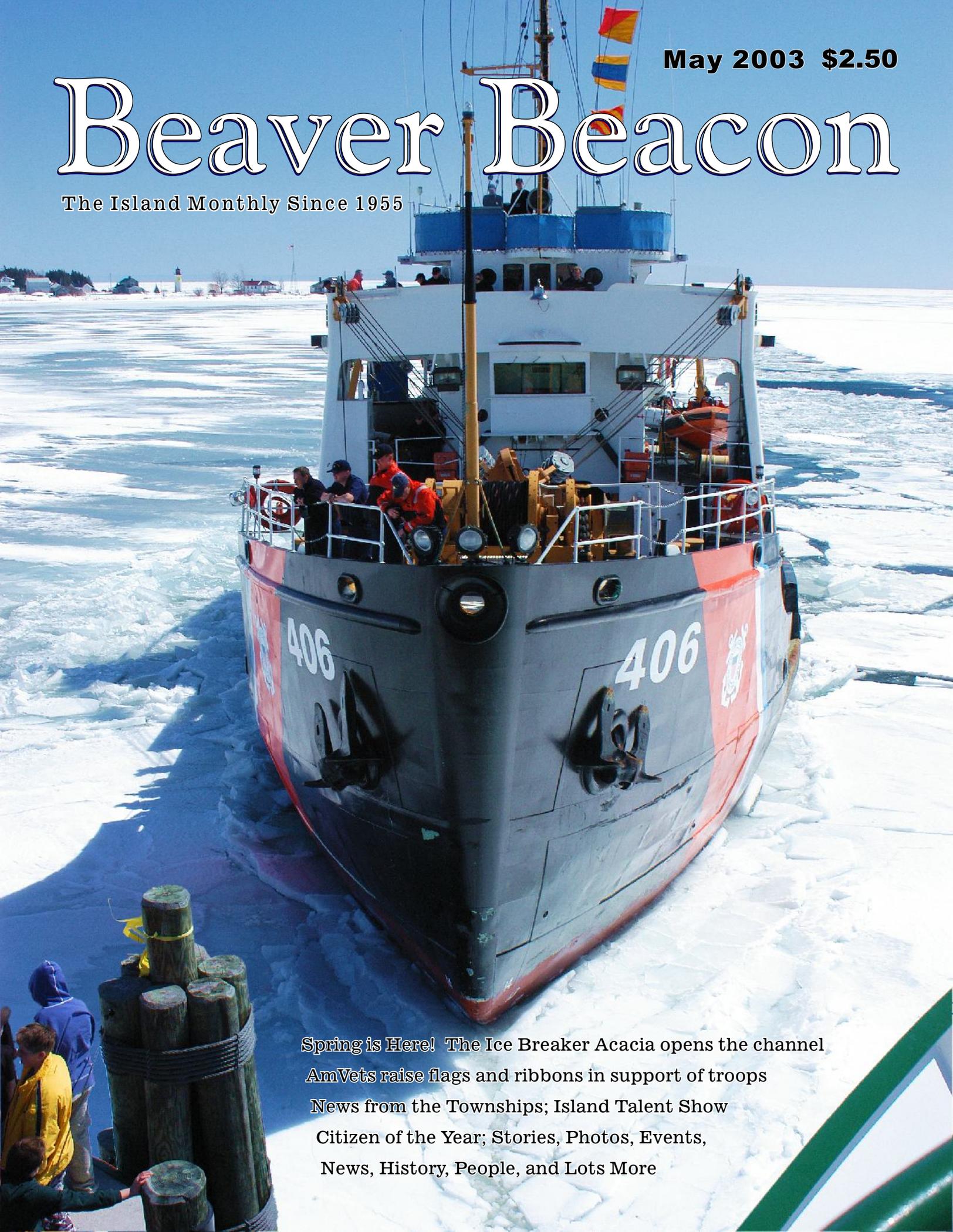


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the Island Monthly since 1955

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Editors / Owners

Jeff Cashman
jcashman@beaverisland.net
William Cashman
wcashman@beaverisland.net

Contributing Writers

Joyce Bartels
Jackie Martin
Jeff Powers
Liam Racine
Cindy Ricksgers
Jason Westenbroek
Connie Wojan
Ken Zick

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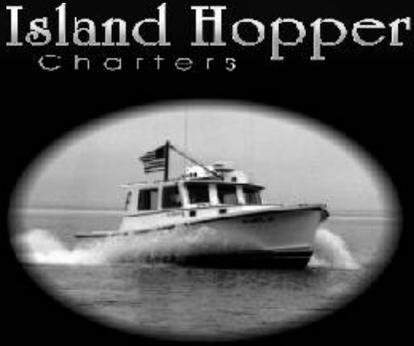
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The Plan for Furnishing the New Health Center

As previous articles have stated, the State has granted Beaver Island a total of 1.5 million dollars to build and furnish a new facility. Now that a bid has been accepted, it is hoped that all costs of building can be kept at 1.3 million. That is, of course, just a hope at this time, as everyone realizes that unexpected and unpredictable costs frequently arise in any building project, no matter how well planned.

With this reality in mind, the Board of Directors of the BIRHC has developed the following strategies to furnish the new facility while preserving the \$200,000 grant "cushion" as much as possible for building cost overruns or the boosting of our endowment fund. (Interest income from unspent building grant money can be used for operating the new facility.)

It should be noted that Dr. Wendy White will be responsible for providing all of her own dental equipment in the new facility, just as she now does in the current building.

The first step in the plan will be for the staff and architects to go through each room of the new facility and make a list of every piece of furniture and equipment that will be needed. (Flooring and built-in units are already accounted for in the 1.3 million-dollar building cost.) The resulting list will be filled from the following sources:

1. Current health center equipment and furnishings: All usable existing office equipment and furnishings and the X-ray equipment will be moved to the new facility.

2. Used equipment and furnishings courtesy of Munson Medical Center and Dr. Brad Grassmick: Through connections made by our care providers and Transition Manager Arlene Brennan, Munson has offered used furnishings resulting from a recent remodeling there. Additionally, a valuable overhead procedure light is available.

Dr. Brad Grassmick has been very helpful and generous in locating items such as hospital beds, stretchers, and bedside tables. The BIRHC Board is very grateful for the help of Munson and Dr. Grassmick.

3. Grants through the Little Traverse Band of Indians: The BIRHC plans to apply for a grant to equip and furnish the Community Education Room in the December grant cycle.

4. Quiet Capital Campaign: The Board plans to approach individual donors with naming opportunities to donate the costs of furnishings or pieces of equipment.

5. Donations and loans of artwork from Island artists: The first round of letters has just gone out to local artists asking them to consider creating works of art and photography for display throughout the new building. The Board hopes to create a soothing, aesthetically pleasing environment, which will reflect the character of Beaver Island. Artworks donated or loaned for display will be labeled with the creators' names. This will be a unique opportunity for Island artists to publicize their talents in an important community building.

—Connie Wojan

Notice to Voters - School Finance

The members of the Board of Education wish to inform you that there will be an important school finance issue on the June 9, 2003 ballot. The district will request the annual "Headlee" override that allows the district to levy the full 15.7908 mills (originally approved in 1993) for operational purposes. This millage is levied on non-homestead property

only and provides the essential school operating funds. The Board of Education will soon be providing voters with more information about this ballot request. Also on the ballot will be board member election—both Linda McDonough and John Fiegen are running for reelection to the Board. Contact the school office for more information.



photo thanks to Eula Thomas

Chamber's 2003 Citizen of the Year Banquet

On April 12th Beaver Island's Chamber of Commerce gathered 85 hungry celebrants at the *Shamrock Bar and Grill* for its 2nd annual 'Citizen of the Year' banquet. As always, there were many deserving nominations for this award, but the winner was, as speaker and Chamber Vice-president Bill Thomas said, "someone you hope you don't see, unless you need them, and in that case you can thank your lucky stars that they have made all the sacrifices they have and are there, ready to pitch in and help," Beaver Island's Emergency Medical Service.

