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Beaver Beacon

the Island Magazine since 1955

published by

Archipelago Press, LLC.

Beaver Beacon

Box 254, Beaver Island, MI 49782

(231) 448-2476

www.beaverbeacon.com

editors

Jeff Cashman

jcashman@beaverisland.net

William Cashman

wcashman@beaverisland.net

contributors

Joyce Bartels

Kay Charter

Frank D'Andria

Dawn George

Leonor Jacobson

Tom Payne

Pete Plastrik

Kurt Plocher

Antje Price

Taffy Raphael

Cindy Ricksgers

Frank Solle

Tad VanderVoort

Mike Weede

Fred and Patty

Schoonbeck

Have an interesting Island story? A neat adventure? We want to hear from you!

The Beacon welcomes Island Stories, Articles, News, and Photos. Thanks to all who help us share the beauty and uniqueness of the Island.



NEWS FROM THE TOWNSHIPS

St. James: Nancy Ferguson addressed the Board at its June meeting, campaigning for the Charlevoix County Commission. She said she would improve transparency by pushing for explanatory reports instead of minutes which don't reveal the issues. As a property owner she has a vested interest in our future, and promised to attend a few Town Board meetings every year.

Mary Beth Kur, who is running for Circuit Court Judge) addressed the Board at its July meeting.

The Board moved to continue local administration of the **Critical Dunes Ordinance**. Kaylyn Jones was selected for the Library Board. Cindy Ricksgers was added to the NRESC, although the next month the Board declined to

make a second appointment until the Committee modifies its bylaws to fit its current plans. Warning letters were sent out to owners of dangerous structures.

Bids were solicited for the Yacht Dock roof. The Fire Hall generator was hooked up. The restroom rehab was upgraded; the cost came in less than was expected. An architect was drafting specs for the Fire Hall upgrade. Specs for the Town Hall upgrade were not yet being prepared. Options for repairing or replacing the campground john were discussed – including pulling the upper part off its clogged (with trash) tank onto a new tank (if possible).

Progress at the **Transfer Station:** the new (used) truck was on the way

here. Bids were being solicited for overhangs and heat. The final payment on the tub grinder loan was made.

Northwest Design, the firm which engineered our dredging plan, planned to make a power-point presentation to the DNR to secure the needed funds. A DEQ permit was issued shortly thereafter; now the Army Corps of Engineers permit was being awaited.

The new shape of an Emergency Services Authority was being developed by Rick Speck and Bill Kohls.

In July former township engineer Gary Voogt spoke up from the audience to correct some of the misinformation going around about the **municipal sewer system**. He said the force main had not been broken last winter. The

RESCUE FROM HIGH ISLAND

On July 2nd the Beaver Island rescue forces – the deputy sheriff, the BIFD, and the EMS – received a page that someone on High Island might have had a stroke. The deputy, Travis

Williams, arranged for Eric Fogg to take him, two EMTs, and a paramedic to High on his speedboat, with Eric's dad Mike coming in a second boat, just in case. Eric ran over in little more than ten

minutes. At the same time the Traverse City Coast Guard helicopter lifted off.

The rescue team had been told to look for two beached kayaks on High's east side, but initially they could not be



new clean-outs were only needed because out equipment could not reach between our current clean-outs. If we kept a flow through the line (such as by adding the school to the system, or running water into it from the Yacht Dock), freezing would be prevented. Or the line could be dug up and given a cover of 4" of Styrofoam. Another contributing factor is that some drive-ways crossing the sewer line are not high enough: they're supposed to be 6" above the center of the road where they meet the property line.

The previous problem, the eating away by acid of the tank lid and upper walls, was caused by too much grease entering the tank, he said; if the Health Department's requirement for grease

traps were enforced, the problem would not have happened. After discussing his remarks, the Board asked him to prepare an analysis of the situation, which he agreed to do.

A new problem was presented in July: erosion at the Yacht Dock, said to be caused by recent improper placement of retaining walls on the neighboring property's edge with the lake – specifically, the corners were supposed to be rounded but were not.

Peaine: Nancy Ferguson addressed the Peaine Board, saying she wanted to reinstate the County Recycling Committee. She said she had been involved in getting textiles back on the list of recyclables.

found. Finally some smoke was seen, and the team trekked in to a campsite. The problem had passed, and the victim was reluctant to seek further help, but he was convinced to be transported

back to Beaver Island's Rural Health Center. He was transported by Eric (with Mike bringing his gear), and then met at the dock by an ambulance, which carried him to the BIRHC.

The \$52,000 Michigan Natural Features grant is in place; when added to a grant from the Little Traverse Conservancy and funds from the Fox Lake SW-side developers, the large parcel which includes the ridge will now be public property.

The current assessor was retained, although her proposed contract was modified.

The possibility of **matching the millage rates** set by St. James for agencies owned by both townships was discussed in July. A compromise was suggested: if this happens, change the composition of each managing board to give Peaine an edge proportional to the relative valuations of the two townships. The matter will be studied.

In the morning he boarded the *Emerald Isle*, along with his kayak and camping equipment, which had been delivered by Eric.

6. ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

from Joyce Bartels

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

(Note: Aug. 3, Condi & family left, six chicks. F. Protar)

Charlevoix Courier Wednesday, August 5, 1914 **Circuit Court** sessions: The People vs. Condy C. Gallagher – Violation of the liquor law, Two counts; The People vs. Edward Pratt – Violation of the liquor law – 2 counts.

Charlevoix Sentinel Thursday, August 6, 1914 **Beaver Island News:** “Capt. George Weaver was in command of the Beaver Monday.”

“C. Gilbert, agent for the Citizens's Realty Co. of Chicago returned home after a month's visit looking over their lands, which he reports favorable.”

“Daniel F. Dunlevy of Chicago is here visiting his parents. Dr. A. J. Cox of St Louis, Mo., is here on his summer vacation.”

“Supt. J. W. Greene of Peaine township went to Charlevoix Tuesday on business. Floyd Nash who was a clerk in B.I.L.Co. store moved with his wife and family to Free Soil.”

“Ben Hantz and several of his friends of Rock Island, Ill. arrived Tuesday for a two weeks vacation. Mr. Ben is a great fisherman on our inland lakes.” (Note: Ben. C. Hartz appears in the *Hotel Beaver* register, August 4, 1914)

“Miss Annie O'Malley of Chicago is here visiting her sister Mrs. James Donlevy.”

“The Str. Barge *Schroeder* moved C. C. Gallagher and family to Escanaba.”

“Mrs. Jerome A. Heath who was visiting her sister, Mrs. W. J. Gallagher for a month went to Chicago to visit her son Herbert.”

“The summer people are coming thick and fast. Fine bass fishing on the inland lakes. Manager Wood is kept busy running his launch from the harbor to the city. Ira Campbell and Clare Butler made a trip to the Island last week. Capt. William Kerns of Chicago Fire Engine Co., is here visiting his wife.”

“Don P. Boyle went to Marionette, Wis, for a visit. Hugh P. Boyle went to Charlevoix on business Monday. Dan C. Gallagher and wife went to Petoskey on a visit. Ira Campbell and Clare Butler made a trip to the Island last week.”

“Mrs. Dan Gallagher of Escanaba returned home after visiting friends. Joe Burke went to Escanaba Tuesday for a

visit. Supt. W. J. Gallagher went to Charlevoix on business Tuesday.”

“Miss Burdick of Grand Rapids is here for the summer. Bernice Stephens is clerking in B.I.L.Co. Store.”

“Andy Ross of Charlevoix was here on business part of the week.”

“Ed. Barger of Rock Island, Ill is here on a fishing trip.” (Note: Ed. Berger, Davenport, Ill. appears in the *Hotel Beaver* register August 4, 1914.) (Note: Aug. 1 – 11 Wind SE-N-w, nights to 52 degrees, days to 88 degrees; Jack Floyd died am. F. Protar)

Charlevoix Courier Wednesday, August 12, 1914 **No Beaver Island related news.**

Charlevoix Sentinel Thursday, August, 13, 1914 **Front Page Article:**
SNAKES KILLED HIM

TRIED BEAVER ISLAND TO CURE A LOT OF JAGS AND DIED IN THE WOODS

“The body of William Heilman, a well-to-do saloon keeper of Sheboygan, Wis. was found in the woods near the head of Beaver Island Monday.

Heilman, with a bad case of alcoholism to his discredit, was induced by his friends to board a schooner bound for Beaver Island in hopes that he would be forced to sober up.

Soon after he reached the Island he disappeared. Search for him was without avail and last Thursday the Charlevoix bloodhound was sent for. Turnkey Coon had the dog out two days, but failed to locate the man. Parties in the vicinity of the head of the Island saw him once, and stated that he exhibited signs of insanity, but disappeared.

Monday the dead body of the man was found as above related. The body was shipped to Sheboygan.”

Front Page Article:

WELL KNOWN ST. JAMES VETERAN DIED SUDDENLY MONDAY

John Floyd, a well known and highly respected citizen of St. James, Beaver Island, died of heart disease Monday evening, aged 72.

Deceased located at St. James about 25 years ago, and has held several offices of trust on the Island. He was a veteran of the civil war, having served four years.

He leaves a wife and several grown up sons and daughters.”

Beaver Island News: “Al Sterling, foreman for B.I.L.Co., went to Ludington to visit his wife. Miss L. McCafferty, of Escanaba, who was visiting friends here, returned home Sunday.”

“Mr. and Mrs. Peter O. Gallagher, of Chicago, are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. Gallagher.”

“John W. Cruse, of Honor, was a visitor here last week.” (Note: Jno. W. Cruse, Honor, appears in the *Hotel Beaver* register, August 7, 1914.)

“Mr. and Mrs. Denney, of Grand Rapids, have opened their cottage here. J. C. Gallagher and H. E. Boyle returned home from a business trip to Charlevoix. W. O'Malley, of Chicago is visiting his aunt, Mrs. James Donlevy.”

“Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Lannagan, of Greeley, Nebr., returned home after spending a week visiting friends here.” (Note: T. P. Lanigan & wife, Greely, Neb., appear in the *Hotel Beaver* register Aug. 6, 1914)

“Mrs. Ray Gilden was at Charlevoix last week on business. Frank Scopp spent several days at Charlevoix last week. Oscar Martin went to Charlevoix on business. Mike Cull went to Charlevoix Tuesday. W. J. Gallagher starts for Lansing Thursday to attend the meeting of the State Board of Equalization.” F. Jewell returned home Saturday from a business trip to Petoskey.”

“Capt. John McCann left Tuesday for Milwaukee, Wis., with his tug *Margaret M. McCann* to have some work done on her boiler.”

“John Knight, of Mancelona, State Land Trespass agent, is here looking over state land. Robt. Lusk and I. Warner, of Manistee, are also here looking over their lands. Ford Robbins and wife, of Boyne Falls, with two friends are calling on their friends here this week.”

“W. J. Gallagher starts for Lansing Thursday to attend the meeting of the State Board of Equalization.”

“Lizzie O'Donnell of Escanaba returned home Sunday after spending a week visiting friends.”

“Mrs. H. Ferguson of Alpena returned home after spending several weeks visiting her brothers Frank and James O'Donnell.” (Note: Aug. 12-14 – Diverse storms, 78 – 59 degrees; Aug. 15 -19 Fair; 64 – 76 degrees. F. Protar)



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Charlevoix *Sentinel* Thursday, August 20, 1914 **Beaver Island News:** "A. G. Urquhart, of Boyne City, spent several days here last week." (*A. G. Urquhart, Boyne City, appears in the Hotel Beaver register, Aug. 11, 1914.*)

"Miss Stewart, of East Jordan, made us a visit last week." (*Note: May Stewart, East Jordan, appears in the Hotel Beaver register, Aug. 11, 1914*)

"E. W. Abbott, of Boyne City, Land Commissioner, called on our farmers last week." (*Note: E. W. Abbott, Boyne City, appears in the Hotel Beaver register, Aug. 11, 1914.*)

"Mr. and Mrs. F. Ricks, of Keokuk, Iowa, have returned home after several weeks resorting."

"Mrs. John Vincent, of Manitowoc, is here visiting her family. L. A. Madison, of East Jordan, spent several days here last week on official business."

"Frank Mcwain, of Boyne City, candidate for sheriff, called on the 'boys' here last week."

"Miss Grasselli, of Cleveland, Ohio, is here for the summer with several friends." (*Note: Miss Josephine Grasselle, Cleveland, Ohio, appears in the Hotel Beaver register, Aug. 15, 1914*)

"Albon Smith, of Charlevoix, made a business trip to this place Saturday."

"Mrs. J. S. Tierney and family of Cleveland, is visiting with Miss Grasselli."

(*Note: Mrs. S. J. Tierney & children, appear in the Hotel Beaver register, Aug 15, 1914*)

"Mr. and Mrs. Victor, of Davenport, Iowa, have returned home after spending six weeks at the Graham cottage." (*Note: Aug. 20 – rainstorms, wind E – W – NE, 60 degrees; Aug. 21 – 22 – Ideal, wind W – E, 70 – 82 degrees; Aug. 22 – 23 Thundershowers, wind NW, 64 degrees; Aug. 22, Willi, Big Owen died F. Protar*)

Charlevoix *Courier* August 26, 1914

Front Page Article:

VICTIM OF WHITE PLAGUE

William Gallagher, aged 26, died at Saint James of consumption Saturday. He was the son of Owen Gallagher, cap-

tain at the life-saving station. The funeral took place at the Island Monday."

Additional Locals: "W. J. Gallagher, of St. James spent Tuesday in the city on business."

Charlevoix *Sentinel* Thursday, August 27, 1914 **Beaver Island News:** "Miss Beatrice Gallagher is home for a visit. FR. Malone, of Big Rapids, is here calling on his old friends. Mrs. Charles Ferguson, of Alpena, is visiting her brothers, James and Frank O'Donnell."

"W. J. Gallagher went to Charlevoix Tuesday on business. Geo. Stevens went to Old Mission to make apple barrels."

"James Conner, of Rock Island, Ill., has returned home after a month's visit."

"John W. Lewis, of Boyne City,

Armstrong."

"John C. O'Donnell, of Escanaba, who was visiting his friends, returned home last week. Peter Nelson, of Garden Island, went to Grand Rapids to buy a gas engine for his new boat."

"Mrs. John Floyd and daughter Kittie are at Charlevoix visiting friends."

"George Williams and two sons, of Boyne City, spent Sunday here."

"Frank C. McCauley went to Manistique to work for John Coffey."

"Mrs. M. S. Coshimer and family, of Cleveland, is here visiting her sister, Miss Grasselli."

"Died, Saturday, William O. Gallagher, son of Capt. Owen Gallagher, aged 26 years, funeral held Monday at

9.



called on the 'boys' last week."

"Mr. Bartlett and wife, of Chicago, are here for the summer." (*Note: G. Bartlett & wife, appear in the Hotel Beaver register, Aug. 18, 1914*)

"Mrs. John Malloy has returned home from Grand Rapids, where she was visiting her daughter. Dwight Fitch made us a visit last week."

"Mr. Lane and Geo Bacot, of Charlevoix, has started the Grassilli flowing well again."

"Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gallespie (sic) are at Charlevoix on a visit."

"Mr. M. J. McCann and family made a trip to Charlevoix. Mr. McCann was taking the examination for postmaster. Ed. Pratt went to Charlevoix to see Dr.

