The steamer *Beaver* went to Sturgeon Bay for repairs Sunday. The *Silver Spray* is taking the *Beaver's* place on the Beaver Island run."

"Will Stephens, president of the Beaver Island Lumber Co., passed through the city the first of the week on his return from a business trip to Manistee."

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JODIE DEWEY

On August 8th, the life of our friend Jodie Dewey, watercolor artist and a true lover of the Island, was celebrated by some of her many friends and family with a memorial service on Sand Bay.

Jodie fell in love with Beaver over 19 years ago taking her first watercolor class at the CMU Bio Station. She made many dear friends on the Island, and purchased land on the north end of Font lake,

planning to retire here. Her laughter, smile, friendship, and kind heart will be missed by all who shared in her life. May the sun always shine upon your face, ...until we meet again, our Jodie.

Watercolor by Marnie Assink

Photograph courtesy of Judy Nyerger-Beaudoin

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The 2008 Royale Watercolor Society - Top Row - Joanne, Arlene, John, Deb, Lois, Pat, Larkin, Joan, Jon
Front Row - Kate, Eunice, George, Kate, Marnie, Sarah, Diane, Ron, Judi, Ken, Doug



THE CMU WATERCOLOR SHOW

Once again the artists who took the two-week watercolor class at CMU's Bio Station held their last-day show, displaying the work they have done on Beaver Island. The course consists of

lectures, demonstrations, slide shows, and critiques by John Swanstrom, a master of art psychology, together with daily tours to scenic sights, where the students paint, paint, paint. Many of

the artists have become familiar to Island residents and visitors; they come back, year after year, in part to be inspired by the ample quaint beauty and in part to get away from the





Judy Nyerges-Beaudoin



Sara Mullen



Doug Chambers

increasing noise of daily mainland life. The scenes too are mainly familiar—boats (particularly Bill Hirschey's *Chippewa*), lighthouses, flowers,

fields, John's cows, and rusting old equipment. But new events always appear, such as the Farmer's Market. And the way the artists subtly bend

strict reality to romanticize what they paint shows their great love for the aura of Beaver Island.

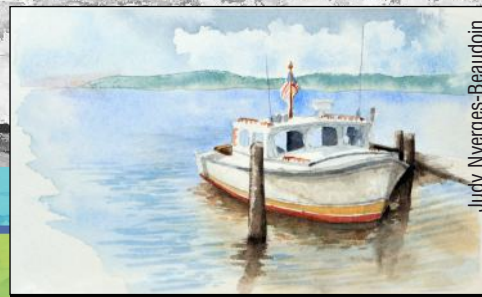
For those who missed this inspiring



Kathleen McDonald



Pat Finney



Judy Nyerges-Beaudoin



Joanne Symons

R O Y A L E W A T E R C O L O R S O C I E T Y



Judy Nyerges-Beaudoin



Arlene Cleveland



Roni Franzen
Joanne Symons - Best in Show "Boathouse Window"



show, many of the artists have agreed to gather up the work they completed on the Island and bring or send it to the Historical Society's Art Show begin-

ning the 3rd Wednesday of next July.

Several of the students are teachers. Art teachers. This year, though, the tough economic times cut the enroll-

ment back. But they each produced over a painting a day, enough to fill the classy Gillingham Hall with an explosion of warm and colorful images.



George Monaghan



Doug Chambers



Jon Bouck



DJoy

B E A V E R I S L A N D 2 0 0 8 S H O W

Joan Pence





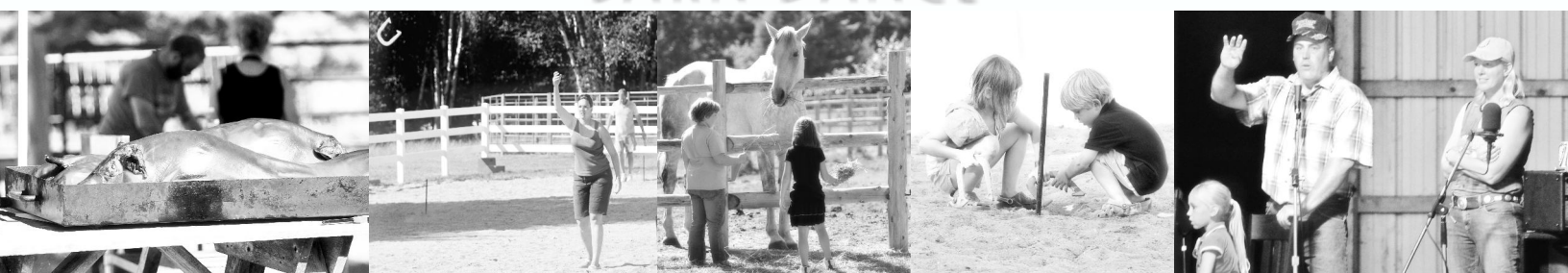
UNFINISHED FARMS



MUSIC BENEFIT



BARN DANCE



& PIG ROAST



8-29



"BIGGEST GARAGE PARTY" IN HONOR OF JERRY 29.

Another wonderful party was held in Beth and John McCafferty's barn, this time to benefit the family of recently deceased life-long Islander Jerry LaFreniere. On a perfect summer day the entertainment started early, with Brian Roman and friends playing, two roast pigs, and a horseshoe tournament in which several contestants were (and threw) ringers.

After dinner, an auction was held, with graceful women parading amongst the tables, holding up the wares for bid.

Then it was time for "Buddy's favorite musicians," the Two-by-Four Band from Escanaba—"we took our name because we're two white guys and four Indians," they said, which may or may not be true. Once the music started, Alvin LaFreniere was the first out on the

floor, with Johnny and Joyce Runberg and Pat and Red Rowley not far behind. Cutting through and around the couples were a handful of five- to eight-year-old kids, making up steps to suit the traffic.

Other musicians took their turn as the music and dancing went on into the wee hours. By then all the horses were asleep, able to ignore the music and coyotes frolicking just beyond the fence.

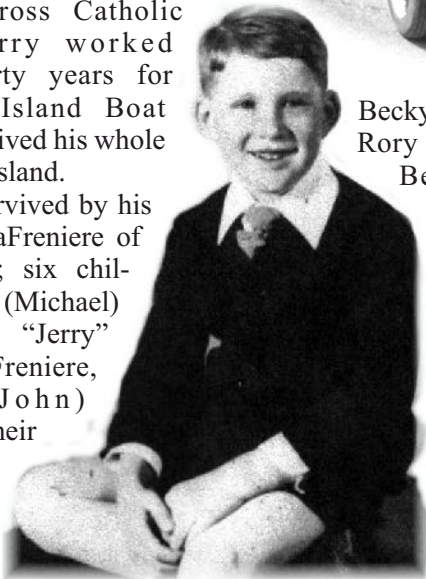
IN MEMORY: JERRY LAFRENIERE 1940-2008

Gerald "Jerry" Nelson LaFreniere, 67, died Thursday, August 7, 2008 at his home on Beaver Island. He was born on September 22, 1940 in Gaylord, the son of Vernon H. and Musette (Belfy) LaFreniere.

On August 30, 2003 on Beaver Island, he married Marie Connaghan.

He served in the United States Army during the Vietnam Conflict. He was a member of the Amvets Post #46 and Holy Cross Catholic Church. Jerry worked for over thirty years for the Beaver Island Boat Company. He lived his whole life on Beaver Island.

Jerry is survived by his wife, Marie LaFreniere of Beaver Island; six children, Michelle (Michael) Sowa, Gerald "Jerry" (Tammy) LaFreniere, Deborah (John) Robert and their mother Carol LaFreniere of Beaver Island,



Becky (Tim) Gerace of Howell, Rory (Virginia) Connaghan of Beaver Island, and Keith Szczepanski of Eaton Rapids; thirteen grandchildren; and one brother, Leon LaFreniere of Ludington. He was preceded in death by a wife, Sandy LaFreniere and one brother, Paul LaFreniere.

