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(3-party oversight.)

Toward the end of the meeting the Board asked for more details—in particular about the maintenance plan (since, it was said, the advocates of Paradise Bay Park had not followed through on their promises).

Jacque LaFreniere reported that this year’s *phragmites* spraying was accomplished quickly and efficiently. Beaver, Garden, and High were sprayed, but there was not enough money to also treat Hog Island (where the weed was dense), and the owner of Whiskey Island did not respond to attempts to secure his permission to eradicate a small patch there.

Toward the end of the meeting the Board appointed the only applicant to fill the unexpired term of Don Vyse, Ray Cole. He was sworn in, and asked to join the other Trustees at the table.

**Peaine Township**

A large crowd (48) attended the Peaine Town meeting, which opened...
with a report on *phragmites* from Jacque LaFreniere. She said that $12k was spent on eradication on High and Garden and $10k on Beaver, leaving not enough left in the $28k SOS fund to treat the heavily infected Hog Island—but application had been made for additional State funding.

The minutes of the 8-12 meeting were modified with a prepared addendum stating that the process for determining Peaine’s contribution to agencies jointly operated put it at a disadvantage; because of the timing, Peaine was forced to match the amount St. James decided to levy a week earlier. The addendum further remarked that “there seemed to be general agreement that this process should be changed” and that Peaine’s Board should approach St. James’s “to resolve the issue.” Yet in a later discussion of the Airport Committee’s procedure, it was pointed out that St. James generally sets its budget items for these agencies by accepting the recommendation of their managing committees, which are half Peaine appointees—so the two Townships do analyze the data and work together to establish a budget.

The deputies’ bills were to be reviewed but were not, there being only one.

The question of transferring the Youth Consortium funds to the Trails Committee so it could support activities for kids was discussed. It was pointed out that the TC’s plans would conform to the YC’s mission, and that other YC activities would be picked up by the new federally-funded teacher, Laura Gibson (see page 9).

A discussion of the Airport prompted the reconsideration of last month’s suggestion of having a special committee of two Board members from each Township study the budget recommendation made by each managing committee for the shared agencies, and make the final recommendation to each Board—with different Trustees selected to examine different agencies.

There was concern, expressed in two letters circulated to the audience, that the “Five-year Plan” published in the September *Beacon* was letting the Airport Committee and not the voters make decisions with long-term consequences. Don Vyse and Jim Wojan, both AC members, pointed out that, first, the FAA required a Five-year Plan (and was moving toward requiring a Ten-year Plan) and that it represented a general direction rather than a set of specific proposals, and, second, that any financial decision made by the AC, including accepting grant funds, must be ratified by both Town Boards. The hazy nature of the current Five-year Plan was pointed out in criticism of its lack of specific data in support of its contents—continued on page 6.

such as projections of Municipal Airport growth to justify facility expansion.

Part of the Municipal Airport discussion involved the question of approving the new lease for Fresh Air Aviation (not included in the 36-page packet distributed to the audience). It had been prepared by the St. James attorney and passed by St. James, but Peaine supervisor Jack Gallagher pointed out that the language had been changed from the previous lease in six instances without explanation; further, he felt that some of the new language was imprecise.

Before this was settled, it was pointed out that the Airport Committee has a conflicting mandate, operating at times according to a 1983 one-page unsigned memo from Peaine Township and at other times according to a 1993 Airport Ordinance. Some felt the latter document should take precedence, especially because it was approved by the voters.

These concerns swirled back and forth, sometimes heatedly, with no obvious resolution in sight. Finally Fresh Air principal Keith Teague stood up, noted that the existing contract would expire in six weeks, and said he had to know if it would be extended as quickly as possible because he had a business to run. He was told his company’s presence was important, but to be made at a special meeting to be adjourned, with final budget decisions required.

Complications ran into an unexpected problem. The other project involves the deconstruction around South Bend. She learned that the voters had been consulted at Heritage Park—either as the entity’s intent to increase the extent of its educational outreach.

The internet situation was addressed. Thanks to volunteers who put in hundreds of hours, the ¼”-thick application for federal stimulus funds was submitted on time and with high expectations; after analysis, the project was greatly expanded and the cost of the Beaver Island Broadband Inc. proposal (including mainland service) was estimated at ~$1,300,000, of which $320,000 was already in hand in the form of our two towers. $997,000 was requested—which falls below the $1,000,000 plateau at which much more detailed engineering studies are required.

After three hours the meeting was adjourned, with final budget decisions to be made at a special meeting to be held on 9-28.
At a recent meeting the Beaver Island Historical Society took on two new projects—even though it just commissioned architects for the long-wanted addition to the Print Shop and is in the middle of an extensive redesign of the Marine Museum.

One involves the deconstruction and moving of an old—possibly Mormon—log cabin hidden under asphalt siding and a metal roof on the two-story home at the Little Sand Bay Nature Preserve. The plan is to solicit help from various community service groups which come to the Island with increasing frequency, and to take five years to complete. They’ll be reassembled at Heritage Park—either as the original building, or in a modified plan.

**Complications**

Dial-up is set to end December 8th. TDS ran into an unexpected problem upgrading the microwave, and has delayed a large scale DSL rollout until Q1 of 2010. (It’s a very good thing long-term that TDS is committed to not compromising the quality of existing service for those already paying, but quite frustrating for those still without service.)

Island Telephone applied for stimulus funds of $2,773,496 for two unserved last-mile service areas to provide “between 3-10Mbps,” which would be a noticeable boost.

Meanwhile, Beaver Island Broadband Inc. has requested $996,575 to provide mainland-speed plans to the Island between 3Mbps/1Mbps for basic, 5Mbps/5Mbps for home office, and up to 10Mbps for organizations and large businesses. The increase in scope is not only for network performance and stimulating competition in the market, but also for including surrounding mainland areas. In Char-Em Counties, “the Beaver Island Cooperative Network covers 262 square miles...with a population of 7,351 with a total of 6,057 served last-mile service areas to provide $2,773,496.” The road to getting Island-wide service has been long, but a worthwhile endeavor which will make a difference here.
NEW YEAR, NEW FACES AT BICS
by Frank Solle

For the first time in what should be many, many autumn repeats, the new and improved Beaver Island Community School welcomed students to the first day of a new school year. That means new rooms for some, new class schedules for all, and, once again, new members of the faculty to get to know. So let’s get to know them a little.

**Kimberly Read**, Special Education. “I had never heard of Beaver Island. I knew nothing about Beaver Island. I just found a job and went for it.” That is how Kimberly described the process of finding her first teaching assignment. Originally from Heartland, about 40 minutes north of Ann Arbor, Kimberly graduated from Eastern Michigan University last December and went to work as a substitute until she found her way here. “It really couldn’t have worked out better,” she said of her finding us. “I love the staff and the students and just how welcoming everyone is. It’s been great. I feel very lucky to be here.”

In addition to her special education duties, Kimberly is offering a class in dance this year. “I’ve danced since I was four,” she said. “I’ve done ballet, tap, jazz, lyrical, and hip-hop.” She will be offering “a little bit of it all” to her students, starting with an introduction to ballet.

**Adam Richards**, Social Studies. Adam is the ‘old guy’ of the new staff members, having taught in the Grand Rapids area at an alternative high school for five years before arriving here. He also is married and brings three children with him, a wonderful added bonus in these days of dwindling enrollments everywhere. He said at one time he and his wife, Sheri, had looked into venturing either to Alaska or the Upper Peninsula, but decided either venue was too far to take the children from their grandparents. So, without having visited here, they put the Island on their list. Make that wish list—one that came true.

“We just fell in love with it here,” he said. “The kind of stuff we like to do is pretty much all here. Outdoor stuff, family stuff, community stuff. We never would have made this move if we didn’t feel confident about it. But we know what we like and we like this.”

Adam, who attended Grand Valley State University for his undergraduate course work in social studies and political science, along with a minor in economics, also earned his Masters in English and youth literature at Aquinas College. He’ll teach world history, U.S. history, middle school social studies, fitness and healthy living, and an elective class in autobiography that he taught with much success previously. And so far he likes what he has encountered in the classroom. “The kids here have good social skills, they know what to do in class,” he said. “That allows me to do the things I want to do and I’m loving that.”
Currently, his sons Elisha, six, and Simeon, 10, are here with him and enrolled. Sheri and their youngest son Micah, three, will arrive the first weekend of October.

**Sarah McCafferty**, Allied Health. Okay, so Sarah’s not really all that new. After all she graduated from BICS just a few short years ago, or so. And everyone knows her husband Dan and her children Michael, Erin, and Suzie. But what does make her new is her taking the new position as Allied Heath instructor. This course prepares students to become Emergency Medical Responders; any student over 18 can become licensed in Michigan. “For our sophomore it also counts as their health class,” said McCafferty, who is a licensed paramedic as well as an adjunct faculty member at Kellogg Community College and a certified instructor in basic, advanced, and pediatric life support.

Yet this is her first encounter with teaching high school-aged students. “I’ve taught adults and worked with little children and daycare, but this is my first time with this age group,” she said. “It’s been a fun, new challenge.”

Having attended the old, smaller version of BICS, McCafferty is quite impressed with the upgraded facility. “I like all the space,” she said. “I think the common area is very nice for the older students as well.”

**Laura Gibson**, 21

Century Community Learning Center Site Coordinator. This long title means Laura will be overseeing a new after-school program that hopes to tap into community strengths to enhance the overall learning experience of BICS students. “This program is designed to pull together resources, as well as a variety of people, into the school to offer enriching educational programs,” Laura said. And while the program will offer some tutoring services in both math and English, she was quick to point out, “it’s not supposed to be like more school after school. We’re looking for visiting artists and community members to step up and offer what they can.”

Laura is the one truly new faculty member who had visited the Island previously to taking her new position, having attended Hope College with current Kindergarten/Preschool teacher Miranda Rooy. Her field of study was Music Education; she previously worked with students of all ages in sharing her love of music and singing. In her short time here she has already found a spot on local stages, performing with Miranda and Kevin White and friends.

“It’s just so beautiful here,” she said. “When I heard about this job it sounded right up my alley. I’m an adventurous person so here I am.”

Since arriving Laura has been busy laying the foundational paperwork for her program and is now ready for the first four-week session of events and activities to get underway October 5.
ISLANDERS RUN, KICK, SET AND SPIKE TO VICTORY
by Frank Solle

The local sports season got off to a great start in September with the Islanders winning every contest during three consecutive weekends of action.

