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## Beaver Beacon

the Island Monthly since 1955

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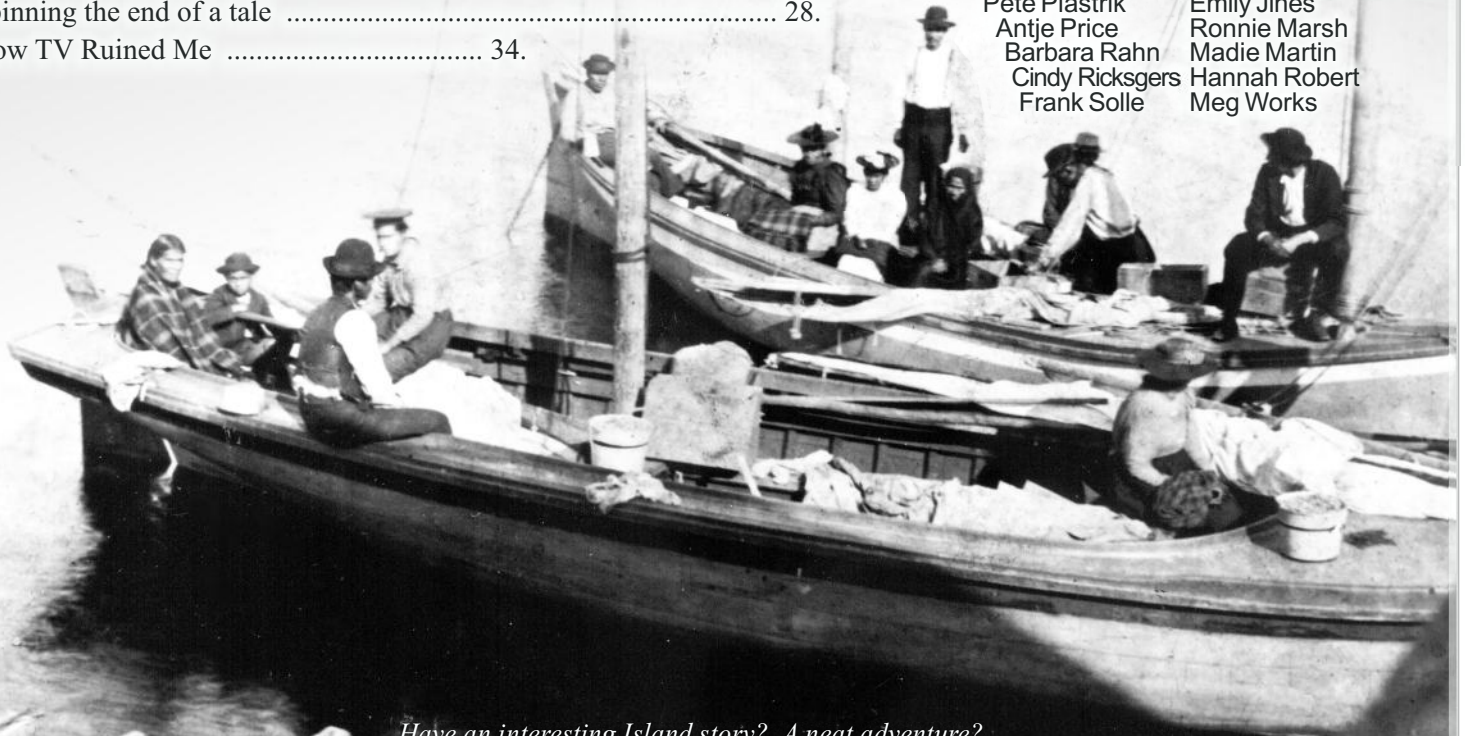
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*The Beacon welcomes Island Stories, Articles, Photos, and Letters to the Editor. Thanks to all who call & email with news!*

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## 4. NEWS FROM THE TOWNSHIPS

### St. James

Supervisor Bill Haggard opened the meeting with a welcome for new Trustee Don Tritsch. Clerk Jean Wierenga reported from the Waste Management Committee that the extreme cold had not caused any problems at the transfer station. She said the committee had been asked to consider providing benefits for all employees. She said Ernie Martin had been suggested as a candidate for the open position on the WMC.

Jim Wojan reported that the Airport Commission was seeking bids for the removal of the old terminal building at the Township Airport.

Marie Shimenetto, the Supervisor's secretary, reported on the Department of Natural Resources grant-writing seminar she had attended in Gaylord. She noted three matching grant programs that the Island might apply for: Michigan Natural Resources Trust Fund, Land and Water Conservation Fund and Recreation Passport Grant.

Doug Tilly and Ed Wojan reported on the progress of the Joint Planning Commission on Master Plan revision. Ed said the intent was to publish the Plan and ask for public comment.

The snowplowing and shoveling at the Governmental Building was discussed. The signed contract with Greg Cary had not been returned to the Supervisor's office and shoveling during

recent storms had been done by others. Jim Wojan said the Board needed to remember in the future that the low bid was not always the one to accept.

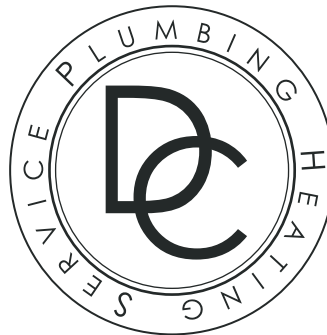
Lucas Porath of Northwest Design Group presented a conceptual plan and budget summary for the St. James Township Boat Launch and Fishing Pier (see page 6). As presented, the four phases to be financed include boat launch; parking area across the road; toilet building near the launch; and fishing pier. Porath's presentation included possible funding sources and matching requirements.

Board discussion included ways that costs could be contained in the short run, such as using portable toilets near the launch until funds were available for a building, and using gravel in the parking area instead of pavement.

The Board voted to accept the Northwest Design Group's proposal to allow them to apply for funding for phase one of the project. A public hearing on the project was set for Wednesday, March 5, with the posting language to be provided soon.

Don Tritsch was appointed as the Board's member to the Zoning Board of Appeals. A vacancy on the Planning Commission will be posted, as will a vacancy on the Library Board. Lil Gregg had submitted her letter of resignation from that Board, citing health issues.

The required salary resolution set



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board compensation: \$14,267 for Supervisor; \$15,534 for Clerk; \$14,267 for Treasurer; and \$4,421 for Trustees. While these salaries have not been increased for a while, it was noted that a proposal for increases could be raised from the floor at the upcoming Annual Meeting.

Bill Haggard distributed copies of a proposal budget to the Board and asked for their input. Projects that might be included in this year included improvements to the toilets at the Township Campground and work on the Township Hall. Bill Haggard also said that he was talking to the Charlevoix County Road Commission about paving the Donegal Bay Road.

Ed Wojan reported that he had been working with John Woollam and Tom Bailey of the Little Traverse Conservancy to secure harbor frontage that would remain undeveloped under a conservation easement. Two 50-foot-wide lots north of the Veterans' Memorial will be purchased, a conservation easement set by the Conservancy, and the property will then be given to the township. The lots will be kept as grass and the public will be able to access the harbor. The Board voted to provide a letter to the Conservancy that it would accept these lots with their severe conservation easement, stressing the importance of keeping these undeveloped lots in their

natural state.

Under public comment, Joe Moore asked that the Board please move forward on the establishment of an Emergency Services Authority, noting that Fire Chief Tim McDonough had also urged this when he resigned from the Township Board.

### Peaine

At its February 12 meeting, the Peaine Township Board engaged in some of the nitty-gritty work of government: deciding what to spend money on and what not to spend money on.

First up was the King's Highway paving project – long sought after, but not yet approved by the county road commission. County officials want to know if the township is interested in also paving East Side Drive from the Four Corners to Welke Airport, reported Supervisor Bill Kohls. "They didn't say that the King's Highway project depends on this," he explained, "but that it would make it easier to get it done" because additional work would increase the revenues needed to offset the cost of paving contractors coming to the Island. Kohls said that the road commission manager had estimated the cost of the East Side Road project would be \$356,000 for a 22'-wide road or \$380,000 for a 24'-wide road. Trustees indicated they were

*continued on page 6.*



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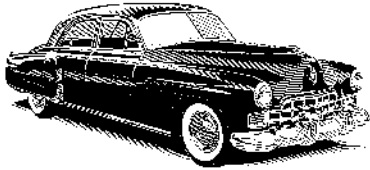
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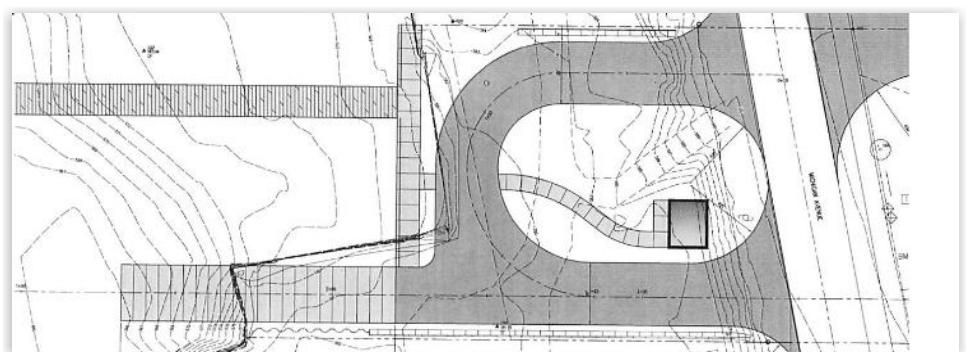
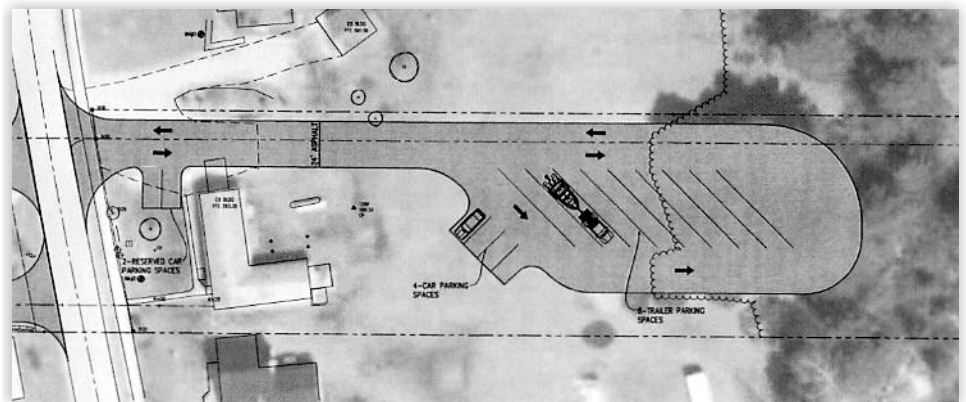
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[www.BeaverIslandAssociation.org](http://www.BeaverIslandAssociation.org)

6. *News from the Townships*, from page 5. interested, but nearly all of them asked, "How would we pay for it?" The Board authorized Kohls to communicate its interest and to work on figuring out what the options are for paying for the job. But trustees emphasized that they were not committing to the project.

The Board rejected two requests for expenditures. One was a written sugges-

tion from Galen Bartels that the township pay for health insurance for part-time employees at the Waste Transfer Station. The other was a written request from the Beaver Island Association that the township save it the cost – \$251 – of an insurance policy it has purchased to cover liability for the Beaver Island Birding Trail at sites owned by Central Michigan University.



Estimated costs: \$912,000

Item	Estimated cost	Item	Estimated cost	Item	Estimated cost
<b>Construction:</b>			<b>Engineering – Design phase</b>		
Phase 1: Boat launch	\$375,000	Phase 1: Boat launch	\$45,000	Phase 1: Boat launch	\$30,000
Phase 2: Parking area	\$150,000	Phase 2: Parking area	\$18,000	Phase 2: Parking area	\$12,000
Phase 3: Toilet building	\$65,000	Phase 3: Toilet building	\$7,800	Phase 3: Toilet building	\$5,200
Phase 4: Fishing pier	\$170,000	Phase 4: Fishing pier	\$20,400	Phase 4: Fishing pier	\$13,600
total est. construction	\$760,000	total est. engineering	\$91,200	total est. engineering	\$60,800

The Board did approve payment of the last month's bills, a routine item, and also endorsed annual salaries for the five Board members in the upcoming fiscal year, an item that still requires approval at the annual meeting. The salaries, which are unchanged from the current year, are as follows: Supervisor, \$15,455; Clerk, \$14,560; Treasurer, \$14,560; Trustees, \$5,130.