Holy Cross church."

"Capt. Owen D. Gallagher, of Chicago, is here visiting friends."

"Miss Othelia Likewess (sic), of Beal City, is visiting friends this week."

"Fr. Tainter of Cleveland, is here on a visit." (*Note: Aug. 24 – 31 Fair; changeable, 2 – 74 degrees. F. Protar*)

Charlevoix *Courier* Wednesday, September 2, 1914 **Local News Briefly Told:** "John Gallagher of Beaver Island spent Saturday and Sunday in the city."

Charlevoix *Sentinel* Thursday, September 3, 1914 **Beaver Island News:** "Matt Melville and wife of Chicago are here visiting Mrs. Melville's mother, Mrs. McDonough."

"Fr. Jewel went to Charlevoix Mon-



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day on business. W. J. Gallagher Jr. spent Sunday in Charlevoix."

"Harold McCann, Joe Floyd, Ulysses McCann spent Sunday in Charlevoix, returning home Monday."

"Mr. and Mrs. Steve Connor, of Escanaba, are here visiting friends. Mrs. Anthony McCafferty, of Escanaba, is here on a visit. Lady Tillotson, of Charlevoix, spent several days here among the Lady Maccabees. Dan C. Gallagher went to St. Ignace for a month's visit."

"John Cheney, of Traverse City,

called on the candy stores this week."

"May Gallagher, of the Petoskey Hospital, spent Sunday visiting her parents. Gus Hause and wife, of Davenport, Iowa, returned home Tuesday after spending two months on the Island."

"E. Pratt, H. E. Boyle, H. O. Boyle, W. P. Boyle and Supervisor Green went to Charlevoix Monday."

"Mrs. Chas Gordon, of Charlevoix, spent Sunday here visiting friends."

"Judge Sullivan and family, of Muskegon, are here for a month." (Note:

Judge Sullivan, Mrs. J. E. Sullivan, 11. & Gertrude Sullivan appear in the Hotel Beaver register Aug. 25, 1914)

"Col. Wickham of the U.S.L.S.S. was here looking up a place to build a station." (Note: D. C. Wickham U.S.L.S.S. appears in the Hotel Beaver register Aug. 28, 1914.)

"Miss Mary Gibson and Grace Gallagher went to Traverse City to go to school for the winter. Wm. Armstrong called on our merchants last week."



BEADS FOR COURAGE

Beads of Courage is an organization that provides arts in medicine programs for children with serious illness. The children receive beads for coping with various operations and procedures. It helps them record, tell, and own their story of courage. It engages them, and gives them hope.

On Tuesday September 9th at 32040 E. Side Dr – "Serenity Now" –

from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. Nancy Peterson of Beaver Island Jewelry will be torching hot glass into colorful beads to donate to this cause.

You are invited to stop by and see how glass beads are made, and if possible make a donation to this worthy cause.

You can sponsor a bead for a child in treatment (\$5) or make a donation to

this 501(c)(3) organization. What you do is pick out one of the beads I've already made, donate your \$5/bead, and I will send it to the Beads of Courage headquarters in Arizona to be distributed to the hospitals in the program.

Please come visit!

—Nancy Peterson
448-2205



12. WELL-DESERVED PRAISE FOR A SUCCESSFUL 4TH ANNUAL

After a slow start to our summer, the 40 attendees of the Wellness Garden Benefit Tour were delighted to explore hidden and not so hidden gems.

After boarding the donated vans (thanks to drivers Becky Uzarski, Rose Benjamin, Jean Kinsley, Frank D'Andraia, Leonor Jacobson, Betty Scoggin, the guests rode out to the garden of co-chair Dana D'Andraia.

A delicious alfresco breakfast was served as Dana explained her love and passion for growing, harvesting, and replanting her extensive dahlia bulbs. Then we wandered down the two-track to the hidden garden of Ed Troutman, the busy volunteer-about-town. His expanse of beach and all the containers of tomatoes

and annuals bring color and warmth that surround his home.

The next two Island gardens were those of Laura Gillespie and Denise McDonough. We all drive by them but



rarely get more than a glimpse. Laura's is her family getaway after a long day of work. She delights in her beautiful bottle

tree, and knows the spot behind her home will be serene and private.

We meandered to Denise and Tim McDonough's home. Denise has devoted each spring to bringing our little community a bounty of instant color! She orders, displays, and sells a limited amount of ready-to-plant mature annuals in front of Dalwhinnies. .

Then came lunch! Thanks to Dana and Eric Hodgson for providing a lovely cool down in the Lodge; what a spread for the weary travelers Chef Simon created and what a wonderful presentation and program our other co-chair Jan Paul put on! Jan thanked everyone for supporting the Wellness Garden, gave out prizes, and mentioned the many workers who toil to keep BI beautiful: the Wellness

Photographs by Taffy Raphael

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GARDEN TOUR BENEFIT

13.

Gardeners (Connie Wojan, Leonor Jacobson, Jan Paul, Dana D'Andraia, Judy Jones, Alana Anderson, Sandy Howell, Betty Scoggins, Jan Nank, Marijean Pike, and Bruce Parker), as well as the devoted professional garden gals: Heidi Vigil, Pam O'Brien, Denise McDonough, and Barbara Rahn.

She thanked Powers Hardware for being there to provide us with the "tools of the trade" as well as much needed shrubs and trees, B. J. Wyckoff for her relentless support, and our other Grand Dames (Sue Welke, Skip McDonough, Marilyn Reed and Ann Broder) for their input and devotion.

After lunch we toured three more garden stops. The first was that of summer residents Bob and Julie Neff. The tour of their home overhanging the

bluff was a delight for all the attendees!

The gardens of Alice and David Crown were next. Their home sits atop a crest of land that has a three-tier deck as well as a number of lovingly maintained



rose and perennial gardens. There's a view of the three islands beyond: Alice's pride and joy.

After an exhilarating tour we ended at the home of Joyce and John Runberg, where Joyce offered a refreshing Victorian Dessert Tea! Thanks to Joyce herself for the pies, Sandy LoDico for her éclair cake, Jean Carpenter for the Nutmeg logs, Leonor for the cookies, and Judy Jones for the brownies. Thanks also to Sandy Lodico for assisting our Hospice Devotee with the dessert serving and prep.

We appreciate all the continued support to help fund the Wellness Garden and its growth over the last five years. We would love to have a few more pairs of helping hands in the garden, so please call one of us if you care to join us in our endeavors. Remember to Save the Date for our next event, July 15th, 2014.

—Leonor Jacobson



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We slowly add to our collection of pots and planters in which much of our gardening takes place. And we limit our efforts to the back, as we plan to expand the log cabin toward the front in a year or two.



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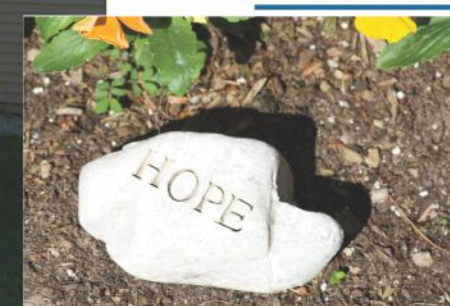
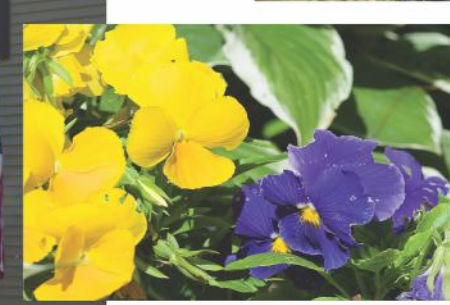
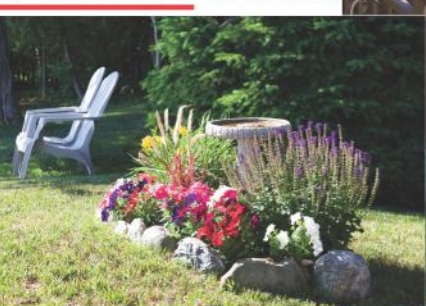
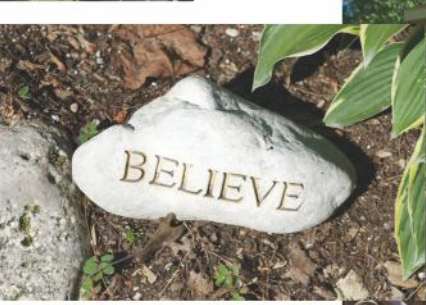
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AN AMERICAN MAN'S GARDEN

Ed Troutman's garden lies 500' or so up the shore, but we'll enter by one of the prettiest back driveways on the Island. It's announced by an abstract wooden sculpture seeming to soar above a bed of impatiens.

Ed's garden began its current form after the house was resided and remodeled with expansive new decks in 2007/08 by contractor Larry Laurain,

whose signature concrete "puddles" mark the way to the back stairs. Ed built the tall raised planting bed surrounded by the circle drive with timbers recycled from the old deck. Ever increasing flower and fruit beds line the drive, and tomato plants in a vintage child's wagon can be pulled into the garage on cold nights. Have we had any of those?

More flower beds greet us as we walk around the house to the front

garden, where a new walkway leads to a groomed beach Ed created for visiting family. It requires regular care.

This is a man's garden. Energy and stamina are needed to maintain beds far from the spigot and across the drive. But while he supplies the brawn, Ed happily credits Linda, his wife of 50 years, with much of the brain and spirit behind it all.





IN-TOWN OASES

Like most Islanders, side-by-side neighbors Laura Gillespie and Denise McDonough have few moments in summer to enjoy their views high across the harbor. Two of the Island's busiest businesswomen, each has still found the time, inspiration, and energy to create a restful oasis for their equally busy families.

While well-kept expanses of lawn run up to their homes in front, they garden in airy yet private spaces to the side and back. We'll begin in Laura's

virtually secret garden tucked behind her house and around garage. Her classic design of turf grass surrounded by deck, flower borders, and containers, and yes, a pond with waterfall, is lightened by creative solutions to garden dilemmas we all face. Welded garden art designed and crafted by her mother and father in North Carolina (former residents Bud and Carolyn Esch), and carefully carried north, bring smiles to every face. Kids love the hammock in front, but their elders prefer to relax on the back deck. All talk of moving and

downsizing ended with the razing of the old rickety, smoking power station across the street and its replacement by the veterans park. The view from the far end of the deck across the park and harbor, and then to the lighthouse and lake beyond, is simply a stunner.

Laura will let us out the side gate so we can traverse the lawn to Denise McDonough's garden, and straight toward one of the most exquisite plantings of annuals you'll ever see. Raised planters surround a roomy well-furnished deck sheltered by the canopy





of a large tree, which is used for family gatherings. Over the years, Tim and Denise blocked the view of the unlamented power station with a thick planting in a front corner of the yard. This feature was kept even after its original purpose disappeared as it provides privacy and a more intimate, focused view through to the water.

Early on, Denise's late father, a turf grass professional, helped the McDonoughs turn their stony rough yard into a healthy and handsome lawn. Its maintenance and clean appearance

remains a top priority to them. While ornamental trees take a battering and don't always make it through the sharp winds of winter, these same winters sculpt trees and shrubs into what can only be called "character" and which Denise often finds pleasing.

Other plants, such as the lovely climbing hydrangea at the corner of the house, appear unscathed. While impatiens and hibiscus are favorites, a deep pink double peony like the one once given to her by her aunt is next on Denise's wish list.

Upwards of 25 years ago Denise began shipping in plants in spring, first for herself and family, and then friends, and then it became her own sideline business. The "day the flowers arrive" in May is still a keenly anticipated event. Even though there are now additional plant providers on the Island, we can thank Denise for starting it all.

With 18-hour workdays in summer not unknown to the McDonoughs, this colorful, manicured, and peaceful retreat is a downright miracle.

Photographs by Taffy Raphael





WOODCLIFF: SMUGGLER'S WAYSTATION/THERAPEUTIC RETREAT

The first surprise is a paved driveway. A lushly planted high stone-walled entry courtyard is another surprise. No one quickly closing the door behind you to keep the bugs out is yet another sur-

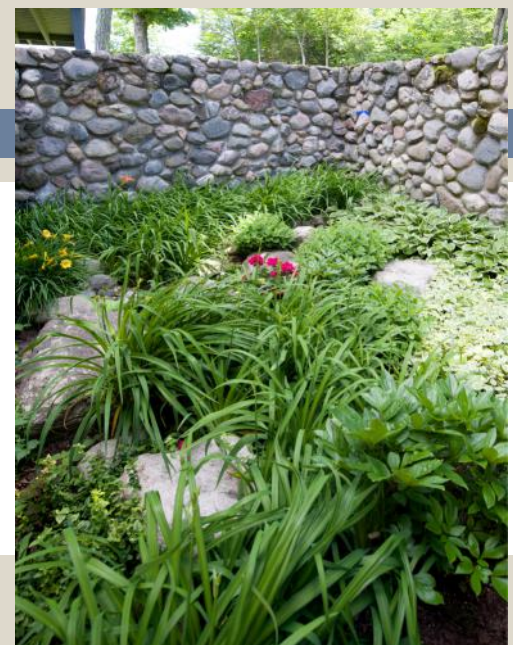
prise. There are few bugs here – just amazingly fresh, wind-blown air. With a nearly 180° view and summertime sunrises and sunsets, this is perilously close to perfection.

And it was a perfect site for its for-

mer owner, who while never seemingly in residence, took in shipments by sea-plane, cached them inside, and moved them in at his convenience. That is, until 35 or so years ago when his plane was caught loaded in Georgia, he was con-



Photograph by Kurt Plocher





Photograph by Kurt Plocher

victed of drug smuggling, and the property went to the courts.

And then it became perfect therapy for Bob Neff, who escaped from constant professional stresses by imagining himself at Woodcliff and designing addi-

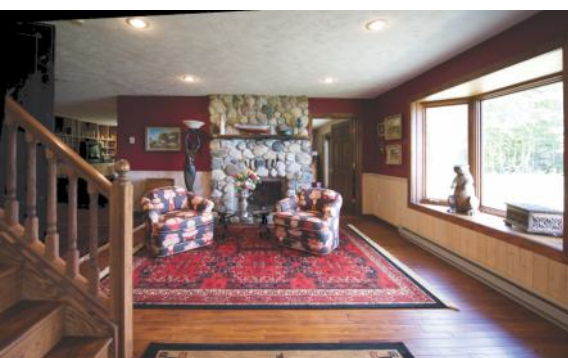
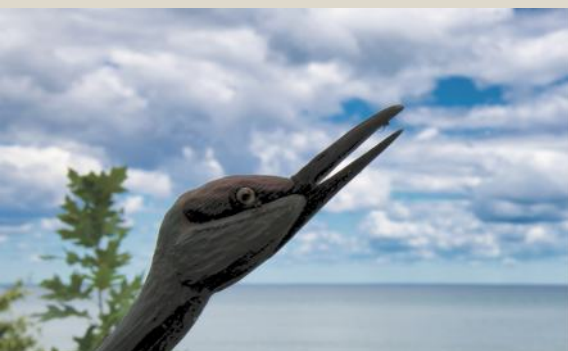
tions to the house.

These therapeutic additions – five in total – are all reality now, and Bob and Julie will tell us the story of the house, its current architecture, and surrounding garden and landscape. They

arrive every June to relax and enjoy.

Finally: birder alert!