Eagles get landed

Other than a bit of a scare at the volleyball net Friday night when the Hannahville girls fought back to force a deciding game five, it was a fairly easy start to the fall seasons for the Islanders as the soccer team claimed 8-0 and 7-2 wins on the pitch while the volleyball team blanked the Eagles at the net Saturday morning.

The excitement came Friday after the Islanders claimed the first volleyball game 25-18. Taking a commanding 11-5 lead in the second game behind a five-point service run by Claire Kenwabikise, everything looked good. But the Eagles rallied to retake the lead at 20-18. After the Islanders knotted the score at 20-all, the Eagles pushed the locals to the brink by grabbing a 24-20 edge. But sophomore Brontae Lemmink, who didn’t play last year and was a late addition to this year’s squad, was up to the task, serving the final five points, aided by an ace and two great net plays by senior Alex Kuligoski to secure the 26-24 win.

“She pulled that out for us,” first-year coach Kerry Smith said of...
Lemmink’s run. “We seem to like to dig ourselves a hole and then climb out of it.”

The Islanders hole got deeper with the Eagles claiming games three and four (22-25, 17-25), forcing a deciding, 15-point game five. Smith turned to eighth-grader Olivia Cary to open the game, and she literally stepped up, starting the game with a five-point run, including an ace. “She was our most consistent server all night so I thought, ‘Let her start,’” said Smith. “And look what happened.”

The Islanders ran with the opening momentum behind two more kills by Kuligoski, who also added an ace from the line, as they claimed the game and the match with a 15-5 win.

Saturday’s match wasn’t nearly as close, as the Islanders left their shovels at home in a 25-15, 25-22, 25-19 sweep.

The soccer team had an easier time with the young Eagles, scoring goals easily and early in both contests. Sophomore Brighid Cushman got the season’s scoring started with her first-ever goal at the 12-minute mark of Friday’s game. Senior Cameron LaVasseur followed with two more scores for a 3-0 halftime lead. He booted another early in the second half before teammates Dereck McDonough, Bryan

continued on page 12.
Kristy returns - Brighid back up.

Bryan moves.

Islanders, continued from page 11.

Timsak, and Doug Campbell all added goals.

LaVasseur added three more goals Saturday, joined again by McDonough, Tismak and Cushman. Also notching a first varsity goal was eighth-grader Olivia Cary. Also notching a first varsity goal was eighth-grader Olivia Cary.

“We had a pretty good weekend,” said second-year coach Matt Ritchie. “Everyone was ready to play and they played hard. We had a lot of energy and earned two big wins to start the season.”

Ritchie pointed to the key of having LaVasseur and McDonough alternating in the middle of the field throughout the games. “Both are very capable at playing sweeper and came early Saturday morning when a coach Ritchie said, “It was a good game weekend,” said second-year they weren’t able to with three goals, followed by Timsak and Cameron LaVasseur with three each.

LaVasseur paced the team on Friday with four goals while McDonough and Timsak each netted one, with Timsak’s setting the tone of the weekend just 16 seconds into the opening contest.

Speaking of the Saturday game, coach Ritchie said, “It was a good game for us in that we faced some early adversity. We could have put our heads down but we hung in there and kept playing hard.”

But the Grand Marais lead was short lived as Bryan Timsak retaliated less than a minute later, the first of four consecutive Islanders goals over the first half.

The Bears scored the first goal of the second half as well, but the Islanders pounded in three more goals in short succession in answer.

“It was nice to get some starting out at scratch. take part in the Mackinac Island will take place there over the 16-17. In a change of
day 25-12, 25-18, 25-12. Mackinac on Friday, Oct. 23 so as not to
Polar Bears sent packing
The Grand Marais Polar Bears visited the weekend of Sept. 18-19, bringing only a soccer team as they weren’t able to field a volleyball squad this year. While that reduced the number of games played, it did nothing to dampen the Islanders enthusiasm as they dispatched the Bears with little difficulty 6-1 and 7-3.

The only difficulty the Islanders had came early Saturday morning when a hard shot that scooted across the wet, dewy grass slipped through the grasp of goaltender Olivia Schwartzfisher, a keeper’s nightmare.

Sophomore Olivia Schwartzfisher and eighth-grader Jewell Cushman alternated in the goal for the Islanders, and each showed a talent for being in the right place at the right time.

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The Bears scored the first goal of the second half as well, but the Islanders pounded in three more goals in short succession in answer. Dereck McDonough finished with three goals, followed by Timsak and Cameron LaVasseur with three each.

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Bobcats held to a purr

The Munising Baptist Bobcats were the Islanders final prey of September, resulting in yet another four-game sweep for the undefeated home-standing soccer and volleyball teams. With the Bobcats fielding somewhat young teams, it was a good opportunity for both Islanders coaches to either play their own younger players or to allow players to experience playing different positions.

“It was nice to get some easy goals early and let our younger players play,” said soccer coach Matt Ritchie. “I was able to move players around and start thinking about next year a little bit.”

On the pitch the Islanders prevailed 4-0 Friday and 6-1 on Saturday.

For the weekend Cameron LaVasseur continued to lead the offensive attack, scoring four goals. Junior Doug Campbell had a big game Friday, beating the Bobcat keeper three times. Bryan Timsak scored a pair of goal within a minute and a half Saturday, each time angling a shot past the keeper to the far side of the goal. Brighid Cushman scored her third goal of the season as well.

For the first time in three years the Bobcats fielded a volleyball team, but with only one high schooler they are starting out at scratch. Yet it was a great opportunity for the younger Islanders to play together and it demonstrated to the fans that the future of Islanders volleyball is in good hands.

For the record, the Islanders won on Friday 25-20, 25-13, 25-8 and on Saturday 25-12, 25-18, 25-12.

“Our young players were awesome,” said coach Smith. “They played together and talked to each other like they are suppose to. I’m so proud of them.”

Smith also praised the team’s older players who saw limited action over the weekend due to the mismatch: “I was very proud of the how the older girls supported our young players.”

Looking ahead to October the Islanders will be at Paradise the weekend of 2-3 for both soccer and volleyball. The volleyball team will once again take part in the Mackinac Island tournament Oct. 10. The final home games of the season will be 13-14 when the Ojibwe Eagles visit. The annual showdown with the Lakers of Mackinac Island will take place there over the 16-17. In a change of schedule the Northern Lights League soccer tournament will also be held at Mackinac on Friday, Oct. 23 so as not to conflict with ACT testing the next day.
Some said it couldn’t be done. Some said he was crazy to even attempt such a dangerous expedition. But in the end it proved to be such a vivid and revitalizing trip for Ken Bruland that it will stay with him for the rest of his life.

Delayed at the onset by rough weather, Ken left Beaver Island and paddled to Hog on the 2nd, set up his camp, and then was visited by well-wishing friends Gerald LaFreniere and Garrett Cole. He awakened to a calm sea, broke camp, and set off just after sunrise for the Grays Reef Light. He darted across the shipping channel in the early afternoon, where Joe Moore, Frank Solle, and Paul Welke spotted him from above – timely because his cell phone coverage expired as he neared Waugoshance Point.

In the middle of nowhere Ken was visited by a solitary hummingbird, which checked the kayak for pollen before returning to its migration.

Ken made contact on the 4th, saying he had camped north of Waugoshance and was getting a late start because his sprint across the channel and the churning waters in the bay had tired him. Yet he picked up a strong tail wind which carried him to Cecil ahead of schedule, and he decided to take advantage of it by pushing on to McGulpin Point within a mile of Mackinac City for his 3rd night.

He attempted the “big event” – crossing under the Mighty Mac – late the next afternoon. If you think it looks overwhelming from a car or the ground, wait til you see it from the vantage point of a kayak while bouncing on the troughs and crests of the Great Lakes confluence! Nothing is quite so humbling – yet at the same time the ability of one man in a small craft to take the measure of this colossal structure gave him renewed confidence.

The exhilaration gave him the strength to paddle on, but by the end of the day he was so worn out that he was glad to take the Straits Campground being full as a sign he should hike into St. Ignace and check into a motel – although the $152 charge was a shock that ended his plan to rest up for a day. Instead he pushed off again the next day, September 6th, passing Castle Rock and heading for Big St. Martin’s Island. He could see Mackinac Island from above – timely because his cell phone coverage expired as he approached Grays Reef Light.

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Hours By Appointment
Some said it couldn’t be done. Ken neared Waugoshance Point. Wait til you see it from the vantage point. Some said he was crazy to attempt such a dangerous expedition. But in the end it proved that it will stay with one man in a small craft to take the measure of this colossal structure.

Before returning to its migration, a solitary hummingbird visited Ken Bruland that it will stay with him for the rest of his life. During his journey, he made contact on the fourth day, saying that the cell phone coverage expired as he was getting a late start because his ground being full as a sign he should take the Straits of Mackinac. He awakened to a calm sea, broke camp, and set off just after sunrise for the Grays Reef Light. He attempted the “big event” – the early afternoon, where Joe Moore, Frank Solle, and Paul Welke spotted him from above – timely because his strength to paddle on, but by the end, he was so worn out that he was glad to take the Straits for a darted across the shipping channel in Mackinac City for his 3rd night.

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16.

17.

During the trip he took note of the few hundred feet. Nevertheless he incognita before teaching at the kayak steady flow of ideas into his mind, and decided to push on – truly “into the symposium. But just to be safe he came to think of the venture as a kind of unknown.” He set off at noon, and paddled into Prentiss Bay to complete mental housekeeping: notions he had reached Hessel by suppertime. He his 85-mile solo trip. He was warmly considered but not resolved came back checked into a second motel, telling welcomed, and toasts were offered to to him like actors at a second casting himself he had earned it. his pluck and resolve. A late arrival call. This free tour of all his past The next day he set off for came in full of complaints about the thoughts was like the proverbial “life Government Island in the Les traffic on the bridge and the windiness flashing before one's eyes” in a tight Cheneaux chain, hitting shore on a and potholes in the U. P. roads. Waiting situation, except it happened in slow small adjacent spot of land known as a second, he turned to Ken, who acted motion and with a rhythm dictated by Penny Island, where he made camp.  He surprised: “I didn’t have any of that.” the regularity of his paddling. realized his exhaustion had to be near So far, the trip raised ~$1,500 for concerned food: how important it was, having been through so much and being hoped a few more contributions will how difficult it can be to get, what kinds so near his destination. The gulls treated come in. Ken plans to give three presentations: 10-10 at 7:30 at the Community Center; 10-18 at 12:30 at the Seniors’ Luncheon at the Community Center; and later to the th
glimmering about 10 miles to the south. During the trip he took note of the steady flow of ideas into his mind, and came to think of the venture as a kind of mental housekeeping: notions he had considered but not resolved came back to him like actors at a second casting call. This free tour of all his past thoughts was like the proverbial “life flashing before one’s eyes” in a tight situation, except it happened in slow motion and with a rhythm dictated by the regularity of his paddling.