The meeting wasn't all about 7. spending money. Cindy Ricksgers, the Island's *Phragmites* Coordinator, reported that \$7,000 in donations have been contributed to the Island's *Phragmites* Fund, and that she is working with the school to increase students' awareness of and involvement in the continuing fight against this invasive species.



## STUDENTS EXCEED STATE TEST SCORES IN MOST AREAS

The state of Michigan has recently lifted the embargo on the Fall 2013 MEAP data. Students were assessed back in October over a two week period, across seven grade levels and

five different content areas. Beaver Island Community School (BICS) is pleased to announce that its students scored higher than the state in all subjects except Social Studies:

Average Percentage of Students at BICS who met or exceeded the 2013 MEAP Standards:

	Reading	Mathematics	Social Studies
BICS	86%	75%	20%
State	71%	43%	29%

## MICHIGAN AUDUBON PARTNERS ON BEAVER ISLAND BIRDING TRAIL

Michigan Audubon is just one of many conservation partners who have joined a collaborative effort with corporations, researchers, and residents to create the Beaver Island Birding Trail (BIBT). The trail will be dedicated this spring with a slate of weekend activities May 23 - 25.

Beaver Island acts as a critical stop-over site for migrating birds headed to or from their breeding grounds. Many birds also stay to make the island their summer home. The BIBT encompasses more than 12,000 acres of state and township lands and includes four Little Traverse Conservancy preserves.

"Beaver Island has great public access to a wide variety of high quality habitats which hosts a rich array of migratory and nesting birds," said Pam Grassmick, the project's coordinator through the Beaver Island Association. "Over the past few years, we have discussed the potential of hosting a birding festival but recognized the huge personnel requirements and associated costs. A birding website seemed a natural solution. We worked with Kay Charter, Executive Director, Saving Birds Thru Habitat and other birders to develop the Beaver Island Birding Trail." Learn more at [www.beaverislandbirdingtrail.org](http://www.beaverislandbirdingtrail.org)



## BEAVER ISLAND COMMUNITY CENTER

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Sun, March 9 – 11:00am – 12:30pm. Join us for Glen Felixson's famous Swedish Pancakes served with sausage links, coffee, OJ and his infamous stories of youthful Island antics!\* Free will donation. First come, first served! Sponsored by the Charlevoix County Commission on Aging and your Beaver Island Community Center. \*Stories presented via video interview with Robert Cole. Video starts at 11:30am!

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## 8. ISLAND OF DREAMS

*Coordinate and expand the Beaver Archipelago's ecotourism events, activities, and assets.* (—from Beaver Island Natural Resources Management Recommendations, adopted by Peaine and St. James Townships, 2013)

### **If we build it, will they come?**

If we hold a Paddle Festival for kayakers, canoeists, paddle boarders, and other non-motorized watercraft enthusiasts, will the paddlers come to

Beaver Island?

If we publicize a “Birding Trail” of 35 quality sites on the Island where you could see the many and varied birds that migrate through in spring and fall, will the birders come?

Starting in May, the Island’s attractiveness for birders and paddlers will be tested for the first time, as two new events join the Island calendar. Of course, birding and paddling aren’t just for visitors. Most Island events—

Baroque, Museum Week, Music Festival, Bite of Beaver, and others – attract their share of local residents too. It’s known from surveys during the last few years that many resident-Islanders care a great deal about recreational, hunting, and ecotourism activities, not to mention just enjoying the scenery and peace and quiet here.

Scheduling new events around the core events that make up the short 6-7 week summer calendar – from July 4<sup>th</sup> through Homecoming the second weekend in August – has the potential to bring more visitors to the Island during the “shoulder seasons.” Four years ago, this was part of the reason for scheduling the first Beaver Island Bike Festival in late Jun – to extend the summer calendar back into June, much as the Boodle and Bite extended it into the first weekend of October. All of these new activities seem to line up well with what the Township Boards had in mind when they adopted recommendations for natural-resource management. And it’s happening Beaver Island-style, driven by local volunteers and their allies here and on the mainland.

It’s not easy to get a new event going. Just ask Carol Burton. With husband Dan, she started the Beaver Island Music Festival 11 years ago, and now she’s organizing the first Paddle Festival for August 23-24. Last summer, Carol estimates, the three-day music fest had 600-900 participants each day, many of them returning year after year for the event. So many bands of all genres apply to be on the roster that Carol, Dan, and friends spend many hours listening to the bands’ CDs and selecting who will get to play. But it took years to get to this level of popularity and, frankly, it was – and continues to be – more a labor of love, with a big dose of volunteer help, than a moneymaking venture.

Why, then, start up another festival? “I look at the Harbor every single day, and nobody’s really using it other than big boats,” Carol says, sitting in the cramped office of the St. James Boat Shop, which she and Dan own. “There’s lots of space to do paddle boarding, canoeing, and kayaking, but you just don’t see people out there doing it. And the Harbor is usually calm. Our Harbor needs to be used more.” She and Dan



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attended a paddle festival in Cheboygan last summer. "It was more exciting than I thought it would be – and it was the first festival I've been to that I did not host." The trip led to the thought: why not on Beaver Island? The August weekend event will offer paddle games, safety and rescue instruction, watercraft classes, and demonstrations. Saturday evening will host a live music and craft beer festival, not just for paddlers, but also for the public. "If you do an event on the Island," Carol says, "everyone can benefit."

The Birding Trail is a project of many hands, on- and off-Islanders, supported by a grant from the Charlevoix County Community Foundation. It is the culmination of a few years of discussions about how the Island's rich ornithological endowment could attract birdwatchers, if only they knew about it. Many studies point to bird watching as a potentially important source of economic activity for locales, like Beaver Island, that have something special to offer birders. "The Beaver Island Birding Trail allows for a birding celebration continuously, not just over one weekend," explains Pam Grassmick, one of the trail's main organizers. "By drawing birders during our shoulder seasons, it should help our Island's economy."

On May 24-25, at about the peak of the spring migration north (birds, not people), the Island will dedicate its Birding Trail at the "trail head," the Beaver Island Community Center in St. James. The trail identifies habitats and birds likely to be seen at 35 public birding sites on the Island – this and much more information is being packaged on a Web site ([www.beaverislandbirdingtrail.org](http://www.beaverislandbirdingtrail.org)), with a map, and on interpretive signage at selected locations. The dedication event has attracted national birding experts, who will lead field trips, and the director of the Michigan Office of the Great Lakes, Jon Allan, appointed by Governor Snyder, who has been to and birded on Beaver before and will speak at the ceremony.

Getting from the concept of a Birding Trail to the reality that will be unveiled in May took entrepreneurial zeal and a whole lot of coordination. The

Beaver Island Association, and especially Grassmick, took on that role. Kay Charter, cofounder with husband Jim of Saving Birds Thru Habitat, and the startup driver of the Leelanau Peninsula Bird Festival, now in its fourth year, has been a great help to the Island's effort. Island organizations – the School, Community Center, Beaver Island Boat Company, Island Airways, Beaver Lodge, Shamrock Restaurant, and Harbor Market – have teamed up with

Little Traverse Conservancy, Michigan Audubon Society, the Michigan Department of Natural Resources, Central Michigan University, The Nature Conservancy, and others.

"We're so fortunate on Beaver Island to have high quality areas with great public access and a wide array of bird species," Grassmick says. "The Island is a perfect setting to showcase our natural resources."

—Pete Plastrik


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*Along the East Side ... snowbirds enjoyed the surreal ice, even if the extreme cold made them wistful for more sunshine.*

## CAPTURE THE CHARM OF BEAVER ISLAND... IN WATERCOLOR

The Beaver Island Cultural Arts Association has awarded a Mini-Grant for \$700 to a local community group to sponsor a week long Beaver Island Watercolor Workshop in September. The 2014 BICCA Mini-Grant is underwriting a portion of the costs associated with an increasingly popular series of watercolor classes being held on Beaver Island over a five day period in September. The focus of the workshop is watercolor technique and strategy. "The program is geared for the novice as well as those who have dabbled in watercolors before," said workshop organizer Leonor Jacobson.

Approximately twenty people are expected to register for the series, about a third of whom will be from mainland communities throughout the Midwest.

The workshop will be led by Sharon Long who has a national following and conducts regular art classes at her studio in Destin, Florida. (see [www.robertlongwatercolors.com](http://www.robertlongwatercolors.com)) This

is the third time Ms. Long has been invited to Beaver Island to hold workshops, and each year registration has grown, underscoring increased interest by Islanders and visitors in the medium.

BICAA's Mini-Grant program is funded by proceeds from the annual Baroque on Beaver Festival. According to Anne Glendon, BICAA Board Chair, "The Mini-Grant Program is just one of the ways the Association achieves its mission to promote and encourage participation in the cultural arts of the Island. Baroque on Beaver and the diverse events sponsored by grants benefit the entire community and contribute to the Island's growing reputation for cultural and eco-tourism in Northern Michigan."

During the past several years BICAA Mini-Grants have assisted a number of local initiatives, including initial funding for the Suzuki string program at BICS; underwriting an instrument petting zoo as part of the annual

Family Music Fair; supporting original music and scripts for the BI Community Players; financing start-up costs for the BI Comedy Group; providing the wherewithal for workshops for local painters and choral singers; and funding a portion of the costs for silversmith training for local artisans, who then shared this knowledge with students at the BI Community School.

In 2013 BICAA pledged Min-Grant support, along with resources provided by the Community Center, Community School, and local businesses, to enable a performance by the Nairobi Chamber Chorus. All these activities were made possible by proceeds from the BICAA annual Baroque on Beaver Festival, which is scheduled in 2014 to run from July 25 through August 3.

For more information about the Baroque on Beaver Classical Music Festival, please check the website at [www.baroqueonbeaver.org](http://www.baroqueonbeaver.org) or call 231.448.2149.



## ON THE TOC

Cars that would not run were lined up and pulled into a hole cut in the ice on the

south of the Harbor to create a fish habitat – by a happy and proud horse. Thanks

very much to Lawrence McDonough for the photographs – he was there.



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Beaver Island Rural Health Center



Beaver Island Community Center



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**Ten Years Ago** The Rural Health Center opened its doors to the public. Those who were against it remained unimpressed; those who were in favor of it felt justified.

At 1:30 p.m. on January 28<sup>th</sup> the BIRHC admitted its first patients, Dr. Phil and E. B. Lange. After a thorough physical administered by care provider Sue Solle, during which the local media took several pictures and commented about the size and sheen of the new instruments, the Langes were mildly admonished for a life of highjinx and sent home.

The EMS received a \$25,000 grant from the Grand Traverse Band of Ottawa and Chippewa Indians to go toward purchasing the required module and equipment for an air ambulance. The BIRHC also received a \$25,000 grant from the Grand Traverse Band of Chippewa and Ottawa Indians to fund the relocation of its x-ray equipment to its new facility as well as to purchase essential safety-related x-ray equipment and equipment for the provision of health education and prevention programs.

When Mary Scholl called Charlevoix to find out where Beaver Islanders could vote in the Democratic Primary of February 7<sup>th</sup>, she was told that no place had been arranged because “everyone knows there aren't any Democrats on Beaver.” As a life-long Democrat, Mary knew this wasn't true, and decided to do something about it. After much work she had her home declared the official caucus site, and received ballots and other materials, such as the forms to use to attend the National Convention.

For two weeks sharp-eyed passengers at the north-facing windows on board Island Airways' flights to and from the Island saw a black mass of steel sitting about five miles north of Garden Island, but were not sure what it was. But when Bud Martin and Dave Schwartzfisher decided to tool over to Garden and Hog on their snowmobiles, it became obvious: a ship, and a big one, broken down and possibly abandoned.

Back home, Bud called the Coast Guard, which told him it was the *Capt. Ralph Tucker*, the only large ship in the McKiel Tug and Barge Company's 40-

vessel fleet. Bud got on his radio, reached the ship, and was given the ship's cell phone number. Calling back and saying he was on Beaver, Captain Bill Sullivan admitted he had not thought anyone lived on the Island. But when Buddy explained that he wanted to hop back on his rig and zip out there, he extended a welcome to come on board.

Built by real estate developer and outdoorsman Rogers Carlisle during WW II, a structure that has filled several uses was pulled apart and hauled away by Beaver Gems on February 17<sup>th</sup> – to make room for: a bigger boathouse. During its life it housed Rogers' yacht, and then became the site for the Cole Fish Market. Later it was remodeled into offices (Rich Gillespie, Laura Esch) and stores (Tina's Tees, and Shipwreck Shirts.)

At an informational meeting on February 18<sup>th</sup> the public learned that the long-awaited Peaine Township Fire Hall was about to become a reality.