Pictured above with presenter Bill Thomas are the life-saving EMS crew: (from left to right) Bill McDonough, Tim McDonough, Christie VanLooy, Joe Timsak, Michelle LaFreniere, Roye Meis, Ken Bruland, Gerald LaFreniere, and Joe Moore.

Not only have they spent hundreds and hundreds of hours learning techniques and how to use their equipment, but they have also fought for funds, sponsored events, and started a 'First Response' program in the school, which will, hopefully, provide their eventual replacements.



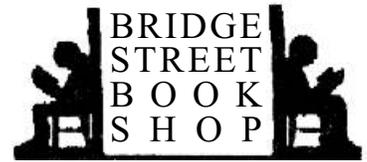
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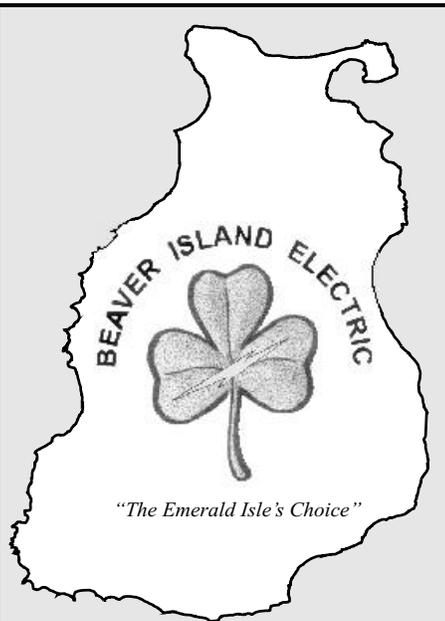
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James Kenwabakisee Breaks Out

Two days after the *Acacia* sliced through the ice, the *Emerald Isle* made a round trip while Jimmy Ken slowly and laboriously, but with great expertise, hammered and sliced and smashed a channel from his dock north of Bud Martin's into the ferry channel. The primary technique involves ramming the boat up onto the ice, letting it settle through, and then backing away to get up steam for the next run. The sheet of ice covering the east

half of the harbor was pressed down by the weight of his boat each time, making water squish out from under the edges at the shore, creating a mini tidal wave.

Once he hit the channel, he and his merry gang did a quick circle for those watching from the ferry dock, and then raced out of the harbor for a much-deserved first spring trip while his wife and daughters sat patiently on the dock, "letting the boys have their fun."



Beaver Island Wildlife Club News

The Beaver Island Wildlife Club met on April 10th to discuss several of its ongoing projects. The main area of discussion centered on the upcoming two-day Island visit by DNR regional wildlife biologist Brian Mastenbrook, who will be working with our Club to help assess several key wildlife management issues. These will include White-tailed Deer population management, Habitat Improvement, Doe Permit levels, and issues relating to Coyotes, Turkeys, Rabbits and other wildlife species. We will be announcing a place for our May 1st meeting with Mr. Mastenbrook. We hope to have a



good turnout for this meeting to help improve the wildlife management on Beaver Island.

Other issues that the Club is working on are the "Successful Hunter Contest" (which will help us in our estimates of deer population on Beaver Island) and the Walleye Stocking Pond that we hope to utilize this spring to improve the developing walleye fishery in Lake Geneserath. Additionally the Club discussed the plans for the now Annual Rifle Raffle, which will occur at the Wildlife Club Dinner at the beginning of firearm deer season.

—Jeffrey Powers

Patrick Cull, by Gosh

Patrick Cull made it through the early trials at the State Spell-off in Mt. Pleasant, watching others get tripped up on things he knew quite well, such as the pre-colonial capital of the Tanimbar Islands. Their bad guesses helped develop his self-confidence, and he thought he had it made—until they tripped him up by asking a question that was *too easy*: what state's Osh Kosh in? He knew it; everyone knows it; and yet somehow his answer came out, "Minnesota." So he was asked to sit down. Of the 109 "regional winner" entrants, he finished 16th.

Just wait until next year!

Michigan Townships Association

Paul Nelson attended a March 31st meeting of the MTA, and gave a brief report to the Peaine Township Board. Everyone there was as concerned about the lack of money available for roadwork as we are, he said. One suggestion was to levy a hotel/motel tax to raise road maintenance funds.

Also, the Char-Em Housing Coalition discussed the methods they are trying to fund low-income housing (through the Department of Agriculture.)



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Coyotes On the Ice

A new cottage owner was asked by some locals if he'd ever taken a snowmobile onto the ice. The following story is his report about what came next:

The group from Beaver left for the silence of the ice-bound lake. Racing across wind-swept snow that had drifted in waves, they went for the stillness. A paradox of modern life is that such tough men on their whirling machines dash across the frozen white and mirror ice to find peace. The whine of the snowmobile transports them to a kingdom of ice castles and silence.

I am not an Islander, which is about being born one and growing up in the cycle of Island life. Knowing your neighbor by his character and the stories of his family. Living through hard winters and busy summers and seeing the inside of things—sorrows and joys, birth and death. And this winter had been hard. In such places you must know whom you can trust when you make tracks on a sled from Island to mainland going across.

I was the novice sledder in the group, and I knew enough of Island life, as a summer resident, to not make a complete fool out of myself. This pack

of Island “coyotes”—this is what they resembled—would pounce on me like a wide-eyed doe. I admitted I could barely turn a machine on a soft slope. Islanders appreciate the truth, and if they didn't embrace me, their tolerance was well meaning.

I was the adolescent pup in the pack, to follow the metaphor. “Stay right on his butt and you'll be just fine. When he turns, you turn. When he stops, you stop. If he goes in the drink, follow him. Follow him to hell if he wants to go there, which is where he'll end up anyway.” He was the pack leader, and the pack deferred to him. All except the lone dog, who preferred roaming ahead and beyond—just on the edge.

It was this loner who suggested I ride along, and generously provided a sled. “Got your insurance paid up?” he laughed. “It'll thrill you, and chill you to the bone. The adrenaline will rush to your frozen toes.” He preferred speed to silence. “It's as good as it gets.” Jack Nicholson had that same wild-eyed look after seeing his psychiatrist in the film of the same name. This guy had a lot in common with Jack.

His last comment laid down the gauntlet. Despite the rolling eyes of the women at the Chili Cook-Off, I knew I could not refuse. Welling up with testosterone from some youthful spring long past, I blurted out an affirmative “Yes”. The next morning I regretted it. He handed me a pinched pair of ice picks with a gleeful glance. I stammered out, “What are these for?” “Well, when you take a spill into the drink, you can pull yourself out better than with your fingernails. Hate to see those scratch marks around a hole.” I realized he said “when” and not “if.” I had heard the story about an able sledder who plunged into a soft hole two seasons ago and almost died. It had matured into legend, told at the table at Dalwhinnie in the morning with a causal jocularity that belied the gravity of the event. When the survivor teased his fellow sledder, who had pulled him out with a long-sleeved shirt that day, the rescuer retorted that he had thought about wearing a shirt with short sleeves—and wished he had.