Eagles and egrets, swans, ducks and loons also find Woodcliff just about a perfect waystation and home, as well.



Photographs by Taity Raphael





A GARDEN IN THE TREETOPS

After a long and fruitless search, Dave and Alice Crown credit Bill Cashman for finally recognizing the perfect site for their Island home and garden. It was high up and nearly inaccessible. Bill went to the trouble to build log steps up the hill so they could see its potential. Twenty years and a three-building complex later it's hard to believe there was once not one square foot of flat

ground.

Not that there's much in the way of flat ground now. A seemingly limitless array of decks and walkways, and a few leveled areas, are connected by stairs, steps, and paths. Dave builds rock walls for drifts of his favorite yellow-flowered sedum, which started out as a couple of small boxes of starts from a former home. There's a bit of turf grass, but it's not for people. This is for Buddy, an





annual visiting canine member of the family. It's his "pee patch."

Alice grew up in a Chicago apartment, but learned to love flowers from her mother, who took her two daughters to nearby parks on weekend excursions. When land presented itself, Alice started to plant. As the garden matures Alice adds more shrubs and perennials to

replace plantings consisting largely of annuals. But that didn't stop her from bedding out nearly twenty flats of annuals this year.

Many of the decks and paths will be open to our tour. Now here's a word to the wise: Some of you will want to walk off lunch (and dessert to follow) by hiking up the drive, where parking is

limited. Others will prefer a lift up in transportation we will offer. In the garden, not all steps have railings and treads vary to suit the demands of the landscape. So take your time and don't hesitate to ask for a steadying arm. You'll be glad you took the opportunity to enjoy all the views of landscape, gardens, and lake through the treetops.

Photographs by Taify Raphael



Photograph by Kurt Plocher





DEEP ROOTS: DESSERT TEA, AND HOUSE AND GARDEN

In early 2013 one half of a massive twin-trunked white pine crashed from west to east taking out a woodshed and vintage lilac in John and Joyce Runberg's garden behind their home, the McCann House. Its sister was removed more scientifically and just in time by Jim Wojan and crew. John Runberg reckons that pine was a young tree when his grandfather,

John McCann, had the Island's master builder, Charles Tilly, construct this home for them in 1899. Because of the pressures from his new store and dock downtown, the McCann family had to move in before the home was completed. The Runbergs proudly point to interior parquet flooring and other woodwork made without any power tools. John McCann's miter box is a

family treasure.

Some homes are furnished and decorated in a day after a trip to a big box store or according to the latest trendy fashion, but not this one. Almost everything you see has deep Island, family, or spiritual meaning to the Runbergs. John will begin our visit with a tour of the house, which he and Joyce ran as a popular B&B for several years.



IN MEMORY: ANNA MARIE RICKSGERS

Anna Marie Ricksgers, 89, of East Jordan, died Wednesday, May 14, 2014, at Grandvue Medical Care Facility in East Jordan. Funeral Mass was on May 17 at Holy Cross Catholic Church on Beaver Island. The Reverend James Doherty officiated. Burial was in Holy Cross Cemetery.

Anna Marie was born December 2, 1924, on Beaver Island, the daughter of Henry Joseph and Bridget (McDonald) Sendenburgh. She grew up on Beaver Island and graduated from Beaver Island School in the class of 1942.

On November 20, 1943, she married Francis G. Ricksgers on Beaver Island. They moved to Detroit where Francis worked as a carpenter, and at Chrysler, and Anna Marie worked at home taking care of her family. They retired in 1980, and made their home in East Jordan in 1982. Francis preceded her in death on April 22, 2011.

Anna Marie is survived by her children, Donna Jean (Joseph) Gonzalez-Kohn of Shelby Twp., Joseph Anthony (Donna) Ricksgers of Lake

Orion, Mary Ann Martinko of Warren, Erna Louise (Steven) Bridges of Rochester Hills, Susan Bridgetta (George) Dobaczewski of Grosse Pointe Woods; nine grandchildren; ten great-grandchildren; 1 great-great grandchild; nephew William (Ricksgers) Lentini of Selby Twp.; niece, Annette (Paul) Wells of Beaverton; cousin and caregiver, Marilyn Malpass of Charlevoix; many nieces and nephews. Anna Marie's infant son Jude preceded her in death.



TOUR AT THE HISTORIC MCCANN HOUSE

Note the numbered bedroom doors! (Occasionally former customers arrive, looking for lodging – sometimes John and Joyce take them in.)

And now back to the garden, lovingly tended by Joyce. Some plants came from Joyce's former downstate garden thirty years ago. Many of these would have been familiar friends to John's grandmother, Grace, and some

can be traced to her, such as the bright pink climbing rose flanking a new wood arbor. It survived being divided and moved to its current location with the assist of a truck and chain. "You should have seen its roots," says Joyce. It also survived this past harsh winter, but may need another year to top the arbor again. From the pretty front porch around to the back, note the range of

"old-fashioned" shrubs and perennials Joyce cherishes: hepaticas, hostas, lilacs, spiraea, mock orange, lady's mantle, phlox, coral bells, pinks, lavender, and more, along with her collection of the newer hydrangeas.

Then join us for a dessert tea on the back deck and in Joyce's dining room to end our garden tour of Beaver Island's North End.
—Frank D'Andria

Photographs by Taffy Raphael



MARIE JOHNSON

Marie Johnson, 71, of Beaver Island, passed away Thursday, June 10, at American House Assisted Living Charlevoix. She was born April 24, 1943, in Saint John's, Newfoundland, Canada, to Obekiah and Marjorie (Organ) Northcott, and grew up in Glenwood, Newfoundland. She made her home in Roswell, Ga., for thirty years, where she was owner/manager of M&W Lauck Motors. She later moved to Big Canoe, Ga., where she married Elling Z. Johnson on March 14, 1998. After marrying, they made their home

on Beaver Island, and continued to winter in Big Canoe.

Marie was a member of the United Methodist Church in Roswell, Ga., and was active in the Balalaika Orchestra Society in Atlanta, Ga. The Hope Lutheran Church in Ellijay, Ga., and its Pastor, David Smedley played an important role in Marie and E.Z.'s lives, having married them and performed several Baptisms within their family. Most recently, she has been a member of the Holy Cross Church on Beaver Island.

Marie is survived by her husband, Elling Z. Johnson of Beaver Island; son, Russell (Jessica) Lauck of Dahlonega, Ga., and daughter, Angie (Joseph) Peters of Cumming, Ga.; grandchildren, Jenny, and Joseph Peters; stepson, Elling Z. Johnson, III, of Big Canoe, Ga.; step-grandchildren, Lauren Marie, Sarah Joanne, and Brian Kenneth Peet; brothers, Gus (Olive) Northcott, Ted (Glynnis) Northcott of Glenwood, Newfoundland. Marie was preceded in death by her step-daughter, Tonya Lynn Johnson, and sister, Myra Powell.

26. IN MEMORY: "BUD" LEFT

Francis E. "Bud" Left, 85, passed away Sunday, July 6, 2014, at Georgia House in Charlevoix. Bud was born on Beaver Island on June 1st, 1929, the son of Carl and Consuella (Gillespie) Left. Consuella passed away when Bud was 13



days old. He was raised by his maternal grandparents, Frank "Ket" and Maryann (Boyle) Gillespie.

As a teenager Bud worked for Tony Wojan in his steam saw mill, firing the boiler. He also worked in the woods skidding logs with a team of horses. He quit school in the 10th grade. When he was 15

he drove (without a license or a vehicle license) a logging truck for his uncle Jewell Gillespie. One summer he worked for Wilber Martin on his fish tug (the *Evelyn M*) where he got his love for water. When he was 17 he went sailing on the Great Lakes ore carriers, starting as a deck hand and working his way up to wheelsman. Observing what the mates did on watch, he felt he could handle the job. At 25, he went to the Buffalo School of Navigation with his brother-in-law Ray Cull. They both got their 1st-class Pilot's license, which made it possible for Bud to work as an Officer. After serving as first mate he learned what the Captain's job entailed. A few years later he got his first Masters job on the *CH McCullough Jr.* Bud later served as Captain of the *Medusa Challenger* for fifteen years. His service on ships lasted



44 years.

Bud served in the US Army and was a member of the Beaver Island AmVets. He is survived by his children, Vince (Mary Beth Kur) Left, Terry (Patti) Left, Clyde (Lori Snyder) Left, Carla (Paul) Bradley, Connie (Rob) Birdsall, Cindy (Jeff) Novotny; grandchildren, Jamie (Dan) DiCiuccio, David Left; Jake, and Lily Left; Hannah, Nick, and Sean Bradley; Bailey Birdsall, Ryan (Kelsey) Novotny, Matthew (Sonya)

Novotny; great-grandchildren, Liam DiCiuccio; Benjamin, and Madilyn Novotny. Bud's sister's, Anna Mae Driggers, Claire Cull, Sue Hogan, and Carlene Runberg; and brother, Butch Left preceded him in death.

A memorial mass was held on July 10, at Holy Cross Church, and interment followed at Holy Cross Cemetery.

TERESA JANET O'DONNELL

Teresa Janet O'Donnell, of Beaver Island, while surrounded by her loving husband and family, left her Beaver Island home to touch the face of God on Friday, June 27. She was born in Charlevoix on July 24, 1934, the daughter of "Young James" William and Margaret Bridget "Teresa" (Boyle) Gallagher. Janet graduated in 1952 from St. James High before receiving her degree in Education from Aquinas College. She was united in marriage on July 5, 1958, to Richard D. O'Donnell, son of Francis "Frank" Daniel and Helen "Nellie" (McDonough) O'Donnell. She and Richie were blessed with their family of six children.

Janet is survived by her husband, Richie of Beaver Island, children: Diane (David) Westmaas of Allendale; Michael (Anne) O'Donnell of Traverse City; Judy (Michael) Crowell of Lake St. Louis, MO; William (Kendra) O'Donnell of Allendale; Barbara Flowers of Kentwood; and Ronda (Curt) Alber of Grand Rapids, grandchildren Charlie (Ashlie) Flipse, Kelly Flipse; Josh, Heather and Ronnie O'Donnell; Olivia, Chrissy, and Brendan Crowell; Lindsey and Megan O'Donnell; Brittney, Garritt, Kaleigh, Colton Flow-

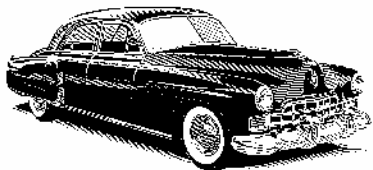


ers, and great grandson, Jordan Flipse, her sister Eleanor McDonough, brother Brian (Dee) Gallagher, sisters-in-law Muggs (Bob) Bass, Beverly (Gary) Cantwell, and Carol (Doug) Bunting, and numerous nieces and nephews. She was preceded in death by her parents James and Teresa Gallagher as well as her angels Bailey Lott and Nadia Flowers.

Janet began teaching at the young age of 21 and continued until bringing home their darling daughter Diane. She began her second amazing career as a stay-at-home mom where she was gain-

fully employed until her passing. She was always happiest giving and sharing with her family. While in Grand Rapids, Janet and Richie were parishioners at St. John Vianney Catholic Church. She volunteered her time, talents, and treasures to both the church and school. She invested her energy in many charities. She was an original member of the Beaver Island Club of Grand Rapids, which has contributed to countless Island projects and organizations.

Richie and Janet retired, sold their house, and returned home to Beaver Island. They became parishioners of Holy Cross Catholic Church, where she was an active member in the Altar Society. She worked tirelessly for the Museums of Beaver Island as well as the Beaver Island Fire Department Auxiliary (Island Treasures). Her fondness of the Red Hat Ladies showed in her enjoyment of each outing. She and Richie spent their winters in Florida but nothing made her happier than her grandchildren and great grandchild. Each one was dear to her. She cherished the times they shared. She was a child of her Savior, Jesus, and enjoyed His "Our Father" that he provided.



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BEAVER ISLAND MARINA

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George "Skip" Arthur Duhamel, 53, passed away Wednesday, July 9, 2014, at McLaren Hospital. His death was unexpected; despite his cancer and other problems, his doctor had led him to believe he had a few years left. He had married Kathryn Nix in Galveston on this past April 18.

Skip was born on May 21, 1961, in Jackson, the son of Arthur and Babette (Patton) Duhamel. He worked hard his entire life, followed in his dad's footsteps, and started fishing by the age of 11. He belonged to the Pipefitters Union Local 798 as a welder.

Skip was very instrumental in Tribal development, opening up unused fishing territories for the GTB. He held the second fishing license out of the GTB with his dad holding the first.

For 20 years he was very active in the conservation of Tribal fishing. Many articles were written about Skip and his father concerning their fishing for the GTB. Skip was also a world class totem carver and jewelry maker. Skip maintained a home on Beaver Island and was active in many Island programs as well.

In addition to his wife, Skip is survived by his children, Desire Duhamel, of Peshawbestown, Jessica Kochin, of Dexter, and Cameron and Alex Shocko, of Peshawbestown; his mother, Babs Duhamel, of Peshawbestown; granddaughter, Lilly Gmoser-Duhamel; siblings, Sandra L. Smith, of Allen, Richard Everhart, of Suttons Bay, Armand Sherman, of Holland, and Mark Sherman, of Lansing; and many nieces, nephews,

friends and family.

He was preceded in death by his father, and his sister, Darlene Sherman.

Skip's body arrived on the *Emerald Isle* on July 16, in a colorful casket adorned with slices of Native American blankets and accompanied by dozens of members of the Grand Traverse Band and other friends. It was met by many others, and taken in a slow procession to Holy Cross Church. Dennis Banks, one of Skip's spiritual advisers, walked near the front, singing and playing his drum. Our priest, Father Jim Doherty, who had been assigned to Peshawbestown previously and knew Skip's family, presided. Afterwards the crowd followed the casket to the Tribal land north of the Stone Circle, where he was buried.

THOMAS QUENTIN THIEME

Thomas Quentin Thieme, 70, died peacefully on Sunday, May 18, 2014, surrounded by family. He was a son of the late Wayne L. and Mary Louise (Rhamy) Thieme. A graduate of South Side High School, in 1962, he attended Indiana University and graduated from International Business College, in 1966.

Tom's love of music led to a musical career starting at age 15 as a bass guitar player with local bands before a 30+ year career as a producer/director. He took great pleasure in travel, the art and science of film and television, hikes, beach bonfires, and sunsets on Beaver Island, where he had a home at Greenes'

Bay. He was the devoted husband of Nita L. (Stomberg) Thieme; beloved father of Kimberley T. (Robert R.) Dixon and Tracey E. (Tim A.) Sheppard; and cherished "Poppers" to grandsons Thomas Edward Dixon, Alexander Thieme Sheppard, Aidan Thomas Sheppard, and Luke Quentin Sheppard.

30. TWO WEEKS AS BEAVER ISLAND'S SURVIVOR MAN

Part 1

Two am with the house in total darkness. Countless trees and power lines were down. The tornado siren was blaring. Rain and wind were whipping. The poison ivy rash on my knees was in full bloom from a river trip a few days ago. The two bald-faced hornet stings (right eye and left hand) were still swelling from a few hours ago. Doubting I'd even make it out of the neighborhood I drove off to catch the 8:30am boat to Beaver Island.