**Twenty Years Ago:** The *Beacon's* front page featured an article on the “sky-darkening flights of cormorants,” claiming the 2,000 or so cormorants plying these waters ate, during their 200-day season, 500,000 pounds of fish. Editor Chuck Hooker printed a report by Mark Carrington, and obtained additional information from the DNR: “the cormorants are certainly decimating the salmon fingerlings being planted.” Further, these predatory birds don't stop killing fish when they're full, but keep killing, for sport. Tom Weise at the DNR reported that they were *endangered*. However the US Fish and Wildlife station in Minneapolis said they were not endangered but were protected by the Migratory Bird Treaty. Asa Wright, also of the DNR, agreed that these birds were fish killers, but thought it was unlikely that a study would be done to determine their effect on sport fish. Ilene Kirsch at the F & W said they were being blamed for depleting the catfish farms along the Mississippi. She hoped a study could be done here, and guessed that our cormorants would turn out to have different feeding habits than had been commonly reported. The *Beacon* proposed to establish a mailing list of those interested in this problem, and pushed for answers to the unsolved problems.

The Wildlife Club made a plea for additional members to help it conduct three programs: restocking wild turkeys; planting walleye fingerlings; and sowing rye to provide food for our deer. The Chamber of Commerce bought, from Marvin's Gardens, 75 *Canadian Harmony* full size peach trees to resell for \$17 each.

The Girl Scout/Brownie cookie sale resulted in 393 boxes being sold.

A \$15,000 grant was received for building barrier-free outhouses at Iron Ore Bay and the Bill Wagner Campground.

Peaine Township increased its Board salaries to \$7,200 for the Supervisor, Clerk, and Treasurer, and to \$2,400 for the trustees. St. James gave the Zoning Administrator a \$200 raise, and agreed to give the Chamber at least \$2,000.

A poem by Ray Murray, *Pisgah Beach Winter*, included these timeless lines:

“There is no sun;  
only a brightening of the sky to  
mark the day.  
The world is white.  
The raging wind off Indian Point  
raises plumes of snow along the  
beach,  
and drives the frenzied waves  
thundering against the shapeless,  
icy palisades  
that line the shore.”

The Medical Center's Annual Report hoped that the transformation to a Rural Health Center would give it “a financial advantage.” It reported that the budget for the current year contained a deficit, but also expressed hope that this could be overcome with luck and hard work.

An invitation appeared to participate in the 8<sup>th</sup> annual Beaver Island Talent Show.

**Thirty Years Ago** The St. James Town Board voted to acquire, with Peaine, two lots flanking Iron Ore Creek to create a 20-acre area with 572' of frontage for the public. It also agreed to improve the North Shore campground. It investigated hiring an attorney (Jeff VanTreese, the City Attorney for Charlevoix) for \$50/hour, and decided to – if we ever needed one.

*continued on page 14.*

14. **On This Date**, from page 13.

The long-standing office of Constable was eliminated for St. James since the person holding it could not do much without acquiring special training.

The Fire Department Auxiliary was given permission to set up a Resale Shop in the basement of St. James Town Hall. It planned to have a drawing at the St. Patrick's party.

The Civic Association postponed the Winter Games a week (to the 28<sup>th</sup>) because of weather. Karl Heller won the muzzle-loaded competition. During the tug-of-war, just as each side dug in and prepared to pull with all their might, the rope snapped. After snowshoe and ski races a softball game was played—in snowshoes.

Barb Rakowski resigned as school principal.

Archie and Frances LaFreniere were honored by the Christian Brothers at Chicago's Bismark Hotel for lives exemplifying the ideals of Christian education. They were recognized for "their clarity, many kindnesses, and great affability to several generations of Brothers."

Floss Frank was thanked for an article about diminishing beach access on Nantucket (of 70 miles of beach there, only 1½ was public) and her warning that we could be in the same boat if action wasn't taken soon.

## 92% COVERAGE ON LAKE MICHIGAN

According to NOAA's GLERL, ice covered 91.8 percent of the Great Lakes on March 5. Winds open up some

The passing of C. Russell Pryce at age 84 was noted. A lifetime resident of Ann Arbor, he married Thelma LaFreniere in 1928. They spent many summers with their daughter Sally in the cottage on the harbor, the *Algolah*, built around the ship's actual pilot house.

**Forty Years Ago** it was reported that February's weather had ranged from 7 below to 39 above, with over 15" of snowfall (making a total snowfall of 34") – nothing like this year's -20..

Sheldon Parker and Bill Welke continued to drop salt blocks from Bill's plane, including four on Garden and one on Hog. The Game Club, long wondering why perch can't be caught, got the DNR to approve a test netting under the ice, conducted by Paul Kenwabakise. The catch was a few Menominees, some whitefish, small pike, and some suckers – but no perch. Perry Gatliff caught some northerns with his tip-ups.

Frances LaFreniere gave everyone hope by spotting a robin on March 9<sup>th</sup>.

Passings noted included Charles Philip Gallagher, 91, who had moved from Beaver to Manistee and then Ludington. Born to Phil "Philippine" Gallagher and Mary Gillespie as the first of 13 children, he married Kitty Malloy, who gave him 8 children. Charles lived at Egg Lake, where he tended an orchard

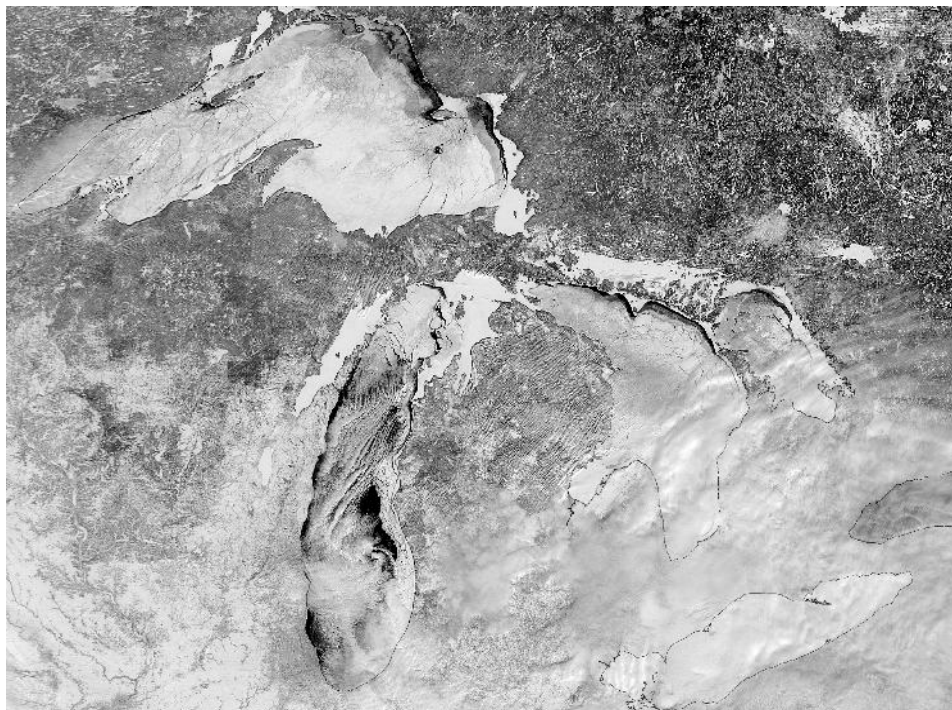
after working as a ship's fireman on our ferry. Between 1925 and 1928 he carried the mail across the ice with a team of horses. He had 20 grandchildren and 33 great grandchildren.

Paul and John Kenwabakise, along with Buz Anderson, left the Coast Guard dock in the *Sunny Don* in mid-March, becoming the first boat from here to reach Charlevoix this year.

The Medical Auxiliary planned three summer benefit luncheons at the Circle M. Local artisans Robert Gillespie and Archie LaFreniere contributed items to be raffled at the Grand Rapids and Chicago parties to raise money for the Med Center. A special drive was being organized to pay for an addition.

Fifty-two people attended a Business Seminar held at the Circle M. Archie spoke on the behalf of BIBCo, saying plans to run out of Petoskey had to be abandoned. Vince Olach, manager of the Charlevoix Chamber, talked about activities that could lengthen the short season. Sue Calloway from the Michigan Tourist Council thought our Irish and Native American heritage should both receive more attention. Herb Johnson of the DNR stressed preserving our natural heritage. Don Cole brought Leland fisherman Bill Carlson to address the group about the dangers of over-commercialization.

peak) had greater ice coverage. Snowfall on the Island is also nearing the 138" record, measuring 132.5" on March 6 ac-



An article decried the increase in property taxes, some of which went up over 500% in one year because of the rapidly accelerating land values. A letter was printed in which John Malloy protested against taxation increases without comparable service increases.

Jim Janda traveled to Tuscon to pick up the Island's new Emergency Evacuation plane, a surplus DeHavilland Beaver. He flew it back, saying it behaved perfectly.

Martha Gallagher Zalusky wrote to say she had a wonderful time at the Chicago Party but was disappointed that the only one from Beaver Island was Father Herbert, who had a very good time himself, but shouldn't have. Her nephew, Father Bernard Scheid, donated the use of his Parish Hall for the event.

**Fifty Years Ago** When rabbit season ended, the hunters and dogs leaving the woods celebrated an excellent year. Ice fishing too was very good; Don Nelson spent several days on Lake Geneserath, taking good pike, and Doc Sorenson caught his limit of panfish on Barney's. The Game Club clear-cut a patch of cedar swamp west of Wicklow Beach for habitat. A warning was issued: the turkeys are still protected, and will be until they prosper.

A rash of beard-growing hit the

cording to Jacque LaFreniere who runs the official National Weather Service Cooperative Observer post for the Island.



Ice Coverage Satellite Images

Island, although Gene Burke had a good excuse: "Doc Protar made me do it," referring to Protar's advice to the mail carriers.

Archie and Alvin LaFreniere set up shop in the Shamrock to manufacture lawn furniture, but still served the few who wandered in for a drink.

A card came from Neil Gallagher, who left the Island for Alaska over fifty years before.

Karl and Connie Baber were appointed managers of the Beaver Lodge.

The Michigan Outdoor Writers Association announced it would hold its annual convention on Beaver Island the following June.

Ann Gatliff Kurth and her husband Bayard announced the birth of their son Bayard (still a regular visitor to his property near Dannyville on the West Side.)

Editor Phil Gregg relayed the story of Peter Boyle, his barn, and his car. In 1921 there was a rash of building big barns. Not one to be outdone, Peter hired Tommy Gallagher to build him one "a foot wider and a foot longer than any other here, and as high as she'll go." The result was fine: a sturdy barn with pairs of high doors in the middle of each side. On a trip to Detroit Peter was impressed by seeing automobiles, and decided to buy one. In short order a new 1921

Model T rolled off the deck of the 15. mail boat. Trying to get it started, everyone standing around offered their suggestions, some patently foolish, but he got it started anyway. That turned out to be the easy part. When he drove home he realized he didn't know how she stopped, so he called his father out to open the barn doors as he sputtered around in a tight circle. His father complied, but not knowing about Peter's failure to master the brakes he didn't open the other pair, which smashed when Peter tried to come to a stop against them. Soon Peter had a padded "stopping tree" so he wouldn't wreck any more barn doors. That worked fine for his home, but going elsewhere produced a problem. He worked out a system with Nels LaFreniere, though, that allowed him to go shopping. Nels liked to sit outside when business was slow, so Peter would drive past, yell out his order for Pearless Tobacco and other staples, and then head on to Whiskey Point where the County had built him a nice turn-around. Coming back, Nels would throw the bag into the car, and mark the charge down on his bill. Eventually Peter learned about the brake; seeing his newfound mastery, other people then felt it was safe to follow suit, and several other cars soon arrived on Beaver Island.

## BEST SNOW MACHINE OF ... '14?

Walt Lach turned heads around St. James on his 1960s Polaris SnoTraveler. "Sportsmen's choice for rugged, safe,

and lively transportation over glare ice and deep snow," the brochure reads. A good choice for this winter!



Photograph by Frank Solle, Stippoint Photography

## 16. THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL COMES TO BEAVER ISLAND

The nation's premier folk- and alternate-music radio program, "The Midnight Special," which originates at WFMT in Chicago, became available to Beaver Island listeners last summer, thanks to its host, Rich Warren, who has a home here. It's available Saturdays at 8 PM, following "A Prairie Home Companion," from Interlochen's WIAA 88.7 FM and its repeaters in East Jordan/Charlevoix WICV



100.9 FM and Mackinaw City WIAB 88.5 FM. On the show traditional and contemporary folk performers, avant-garde singer-songwriters, show tunes, comedians, and satirists entertain for two hours. Original, offbeat, fun, and thought provoking, over its sixty-plus years, it has become the world's weekly aberration of "folk music and farce, show tunes and satire, madness and escape."