We meet at Indian Point early the next morning. I am filled with exhilaration and stomach butterflies. Racing

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to Garden Island, we are joined by another pack of sled "coyotes," howling in delight as they weave in and out and jockey for position. Free from the restraints of land, responsibilities, wives, and the madness of "cabin fever," they roam across the ice with intoxicating abandon. Sleds leap into the air. *Free at last!*

We round Garden and head north into the vast white open flatness where sky and ice-bound lake seem one. It should not take long to cross to Naubinway in the U.P. Cautious and tentative with my sled, I hang behind the pack as they speed ahead. When I finally catch up, the group has stopped, and huddles off sleds in disgruntled disgust. One slams his helmet on the ice. Another paces up and down, shouting obscenities and pointing to the northeast. The lead dog talks on his cell phone. Lifting my fogged visor, I strain to survey the horizon. Then I hear it before I see it. The groans of heaving sheets of ice rumble in the distance to the churning engines of the icebreaker *Mackinaw*. To my left, the unmistakable red lines emerge in the distance, cutting a huge swath through the ice.

Behind it by several hundred yards follows the tugboat, *Michigan*, hauling a barge. The howls of the pack have now turned from gleeful yapping to long, high angry whines. They nip at each other's heels as they argue over whether to race around the prow—which is like trying to beat a train. In the distance the lone dog races ahead to the ice-breaker's edge, running back and forth, jumping and barking as if he could stop the monolith's forward movement. The heavy hand of the government has spoiled our trip.

For awhile the engines grind to a halt. The ship pushes onto the ice and then slips back. But the action only prompts more animated debate about a course of action. Had it stopped to let us go around, thinking we are returning from the U.P. and would be stranded? Was it a warning, instead? One of us half criticized, half laughed at the actions of the lone dog. "Bet he got too close and the Captain's called in a helicopter to strafe us!" The lone dog soon returned to sing of his exploit, to the grumbling of the rest of the pack: "Man, that was great to feel the ice groan and lift under the sled. Nothing

like feeling that power." A kind of tectonic surfing, I suppose. As if cowed by the daring of the loner, the pack started engines and ran toward the channel's edge.

I lingered behind, contemplating seriously whether the trek was worth it, whether my life insurance was paid up. One sledder yells back, "Are you coming?" "Don't think so," I replied, my proverbial tail between my legs; "I think I'll go back." "Okay, just follow the trail home," he shouted over the whine of his engine. "Are they nuts," I thought. The adolescent dog was wavering.

In a few minutes the lone dog races back to me and circles with a curious but challenging stare. "Where are you goin'?" he snarls. Then, sensing my apprehension, he stops his sled, lifts his visor, and encourages, "Look, it's great out there. No problem. Ice must be two feet thick. Only takes three inches to support you. C'mon, let's ride! You won't regret it." Despite his rash bravado, I liked the loner. The pack did too. Their complaints belied a secret admiration. "He's one crazy coyote," I thought. But in reality we recognized

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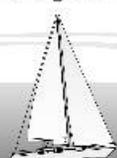
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Continued from page 9

him as one of the last vestiges of the virgin wilderness of Northern Michigan. He was a Hemmingway character, straight out of Nick Adams. He reminded me of the freedom and natural wilderness that the Island still offers. He escaped a profitable business on the mainland to roam free. Now, he did what he darned well pleased, and I envied him for that.

By the time I reach the open channel, the pack leader is pacing back and forth near the channel's edge, axe in hand. Clear diamond-blue ice boulders have been churned in the breaker's wake. Huge jagged chards glisten in the emerging sunlight; many rise to sharp points. The pack restlessly follows, baying their discontent at the breaker's devastation of the path to Naubinway. They speculate about a way to cross. My stomach churns like the breaker's wake, and the boulders well up in my throat. "Surely, he doesn't think we can cross fifty feet of smashed ice?" I asked the question openly, but no one replies. Then I decide on another approach. "What's he have the axe for?" I ask tentatively. "Oh," someone replies, taking a long drag on his cigarette—this is not a no-smoking place, "that's to cut the tips off the chards, to make the path clear to cross." He picks up an ice boulder, tossing it into the channel. It sinks and promptly bobs to the surface. "Okay," I

reply, voice cracking. "Yeah, you get goin' fast enough," another mutters, "and these sleds'll sail straight across." I had seen such things in snowmobile commercials, but I hoped against hope that he was joking.

Forty minutes later, after considerable discussion, the pack leader rules out a crossing. Either he failed to find a path, or reason finally prevailed. After a brief exchange about taking the secondary trip to Mackinaw City, the pack splits. I realize how few words are necessary in a group that knows each other well. An outsider rarely discerns the nuances of this unspoken language. Later, I learned that a group of friends awaited us in Naubinway, which accounted for the furtive attempts to find a passage. Some had made the longer trip to Mackinaw before and preferred the shorter one to Naubinway.

Most depart for home, leaving the quietly experienced pack leader, the loner, me, and a fourth rider. I am more comfortable, less likely to make a fool of myself in this smaller, more forgiving group. The others turn toward Beaver as we head into the emerging eastern sun toward the Straits of Mackinac.

I grew up in a skiing family, and found my first skis resting against the fireplace of our lake cottage early one snowy Christmas morning. That was a time when skiing was a family sport and unspoiled by the commercialism which

later sent the cost of lift tickets soaring. I turned to cross-country skiing to avoid the long lines and crowded slopes. When snowmobiles made their appearance on the scene, our family decried their worth. They were noisy, polluted the environment, and were not a true sport—just plain unhealthy. The snowmobile was the Darth Vader of the forest, despoiling the peace and solitude of the Jedi Empire. But one side of my family had 'gone over to the dark side.' Several winters ago I was enticed to 'go over' as well. Although I suppressed my enthusiasm on that first ride, I was hooked. But being a good mid-western Lutheran, my guilt and shame over the event resurrected my previous sensibilities. Snowmobiles were simply smudge pots on snow.

My prejudice dissipated as our smaller pack rounded Hog Island and hit the open ice. One of my favorite writers, C. S. Lewis, spent a lifetime exploring his spiritual beliefs, only to conclude that some things should be enjoyed in the moment rather than analyzed. In less than a half-hour I left my prejudices behind. Alone on the open ice in the crisp winter air, wind whistling, one finds release from earthy cares and discovers the joy of being at one with the sun and sky, snow and ice. Coupled with the excitement of an adventure and the risk, it is a glorious experience.

The clouds cast long shadows as we



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weave our way through mounds of upturned blue glacial slivers—up and down, over and around—until we reach open ice and race across at speeds up to forty miles an hour. Huge and small shards glisten as if a giant had sprinkled sparkling diamonds on the lake's surface. As we hit clear ice the sled occasionally slips and weaves across the translucent surface. Ahead emerges the Gray's Reef Light, sounding a siren's note every few seconds. We stop briefly to enjoy the music and wonder at the height of the edifice, which appears so small through binoculars from our East Side cottage. In the summer it would guide great freighters between dangerous shoals, but now it lay frozen, sleeping, alone, but still sounding out its warning in wait for spring thaw.

We travel toward Waugashance Point, and encounter birds in flight and a lone snow goose. Rounding the Point, that wonder of the Great Lakes suddenly appears in all its majesty: the 'Big Mac' Bridge. I am sure those born after me take it for granted, but I am old enough to remember waiting for the ferry before Big Mac was built, and so it still seems a miracle to me. Her white towers gleam in the sun, and her elegant cables cast long shadows on the icy surface below. She looms larger and larger as we approach, and I wonder if terrorists might ever try to take her down. I remembered after the tragedy of September 11 that extra security was

added for her protection. The realities of the mainland break the spell of the lake. I am indeed 'across.'