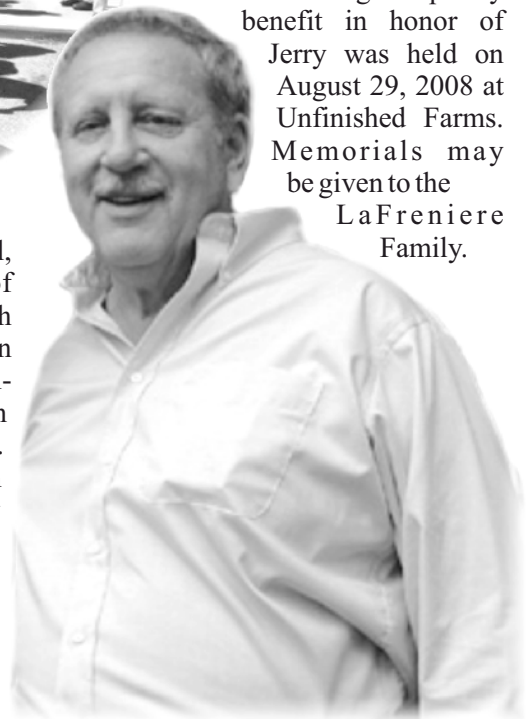
A mass was held on Monday, August 11, 2008 at 12:00 Noon at Holy Cross Catholic Church on

Beaver Island.

Visitation was on Sunday from 2:00 p.m. until 8:00 p.m. at his home on Beaver Island, with a Rosary Service at 8:00 p.m.

Many also joined in Jerry's last wish of being taken to the Beachcomber for one final drink.

A "Garage" party benefit in honor of Jerry was held on August 29, 2008 at Unfinished Farms. Memorials may be given to the LaFreniere Family.



IN MEMORY: MARGARET "PEGGY" TREVINO 1938-2008

After an unexpected illness, Peggy Trevino, 69, passed away on July 28th in Goodrich, Michigan. She resided in Kalkaska, and had a summer home on Beaver Island for the past seven years.

Peggy was born at home in Pontiac on November 6, 1938, to Leona (Malloy) and Roland McLane. Her Island roots dated back to the 1800s. Her great grandparents were John "Shoemaker" Gallagher and Kitty Gallagher, and John "Buffalo" Malloy

and Bridget (Boyle) Malloy.

Peggy loved Beaver Island. She was a knowledgeable volunteer at the Print Shop Museum, and loved to read. She especially enjoyed playing cards and dominoes with her Island cousins, Penny (Malloy) and Ivan Young, Ann (Malloy) and Larry Miller, and Sharon (Malloy) and Dale Scamehorn. She will be greatly missed. She is survived by her loving husband of 53 years, Arnulfo, and children Elizabeth, Roland (Bobbie),

Ninfa, Sofia (Jose) Rosario, Gerald (Heidi), Steven (Denise), Patricia (Kenneth) Darga, and Mary Catherine (Billy) Michaelis, 21 grandchildren, and 22 great grandchildren, brothers Donald (Alice) McLane and Thomas McLane, and sister Judith (Carmelo) Moyet. She was preceded in death by son Arnold and grandson Angelo.

Only a few years ago she had been taken by surprise when her extended family threw a 50th anniversary party.

Max died peacefully on August 1, 2008 at the age of 84. He is survived by his wife of 61 years, Irmgard "Irmie" Neils (Holzhausen); daughters Karin Neils (husband Thom Peterson); Kristina BeLonge (husband William BeLonge); Katherine Neils (partner Lisa Singer); sons Owen Neils (partner William Schneider); Stuart Neils (wife Susan Bamford); grandsons Stuart Neils-Kraft and Scott BeLonge; and brother Fred Neils (wife Sally). He was preceded in death by his sister Margaret Boyle.

Max was born August 18, 1923 in Detroit, Michigan to Max Alfred and Marie Auguste Neils. He graduated from Brighton High School in 1942 and shortly thereafter served in the U. S. Army during World War II in Europe. At war's end Max was stationed in Kassel, Germany, where he met and married Irmie. Together they returned to America where the couple eventually settled in the Haslett area and started a family while Max was enrolled in the School of Engineering at Michigan State University. Max eventually took a job as a construction engineer and inspector at the MSU Physical Plant where he continued to work for nearly 40 years.

During off hours and in retirement, Max enjoyed construction and woodworking and was always involved in projects for his family, friends, and neighbors. Max was perhaps most proud of the beautiful summer home he built for his wife and children on Beaver Island, and the 1898 Sears and Roebuck cider mill he painstakingly restored.

Max served for over 20 years as a volunteer fireman for Meridian Township where he never failed to respond to an alarm. Max and Irmie were charter members of the Haslett Community Church, where Max built the church chancel and helped with other projects through the years.

Max Neils will be remembered for his kindness, tenacity, humility, courage, sense of duty, and his can-do attitude no matter what life put before him. We will miss you Max.



Max Remembered

There was a guy named Phil at the physical plant at MSU where Max worked back in the late 50s. He told about plans to move with his wife Lil and their two girls to some island up north. Months later, when Phil Gregg stopped back while on a trip down state, he regaled his former coworkers with stories of Beaver Island. Max, a 'can do' man himself, was taken by Phil's sense of adventure, and that island in Lake Michigan sounded like a beautiful place. No doubt about it, he needed to check it out for himself.

Max Neils came at things with much inner consideration. When a plan had taken shape, he provided the focus and effort to make it work. At 4 a.m. on a sweet-smelling summer night, Mom helped the three of us girls into clothes we'd laid out at bedtime and Dad carried Kath and the cooler out to the car. The plan was in motion. The only sounds were those of our tennis shoes on the gravel of the driveway. The odd but free sensation of being the only car on the road ... the sunrise ... the change of the smell in the air north of Clare ... looking for the swans as we wove through East Jordan — we were almost there. In Charlevoix, we turned in 'just before the bridge.'

Packing the car for five of us had lowered the car considerably, and we watched with Dad as it was driven slowly up the sagging planks, watched as the valiant little *Emerald Isle* rolled with the new weight coming aboard, and watched as the weight shifted and settled into place in the hold. Then we exhaled.

We developed the habit of choosing a family bench on the port side so we could watch the Island come into view and

stretch out green before us. We circled the deck on what Dad told us were our "sailor's legs," and stood on tiptoe in the prow to peer down at 'all the pretty little horses' of white foam, the glistening droplets, and the parade of rainbows. On rougher rides we stood up there with the wind molding our cheeks 'because lots of fresh air prevents sea sickness.' One particularly rocky and rainy crossing, Dad got us all squeezed in tight with each other on a bench along the lee side deck, showed us how to

brace our feet against the deck railing and keep a steady eye on the horizon, which, once or twice, disappeared briefly as the roof deck rolled down to block our view of all except the rising swells.

For many years we rented and camped. Dad loved the dawn view from Wojan's cottages; he was an excellent photographer—capturing a backlit forest of masts, boats returning from the Mackinaw Races, moored to each other and stretched halfway out the harbor from the old silvered pier—framing the full moon rising over the Coast Guard Station—making a record of our driftwood and field flowers in a bottle, souvenirs of stops at Iron Ore Bay and The Sawmill.

When the State Forest Campground was home base, we chose the site at the south end of the turnaround. We would arrive, spill out, and help unload the trailer. Two tents went up, a two-room tent and a storage tent with a portapotty (the too-distant outhouse was okay for some but too dark and odorous and ominous for others). The car-top carrier that Dad had built was unpacked next. When it was empty, one-inch pipe legs were screwed into six brackets, and together we flipped it over, leveled it, then arranged the stove, bucket, water jug, and varnished beer boxes containing utensils and supplies for Mom's camp kitchen, while Dad stretched a fly overhead. Oh, how we all loved the piney air, the clear waters and sandy beach, the ample time to ramble about or read.

When there was a baby too small for camping, we stayed at the Rustic Villa cabins. Dad assisted the exit of numerous chipmunks that came up between the floor planks to investigate our groceries.

Sweeping up the tracked-in sand was easy—just aim for the largest crack. We'd go to The Rustic Villa Grill, a log cabin built over the water on short piers; we'd watch water life through the spaces in the floor while we ate French fries. The year we became a family of seven, Walker and Lola Hill rented us the big house, in exchange for carpentry work that Dad did on the cabins.

The summer my grandfather came here from Germany, we stayed at McDonough's Cabins on Sand Bay. Awakening one morning to loud crunching sounds, we discovered that McDonough's cattle were snacking on the rusting screen of the front porch. Cows stand very large next to a little old cabin, but Dad's days working on a farm as a teenager had taught him how to talk loud and whup them in the direction you wanted them to go, back across the road. They must not have communicated with the horse that came over to snack on the hood ornament of the car, who was considerably irritated by a similar dismissal.