Rich Warren grew up in Evanston,

Illinois, fascinated by radio. He even operated a radio station from his bedroom with a toy transmitter connected to an illegally long antenna, and was ultimately reprimanded by the FCC. The programming? Classical, folk, and show tunes.

He scanned the radio dial for folk music, which was plentiful in the early 1960s, and discovered "The Midnight Special." Listening to the "Midnight

Special" became a passion. The program alternately was hosted by Ray Nordstrand and Norm Pellegrini. Rich asked Ray Nordstrand to speak to his high school folk song club. Ray agreed, and also allowed him to visit WFMT and watch Ray host the show. Pretty soon, Rich frequently visited WFMT, helping Ray find records, and answering telephones on request nights.

When Rich left for the University of Illinois in

1968 to major in history, he convinced the commercial student radio station to allow him to host a folk music program similar to "The Midnight Special." When the time came to leave Champaign-Urbana in early 1974, Rich asked Ray for a job at WFMT, and joined the staff that June. The rest, him continuing to work there and eventually taking over for Ray and Norm, is history. Rich has now co-hosted the program for over 30



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### Harbor View II Condominium Unit #3

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572 sq. ft. condominium unit in the Harbor View II complex on top of the hill across the street from the Beaver Island Boat Company ferry dock (the "motel" complex that has the large rock wall out in front and the swimming pool in the front courtyard). This two-bedroom, one-bath condominium is located at the southern end of the complex with parking behind it on the asphalt parking lot off Back Highway. There is a 5-foot wide sidewalk from the courtyard down to Main Street. This condominium was completely remodeled during the winter of 2012-2013 by Albert and Laurie Forte; it has all new flooring, walls, a whole new kitchen, an all new bathroom, and completely re-done bedrooms and living room area. One bedroom has a queen-size bed and the other has two single beds. This unit has views of parts of Beaver Harbor and comes totally equipped with all of its brand new furnishings and kitchen ware, bedding, etc. The only things the owners will be removing are couple of pieces of artwork. This condo is an excellent rental property with your choice of using the on-site manager and rental system through the condominium association, or rentals as currently being done by an independent contractor for the current owner. Reserve the unit for your own use for the spring, summer or fall weeks that you want and have it rented the rest of the time. This unit is well-insulated and set up for winter use so it could also be a year-round abode for a couple or a single retired person or a young family with no more than two children. Owners are motivated to sell and have priced this unit for sale so they'll just barely be getting their investment back at their asking price of **\$95,000.**

years, and has been its sole host since 1996, the same year he first set foot on Beaver Island.

However, there's a further fascinating connection between "The Midnight Special" and Beaver Island. The first person Rich recorded in the WFMT studio in the summer of 1974 was a young performer who had recently arrived in Chicago from Michigan. Her name was Claudia Schmidt. Rich and Ray considered Claudia immensely talented and played her frequently on "The Midnight Special." Claudia eventually left Chicago and settled in various places around the country until landing on Beaver Island in the mid-1980s, all the while continuing her career as a nationally acclaimed touring musician.

In 1986 Rich arranged with WFMT to work remotely, and resettled near Champaign-Urbana, Illinois.

While in San Francisco on a business trip in late 1994 for his other career as a consumer electronics journalist, Rich learned Claudia would be performing in Berkeley that evening. He attended the concert and asked Claudia

about her current life beyond music. She revealed that she was planning to open a bed and breakfast on Beaver Island. That there were islands in Lake Michigan astounded Rich, who grew up on the beach in Evanston as well as living on the 50<sup>th</sup> floor of a Lake Shore Drive high-rise facing the lake while working full-time at WFMT. He saw nothing out there but water. Claudia insisted that, in fact, there were islands in Lake Michigan and that she lived on a special one called Beaver Island. Rich requested she send him a brochure for the bed and breakfast when it opened.

Several months later the brochure arrived, announcing the Bluebird B&B, which Rich tucked away in a file of potential vacations. A year or so later, while considering whether to visit Italy during the summer, Rich's partner, Tammey Kikta, recommended something more relaxing and pulled out the Bluebird brochure while suggesting calling Claudia for a reservation. Rich and Tammey first visited the Island in August, 1996 and it was love at first sight. They returned in October and

bought property along Mrs. Redding's Trail.

In yet another grand coincidence, Tammey mentioned the Beaver Island venture to a friend at work. Her friend introduced Tammey and Rich to Jack and Ruth Kelly, who lived in Champaign but owned a house on Beaver Island. The Kellys generously invited Rich and Tammey as houseguests after the Bluebird closed. This further deepened Rich and Tammey's love and appreciation of the Island. A fast friendship developed between the two couples. Eventually Rich and Tammey saved enough to build a house on the Island, where they hope to eventually settle.

Thus, in some ways you might consider "The Midnight Special" is made on Beaver Island. The program still frequently plays recordings by Claudia Schmidt, who recently released a new CD, "New Whirled Order." Now Rich's Saturday evening program can be heard in many Island homes, and joins the resurgence of Beaver Island's long-time tradition of music, along with the annual Music Fest and Baroque on Beaver.



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### Official 2013 Citizen of the Year Nomination Form

Two Possible Awards: Individual and Organization

BI Chamber of Commerce  
 P.O. Box 5, Beaver Island 49782  
 231.448.2505  
 Chamber@BeaverIsland.org

*The award(s) will honor an individual, couple or community organization that has made a significant contribution to making Beaver Island a better place to live, work or visit.*

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

I would like to nominate \_\_\_\_\_

Please write 3 or 4 paragraphs, type preferred, see criteria above.

Mail to: Beaver Island Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 5, Beaver Island, MI 49782  
 or email to: Chamber@BeaverIsland.org **Deadline for nominations is Friday, April 4.**

Questions: Please call Steve West, Mon. - Fri., 10 to 3, at 231.448.2505

The Awards Banquet will be held on Saturday, May 17th.

## 18. MYSTERY NOVEL SET ON BEAVER ISLAND

A new novel set in Charlevoix County — both in 1954 and 1848 — titled *The Seventh Messenger* is now available.

Author Roland McElroy said the Charlevoix area each summer proves itself a wonderful muse, particularly for his literary achievements. “I’ve been coming up every summer for 15 years and have been inspired by all the characters I have met and the wonderful resort community of Charlevoix,” McElroy said.

Of the two stories told in parallel, the first is about a young St. Louis socialite named Abby Finlay, who had been a summer resident in Charlevoix since her infancy. Her story is set in 1954, when at the age of 30 she returns to the private Pine Lake Club after a 10-year absence.

She hadn’t returned in so many years after she vowed not to without her fiancé who remained missing since he participated in World War II’s D-Day invasion in 1944. Then she receives a long-lost letter from the missing fiancé that showed a postmark from months after the historic invasion of German-occupied France. Abby then comes to believe her missing love is waiting for her in Charlevoix.

The second tale entwined through this new fictional book is built around the very real life of James Strang, excommunicated member of the Mormon Church who brought about 200 followers to Beaver Island in 1848, crowned himself king and declared the island a sovereign nation. And the novel’s protagonist is familiar with the

true stories about King Strang, but she never imagined she had a connection to those old tales. The mystery is unraveled in this fictional book with the help of a character named Mark Day, editor of Charlevoix’s *Clarion* newspaper.

The settings include the Beaver Island archipelago, Charlevoix, and Holy Island in the South Arm of Lake Charlevoix.

“Locales familiar to longtime residents such as Neff’s Grocery and Schroeder’s Drug Store will bring back memories to many readers,” McElroy said. “I think folks in Charlevoix will find it of interest. Lots of history in it, as well as the two stories told in parallel.”

The author has made the book available online, in local book stores, as well as in e-book formats, Kindle and Nook.

## FIND-THE-FLOWERS

As soon as the snow is gone the *Beaver Beacon* will sponsor a new, season-long contest, a kind of scavenger hunt in our wonderful natural surroundings called “Find the Flowers.” To enter, all you have to do is spot a wildflower, take its picture, and send it to us with a few sentences about where and when, who was along on the expedition, and anything else that struck you. Don’t confine yourself to Beaver; the outer islands are just as verdant!

Every month a few submissions will appear in the *Beacon*, and all of the

submissions will be posted on a new special section of the *Beaver Beacon* website. At the end of the season a booklet will be published giving full-color examples of each discovered species – and listing every contributor. As submissions grow over the passing years, an actual book may result – *The Wildflowers of the Beaver Archipelago*, as discovered by its friends.

We would hope residents and visitors would use this contest as an excuse to gather friends or family and strike off into the wonders surrounding us, cameras in pockets. Make it a fun

expedition – to the beach, the woods, the meadows, the marshes and fens, or the lush inland lakes. We promise you, surprises await.

Lately attention has focused on the great variety of birds to be found here, and their interesting behavior and variation – with good reason. But there are many more flowers, and their range in color, size, and bloom duration is even greater. Please avail yourself of the enjoyment and satisfaction that helping document this rich bounty will provide. You may become world-famous as a result!

## PLEASE HELP THE FOOD PANTRY

This has been a busy winter for the Food Pantry! We are very thankful to have been able to help many Island families so far this winter – but the shelves are starting to look like “old

Mother Hubbard’s” cupboard. We can certainly use your help.

We can use just about anything: canned fruits and vegetables, pasta sauce, pasta, soup, cereal, tuna, rice,

chili and taco fixins, baking or pancake mix, syrup, peanut butter and jelly, mac and cheese, catsup, mustard, paper towels, toilet paper, cleaning supplies, detergent, personal hygiene items

## IN MEMORY: JOSEPH HARRELL DILLINGHAM

Joe Dillingham Passed away on February 1 after a short illness. He was born June 21, 1921 in Boaz, Kentucky to Felix and Sammie (Harrell) Dillingham. He graduated from Boaz High School in their last graduating class and attended Murray College. Joe moved to Michigan in the 1930s and spent the rest of his life here. He served in the U.S. Army during WWII in the

Pacific Theatre.

He spent several years on Beaver Island working at a variety of jobs before starting the Beaver Island Telephone Company, which was the beginning of his career in the telephone industry. He lived in the Sunnyside School.

He retired from Continental Telephone Company in Pinconning in

1981. He served as a CWA union steward for several years in Caro and Pinconning. He married Marilyn (Jeanie) Gifford on January 24, 1970 at her parents’ home in St. Louis, Michigan. They had just celebrated their 44<sup>th</sup> Anniversary. Joe enjoyed woodworking, bird watching, photography and computers.



The word was passed to one or two friends: “Hey, wouldn’t it be cool to meet on Squaw Island!” But they each told a few more, who told a few more, and the result was a major expedition. It was a good time to go – the poison ivy which keeps many away was not visible. An-

other element not present was the ghost of Bill Shields, the lighthouse keeper, one of four to drown on 12-14-1900 coming back to Beaver. The dog too. Only Owen McCauley survived.

The winter ice bridge offered the opportunity to visit White Shoals, walk under the Mighty Mac Bridge, shoot

down High Island’s western dunes and zoom around the Island’s beaches with complete freedom. Just the boisterous snowmobilers, with the overmatched coyotes slinking into the woods as soon as they heard the roar, and a few swans hunkering in imagined invisibility. All that was missing was a fiddle.





## ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

*from Joyce Bartels*

*Charlevoix Courier* Wednesday,  
March 4, 1914 (*Note: March 1 Bright,  
Storm from N 3 - 10 degrees. F. Protar*)

**Front Page Article:**

**"ROUNABOUT ROUTE**

"All mail for the north Manitou Islands is being sent there by a round-about route. It goes to South Manitou Island via Glen Haven, there being an open channel between these points, and

is then shipped to its destination from the south island."

*Charlevoix Sentinel* Thursday,  
March 5, 1914 **No Beaver Island  
Related News**





*Notes from F. Protar's diary with the help of Antje Price*

*Charlevoix Courier* Wednesday,  
March 11, 1914 **No Beaver Island  
Related News**

*Charlevoix Sentinel* Thursday,  
March 12, 1914 **Local and Personal**

**Notes:** "W. E. Parmelee, who has been  
lumbering on Beaver Island, returned  
home Friday. Frank Left, of St. James,  
came over with the mail carriers  
Thursday, and is here inspecting the

work on the new tug."

"The Beaver Island - Cross Village  
mail carriers are making their semi-  
weekly trips and report the ice in good  
condition. Regular shipments of hook





*One Hundred Years Ago*, from page 21. caught trout and perch are being made from the Islands.”

“The steamer *Beaver* is in dry dock at Manistee the past two months, was put afloat last Saturday, and work proceeds above the water line. She will be in first class shape when she gets home.”