After lunch in Mackinaw City we retrace our path. Rounding Waugashance and leaving the Bridge behind, the magical spell of the icy lake returns. It doesn't take long on the mainland to want to get back to Beaver. The mainland is a destination—a place to say you have been; but the Island is a state of mind.

More adventure lays ahead. The loner had left before us and long ago disappeared off the horizon. It worries the pack leader. He doesn't like the idea of a single rider negotiating the lake alone.

About a mile out on the white ice, out of nowhere three lanky, real coyotes appear, their coats agleam. Two turn and lope south, but one is upon us and racing with the wind alongside our sleds. We turn north and circle, but he circles with us. Is this play or tease? Our machines lag behind him. He strikes out ahead, speeding powerfully, then slows, trotting alongside. His pink tongue lolls, and his eyes glow white. This animal is at home in his realm. His long, lithe body surges, bushy tail flowing straight. Wild and free on an adventure of his own—a lone dog of the open spaces. He knows this world.

Past Gray's Reef, around Hog and Garden, we journey at a leisurely pace to the rhythm of the setting sun. Clouds

dance in winter's golden glow. As the sun sets, we reach Indian Point and pause to relish the spirit of camaraderie and the accomplishment of mastering the long journey. I'm surprised to not be cold. Together we had enjoyed the silence of the great lake in winter. It had been a good trip. I turned to the pack leader and thanked him. "I expect this is a regular thing for you," I offered, "but it was an adventure of a lifetime for me." He replied with a note of surprise in his voice, "It's that way for us too. It always is each time." I now understood. It was not as easy as he had made it out to be, nor as ordinary as his stoic demeanor suggested. He was a good leader. There was a reason I was admonished to follow him closely.

The lone dog soon reappeared, dashing recklessly down the bluff from the Beaver Island Lodge. He joked about our dalliance. "Where in hell have you been? I've already had three beers. What took you so long?"

Free beer flowed for us at the Lodge. The story of the journey was recounted several times, and embellished and exaggerated to make it seem more adventuresome than it was. To savor it. Still, as I looked out into the night across the darkening lake, I imagined that lone real coyote running north—living the wildness, freedom, and peace that only the long distance of flat ice on the run can bring.

—Ken Zick



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Here comes ... the *Acacia*

Winter ended at the end of March but then returned. April's arrival had promised freedom from the snow and ice, but with a new ten inches, everyone on Beaver Island was glad to hear the news: "the boat, the icebreaker: she is coming!" So on April 10th twenty-five people and several equally cabin-fevered dogs gathered at Whiskey Point to watch the sturdy steel-hulled *Acacia*, fresh from winter duty in Chicago, carve up the foot-thick barricade that had surrounded Beaver's shores.

The wind was perfect, blowing to the northeast: the burgs the icebreaker was calving would blow away from the Emerald Isle's route. Some thought the ice would be thicker, but an earlier two days of rain had created warm lakes on the surface that mirrored the melting action of the current below, and the great white tectonic sheet that had blanketed us broke easily into mushy pieces.

When the welcome ship passed the Coast Guard Station, everyone acted spontaneously, jumping back in their car or truck and racing to the Ferry Dock, where

the kids who'd been let out of school were waiting with another thirty adults. They needn't have hurried because a thousand feet out the powerful boat had come to a complete stop. There she sat, as the gathering joked: it had to be lunch time.

Then she came on, her motor churning and seagulls billowing as she chewed through ice that had thickened to thirty inches, without being strained. Cameras clicked; dogs turned frolicky; and people said hello to those who'd hidden out in their cabins during the long run of short

days. The *Acacia* came right up to the dock with the grace of a dolphin, and then backed away—time and again, widening the path to the rest of the world. But on one of these feints the calculation the Captain was making from her high perch was not quite good enough and the ship tapped the bow of our beloved *Emerald Isle*. The row of observers did not quite believe what they had seen; the

railing was bent at three stanchions, and a dimple left in her bow plating. The ding was only cosmetic, but it was a reminder of the raw force and skill involved that we often take for granted after seeing the ships being maneuvered flawlessly year after year. When the *Acacia* steamed away, there was a narrow alley cut in the ice, through which groceries and fuel oil and building supplies could be brought, starting with a trip the day after the following day. But two days later ice showed up all the way from Traverse City—apparently needing a vacation—and the *Acacia* had to come back!



On This Date

Ten Years Ago The *Beacon* reported about the progress in formulating a new Master Plan, a project funded by grants of \$2,500 from each township and \$10,000 from the Frey Foundation. The work was also facilitated by the cooperation of MSU's Landscape Architecture program, which contributed the help of 35 students and a professor. The preliminary goals were similar to those guiding today's re-enactment:

- To maintain and enhance the existing quality of life;
- To protect and conserve the Island's natural endowment;
- To provide sustainable, well-managed growth; and
- To improve and sustain a user-friendly infrastructure.

Dennis Clarkson announced that an agreement with the DNR had been reached on the Dockside Market, and a public meeting was scheduled to gather input about exactly what to do with the building. A new non-profit entity will be formed to take title and manage the project.

Dana Gillespie and Eric Hodgson exchanged wedding vows.

A party was marooned on Garden Island when they ran out of gas.

The Wildlife Club had a pancake dinner, earning \$270. It brought wildlife biologist Doug Whitcomb here to direct the rye and clover planting, and announced that 30,000 walleye fry will be sent by the DNR to our rearing pond for six to seven weeks and then transferred to the inland lakes.

The School addition forced the

Tennis Court committee to move the proposed location to its present site, land donated by Bob and Julie Neff and Wes Webb.

St. James Township accepted the proposed BITA by-laws. A grant to purchase the Gull Harbor land seemed likely to succeed. The Rescue Boat was deemed unnecessary and was to be raffled off.

Odawa potter Frank Etawageshik spent a week at the School as artist-in-residence teaching the traditional historic styles used for almost two millennia, until the late 1700s. This program was funded by a grant from the Michigan Council for the Arts

Dave Gladish's *Beacon Lite* started its run with three poems, including this:

She was frail as a porcelain dish
Just a word from him was her wish
But when she looked at him he
Pitched her anatomy

She decked him as cold as a fish.

Twenty Years Ago A new business placed an ad in the *Beacon*: Carolyn Esch's "Country Ceramics" announced that her classes would start in early June.

A letter from Jesse Cole (who lived at Nomad) was received: "My father Garrett seemed to be a very intelligent fellow in most ways, but I guess was subject to a drinking habit, yet was kind.

"My father had a 40' boat called the *Mamie M.* It leaked so bad when in the water, you had to pump constantly to keep it afloat. So my father started out from Nomad (a 12 mile trip to Str. James) with us nine kids. The leak was so bad that the water gained on me, and I started to cry. My brave brother Ray

grabbed the pump and kept the boat afloat. When we arrived my father got a quart of moonshine that cost only a dollar, and started drinking it straight. He grabbed my mother's new hat and threw it into the water at McCann's Dock (20' deep) where we were tied up. Brave Ray swam out to get it (it was straw, with imitation flowers), while all the time my father was cursing. Getting a bottle of shine, getting drunk, and cursing – this was his greatest pleasure. He had a personality that everyone liked, yet he was a powerful man – but subject to his habits.

"It seems he was a natural genius at figures, but a poor manager of money. Or was it just the times? He owned 640 acres of property on Beaver Island. My mother Julia was a sort of angel on this earth, and now I say she's an angel in heaven.