Last year there were five of us for a week. This year it was just me for two weeks. No car. No bike. No reservation. Living off the land and sleeping on it (in a tent). Off the boat I met two young men

on their way to Bill Wagner's Campground. They had more stuff than they and two pack mules could carry so they had to take the Island's transportation service. They saw that I had just a backpack and asked if I was carrying any food for my journey. I told them I had no food save some instant coffee, two coffee cups and some nuts, they snapped a picture of me for themselves and called me "the real deal guy" before we parted.

On Fox Lake I set up my tent out of the way. A large family came in to enjoy the beautiful afternoon and lunch. They were great! They offered a hotdog, a hamburger, a pop and great conversation! Later a small family with a young daughter came in to fish. They asked for

a sinker and gave me a worm. The dad was an expert and I used an inch of worm to catch small perch, some of those bluegills they were catching and a nice size bass. I used a perch to catch a pike. All from shore! Supper was more fish than I could eat cooked over the fire pit where I used the hot charcoal left from lunch to start my fire. No match required!

I trekked to St. James Campground for the 4th of July. I met a fella that worked at a hotel in town and a young couple that came over to the Island on the spur of the moment only to snatch the last and very best camp site! Their story is better than mine. I took the best picture of the other islands and Lake Michigan from their site. And that great family I



alone in the opposite direction with the water levels up. I started walking at 1:30pm and in my mind it felt like a Brady Bunch vacation - sunny and breezy with a happy sound track. I speared 2 large frogs in the first half hour thinking I'd fish with them when I got to Greene's. I left them right on the end of my barbed trident spear.

What happened next is hard to tell and frightening. The ferns around the lakes that were up to my calf were soon up to my chest. The trail that looked like a well groomed swath disappeared into countless downed trees, huge puddles, impenetrable briars and bogs. The few mosquitoes by the lakes got 100 times worse and I was the only thing on the menu! I was soon soaked from sweating due to the added effort it took to climb

over, crawl under, zig, zag, balance, fall and the continuous swatting of dozens of mosquitoes at a time. I was lost.

Part 2

I had to rest often, but the bugs never did. I took compass readings. I looked at my map. A few square miles now looked enormous and daunting. I headed northwest for trails. The terrain was impassable with only short A to B steps at scattered angles. On a mission I moved a good while. I looked up at the end of my spear - the forest had stripped the frogs off the barbs without me knowing. Not good. I checked my bearing - southwest! I almost didn't believe my compass. Not good. And I lost my only bottle of bug spray. Not good!

I had no water (only a filter) and I needed some. And a real rest! At 7pm,

with thoughts still on last year and family, I stomped out a patch of those chest-high ferns to pitch my tent. I resigned to stay lost the night for finding a puddle to drink out of. I stripped out of my drenched clothes and cleaned myself up as I fought cramps in my back, inner thigh and calf muscles. My big toes were numb. At 7:30pm I was in clean dry clothes with a good 2 hours of setting (guiding) sunlight left.

I packed up and packed out anything I hadn't used in the last week save the rain gear and some clean clothes for the ride back to the mainland (I never lost confidence). I knew my father had taught me well. I had prepared and practiced. And I was glad I had used my spare coffee cup. I packed out stuff I used but didn't need - my drenched and dirty

met on Fox was there too. Town was full of friendly people (those working and those relaxing). The parade was very festive. I shared my table and view with new friends that boated over from the Upper Peninsula and they paid for my Petoskey Horny Monks. I was up to my 6th rib catching and releasing four bass out of Font Lake before cleaning up and walking past the library to town for the fireworks and a pizza.

That young couple gave me a ride down to Lake Geneserath where I killed and ate a 48" water snake with 12 snake eggs! Some Kalamazoo College students were there visiting a friend taking classes at CMU. I asked to see on my map where they'd been hiking and they asked to see

my camp and snake.

It was very windy and boats were coming off the lake with little success. I fished the shore and caught pike, bluegills and bass with a visit from a very large snapping turtle. The pike worked itself off my makeshift stringer but the 22+ inch bass I caught on a bluegill I managed to keep and eat with my snake and delicious snake eggs.

In the morning I met a new friend. I offered him a cup of coffee (he was the reason I pack and carry 2 cups). He accepted and we talked about growing up, family, work and fishing as we fished. His daughter being a lot like him answered as many questions about his own youth as it presented for him as a

father now. He offered me some of what he had to drink which I gladly accepted. Rough wind, rain and fear of a tree falling on me got me dressed and out of my tent that night for a short time. I stood in the sturdy outhouse for a good hour before retiring to my flimsy tent. As it calmed down I could hear the waves of Lake Michigan smashing the shores of the island almost a mile away.

Family was on my mind as I broke camp the next morning. The plan was for a four-hour hike on the trails of the Mackinaw State Forest (the big green area on the map) to Greene's Lake. My brother and two of his sons made the hike last year with me in a drought from the north to Geneserath. This year I'd do it



clothes, even my spear staff and coffee. My compromised body and mind needed a lighter load even if the trail was 100 yards off.

By 7:35pm the tent was on my back and I was moving again thinking this is exactly what my brother and I said I wouldn't do. Nobody should. Dad taught me well but taught me first not to get into this situation. By 8:35pm I was totally renewed at the sight of a clear trail and a puddle. I quickly filtered and drank 2 pounds of water and cut a new staff for my spear/walking stick. By 9:35pm and the light of the moon I arrived at Greene's with 13 large speared frogs in a forage bag tied to my belt. By 11pm my fire was coals, my belly was full of 25 frog legs (lost 1 somehow) and my left big toe was still numb.

In the morning I woke to rain, wild turkeys yapping and my face in my open KJV Bible with my flashlight still on. That was awesome - I kept saying to myself as I packed up and hiked back to Fox as planned. I was eager for six more days on the Island. Even in my rain gear and rain I felt great - connected on so many facets to my soul, my family, people, God, nature, the cosmos! A car pulled up and a man inside asked me if I needed a ride or was I walking by choice. I said "Walking to Fox by choice" and thanked him for the offer. I was glad to be back in the thick of friendly people and out of Armageddon.

Part 3

The rain ended and the calm water on Fox excited me like that puddle the day before. Fire, fishing and the return of

my coffee cup friend made the return to Fox fantastic! Again I had more fish than I could eat. I let plenty go, I fed the turtles and a coon or something dragged a pike head out of the water for a meal. I was glad the fishing came easy. I met the young man that worked at the library and his young family. We talked about his work, family, Ireland, the Island and fishing. He and his little boys were reeling in perch left and right. His wife held their youngest while watching and talking. I of course used a perch to fish for pike and bass.

I couldn't walk to Barney's Lake without stopping at the coffee shop by the airport. Outside I met the owner's daughter. She was packing up from the farmers market and bake sales they just had. She gave me two homemade

32. chocolate chip cookies. It was that time of day between breakfast and lunch so I asked her which I should have inside. She brilliantly said "both." So I sat inside and took my time with a perfect breakfast. And a lunch! The owners and crew inside were funnier than any prime time comedy as they talked the entire time about a single to-go order that went amiss. The fault truly seemed to be the communication between the customer that called it in and

the customer that was to pick it up. There were more wild turkeys and a rabbit on the way. I left my pack at Barney's public access and walked up to the house to ask them where the land was that was recently donated to the nature preserve and where I might camp for a night or two. A big black bear of a dog and a white haired couple came out to greet me. The place and them looked like a million bucks each (and might very well be). They knew about the land - they owned it

in the past.

We talked and they offered the best slice of heaven on earth for me to camp on for the next two nights - their private property right on the point of Barney's Lake! It was paradise. It was going to be colder those nights so I laid down a bed of those calf-high ferns and leaves under my tent for insulation before I put it up for the last time. It was very windy but I still gathered wood to burn as I did every night to cook my catch on. I prepared



you and goodbye to the gracious white haired couple and big black bear of a dog. They completely spoiled me with their property and hospitality but I thanked them anyway. They said we might see each other down in Florida (call me). I made it to Four Corners in no time and breakfast was a large coffee and a homemade to-die-for cookie the owner had made that the fine young lady working there gave me. We talked about

her Eagle Scout son and that he too was once lost in the state forest for six hours! At The Brother's Place I sat my pack down, relaxed and chatted with the family running the show. They shined with love for their rustic place, the Island and their guests. I was so welcomed and cared for. In town I went where the artists gather to pick up some gifts and a painting but the artist that had the painting wasn't there (I still want that

painting). I went through every shop looking for something specific my brother wanted. I found it at the Community Center. The happy lady behind the counter recognized me from last year's story in the Beacon and was excited to have this story told this year. I was still covered in campfire smoke, fish stink and dirt but promised to get her a story with some of my pictures and she helped me count my souvenirs.

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everything then took a long nap outside with my face to the lake and the sun. The owners told me right where to fish and I didn't want to get out there too early. Last year we had no luck because the water was so low. This year the water was up but the hard winter I was sure killed off plenty of fish. Still I expected success.

I fished that point until sundown only to catch 1 small perch that slipped out of my tired hands before I could put it on a bigger hook as bait. Instead I fished

my way back to camp with a small spinner. Each cast was to be my last. Then WHAM! In the thin shallow weeds a big hit and a big fish! I battled a 15 1/2" bass and did not let it slip out my hands. I started my fire, cleaned, cooked and ate him up in the wind and moon light.

The next day (my last in the woods and a tent) I walked around the entire lake enjoying the immaculate scenery, eating berries, scouting and catching only the largest frogs for bait. Not

spearing them but using a stick with some line and a hook to catch them live. The turkeys and rabbit of days ago were replaced by deer and a very majestic Bald Eagle. I was pleasantly pooped from soaking up the day. When it came time to fish I made just a few casts before having 12 big frog legs for supper - and I was sure not to lose any.

Part 4

In faith I skipped the rain gear the next morning and walked up to say thank



The shower was hot and long. I sat in my room (The Beaver Island Room at Brother's) and cleaned my hands for an hour! I was cleaned up, feeling good and ready for some night life. Part of me thought to head back to the woods but I found myself with a live band, a horde of boodlers and somebody else's cooking in front of me. I ran into the fella that worked at one of the hotels. We caught up a bit and agreed to look for each other

next year. Who knows maybe the waitress that was up for the season staying with her grandma will be there too.

A great night sleep, a full breakfast and great conversations at Brother's were favors on top of favors to me before heading to the boat Sunday morning. On the boat I sat next to a large family. I had already seen some of them back at the coffee shop days ago. I remembered they

were going fishing on the big lake so I asked about it. The patriarch showed me a picture of a grandson holding a whopper trout. I mentioned my catches and showed off the gills, but everyone gathered to see the snake and snake egg pictures. This trip was really great for me but next year I might just come with some family and friends for a boodle fest.

—Tad Doerr
VanderVoort Jr.

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Never keep a garden!

As children, my brothers, sisters and I said it as a promise:

“When I grow up, I will never keep a garden!”

We also complained, “They make us work like slaves in the garden!”

I smile, as an adult, at that exaggeration. Now, when I tell of working in the garden as a child, I say that my parents treated us like their own little crew of migrant workers.

Our season began in earnest as soon as school was out for the summer. Up in the morning early, before the sun was too hot, we were sent to weed the rows. We worked on hands and knees, to get in close to the plants where the rototiller couldn't reach. No hoe or trowel or

garden fork that a child might carelessly damage a plant with, we pulled weeds with our bare hands only. The clay soil held tight to every single root! We were warned, too, to be sure to get all the roots, to be careful of the vegetable plants, so tiny and delicate, and to pull every weed, not just the larger, easy to yank, grasses. No walk to the market to return bottles for candy and peanuts, no chance of going down to the Hilltop beach to cool off in the water, not even a glass of Kool-Ade under the willow tree until “significant progress” had been made.

My mother was a strict judge of “significant progress.”

In the evenings, the hose was run from the big sink in the back room, out

the door to the cement porch. There, we filled our containers and ran, to water every single plant. Sprinkling cans for the rows of lettuce and carrots, peas and beans; buckets to dump at the base of each tomato, melon and squash plant. We had to work quickly, as the hose leaked where it was attached to the faucet. It was a terrible discouragement to finish with the watering and hear, “Well, you guys have let water drip all over the place. You'd might as well mop the floor now.”

Summertime, if Dad had a Sunday off work, he'd take us out on the pontoon boat.

Lake Nepessing was just across the road and down the hill from our house. It was generously filled with seaweed



that Dad liked for mulching his pumpkins, winter squash and tomato plants. He had welded together a giant gathering fork that hung down into the water from the front of the boat. As we trolled through the lake, the fork gathered the weeds. When it was full, we'd use the chains to haul it up and empty it onto the deck. The biggest boys - my brother, Ted, and Topper's boy, Brad - usually did the hoisting. My sister Brenda and I, and some of the bigger little girls, would help to scrape the weeds onto the boat. Any child so small that they might slow our work by sliding into the water could not step onto the deck. We repeated this process over and over, around and around the lake, until the deck was piled high with heavy

seaweed. When the boat was listing precariously in the water, when the pontoon seemed clearly in danger of capsizing and it looked possible that our load was going to slide back into the water, it was time to call it a day.

Back to the dock; secure the boat. We'd unload seaweed with a rake, a pitchfork and even with our bare arms onto the dock. From there into bags and boxes and burlap sacks that we then hauled up the steep hill and across the road and into the garden.

Not knowing any better, we called this, "going boating with Dad."

As the season wore on, picking vegetables was added to our chores. Peas were a pleasure, as they were some of the first things to ripen, and we were

allowed to eat them raw. Beans were a never-ending, back-breaking job that we never could seem to keep up with, and that ended with helping in the kitchen to prepare them for canning. Tomatoes, too, guaranteed a long day in the kitchen after picking. We brought them in by the bushel basketful, to process twelve quarts at a time in the big kettle. Stewed tomatoes, sauces, beets and beans and pickles...the work continued well into fall...

Never keep a garden!

I say it now, as a warning.

If you keep a garden, your days and your dreams will be filled with issues of weeds and water and waste. Winters, garden books, graph paper and seed catalogues will surround you, as you

36. plan for the next year's planting.

I know.

I speak from experience, as I broke that promise to myself.

I keep a garden.

I have issues with weeds. There are always too many, and I have mixed feelings about them.

The wild daisies and black-eyed susans I leave, for as long as they look pretty. They grow in the pathways and rows. Their flowers pop up from the rhubarb patch and among the squash leaves. When the blossoms are gone and they start looking ragged, I pull them up. Ruthlessly. Yet I'm always

pleasantly surprised to see them come back the next year. Milkweed is only a problem when it grows in my garden...which it always does, and probably always will, as it grows prolifically in the field beside my garden, and sends its seed over by the thousands. It is a battle I accept, for the sake of the Monarch butterfly, and the lovely scent of milkweed flowers.

Purslane was a weed I grew to hate as a child, for its creeping spread, and roots that were impossible to pull. Here, in Beaver Island's sandy soil, purslane is much easier to handle; I hated it mainly out of habit. Then I heard that it

was edible...and delicious...that it could be used to thicken soups and sauces...that its leaves could be pickled...that a salad of purslane leaves cost twenty five dollars in New York City. I tried it and liked it. I decided to encourage the weed. It has not grown well in my garden since!