“The trout-egg hatching process is in full operation at the local plant, and everything working nicely.” (*Note March 2 - 15 Fair to ideal, wind NW - NE - SW, 10 - 36 degrees; March 16 Rain to snow, wind SW - W, 36 - 32 degrees; March 13, began to set eggs. F. Protar*)

*Charlevoix Courier* Wednesday, March 18, 1914 **No Beaver Island Related News**

*Charlevoix Sentinel* Thursday, March 19, 1914 **Front Page Article:**

### CHANGE OF SYSTEM

#### BEAVER ISLAND CABLE TO PASS INTO DIRECT CONNECTION WITH BELL TELEPHONE LINES

“Three years ago last fall negotiations were pending for some time between the W. S. Weather Bureau at Washington and the Bell Telephone co. central office at Grand Rapids, on the proposition to connect the Island cable and the local and long distance lines of

the telephone company at Charlevoix. There was a lengthy correspondence between the two headquarters.

“At that time Willis L. Moore was chief of the weather bureau, and J. H. Robinson was chief of the telegraph division of the bureau. Mr. Moore has since left the service, and Mr. Robinson died two years ago. By order of the chief tests were made with long distance lines, and the limit of successful conversation was conceded by the telephone people to be 150 miles, and then only under good weather conditions. Meantime the telephone company stipulated terms that Mr. Moore could not accept, and under date of Jan. 14, 1911, Mr. Moore wrote the telephone people as follows:

“In reply to your letter of the 19<sup>th</sup> inst., as you have failed to agree with our proposition of December 19, 1910, it has been decided that no change will be made in the present plan of working the Beaver Island cable.”

“Under the same date Mr. Robinson wrote the local manager as follows:

“No further action need be taken regarding the testing of the Beaver Island cable with Grand Rapids.”

“On January 27<sup>th</sup> of that year (1911) Mr. Moore advised the local manager as

follows:

“I believe that satisfactory service is now being rendered, and there is no reason why we should give a monopoly to anybody.”

“The present winter negotiations were resumed, and an agreement made whereby the telephone company takes over all the business of the cable, beginning April first. The deal was made through the Chicago office of the weather bureau.

“A telephone official informs us that an effort will be made to establish farmer and party lines on the Island, in connection with the service.” (*Note: March 17 - 24 Fair to Ideal, Wind N - NE - SW, 16 - 32 Degrees. F. Protar*)

*Charlevoix Courier* Wednesday, March 25, 1914 **No Beaver Island Related News** (*Note: March 25 FF Rainstorm, 42 degrees, Big Thaw. F. Protar*)

*Charlevoix Sentinel* Thursday, March 26, 1914 **No Beaver Island Related News** (*Note: March 26 - 28 Fair, Little rain and sleet, 44 Degrees; March 29 Steadiest Rain, Wind E, 40 Degrees, snow ended; March 30 - 3 Ideal, Wind E, 40 - 30 - 36 Degrees. F. Protar*)

## KNOW THE ICE?

One thing the extreme cold of February did was stimulate the Island’s snowmobilers to take advantage of the new opportunities for travel. They were everywhere on the ice, going as far as Mackinac City. One day nineteen happy sledders toured Gull, High, Trout, Whiskey, Squaw, Garden, Hog, and Hat Islands before returning home. On two expeditions visitors who had never sped across the ice before said, independently, it was “the best day of their life.”

On the 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> the temperature shot up into the high 30s before crashing back into single digits. On the 21<sup>st</sup> gusts of 45 to 50 mph blew the snow side-

ways. There was no flying. Then on the 22<sup>nd</sup> those flying to Charlevoix noticed deep blue striations criss-crossing the ice bridge, but no one knew their cause. Apparently it has to do with a surface melt and a blast of blown snow, trapped in the refreezing liquid to bend incoming light. Other features on the ice included cracks winding this way and that with zipper-like tracks of corrugated snow.

Nobody knows much about the ice, though. Not the Eskimos, who study it their entire life but still fall victim to its vagaries. Nor scientists, who recently approved sending giant icebreakers into the arctic sea, where they were trapped

for weeks. The reason for our general ignorance must be that the behavior of ice does not take place at the human scale. Its dynamics occur too slowly for us to register – except when they take place too quickly. The playing field is too vast, with large effects compounded from millions or even billions of microscopic adjustments to the weather. Will we ever know the ice’s quirks? Well, the computers will, but we poor humans are just not equipped to comprehend their vast fields of data.

It doesn’t matter. There is only one thing we need to know: be very careful when you’re out there.

## HELICOPTER COMING

CMU has the only unmanned aerial vehicle in Michigan—a six-foot long helicopter—equipped with a hyper-spectral camera. It will advance research imaging of Great Lakes wetlands.

The camera takes high-resolution images in 334 colors. Researchers will use it to capture images of vegetation in wetlands to continue the fight against

invasive species, protect rare plants, and ultimately help preserve and protect the world’s largest supply of fresh water.

“This allows us to determine where and when we collect the data instead of relying on archives from the federal government or commercial vendors,” said Benjamin Heumann, director of CMU’s Center for Geographic Information

Science. “Using the camera, we can collect aerial imagery with greater precision than manned aircraft and satellite.”

The helicopter flies at about 10 miles an hour and to the height of a 40-story building – under FAA guidelines. It cost \$140,000. CMU oversees a \$10 million grant from the EPA to conduct Great Lakes wetlands preservation research.



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# TULIPS AND JULEPS

Many Islanders are wistfully absorbed in colorful plant and seed catalogs this time of year. Each description of a plant is more appealing than the one before, so it's hard to remember just which one caught your fancy a few minutes ago. Was it a Monarda named 'Pardon My Pink'? Perhaps it was the one called 'Tulips and Juleps'.



Ooops. Tulips and Juleps is actually the name of a horse. And yet, Black Beauty and Rolling Thunder are names of plants, a Heuchera and a Day Lily, respectively. We all know why names used in commerce are so unusual. They attract consumer attention and make it easier to remember.



But honestly, who can remember ALL these crazy names? So here are just three names to remember for excellent perennials to plant on Beaver Island during 2014: 'Pow-wow Wild Berry', 'Johnson's Blue', and 'Happy Returns'. Any good perennial retailer will know exactly what you mean. These all like mostly sun and not too dry soil, but will

Geranium 'Johnson's Blue' is an all-season blooming, cousin of our native geraniums.

Hemerocallis "Happy Returns" is a repeat blooming, canary yellow day lily.

But wait! What about those crazy names? Can you guess which of the following are legally names of flowers and which ones are horses?



- *Its All About Me Baby*
- *Electrocution*
- *Peachie's Pick*
- *First Arrival*



- *Cranky Pants*
- *D o m i n a n t Female*
- *Tank Tops Flip Flops*
- *Light the Fuse Gladis*

- *Devil's Advocate*
- *Alakazaam*

The first five are horses. But you've got to see this! There is a shrub named 'Mango Tango' and a horse named 'Bad Cop No Donut'. Gotta love it!

—Barbara Rahn

Thanks to Russell Hickey for this photograph of Protar's Tomb, bedded in snow.



Photograph by Frank Solle, Stillpoint Photography



Photograph by Russell Hickey

## INDUCTED INTO THE NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY



The students are sophomores Sarah Avery, Ryan Boyle, Nick Williams and Lillian Wiser. Principal Riley Justis, Adviser Connie Boyle.

Nationally, students must be sopho-

mores or older and have a cumulative gpa of at least 3.0. The students all read descriptions of the four NHS characteristics: Scholarship, Leadership, Service and Character.

Students received NHS membership pins and cards, and the junior/senior NHS members presented them with yellow roses, the official NHS flower.

## CABLE BAY ANCHORAGE

Cable Bay being eleven miles closer to Charlevoix, I used to make runs from this point. One time Bea Parker was going to go shopping on one of our trips. I was in the boat waiting for Dave Gladish, running the motor on an 8' pram. Bea sat on the front seat, and Frea, Dave's daughter, was on the middle seat. Of course Sheldon Parker, Bea's husband, was on shore observing the oncoming fiasco.

It was a little choppy that morning. I looked up and saw the seating arrangement and began to flail my arms in a "go back" motion, to no avail. The bow took on water and the pram went to the bottom. First Bea placed her purse on her elbow and made a graceful dive overboard. (The pram which was at this time on the BOTTOM.) Frea just hung one leg over and stepped out. Of course Dave, as a great captain, went down with his ship with just his head sticking up out of the water.

When I looked back on the shore, Sheldon was on the ground in hysterics! Needless to say, THAT trip was canceled.

I thought I might be able to secure my small craft in the southern exposed waters of Beaver Island. So I attached two log chains to 60' of 600# heavy anchor chain, which was salvaged from the *Niko* shipwreck. Considering the weight of the heavier chain to be the anchor, I attached the 24' Starcraft (Chris-craft) to the smaller log chains. It sat there peacefully until the first SE storm, which brought the Starcraft onto the beach with 96' of chain straight outward to the Southeast.

Don Cole came to the rescue the next day and pulled me back into deep water with the *Lois*, his fish tug. There seemed to be little damage, and I used it for another two years until it loosened up from heavy loads and heavy seas. When it began leaking, I took the engine out and installed it in the *Burr-Is-Bell*.

Learning from this incident, I donned my wet suit, took a 5' 1/4" pipe and attached the "Big" chain to it (the pipe had driven totally into the rocky bottom in 11' of water) with my trusty 16# stone hammer.

I began hooking the *Burr-Is-Bell* to

it with a circle hook to the bow. The hook would attach to the welded eye low on the bow of the *Burr-Is-Bell*.

After every storm Charlie Martin would ask me, "Is your boat still there?" When I'd tell him, "Yes" he'd just shake his head. He never missed this question on every storm.

Every year I'd take it out and put the anchorage back, with the boat; but then I thought of another plan: Why not use the pram? So I loaded the 600#+ chain in the dinghy, put on my dive gear, and took my stone hammer. The plan was to capsize the pram and spill the chain to the bottom, where I could then drive in the stake and attach a buoy to the circle hook at the end, to hook later to the boat.

Well, everything didn't go as planned. When I tipped the pram, it sunk immediately to the bottom, full of chain. I was floating on the surface looking down at it. Laughing, I filled my mask with water, thinking "What the devil made me think this would work?" Anyway, I made a few trips to the anchorage and finished the job. Of course the pram shot to the surface as soon as the chain was out. There she blows!

One night I loaded scaffold in my boat to take to work at a job on the mainland. The next morning I took my seaworthy home-made skiff out and tied it to the mooring. I started the engine of the *Burr-Is-Bell*, cut loose from the mooring, and headed to Charlevoix. It was a real nasty sea. On the way I felt thirsty and, not wanting to leave the helm, held a cup out the side of the pilot house until the splash filled it for me. Charlie Martin taught me this; out in the lake the water is good to drink. Neither of us died from Lake Michigan water.

When I reached the channel the water flattened out, and my vessel was dripping wet all over. I stopped at the Charlevoix BIBCo dock and met Captan Larry McDonough. He asked, "Did you come across in this?" I fessed up: "Yes, it was rough." And he told me it was too rough for the *Beaver Islander*. Tell that to someone who was in a 20' steel boat loaded with scaffold!

This might have been the time when I returned to the Island and saw a

double cannon ball flying off the pier (a heavy storm warning flag). When I asked Larry what he thought, he told me it was mostly for the south end of the lake. Trusting in the old Salt, I went by the flags and crossed, encountering no more than a 2' sea! "Thanks, Larry!"

All of those successful years off my south end open anchorage had only one mooring failure. I heard some outside noise one night and didn't think much of it. I went down the "Art Taft Road" to check on the *Bell*, and when I arrived the boat had moved about 100 yards to the west!

What happened? I had no idea, so I put the dinghy in the water and went out to see.

When I opened the pilot house hatch I saw the most alarming mess I ever saw in any boat. The fire extinguishers were out of their holders, tools were thrown all over, dishes, canned food, you name it scattered everywhere.

The engine wouldn't start for the first time, so I began to repair things. The wires to the engine were broken, the gas was brown. Cleaning the gas tank and replacing the gas in it with fresh was a major job. The carburetor had to be cleaned. Anyway, later I had it running again. Like two days later.

When I went to the bow to see what was keeping it in place, there was a huge pile of chain, small chain, large chain, and underneath it all was my trusty well-casing pipe that had been driven into the rocky bottom, yards to the east. I have thought about this for years and am glad I wasn't in it at the time, as I'm still alive and writing this.

To produce that damage the boat had to have shot at least 96' in the air, and it had to come STRAIGHT down, since all of the chain was in a 4' circle. The *Bur-Is-Bell* was a totally enclosed vessel. It could have landed even on its top and still been afloat. It's hard to believe there was no structural damage to the hull. It must have landed somewhat flat. I'm guessing it landed right side up.