An unexpected recurring idea concerned food: how important it was, how difficult it can be to get, what kinds are best – how important food is to keep going. When he returned and happened to weigh himself, he found he had lost eight pounds.

He awoke on the 7th surrounded by thick fog – he couldn’t see more than a few hundred feet. Nevertheless he decided to push on – truly “into the unknown.” He set off at noon, and reached Hessel by suppertime. He checked into a second motel, telling himself he had earned it.

The next day he set off for Government Island in the Les Cheneaux chain, hitting shore on a small adjacent spot of land known as Penny Island, where he made camp. He realized his exhaustion had to be near its peak, and yet he felt energized by having been through so much and being so near his destination. The gulls treated him as a conquering hero, moving away to let him pitch his tent on the best part of Penny’s land.

Reviewing his efforts, he realized he was ahead of schedule, and had two days to poke around on this terra incognita before teaching at the kayak symposium. But just to be safe he paddled into Prentiss Bay to complete his 85-mile solo trip. He was warmly welcomed, and toasts were offered to his pluck and resolve. A late arrival came in full of complaints about the traffic on the bridge and the windiness and potholes in the U. P. roads. Waiting a second, he turned to Ken, who acted surprised: “I didn’t have any of that.”

So far, the trip raised ~$1,500 for the Beaver Island Food Pantry, and it’s hoped a few more contributions will come in. Ken plans to give three presentations: 10-10 at 7:30 at the Community Center; 10-18 at 12:30 at the Seniors’ Luncheon at the Community Center; and later to the students at the Community School.

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Ten Years Ago The Med Center announced its four-years-old Endowment Fund at the Community Foundation had reached $56,000. The Foundation had been established in 1992 by civic leaders, including Joe Reed and Judy Lanier.

The Historical Society offered public thanks to a volunteer who had worked on its archives every day for the past few summers: Joyce Bartels (assisted by Ruth Kelly, Laraine Dawson, and Leone Schellenberg).

An extensive tribute was given to Connie Wojan, who had served as school board president for twelve years (and was working for Processing Concepts Unlimited). She was lauded for the effort she put into learning how a (school) board is supposed to operate, and calmly and quietly bringing those principles into play.

The Beacon ran a lengthy article about coyotes, saying they had earned access for $20/month and a $35 sign-up fee for finding a second stone circle. Several cultural events were being planned. 310 planes arrive at the Municipal Airport thanks to a volunteer who had worked Strategic Planning with a public meeting.

Connie Wojan, who had served as school Islanders to “come home for the Bash at the Laurain Lodge.

The widow of former Tiger Norm Shirk, and Barb Cruikshank were elected officers for the Fireman’s Auxiliary. House and wrote reports of their experiences joining the Navy; he married Emma Jean Doyle was an MSU Fabulous food, refreshments, music and fun for the whole community! Learn the history and technique of Art Therapy: Mosaic & Gear with the best medicine around—laughter!

Thirty Years Ago Beaver Tales: Thirty Years Ago, a book sympathetic to Tom Speck finished 12th and seeing several bucks near their cut. Duck hunting was good—coon hunting was good—coon king Jeremy Barrett 32—of 60 runners. BICS tied for first in the 6th annual Socmo Tournament, with Jason Stambaugh winning.

Forty Years Ago The Game Club accepted accolades and carved 69 was held, with 7 of the 9 1959 officers for the Fireman’s Auxiliary. One while they were doing their best to grad, an artist, and a supervisor of Olds.

Subscription prices jumped from $12.50 to $20. each of them was being scared by some mobile’s art department until 1973, moving to pay the 25% match, and to commit Phyllis Moore turned over the Medical Center and feasting begins at 1pm at Holy Cross Hall. Thanks too to everyone who attending and participating in the special event: Philip F. Lange Family, and the Beaver Island Community Center.

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10% local match required—but an application had to be submitted by 12-28. No matter what approach would be taken, building a transfer station was thought to be necessary. At the next Peaine Town Board meeting, it was resolved to build a transfer station, with the Townships joining to pay the 25% match, and to commit to a recycling program.

Ruth Hallahan, Marie Riegel, Doris Shirk, and Barb Cruikshank were elected officers for the Fireman’s Auxiliary.

Subscription prices jumped from $12.50 to $20.

Bill Schneider, president of the Beaver Island Property Owners’ Association, attended a congressional hearing in Washington regarding “America’s Islands—Open Spaces at Risk?”

Jim Wojan was appointed to the Airport Committee.

The Beacon published this Dave Gladish poem:

The chipmunk eats and runs
(which isn’t to his credit).
In other words he stuffs his cheeks
With nuts and bolts. You get it?
Cross-country coach Rick Speck had two students in the Optimist Invitational; Tom Speck finished 12th and Jeremy Barrett 32nd—of 60 runners.

BICS tied for first in the 6th annual Soccer Tournament, with Jason Stambaugh being named MVP.

The George Ricksgers family mustered 125 people for a reunion—all springing from he and wife Otilia (Schmidt) Ricksgers’ children, all born on Beaver Island.

The passings of Erwin Belfy and Doyle Fitzpatrick were noted. Erwin was born here and went to school here before joining the Navy; he married Emma Jean and settled in Detroit before moving back here in 1979. Doyle was an MSU grad, an artist, and a supervisor of Oldsmobile’s art department until 1973, when he retired to Beaver Island; he wrote the only book sympathetic to James Strang, Beaver Island’s former king.

Thirty Years Ago The first new Beacon in four months reported on the marriage Denise Stout and Tim McDonough a few weeks before Skip and Bud celebrated their silver wedding anniversary.

A dual reunion of the classes on 59 and 69 was held, with 7 of the 9 1959 grads arriving and the entire ’69 group.

Louisiana Pacific loggers reported seeing several bucks near their cut. Duck and Coon hunting was good—coon king Dave Roop had already taken 15 bandits.

Robert Gillespie organized a snowmobile safari to trim cedar browse. Chuck Whitman shot a 9-point 175# buck with an arrow.

The school bought three electric guitars for its music students.

Phyllis Moore turned over the Medical Auxiliary presidency to Vera Timsak.

Island students in grades 5 through 8 camped out at the Beaver Head Lighthouse and wrote reports of their experience, which were published. It seems each of them was being scared by someone while they were doing their best to scare someone else.

The Chris and Darrell Butler family chartered the South Shore to take them and all their belongings back to their previous home in Manitowac.

Forty Years Ago The bow hunters were on the Island, taking eight deer ranging from 61 to 122 pounds. Archery permits were issued to 98 hunters (with 266 issued for guns); they spent 1,415 hours in the woods and saw, collectively, 517 deer. The Game Club accepted accolades while pondering if it had put too much emphasis on land animals and not enough on fish. It asked the DNR to continued on page 20.
20. **On This Date, continued from page 19.**

make sample nettings to determine what kind of fishing might be available.

Under the guidance of Dr. Christie the Beaver Island Blimps was formed, scheduling morning bicycling trips and weekly weigh-ins, with there being a cash penalty for those not losing weight; the pot was to go to the biggest loser.

The Beacon’s editorial about needing a Sheriff’s deputy was apparently producing a little action by the County Board of Supervisors and the State Police. A proposal was made to eliminate biker gangs by raising the fee to put a motorcycle on the ferry to $10.

A 4-H group from Petoskey spent time on the Island, with the students hosted in different homes. Then a group of BICS students (including Joan LaFreniere, Steve Connaghan, and Rich Gillespie) were put up in Petoskey, spending a half day in the school there and taking in a football game that night.

The school library was open to the public for two hours each Wednesday evening.

An EKG monitor (the “K” stands for “cardiac”—how’d that happen?) was purchased for $1,064 with help from the Medical Auxiliary. Six readings were transmitted to the mainland by phone.

The passing of Ada Martin was noted—14 months after her husband John was lost when the boat sank in which he and his brother Charlie were returning from having serviced the exploratory barge tethered above the sunken Bradley. Ada had been born on the Island to Thomas and Mary Burke in 1905.

**Fifty Years Ago** The Dawn Patrol was hampered by terrible weather. A dozen planes made it before dark on the first day, and only 155 more by noon of

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**REMEMBERING DR. LANGE: AN EVENING OF**

by Frank Solle

In the spirit of community, remembrance and honor, the good people of Beaver Island turned out in droves on Sept. 26th to pay tribute to the late Dr. Phil Lange, gathering at the Community Center for one of his favorite activities, a potluck dinner. In addition, there were photos on display, an on-going slideshow, a legacy video playing both upstairs and down, live music, and a chance for anyone who so desired to step up and share a story or two—which they did.

All-in-all it was a wonderful event, a wonderful evening—all to remember a man who thought Beaver Island was wonderful.

“More than anything else Dad wanted a party,” said son Rick welcoming the large crowd that not only filled the tables set up in the auditorium but overspilled into the lobby and upstairs. “And he would have liked this.”

As people made their way between different serving areas, finding a place to sit and eat and share, they were entertained by a group of local musicians including Kevin White. Miranda Rooy, Laura Gibson, Patti Cull, Jon Bonadeo, and Steve Scott. The group was joined briefly by Joddy Crosswhite as well.

Throughout the meal and entertainment a slideshow of photos tracing Dr. Lange’s life from birth through early schooling, college, medical school, his marriage to E.B., his practice in Lansing, his time in the army in Korea, and his ever-growing family was shown on the large screen in the auditorium.

The fact that the celebration of his life was held at the Community...
the next day. The farthest flight was from Iowa City. The airport ran out of gas, but more was brought from the emergency supply in town.

The Game Club announced that both black and grey squirrels were abundant, and rabbits plentiful as well. Four raccoons released last summer seemed to be doing well. Jerry Jones, a trapper encouraged to try his luck here, took 42 fox and 14 coyotes to help the small game population. Beavers were continuously flooding the east end of Hammigan Road.

A unicorn was installed at the Municipal Airport, and 80.87-octane gas was available to pilots.

The museum acquired “an organ of ancient origin.”

The new public marina was taking shape.

The Killarney Inn was to be open through bird season.

Paul Kenwabikise fell out of a tree while collecting apples and broke his collarbone.

The Beaver Lodge’s Canadian Freighter canoe slipped its mooring and drifted to Blaney Park in the U.P., where it was found (with its outboard intact) and returned.