The plant that my aunt calls "cheeseweed" never grew in my garden...until I transplanted it there from her yard. When I was a little girl, my Grandpa Ted walked me around his yard, looking at different features. He pointed out that plant, showed me that the leaves could be eaten, that the



to Thomas Jefferson when he rants about insect pests, to Celia Thaxter gathering sweetpeas for their scent, to Henry David Thoreau, E.B. White and Vita Sackville-West when they speak of their gardens, as if they were sitting here with me today.

Gardening keeps me connected to my father, gone now over fifteen years.

I remember the first little garden he helped us plant. I can picture him, still, cutting in the furrow with the hoe and letting us - tiny children - measure with our hands the distance to space the seeds, then helping us to cover them

over and tamp down the earth.

Dad was not an easy person for me to talk to, but the garden was always a welcome subject.

He's not the only one!

I remember a day many summers ago when Peter "Doney" and his wife, Dolores, came to the island. They were late in arriving that year, as their oldest daughter had recently succumbed to cancer. Throngs of Beaver Islanders were on the dock that day, to greet them and offer their sympathy. Dolores took it all in stride: the hugs and tears and words of comfort. Peter was not

comfortable. His face was set in a grimace; he seemed to wince at every encounter.

Russell Green, the ferryboat captain, strode across the dock. He reached out his arm for a handshake and said, "Peter! Good to see ya! How're your tomatoes doing?"

Peter's face broke into a wide smile.

"Well, by the god...a damn sight better'n yours, I'll betcha!"

When Dad lay dying, his sister - my Aunt Katie - came to the hospital.

"How's your garden doing this year?" was his greeting.

flowers had a touch of sweetness, and that the buds were nutty and very good. It grew wild in our yard, too. I never had a name for it, but would often pick the buds to munch on. Years later, I was thrilled to see it growing in Aunt Katie's garden. "You're crazy," she told me, "that weed wants to take over." She may be right; it does tend to want to dominate an area. I just pulled up several offspring that had spread to my tomato bed. And yet, when the flowers bloom and its branches are full of the nutty tasting buds, I would swear I can feel my Grandpa's hand enclosing mine.

Water is always a gardener's

concern. It seems there is always too much or too little.

And what does "waste" have to do with a garden? Well, if you have ever cancelled plans in order to process tomatoes...or begged your neighbors to take some of the surplus zucchini off your hands...or learned to cook radishes because you honestly can't stand to eat another one raw...you know! Home-grown vegetables that you have nurtured from infancy can never just be discarded! The fear of being wasteful is what keeps a gardener up all night processing home-made piccalilli...for every single person on her Christmas

list.

37.

In the winter, It's time to plan for spring. I agree with Thomas Cooper, who said, "A garden is never so good as it will be next year."

Someone once told me, "well of course you're a gardener...you're a Virgo!" Evidently, because Virgo is an earth sign, those of us born under that star should have a strong connection to the soil.

Well.

I garden for the connection to the earth, yes, but also for the connection to other gardeners everywhere. Not only presently, but through time. I can relate



That's what they talked about, in the last hours of his life: the amount of rain, the chance of early frost, and that damned quack grass.

Still today, when I'm out in my garden, I keep a running conversation going with my Dad.

He has opinions.

"Too many flowers! They aren't much good for anything anyway, since you can't eat them."

"Bush beans would do better than pole beans, with the short season on Beaver Island. Pole beans waste too much time sending up their runners."

"Getting a pretty good crop of weeds growing there!"

Of course I have answers. I like the way the garden looks with flowers intermixed with vegetables. I love watching the pole beans twine up the supports. Now that my grandchildren are too big to sit inside the pole bean tepees, I find that salad greens appreciate the shade provided there. As for weeds, I don't have a herd of small children to pull them for me. I keep the responses to myself, though...I'd hate to silence my father's voice.

Gardening is a connection to my

mother, who would accept our meager bowls of berries or beans and figure a way to incorporate the little bit we hadn't already eaten fresh into a dish for the whole family.

Gardening is a connection to my children who, when I realized children were enriched by watching things grow, caused me to abandon my plans to "never step foot in a garden as an adult," and helped me to know that we all benefit from getting our hands in the earth.

For all of this, I keep a garden.

—Cindy Ricksgers

38. START YOUR PEDALS!

The story of the Beaver Island Bike Festival, held June 20-21, can be told by the numbers:

5: the fifth year for the festival, which started small and iffy and is growing and confident.

130: the number of people who registered and paid a fee to participate in the festival – nearly all of them visitors to the Island.

40: the number of miles in the around the Island bike route.

“This was the biggest, best festival

yet,” says Bill McDonough, who helped start the event in 2009, rides the route (the long version), answers the many questions newcomers to the Island have, and keeps track of the festival's benefits for the Island community. “It's so much fun to meet so many people who've come to the Island for the first time. They find it unique and intriguing.”

The event's not a race. It's a casual ride with stops at Donegal Bay (mimosas and Bloody Mary's were served), Paradise Bay Coffee Shop, the Light-

house School, and the Bill Wagner Campground (for a lunch of sub sandwiches, fruit, beverages, and cookies), before returning to St. James. “The mosquitoes weren't a problem” – says McDonough – “if you kept moving.” Registration on Friday night was accompanied by live music and Saturday night, after making their way along the Island's roads and trails, riders had dinner on the Shamrock deck (part of the \$65 registration fee that also includes transport on the ferry) and



ON THIS DATE

Ten Years Ago: On July 3rd three dozen people gathered in front of the BITA Building for the dedication of the Town Clock, presented by Larry Malloy. Supervisor Don Vyse accepted the gift on the behalf of the Township, and, as Reverend Joe Howell prepared to offer a blessing, promised that from this point on he would do everything in his power to keep both faces showing the exact same time.

A philosophical question with which we are not usually forced to deal: what's worse, a drawbridge stuck up, or stuck down? The one in question was Charlevoix's, over the Pine River on State Street, and was stuck open after it let the ferry through for its evening run. Assistant operator Pete Couture was on duty, and knew exactly what to do: phone for help. He called his boss, Randall Stevens, who thought it was an electrical problem.

Once Stevens showed up the two men figured out a way to get it down (within two hours.) But the cause had not been identified and fixed, so it was announced that the bridge could not be opened. That meant a problem for the

ferry, which was already underway.

Luckily, Kevin McDonough was the captain. He knew what to do: back into and down the channel and release his passengers and luggage at the DNR station. Unfortunately, the vehicles had to remain on board. Their owners were lodged at BIBCo expense until an electrical engineer from Lansing could arrive and make the necessary repairs. The bridge was fixed just after midnight, so Kevin could moor the *Emerald Isle* at her rightful place.

Stories about fires on Beaver Island usually include a paragraph or two about the synchronization of our highly-regarded volunteer Fire Department and their willingness to drop everything at a moment's notice and spring into action, instantly adopting their highly specialized roles as they somehow merge from a sequence of individuals into a well-trained team. This story too involves their selfless dedication, their Johnny-on-the-spot race from various parts of the Island to the place identified in a frantic 911 call. But in this case, thanks to Bruce Cotton and some unnamed passers-by, the blaze was pretty much

under control when they arrived.

Cotton, a pilot from Kalkaska who was staying at the Emerald Isle Hotel, asked to be picked up at the Township Airport the evening of August 14th. As he got into the van he and its driver, hotel manager JoAnne Cashman, heard a loud crack to the east. When they looked they saw the ground was on fire at the base of a power-line pole on Donnel Mor's Lane. Grabbing his jacket, Cotton raced for the flames while JoAnne ran inside the terminal building to use the pay phone – not knowing that all the Island's pay phones had been removed.

If things had gone differently, this could be a tragic tale, but as it was, Cotton's wife, who knew the “pilot's code,” entered the inner chamber and made the needed call. In the meantime Cotton began trying to beat out the flames, and at least reduced their rate of growth. A passing car stopped, saw the problem, and raced to Roger Lear's home to the north; returning with shovels, Roger and the driver also began to attack the stubborn blaze. While they were gone Cotton grabbed a mop and bucket from the Paradise Bay Coffee Shop across the

partied at the Beachcomber. Some riders opt for the shorter, 20-mile route, turning east at Fox Lake instead of continuing south along the west side. The full circuit can test a rider's staying power. "My butt got sore," McDonough admits.

At five-years-old, the bike fest is becoming a mainstay for pre-summer tourism to the Island, attracting a younger generation of visitors to the Island's recreational opportunities and natural beauty. Like the new Beaver Island

Birding Trail, which brought 100 or so bird watchers to the Island in May, the bike festival gets visitors here during a traditionally empty "shoulder season" weekend. The economic benefits are bigger than what the 130 registered riders spent, says McDonough, because many were accompanied by family members and friends who didn't ride. "Some of them said they'd be back for the Beaver Island Music Festival and the new Paddle Festival. And some were interested in birding."

McDonough hopes that next year a few more Island residents will participate in the ride, so there are others available to answer all of the riders' questions about the Island. Maybe a few would show up if the promoters provided them with well padded, comfortable, "deep relief" bicycle seats.

—Pete Plastrik

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street, which was more effective than his now-charred shoes.

A few minutes later, as Dave Adams screamed to a halt with the other Firemen not far behind, the fire was "in remission." They made short shrift of the mop-up, and were soon back at their (paying) jobs.

The Beaver Island Fire Department Auxiliary Resale Shop is closed. The Auxiliary is looking for a better building for a future site so that the long-standing tradition of gently used treasures can continue. Our desire is a near-town location with running water and room for used furniture sales.

Twenty Years Ago The Island Players prepared to offer a three-act comedy, *Terror in the Suburbs*. The cast included Ed Maudrie, Suzi Myers, Joan LaFreniere, Pat McGinnity, Helen Pike, Erin Martin, Tara Palmer, Phil Lange, and Fran Teeter.

The Curator of the Grand Rapids Planetarium put on an inside-and-outside star-and-planet show.

The *Beacon* covered the failure of the *Beaver Islander's* starboard marine gear 20 minutes from Paradise Bay,

requiring Captain Kevin McDonough to dock her using only the port engine. It led to the *South Shore* being pressed into triple duty: she made 23 trips in the following nine days. A poem referring to this incident appeared in Dave Gladish's *Beacon Lite*:

The South Shore July Four

A Coast Guard Skipper saw eighty
Huddled on deck. He said, "Matey,
Have a sailor

Go out and hail her.

She must be coming in from Haiti."

The Episcopal Mission celebrated its 40th anniversary with a gala reception.

Sally Neilsen and Annette Dashiell reported finding a "note in a bottle" on the beach at Greenes' Bay. It was not a call of distress, but a hello from the bored crew of the *Togue*, which tossed it in between Point Betsie and Sturgeon Bay. Sally and Annette wrote back, offering to give them a tour if they ever came to Beaver Island.

St. James Township decided not to post any "No Loitering" signs.

The passing of bass fishermen Gerald Leitheit and A. Wright Seymour was noted. These *Aurora Blacktop* men had a

cottage in the Port of St. James for twenty years until a quick-moving patch of thick fog doomed their airplane, which crashed off Donegal Bay after they attempted to circle back and land at the Township Airport, from which they had taken off. For a day all the boats were marshaled to help search for possible survivors, to no avail.

The *Beacon's* front page heralded the formation of the Preservation Association to rehab the Island's historic old buildings, starting with the Dockside Market. The article described the purchase of the land by the Booth Packing Company in 1893, and then by Charles McCann in 1896. McCann built the store, which passed to the LaFrenieres, the Raffertys, and the Gillespies. "Judging by its condition today, it's obvious how well it was built." Sure.

The *Beacon* reported the continuing saga of the letter in the bottle, found on the beach at Greenes' Bay by Annette Dashiell and Sally Nielsen. Their letter to the bottle owner was answered by Amos Perry, who said he'd been throwing bottles with notes in the Great Lakes and oceans for years – with only 20%

40. producing a response. This bottle traveled 100 miles in 6 weeks before being found. His ship, the *Togue*, belonged to the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Perry said he frequently included checks in his bottles because when and where they were cashed gave him a record. His best float was a bottle dropped in mid Lake Huron that turned up on the inner side of Manitoulin Island – no match for one he read about in which a boy's bottle dropped from the Mackinac Island ferry was found a year later in Sweden.

Over 80 people attended the annual

BIPOA meeting, at which it was decided to donate \$1,000 to the Little Sand Bay project. Speakers included Bill Fairhurst from the Walloon Lake Association, and Jerome Barry, who discussed his company's plan to spray herbicide on the power line right-of-ways. Paul Nelson outlined a plan for paving 20 miles of Island roads.

Rich Gillespie thanked the voters for making him a County Commissioner.

The Chamber of Commerce thanked those who had attended its sold-out summer cruise. The Fly-in was set

for mid-September.

St. James rejected a request from Peaine to form a joint committee to look into how the Yacht Dock partnership was formed, and propose ways to improve it. A query from the Great Lakes Cruising Club, which proposed bringing 150 or so boats to the Island the following July, was met with a statement that we lacked facilities for such a crowd. Peaine Township voted to contribute \$5,000 to the Tennis Courts and \$5,000 to the Little Sand Bay project.

Ken Scoggin, now a full-time resident with his wife Betty, reported on a stop-over on a trip from Charlevoix with two sailing buddies. After tying up at the dock they gravitated to the Shamrock, where a local man sat down at their table, learned they were new, and decided to give them a tour. First they headed for the Lodge to celebrate Shannon Rafferty's 21st birthday. Next they crashed the Beachcomber, where Ken Taylor filled the grill with Polish dogs, switched the pin-ball machine to *free*, and set out a lengthy row of quarters on the pool table. By dawn the intrepid tour guide dropped off the luggy sailors and headed off for work. Who was that masked man? Rich Gillespie.

Thirty Years Ago Supervisor Dick Burris complained to the *Petoskey News Review* that the assessor's failure to consider certain costs of land improvements had led to the unfair and unnecessary implementation of an across-the-board factor of 1.07, improperly raising property taxes. St. James decided not to rehire Charlevoix County's Equalization Department to do its assessing, and voted to tear down the deteriorating pavilion at the Township Park.

An investigation of the decommissioned Coast Guard Boathouse determined that the GAO would sell it to the Township for \$75,000. The Township decided to see if the County might be interested in playing a role.

Bill Wagner urged the townships to press for getting a replacement for him as DNR Officer when he retires in September.

The school announced that a replacement for five-year principal Barb Rakowski has been found: Shari Ann Hogue, a graduate of WMU, who had been teaching in Watervliet, where she also chaired the Planning Commission.

The Game Club added 1,700 tiger



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muskies to Font Lake, hoping they would clean up the stunted perch. They were expected to grow to 15" the first year, 25" by the following summer, and to eventually reach 30" (the legal size.) The Game Club also planted 3,000 brook trout in 20 ponds between Cornelius' Swamp and Lake Geneserath. CMU continued its 14-year program of tagging smallmouth bass at Garden and Hog Islands.

The passing of Charlie Martin was noted. He was born in 1906 and lived all his life on Beaver Island, working as a commercial fisherman. He was survived by his wife, six sons, three daughters, and 27 grandchildren.

The Civic Association asked residents for help compiling a "wish list" of things needed for the Island, and made a few suggestions: flowers, trees, and benches for the Harbor; picnic tables for the public beaches; volleyball equipment for Iron Ore Bay; more public beach; and a Community House. It was also moving forward on its planned *Monument to the Dead at Sea*.