"At 78, I work on the Election Board here, getting our good mayor reelected for his 5th term. Reading and playing the organ and piano are my hobbies. And just taking it easy – which seems to have been my policy all through life."

Note: as a boy, Jesse Cole was hit on the head by a log, and they thought he would die. He lost the ability to speak for several months. When it finally came back, he resumed the sentence he'd been saying when struck, and had no awareness or memory of the intervening time and made a considerable success of himself in his later life.

Thirty Years Ago The *Beacon* opened by reporting on Game Club news: the smelt run was light and short; the suckers were plentiful; the nests built

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for ducks and geese at Greene's Lake have gone unfilled; and the morels were just beginning, although there was already a good showing of beefsteak mushrooms.

Bernie Miller, one of eight graduating seniors from the Beaver Island School (along with Hugh Cole, Steve Connaghan, Rocky DeVogel, Rich Gillespie, Mike Martin, Jeff McGlocklin, and Mark Welke, told a story about her parents, George and Martha: "Everyone knows about Martha's escapade in the cranberry bog. Well, this was a little different," she began. "George bought a brand-new Chevy Blazer, so he and Mom decided to drive around the Island and see what kind of treasures could be found on the beach. Everything went well—until they turned west at Cheyenne Point and drove out onto the gravel lake edge. Things were fine until they decided they'd gone far enough and tried to turn around.

"This was a 4wd, right? Well, even with traction to all tires, there are limitations, and after ten minutes George was ready to admit he'd found one. After directing some well-chosen words at the freshly-lowered car, they started to walk. Dad was quite grumpy because he anticipated having to walk to town.

"After awhile Mom heard a whirring and looked up to see the Coast Guard helicopter hovering above them. Waving her arms failed to communicate anything, so she wrote *HELP* in the sand with her heel. The heli came down, and the Coast Guard who jumped out and ran over offered to help – but would not go so far as to use his bird to pull Dad's new

car out of the soft sand. Instead he suggested he call Dick at the store, to ask for help.

"*Why not just take us there?* Mom asked. After checking with his commander, his answer was encouraging: *Can do.* So those people who saw them dropped off at Dick's store by their personal Coast Guard chauffeur should know: it was an emergency, not just standard treatment."

In honor of McDonough's Market celebrating its 40th anniversary, Phil Gregg supplied a little history about the establishment. In 1903 it came into existence as part of the infrastructure the Beaver Island Lumber Company anticipated needing for its operation. They ran it while they were here, and then sold it to John Grill, who ran it until 1933. At that point it was sold to Lloyd and Eva, who passed it on to Skip and Bud. At one time it featured a wood stove and cracker barrel, and was the perfect picture of how things used to be.

Forty Years Ago The Civic Association, the precursor to the Chamber of Commerce, took advantage of the unseasonably low water to promote a Harbor Clean-up. With trucks, trailers, and many willing hands the community pulled together to remove 22 loads of debris in one day. Besides the tires and logs and an old engine, the spot where Wojan's sawmill was located (on top of the hill behind the ferry dock) was given special attention. Vernon Fitzpatrick, the DNR officer, staged a one-man tree-planting program as well. Summer plans included the removal of the old schoolhouse, which

stood directly behind the new one.

The Game Club conducted a 76-acre controlled burn near Hannigan Road to improve the deer and grouse range. The land was plowed, and clover planted in the furrows. During the previous fall 3500 legal-size brook trout were planted in Fox Lake, and small wet flies were recommended to interested anglers. Fishermen were asked not to use minnows as bait to reduce the possibility of them escaping and creating a rival species. It was noted that Walt Wojan shot another stray cat.

The fire truck roared out of town early one morning, but was too late to save the Boyle Farm, which burned to the ground.

Music for a tribute to the departing Joe Dillingham was provided by Vera Wojan on the piano and Joe M'Fro on the harmonica. Afterwards the deputy, Karl Keubler, served as caller for a square dance.

Wilbur Martin, Jude and Charlotte's father and Charlie's brother, passed away, as did Peter Nielsen (91), who had worked as a fisherman while living on Garden Island.

When Sister Ida resigned her post as a teacher at the school, her students decided to hold a celebration in the guise of "This is Your Life!" Excerpts of her convent life, recollections of the many pranks played on her or attempted, and her considerable successes in stimulating those placed in her tutelage, were all given sufficient emphasis.

Among those to make the honor roll were Pam Martin, Evelyn Palmer, and Sue Nestle.

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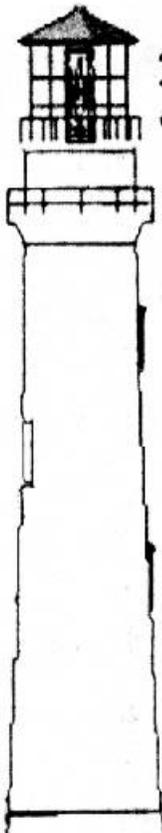
My Grandfather's Farm

The seagulls moved inland the year Bill Wagner planted corn on my grandfather's farm. They left the harbor where their gliding watch decorated the landscape and dirtied the docks, and the fishing boats where they lazily claimed the discarded remains of each day's catch. For the novel taste of earthworms and slugs, they came inland to follow the slow, gray tractor as it muddled over and plodded through the tough, overgrown fields, unworked for thirty years.

Seeming more like one large feathery organism than several hundred birds, they followed the progress closely. Seagulls hovered overhead, flapped alongside, and marched behind the tractor. Like white rag ribbons attached with string to the humming machine, they gave Bill the comic appearance of a balloon man. He led the parade daily, tilting over the broken soil on his tractor with his birds, like bouquets of kite-tails, in close attendance. The seagulls stayed when Bill went home at night, guarding the tractor and the plow and the open purse of the soil.

Impatient to get started each morning, they were already fluttering busily, vying for position as Bill made his early trek across the field to begin his work.

Dragging the plow behind, the tractor slowly transformed the field. The first pass lifted the earth in clumps, pulled out the juniper, and tossed up a few rocks. On the second, the lurching machine turned the brittle grass under, exposed the roots, and left a finer texture. With the disc attached the tractor made waves in the fresh dark earth.



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Fertilizer next, then the planter left crooked rows of yellow kernels. Another swipe covered the seeds; then a deposit of weed-killer finished the job.

The work took nine days from start to finish, during which the seagulls had perfect attendance.

We watched the progress from house and yard. Aunt Katie drank her coffee on the kitchen porch to enjoy the smell of freshly plowed earth with the morning sun. After dinner she and my Dad took their beers outside. Leaning back in their chairs, they kept their eyes on the tractor's path as the evening was filled with laughter and talk. When Dad noticed the gulls, he said, "Cindy, get my gun. Here's supper!" My daughters made appropriate noises of mock horror and disgust as I remembered Dad's earlier threats to "Shoot Santa from the sky," to "put some venison steak on the table." Many springtimes in my childhood I feared for the Easter Bunny's life. Aunt Katie must have had similar memories, according to the way she rolled her eyes at Dad's talk of "seagull stew."

"Nothing's going to be the same," my daughters groused at the plow. "The way he's ruining our fort. And what about Fluffy?" This was pronounced with a degree of sureness showing they thought they'd hit on an argument I couldn't overcome; they seemed to expect I would now run across the field and throw myself in front of the tractor to bring its devastation to a halt. I well remembered the frail, two-day-old kitten we'd had to bury in this field eight years before, and

marveled that they did too.