Two passings were noted: Candice Martin and Clara (Martin) Conn. Candice, 18 years old and married two months to Billy, who was in the service, was out riding with Ann Gatlif and Darlene Schmidt when their car left the King’s Highway on the curve south of town and plunged into the woods. She was killed instantly, with her friends airlifted to the Petoskey hospital by the Coast Guard. Twenty days earlier her husband’s sister Clara, living in Rose Center with her husband and four children, unexpectedly passed away.

providing medical care; they are also very compassionate. The Center takes care of so many health needs, saving us the expense of going across. We’re fortunate to have Wendy here to handle our dental needs. I cannot thank them enough for all their care and support. The Health Center will always have our backing.

—Pat Rowley

Center did not escape attention. “Dad was involved in the concept of this facility from the start,” Rick told the crowd. “From saving the LaFreniere store front to the design of the building. He couldn’t think of a better place for this than right here.”

Judy Lanier-Gallagher also pointed out Dr. Lange’s role in the creation of the Center. “He was one of the three original charter members of PABI,” she said. “We were so gifted to have known and worked with this man.”

While Rick also pointed out his father’s “whimsical, irreverent, self-deprecating humor,” Doris Larson recalled Dr. Lange’s love of song and of making up his own songs. Doris, of course, is not just a teller, but a shower, and in that sense she came prepared with a song of her own, written for this occasion. After passing out copies of the lyrics and demonstrating the tune, she had the entire crowd singing along and smiling with lines such as: “His ready wit/His caustic quips/were just the kind of comments/that made us all chuckle.”

Doris’s husband Lars shared a story from their son Greg from a time Dr. Lange, as a handy, helpful Wicklow Beach neighbor, assisted the then college student studying architecture with a leaky sink. The crux being Dr. Lange’s quip at the time that it was quite a deal having a medical doctor helping an architect with a plumbing problem.

Jacque LaFreniere ran through a long list of community theatre productions Dr. Lange took part in, as he was a continued on page 22.
**Remembering Dr. Lange**, from page 21.
very active and enthusiastic supporter of local arts for many years.
While other audience members spoke of aspects of Dr. Lange’s life, including daughter Lisa who addressed lovingly his “whole unexpected joy of improvisation,” it was son Mark who seemed most adept at carrying on the family tradition of telling a good story. Mark had everyone laughing at a fishing story that included a “brand new, shiny, pearly white, simulated fish scale dare-devil lure, guaranteed to catch pike” that he had lost to a large needle-nose in Lake Geneserath on a childhood expedition, only to have his father come through on a promise to re-catch the fish and retrieve the lure. He also related a particularly trying hunting experience his father had, and how that story grew over the years, and was part of his dad’s 0-25 lack of success as a deer harvester.
And so it went. Good food. Good friends. Good stories. Good music. Good memories. Good times. As Rick said: Dad would have liked this.

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Dear Family and Friends –

The Charlotte McDonough Family extends our gratitude to all those who helped us commemorate Charlotte’s 80th birthday.

The importance of birthdays is found not in the number, but rather in how well each is celebrated, and your presence greatly contributed to the creation of a memorable and fitting tribute to our matriarch.

Our family had a wonderful time on Beaver Island, and was overwhelmed by your hospitable offers of assistance, tents, chairs, tables, lodging, and so much more. We appreciated the band’s outstanding performance and your answered prayers for good weather.

We were truly blessed to be surrounded by family and friends, and though we have many warm memories of Beaver Island, we will especially keep and cherish our fond remembrance of that day because of you. Thank you.

– the Charlotte McDonough Family

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Janik Home

“The Mermaid” 35370 East Side Dr.

A newly remodeled home on a 10.78-acre parcel with 169.74 feet of beach frontage. Just south of and toward the lake from Kerry’s Corner on East Side Dr. 1900 sq. ft., 2-1/2-story, year-round home with 3 bedrooms and 2 full bathrooms. On the main floor there is a cathedral ceiling in the living room-dining room area with an all glass front wall facing the lake. The frontage has been cleared for a tremendous view of the boat channel into Beaver Harbor, Hog and Garden Islands to the northeast and the Mackinac Bridge on clear days. Large deck on the lake side of the house with a walkway out to the beach a couple of hundred feet east of the house. There is also a small screened-in beach house out near the beach, and a nice size metal pole barn halfway between the house and East Side Dr. The lot to the north is also owned by the current owner and it will have a deed restriction against any building on the adjacent lot that would in any way adversely affect the view of the lake from this house. You have to see the inside of this house to appreciate its value. The Mermaid has been a very good rental. With its old farmland acreage (cleared) behind the house, this would make a nice retirement home for someone who wanted fruit trees or gardens. It was also set up for and zoned for the pasturing and housing of horses. (The pole barn was originally used as a horse stable.) This house with Parcel F (10.78 acres) and out-buildings is priced at less than what it would cost you to buy the land and build these buildings.

$449,000.
THE BEAVER ISLAND CELTIC FESTIVAL

The mighty Celtic athletes and the marching musicians with the Grand Traverse Pipes and Drums had wonderful weather in late September for a fifth year of contests at the Bud McDonough Ball Diamond. The audience changed constantly but, after local sports let out and mid-day people of all ages and points of origin from Iowa to Jacksonville and Vermont. They were everywhere, walking around, riding bikes, gently jogging, and doing stretching exercises in the street. Some examined the route, kicking at a little loose sand to gauge the depth to the gravel hardcore underneath, and ascertaining how much they could lean in on the sharper corners.

When the race started at 9:00 a.m., seriousness reigned. All runners’ smiles disappeared when the starter’s fireworks went off to signal that this officially approached, always numbered between one and two hundred—and a dozen lucky dogs. Food and craft booths were set up in a line at the back of the walking struggle along the route downtown.

Sanctioning the event was underway. Crowds leading to a finishing dash. Two women, Karen Kirt and Stacey Roberts, joined hands for the final sprint and tied for next women’s first place. As Marathon fans have come to expect, there was about a 1% damage rate. Three runners were taken to the BIRHC—this is not a sport for sissies.

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KILTS IN THE WIND

The Run of Their Lives

green behind the fence—jewelry, notecards, candles, and furs were available, and Irish Stew. Every so often there was a break in the huffing and grunting sanctioned event was underway. Crowds had gathered along the route downtown to applaud the runners as they flew past. Some runners ran alone, others in tight groups. One packet of five young women stayed together until the finish line was in sight and instincts took over, and large objects ceased flying up into the air so attention could be focused on the Pipe and Drum Corps, which stepped nimbly and proudly through precise routines to music of their own making.

Coming to the Celtic Games this year were Mike Brown—judge, Ken Green, Bill Gordon, Brendaen “Fatboy” Connaghan & Associates—208 S. Michigan Ave., Petoskey, MI 49770, (231) 348-2288, (800) 366-5381, Fax: (231) 348-2019, www.connaghanconstruction.com, Tony Connaghan @ Gmail.com. 231 448 2343 Cell 616 843 5381 Connaghan Construction

KILTS IN THE WIND

THE RUN OF THEIR LIVES
Marathon, continued from page 25.

There was also a little grumbling about having to run the same route twice, the confusion about looping again past the Whiskey Point Light, the condition of the road, or the relatively late start on such a warm day. But all in all the runners were pleased with the quality of organization and work that went into the event, and expressed their hope that the Grand Tour would bring them back again.

Considering the unfamiliarity of the terrain (to most—although there were dozens of runners who always avail themselves of any opportunity to visit Beaver Island) the times did not surprise, although Rich Power, the overall winner, came in under three hours, beating runner-up Phil Kauppi by twenty minutes. Ron Gregg finished third among the “Male Masters” at 3:45:18.

Celtic Games, continued from page 25.

Dave Carl, Damon Barth, Jason Cherry, and Jeremy McBain. Jeremy announced it was his last year as organizer of the Games which he got started; he was now handing over the torch, or club, or caber.

Events this year were the Open Stone, 56# weight for distance, 28# weight for distance, 56# weight for height,
Marathon, continued from page 25.

were pleased with the quality of organization and work that went into the event, and the times did not surprise, although Rich Power, the overall winner, came in under three hours, beating runner-up Phil Kauppi by twenty minutes.

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Celtic Games, continued from page 25.

Dave Carl, Damon Barth, Jason Cherry, handing over the torch, or club, or caber. Dinwoody, Dale Gehman, Steve Bliven, and Jeremy McBain. Jeremy announced Events this year were the Open Stone, 56# weight for distance, 28# weight for distance, 56# weight for height, 28# height for height, and the Cahill Award, which was won by Ron Gregg. Mark Peterson, Tony Sutton, Jerry Bowersox, Tim Wearn, Ivor Alcorn, and Donnie O'Donnell were among the competitors, and the atmosphere was electric as the athletes prepared for their turns at the caber.

Our pamploña
The audience all gathered on the field to get a close look. Following that, there were a pair of events open to the audience, the Beaver Island Stone of Strength and the Hero Stone, though the crowd, having sampled the strain these events put on any one brave enough to try them the first these events are not for the faint of heart—or for the uninsured. The major events, and the high-stepping dancers winked as they kissed their knees.

Nick Leversedge (1:18:30) and Debbie Lenters (1:35:31) won the half-marathon. David Kemp won the power walk, finishing 12 minutes ahead of Ric Roane, who followed Eileen Weinhold.

More than a few runners remarked that they look forward to returning next year—to run, or to bring their families.
TRICK, OR TREAT!

This year there’ll be something new on October 31, between 5:00 and 8:00 at the Gregg Fellowship Hall: a new version of “trick-or-treat” for anyone who lives out of town. They can come to the Gregg Fellowship Center in their costume, and get in on a new variation of this much-loved ritual.

OPEN HOUSE

Stop in at the new grooming and boarding facility at the Open House on Oct. 17th at Andy’s Grooming Barn next to Unfinished Farms. You won’t believe how happy your pet can be! Special discounts on the Puppy Belly Rub, this day only—guaranteed to rid your pet of all its anxiety!

REWARD

Islanders disgusted by the recent window breaking and other vandalism at the Dunn home have created a reward fund now over $1,200 (and growing) for information about the perpetrators. Call the Sheriff’s office with any leads. We’ve got to stop this sort of thing.

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Jessica Whaley

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What if a growing number of people regarded all of Beaver Island as a wonderful outdoor artists’ studio? Wait … isn’t this already happening?

It is for some, such as the group of artists brought here (for the third year) by Helen Kleczinski, owner of a Vicksburg gallery (The Art House) which offers week-long classes, usually on site. They rented the Convent, and set out for the countryside on two 3-hour drawing and painting sessions every day. Each session began with Helen’s lesson du jour, after which her adult students would find a comfortable spot with good light, and get to work.