The *Beacon* trumpeted the successful return of the Boat Company to Beaver Island hands, as John McGoff's *Beaver Island Navigation Company* was purchased through a stock offering. Seven local businessmen, spearheaded by Ed Wojan, Bill Cashman, and Bill McDonough, formed the *Beaver Island Boat Company* and sold shares at \$100 each to 267 people who bought 4,016 of the 5,000 shares by late June. This enabled the new company to pay \$450,000 to McGoff. On September 1st the first annual meeting of the new company was held at the Parish Hall, with 175 stockholders in attendance.

Negotiations between the Native Americans and the DNR were concluded by an agreement that closed northern Lake Michigan to non-Native commercial fishermen, bringing to an end the business that had powered the growth and sustenance of Beaver Island for 140 years.

The softball tournament finished with the Beaver Island team winning, Tom McDonough receiving a prize for most home runs (4), and Don Willis, the winning pitcher in all four games, being named tournament MVP.

Jim Hibbler was hired to teach at the school.

The townships asked the County

Commissioners how they would use the Coast Guard Boat House if they followed through on its purchase, but did not receive an answer.

A survey of the Township Cemetery was ordered, to locate all the graves. Peaine Township asked the Road Commission to close the Mike Boyle's Beach Road. In the election, George Lasater beat Paul LaFreniere for Charlevoix County Sheriff.

Passings noted included 14-year-old John Bennett, an honor student from Grandview who drowned at the playground; Ruth Egbert; Jean Stout; and

Ray Howell, an engineer who had contributed his services to the BIHS and the Christian Church during his eight-year residency.


Father Herbert thanked those who had helped him celebrate the silver anniversary of his ordination at the Parish Hall.


Forty Years Ago The *Beacon* noted that smallmouth bass fishing was very good at Garden and Hog Islands. Don Welke planted some pheasants on his farm south of the airport.

A crew of volunteers, including John Gallagher, Patricia Nelson, and the



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42. Andrew Crewckshank family, was thanked for having painted the Mormon Print Shop museum. Bruce Struik was thanked for having made the shutters for the Protar Home.

The emergency plane made two flights in the previous month: Marguerite Runberg's son in law Tom Bussell, after getting food caught in his throat, and Bea Townsend, who fell at the Lodge.

The first of a two-part article on freighter travel by Dr. N. P. Sorensen appeared. Having travelled extensively by freighter for fifteen years, he offered some interesting anecdotes. His personal preference was for ships carrying fewer than 12 passengers, which were less formal and less costly. He particularly enjoyed a 60-day port-to-port cruise from the Canaries through the Mediterranean. In Genoa his family rented a car during a five-day layover and drove along the Italian Riviera.

Passings included long-time summer resident Mickey Malloy, son of John Malloy and Beaver-born Kate Cull.

This *Beacon* covered September and October, and included news from the Game Club – which also sponsored 1974's Fly-In. Rabbits and squirrels

abounded, but partridge were scarce. It was too early for woodcock, although plenty of ducks and geese were flying past. Barney's was yielding bluegill, Fox rainbow trout, and Geneserath pike and bass.

The school had 55 students enrolled; Brian Cole was the only representative of the 1st grade.

The ball team took the *South Shore* to Harbor Springs, where it won two games (20 - 6 and 8 - 7 in 9 innings.) At 4:00 in the afternoon the ferry started back, with Kevin McDonough at the helm. After 15 minutes at sea they came upon an overturned sailboat, with three people hanging on for dear life. Kevin fought the rough seas and maneuvered the ferry into position to get the people on board. Shortly thereafter another boat arrived to tow in the sailboat. Kevin turned the ferry around and took the people he'd saved back to Harbor Springs, leaving again at 6:15 for the 3-hour trip home.

Fifty Years Ago As the *Beacon's* Homecoming issue, the first story mentioned that Homecoming began as a celebration of the centennial of Bishop Baraga coming to Beaver, the first documented non-Native arrival. The first

Homecoming included a beauty contest, won by Edith Gallagher (daughter of James H.) In 1964 the format was changed to include a cafeteria-style lunch, a fish pond for the kids, and several booths. The attendees coming from the farthest away were Lt. Commander and Mrs. John McCann from Goose Bay, Labrador.

Dave Banghart won the Sorensen Trophy in a play-off against Neil Goodman at Island golf course (after both were tied with 88s.)

The Historical Society held a party to celebrate paying off its mortgage on the Print Shop Museum. A drawing for a black-and-white TV was held.

Summer visitor D. J. Angus of Indianapolis, a significant donor to the Medical Center, sent in an article about his donation of a 50' diesel-powered yacht, the *Angus*, to Grand Valley State University. Vivian Visscher donated a complete oxygen set to the Medical Center.

Jerry LaFreniere and Brian Gallagher were home on leave. Summer visitor Dale Thomas was killed in Viet Nam.

Frank Bush, a regular visitor from Roscommon, suffered a heart attack on the Island, was helicoptered to Munson,

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Services every Sunday at 9:30 a.m. at Peaine Township Hall,
with Sunday School for children at the same time.
Bob Hoogendoorn, pastor.

but did not survive.

Elmer Smith fished Lake Geneserath for 12 days straight and caught 601 bullheads (423 kept, 235 smoked, and 188 skinned), 6 perch, 3 largemouth, 2 smallmouth, 1 northern, and many bluegills.

School opened with 9 kids in the 1st grade.

At a meeting at the Med Center the *United Protestant Church* was organized, with A. J. Roy, John Kempker, James Carpenter, Bill Wagner, and Phil Gregg appointed to the Board. Vacationing ministers were invited to conduct a service.

The Game Club felt deer hunting would be very good because of the previous year's "open winter." Partridge hunting on Beaver and Garden was also excellent. The Game Division of the Conservation Department was opening Garden's trails.

Passings noted included Eva McDonough and Mike Cull. Eva LaFreniere had married Lloyd McDonough in 1926; they opened the original McDonough's Market. Mike was born on Beaver Island in 1885, and owned (and skippered) two fish tugs, the *Betsy C* and the *LaFond*.

Helen Collar supplied a 3-page article about her fifty years coming to Beaver. Her father had bought a lot on the north shore – at *the Portage* – from Bowery Gallagher in 1915, and hired Charles Tilley and Kit Gillespie to build them a cottage the following year. She recalled people talking about having found a \$20 gold piece in the ruins of King Strang's home. She mentioned the 'German Army,' friends of Dr. Protar from Davenport Iowa who stayed at the Beaver Hotel.

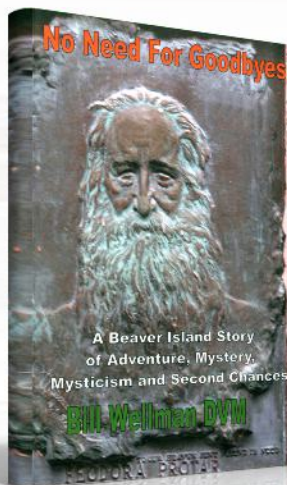
Helen was here when the railroad began pulling up its rails, starting from the south end. The wooden sidewalks built by the Lumber Company were deteriorating when she was a girl, and walking on them chanced falling through. The three stores didn't sell milk; that was bought directly from farmers with cows. Sometimes she and her sister would be sent for milk, only to be told they would have to go find the cow before it could be milked; they would follow the sound of its bell.

She knew Mrs. Floyd, who spoke of seeing King Strang. When Helen was a girl the Mormon dock on which Strang had been shot was still being used. The Israelites, which they called 'Holy Roll-

ers,' came over from High to sell 43. their produce. During WW I, most of the lake boats were pressed into service, but the *Kansas* was left to ply Lake Michigan's ports. When it was due, a dance would be held in the Parish Hall until she arrived – sometimes at 4:00 a.m. Once it was tied up, everyone would walk down for a free movie it showed on board. Two Islanders, Shied and Roddy, were on its crew.

The priest reported the weather, and hung lanterns on the signal tower (at the Rectory) to let the fishermen know what to expect. On a trip to the Smithsonian she saw a model of a familiar ship, the *Margaret McCann*, one of three steam tugs operating here (along with the *Link*, owned by the Lefts, and the Martins' *Shamrock*). Big Art soon had the first diesel boat, the *Estonia*. The ferry was the Mail Boat, which wouldn't leave until every returning fish boat in sight had offloaded its catch.

The census of 1910, she said, recorded 1,965 people living here – continuing a "tradition of independence and self-sufficiency built by their parents and grandparents who had come from Ireland to find a better way of life." It's still as good as it gets.



NO NEED FOR GOODBYES
is a Beaver Island story with Beaver Island people both past and present.

Protar, whose likeness adorns the cover, plays a role through the entire novel. Frank Proctor, a runaway veterinarian, unintentionally insinuates himself into the local lore of this "thin place" where the barrier between the living and the dead is indeed barely perceptible.

Purchase this book and find out just why it is the Islanders don't like it.

It is available at the Community Center, if they will sell it to you, or at the Museum. Failing in that, send cash or check for \$15 to

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On July 21st, at 11:30AM the 81 foot research vessel *Pride of Michigan* arrived at Beaver Island Harbor after a voyage from Saint Ignace. The mission of the Noble Odyssey Foundation is to support exploration, research, and educational projects related to the natural history of the Great lakes. Their mission will likely shed new light on lake levels and bathymetry, as well as occupation dates of the great lakes.

Aboard were her crew of 14 cadets, 6 volunteer staff, and her captain Luke Clyburn. The captain and crew are all members of the Noble Odyssey Foundation, and members of The American Academy of Underwater Sciences.

Their mission regarding, and presence, in our archipelago this summer was to find and confirm the existence of underwater forests along the Great Lakes coastline. In Lake Huron four have been found, at levels from 20 – 40' below the surface and along the shoreline, dating back c.7000 years or earlier.

Captain Clyburn stated that the

copper mining in Michigan clearly shows that mining was taking place as far back as 6000 - 3000 BCE in the Upper Peninsula. And future scientific testing of artifacts in Europe may indicate that their composition could only have come from Michigan mines, revealed in the 99% pure copper of the Lake Superior region.

It was here, on Beaver island, that the captain and crew were to meet with Terri Bussey because the basis of their research complements each other. The existence of underwater forests confirms the fact that we may have been looking for evidence of early settlements in the wrong places for generations, as lake levels were much lower. Terri's work has provided us with a much clearer vision of these ancestors, as well as how they lived and moved throughout the great lakes. Beaver Island has proved to be a totally unique place of gathering in the oral history of Great Lakes Native American tribes. The occupation of these tribal groups is beginning to reveal the meaning of the stone circles found on the Beaver Island archipelago.

Terri has found that the circles on our archipelago are constructed as solar and lunar medicine wheel calendars that conform to the research of Dr. Jack Eddy, who discovered the Bighorn Mountain medicine wheel alignments. She has also made comparative studies of the medicine wheel connections with the stone circles and alignments of northern France.

At present her studies have been focused on the Americas, but, as we all know stone circles are found all around the world. So when did our ancestors begin making them; where was the first made, the second, and so on? Finding this information could very well demarcate the beginnings of travel, and occupation of our known world!

Wow...! Welcome to Beaver Island! It is a place that is totally unique (as you've all known)... and welcome to the science that proves it. Bussey and Clyburn, in their studies of Beaver Island could rewrite history. Thank you to both researchers and thank you Beaver Islanders for treasuring your past.

—Patty and Fred Schoonbeck ▲

HANG TEN

Life is the Ocean

We are the surfer~
On our "board" we learn
To ride the Waves –
Or get lost in them.

Sometimes we fall in –
Sometimes we drown,
But Learning to ride it –
That takes skill.

Dumbfounded In the Majestic

Dumbfounded and Awestruck
Just take a walk...And really See.
The words fail to express – Yes.

To be rendered void of words
By power of vision – Phenomenal!
The view from one's door:
the rosy edged womb of the sky
enfolding the harbor in purple

At break or close of day
Overwhelmed with awe
struck

At the same time each reflection clear
Dumbfounded with this sight
such Light!

Walking around in a daze
Under the spell of the Island
Incredulous, Stupendous...
The worst part of this Dream
is to Awaken, to fly Away, to Cast off,
To feel Castaway – Upon leaving.

To know this peaceful heart of Joy
must give way
Before the presence of the Sublime-or
mere earth...

Yet waking is a two-sided coin:
Reality or the ecstatic Beauty one can
only feel
in the presence of the Sacred.

This Echo of Eden
Calling with an unlisted number
From the past
Standing here on this distant shore
Which has long been washed away

Yet again, this Mirage
clings to a memory
Which smells of thousands
of Apple blossoms hanging in
morning air

As the dew sparkles with Delight...yes.

FOOTNOTE: Here for Now

Hang gliders in the sky
Motionless on the breeze,
Flying Dragons green and blue
Lighting wherever they please.

A wide open beach
Though narrower to walk,
An Islander's Reunion!
Dancing, Song, and Talk!

Bless you July for restoring
our Heart-
Bless Loved one's and Friends
If we must be apart...

Winter was SO long –
Summer's shine is so brief,
But summer by this harbor –
Is a Welcome relief!

—Dawn George



THANKS

Although our mother moved from the Island shortly after high school, there was never any question that the Island was 'Home.' She knew she wanted it to be her final resting place. We are so thankful for her love of the Island and the opportunities she gave us to remain so connected to her heritage. Our trip to bring her home confirmed our lifelong love for the Island also.

Thanks go to Pam for helping us make plans from downstate, the BIBCo team and a surreal ride, the greeting we received upon arriving, McDonoughs letting us in even though they were cashing out, Island Airways for the extra assistance, the sympathetic words we received from people who could not be present at the cemetery, Father Jim's compassionate service and those who attended, to Edward's perfect rendition of *Over the Waves* and then returning to play for us at the Pub into the evening to help us celebrate our mother's life.

A special thank you goes to Susie and Ted for opening their home to us and putting on a warmhearted luncheon with the help of so many of you. (Especially the 2ST group.)

It's been said a hundred thousand times, but there's no place that welcomes you like Beaver Island, and for that we are so thankful to all the named and unnamed people who helped us through this sorrowful time.

– Barbara Nackerman Huston's family

BARBARA HUSTON

Barbara Huston passed away April 10th. Raised on Beaver Island by her parents Frank and Grace Nackerman, she is survived by her loving children James (Kathleen), Kenneth (Frances), SharAnn Chesshire, and their father Arthur Huston; her grandchildren Kimberly Huston, Rebecca (Mark) Allen, Stephen (Ashley), Nicholas (Krystal), and Andrew Chesshire; great-grandchildren, Julia, Elena, Luke, and Gavin; her siblings Rodney Nackerman, Rose (Harold) Smith, Ellen (Richard) Verduyn, Colleen Krusky, and many nieces and nephews. She was employed by Republic Die & Tool for over five decades.

She enjoyed reading, travelling, fishing and the outdoors; walking, fishing, feeding the deer and birds and tending the flowers.



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ON THE COVER

Recently the Island was graced to have Marty and Lisa Sutter's 96' *Canim* tie up for a stay. Designed by Ted Geary, she was built in 1930 as the personal craft for newspaper publisher Col. Blethen, anchored at the Seattle Yacht Club. As she changed hands, she came into the possession of Buster Keaton's family. In 1958 she was bought by part of the Cummins' Diesel group – and given a Cummins diesel.

Newberry, where he was working all summer."