To this day that event remains an unsolved mystery.

—R.E.Burris



## SHE DID NOT KNOW THAT

This year the ice caves near Leland got much attention, with newscasters first encouraging people to go see them and later warning that they could be dangerous. We had ice caves of our own. Some were discovered by motorists trekking from Kilty's Point, but oth-

ers could only be found by snowmobilers. The one above was a frequent stop for Islanders and visitors alike. When Islanders and visitors mix, anything might happen. A visitor was exclaiming about the majesty of this one, musing, "How in the world could that be

formed?" An old-timer decided to pull her leg. "It's a trick to draw tourists," he said. "When the ice starts to form we put a big rubber globe out there, and inflate it day after day with a gas-fired pump. Finally we let the air out, and put the balloon back in storage."

## 28. OUR STUDENTS COOK UP AN ENDING.

Our 11<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup>-graders supplied their own endings to this lead-in: *"My friends and I were having a picnic down on the west side beach. I noticed a small boat coming from High Island toward the next bay south of us, and decided to go see who it was. When I reached the point the boat was already pulled onto the gravel, and a man was dragging a big case into the woods. I decided to follow."* Here are their responses:

■ Hannah Robert

I followed the man into the woods. He was wearing tattered shorts and no shirt; he looked rather homely. My heart began racing, for I was fearful of what could be hidden within these woods. I tried to be as quiet as I could because I did not want the man to know I was there. I was desperate to know what was in the case; it was like my life depended on it. I was drawn to the case, as if a part of me was inside it. It was the oddest sensation I have ever felt in my life and it scared me.

As I got closer and closer to the man, my heartbeat grew louder and louder, thrusting out of my chest. It was so loud that I feared he could hear it and feel it himself. I dodged bushes and jumped behind trees as I ran to catch up.

I had my plan all worked out in my head. I was going to tiptoe up behind him once I got close, grab a stick, hit him in the head with it, grab the case, and run. What could possibly go wrong?

My plan was executed so smoothly. Everything went perfectly. I sat down with the case on the shore of the beach. Since I didn't have the key to open it, I had to bash it open. I took rocks, sticks, shells, anything I could find to hit against the lock. After over an hour of failed attempts, it finally popped open. Inside was my soul. I couldn't explain what it looked like because all I could see was a bright light that was all-consuming. It was a part of me now and from every day from there on out, I am a new man. A changed man.

■ Madie Martin

As I followed, my friends yelled, "No Marty, don't go!" I didn't listen. I

got to the edge of the woods and saw a white flash run deeper into the forest. I ran silently on the path that led me to a tree with a note hammered onto the bark. It said "earD artyM, m'I ni roublet. AveS em. inserelyS, ocD." It must be a secret language, pig-Latin maybe. Doc's in trouble, he must have been the one walking into the woods, I thought. I ran faster until I reached the big case he was dragging. There was a latch on the box. I lifted it open. Wind swirled around me and a bright light blinded my eyes. I was sucked in. I dropped on the ground and sat up. I was not on the Island anymore. A guy walked over to me wearing a suit. A woman walked up to him wearing a flapper dress and a feather in her hair. I was in the Roaring Twenties. They asked me if I knew Doc. I said yes and the man grabbed me and knocked me out. I woke up in a barn. The doors were locked with no other way out. A moaning sound came from the shadows of the barn. I grabbed a shovel and crept over to it. It was Doc. "Marty, you found me! Come here and untie me," he said. I ran to his side and helped untie him from a tractor. "What happened to you?" I asked. He replied with "the gangsters wanted my new invention. I made a machine that can produce crystals which would get them a lot of money." We took the tractor and crashed through the barn door. We passed the gangsters who were on their way to come get us. They got in their cars and chased after us. Doc and I had to dodge the bullets they were shooting. Doc drove faster toward a brick wall. I thought we were going to crash but right before we hit the wall I opened my eyes and I was back on the Island in the woods. Doc planned this all along. My friends came running to me wondering where I went. "I just had to pee," I said in a faint voice. And we turned around and went back to the beach to finish our day. Wherever Doc went, I know I will see him again.

■ Olivia Carey

I continued to follow the strange man into the woods for about twenty minutes. He never turned around in any curiosity that someone was following him; he kept going like he was ordered

to keep on a straight path to a mysterious destination. He finally slowed, stopped, dropped his case, and took a deep breath. I also slowed, keeping my distance so he didn't see me. He was a very dainty man, quiet and outspoken. Well, at least from what I could see.

He stood quietly for about five minutes then finally bent down and unzipped his case. I was too far away to see what was hidden in it, until he pulled out what looked like a brush, maybe even a paint brush. He took out several brushes along with a palette and paint. At this point I was very curious and mesmerized about what was going to happen next. I took a few steps closer. The man was diligently mixing paint and preparing to paint something, or was it someone? A half hour went by until he finally dipped his brush in a bright, elegant purple. Next the man did something very out of the ordinary; he started to make a mural on a tree. He continued to make murals on the trees that surrounded that first tree. There were bright greens, oranges, pinks, yellows, and just about every color you could imagine. It was the most beautiful thing I had seen.

This man made something already beautiful into something spectacular. When he was finished it turned out to be the forest from the Lorax. It was magical and perfect in every way.

■ Meg Works

As I followed the odd looking man, I noticed something off about him. He had a bit of a limp in his step, a hunch to his back, and a crazed look in his eyes. The case that he dragged had an odd shape to it. As I walked quietly closer and closer to him, he stopped abruptly. I quickly got out of sight and hid in the brush. He bent over the case, and slowly opened it. When I saw what was in the case, I could not believe my eyes. I stared in awe at all the diamonds piled into the case. I had to hold back the reaction to run over there and push the man down, and run away with the diamonds.

I stilled myself, and watched as the man bent down and looked over his goods. He stood up and took a cell

*continued on page 31.*

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phone out of his pocket. If it was even possible, his eyes got *more* crazed as he listened to his phone. Next thing I knew he started yelling in a language I was not familiar with. He yelled one last time before he stood up, shoved the phone back into his pocket, bent down and slammed the case shut. He grabbed the case and then started to walk farther into the woods. I followed to the best of my ability, trying to be as quiet as possible.

The man and I walked for at least a good half an hour before he stopped outside an abandoned shack. It had that 'murder movie' look to it; chills ran up and down my spine. The man looked over the shack and then walked to a pile of thick underbrush, and hid the case within it. I held my breath and prayed that I would not make a noise. He then got up swiftly and went over to the shack and knocked on the door. The door opened and revealed another shady looking man. Tattoos and scars covered his arms and face. The second man opened the door wider for the guy I had been following. He entered and the door slammed behind him.

I sat hidden for what felt like forever. After a while, when I thought about just giving up and going back home, I heard a burst of noise from the shack. I crept closer and listened to what seemed like a group of men shouting and yelling in the same language as the case man. Next thing I knew there was a gunshot. The shot broke the glass like silence in the woods. It rang in my ears as it echoed throughout the woods. I had started to run away when I thought of the diamonds sitting just 20 feet from me in the underbrush. I decided against my better judgment to go get the case.

I dove into the brush as the shack door slammed open. I crawled deeper into the thicket of bushes and other plants. I sat still clutching the case to my chest as I heard the group of strange men yelling and running around. I saw one man with a huge assault rifle in one hand, heading in my direction. I held my breath as he came closer. He looked for a minute or two and then lumbered away. They all went back into the shack and slammed the door closed. At this point, I was scared out of my wits. So I ran. I ran as fast and hard as my legs would carry me, with the case banging

against my side.

I ran and tripped for a while. I thought I was safe and had escaped, but when I broke through the trees, I saw what waited for me. More men who appeared to be part of the group in the woods, all heavily armed. Then I heard the click of a gun behind me.

■ Ronnie Marsh ■

My friends and I were having a picnic down on the west side beach. I noticed a small boat coming in from High Island toward the next bay south of us, and decided to go see who it was. When I reached the point, the boat was already pulled onto the gravel, and a man was dragging a big case into the woods. I decided to get my friend Jewell and follow.

Not being so sure it would be a good idea, we kept following for what seemed like hours. The sense of curiosity completely overtook me, and Jewell wasn't happy for I always drag him on my stupid adventures which usually end up biting us in the butt. However, since deep-down he loved doing that kind of stuff, he decided to stick with me one more time.

Me and Jewell running through the woods looking for a man with a case was pretty much like two blind monkeys looking for a tree to climb in the middle of an open field. As the trail of the man grew cold we began to realize we were lost, and with night beginning to fall we made camp in the middle of the woods. Jewell had a knife, and I had a lighter, so we were able to get a small fire going to cook up what little we had with us. After eating very little (not saying the same for Jewell) we began to sleep.

The next morning I was up with the sun only to find Jewell's sleeping bag empty. I waited for his return for hours but then came to the realization that he was not coming back. I went deep into the unknown to try and find my best friend. I walked in the direction I thought he would have gone and it led me back to the beach only to find him lying in the sun with a big case beside him containing lots of money. When I asked him how he acquired the money, he told me not to worry about it, and we both went on to live very wealthy lives.

My friends had seen me leaving so they decided to follow me. Just as I was about to enter into the woods my friend Jane stopped me.

"Hey! Are you crazy? Don't go in there, it's creepy and who knows what lies in there." In a harsh whisper she added, "Come on, let's go back."

"Yeah, she's right Izzy." Whispered Brittany, "This place bores me." She tried to remain cool and collected, pretending she wasn't terrified of the dark forest.

"Don't you wanna know what's in that case?" I asked them, surprised at how they weren't even the tiniest bit curious. "Fine, well you can stay here; I'm going to check it out. I will be back in a few minutes."

"You can't go alone!" Jane shrieked "Brittany, we can't let her go alone! What if something happens to her and she needs back-up?" They contemplated the situation, torn between their fear of the woods and their worry for me. After a minute the decision was made "We will go with you," Jane said.

I sighed and agreed, and then we started off into the woods. It was very dark outside, so I was having a hard time seeing where I was going and trying to keep up with the mysterious man. We kept a distance from him, careful not to be discovered. There was something uneasy stirring in my gut and I couldn't quite place it. We followed the man deep into the woods, weaving around bushes and trees until we came to a rusty old Studebaker. We had lost the man and he was nowhere in sight. We kept quiet as could be and listened for any sounds of the him nearby, but there weren't any. Then something caught my eye on the ground: drag marks leading all the way up to the trunk of the car, which then stopped.

Slowly I opened the trunk and to my amazement there was a big opening and ladder leading down into the ground. It was an underground tunnel of some sort. I waved my friends over to come see it. I began to climb onto the ladder. Jane grabbed my arm and was about to protest but I held up a finger to my mouth to tell her to be quiet. I climbed all the way down the ladder and looked around. All I could see was one tunnel with torches lighting the way. I

32. turned around and noticed that both Brittany and Jane had followed me. Jane's face was covered in worry and fear; she was obviously trying to come up with a way to talk me into going back to the beach. Brittany, however, was looking down at her new fancy shoes with disgust at how dirty they were. I knew I was going to get chewed out later for making her come down here and messing up her shoes. I started down the gloomy-looking tunnel with Jane and Brittany sticking close behind me. We finally came to a little room-like opening at the end of the tunnel; leaning against the far wall of the tunnel was this long full body length mirror.

"Oh come on! You have got to be kidding me, a mirror, really?" Brittany walked right up to the mirror, then turned and gave us an irritated look. "We came all this way only to find some dumb old mirror? What are we in, some twisted version of Snow White? Oh mirror, mirror on the wall; Who is the fairest of them all? Well, I already know that! I am! So how about this dumb mirror gives me a wish instead?"

"If you make a wish you must pay the price girly." We all gasped and moved away from the mirror which had just spoken with a scruffy old-lady voice, but no one appeared. Brittany busted out laughing, then approached the mirror once again.

"Ha! This is clearly just some dumb trick to scare away kids." She looked back at us. Jane and I were terrified and hugging each other on the other side of the room. "Come on guys, don't be such wimps! Fine, I will prove to you that this is all a trick and nothing will happen." She turned back to the mirror. "Ok magic mirror, I will pay your price for one wish. I want to have the most stylish clothes every day for the rest of my life. Clothes that no one will ever be able to beat."

"As you wish dearie..." said the mirror. As soon as it spoke Brittany's outfit was suddenly changed into an adorable designer dress with a matching purse and shoes to complement it. Brittany squealed in excitement at her new outfit, oblivious to the fact that her wish had actually come true and it wasn't just a trick. "Now my dear it is time to pay the price for your wish, and as payment I want ... your soul and all your years of youth!"