Settling in to draw the day’s subject (the Big Birch, a lighthouse, the Protar Home, or a harbor scene), they would get underway as Helen walked among them, answering questions about technique or providing helpful comments. Seeing the same subject depicted from so many perspectives and sensibilities created a Rashomon-like effect, although each artist worked in comparable pastoral pastels. As the light shifted, the seats were moved. The usual routine was to concentrate on pencil drawing during one session, and then break out the mini water color kit during the next.

Many of Helen’s artists worked on pages in a small, leather-bound twenty-page (with water-color bound paper) book, their “journal,” to which they will turn for inspiration after they leave Beaver Island to produce studio paintings back home. Each artist was encouraged to add text to each drawing—above or off to the side—ranging from notes about the conditions to projections of the emotions the scene produced.

Coming upon the group semicircled around a subject created the sensation of happening upon a gang of Buddhists contemplating infinity and the joys of the day in their private pleasure garden; they were all diligently at work, yet they generated a contagious aura of tranquility and peace. Just think what the Island would be like if more art teachers got the word, and more often we stumbled upon them and a group of their students around the next bend in the trail!
AN OPPORTUNITY FOR BIRHC

The possibility of an expanded affiliation between our Health Center and Northern Michigan Hospital increased in the past month when NMH’s CEO and Director of Professional Services came to Beaver Island to meet with the BIRHC’s board. At a special three-hour meeting on 8-28 the CEO said NMH was willing to increase the interrelationship, and listed seven specific advantages to us:

- increased reimbursement levels;
- improved recruitment and retention;
- technology upgrades and maintenance;
- staffing relief;
- management support and exposure to professional advancement;
- improved levels of medical service;
- and stabilized operation funding.

THANKS

To everyone on Beaver Island, thank you for everything, especially your prayers during my diagnosis, surgery, and recovery. It really helped to know I had so many friends standing behind me. I am so lucky to live where there are so many caring people. – Pat Rowley

This was followed up on at the regular BIRHC meeting of 9-19, at which the board affirmed its interest in investigating the pros and cons of a greater affiliation. The board was clearly against relinquishing any of BIRHC’s sovereignty. Last winter the idea of a joint task force had been proposed, with equal numbers, perhaps four, from NMH and from BIRHC, and now NMH proposed one be quickly established, put to work, and told to deliver a report by the end of October. A complication was that Spectrum Health is in the process of trying to acquire NMH. Because of the complexity of the issues, and our unfamiliarity with the consequences of the kinds of affiliation being proposed, the board decided to move forward but felt an investigation would require more time; it agreed to proceed but put the date for issuing a report as late March. A task force was appointed with seven Beaver Island representatives, including four board members; other board members were urged to transmit their questions to the task force.

In other matters, the board announced that the car raffle had sold 28 fewer tickets than last year but had earned $2,000 more. The golf outing earned $6,400—thanks to help and donations from over 50 people. Martha Lancaster from the Char-Em United Way showed a video about the organization, which had presented the BIRHC with a $6,000 grant to test low-income patients; 14 had been tested so far.

GOD JOB ROAD COMMISSION

Thanks to the County Road Commission employees. We approached Dave Adams with our opinion that an accident was waiting to happen: the long curve near the Ball Diamond was “blind” in both directions, endangering walkers, bikers, cars, and especially children.

He agreed to take a look and act if necessary. By 8:00 a.m. the next morning the area was mowed and trees were trimmed along the right-of-way.

Now that’s Beaver Island.

Good job, guys!

—Bob and Sue Welke
The Island works in mysterious ways, or so I found out. The story starts with finding a truly unique set of Mexican silver jewelry. My old boy friend always lets me know when he gets “vintage” silver pieces—and lucky me—here was this Inca-Mayan looking pin/pendant and a bracelet that matched. It was reasonably priced and unique. Since we were just starting the work season, he kept it for me, for two months, until I secured housing and actually had extra cash.

The day came, August 11. I had the cash and took my “treasure” home. Now when you're a poor, struggling middle-aged working girl, getting something beautiful is an occasion. So on August 20th, because friends from downstate were here and I was dying to share my penthouse view of the harbor, I had a small house party. I told everyone I saw to come by because I had spent the summer at work. There was beer and wine on ice, lots of food, and then I turned on the music. As happy hour parties go it was a howling fun time.

THANKS, MARATHON HELPERS

Our EMS service and the BIRHC had an exciting day during the marathon. Three patients were transferred to the rural health center and treated. One runner went back and finished the race! Our EMS treated another 5 people who thanks to their expert care did not have to go to the health center. I am proud of the prompt and professional response they provided. Many thanks to Gerald LaFreniere, Lisa Rose, Deb Plastrik, Dawn Traficantie, Shirley Curtis, Cindy Gillespie Cushman and Sarah McCafferty for manning the run and to Joe Moore and Tim McDonough who took care of the rest of the Island. We are fortunate to have all of you looking after us on the Island.

Sue Solle, Chris VanLooy, and Donna Kubic stood by at the Health Center and treated the more serious cases, but fortunately they were prepared.
gone it slips away forever. But Hallelujah! As the luck of the Island would have it, this time that luck was with me—even though I didn't know it just then. I went to the Harbor Market and K.K. took me to both the Shamrock and Beachcomber—No luck. My heart sank, I had the feeling it was gone—I looked in the street, apparently not good enough.

Here’s where the lost gets found because the Island works in mysterious ways. You know the grapevine that is the fishbowl that is small town information? In this case the chaotic swirl somehow clicked together—even though by a twist of fate my bracelet was on it's way to Pennsylvania and maybe even to New Jersey in the hands of Kevin White’s four-year-old grandniece, Piper, who found “treasure” in the streets of Beaver Island before getting on the Boat. It had been run over by a car and damaged but even to Piper it was treasure. She just loved it and was carrying it around. In fact she carried it right into the Hardware Giftshop where Karen Wojan saw it. Piper went up to Karen and told her, “Look I found treasure!” And so off they went—this was Friday, August 21.

Well, I was heartbroken—I had it less than 10 days and it was lost in my mind, guess what, not forever. I was so busy working shift after shift that I never got a poster up showing the matching necklace until Monday morning at just before 9 and I told Michelle at the PO about what happened. So since I owe, I owe, off to work I went.

At noon I walked into the Shamrock where Michelle was having Lunch, and she said “you won't need that poster. Karen Wojan had seen it and knows who had it.” I had another shift coming up at 2pm so I tried to call Karen but could not reach her. So I called Jim (who had saved my back from shoveling snow all winter, Thanks Jim). He told me Kevin White had found it and given it to his four-year old grandniece Piper, and it was probably on its way to Pennsylvania.... Have you ever had a twilight zone moment?

I left a message at Kevin’s, he left a message for me saying to call at 5pm, it's kinda complicated. Imagine pinning down the location of a quick-silver object slipping further and hundreds of miles away?! As soon as we talked it was clear the run-over object was indeed my bracelet. Kevin ran it down by phone and Piper had left it at Grandma’s house in PA before going on to New Jersey—how incredibly lucky is that? They would mail it to Kevin and he would give it back to me. The bracelet’s odyssey. I was totally at peace with that on Monday. Ironically, I managed to get off my Marina shift in time to catch Kevin and the Shifting Souls at the Lodge that Friday. He greeted me as I walked in the door with Good News: Hey Dawn—I've got your bracelet in the truck, it just came in the mail TODAY.

If you think about it, in a place this small, we're all really neighbors. Total time from lost to returned? 8 days. Lost and found on Beaver Island—the Island works in mysterious ways. Thanks to the grapevine and the watchful eyes of good neighbors, I got my treasure back. And by the way, I will be sending Piper a piece of treasure from that same shop where I got mine. It's good to know something like this can happen because there's no treasure better than the good luck of good neighbors. Thanks to all!

and no one had to be taken off the Island. Betty Hudgins was there to help as well. Many thanks from all the runners and myself for performing above and beyond the call to make sure it was a safe event for the hundreds of runners who participated.

A special thanks to Dr. Arthur Siegel, the medical director of the Boston Marathon for all his help. Dr. Siegel kept his cell phone on in case we needed his advice. Thanks also to Sharon Geurts of Abbott Labs for the sodium monitoring device and also being available to help us and Steve Keipper of Cardinal Health for helping us with the reagents.

Thanks to all the spectators along the course who provided encouragement. It really is appreciated and helps a lot. I think this was a wonderful event and hope we'll do it again next year.

—Brad Grassmick
It takes an island to raise a child.

That variation on an ancient proverb seems appropriate to Beaver Island.

The Island’s rich history has changed over 150 years from an economy based on fishing and logging to tourism and construction. But there has been one constant: a reliance on a good education for its children.

Beaver Island is unique. It is the largest remote inhabited island in the Great Lakes. Some 500 to 600 people live here year-round. For three months of the year the ferry to Charlevoix closes down.

But being remote doesn’t make Beaver Islanders primitive or backward. Much of the thanks can go to one facility – the Beaver Island Community School that has educated generations of children.

The school is a shining symbol of the Island’s commitment to education. It has undergone an impressive $4 million renovation and expansion in the last year after voters overwhelmingly passed a property tax increase.

The handsome school sits on a ridge overlooking the town of St. James and Paradise Bay. It enrolls 75 children from kindergarten to 12th grade. It could probably comfortably hold another 50. Not many years ago, it was a two-room schoolhouse. It now has 10 classrooms and 10 teachers.

Commenting on the school for the Beaver Beacon are the principal, Katherine “Kitty” McNamara, and three former students from different generations: Frank Solle, Patrick McGinnity, and Melissa Bailey.

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“People realize that without the school, there would be no community here,” said McNamara. “The referendum passed with 65 percent of the votes.”

McNamara has been principal for more than 20 years and a BICS social studies teacher before that. She was heavily involved in the school’s renovation process from the very beginning. Since coming to Beaver Island in 1979 after growing up in downstate Eaton Rapids, McNamara also has been actively involved in the lives of the islanders perhaps more than any other person.

“You really become connected here,” she said. “You know the parents and when the kids are born. And you see the kids almost every day for 12 years.

McNamara also met her husband, Mike Green, who works for the Beaver Island Boat Company, on the island. And they have two children who are BICS graduates. Brenna is a communications major at Northern Michigan University. Maeve, who graduated from BICS in June, is a freshman at the Great Lakes Maritime Academy in Traverse City.

The school’s graduation rate is 98 percent. That compares with a national public school average that has fallen to 70 percent. “Our goal is to graduate 100 percent,” said McNamara, “and for everyone to be qualified to attend college.” She cited some impressive statistics: The ACT test trends over the last five years show Beaver Island students to be 9 to 27 percent above state averages, depending on the subject matter.