"Gus Kitzinger and daughter of Manistee were here several days last week. Mr. Kitzinger is secretary and treasurer of the Lumber Company." (Note: Gus Kitzinger & Harriet B. Kizinger, Manistee appear in the *Hotel Beaver Register*, Sept. 2, 1914)

"J. McIntyre and Mr. Harvestick, of Rock Island, are here for a month." (Note: Wm. B. McIntyre and R. Haverstick appear in the *Hotel Beaver register*, Sept. 5, 1914)

"Harold McCann took a party to Manistique to spend Labor Day there."

"James H. Gallagher who was at the Petoskey Hospital having his tonsils removed is home."

"Mrs. John McCann went to Charlevoix Tuesday."

"W. J. Gallagher is at Charlevoix this week."

"Al. Sterling went to Scottville Tuesday. John Gallagher and wife went to Scottville to visit his sister, Mrs. Sterling."

"Bid Boyle went to Charlevoix on a visit." "Charles Roddy and wife went to Petoskey Tuesday on a visit."

"Miss Teresa O'Donnell went to Petoskey on a visit."

"Mrs. James C. Gallagher went to St. Ignace on business."

"Joseph Schmidt is at Charlevoix this week."

"Dan D. Boyle is at Charlevoix this week on business." "Paul Kersh, of Davenport, Iowa, returned home after spending the summer on the Island."

(Note: Sept. 1 - 13 FF storms to fair; wind NW-N-NW, 64-39 degrees; Sept. 14 - 15 FF storm to rainstorm, wind SE-S, 74 - 70 degrees F. Protar)

Charlevoix Courier Wednesday, September 16, 1914 **No Beaver**

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

from Joyce Bartels

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

Charlevoix Courier Wednesday, September 2, 1914 **Local News Briefly Told:** "John Gallagher of Beaver Island spent Saturday and Sunday in the city."

Charlevoix Sentinel Thursday, September 3, 1914 **Beaver Island News:** "Col. Wickham of the U.S.L.S.S. was here looking up a place to build a station." (Note: D. C. Wickham, U.S.L.S.S. appears in the *Hotel Beaver register* Aug. 28, 1914) (Note: Sept.

First mail from Russia from July 14/27 F. Protar)

Charlevoix Courier Wednesday, September 9, 1914 **No Beaver Island related news.** (Note: Sept. 8 - 9 *First frost - cucumbers ruined.* F. Protar)

Charlevoix Sentinel Thursday, September 10, 1914 **Beaver Island News:** "The barge *Susie Chipman* is loading lumber at the Company's dock."

"Fred Nackerman is home from

Beginning in 1983, 15 years of rehab saw several million dollars invested in her on the west coast, and then in 2002 she was extensively restored at Philbrook's Boatyard in British Columbia. When the Sutters acquired her in 2006, the British Virgin Islands became her home port until making her way to Harbor Springs.

Needless to say, many people who saw her here were impressed, asking "What will they bring in next?"

Island related news.

Charlevoix Sentinel Thursday, September 17, 1914 **Local and Personal Notes:** "The little St. James steam barge *Schnoden*, which narrowly escaped total wreck near the north point last fall, has done a fine business this season freighting fruit and cooperage material to Grand Traverse bay. She took a load of staves from Boyne City to Traverse City Monday."

"James McCann, of St. James was in town Tuesday on his way to Mackinac Island to visit relatives." (Note: Sept. 16-20 Fair; wind S-SW, 49 - 68 degrees; Sept. 21 - 25 F to FF storm, wind SW, 72 - 82 degrees. F. Protar)

Charlevoix Courier Wednesday, September 23, 1914 **Circuit Court Proceedings:** "The cases of Edward Pratt and Condy Gallagher of Saint James for violating the liquor law resulted in the two men pleading guilty and they both received suspended sentences."

Local News Briefly Told: "Captain James Sanford of the barge *Stevenson* spent Monday and Tuesday with his family in this city while the barge was unloading at St. James."

Charlevoix Sentinel Thursday, September 24, 1914 **Beaver Island News:** "C. A. Grasselli, of Cleveland, Ohio, who was visiting his daughter Josephine at her bungalow, returned home Tuesday."

"Born to Mr. And Mrs. Lablanc, a daughter - mother and daughter doing well."

"Rev. Fr. Jewell went to the Big Rapids hospital Friday with a bad case of the gripe."

"The barge *S. M. Stephenson*, Capt. Jim Sanford, is unloading coal at McCann's dock."

"C. Hedon, of Alpena, has been here



several weeks buying cattle."

"Mrs. F. Pratt of Cleveland, returned home after spending a few weeks visiting Miss Grasselli."

"C. C. Gallagher, of Escanaba, spent Sunday here visiting friends. He returned home on the barge *Schnoden*."

"The barge *Schnoden* was in the harbor over Sunday with a load of peaches for Manistique."

"The tug *Shamrock* went to Manistee with Mr. And Mrs. Gemo and Mr. And Mrs. Albert Biggie who will make Manistee their home."

"Archie Lafeniere (sic) went to Escanaba for the winter."

"Eugene DeVincent and Henry Kitchen, of Rogers, were on the Island last week with the automobile. They spent several days visiting their brother-in-law, Frank B. O'Donnell." (Note: Sept. 26 - 28 Fair; wind N-NE-SE, 64-39 degrees; Sept. 28 - 29 Thundershower storm, wind NW, 64 degrees. F. Protar)

Charlevoix Courier September 30, 1914 Local News Briefly Told: "Wm. J. Gallagher of St. James spent Sunday in the city."



A MYSTERY SHIP

Have all the mysteries in the seas surrounding us been solved? Or might we run into new things that implore us to find answers?

One such event occurred last summer, and I'm still trying to get a handle on it.

Kevin Morlock, of Indigo Charters (which does the fishing charters on Beaver Island during the summers), had a rare day off. He's usually booked solid, but on this rare free day, calm and warm, he decided to take his boat around the Island. With perfect visibility he was watching the water for fish and habitat, hoping to find new untapped ground for his clients. Near the southwest corner of the Island, in about 8' of water, he saw something completely unexpected: a huge anchor. It was about 6' wide by 7' tall, and was attached to a long, heavy chain. Just sitting there, on the bottom.

Thanks to the zebra mussels, the water clarity around the Island is very good. It helps that the bottom is rocks and sand. When the water is cold, the algae growth is limited. So early spring is the best time for bottom scanning. When we're diving or snorkeling in these areas, I always say we have at least 25' of visibility. Some days it reaches 70'. Of course visibility also has a lot to do with the position of the sun, and wind ripples on the water. On a tugboat trip from Charlevoix to Elk Rapids in the spring of 2013, I could see the sand furrows in the bottom at 75'. That's really clear.

Word got around that Kevin had spotted something. Some of us were very interested in the location, and his impression of exactly what it was from. He was kind enough to give us the GPS coordinates, and in short order an expedition was organized. My trusty cohorts Mark Englesman and Dick Burris

joined me to plan a junket to the Island's far quadrant.

We discussed how best to get there. My boat, the *Resolute*, has a lot of area for gear, but it's slow; at 8 mph it would take 3 hours each way. If the weather changed... We talked about a shore dive, but there was no good place to launch a small boat nearby. So we took Mark's boat, a 14' inflatable with a 50 hp motor, to Wagner Park and launched it from there.

It turned out to be a good day for the trip. We had checked the weather, and it held true. With any adventure you can't be sure in advance, but this one went well. The boat ran well, and we made good time, even making a loop over the *Betsie Smith*. Traveling in a small boat at 20 mph, you can make good time, and soon we were where we were headed. At Kevin's GPS location we saw the anchor—in 8', just as he had said.

We geared up as we discussed our

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dive plan. (You should always have a dive plan, even in shallow water.) Dick was to be anchor watch and stay in the boat, helping as needed. It would be bad if the boat floated away. Because it was a small boat Mark and I both decided to do a back role into the lake—an easy way to get in without rocking the craft. I took my Go-Pro camera to get a video of what we encountered.

The anchor was resting on the bottom, not dug in, as one might think. Many large rocks were in the area, some classifiable as boulders. Anchors are kept on the bows of boats, so the bow of the boat which dropped this one had to have been right above. What in the world was it doing there? Big rocks and shallow water—a dangerous situation.

We inspected the anchor, but could not find any manufacturer's markings—no date or weight. Its flukes were ~6', and its flank ~6' long; that's a good-sized artifact! It was in the shape of a

Navy anchor, a new design—it's only been around for 100 years. Our guess was it weighed between 6,000 and 8,000 pounds—a big hunk of metal. Anchors of this type are easier to store and more efficient than the older ones, the "fisherman's anchor," which had a rod extending perpendicularly through the shank.

A stud-link chain was attached to the anchor—a heavy-duty type with extra support in the center of each length for added strength. Each link was ~7" long and probably weighed 20 pounds. We traced the chain out 300' from the anchor to a pile of chain half-buried in the sand.

On a dark night, with the bow of a big boat in shallow water less than 300' from shore—the wind howling, we imagined—what a spot to be in! It must have been a highly tense time. You often hear of freighters dropping anchor at Sand Bay in the fall, but I've never

heard of a large ship seeking shelter off the southwest coast, where there are so many large rocks. Could a storm come up so fiercely and so quickly that a ship could think this could be a place to hide? Would a record of this be kept somewhere, and could it be found?

Maybe this was not the case at all. But then, what happened? Was the anchor off-loaded here for some purpose—such as to moor a barge during the logging days? Even so, a ship had to get close in to drop it, and the chain would've been too long to keep the barge safe. A weak hypothesis. Could the anchor have been jarred off the ship onto block ice unexpectedly encountered in the dark, and then been carried by it? It seems equally unlikely. Maybe if the chain ball is pulled straight, another clue at the chain's end will be found. In the meantime, we can only guess what happened, and when.

— Mike Weede

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52. A BIRDER'S PERSPECTIVE ON BEAVER ISLAND

by Kay Charter, Executive Director, Saving Birds Thru Habitat



From the moment Petoskey Audubon President Darrell Lawson and I descended from the main deck of the Emerald Isle, excitement over the Memorial weekend birding trail dedication already filled the air. Others arriving the next day for the weekend's events, whether by air or ferry, were welcomed to the Island by banners and warm greetings from the locals. High spirits generated among Islanders and participants alike reached heady heights on Friday afternoon when top Michigan birder Brian Allen waved from the upper deck of the ferry with a large spotting scope carefully balanced


on his shoulder.

Someone waiting dockside said, "Wow; look at that scope!"

Allen disembarked with his wife Maripat alongside. They were followed by other birders who had come to join the festivities and check out the wealth of birds they had heard about. Allen and Lawson were there to serve as leaders for the planned birding field trips on Saturday. They were joined by David Ewert, Senior Scientist for The Nature Conservancy, and international field trip leader Jeff Kingery, who touched down at Island Airways a little later in the day.

That evening a hundred birders and

Islanders filled the Community Center for a "meet and greet" wine and cheese hour followed by a wonderful celebratory dinner. The evening wrapped up after speeches by Jon Allan, Director of the Office of Great Lakes, and Paul Rose, owner of real estate firm, Jeffress-Dyer. Paul is past president of Michigan United Conservation Clubs and a former board member of the National Wildlife Federation. Jon Allan, a longtime summer visitor to the Island, and an avid birder, spoke first. He wove engaging stories of personal family history and birding experiences during his many visits to the Island with professional



observations about the positive scientific and economic impact of the trail on the Island, the state, and the region.

Paul Rose concluded the evening with a history of the relationship between hunters and anglers and birders, from a close and collaborative beginning eight decades ago to the unfortunate and unproductive divide of today. As he wrapped up his talk, he said, “We are neither blue nor red, environmentalist or conservationist.” In a persuasive appeal to all of us, he ended by urging us to once again find common ground in a collective effort to save remaining wild areas that are important

to all of us.

There were a couple of humorous hitches during Saturday morning’s field trips, including one van driver heading off to his first stop without his field trip leader. At least one couple was puzzled. The wife said to the husband, “Aren’t we supposed to be with Jeff?” The husband said he thought so, to which the wife said, “Well this guy’s name isn’t Jeff,” leaving the two wondering if they were on the wrong van. Problem solved when Jeff was sent chasing after the van in a private car. All of the missteps were quickly resolved, and they offered up humorous fodder for that night’s

cocktail hour.

The best aspect of the weekend – which was proof that birders will take to the Island like the proverbial duck to water – was apparent in a comment by one of the leaders. “People here treated us so well,” he said. “They positively gushed over us.”

“I love this place,” he added. “I will be back.”

And that is precisely why the trail was developed...in the hope that it would attract birders and other outdoor enthusiasts to take advantage of the Island’s wealth of natural resources.



A GRAND FOURTH

The weather on July Fourth was perfect: warm but not hot; just enough breeze to keep the few remaining mosquitoes at bay; and a sky blue enough to make Island Airways' moving Missing Man flight at the start of the parade really pop out. That "3 + 1" formation was followed by an old Stearman biplane buzzing the crowd, flying so low that 13 hats were blown off onlookers' heads.

The parade itself delighted the crowd of onlookers, who had set up a

record number of chairs at curb's edge beforehand. Everyone perked up when John Works' canon set things in motion. The 21 veterans drew a round of applause which followed them down Main Street like *the Wave*. Thanks to Greg Janek and the Saugatuck Fire Department there was a fourth huge fire truck in the line. There were two Yankee Doodle stilt walkers; the audience was hoping for a duel.

The Tribe had a good showing (15 kids, 15 adults), thanks to the Napont

reunion; their drummer sent shivers up the back of everyone's neck. Helen (LaFreniere) Pike and Lawrence McDonough, whose ages totaled 196, rode together, remembering the first parade of 1932. Mike Martin followed in Charlie's restored Model T. Lil Gregg was next; she too had a reunion to celebrate her 90th year.

Ambassadors abounded, from Hog Island, Canada, and Florida. The superheroes were present, in costume, followed by 17 dog-walkers. The B. I.





Marine entry threw small discs from the new Frisbee Golf course. There was a bear, and a beaver too – being cooked. Richie's jumbo equipment held a 4-man band in its elevated stage, playing and singing *This Land is Your Land*. Everyone knew it was true.

The theme was "Freedom on Beaver Island," which was demonstrated by the diverse entries in the parade: whatever it was you wanted to promote would be allowed. There were kids on bikes, skateboarders, and vintage vehicles. The

new radio station broadcast the event live, with quipped comments from funnyman, Jeff Powers. The Circle M, McDonough's, the Paradise Bay Coffee Shop, and Stoney were there. A Segue brought up the rear. The only notable omission was the Evans' Family double-decker rock-&-rolling bus.

Bombs Bursting in Air: The evening brought another grand spectacle – the annual fireworks show in the Harbor. Once again every foot of viewing space was occupied, with people who all

decided to head home at the same time.

The explosions were enhanced by a little bit of moisture in the air, which made the colors vibrate as they changed from silver to red, green, or blue. The one called *Here's to Love* morphed into red hearts. Three or four blasts were sent airborne within a few seconds of each other and overlapped. The only negative was the still air, which made it easy for the mosquitoes to make their way from the patches of tall grass and hone in on living, breathing, pulsating flesh.





IT'S TO ENJOY

Once again the Historical Society's "Museum Week" provided several days of great entertainment – which began with the arrival of the Artist Blacksmiths the week before. What a challenge to skill, talent, experience, and brute force to force iron to assume a new shape.