There were things we looked forward to from year to year: breakfast pancakes made on a cast-iron griddle propped between rocks over a driftwood fire that Dad built on the beach at the end of the road out near Sucker Point; the Lake was so high then that there was no connecting road. Shipwreck Stew for dinner. There were evenings 'just watching' at a beaver pond—Bill Wagner would clue us in to where we'd find the most activity each year. Visiting Protar's Tomb and meditation spot. Always, there was a day when we'd do a slow, quiet 'drive around the Island' with no other goal than to enjoy it.

Dad did a beach hike each year. We might drop him off at Bonner's Bluff for pick-up at the beach at Donegal Bay, or we'd watch him disappear around the point from Little Sand Bay and meet up with him later in town; if more time was available, the hike would be longer. He circled the Island many times over the years. Sometimes friends and family joined him, but a lone hike suited him just fine. Those waiting would collect rocks, bird watch, and make ponds at the shoreline, and the day would end with one of



Mom's excellent picnic dinners.

Two of us were beachcombers-in-training one summer. We headed out, the sounds of Mom and our younger siblings fading as we walked, and the activity of gulls at the shoreline drawing our attention up ahead. One gull did not sweep up and away or scold at our approach. Was it hurt? Dad realized that approaching an injured animal could lead to a nasty bite, so we gave it a wide berth as we passed. On our return trek, it was in the same spot and in the same position. We girls thought that it needed our help; if it had a broken wing, we could find some way to help heal it. Dad was dubious but willing, but we had to stay back, and we were to be very quiet. The bird accepted Dad's approach without ruffling a feather, but it was very alert, that bright eye unflinching and taking account of every move. Was it tangled in something? Slowly and carefully he closed his hands around the bird's wings, thinking to keep any injury immobile. Dad held it out away from his side to avoid a lunging bite, but the gull appeared to be unthreatened by these unusual circumstances. Soon we

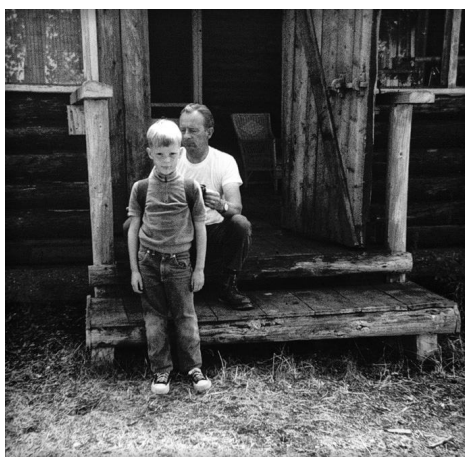
could see Mom and the little ones up the beach—how were we going to do this? We paused to consider, Dad relaxing his arms a bit. Suddenly, the gull let loose a huge streak of white and green down Dad's pant leg. Eeeuw! We had made a commitment to this creature. It was tucked into a box in the back of the station wagon. The weakened bird died on the way home. Though the connection was brief, our sadness was great; Dad helped us bury our gull behind the

big rock at Protar's Tomb.

There was a summer we camped in weather that rained for a week straight, the same week during which every one of us kids ran a fever. That was when Mom convinced Dad that we needed a more substantial shelter. A place on Sand Bay would be a dream come true.... With much 'inner consideration,' Max found a way to provide for a cottage for a family of seven. We camped, and Dad built. With his skills as a carpenter and the helping hands of friends and family, a cottage was roughed in in one summer. A good deal of the lumber came from here on the Island; beams from McDonough's old barn support the roof, and the kitchen cupboard doors are fashioned from barn siding. A tall cedar tree made the post for the spiral staircase, and the hemlock planks for the exterior decking were cut at Walt Wojan's mill. The spiral staircase railing was salvaged oilrig cable, the hardwood flooring was recycled from an old gymnasium, and the windows that frame the view were from a home Dad helped to remodel. Something was added each year; one of the most celebrated was hot water to the kitchen and bathroom!

Max was so happily himself on this Island. He loved the fresh air, the weathers of the Lake, the challenge and satisfaction of the labor of his hands, beachcombing, and 'just puttering.' Max died peacefully on August 1st. His spirit, we know, rests near this Island place.

For readers who remember Max, and for those who are also 'so happily themselves when on this Island,' our family invites you to make a contribution in memory of Max Neils to the Beaver Island Fire Department, c/o Tim McDonough.



Someone asked me if I thought I had a Guardian Angel. It hadn't occurred to me, but I probably do.

Looking back at my childhood, there are several incidents that reflect that. Living in Detroit, I often played on the docks along the Detroit River. Once, before I had learned how to swim, I fell in off a rather high dock. I remember coming to the surface, but I don't remember how I got out of the water. Somehow my Guardian Angel must have been there.

Another time we boys thought it was a big deal hitching rides on freight trains when they were slowing up at crossings. I tried that once but I slipped and was hanging on by one hand. Somehow I managed to get enough strength to hang on till I could jump off safely. There must have been someone looking after me.

An incident that my family and I remember very vividly was when I was forced to run through a red light while going through Brighton, Michigan because the brakes on my old Mercury failed. I later found out that the light runs red in both directions when the fire whistle blows, but the trucks were probably going in the opposite direction. My Guardian Angel certainly must have been there then.

In WWII, I went overseas on a troop ship in a convoy. German subs were still in the area. Our convoy got to England without incident and later to France. The war appeared to be coming to an end but there were mines and strafing planes. I got through that without problems. Someone must have been watching over me.

After I returned home, I started college at Michigan State University, and at night I was a volunteer fireman. One stormy night I was asked to take our makeshift generator truck to a fire at what was then the Coral Gables Bar. I was driving down Grand River in the pouring rain and as I went over the railroad bridge near Okemos, the truck stalled. Someone came out of the dark, lifted the hood, and in minutes had the truck going again. I have no idea who it was or where he came from. It must have been my Guardian Angel.

There was a drowning in a gravel pit at the west end of Raby Road. We had that same generator truck there to light up the area so the divers from the State Police could find the body. A crowd had gathered, and just as they were pulling him out of the water, that generator stopped for no



apparent reason. Our Guardian Angel didn't want the crowd to witness the event.

The fire at what used to be the Schmidt's Market in Okemos – after the fire was out we borrowed a four-wheel generator from the university (MSU). This was to restore power to the refrigeration equipment to save what was in the freezers. I was driving the pickup that was pulling the generator when I noticed in the rearview mirror that I had just lost the generator. I slowed up to let it catch up to me, and put on the brakes. The generator then wandered off into the lane of the oncoming traffic. I asked Vince Vandenberg, who was sitting next to me, to slide over and drive while I made a try to steer the generator off to one side to avoid it running into the oncoming cars. The traffic apparently realized what was happening and stopped to give me a chance to hook the generator back to the pickup. Again, this could have been a bad accident if my Guardian Angel hadn't been watching.



I worked for many years as a Field Engineer and Inspector for the University. When we were building the Communication Arts Building, I was checking some exterior masonry work as it was being installed off of scaffolding on the 5th floor level. I stepped over a pile of bricks when a mason hollered at me that that was a barricade and that although the planks continued, there was no support underneath them. I could have fallen five stories. My Guardian Angel was there again.

When the Wharton Center was completed, we were testing the fire alarm system. I was on the roof. When the smoke alarm is sounded the roof hatches open. They are spring loaded and I was standing on top of one. It threw me into the air. Fortunately I was not close to the edge because that is a ninety foot drop. My Guardian Angel was there again.

I was exploring an abandoned underground cistern that no one had been in for years, not realizing that it could be low on oxygen. But it wasn't. A short time later, three of our engineers were in a similar situation. Two were overcome for lack of air. The third managed to get out and call 911 for help. Why was I so lucky?

Sometimes I would go in on a Sunday to check a job. I wanted to check a storm sewer that had been installed for cracks. The temperature was below 0 degrees. I wore waders and breathing equipment. The sewer was a block long. I opened the entering and exiting manhole covers and entered, not realizing that as the cold outside air mixed with the warmer inside air it would turn to fog. The fog was so thick I couldn't see my hand in front of my face so I had to feel my way to the exiting manhole. As I tried to exit I found that the manhole cover was smaller than the one I entered, and the steps were covered with ice. I couldn't get out with the air tank on my back. So I had to take it off while trying to hang on to the icy steps. It was pretty tricky. But I felt that my Guardian Angel would see me through.

This past March I really needed help. I had a triple seizure, which could have been fatal. But with the help of my Guardian Angel, my family, the doctors, and the hospital, I made it.