“They get a good education because we focus on the core subject matters,” she said.

The school’s Web site shows that a typical student’s four-year high school curriculum includes the full range of college prep subjects. One classroom contains 18 computers and all the students have handheld computers that can access phones, e-mail and even their class assignments and grades.

Because it’s a small, isolated community, Beaver Island students obviously grow up closer to their parents and friends. But they also learn self-reliance. There are no buses. Most of them walk or ride bikes to school. A few commute from as far away as Lake Genesee, some 13 miles over gravel roads on the Island’s south end. Even though the Island averages about 100 inches of snow a year, “snow days” off are rare.

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Solle has returned from the Rockies and is now serving as the Beaver Island poet and photographer. He graduated from BICS in 1971, which he said, “Seems like a million years (and miles) ago. There is very little to compare to today with the recent completion of the new facility.”

Even though it was a public school, the Dominican Sisters taught the classes. Two nuns, Sister Rita and Sister Agatha, taught all the ninth to the 12th grades. “Sister Rita knew her math and drilled the basics, algebra, geometry and trigonometry into us,” Solle said. “I
guess that's why I am still able to tutor students in those disciplines.

“The important thing looking back is that we did learn how to learn. But the fact is yesterday’s schooling really can’t compare with the innovation, enthusiasm and commitment that today’s staff has.

“It may be comparing apples to oranges, but both (eras) students are the fruit of island and BICS students continue to be the Island’s future.”

But Solle also recalled the community being even closer. “There was no cable or satellite TV, no cell phones, video games or the Internet,” he said. “We didn’t even have organized sports teams (there are now boys and girls volleyball, basketball and soccer). Our best source of entertainment was each other, and that’s what kept us close.”

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McGinnity, who is an instructor of composition and creative writing at Central Michigan University, graduated from BICS in 1995. His parents moved to Beaver Island when he was 8 years old. Nuns still taught, but organized sports were now being played at the Holy Cross Hall while the gym was being built. “It was a great experience overall,” McGinnity said. “As I got older I benefitted from one of the unexpected advantages of such isolation: In a bigger school on the mainland, I would have belonged to one of the social circles (jocks, geeks, musicians, etc.). On the Island I could participate in whatever I liked without being labeled. I was a jock, but I also took comic books to school, played role-playing games and jammed with my friends in the garage. I was free to be me.

“As a professor, I see a lot people growing up one-dimensional. I was really shocked when I heard someone discussing the groups or cliques at their school. I never thought of it in such a restrictive way.”

McGinnity said he also never thought of BICS as being too small. “We had plenty of opportunities to travel – field trips, sports, etc. – and lots of exposure to arts and crafts through visiting artists.

“One weakness I can point to socially is that I wasn’t as confident as I would have liked because I rarely met new people. Of course, that might just me – many of the kids I grew up with always have been more outgoing than I am.”

As for college preparation, McGinnity said he believes his BICS education was comparable to a private school. “Besides, I love to tell people I graduated as one of four students – it’s a sure conversation starter.

Finally, it’s interesting that McGinnity in his e-mail said, “My wife and I are hoping to move to the Island full time so my son (and any other kids we might have) can have the chance to attend BICS too.”

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Meanwhile, Bailey is a 2005 BICS graduate. She went on to graduate from Albion College and is now teaching high school English in Rolling Fork, Miss., as part of the Teach America program. Bailey’s parents met and married on Beaver Island, so she attended BICS all 12 years. “I came back to visit this summer and barely recognized the school; only the gym looked the same,” she said. “They did a wonderful job.

“It’s still a small school, but I feel you get an excellent education. Several teachers had a profound influence on me, such as Debbie Robert in the fifth and sixth grades, Mike Myers in the third and fourth and Jim and Donna Stambaugh in high school.

“It’s hard to describe what they meant to me. I feel they weren’t only teachers, but my mentors. They all taught multiple classes and wore different hats, but they were all very good.

“You get such personal attention, it’s almost like going to a private school. No one is allowed to slip through the cracks. I feel we were just as prepared for college as those attending larger schools. I graduated with honors from Albion.”

But at the same time, Bailey said, “No one can get away with anything.” That’s why gangs and drugs, problems plaguing so many urban schools, are pretty much unknown on the Island.

The Island’s biggest problem, Bailey conceded, “is probably alcoholism. It’s not rampant, but it is a problem.”

Was living and going to school on Beaver Island ever boring? “Oh, absolutely,” Bailey said. “When you’re a tourist, it can get claustrophobic. There were times when we had no boat, no phone, no mail.”

But would she trade the experience? “No,” she said. “And it’s more apparent to me the longer I’m gone.”
When my son Kevin asked if I would accompany him on a cruise to the North Channel with eight-year-old twins Andy and Sam, I jumped at the opportunity. Maureen and I were not going to cruise our boat this year so I looked forward to again being in one of North America’s premier cruising areas. I pictured the rugged islands, the quartz and granite cliffs, the blue sky, and, naively, the relaxation. Follow some excerpts from my log book and see what you think.

Day 1
Kevin picks me up at the Charlevoix ferry dock and we drive to Duncan Bay Marina in Cheboygan, where we load all the gear on Willow, a 1976 Tartan 34 sloop. There is one last trip to Glen’s Market for more food and, of course, some liquid refreshments. Eating very well is an important part of cruising and we are well stocked.

Day 2
Kevin has to work today so I single hand sail about 35 miles to Whitney Bay on Drummond Island at the mouth of the St. Mary’s River, arriving by 2 pm. There is even time for a nap, which is unusual for me.

Day 3
I awaken to loons calling and a beautiful morning. It takes only 30 minutes to motor to the Detour Marina where Kevin and the kids arrive by car at 8:15 am. We are underway by 9 am.

We motor through the islands in Potagannissing Bay northwest of Drummond, then east into the open North Channel. It is an all-day sail and we hear about 287 “are we there yet,” many “where is the north channel?,” and “when can we call Mom?” Both kids watch three videos (we never had DVDs when we cruised with our kids 30 to 40 years ago!) and play their handheld electronic games. At Blind River, Canadian Customs is quick and easy via telephone. From here we can see the far western island of the cruising area only five miles away. We are here!

Day 4
We get into a routine of the kids each taking a special name for the day; today they are Gomer and Goober. I make egg-in-a-hole for all while underway to Bear Drop Harbor. Two boats from Traverse City who we know are anchored here with about ten others. Kids swim, fish, hike, pick blueberries, and enjoy life. They go all day but still are not as worn out as Kevin and I. Happy hour on Picaroon from Traverse City plus Kevin grilling massive hamburgs on the barbeque makes for a close to perfect day.

Day 5
It is raining and misty. Kevin makes blueberry pancakes and sausage while we motor toward the Benjamin Islands. Near Little Detroit the fog closes in and visibility is only about 200 yards. It is Kevin’s boat and I have to restrain myself; he must make the decisions and navigate the fog. I watch him evaluate where we are, where we are going, and what to do. He says “Go to Oak Bay, not the Benjamins,” and I am proud. It is what I would have done as the Western entrance to the Benjamins is through several unmarked offshore rocks leading to a channel only about sixty feet wide. Good move.

Day 6
We motor into the west entrance to the Benjamin Islands anchorage and find more than forty boats anchored, with jet skis and water skiers buzzing about. It is a Sunday and by 5 pm most of the weekenders are gone and it is down to 18 boats. Kevin has taken the kids rock climbing and dingy exploring. The kids like to row the dingy; we attach it to the boat with very long spinnaker lines so they can go about 125 feet away but still be attached.

Day 7
Today the kids are Jake and Elwood. Another relaxing day. I took the boys blueberry picking and rock climbing. Andy and Sam say “we’re gonna tell” on Grampa because he “pooped in the woods.” It rains in the evening and we watch the Three Stooges on the DVD ... I can’t believe I am watching the Stooges in the middle of these beautiful islands; it’s almost sacrilegious!

Day 8
We motor to the marina at Spanish, Ontario for pump-out, groceries, and a night at a dock. Sam and I walk a couple miles to the store; I ask the owner if we can have a ride back to the dock and when he agrees we buy lots of groceries. I asked him to stop at the liquor store so I could replenish the beer and rum supply. I didn’t think anything about it but I ran into the store and left Sam in the back seat with the groceries and A TOTAL STRANGER! When I got back to the boat Kevin (who is a

Fourteen boats in Oak Bay. I took the kids rock climbing and that ended in the first ten minutes as everything was so slippery. Sam had already fallen and bounced several feet down the rocks.

Kevin and I have an interesting conversation regarding “roughing it” while we listen to a Honda generator roar on a neighboring boat; it is needed to power all their “toys”: microwave, ice maker, TV, etc. “Roughing it” has evolved over the years to the point where many of our “must have” gadgets and appliances are on small boats as they venture into the wilderness.
hen my son Kevin asked

Day 4

Fourteen boats in Oak Bay. I took a cruise to the North Channel with eight-year-old twins Andy and Sam, I jumped at the opportunity. Maureen and I were not going to cruise our boat this year so I took a special name for the day; today the first ten minutes as everything was so slippery. Sam had already fallen and bounced several feet down the rocks.

Drop Harbor. Two boats from Traverse City who we know are anchored here. Kevin and I have an interesting conversation regarding "roughing it." I make egg- so slippery. Sam had already fallen and bounced several feet down the rocks. They go all day but still are not as worn out as Kevin and I. Happy hour on ice.