"What? No! I can't. I won't!" shrieked Brittany, but the mirror wasn't about to take *no* for an answer. From the glass in the mirror an old witch leaped out and tried to grab Brittany, who tripped and was now trying to get away as the witch that dragged her toward the mirror. This snapped Jane and I out of our terrified trance and we realized we must help our friend.

Jane grabbed Brittany's arms and tried to help her escape the witch's grip. I was frantically trying to help until I got an idea. I grabbed a big rock and threw it at the mirror. The glass shattered and pieces fell everywhere to the ground. The evil witch screamed and slowly her body began to turn to dust, which was being absorbed by the shards of glass. We didn't notice that she still had a grip on Brittany's ankles. We were too late; Brittany began to slowly turn to dust along with the old witch.

"Finally! I will be young and strong again, and I will return!" screeched the old witch before she fully disappeared – along with Brittany.

Jane and I ran out of the tunnel and up the ladder, then through the woods as fast as we could, to get away from that dreadful place. We ran home and were too scared to tell anyone else about what happened that night. The police investigated Brittany's disappearance. They asked us questions, but Jane and I knew we could never tell the truth. We never spoke of it again, but there was always one thought that always stayed in my mind, haunting me; what did the old witch mean by "I will return again" and what ever happened to the man who had carried the case?

■ Erin Boyle ■

Instead of waiting for him to open his case and the mystery to be solved, I tap him on the shoulder, with every intention of asking him what in the world he was doing with a five gallon case of water. The man did not react when I tapped him, he simply continued to walk deeper into the woods. I figured he was on a mission and it didn't matter. After all, curiosity killed the cat. But I couldn't seem to turn back. Even if I turned around he would always remain right there in front of me ... walking away. It was like video playing put on repeat, never changing. If I had stopped

moving, he would never get any further away from me. It was terrifying! We continued like this for hours, me asking questions and him continuing to walk away. I gave up and followed him. Trying to run up and catch him only to end up in the same spot.

Finally we stopped.

"Hmmm..." the man thought. He stretched his head and looked around the area, as if wanting to see if this was the place to stop.

"Where are we?" I asked

"Shh." He hushed me and began walking around this big tree. It was one I had never seen before! I know the trees here on Beaver Island, I know that if there was a tree that was as magnificent as this one, it would be a tourist pit stop, but it wasn't. This was the Tree of Harmony. I had only ever read about it in books and drawn it for fun but never did I ever expect it to be real.

Slowly ... he opened the case and pulled out a sack of seeds. Throwing them everywhere, it was insane and pure madness, this man was not here to improve the environment. Every place a seed landed, the ground covered it and became sickly blue. The vines sprouted out like extensions from the earth, grabbing hold of all the nearby life. Hours passed with the vines taking control. Finally at dusk the man spoke.

"Do you know that this is Celestial?" he smirked in the fading light. "This is not Beaver Island anymore but rather a neighboring dimension. Here Beaver Island is an abandoned place. It holds too much of nature's finest creations to ever allow human life to live here. This tree, the only one of its kind, is what protects *this* island, keeping it out of people's minds and not allowing anyone to know about it, yet somehow you can draw it and know exactly what it is.... How is this?"

"I don't know...."

"Not the right answer," he said, and suddenly, the vines which had stayed away from me began surrounding me.

"This happened a hundred years ago ... and so the man returned again to check on Celestial's imprisonment and the alternate universe where the other Beaver Island still lies, covered in vines."

"Hahaha, okay Granny, that's just some crazy story isn't it?" said A.J.

"Some says it's real others say it's a

myth," she said.

"Okay...well let's go fishing!"

"Haha, alright."

And so, A.J. and Granny Smith went out to enjoy their last day of camping by fishing on Lake G.

■ Jewell Gillespie-Cushman ■

The man was moving through the woods dragged the big case as though it weighed nothing. My friends wanted to convince me to stay back and not get involved. Even though they were trying to convince me, their own curiosity got the best of them. They followed me through the woods at a safe distance from the mysterious man. We followed him for what seemed like hours, over hills and across streams, through fields and down trails.

They decided to stop and take a break, seeing how it was almost dark. We did not want to go back in the dark, and they were in the middle of nowhere. We decided to camp for the night, and found a small clearing out in the woods; they put up their tents and started a fire.

My friend John went out to get more firewood, but that was four hours ago. We got worried and searched the woods around the camp for him. We found nothing but a piece of his ripped shirt and some blood on the ground.

I went back to camp to meet up with the others, but I only found the tents cut up and smashed, and on fire. The camp was destroyed. I spent the next few hours looking for the rest of the group but much to my dismay I did not find one person. I was about to give up and head back for help when I saw the man with the case walking through the

woods, it seemed like it was heavier, like he had put more stuff into it. This made my heart race after seeing all of the blood the ruined camp and now this man again. Who was he? Why was he here? I heard a rustling in the woods behind me, and turned to see what it was but it was too late. The man knocked me out. The next thing I know I was waking up in a shack in the woods, tied to a chair, and no one was around.

All of a sudden I heard footsteps, and the man with the case entered the room, with all of my friends. Even John, who I thought was dead. They told me everything was all planned out and it was all to get me here to see this man. The man opened his case and inside it was nothing, nothing at all inside the case. The man told me I was going into the case to be dragged around for the rest of my life. Now I know what was in the case before: a dead body.

■ Emily Boyle ■

The case was almost as big as him, yet he carried it as though it weighed nothing. His stride never broke as he marched up the beach and into the woods. "Guys, I have to go to the bathroom," I remarked offhandedly. Some nodded in acknowledgment, but conversation continued on. I ducked into the woods, pretending to look for a suitable tree. The man certainly made no effort to be sneaky; he sounded like a bear stumbling around after too much to drink. But I could not see him.

The noise grew louder and louder until I thought he must have had ten other guys with him. But he was still nowhere to be seen. All of a sudden, I

wandered into a little clearing. In 33 the center, the case was laid on the ground. I threw a quick glance over my shoulder and scanned the clearing twice before I hesitantly approached the case. Why would he have left it here? It didn't appear to be locked. Oh God. I thought. What if it's a bomb? I can't just leave it here. Carefully, I unclipped both of the latches and slowly lifted the lid. There was nothing inside.

This made absolutely no sense. There was literally nothing in the case. It looked like a black hole. Again, I surveyed the area. There was no sign of the tall, dark, potentially handsome man. I reached into the case. Nothing. I picked up a rock and dropped it inside. It fell away into the darkness. I listened for a clunk, or a thump, or any noise that would tell me it had hit the bottom. There was none.

I leaned over the case, sticking my head inside. Still empty. That is when I felt two hands push on my back. My stomach dropped as I fell into the seemingly infinite blackness. Flipping over in the air, I caught a glimpse of light, of my world. I also saw the blank face of a man staring down at me.

Emily has been gone for a few months now. There was no sign of her. The reports of all her friends matched, but it still made no sense. She had left a picnic to go to the bathroom....Then poof, gone. The special detective sat on the beach, trying to extract any leads from the few facts he had gathered. In the distance, he saw someone carrying a case. It looked like a girl. The case was bigger than her, but she carried it with ease. The detective stood up, following the stranger into the woods.



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## 34. HOW TV RUINED ME

I could, as easily, have titled this "How TV Saved Me" and backed up that idea as well.

I read an interview recently with a big-hearted, family-oriented celebrity who had grown up in drastically different circumstances. When asked how she arrived where she was, from such a dysfunctional background, she quickly answered, "The Cosby Show!"

I understand completely.

It seems like I always knew my family wasn't average, but had no idea what a "normal" family looked like or how its members behaved. I looked to television for information. Did other families interact like the characters in *Father Knows Best* or *The Donna Reed Show*? I assumed they must.

Unrealistic as it was, TV still succeeded in giving me another view. It introduced the idea that other ways were out there. Television broadened my horizons and altered my perspective. I managed to filter through all of the first-hand experiences and information that came to me from other sources, to develop my own sense of normalcy.

My life is pretty simple.

I live alone, and don't like doing dishes. My standard rule has been, "One pan; one dish" for mealtime. Dinners often consist of buttered noodles and broccoli with Parmesan cheese, scrambled eggs with peppers and onions, or pasta with tomatoes.

These were all recipes gleaned from my mother's cache of meatless Friday side dishes. All were tasty, colorful and easy to prepare.

Pasta and tomatoes, for instance: Boil water; add any pasta and cook; drain; add a can of stewed tomatoes; heat through. Done!

I'd often eat with the television for company. One half-hour of news, then Jeopardy. If I wasn't working, I'd enjoy my coffee while watching CBS Sunday Morning. Every now and then another show would catch my attention, but I was never particular. If I felt like watching, I was happy with whatever station was coming in best.

When the networks first started talking about "going digital," I thought they were just giving us the information to promote their forward-thinking good sense. Then the President of the United States started talking about it. It seemed to me, he should have bigger things to worry about than our television habits! As the date of the "change-over" neared, public-service announcements, warnings, and instructions became more evident.

Then, there was no television. The station that came in fuzzy (except on cloudy days, when the picture would come into focus) but had good sound was gone. The station that usually had a good picture with one white line scrolling through it was gone. The station that had good picture and sound but offered only infomercials ... gone.

No news. No Jeopardy. Nothing!

That grabbed my attention.

I scrambled for the advice and information I'd been ignoring for months.

A black box was the first step. Ken Taylor offered me one, free of charge. Someone else helped me hook it up. Still, no reception.

A call to the 800 number provided gave me the news that my television set – less than five years old – was too outdated for the new service. I bought a new digital TV set, hooked the black box to it...and still got nothing. Another



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call; a new digital antenna was the next thing I needed. One hundred dollars for that, doubled by the time I hired someone to hook it up to my new television and mount it in my attic ... and still no service.

This time, the folks at the other end of the 800 number – perhaps sensing that I was at the end of my patience and spending ability – admitted that, actually, my little house in the woods on the old Fox Lake Road was too far from the nearest digital signal. Satellite was my best bet.

I decided I could live without television. A world of new possibilities would open up with all of the extra time I'd have! I am a reader, a walker, an artist, a gardener, a writer. I would use the time, and be all the better for it!

This plan worked wonderfully ... and lasted about three months. Then, with a little bit of birthday money as incentive, and facing another winter alone on Beaver Island, I opted for satellite television.

I quickly learned that there was always something to watch. Old episodes of Gunsmoke or Bonanza reminded me of sitting as a family around the large console television when I was a child. There were channels devoted to nothing but old television shows! It was an adventure in nostalgia, as decade after decade of my television memories were offered up. There were channels dedicated to history, science, animals, and exploration. There were channels for nothing but home decorating and remodeling.

There was the Food Channel.

That quickly became my very favorite, with ever-enthusiastic handsome and beautiful chefs dishing out information

on every meal of the day, plus snacks, cocktails, and desserts. Everything looked delicious. All of it seemed "do-able." It changed my life!

Now, when I come home from work to prepare a light dinner, I may start by chopping an onion into fine dice. After sautéing it slowly in a mixture of olive oil and butter until it's soft and translucent, I'll crush and chop a clove or two of garlic and add it to the pan. Fresh tomatoes, cut in half and seasoned, will be roasted in the oven to enrich their flavor, then run through the food mill to remove seeds and peel before being added to the onion/garlic mixture. This will simmer for twenty minutes or so, with a rub of sage, a pinch of tarragon, fresh basil, and parsley.

This is the time to make the pasta. I put my big spaghetti pot on the stove to bring salted water to a boil. I measure a heaping cup of flour into a large, shallow mixing bowl, add two eggs and stir with a fork until it holds together, adding a few drops of water if needed. I cut the dough into quarters, flour the countertop well, and roll each piece out thinly, then cut it into squares or strips. I toss the pasta gently with flour to keep it from sticking together, and set it aside until the water boils.

I cook the pasta in batches until done "al dente," then add it to the tomato sauce.

Now that I have satellite TV, this is a simple dinner. I have dirtied at least three pans, one bowl, a cutting board, and assorted knives, forks, and spoons. Flour coats the countertop.

The finished product? Pasta and tomatoes. Just like before.

—Cindy Ricksgers

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## 36. BEAVER ISLAND EVENTS

March 15 – **St. Patrick's Day** games on Beaver Island

May 17 – **Citizen of the Year** Banquet

May 24-25 – Dedication of the new **Beaver Island Birding Trail**

May 25 – 4<sup>th</sup> Annual **"Gail's Walk"**

3:00 pm start at the public beach.

June 21 – **BI Bike Festival**

July 16 – **Garden Tour Benefit**

July 17-19 – **Beaver Island Music Fest**

July 21 - 26 – **Museum Week**

July 23-25 – **BIHS Art Show**, at the

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 July 25-August 3 – **Baroque on Beaver**

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**PORT ST. JAMES LOTS 607 AND 608** - A block from the Font Lake boat launch. (231) 675-2514.