An incident a few weeks ago: I was to attend a dinner as a reward for selling *Old News Boys* papers. I was told to go to the Auto Owners Building that was close to the 241 Building just off of Abbot Road in East Lansing. I must have misunderstood the directions and it had turned dark. I spent over an hour driving around the area, in and out of evening traffic, trying to find the place, and was about to give up when I drove into what was going to be my last driveway, where I spotted a man in a white apron to ask for directions and was told "this is it." Again, he helped me again.

If you were to ask me if I have a Guardian Angel, I would say without hesitation that I definitely do.

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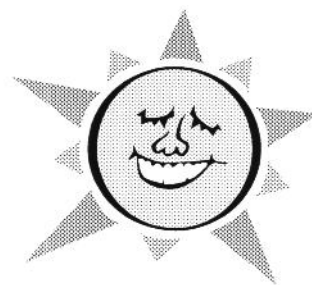
New Autumn Menu starting in September!

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34. DESTINATION: PARADISE BAY by Larry Hansz

S/V SNOW GOOSE Home Port: Muskegon, Michigan

"He's an *I can fix it* guy" said Ralph Hammond as he described Rich Decommer, who owns the sailboat *Snow Goose*. Rich added "*I can fix a rainy day* will be on my grave stone." Rich, a Safety Inspector for the U.S. Postal Service, was a general repairman for the Postal Service for many years. He traveled to Post Offices throughout SW Michigan doing plumbing, refrigeration, electrical, VAC., and carpentry repair. Almost everything that could go wrong he could fix and fix well, and he has done exactly that with *Snow Goose*. He used all of his trade skills and learned new ones while totally refurbishing the boat.

Snow Goose was built of steel on the Kok Shipyard in Muiden, Netherlands, in about 1952. She has led a long, interesting life with numerous owners, but probably has not been in as good condition as she is now since 1952. One of the previous owners sailed around the world in her in the 1960s. The late 70s found her in quite poor condition moored in Holland, Michigan, where she almost sank and was beached to save her. Then another owner hauled her out of the water and took her to Greenville, where the bottom was refurbished with new steel.

In the late 80s another owner made several improvements to the main salon. This man was actually very attached to the boat as he grew up only 5 km from where it was built.

In 1995 Rich Decommer saw the boat in Pentwater and knew within minutes he had to have it, even though the wood decks and cabin were in need of very extensive work. He was not intimidated by all the work; he was challenged. He sailed the boat three years while determining what to rebuild, what to tear out, and what would be created new. The boat was hauled to his home in Walker near Grand Rapids, where he built a framework plastic-sheeting building over it. Then the serious work began. Essentially the aft two-thirds of the boat was completely disassembled down to the steel hull. Everything from the main cabin seating area aft was gutted. The galley, engine compartment, cockpit, aft berth, all wiring, and hard dodger enclosure were rebuilt. The 63 hp Yanmar diesel was rebuilt. The deck was completely recovered with a rubber membrane and teak. Needless to say, all work is of the highest quality and is impressive.

Now is the time to enjoy the fruits of


eight years and thousands of hours of labor, so *Snow Goose* has just completed a six-week cruise to Lake Huron's North Channel. Rich arranged for four different crews to join the cruise. His wife, who also works for the Postal Service but in Washington D.C., met the boat in the Channel for two weeks. Ralph Hammond from Byron Center was the crew on the last leg, returning to Muskegon with Rich and his Cairn Terrier Edie.

This was the first sailing visit to Beaver Island for Rich. However, he has flown here in the past, beginning in 1991, with Ralph, who is a private pilot. They both said the Beaver Island people are special. "They accommodate visitors so well. Where else will someone just loan you, a stranger, their car if you need it?" Ralph said "It is a green jewel. Beaver Island is the Nantucket of the Great Lakes."

Rich and his wife both must work four more years, then hopefully will set sail for several years on a cruise including the Bahamas, Caribbean, and ultimately Europe. We hope during the next four years they will again anchor in Paradise Bay and enjoy our Island.

Photographs by Larry Hansz

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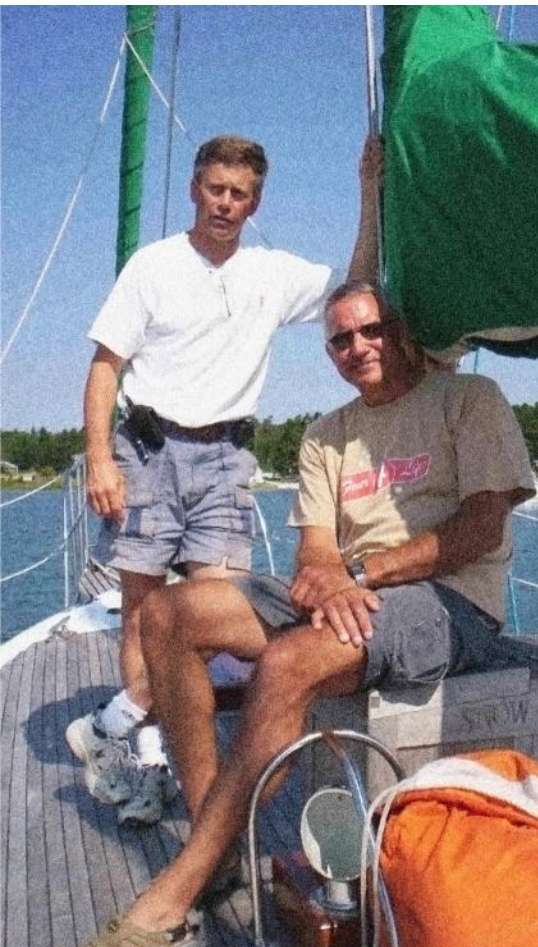


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DESTINATION: PARADISE BAY

by Larry Hansz



SV GUNKHOLER Home Port: Whitehall, Michigan

“Gunkhole: a small interesting anchorage away from the common route, usually found while on a journey to somewhere else.” – Diane Hansen.

Welcome Chris and Diane Hansen to their 35th cruising visit to Beaver Island. The Kalamazoo residents have sailed into Paradise Bay in boats ranging from 27' to their current

Catalina 36' sloop, *Gunkholer*. It is a must stop for them on their now annual cruise to Lake Superior; often they visit on both the outbound and the return legs of the voyage.

Diane is a pharmacist by trade and had worked twenty-three years in research for Upjohn in Kalamazoo. Upjohn was purchased by Pharmacia

and soon thereafter by Pfizer. Diane says she was “Pfired by Pfizer” as the workforce was downsized. It may have been one of the best things to ever happen to them. Chris was working as a controller then but soon both made the decision to sail the good weather months and work contract or temporary positions during the winter. That has



been a satisfying arrangement for the last several years.

Last season the Hansens circum-navigated Lake Superior, and this year they plan on cruising the east and northeast shores only to Rossport, Ontario, which is midway on the north shore. This area includes Lake Superior Provincial Park and the Pukaskwa National Park, which has numerous hiking trails where they can take day hikes into the wilderness.

Following the launch of *Gunkholer* in Whitehall this spring, the Hansens crossed Lake Michigan to Sheboygan, went up the Wisconsin shore to the Sturgeon Bay Canal, then into Green Bay to Menominee, Michigan, where they visited Diane's family. From there they cruised Green Bay to Fayette on Michigan's Garden Peninsula, where they were weathered in for five days; then one night anchored at High Island, and then St. James.

Chris said St. James is "such an easy place to go ashore. Nowhere else can you anchor right in front of the grocery store." They always stock up on groceries and meat for the freezer at McDonough's. Diane said, "I always go to Meijers before we head out, but the last good grocery store was in Menominee and we are headed to Mackinac Island, then Detour and there's not much there; this is the best grocery store for us in two weeks." The Library is also a regular stop, where they donate completed books and buy several used ones for the cruise.

When asked what she thinks about Beaver Islanders, Diane pulled out her 1992 log book and read from July 20.

"Went to the Beachcomber for a 37. veggie pizza and ice cream. Took a walk and mailed a letter. As we returned to our dingy on the City Dock, Chris was concerned about the location of our dingy and passing another boater on the narrow finger dock. He lost his balance and jumped down onto a work raft, putting a large spike through his boat shoe and into his foot. Chris went down. As I pulled the board and spike out, emergency help assembled from all over! Two doctors were on the dock to give advice. If you need to get hurt, Beaver Island is a great place. Their volunteer rescue squad is the friendliest and most helpful. We were transported to the clinic by Jim McDonough in his truck. PA Mike McGinnity was the best. After a tetanus shot, minor surgery, cephalosporin capsules and lots of instructions, the bill was the last item addressed. We were returned to the scene of the crime by Mike in his pickup. Back aboard we slept better for the good care and peace of mind we received." What was not in her log is that Jim McDonough told them, "the nurse will be here soon; he is out putting down a dog." Chris and Diane had real doubts about what kind of "doc" they were going to get. They did appreciate Mike, all the emergency responders, and everyone's concern. The responders and care-givers are still more than very competent, and our clinic is now a showplace for a community as small as Beaver Island.