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Kevin has to work today so I single hand sail about 35 miles to Whitney Bay on Drummond Island at the mouth of the St. Mary's River, arriving by 2 pm. There is even time for a nap, which is unusual for me. The kids watch three videos (we never had DVDs when we cruised with our kids... 30 to 40 years ago!) and play their handheld electronic games. At Blind River, Canadian Customs is quick and easy via telephone. From here we can see the far western island of the cruising area only five miles away. We are here! We motor through the islands in sacrilegious! Potagannissing Bay northwest of Drummond, then east into the open North Channel. It is an all-day sail and we hear about 287 "are we there yets," visibility is only about 200 yards. It is 11:30 am and "when can we call Mom?" Both kids watch three videos (we never had DVDs when we cruised with our kids... 30 to 40 years ago!) and play their handheld electronic games. At Blind River, Canadian Customs is quick and easy via telephone. From here we can see the far western island of the cruising area only five miles away. We are here! We motor through the islands in sacrilegious! Potagannissing Bay northwest of Drummond, then east into the open North Channel. It is an all-day sail and we hear about 287 "are we there yets," visibility is only about 200 yards. It is 11:30 am and "when can we call Mom?" Both kids watch three videos (we never had DVDs when we cruised with our kids... 30 to 40 years ago!) and play their handheld electronic games. At Blind River, Canadian Customs is quick and easy via telephone. From here we can see the far western island of the cruising area only five miles away. We are here! We motor through the islands in sacrilegious! Potagannissing Bay northwest of Drummond, then east into the open North Channel. It is an all-day sail and we hear about 287 "are we there yets," visibility is only about 200 yards. It is 11:30 am and "when can we call Mom?" Both kids watch three videos (we never had DVDs when we cruised with our kids... 30 to 40 years ago!) and play their handheld electronic games. At Blind River, Canadian Customs is quick and easy via telephone. From here we can see the far western island of the cruising area only five miles away. We are here! We motor through the islands in sacrilegious! Potagannissing Bay northwest of Drummond, then east into the open North Channel. It is an all-day sail and we hear about 287 "are we there yets," visibility is only about 200 yards. It is 11:30 am and "when can we call Mom?" Both kids watch three videos (we never had DVDs when we cruised with our kids... 30 to 40 years ago!) and play their handheld electronic games. At Blind River, Canadian Customs is quick and easy via telephone. From here we can see the far western island of the cruising area only five miles away. We are here! We motor through the islands in sacrilegious! Potagannissing Bay northwest of Drummond, then east into the open North Channel. It is an all-day sail and we hear about 287 "are we there yets," visibility is only about 200 yards. It is 11:30 am and "when can we call Mom?" Both kids watch three videos (we never had DVDs when we cruised with our kids... 30 to 40 years ago!) and play their handheld electronic games. At Blind River, Canadian Customs is quick and easy via telephone. From here we can see the far western island of the cruising area only five miles away. We are here! We motor through the islands in sacrilegious! Potagannissing Bay northwest of Drummond, then east into the open North Channel. It is an all-day sail and we hear about 287 "are we there yets," visibility is only about 200 yards. It is 11:30 am and "when can we call Mom?" Both kids watch three videos (we never had DVDs when we cruis...
State Police Trooper) about arrested me. The kids caught several fish, swam, and "just were kids." Kevin tried to wake me with some pasta dish which looked kind of bad weather, but a brisk wind out of the right direction. Kevin decides to make the 45-mile hop to Harbor Island. With his first bite of the fresh walleye Sam has a bone stuck in the back of his throat; he does not choke, it is just aggravating. Kevin can see it in there. So we hastily leave; Calvin offers us a tour of the "local sites" (the town doesn't even have a blinker light), but we say we have a little boy who isn't feeling well and we have to get to the boat NOW! On board Kevin gets out his maglight light and a pair of needlenose pliers, and all of a sudden they do what they are supposed to. What goes around comes around so ten minutes later they both are making the law: one in the V berth in the bow and one in the pilot berth. They do not realize the seriousness of the situation so I turn into the "Wolfman" and proceed to successfully remove the bone! We are in six foot seas and reefed bouncing across a bridge into the U.S. you might spend a minute or two with the CBP officer; on a boat it is 20 minutes at least and three forms ... and ... "Oh by the way, Customs won't be here until noon!" (Another whole story). Motor back to Harbor Island it downpours again and we have water up every orifice of our bodies. Kids are getting restless as this is their third day being up and acting up: "Andy is eating all the blueberries!" "He's touching me!" "When are we going to get there?" Who cares! We can't see past the front of the boat! Cheboygan by 8:30. I'm left to clean the boat and enjoy some quiet. I usually read a book every other day while cruising; this time with the kids I have not finished one until today. I wake up at 4 am with a migraine headache. It actually started yesterday afternoon as a 1 on a scale of 1-10, but now is about a 6 with nausea. I go to the john at the marina and return to the boat significantly the rain comes in a solid wall; visibility is 100 yards. Of course each kid says "I didn't do it!". While in the head he tries to wash his hands; the pressure water system is off, but he leaves the faucet turned on. A little bit later I am up and turn on the pressure to wash at the galley. Still a bit later I open the door to the head and it is flooded! All say "I didn't do it!!!!!!" Still dazed, and lay down in the cockpit and was asleep until dark. Next year they will be nine year olds; it will be another memorable life experience.
Day 9
I wake up at 4 am with a migraine headache. It actually started yesterday afternoon as a 1 on a scale of 1-10, but now is about a 6 with nausea. I go to the john at the marina and return to the boat at 6 am and take “big time” meds for the headache and nausea; the next thing I know is it is noon and we are underway to Long Point Cove. While motoring some kid goes to the head, flushes (this is unusual; some very gross surprises have been found in the head; of course each kid says “I didn’t do it!”). While in the head he tries to wash his hands; the pressure water system is off, but he leaves the faucet turned on. A little bit later I am up and turn on the pressure to wash at the galley. Still a bit later I open the door to the head and it is flooded! All say “I didn’t do it!!!!!!”

Day 10
Today A&S are Harry and Lloyd. Misty, light rain, but a brisk wind out of the right direction. Kevin decides to make the 45-mile hop to Harbor Island before the gale tomorrow (good choice). When we sail out into the open we are in six foot seas and reeled bouncing around pretty good. A&S are fooling around below and soon someone will get hurt in the big waves so I go below to lay down the law: one in the V berth in the bow and one in the pilot berth. They do not realize the seriousness so I turn into the “Wolfman” and all of a sudden they do what they are supposed to. What goes around comes around so ten minutes later they both say they are seasick and come out in the cockpit with life jackets on. They can’t be very sick because fifteen minutes later they want to eat! A surprise every few minutes.

Much later with the wind down significantly the rain comes in a solid wall; visibility is 100 yards. Of course the kids sense the tension and start acting up: “Andy is eating all the blueberries!” “He’s touching me!” “When are we going to get there?” Who cares! We can’t see past the front of the boat!

We are finally anchored safely in one of our favorite anchorages: Harbor Island. Foul weather gear or not Kevin and I are 100% totally soaked. I forget that I am still on the migraine and nausea meds and have my happy hour. They say I soon quit talking, looked dazed, and lay down in the cockpit and was asleep until dawn. The kids caught several fish, swam, and “just were kids.” Bad weather forecast brewing. Kevin is thinking.

Day 11
No more meds for me! A&S are Wadney and Dudley today. We motor to Drummond Island Yacht Haven to check into U.S. Customs. Why is it so difficult to enter in a small boat? Coming across a bridge into the U.S. you might spend a minute or two with the CBP officer; on a boat it is 20 minutes at least and three forms ... and ... “Oh by the way, Customs won’t be here until noon!” (Another whole story). Motor back to Harbor Island it downpours again and we have water up every orifice of our bodies. Kids are getting restless as this is their third day being stuck on the boat. You can imagine.

Day 12
We motor to Detour Marina by 8am; Kevin and the kids are gone to Cheboygan by 8:30. I’m left to clean the boat and enjoy some quiet. I usually read a book every other day while cruising; this time with the kids I have not finished one until today.

Day 13
I single hand sail the boat back to Cheboygan. Pretty nice sail. Kevin meets me at the dock and we start talking about how we will do it again.

It was a successful cruise and we will go again next year. Eight year olds are eight year olds, challenging to say the least living in a area the size of a closet. Next year they will be nine year olds; it will be another memorable life experience.
Lillian “Lily” Noelle Moore would like to announce that she’s a big sister as of September 17 when Katherine Isabelle made her appearance. “Katie” is 21 inches tall, weighed 7 lbs. 5 oz., and has red hair and blue eyes. Proud parents are Philip “Mike” and Jessica Moore of Eatonville, Washington. Grandparents are Tom and Kathy Baker of Calumet, MI, and Joe and

RETURN TO

The wheel of the year is turning and my senses tell me fall is approaching. The thick golden light, frost-chilled cheeks in the morning, and the rhythmic wingsong of the sandhill cranes whooshing over my house all tell me. Just as those flyers are answering some inner calling, I too am called to return to Beaver Island. I come for the annual Labor Day Retreat at Tara’s Meadow. Returning to the Island, journeying across Lake Michigan’s open waters, riding those graveled dusty roads past Barney’s Lake, seeing the Maypole again, and arriving to a meadow alive with monarch butterflies, hummingbirds, and dancing trees...it all seems a homecoming. A luminous full moon rode the sky, calling us to keep her company around the fire and sing her goodnight songs.

The retreat this year was different...it was a wisdom exchange of sorts...focused on sharing our different spiritual paths and practices. As always our circlings created a safe place to turn inward and explore, and then turn outward and share our experiences. A simple ritual opened and then closed the weekend. We were asked to bring a stone to leave in the cairn representing our aspirations. Placed in the center during our opening circle, this tiny stone mound on the forest floor is the first step in building support for our fellow pilgrims.

At the closing circle, we set our intent for the future, take our stone to the

Ecclesiastes 3:11 He has made everything beautiful in its time. He has also set eternity in the hearts of men.
Lillian “Lily” Noelle Moore would like to announce that she’s a big sister as of September 17th when Katherine Isabelle made her appearance. “Katie” is 21 inches tall, weighed 7 lbs. 5 oz., and has red hair and blue eyes. Proud parents are Philip “Mike” and Jessica Moore of Eatonville, Washington. Grandparents are Tom and Kathy Baker of Calumet, MI, and Joe and Phyllis Moore of Beaver Island. Great grandparents are Dick and Carol Miller of Grand Marais, Michigan and Lillian Gregg of Beaver Island.

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PAR FOR THE COURSE
by Fairway Frank

Thanks to this year’s Global Climatic Seasonal Shift, or something like that, we finally had August, only it showed up in September. But on the golf course we don’t care when the good weather arrives, just that it does. And this past month was simply made for golf. The mornings were great. The afternoons were great. And the evenings were beyond great, even if it did start to get dark earlier and there were times when Bunker and Buck weren’t so much help in tracking my long, towering drives down the center of the fairway. Right. No, literally, far right.

It was a month abuzz with activity at the B.I. Golf Course, including another Ladies Tournament hosted by the matron of the course, Trudy Works, and the final alternate shot Mixed-Partner event of the season, with both events followed by potluck luncheons. The fall Men’s League played down to its final playoff night on the 30th, the action there once again tight, tension-filled, and, what else? fun.

A new twist arose this past month when a foursome of ladies decided they had had enough of another foursome seemingly claiming too much fame and fortune on the course. Well, fame anyway. Well, I know their names. So this uprising foursome, let’s call them the Coyotes, went to the other foursome, for lack of a better handle let’s tag them the Cougars (I’d love to have actually been brave enough to hand out these monikers myself, but you can’t blame me, I didn’t), and said, “Let’s grab our sticks and settle this once and for all,” or something to that effect. And so it was to be: the first Coyote-Cougar Challenge.