Their outburst made me recall times in my childhood when I'd made paths and hide-outs in the tall grass, catching fire flies and picking wildflowers as we roamed through this vast field morning and evening, and I sympathized with their sense of loss. "Wait," I told them. "You'll have great times playing in the tall corn." "Watch the birds," I said. "They're so funny. Watch your Grandpa" – that's what I was doing.

Every day, Dad walked the field. His long stride covered the rough ground with ease, and he seemed to be measuring it with his even pace. He moved quickly, as if he had a specific destination, then stopped suddenly and without a plan, just to study the terrain. With his feet planted firmly in the soil his legs formed a triangle with the ground. His broad shoulders rounded and his back formed an S-curve as he hooked his thumbs into his belt loops and rested his hands on non-existent hips. He stood for so long that his solid form took on the aura of a statue—except for his head, which nodded his grudging approval at everything he saw. Years later his image returned, not from memory but from my paintings: I imbedded his sturdy triangle form in a series of collagraphs, surprising myself with this sure symbol of safety from earlier in my life.

My daughters felt like they were losing their childhood, but Dad was reclaiming his. And above, the transition was celebrated by a swirling whirlpool of seagulls!

—Cindy Ricksgers

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Many people who see Skip Duhamel on his fish tug, or working with Johnny B in the winter, or with his equally-talented wife and their daughter Desire at a school function, don't realize that he is one of the diminishing number of master Totem Pole Carvers. When he was sixteen, his father, a great student of human nature, came home with a seventy-year-old man he'd picked up hitch-hiking, Tom Kukoosh, who turned out to be an itinerant carver. Skip had already apprenticed himself to a jewelry maker, but when the old man offered to stay in his home and teach him, he changed his artistic direction.

It was not an easy tutelage. Skip was impatient, wanting to rush to the last steps, but Kukoosh stressed repetition, performing each special stroke over and over until it became second nature. After a year the teacher finally pronounced his charge ready to strike out on his own. Saying that, Kukoosh left, never to be heard from again.

As word of Skip's talent spread, commissions began to increase. He did four pieces for the interior of Deerwood, and is working on a cameo of a fawn for the main fire-place. He has turned his home into a ship by carving a mermaid for its peak. He has achieved such a level of expertise that he was asked to carve the Celtic Cross presented to the people of Arranmore, which he donated; now it hangs in St. Crone's church.

Carving a Totem Pole requires a great commitment, which Skip has



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been willing to make. His work begins with the search for the right tree—always a cedar. Once he has located a candidate, he makes an offering of tobacco or sweet grass, asking it what secrets it contains and thanking the forest for its gift. Sometimes what is revealed to him at this point will determine some or all of the shapes he imparts to the finished work. Once he's determined the design, he has to draw it onto the surface of the peeled tree, which requires him to hold the entire plan in his mind. When it's finished he frequently paints it with enamel and then coats it with urethane.

Each Totem Pole tells a story about his people and what they do. One that he made for his father used only fishing symbols, but the ones he did for the Turtle Dome in Peshabetown, for which he was paid five thousand dollars, used that community's clan symbols, the turtle and the otter, the crane, bear, loon, kingfisher, wolf, sturgeon, rabbit, and eagle.

Taking between one and two years each to create, Totem Poles require a great deal of patience. Sometimes the inspiration wanes, and he has to walk away for a moment—or for three months. The act of carving, though, puts him in touch with his heritage, and each stroke elicits memories of the people and their stories. Because his religion plays such an important role, carving a new work is like an act of faith, letting him both express and affirm his beliefs. —JackieMartin



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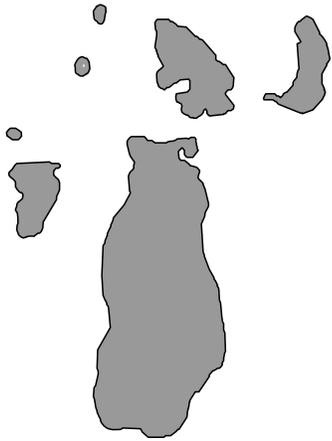
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News from the Townships

St. James Township, regular meeting of 4-2-03 with all members present

Problems with new sewer system unresolved at this time. Engineer will be on the Island soon to resolve this.

The EMS is requesting temporary office space in the Township Hall. This will be reviewed by the Board.

Information has been received about the Yacht Dock improvements from engineer John Schlak of United Design. He says the State has changed the standards for electricity on docks. The Township will try to work with the DNR on the changes required.

The Board approved the appointment of Rich Gillespie and Grace Matela to the BITA for terms of three years.

The Board approved the appointment of Rick Speck and Don Tritsch to the St. James Township Planning Commission for three years, to replace Jim Wojan and Ray Cole, who resigned.

The Board approved salary increases of 1.5% for the Assessor/Zoning Administrator, the Maintenance Manager, and the Dock Master. A \$1.00/hour increase for the Maintenance employee was also approved.

Peaine Township Regular meeting of 4-9-03

Members present: John Works, Colleen Martin, Christina Morgan, Paul Nelson, and Judy Lanier.

MOTION Nelson, second Morgan, to approve the 3-12-03 minutes; **PASSED**. **MOTION** Nelson, second Lanier, to approve the current bills for payment; **PASSED**. **MOTION** Nelson, second Morgan, to approve the 2003-04 Budget; **PASSED**.

MOTION Works, second Nelson, to authorize Christina Morgan, Township Treasurer, to do all the Township's banking with Charlevoix State Bank; **PASSED**.

Planning Commission Report: progress is being made on codes, maps, and new ordinances.

Our EMS In Action

March was a busy month for Beaver Island's EMS. Besides practicing their diving techniques in an icy harbor, they made three transports, a 50% increase from their average of the first two months of the year. One was to the Charlevoix Area Hospital, and two were to Northern Michigan Hospital in Petoskey.

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Charlevoix County Commissioners

Synopsis of the meeting of April 9th, 2003, held at 3:00 p.m. All Commissioners were present.

Motion approved the minutes of the March 12, 2003 meeting as corrected.

Motion approved Kathy Simmons, Emergency Services Director, applying for a grant regarding weapons of mass destruction.

Motion approved Kathy Simmons, Emergency Services Director, applying for a grant for emergency operation assessment regarding cases of emergency or disaster.

Motion approved Resolution #03-020, increasing the fees collected in the Register of Deeds Office and the creation of Register of Deeds Automation Fund.

Motion approved Resolution #03-021, application for a grant from the Office of Drug Control Policy-Bryne Division.

Motion confirmed the appointments of Lou Hollow and Don Smith to the mental Health Board.

Motion approved Resolution #03-022, Amended Bond Authorizing Resolution, Charlevoix County Water Supply System bonds, (Village of Boyne Falls Water System No. 1).

The City of Boyne City invited the Board to hold a meeting in Boyne City. The Board accepted their invitation and the May 28th meeting will be held in Boyne City.

Motion adjourned the meeting.

—Jane E. Brannon, County Clerk

Results ... from the Egg Lake Seven

The group of conscientious citizens who decried the loss of habitat at Egg Lake last month has continued to work towards a far-reaching solution. They made an impassioned plea to the Planning Commission about the need for a section in the zoning ordinance to mandate greater environmental protection. Their

message was well received, but will take time to implement because of the fine legal points involved. They were told that the current upgrade is too far along, having already been sent to the Township Attorney for 45 - 60 days of deliberation, but that their concerns will definitely be addressed in the next go-round.