Gunkholer will return at the end of August, and knowing Diane and Chris, they will visit Beaver Island another thirty-five times.

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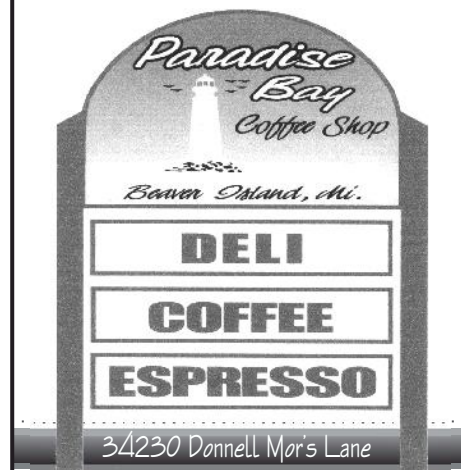
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Danielle Cary of Beaver Island, daughter of Greg and Lynn and granddaughter of Skip McDonough, plans to marry Blake Scheller of Alpena here on Beaver Island on September 20th. They

have bought a home in Posen, where they plan to live.

Danielle is a cosmetologist at a salon in Alpena, and Blake is a police officer for Presque Isle County.

RETREAT

Women are invited to a two-day Ecumenical Retreat on September 9th (6:00 – 8:00) and 10th (9:00 – 3:00) at the Parish Hall. Dinner on the 9th and a luncheon on the 10th will be provided.

If anyone has any questions, Audrey Beilman (448-2083).

LUNCHEON

A luncheon for women, sponsored by the Christian Church, will be held at Peaine Hall on September 24th. Call Pat Rowley (448-2514) for details.

BEACH CLEANUP

The Beach Cleanup will be conducted on Saturday, September 27th.

Volunteers willing to “re-beautify” our beaches should meet at the BICC at 9 a.m.. The “re-beauticians” will meet back at the Community Center at noon for a complimentary hot dog lunch and lots of gratitude.

If you have any questions, call Ken McDonald at (231) 448-2981.

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A month ago professional writer and *Beacon* subscriber Kirk Seaman was sitting in his Ann Arbor office between assignments, reading about the Beaver Island Electric Car show. "How appropriate," he thought—"Beaver Island has the highest gas prices." Then—bazing!—a brainstorm occurred: he should pitch *Automotive News*, the leading car news weekly, about doing an article on he and his wife living with an electric vehicle for a week on the mysterious Emerald Isle.

The mag approved the plan. With Island EV enthusiast Dan Wardlow helping procure two new EVs (a GEM and a ZENN) for Kirk and his wife, they arrived on August 10th for a week at Donegal Bay. With its slow pace and short distances, this was a perfect place to go electric. The weather cooperated, everyone smiled as they silently passed, and they had a great time.

During the week the GEM dealer from Fox Motors hosted a luncheon for



11 EV owners. These were people Kirk and Sue knew—they'd been coming to Beaver for some time, and even owned property next to his high school librarian, Donna Hardenberg. For his

frequent car reviews he's used to being given the latest upscale vehicle to test drive—he wrote the Land Rover brochures, for example. This week proved to be a refreshing change.



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Units 1, 3 & 4 Innisfree Dunes Condominium

Vacant lakefront lots on the North Shore of the Island between the Beaver Island Lodge and the St. James Township Campground (access via Innisfree Lane). See the 2nd Wojan-Cashman map of Beaver Island to view this location. All three lots are 200 feet wide and 500 feet deep. Lot #1 is wooded but with the view easily cleared to the north for a view of Garden, Squaw, and Whiskey Islands. If you are with Ed Wojan he can show you the view available from a nearby parcel that has structures on it with the view opened. Units (lots) 3 and 4 are relatively open with Cape Cod-style sand dune area near the building sites with very little trimming needed for a panoramic view of the channel between the islands to the north. All three of these lots have their southern line on a new extension of Innisfree Lane that goes to the right (east) at the half-way in point of the original full length of Innisfree Lane. Please feel free to drive in, turn to the right at the sign and walk up through these lots to the bluff-top building sites along their north line. These lots are extremely secluded and absolutely beautiful on a stretch of the North Shore that is a larger home residential area. Most lots would need a set of steps down the bank to the beach but this feature is offset by the tremendous views from the elevated building sites. At night you can see the flashing light of Lansing Shoals and lighthouse points in the Upper Peninsula. You can also watch the freighter traffic on the channel north of Lansing Shoals, and in the evening actually hear the rumble of the lighted freighters heading to Chicago or the Mackinac Straits. On these lakefront lots it seems like you are out in a quiet wilderness area but you are actually only a 5-minute drive or a 10-minute bike ride to the center of St. James. With North Shore lake frontage just a mile east near The Portage selling for \$1,900 per front foot, these lots are a bargain at \$1,000 per front foot. **\$200,000 ea.**



ISLAND AIRWAYS FOURTH OF JULY FLYOVER IN MEMORY OF PAUL BARON.

Photo by Frank Solle.

Island Airways is pleased to announce that we have recently received a grant to purchase two automatic external defibrillator (AED) devices (one for Charlevoix Airport and one for Welke Airport). The grant will cover approximately 70% of the cost of the AEDs and Island Airways will cover the remainder as well as all training costs for our staff. These devices have proven highly successful in saving lives. Please see www.redcross.org/services/hss/courses/aed.html for additional information about the use of AED.

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HOMECOMING 2008



BUD McDONOUGH MEMORIAL SOFTBALL TOURNAMENT



Homecoming was almost just what everyone wanted it to be: a dinner, a dance, meeting many old friends, and a lot of softball at the Bud McDonough field.

The only shortfall was that despite having three Island teams in the tourney, with Island Airways and Ryan Smith Construction joining McDonough's Market's 75th Anniversary Team, the winner was the Armour Seal "Mighty Boppers."

Close plays were almost as common as home runs this year—but no one knocked one into the lake, as Bud was known to do.



QUALITY CAMPING ON BEAVER

After a chilly, wet spring, we didn't know what to expect for weather for the 2008 camp, but we were hopeful. The campers were warned to bring warm clothes and a rain jacket. But when Friday came, the clouds cleared, the sun came out, and we received a warm Beaver Island welcome.

Fifteen teen campers (five of them new to Beaver Island camp) arrived with all their gear at the boat dock. On the ferry, Shawn McDonough escorted new campers to the pilot house where the captains explained the GPS and let them steer the boat. Tina and her sidekick Susie were on the Island dock with a goodie bag for each camper, which were munched as we kayaked, biked, and climbed during our weekend fun.

After stowing the belongings, we sauntered to the Shamrock. Hosts Dana and Eric and staff greeted us with steaming hot pizzas and cold drinks. We ate our fill before heading for the Lighthouse School—stopping at Big Rock and Big Birch for photos.

The theme was, "Let Beaver Island Be Beaver Island." And it was, in all its glory. That first night many of us trooped up the circular steps to the top of the Beaver Head Light. We could see North and South Fox Islands, the cement plant, and lots of swans riding the waves.

Saturday was both exciting and exhausting. We split into two groups. One went eco-kayaking with Kayak Ken and Jacque, while Neil Boyle and Island Air treated the other to a flight around

Beaver. Those touring with Neil saw all of the islands, several shipwrecks, a beaver dam, and then flew over Font Lake to "wave" to those paddling below.

Ken and Jacque explained the ecology of the lake. Trying to keep quiet, the paddlers neared a beaver dam and glided past water lilies and along the shore in reeds and sedges. They were seeking loons, but knew they were not allowed to go near their nests. An eagle flew overhead, and a tern slapped the water as it tried for a fish. When Neil flew over with the rest of the campers, they raised their paddles to say howdy.

Even though the airborne half of the group had been relaxing and eating wonderful snacks, we were all ready for lunch. Both groups met to eat and tell



stories of their morning adventures. For the afternoon, we switched groups.

All went as planned until the clouds boiled up. Group Two was enjoying a snack when Ken spotted lightning. They clustered close together as they headed for a tree-lined point, their first stop to catch their breath. The next run took them to the landing.