Teeing off for the Coyotes were instigator Sandy Simpson (I have to blame someone, don’t I?), Jayne Bailey, Theresa Laurain, and Karen Whitecraft—notice how I’ve refrained from adding any additional nicknames; I...
hope to return to the course someday after all. The Cougars, who were more than eager to point out their collective ages totaled 48 years above that of the Coyotes (I’m taking their word for it—as foolish as I might be I’d never ask a woman golfer her handicap, let alone her age), were comprised of Doris Larson, Nel Worsfold, Annette Dashiell, and Ruth Igoe.

“We actually call ourselves the challengers,” Larson said heading to the third tee after the Cougars posted their second straight par. “They are the challengers.”

Larson admitted to feeling the pressure of the day. “We feel very challenged,” she said. “I was up all last night worrying about it.”

Fellow Cougar Igoe felt her team was ready to face the challenge: “We’ve been preparing for this all summer.”

Meanwhile the Coyotes opened with a pair of bogeys on holes eight and nine, but were undeterred. “This was a great idea,” said Bailey.

Asked about what was truly at stake, the Coyotes howled together, “reputation, bragging rights, and most importantly, lunch.”

When the dust had settled and the final putt rested neatly in the cup, the Cougars prevailed by just three strokes, edging out the Coyotes by a stroke on holes two, five, and nine.

Arrangements were then made not only for the runners-up to provide lunch at a downtown establishment, but to make this challenge an annual event.

As mentioned, the other Ladies event of the month was the 14th Annual Tournament hosted by Trudy Works. This year 18 players, divided into four teams, participated. Two teams finished with identical rounds of 42, but given the prerogative of hosting the event, Trudy declared the team of Sharon Scamehorn, Mary Kay Dorais, and Sandy Birdshall the

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Labor Day, continued from page 43.

When, by Labor Day, the summer’s crowds become too intense, and the questions asked by newbies too repetitive (“What in the world do you do here all winter?”), Beaver Islanders know

Par for the course, continued from page 43.

winners. The players quickly trekked to the Larson residence following play for the annual ‘throw-it-all-in’ potluck salad feast. And perhaps a glass of wine or two.

The final Mixed-Partner round of the season was completed on the 13th with visitors Vivian and Jeff Grill taking first with a round of 47. Who invited them, anyway? Ivan Young and Sharon Scamehorn were second at 48 with the Igoes a close third at 49. Again, a hearty lunch following golf is a wonderful thing and everyone posed for a group photo afterwards. Golf: it’s not so much a game as a family.

Speaking of family, in a truly dysfunctional way that is, the mens fall league wrapped up scheduled play in glorious weather, if not results (for some) with the summer champs Larry Laurain and Joe Williams looking to claim a sweep. Heading into the final playoff night they held a fairly comfortable 13-point lead over the second place team of Rob Latimer and Dan Merriman. But
what to do: scoot across the under-two-mile channel to Garden Island’s
Northcutt Bay in cruiser, kayak, sailboard, or canoe, take off the shirts, and
PARTY. This is guaranteed to eradicate the anxiety from summer’s hectic pace.
from Joyce Bartels

Charlevoix Courier Wednesday, October 6, 1909 From Beaver Island:
“Peter Gallagher is sailing to Chicago.”
“Dan Green is visiting in Charlevoix.”
“Francis Donlevy has gone to Chicago.”
“Joe Powers was in Grand Rapids last week.”
“Joe Heystick is visiting in Manistee a few days.”
“W. J. Gallagher spent Sunday with his family.”
“Tom P. Gallagher has gone to Escanaba for the winter.”
“William Karr has been visiting the Islands for a few weeks.”
“Ray Malloy and Joe O’Donnell attended the East Jordan fair last week.”
“The tug Roian fetched a load of cedar from Sturgeon Bay to be manufac-
tured into staves.”
“Perch fishing is good in the harbor. John O’Brien, Frank Left and Charles Chanapana are reporting fine catches.”

Local News Briefly Told:
“A. Malloy of St. James, was in the city Thursday.”
Charlevoix Sentinel Thursday, October 7, 1909 Local News: “The tug Margaret McCann was on the ways here last week to receive repairs to her stern bearings.”
“Game Warden Pierce and the chief deputy warden made the Sentinel a call Saturday. They came to look over the field with reference to spawn gathering, which, under the new law, is to be done under the direction of the wardens.”

Beaver Island News: “Pete McCauley and wife returned home after visiting in the upper peninsula all sum-
mer.”
“John C. O’Donnell, of Escanaba, is visiting friends here.”
“Dan Boyle went to Escanaba for the winter.”
“Mrs. John C. Gallagher is visiting friends at Manistique.”
“W. O. Gallagher returned home after a visit to Chicago.”
“Capt. James McCann went to Charlevoix with the tug Margaret McCann to have her pulled out and her rudder fixed.”
“The Fannie Hart took on 500 bushels of peas for Cheboygan Saturday.”
“Mr. Tinaning (sic), of Manistee, is the new sawyer at the B. I. L. Co. mill.”
“Mr. Schrider, the Standard Oil Co. was driven back by a violent south-west gale.”
“Mrs. Pete McCauley arrived home after visiting his sister all summer.”
“W. E. Stevens, of the Beaver Island Lumber Co., is at the Island making arrangements for spawn gathering.”
“Mary Johnson is visiting friends at Boyne City.”
“D. Donlevy, of St. James, was drowned at Fox Island about three degrees F. Protar.”

One Hundred Years Ago

October 13, 1909 Local News Briefly Told: “J. B. Parsons and Dr. Armstrong are at the Beaver Islands.”
“W. E. Stevens, of the Beaver Island Lumber Co. was in the city Friday.”
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October 20, 1909 Two interesting items Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 9 o’clock high mass, at Charlevoix on business.”
“Dr. Swinton, of the Argo Mills, is in Charlevoix taking orders for the week at Garden Island hunting.”
“Chas. Edger, of the Monitor Oil Co., paid us a visit this week.”
“The steamer Chase S. Osborn, with Charles Pierce, Fish and Game Warden on board, was at the Island last week making arrangements for spawn gathering.”
“Timmerman, the head sawyer at the mill, died suddenly of heart disease Monday. His home was at Manistee, where the remains are to be taken.”
“Lou Comfort of the U. S. L. H. Construction department is working with a crew of men at the Beaver Harbor Light.”
“Str. Beaver is wind bound at the Harbor three days this week.”
“Will Heath, of Charlevoix is work-
ing at the point lighthouse.” (Note: Oct. 11-14 Snow storms 2” snow 32 – 20 degrees F. Protar)

Charlevoix Courier Wednesday, October 20, 1909 [Two interesting items I just happened to see elsewhere in this issue: “Paid for Relief of the poor: St. James $299.97; Peaine $729.81”. “Automobile licenses will be required after January 1, 1910”]

Local News Briefly Told: “Al Stirling, of St. James, was in the city Friday.”

“D. Donlevy, of St. James, was in the city Thursday.”

“D. C. Schwenzer (sic), of St. James was in the city Thursday.”

“Harry Lewis and John Bird were Beaver Island visitors to Charlevoix Monday.”

Charlevoix Courier Wednesday, October 21, 1909 Local News: “Mrs. Alton Smith is visiting her parents on Beaver Island this week.”

Beaver Island News: “Miss Ella Green of Charlevoix returned home Sunday.”

“Morris Boyle returns to Escanaba after visiting his sister all summer.”

“Mrs. Pete McCauley arrived home after visiting in Manistique all summer.”

“Robert Gibson and Tom Boyle spent Saturday and Sunday in Charlevoix.”

“Mr. Shrider, the Standard Oil Co. agent, is at the Island taking orders for oil.”

“Olivette and Joseph Allard returned home Sunday after visiting relatives at the Island.”

“Francis Dunlevy (sic), returned home from Chicago after a two week visit. His niece, Mrs. Grace Carr, returned home with him.”

“Married at Holy Cross church, Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 9 o’clock high mass, Mr. Robert Gibson and Miss Mary O’Donnell, daughter of John B. And Emma O’Donnell.”

“The dead body of a man was found on the beach at the south end of High Island by some fisherman last Sunday. Papers found on the body proved it to be that of Olbans Vigeness, who was drowned at Fox Island about three weeks ago. The body was taken to St. James and given burial.”

Charlevoix Courier Wednesday, October 27, 1909 Local News Briefly Told: “William Sadke (sic), of St. James was in the city Thursday.”

“Anna Boyle, of St. James, was in the city Thursday.”

“P. D. Malloy, H. Boyle and Thos. Malloy, of St. James, were Charlevoix visitors the first of the week.”

Charlevoix Sentinel Wednesday, October 28, 1909 Local News: “The steamer Beaver went to Cross Village Sunday with a load of flour and feed.”

“Rev. Father Norbert, of St. James, came over Monday and spent two days of this week at Petosky.”

“The steamer Beaver started out Tuesday morning on her Island trip, but, was driven back by a violent south-west gale.”

Beaver Island News: “Fall fishing is light.”

“Born to Mr. And Mrs. Chas. Cross, a son.”

“John W. Greene went to Milwaukee Tuesday on business.”

“Dr. Swinton, of the Argo Mills, was here this week.”

“Phil D. Malloy and H. O. Boyle are at Charlevoix on business.”

“The largest crop of potatoes in the history of the Island is being dug.”

“Willie Douglas, for the past three years at Tacoma, is here on a month’s visit.”

“R. W. Kane, of Charlevoix, was here several days the past week on legal business.”

“Capt. Wm. Finucan paid the Island a visit Saturday evening on the Sumac, and a very pleasant gathering occurred at the home of Jas. Donlevy to signalize the event.”

“John Grill, an employee of the Lumber Co., met with quite a serious accident one day last week. With a young lady he was driving to the harbor on the Darkeytown Road. At Dan Boyle’s culvert he undertook to pass another rig, but, in the effect he was thrown into a barred wire fence cutting a bad gash in his neck. He was taken to Dr. Graham’s office and the wound sewed up. He will be laid up yet a week or more.”

THANKS

Thanks to all who helped make our day, for our 60th wedding anniversary—Mary Palmer, Mary Delamater, and Marie LaFreniere. Also thanks for all the gifts, cards, flowers, and the many phone calls.

We love you all.
Thanks so much,
–Dorothy and Jim Willis
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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. $1,400/week. Call Patti Fogg (616) 399-5067 pfogg@charter.net or www.allenfoggcottages.com

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