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The Way it Was: the Famine in Arranmore

On the recent visit to Arranmore by 57 Beaver Islanders for the Twinning Ceremony, much of its history was recounted, either by Charlie O'Hara or by those in the party from America such as Paul Cole, who delivered a talk about those sad days on the pier at Burtonport.

Everyone knows that the Famine began with potato blight in 1845, but few realize how close to the edge the people of Arranmore had been living, and how quickly they were overcome. A visitor to the island of 1,300 inhabitants in September of 1845 reported how amazed he was when wretchedly gaunt, half-clothed, and shoeless people rushed up to him with requests for relief.

At that time Arranmore was the property of an absentee landlord, the Marquis Conyngham. He never paid a visit to his holding, instead leaving its administration to Benbow, an English agent who was rarely there either. In the spring of 1846, everyone hoped and prayed that the blight that had devastated the crop the previous year would abate, but it was worse, turning entire fields into a stinking black mass. As hunger increased, Benbow was no help; his only mandate was to meet his quota, an impossible task. To stay

alive some normally honest people did whatever they could, driven to hunt for any secret trove of food held by their neighbor. Those caught looting were branded as thieves in any way possible; one woman, a Mary Gallagher, had her ears hacked off as her penalty.

Relief efforts were irregular, and hardly ever reached the distant provinces because of poor roads and poorer methods of distribution. In 1846 a load of Indian meal reached Arranmore, but it was an inedible rancid soggy mess, full of weevils and maggots. That fall a food depot was set up in Burtonport, but there was not nearly enough to go around. The authorities feared that a rebellion would bring them down, and in fact the meager stores were frequently looted before they could be passed out.

Everyone hoped that the worst was over—it *had* to be. But 1847 brought no relief. The blight continued and, if anything, was worse. Destitute people could be seen combing the fields with rakes, hoping for a single potato to keep the wolf from the door—to no avail. They were dropping everywhere, in the fields, in the streets, or in their homes. Every family had its dead by starvation. The destruction of the potato crop, almost the only source of

food, was total. Relief ships, such as the *Lame*, carrying wheat meal from Belfast, were attacked by starving mobs and stripped of any food in their holds. The police, wanting to make an example, pulled a raid on Arranmore, confiscating everything they found—in their view, it *had* to have been stolen, and probably was.

To add to their distress, Conyngham judged his island to be unprofitable and petitioned to have it declared a separate Poor-law District. As this was being done, he sold it in 1847. to Charlie Beag, a callous land speculator. Charlie Beag immediately decided to consolidate the farms by greatly reducing the population, which he did by evicting anyone who could not produce a written receipt for their rent. These had never had to be shown before, and when they had been received had not been saved.

To facilitate the eviction, Charlie Beag gave the departing tenants two options. They could go into the poorhouse at Glenties, or they could board a ship for America that he promised would be waiting for them at Donegal Town. Many chose the poorhouse because they were so weak and malnourished that they did not feel they could survive an ocean crossing.

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But the facility at Glenties was already overcrowded—its death rate was the highest in the country because it had been built in a swamp and flooded much of the year. Even the officials admitted that it reeked of death. Its charges were given clumps of old straw as their bed, with six or seven forced to sleep in a bundle, for warmth, under a single filthy rag. Conditions were so bad that the matron was sacked for dereliction of duty.

The braver ones to be forced off Arranmore went to Donegal Town, marching there on foot from Burtonport to board Charlie Beag's boat—but it was not there! Once again, promises were revealed to be just empty words, issued to get them off his land. There they were, with no money, no clothes, and no food. Hanging around, waiting for a miracle, they began to fall in their tracks. The good people living there did what they could, but there were few options.

Finally a miracle of sorts did take place. The Quakers, one of the few religious organizations to mobilize over the Irish tragedy, sent them a ship—one of the infamous 'coffin ships.' It looked like it would sink, but the hand of God was on them and they made it across the Atlantic in one piece,

the ship only sinking on its return trip.

Those who made it to America rejoiced, and sent for their friends. Many settled on Beaver, either directly or after stopping elsewhere first, once the Strangites were dispersed. Seven generations went by, more or less depending on the family, before their heirs sailed back to the island from which they had come, our new Twin. Imagine how their hearts leaped in their chests when they saw, as they approached her shore, hundreds of people waving and playing music and holding up a huge banner simply saying, "Welcome Home!"

A Press Release

The Beaver Island Boat Company and the Beaver Island community are grateful to the Commander and crew of the USCGC *Acacia* for the ice-breaking conducted on our behalf. It allowed us to get the season started earlier than would have been possible otherwise. The "bump" against the *Emerald Isle* was an unfortunate accident, but it is certainly repairable and relatively insignificant in relation to the operation of the vessel. Thank you, *Acacia*, for your much-appreciated assistance.

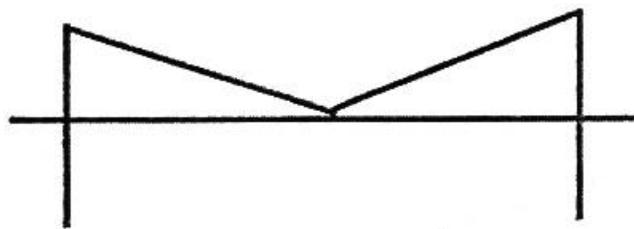
Leadership Retreat to focus on challenges

On Saturday, May 10th, the Beaver Island Leadership Retreat will be held at the Peaine Township Hall, from 9:00 a.m. until 1:00 p.m. The topic will be, "Lobbying and Advocacy for Current and Future Needs."

The purpose is three-fold: to share accomplishments since last year; to agree on priority issues that affect most organizations for next year; and to develop the skills we need to make our voices heard by key officials—before they make decisions that will affect this community.

There are six desired outcomes: to identify some priority issues; to agree on which of them to focus on in the next year; to teach individuals better advocacy and lobbying techniques to increase their effectiveness; to agree how to work together to advocate both locally and at the state level; to draft an *advocacy game plan* to use before and during the Beaver Island/Lansing reception; and to identify the next steps and assignments.

Those who come should bring a written list of their organization's accomplishments to present to the group. A continental breakfast will be available at 8:30.



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Arts & Culture Grant Update

We are grateful to the Michigan Council for Arts and Cultural Affairs for the Rural Arts and Culture Grant that helps to fund all the arts programs this year.

A hard-working group of students have been working with Martha Guth for the last several weeks. The Christian Church generously provided space for the classes. The group will perform at the church on the evenings of April 26 and 27.

The April "house party" was great fun once again. Many new faces in attendance suggests that the word is getting around. May 10th is the date for the next one, from 2 to 6 PM, at the home of John and Beth McCafferty. John McCafferty and Joe Moore will keep the music going. In June we revert back to our original time: Sunday evenings, from 4 to 8 PM. To add to the confusion, June's house party will be the third week in June, so as not to compete with graduation activities. The date is June 15; the location is Mike Sowa's home the Bonner centennial farm.

The Student Art Show at Crooked Tree Art Center in Petoskey has come down. Fourteen students had works on display from February 23 until April 5. Thanks to Karey Johnson and others at Crooked Tree for their help in getting our work across and for setting up and taking down the artwork for us. Students who participated in the show are: Colleen McDonough, Megan Heller, Melissa Bailey, Cameron LaVasseur, Maeve Green, Jenna Battle, Brenden Martin, Bailey McDonough, Rita Palmer, Saygan Croswhite, Eric Albin, Samantha Kuligowski, Meg

Carrie Podgorski makes Dean's List

Last fall Beaver Island's Carrie Podgorski once again made the Dean's List at Carroll College, Wisconsin's oldest. Carrie went to school here from the 6th grade through graduation. She's in her third year of college, and hopes to become a teacher.