They arrived safely, and helped load the kayaks. By the time they reached St. James, the sun was shining brightly.

When we got back to camp, hot dogs and brats with all the trimmings, veggies, chips, and wonderful dessert choices were quickly devoured. Several campers had enough energy left for the basketball court. Sarah was able to prove to Jarel that he wasn't the only one with "game." After showers, tales were told, but no one had to be reminded to hustle off to bed that night. What a wonderful day!

On Sunday the campers wanted to climb and explore Mt. Pisgah ... so off we went, some by bike and some by vehicle. We climbed, we relaxed in the sun as we caught our breath, and some ran back down the dune. We stopped at Donegal Bay for a very quick dip.

Back in town, some hung out at the beach while others rode around. We stopped at the Toy Museum before lunch. A large crowd had gathered in front of the Shamrock, and then the Island Air planes came over, flying the missing man formation. The kids were somber, sharing Beaver Island's sorrow.

Michelle Sowa and five Beaver Island kids had a road rally ready to go. We divided into teams in vehicles with three or four campers and a driver. At 10-minute intervals, off we went!

The clues this year were all historical, leading us to the King Strang Hotel, Phil and Lil Gregg's home, the McKinley School, Mt. Pisgah, the David Chase cross, and Tight's Hill.

Back at camp, we ate well and then sat chatting around a campfire. The clear sky was illuminated with millions of stars. Talk about a night sky!

The next morning, we had the cabins clean and all our gear loaded by 9:00. Once the Caravan was parked at the dock, we had our last Island food. That set us up just perfectly for the ride back on the boat.

Camp Quality would like to thank all the Beaver Islanders who have made our trips so much fun.



Donegal Bay Sunset

Beaver Island, Michigan

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44. PAR FOR THE COURSE

by Fairway Frank

Wow. Can it be September already? Can the bulk of the golfing season really be behind us? Can my league partner and I no longer be defending champs? Yes, yes, and, unfortunately, yes.

How did all this come about? Well, the earth turns, the seasons change, and if you can't make your putts or find the fairway off the tee....

The 2008 Wayne Nix Memorial Golf league wrapped up play on Aug. 20 with a night of exciting playoff matches, with

most coming in close and down to the wire. Larry Roy, forced to go solo as his partner and son Patrick had returned home for the start of his school year, held off Jeff Mestelle and Ryan Smith just enough to claim the league title by a mere two points. Jeff and Ryan needed to score 15 points in order to claim the trophy, but came up two shy as Larry claimed the match on a 36-37 score to earn seven points and the win.

The battle for third place



Photographs by Frank Solle

Mens League Champs Patrick and Larry Roy

was equally as close as the aforementioned defending champs needed a 12-point night against upstarts Neal Boyle and Kevin White to overcome a three-point standings deficit going into play. Alas, despite a 38-39 stroke victory, the defenders were vanquished as they only garnered 11 points on the night and the deserving Boyle-White duo claimed the third spot.

Meanwhile, another tight contest ensued for fifth-sixth place as Ivan Young and Buck Ridgeway held on to their slim one-point margin over Larry Laurain and Joe Williams in a 38-38 score/10-10 point tie.

After the playoff matches the teams gathered at the Ridgeway's for a cookout and obligatory liars' club meeting as well as setting the stage for the fall's three-man league. It also was agreed to continue the tradition of donating the league's extra funds to the National Kidney Foundation in

the name of Mr. Nix's family.

In the Mixed-Partner season, the fourth event of the season was held on Aug 17 with the team of Ivan Young and Sharon Scamehorn claiming the top spot with a spiffy 46. Larry Roy and Taffy Raphael were hot on their heels with a 47, while three teams finished at 48, forcing yet another playoff to determine the final two money-winning places (don't think this is all just for fun—look out PGA). Jayne Bailey, who teamed with Larry Roy to win the second event of the year, was this time partnered with local golf legend Glen Wagner; event one and three winners Larry and Theresa Laurain, and Nel Worsfold, along with yours truly, were ready to extend the afternoon. It took but one hole to sort out the final standings, with Nel once again carrying her hapless partner to a third-place finish, the pairing's second such playoff result.



Mixed Event #4 Champs Ivan Young and Sharon Scamehorn

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The Sowa champs ponder a potential winning putt during playoff action. Neal Boyle, Larry Roy, Mike Bailey (squatting), and Patrick Roy.

As mentioned, the Laurains pulled off a repeat of their season-opening win by claiming the newly minted trophy—a handsome, hand-made piece of art featuring three club heads mounted on a small round of wood, created by Lars and Doris Larson—with an outstanding round of 44 in the third event way back on July 27. This time it took a playoff to determine second place with Bob and Sandy Simpson squeaking by Larry Roy and Jayne Bailey. Joe Moore and Annette Dashiell earned the fourth spot.

The finale in this season-long series is set for Sunday, Sept 14 with a following pot-luck luncheon planned. Contact Buck Ridgeway at 2680 or the golf course at 2301 to get your team signed up for the excitement.

The final event to report on this month was August's Jerry Sowa Outing. This year, play started under threat-

ening conditions that temporarily turned to rain, thunder, and some far-off lightning. Yet play was hardly disrupted, and the determined field of 14 four-person teams persevered through the weather and around the course.

And again, as play on the Island seems to continually improve, a playoff was required to determine this year's winners. Finishing the regulation holes at 5-under-par 30 were the team of Larry Laurain, Joe Williams, Jim McElwain, and Joe's son-in-law Rocky O'Sullivan, and the crew of Larry and Patrick Roy, Neal Boyle, and Mike Bailey (this team carded an actual 28, but had a two-stroke handicap due to Larry's high playing level). This time two holes were required before a champion could be crowned, although even then it was only by mere inches as Laurain and Williams each narrowly missed a long birdie at-

tempt on the second green in order to match the Roy team's score.

The team of Lars and Doris Larson, Nel Worsfold, and Glen Wagner finished third at 32 while a number of teams came in at 34.

In a first for this event, Jeff Mestelle won the Short-Game Contest which consisted of a chip to the green from 30 yards out and then a putt. Closest to the hole after those two shots was the winner, with Mestelle finishing just 3.5 inches away.

Larry Roy was second at 8.25 inches.

A wonderful meal was provided by Carolyn Works, and various prizes were awarded afterwards. A special thanks goes to Shirley Sowa and Lois Stipp for all their work in making this memorial event a great outing.

And now, even as the season begins slowing down, there are still events happening and much golf to be played. Don't miss out any longer. Fall is a great time to begin golfing.



The cool mixed event trophy by Lars and Doris Larson (is that a real ball?)

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Forty Years Ago: The pleasant summer's fishing was slipping into memories as attention turned to hunting small game. Partridge on High Island were drawing interest, being flushed at the rate of five an hour. The bow-and-arrow deer hunt had not produced any early results. The big news was the landing of a 5½-pound smallmouth bass.

Lawrence McDonough and his sons, Bud McDonough and his sons, and Archie LaFreniere and his sons went to Detroit to see a Tigers game—they were in the pennant chase.

Charlevoix's Jim Sawtelle, who had been salvaging wood from the *Milwaukee Belle* for some time and making shipwreck furniture, ran into some more bad luck at Iron Ore Bay. It began three years earlier when his boat was pounded onto the beach and salvaged by Jewell Gillespie. The next year the rough weather wrecked another boat and two pontoons. This year he arrived towing a set of huge pontoons made from railroad tank cars, but it only took the sea two days to smash them onto the beach.

The Island's students were off to college: Joe McDonough, Ed Wojan, Bill Gillespie, Gary Early, Pat Crawford,

Gary McDonough, and Phyllis Gregg.

Isabel Southern fractured some bones when the tractor she was driving had a wheel slip into a hole, tipping and pinning her against her house near the end of King's Highway.

School opened with a record 78 students enrolled. The principal, Sister Rita, wrote a letter to answer a claim that the right subjects were not being taught, explaining how the curriculum was determined. She said the school taught the mandatory subjects, chemistry, English, history, algebra, trigonometry, and mechanical drawing, and created electives to fit particular needs. Teachers from other districts had praised our school, especially considering its size.

The passing of Lawrence Garthwaite was noted. He and his wife and son had been visiting from Coopersville for 25 years.

Fifty Years Ago: The Homecoming celebration was a success, featuring a ham-and-beef dinner, served to 403, a parade, and a dance. The parade featured Dr. Ludwick's St. Bernard with a brandy cask. Don Garthe brought his band over from Traverse City at no charge.