**ADVERTISE A PROPERTY FOR SALE** — call (231) 448-2476 or email details to [beacon@beaverisland.net](mailto:beacon@beaverisland.net)

**SAND BAY - "BAY HAVEN" COTTAGE - WEEKLY RENTAL** - Lake Front, Sandy Beach, 5 br, great view, laundry. East Side Dr.—only 4 miles from town. Awesome sunrises—walk to beach is straight and flat out the lower level. No pets and no smoking. Please email [lauriesbos@chartermi.net](mailto:lauriesbos@chartermi.net) or call Laurie Bos at (616) 786-3863 Photographs of Bay Haven can be seen at: [www.bayhaven.beaverisland.net](http://www.bayhaven.beaverisland.net)

**LOCH WOOD SHORES** - About four miles from town on the beach of Sand Bay. 3 bedrooms, 2 with double beds, 1 with two twin beds, one and a half bath, w/d, full kitchen, gas grill, large deck that you step off onto the beach, gas fireplace, and a gorgeous view of Lake Michigan. Call (231) 448-2733 or 448-2499.

*Beaver Island Rental Cottages continued on page 38.*



**A BLOCK FROM TOWN, A BLOCK FROM THE BEACH:** 3 BRs, 1 bath; wireless; \$625/week; call (231) 313-6225 or email [abbieswest@yahoo.com](mailto:abbieswest@yahoo.com) [www.abbieswestcottage.com](http://www.abbieswestcottage.com)



**ISLAND AERIE:** Overlooking harbor next to Nature Preserve, easy walk/bike to town, 3 bath, 4 BR; sleeps 12 w/ 2 king and 10 twin beds, large 1<sup>st</sup> floor decks, 2<sup>nd</sup> floor wet bar and deck, 3<sup>rd</sup> floor game room, all modern amenities and appliances, great for multiple families and groups. \$1800/wk, reduced off-season and extended-stay rates. Call John and Jan (989) 560-8639 [www.islandaerie.net](http://www.islandaerie.net). [Jan@islandaerie.net](mailto:Jan@islandaerie.net)

#### COMBS COTTAGE ON

##### SAND BAY:

Charming beach-front cabin nestled in the woods 50 yards from the water, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, full kitchen, washer/ dryer, queen beds in 3 rooms with two sets of xl-bunks in the 4<sup>th</sup>. Satellite TV. Perfect for families. \$950.

Security deposit. Available June-Sept.

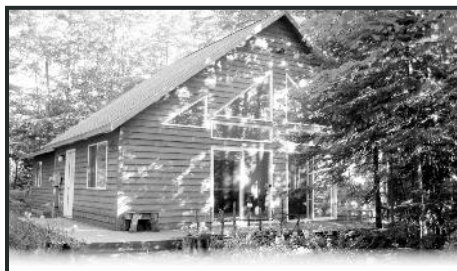
Website: [www.combscottage.webs.com](http://www.combscottage.webs.com) email: [combscottage@ymail.com](mailto:combscottage@ymail.com); or call Nancy at (719) 599-3147



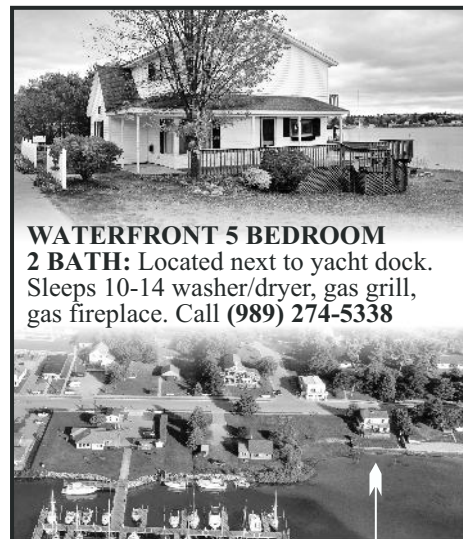
**SECLUDED BEAUTIFUL CHALET FOR RENT:** 10 Acres of pine with 360' of sandy Lake Michigan Beach. 2-BR (including loft), one bath, Great Room with 2 sofa sleepers. Fabulous views of the Lake. Large decks. Sleeps 7. Across from state land and hiking trails. Satellite TV. No smoking. Dogs allowed. \$800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



**WEEKLY RENTAL:** Located close to the Marina with a large yard and a great view of the St. James Harbor. 2-BR (Full/Twin bunk-bed and a Double) also has a large loft with 2 twins. Washer, dryer, linens furnished, and has Dish Network. Ferry pick-ups available. Leave your cares on the mainland and enjoy your stay on Beaver Island in this cozy town home. Kid friendly and pets welcome. Call (231) 838-2883 or (231) 620-3304 to make your reservation for 2014.



**BEAUTIFUL WOODED LOT ON DONEGAL BAY:** conv to beaches, hardwood floors, & cathedral ceilings. This chalet-style cottage is new, bright and airy with a large front room and cathedral ceiling, lots of windows, and double sliding glass doors. Convenient access to the best beach on the island. Only \$725/week. Off-season \$475. Call (517) 927-2374 nprawat@yahoo.com



**WATERFRONT 5 BEDROOM 2 BATH:** Located next to yacht dock. Sleeps 10-14 washer/dryer, gas grill, gas fireplace. Call (989) 274-5338



## The Convent in the Village Beautiful Harbor View

Sleeps 15 - 7 Bedrooms w/ sinks  
Fully-equipped Kitchen  
Beach Access - Great for Multi-Family Groups,  
Family Reunions, Business Retreats  
Open Year Round. Weekly Rental,  
Saturday-Saturday, in season (3-night minimum off-season)

Call 448-2206  
(Pam O'Brien)



**GREAT LOCATION IN TOWN** and perfect view of the Harbor overlooking Veteran's park. Sleeps 8 - 10 with 2 full baths. Full kitchen, washer/dryer, many amenities. \$900 a week. Call for more info or pictures. (231) 448-3038



**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. \$1,500/week. Call Patti Fogg (616) 399-5067 pfogg@charter.net or www.allenfoggcottages.com



**HIGHVIEW - BEACHFRONT HOUSE FOR RENT:** Exciting cottage with view of High Island from large deck. Open floor plan, huge windows on extremely private beach. 2 BRs with 2 full beds + loft with 2 twins. 1½ baths, TV/VCR, W/D, microwave, gas grill, all amenities. \$1200/week; spring & fall \$895. Limit 6 people. Now with wireless! Call (941) 921-2233 or (317) 769-6563 Photos at [highview.beaverisland.net](http://highview.beaverisland.net)



**THE GETAWAY** - 2BR, two bath cottage that now sleeps 6-8 comfortably with the upstairs renovations now complete. The cottage is in town on a quiet back street on Lake Michigan. Enjoy the sunset, the beach and the closeness to town all in one location. Contact Sue at [cabinbythelake1@gmail.com](mailto:cabinbythelake1@gmail.com) \$750/week.

**HOUSE AND CABIN NEAR INDIAN POINT** - Enjoy fine country living. A 2-BR, 2-Bath home @ \$650/month and a beautiful studio in a second bldng @ \$450/mo: phone (231) 448-2575.

**LOG CABIN ON SAND BAY** - pets allowed. 2 BR, 1 bath: \$500. Call (734) 449-0804 or email [dlelzey@gmail.com](mailto:dlelzey@gmail.com)

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**SHORTY'S PLACE:**

In town with a beautiful view of the harbor and our beach lot across the street. 3 bedroom, 2 bath, sleeps 6. Dalwhinnie and McDonough's within walking distance. \$1,200 per week. Call Patti Fogg: (616) 399-5067 [pfogg@charter.net](mailto:pfogg@charter.net)  
Website: [www.allenfoggcottages.com](http://www.allenfoggcottages.com)



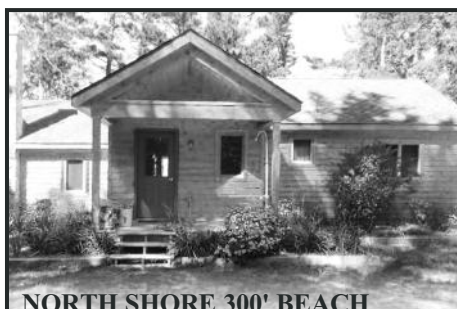
**FOR RENT MAIN ST. 3300 SQ. FT:**  
5 Bedrooms. 3 Baths. In-Town. 1/2 block from ferry - Across from yacht dock. 1 block from public beach. Responsible parties only. Reasonable. Call for info, Kathleen Wood, (231) 448-2311 Home (231) 598-1119 Cell.



**HARBOR LIGHTS:** Unique log home looking out over Paradise Bay. Beautiful views of St. James Harbor, Garden, and Hog Islands. Enjoy the boats from the huge deck, or sit around the fire pit on the beach. Very secluded, sitting among lush cedars and pines. 3 bedrooms with 2 queens and 2 twins. One large bathroom and one half bath. All the amenities you could ever need. Immaculate home with "spectacular" views. \$1,150 a week. Home (630) 834-4181 Cell (630) 995-0507 [harborlightsbim@aol.com](mailto:harborlightsbim@aol.com)

**LAKEFRONT:**

2 bedrooms, 2 baths + large lower level with sleeping for 6. Sleeps 12 total. Washer/dryer, bikes, kayaks, wrap-around porch, views of sunset & Garden & Squaw Islands. \$1400/week. (773) 663-7772.  
Website: [www.LinnsLakeLodge.com](http://www.LinnsLakeLodge.com)

**NORTH SHORE 300' BEACH**

**FRONT:** Newly remodeled Sunset Cabin overlooking Garden Island. Charming cabin with 3 season porch has Queen, Full/Twin bunk-bed and sleeper sofa. Located on Pine Street, easy walk to town. \$1,000. a week June through September. No pets please. Call (231) 448-2050 for more info.

**BACK HIGHWAY CABIN, GREAT IN TOWN LOCATION** - Newly remodeled. Close walking distance to anywhere in town. Sleeps 5 plus a baby crib if needed. 2 bedrooms, 1 bath, futon in one of 2 living areas. No pets please. Reasonable rates at: Memorial day to Labor day, \$600 wk. Early May, September and October, \$500 wk. Contact:

Linda (231) 448-2330 or (231) 330-4156. [lindamcd50@hotmail.com](mailto:lindamcd50@hotmail.com)

**WEEKLY RENTAL** - Lakefront. "The Last Resort" on beautiful Sand Bay. Two bedrooms plus bunks. A bath and a half, w/d, microwave, TV, VCR, deck overlooking Lake Michigan. Phone Bill McDonough at (231) 448-2733 (days).

**ADD A PLACE** - [beacon@beaverisland.net](mailto:beacon@beaverisland.net)

**BIRCH HOUSE ON FONT LAKE:**

Close to town and Donegal Bay, 3 bedrooms, 1 bath, fully furnished home. \$900.00/week. (630) 750-7870 [lhmrcnc@aol.com](mailto:lhmrcnc@aol.com)

## Life in the Beaver Island Archipelago

*If you love Beaver Island, you'll love this book!*



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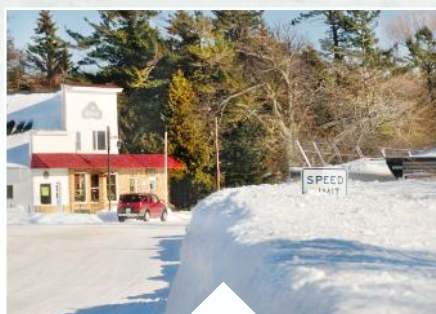
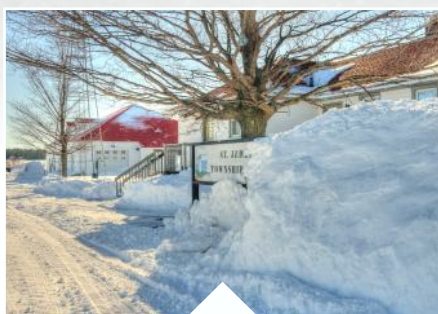
Message \_\_\_\_\_

Please Mail to: Paradise Bay Press . Box 52, Beaver Island, MI 49782

**WATERFRONT HARBOR HOUSE FOR RENT:**

Spectacular view of Paradise Bay! Large home with all the amenities, linens provided. 4 bedroom, 2 1/2 baths, sleeps 8, washer/dryer, fully equipped kitchen, satellite tv. June - Sept. \$1250 a week. Short walk to the Stoney Acre Grill. Please call (231) 448-2235





# B E A V E R I S L A N D M A R C H 2 0 1 4



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