The following Monday the Gerrish Family was so moving that when they

began a Spanish set, many children jumped up to dance. Chris Screven made his guitar come alive.

In addition to Antje Price opening the Protar Home twice, there were three afternoon presentations which drew crowds. Alvin LaFreniere and Barry Pischner provided new information about the *Marold II* explosion; just as the Island was rising above the hardship of

the Depression thanks to all that *free* gas, it was plunged back into gloom. Both of their fathers had been involved.

Frank Mays spoke about the night the *Bradley* went down, what it was like to walk on the bilge tank as she twisted and shook, with rivets popping out and shooting up like machine-gun slugs. After all the chairs were filled another 50 people stood or sat on the floor.



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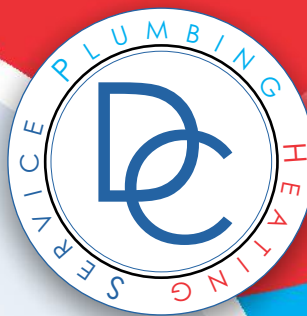
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The Art Show ran three days, revealing just how talented Island-related people have become. It was revealed that one local patron who always buys three or four paintings has been doubling her money through a gallery down south.

Terri Bussey fascinated a packed house with her presentation of the wide extent of landscape artifacts left behind by prehistoric inhabitants – more Medi-

cine Circles, and an underwater stone wall near Whiskey Island. Ward and Chuck delighted their audience, although few believed Chuck's yellow hat was worth thirty thousand dollars.

The following evening the Museum Expansion Project was outlined for over 100 supporters at the Beachcomber, kicking off its Capital Campaign. Afterwards a crowd filled every seat in the Commu-

nity Center to be part of Laurie Sommers' celebration of Beaver Island's old time music – as recorded in the 1930s by Alan Lomax, and performed live by the children and grandchildren of the original musicians.

A hundred people, including the entire BIHS Board and its committees, pitched in to make sure these programs met with success – and they did.



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TOM PAYNE'S LIFE: ANOTHER VISIT TO B.I.

This was my 7th year in a row to the wonderful, beautiful, lovely, great environmental wonderland of the Emerald Isle—Beaver Island! As always I took

a hundred pictures during the week of 7-12 to 7-19, which I'm happy to share. This year only my close friend Billy Atwood and I made the trip from Louisville KY, where I moved

last year. A long trip, but well worth it.

Here are my personal highlights:

1) The environment and people are the best, year in and year out!





2) For the 1st time attended the Music Festival at Dan and Carol Burton's—wow!

3) The weather was fantastic all week.

4) Made some great buys at the Resale Shop, now with a huge garage.

5) Golf, golf, and more golf; John Works' care of the Island course is unparalleled.

6) Got the Senior Discount food tickets all week—what a deal!

7) Went to the Toy Museum over and over—yeah!

8) We stayed at Keith Pierson's





house; enjoyed it to the max.

9) Forgot my horseshoes but not my professional croquet set—great fun.

10) Went to my first bingo game—

and lost every time.

Next year's game plan is to come up the week of July 4th to enjoy the big parade and fireworks. Also, I've been

keeping a scrapbook journal of all my Beaver Island visits, which I hope to make into a book after ten years—yeah! Saw Pat and Red, Adam, Roy, the new





Post Office lady—very helpful, Annie at the Community Center—and JoAnne, and her hubby;

So there you have it—at least most

of it—another fantastic vacation on Paradise Bay, Beaver Island; the Emerald Isle, where relaxation, fun, and great people, places, and things are

in abundance.

P.S. I turned the big 70 on 2-11-14—wow!

— Tom Payne





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'LONG VIEW'

A gorgeous piece of Beaver Island, right on Lake Michigan, has become available for sale. The property, made up of (2) five-acre parcels with 150 feet of Lake Michigan shoreline each (300 feet total), offers sweeping views of the lake and North Fox Island.

- Rock and sand beach
- Sand dunes free from regulatory limitations
- Forest backing to State of Michigan land
- Tested and approved for lakeside septic by Charlevoix County
- Two legal five acre parcels in area where most parcels are ten acres
- Elevated lakeside building sites with trees on both parcels
- Beaver Island is a green community with extensive recycling

A complete prospectus with photographs and maps is available.

\$1,000 per foot, with a discount available if both lots sold together.

Call Mark, 248-288-4350, or email beaverislandbeauty@gmail.com

STRANGE AWAKENING

One would think that by 2:00 a.m. one could be assured of a restful night's sleep. But that was not the case on June 17th, when a car coming into town on the King's Highway turned right at Forest Avenue and did not straighten its wheel, smashing into the residence at the back of Daddy Franks.

The sheriff, EMS, and BIFD responded. The driver, age 22, suffered a neck and back injury, and the passenger, also 22, sustained a head injury. They were flown off the Island to the Charlevoix Area Hospital for treatment. Nobody in the home was hurt.

LIL GREGG

She's done everything from put out the *Beacon* to run the taxi to keep the Library running. Recently her family arrived to celebrate her birthday, and were joined by members of the community to show *their* appreciation.





Photograph by Frank Solle, Stillpoint Photography



WE HAVE A WINNER

The Beaver Island Friends of Veterans (formerly known as the AMVETS Ladies Auxiliary) held the stained glass window drawing on July 23, 2014. The lucky winner was Sandy Latimer of Barney's Lake Road on Beaver Island. Even though her husband knew it meant one more job he'd have to do (setting it), the smile never left his face.

We would like to thank everyone who bought tickets on this item. Money from the drawing will go to support the community projects held by this organization.

TROUTMAN'S 50TH

It seems like only yesterday; Ed and Linda haven't changed at all from the sweet, optimistic couple who were so happy to tie the knot. They always knew their later life would bring joy in a place like here.



PRIME INVESTMENT LAND at GREAT INVESTOR PRICING

Circumstances are forcing me to liquidate 2 or 3 quality Lake Michigan frontage lots. All are priced to be attractive to investors, or ready for immediate building. With this pricing, taxes will be very reasonable, making these ideal investments or home building sites. This land won't last long at these prices. The best value on Beaver Island today.

100 ft. Sand Bay lot.

Deep lot, very quiet, private, secluded. Only 10 minutes to town. Ready to build with health department approval already on record. Sand and gravel beach, clear water, lots of wildlife – loons, terns, eagles, deer, even an occasional beaver. Great night skies, sunrises, moonrises, and only 100 feet away from a quarter mile of fine township park beach. Lowest price offered on a sand bay lot at \$130,000.

200 ft. Iron Ore Bay lot.

Just past the lighthouse, the lot has one of the nicest views on Beaver Island. Iron Ore Bay sits just to the right of this lot, which has a great view of the Fox Islands to the South. This lot sold for \$205,000 in 2008, and is now investment priced at \$150,000.

300 ft. Paradise Bay lot.

299.5 feet of beach frontage with great views of the harbor, Garden and Hog islands. It has a triangle shaped piece across the road large enough for a pole barn or large garage. Private and secluded, yet just a mile from town. A natural building site is high and dry on top of a small bluff. Willing to sacrifice for \$130,000.

Seller reserves the right to withdraw this offer after 2 lots have been sold.

Contact Mike Scripps at 231-855-1759, or Ed Wojan at 231-448- 2711.
More info and large photos can be seen online at beachfront.beaverisland.net

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64. **IT'S THE FASHION**

You are invited to join us at the Gregg Fellowship Hall for lunch and, of course, to take pictures of the "fabulous fashions" modeled on Thursday, August 21, 2014 at 12:30 PM at the "Potluck salad/dessert luncheon, and Funky Fun Fashion Show!" (with beverages provided by BICC Women's Circle.)

REAL ESTATE, FOR SALE

WATCH THE SUN RISE OVER LAKE MICHIGAN! 3.7 acres and 237 feet lake frontage on Gull Harbor Road, close to town, shops, harbor and north lighthouse. Power at road, land will perk. \$165k Contact Andy (954) 792-1065

FOUR CONTIGUOUS LOTS IN PORT OF ST. JAMES ASSOCIATION - \$6,000 each or \$20,000 for all four. Please call Dave at (406) 425-3541. **WATERFRONT HOME FOR SALE** 3 BR, 1¼ bath, at Sand Bay. Sandy beach,

Seating goes fast...call now for reservations: Island Treasures Resale - 231-448-2534 - or Dee Gallagher - 231-448-2262. A Donation Jar will be available, with proceeds going to the BI Food Pantry and the BIFDA.

Then on Saturday, August 30, 2014 will be the new Beaver Island Half Marathon & Paradise Bay 5K!

2 lots: 1 w/ recently remodeled home and garage, 1 w/ large pole barn. Just appraised at \$285k. Call (231) 448-2034. **40 ACRES ON SLOPTOWN ROAD** - Call Bud at (231) 448-2397.

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

20 ACRES WEST SIDE ROAD - \$55,000; 16x18 rustic cabin. Apple

REAL ESTATE, FOR RENT

CABIN IN THE WOODS FOR RENT BY THE WEEK - Sleeps eight, washer and dryer, two baths. \$600 a week. Call Bev at (616) 430-8555

A GREAT HARBOR VIEW - from a great "in-town" trailer. Perfect for a couple of working people. 2 bedroom, 1 bath. Furnished and fully equipped kitchen. \$1500 a month. (231) 448-2235

SAND BAY - "BAY HAVEN" COTTAGE - 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. Email lauriesbos@chartermi.net or call

Laurie Bos at (616) 786-3863. Photographs of Bay Haven can be seen at: www.bayhaven.beaverisland.net

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.

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. \$750/week. Contact Sue at cabinbythelake1@gmail.com



**FOR SALE:
90' OF BEACH FRONTAGE
ON FONT LAKE:**

Lot cleared for building: Lot 7 on Pine Chip Road, turn just past the Sub sign on the Donegal Bay Road. Marge Armstrong, (231) 448-2143 or (941) 729-2637 (cell).



**GREAT VIEW OF LIGHTHOUSE
TOWER AND ENTRANCE TO
BEAVER HARBOR:**

Lot For Sale - 125ft on Michigan Ave. 96ft on Gull Harbor Drive. \$275,000.00, OBO/Terms. Also included older home 3 bdr / one bath / full basement / new well, for free with lot. (906) 632-0437 dgallagher@exede.net



FOR RENT: 3 Bedroom, 1 bath. Sleeps 8-10. 1½ miles from town and beaches. \$500/week. (231) 547-6429 or (231) 448-2829

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BE CAREFUL

As a result of the extreme weather of the past winter, some of the Port St. James trails may be difficult to walk. Those whose problems were known were cleared. Please walk carefully as you enjoy your hike, and report any problems to 448-2331.

Note: There will not be a paddle festival this year, so all paddle boarding will be on 'Island time' this summer.

orchard and deer blinds; (248) 766-4205.
LOTS 644 AND 645 PORT OF ST. JAMES - Nice corner lots. \$19,000 for both. (231) 448-3088.

FOR SALE, 11 ACRES ON EAST SIDE DRIVE - good land, 357' on road, 1373' deep; \$28,900. Phone (231) 448-2545.

40 ACRES ON SCENIC WEST SIDE ROAD, SECLUDED - mature hardwoods with 2 driveways & small clearing, perfect for RV. Great hunting,

7 PINES - Weekly Rental. Close to town (short walk to Dalwhinnie) Sleeps 6, 1½ bath, washer/dryer, linens not furnished, freshly remodeled, *DOG friendly*, \$850/week, Contact Gretchen Fogg at (616) 318-1424 or gabf24@gmail.com

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

THE FISHERMAN'S HOUSE - Great 'In-Town' location across the street from St. James Harbor. Four bedrooms, three with double beds and one

BITA MANAGER 65.

Barb Schwartzfisher, long-time manager of the Beaver Island Transportation Authority, has resigned and will be taking a similar position in Alpena. Mary Cook will be the interim manager while responses to the job posting are evaluated.

privacy, & building potential. \$85k, terms available. (231) 360-0189, (989) 312-0850.

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

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

ADD A PLACE - (231) 448-2476 or email beacon@beaverisland.net

with twin beds, two bathrooms, bed linens and bath towels provided, fully equipped modern kitchen, washer/ dryer, TV, enclosed porch, and open deck with grill. For availability, call Bill or Tammy (231) 448-2499 or (231) 448-2733 or tammymcd107@yahoo.com.

A HOUSE RENTAL - Cute 2 bdrm house in woods near town, public beaches, and bike path. Screened porch. Washer, dryer. No pets, no smoking. \$595/week. Call (231) 871-0477.

BUNKA CABIN ON BEAUTIFUL SAND BAY - Phenomenal sunrises, sugar sand beaches, great swimming. \$950. robin@robinleeberry.com

(231) 582-5057. *Beaver Island Rental Cottages continued on page 66.*



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 1st floor decks, 2nd floor wet bar and deck, 3rd 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. Jan@islandaerie.net

COMBS COTTAGE ON SAND BAY:

Charming beachfront 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
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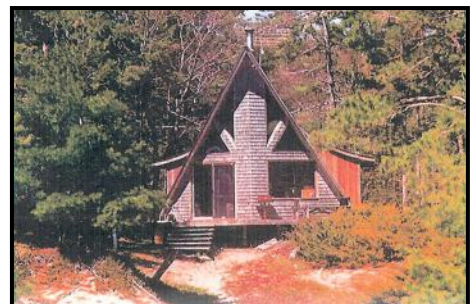
JUDE'S RENTALS:

Pleasantly situated in the heart of it all! Jude's house is nestled among the peaceful nature of Beaver Island in addition to being just walking distance from the harbor, historical museums, shops, restaurants and the beach. Call Jude Martin
(231) 448-2673 or (616) 309-8033



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
www.abbieswestcottage.com



SECLUDED BEAUTIFUL CHALET FOR RENT:

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



WEEKLY OR DAILY RENTAL
when available: Located close to the marina with a large yard and great view of the St. James Harbor. 2BR (Full/Twin bunk and a Double) also has a large loft with 2 Twin beds. Washer, dryer, linens furnished, and Dish. 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.



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



WATERFRONT HARBOR HOUSE FOR RENT:

Spectacular view of Paradise Bay! Large home with all the amenities, linens provided. 4 bedroom, 2½ baths, sleeps 8, washer/dryer, fully equipped kitchen, satellite tv. June - Sept. \$1,250 a week. Short walk to the Stoney Acre Grill. Please call (231) 448-2235



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



BIRCH HOUSE ON FONT LAKE:
Close to town and Donegal Bay, 3 bedrooms, 1 bath, fully furnished home. \$900/week. (630) 750-7870 lhmrinc@aol.com

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

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 over-



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

looking Lake Michigan. Phone Bill McDonough at (231) 448-2733 (days).

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

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

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FOR RENT MAIN ST. 3300 SQ. FT:
5 Bedrooms. 3 Baths. In-Town. ½ 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.



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. \$1,400/week. (773) 663-7772.
Website: www.LinnsLakeLodge.com



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



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.



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
Website: www.allenfoggcottages.com

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.

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

DONEGAL BAY - 3 BR 2 bath Home; sleeps 6; many amenities. \$980 a week. Visit Loveley's Bay House online at www.rentalbug.com/vacation-rentals/michigan/1244 (313) 885-7393, after 4:00



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)



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. \$1,200/week; spring & fall \$895. Limit 6 people. Now with wireless! Call (941) 921-2233 or (317) 769-6563
Photos at highview.beaverisland.net



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