Bob Miller and Jim Sawtelle from Charlevoix were working as divers for a

company making underwater movies of shipwrecks around Garden and Hog Islands.

The first baptism at the Episcopal Mission was performed for Dr. Ludwick's daughter Emily Meredith.

James Pooler, who was born here, published another story with an old-time Beaver Island setting. His Christmas story was frequently reprinted.

Sympathy was extended to the family of Bernadine Grossi, whose family owns the only cabin at Little Sand Bay, to the Henry Allen family, whose mother passed away, and the family of Agnes O'Donnell, who was born and raised on Beaver Island.

The Civic sponsored a square dance, called by Dave and Katherine Wilson and their children, Davilyn and Dave, who taught square dancing as a hobby. They also ran the Tee Pee Washum laundry at the end of Freesoil Street.

The son of William Preston, who opened and operated the first Coast Guard station here in 1915, returned to the Island. Captain Preston organized the Island's first baseball team.

Helicopters from Washington D.C. landed near both Lighthouses to make inspections.

Come Worship With Us



LIGHTHOUSE FELLOWSHIP

meets every Sunday
9:30 a.m.

Peaine Township Hall
(Next to "The Station" at the 4 corners.)
Need a Ride? Call 448-2142
448-2611 or 448-3166
Light Refreshments

The Lodge

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SPECIAL
DISCOUNTS

*for Beaver Island
residents and
visitors only.*

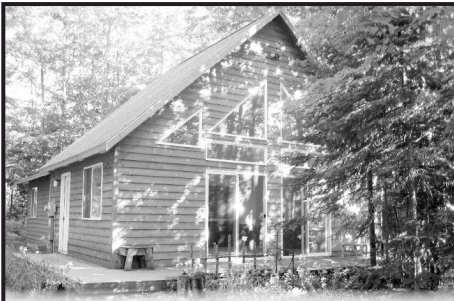
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thelodge-charlevoix.com
120 Michigan Avenue
Charlevoix, MI 49720

AAA and AARP accepted

- One block to Beaver Island ferry, downtown, lakes and beaches
- Complimentary light breakfast
- Outdoor heated pool
- Free high-speed, wireless internet
- In-room VCR with free video movies
- In-room refrigerator
- Small town service





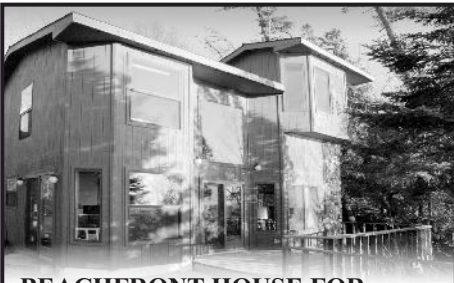
BEAUTIFUL COTTAGE on a wooded lot. This chalet-style cottage is new, bright and airy with a large front room and cathedral ceiling, lots of windows, and double sliding glass doors. Convenient access to the best beach on the island. Only \$675/week. Off-season \$425. Call (517) 927-2374 nprawat@yahoo.com



ALLEN 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. \$1,300/week. Call Patti Fogg (616) 399-5067 pfogg@charter.net or www.allenfoggcottages.com



LAKEFRONT
3 bedrooms, 2 baths, 1 double and 6 single beds, washer/dryer, wrap-around porch, views of sunset & overlooking Garden & Squaw Islands. \$1200/week. (616) 405-8926 Website: www.whatproperties.com/PL48480 E-mail: Info@whatproperties.com



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. \$1200/week; spring & fall \$895. Limit 6 people. Please call (941) 921-2233 or (317) 769-6563



HARBOR LIGHTS: a unique log cabin looking out over Paradise Bay. Enjoy the boat traffic from the huge deck, or sit around the fire pit on the beach. 3 bedrooms w/ 2 queen sized beds, 2 twins and 1 ½ baths. All the amenities. Spectacular views! \$1100.00 per week. (630) 834-4181 E-mail to harborlightsbim@aol.com



JUDE'S RENTALS: Pleasantly situated in the heart of it all! Jude's house is nestled among the peaceful nature of Beaver Island in addition to being just walking distance from the harbor, historical museums, shops, restaurants and the beach. Call Jude Martin (231) 448-2673 or (616) 340-5339



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 available. \$1050/week. (231) 448-2809



SAND BAY - "BAY HAVEN" COTTAGE - WEEKLY RENTAL - Lake Front, Sandy Beach, 5 br, great view, laundry, East Side Dr.- only four miles from town. This home is only two years old. Awesome sunrises- walk to beach is straight and flat out the lower level. Taking reservations for fall 2008 and for the season in 2009. Please call Laurie Bos at (616) 786-3863 or email lauriesbos@chartermi.net Photographs of Bay Haven can be viewed at bayhaven.beaverisland.net

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

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

7 PINES - Weekly Rental Close to town (short walk to Dalwhinnie) Sleeps 6, 1 ½ bath, washer/dryer, linens furnished, freshly remodeled, *PET FRIENDLY*, \$650.00/week, Contact Ryan & Gretchen Fogg at (616) 836-1597.

BEAVER SANDS BEACH HOME - Located on Sand Bay, beautiful Lake Michigan waterfront home: 3 bedrooms, sleeps 8; 2 full baths; w/dry; full kitchen, including dishwasher and micro; wonderful sunrise views with sandy beach & safe swimming, screened porch & large deck, everything included. Prime weeks open. Call Nancy: (810) 227-2366 or nrosso@hotmail.com.

DONEGAL BAY - 3 BR 2 bath Home; sleeps 6; many amenities. \$900 a week. Reduced rates for off-season. Phone (313) 885-7393, after 4:00 p.m.



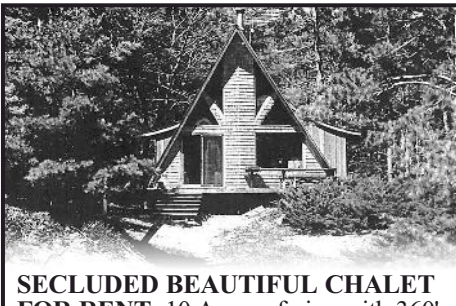
WATERFRONT HOME RENTAL/wk
3+bedroom, 3bath, 2,000s/f living space; at entrance of Beaver Harbor. Newly carpeted & painted, extensive decks, hand-crafted "shipwreck furniture" wet bar in sunroom/lounge w/ spectacular views of Lake Michigan & lighthouse. \$1,200./wk biproperty@gtlakes.com or (231) 448-3031



NEAR DONEGAL BAY'S BEACH:
3BR 1 queen, 1 full, 2 twin & queen sofa sleeper. 2 Bath, Fireplace, W/DR, All Amenities, Satellite TV. / VCR/DVD, grill, bikes No pets. \$790/week. Off season April Thru June 13 & Sept 13 Thru Oct \$590. Call Gale or Warren Evenings (708) 389-0621 Day (708) 214-7049



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 www.islandaerie.net . Jan@islandaerie.net



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. Call Ed or Connie Eicher (231) 448-2257 or (810) 629-7680.



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



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 \$975.00/wk off season rates available.

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 \$700/wk; weekends available. (219) 863-2655.

THE FISHERMAN'S HOUSE - Great 'In-Town' location across the street from St. James Harbor on the harbor road. 4 BR/2 Bath; W/D; Four bedrooms, three rooms with double beds and one room with twin beds, two bathrooms, bed linens and bath towels provided, fully equipped modern kitchen, washer/dryer, TV, enclosed porch, and open deck with grill. For availability, call Bill or Tammy (231) 448-2499 or (231) 448-2733.

WEEKLY RENTAL - Harbor Beach Two-bedroom Condos. \$500/week. Call Satch Wierenga at (231) 448-2808.

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. Off-season rates. Complete privacy. (231) 448-2907.

RENTAL CABIN - for rent - Sand Bay-sleeps 8—amenities—available May- 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).

DONEGAL BAY COTTAGE - Nicely furnished 3 BR, 1 bath, washer/dryer. On dune w/ beach access. \$775/ July & August \$600 off-season weekly. Dana Luscombe (248) 549-2701 eve or dpluscombe@msn.com *Continued on page 50.*



The Convent
in the Village
Beautiful Harbor View
Full Housekeeping Home
Sleeps 15 - 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
Call 448-2206
(Pam O'Brien)



FOR SALE BY OWNER

3 Bedrooms, 2 1/2 Baths.
Large Living Area plus downstairs
Family Room and Laundry Area.

Call (616) 293-0055 or
(231) 448-2535



Ed Wojan Realty

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Edward B. Wojan – Broker

26300 Back Highway
P.O. Box 86

Beaver Island, Michigan 49782

1-800-268-2711

www.edwojanrealty.com

Units 7, 8, 9, 11 of Innisfree Dunes Condominium

Four beautiful, wooded acreage pieces located on the north side of Donegal Bay Road just four-tenth's of a mile from town and the Emerald Isle Hotel. These lots have access to their interior (north side) off Innisfree Lane but Lots 9 and 11 also have access to Donegal Bay Road. The new bike path runs along the south line of these lots. All four lots are zoned and restricted to single-family residential use. They are very close to town and just about 3/4 of a mile from the public access at Font Lake. Lot 11 is immediately adjacent to Ed and Connie Wojan's home at 26765 Donegal Bay Road. Lot 7 is on the west side of Innisfree Lane and Lot 8 is just toward town on the east side of Innisfree Lane. These large homesites are really hard to find close to town; the nearest anyone will find something like these are 10-acre parcels much farther down the Island. One-half acre lots in the Wojan Plat a little closer to town than Innisfree Dunes Condominium have been selling for \$42,000 to \$45,000 for a number of years. These 2-1/2 to 3 acre lots are therefore really a bargain at **\$45,000 each**

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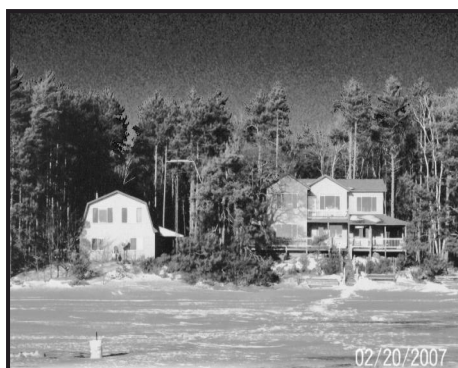
REAL ESTATE, FOR RENT *from page 49.*



BEACHFRONT HOME FOR RENT:

3 bedrooms and loft – total 5 beds,
hot tub, gorgeous views, solitude, wood
stove, May-Sept. \$1050. Off-season
\$795. **\$50 gas card with week's
rental.** Call Perry at (313) 530-9776
or e-mail pgatliff@hotmail.com

FOR SALE at \$339,900



LAKE GENESERATH:

2700 sq. ft. House with Wrap Around
Porch and Full Basement. Interior to be
finished. 28 x 40 Carriage House and
32 x 48 stick built storage building.
200' Sand Beach.
Appraised at \$525,000.⁰⁰
(231) 448-2501

LOCH WOOD SHORES – Located
about four miles from town on the
beach of Sand Bay. Three bedrooms,
two with double beds, one with two
twin beds, one and a half bath, washer
and dryer, full kitchen, gas grill, large
deck that you step off onto the beach,

FOR SALE

FOR SALE, 1300 SQ. FT. HOME
with 12'x12' out-building on Font Lake
Court \$99,900.00 Call Mike Collins
Island Properties (231) 448-2923

LAKE GENESERATH Lot For
Sale Parcel # 15-012-015-013-10,
Hemlock Point Road; 140' lake frontage
on the North Arm of beautiful Lake
Geneserath; lot approved for building on
w/o restrictions. (616) 772-9783; (616)
283-7227; cschrotenboer@ghyfc.org

LOTS FOR SALE - Lots 727,728,729
in Port St. James #8 on Tamarock Trl.
\$12500 ea. Wish to sell all 3 at one time.
\$7500 down will finance \$30000 bal at
\$350 per mo. for a few years. Will sell
for cash for \$34,500. Call Ben at
(386)439-3351

THE WALSH 40, south of the Beaver
Island Golf Course - Walk to the Fair-
way. Make offer. (248) 649-4909 or
(248)515-8746

**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.
Odatlo@sbcglobal.net

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gas fireplace, dish TV and VCR/DVD player, and a gorgeous view of Lake Michigan. Reduced rates for June, September, and October. For rentals, call Bill or Tammy: (231) 448-2733 or (231) 448-2499 or email tammymcd107@yahoo.com.

2 LOTS ON SAND BAY - 3.3 Acres each. 1700' deep. Sandy Beach. Frontage 117' each. (810) 629-7680 or (231) 448-2257.

40 ACRES ON SLOPTOWN ROAD - Call Bud at (231) 448-2397.

LAKE GENESERATH - Beautiful lot on Hemlock Point Rd. 111' lake frontage with lovely view across bay into state forest. Entire lot level with large hemlocks & no wetland or restrictions. \$78,000. 616-399-5164 or mfolkening@pol.net

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.

PRIME 20 ACRES NEAR FONT LAKE, close to town, w. apple trees, power and road in. \$150,000 Erik Peterson (616) 240-8980.

10 ACRES OLD FOX LAKE ROAD Beautiful, wooded, great building site; \$39,000 MUST SELL. (231) 409-1214.

PROTECTED HARBOR SITE - 60' Lake frontage by 250' deep. North of the Toy Museum. Call (231) 448-2391.



FOR SALE: 28190 ISLAND WOODS RD. 3 Bedrooms; 2 Baths; Built in 2005; Immaculate with loads of character; For details and interior photos, go to Forsalebyowner.com (Listing ID #: 21207130) or contact Drew & Sarah at (231) 675-3746



FOR SALE - HARBOR-AREA HOUSE: Four bedroom, 1 1/2 bath house on two lots with garage. Wonderful location near town and the harbor. Asking price is \$215,000.

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

view our web site: www.edwojanrealty.com



Ransom Street Big Band - Friday, September 12th Big Music will arrive on Beaver Island in a big way when the "Ransom Street Big Band" from Grand Rapids performs in the Holy Cross Hall at 7:30 p.m. Tickets are \$10 each and will be available at the door.

Celtic Games - Once again Beaver Island will host Celtic strong men on **Saturday September 13**. The games will begin at 10:00 a.m. at the ball field and conclude about 4:00.

The Beaver Island Sports Boosters will provide outdoor grilled food for lunch. Sponsors are the Chamber of Commerce, the Shamrock, and the Beaver Island Boat Co. The popular caber toss is slated for right after lunch.

A post-Celtic Games celebratory performance with the Grand Traverse Pipes & Drums will take place at the Community Center at 7:30. Enjoy an opportunity to learn how those bagpipes work, how they originated, and a ritual meaning or two behind some of those dance steps. Questions encouraged! Free-will donation.

Bite of Beaver Island and the Island Boodle October 4th.



NEW HOME ON SECLUDED ONE ACRE WOODED LOT IN PORT ST. JAMES

400 ft from north shore. Listen to the lake, see Garden Island when the leaves fall. Open floor plan 1875 ft² on one floor. Full unfinished raised basement with 2 egress windows. Two large master suites, one with large deep jet tub. Half bath in foyer. Smaller third bedroom is used for office. Lots of huge closets. Ceiling fans in every room. Decks on three sides. Two-car attached garage. Outdoor wood boiler with auxiliary propane for hot water base-board heat. Radiant electric heat tile in bathrooms and laundry room. \$250,000. For more info call (231) 448-3010, or e-mail kopperud@tds.net

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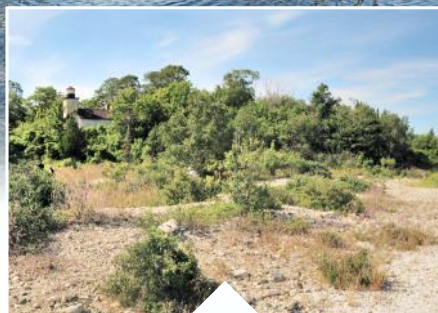
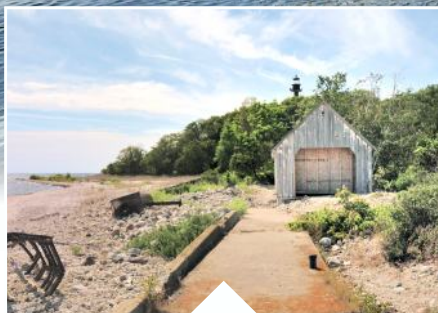
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THE NIAGARA AT THE MOUTH OF PARADISE BAY & THE TWO LIGHTS OF SOUTH FOX ISLAND
 SPARRED LENGTH: 198' · LWL: 110' 8" · BEAM: 32' · DRAFT: 10' 6" · DISPLACEMENT: 297 LONG TONS · MAINMAST: 118'



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