She has never *not* made the Dean's List.

Works and Marissa Crandall. Works were chosen on merit, of course, but a big consideration was also what we could mount for hanging with the materials we had on hand. Many beautiful works were not included, simply because of space restrictions. I am continually amazed and inspired by the good work all of the students are doing.

We are continuing to schedule enrichment classes, but still have gaps in our calendar. Cindy Ricksgers is offering Paper-Making on May 7; Martha Guth is offering two more Music Appreciation classes: May 28, and June 18. I've had the pleasure of watching Martha work with students over the last several weeks; she has a broad knowledge of music history and the ability to get the very best out of her students. This is an extraordinary opportunity to learn from an outstanding talent. Please watch for postings of other classes; future offerings include mosaic, collage and oil painting. All are held at the Peaine Township Hall, on Wednesday evenings from 6 to 9 PM. Most classes are free; some have a small materials fee. Please be sure to call Cindy at 448-2960 to register. We must have at least six participants to hold a class. Also, if the class has to be cancelled for any reason (recently, an electrical outage), I will know to call to tell you, if you're on my list.

Thanks to all the people who have sent notes or stopped me with suggestions or ideas for projects. The grant funding runs out in September. With the kind of community support we've seen so far, many programs can continue beyond that time.

—Cindy Ricksgers

Local Poet wins Prize

Word has been received that highly-regarded local poet Melissa Bailey has won a prestigious annual poetry contest sponsored by Albion College. Her winning entry, a stunning 90-line free verse titled *A Love Affair with the Radiologist*, was praised for "its combination of light, graceful movement and honest depiction of a sequence of reactions to a serious problem." Congratulations!



The Talent Show

On April 11th Beaver Island's 17th annual Talent Show was held in the Parish Hall, aided greatly by Mike and Sharon Hurkmans' donation of their time and karaoke gear. Moderator Jane Bailey gave enough background about each performer to cover the interlude between acts.

This year offered some surprises: a well-rehearsed ten-girl tap group put

together by multi-talented Signè Thomas; five-year-old Jewell Cushman's debut as a crowd-pleasing singer; Hannah Conner's rich voice; mother and daughter—Sherri and Crystal—harmonizing; and Danielle Cary's great song. All the performers, too numerous to list here (see the *Beacon* web site) were loudly applauded, and greatly appreciated.



Signè Thomas

Caitlin Boyle



The tap group easing on down the road



Cory Sowa proving: like father and brother, like son

Cassy Paisley: the new girl in town



he wrote *The Gambler*



Jane: a wonderful mc



Signè: *the lion sleeps tonight*



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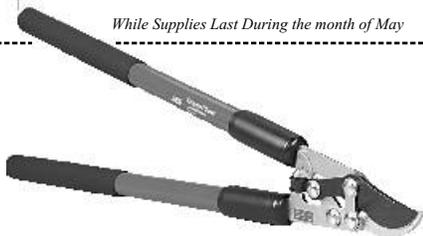


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Native American and Crooked Tree teachers visit Lighthouse School

On March 24th, four distinctly different Crooked Tree Arts Center members arrived on Beaver Island to inspire the students at B.I.L.S. (Beaver Island Lighthouse School). They showed up at the airport, where students were waiting for them: Vivi Woodcock, who would teach drawing, Aleta Walton, drama, Sjoran Fitzpatrick, pottery, and Nancy Payne, photography. Each student chose the two classes they were most interested in for the next three days. Then the drama class created and performed a play, called *Greater Tuna*. All the participants were ecstatic about it and found it quite fulfilling.

The photography class filled a bulletin board with pictures demonstrating their talent. Now many of the kids are sending in their pictures to numerous contests around the U.S. The pottery class could make anything they wished. As a reminder of their creativity the students got to take home their work. The drawing class did more than just draw, and their paintings and artwork were impressive. Almost every student found some way to express him or herself through art, which was the goal of the Crooked Tree staff.

The Band of Ottawa Indians came to B.I.L.S. March 27th, the day after Crooked Tree left. Seven members of the Ottawa tribe flew over to teach the students about the Anishnabe life. Dan Chingwa showed how to make traditional beadwork, starting with a loom. From there a traditional dance was performed and explained by Winnay Wimgwase, Eva Oldman, and Steve Oldman. Lunch consisted of fry bread and taco toppings, a great treat. Then the well-known author Simon Otto read some of his stories about Native American theology to give everybody his perspective. Later, Yvonne Keshik discussed the Ottawa's opinions on personal accountability. The last person to speak was Joe Mitchell, an expert on the language and culture of his tribe. All of the students learned a lot about the Ottawa way of life, and their points seemed to have an impact on all who were willing to listen.

–Jason Westenbroek (student at B.I.L.S.)



AmVets perform for Beaver Island

The AmVets have established themselves as a major positive force on Beaver Island!

In 2002, local post #46 accomplished many goals through its programs—pancake breakfasts and a pork roast. Because of the fantastic support of the community, the AmVets were able to provide three separate scholarships to second-year college students, and also contribute funds to the Beaver Island Community School, sponsor and fund an Easter Egg Hunt for Island children, and help fund a Christmas party for the kids at the Emerald Isle Hotel. From the spring to

early fall it participated in monthly Harbor Clean-ups starting at Whiskey Point and going to the Parish Hall. It placed flags on the graves of deceased veterans at both Island cemeteries, and placed flags—supplied by the Bissell Corporation—on various village sites. The AmVets have received much support, for which they are thankful.

For 2003, AmVets Post 46 asks you to mark these dates in your schedule. For pancake breakfasts: May 25, July 6, August 3, August 31, and October 5. The ever-popular pig roast will be held on Saturday, August 16th. On August 2nd, at the Parish Hall, there will be “A Trip Down Memory Lane,” a sock hop with poodle skirts, white bucks, and bow ties.

One Hundred Years Ago

One Hundred Years Ago

Charlevoix Sentinel, May 14, 1903
Beaver Island News

"John Stevens of the B. I. L. Co. took a trip to Manistee last week."

"The new railroad is ready for the rails. All the ties are laid."

"Peter O. Donnell (sic) has his ice cream parlor fixed up in fine style for the summer trade."

"The farmers now have all their peas in the ground. Over 3000 bushels have been sown."

"The telephone line put in by Fr. Zugelder is in splendid working order. George Emery of Charlevoix put in the line."

"John Green and Raymond McDonald have their pound stakes driven in Sand Bay ready for summer pound net fishing."

"Jas. Donlevy is having the entire interior and exterior of his store and residence painted. Jas. McCormick is doing the job."

"Mr. John Stevens is buying a lot from Landenburg where he will at once begin

the erection of a building for a residence."

"The four big boilers of the shingle and lumber plant were steamed up last week trying steam packing and getting in trim to start up soon."

"The tug *Ryan* owned by the B. I. L. Co. Capt. Tim Roddy, made two good tows of cedar and hemlock last week. The *Ryan* has a good crew and a first class captain."

"John S. Gallagher who lives at the head of the Island was violently ill at his home on Friday of last week. His life was at first despaired of but medical aid was secured in time to save his life."

"Rev. A. F. Nagler, pastor of the M. E. Church, spent two days last week on the Island as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Wilkinson. While here he addressed the children and older members of the Union Sunday School."

"F. M. Lasham the fruit tree man is on the Island selling apple trees at half price. We are informed on good authority that the stock is first class, therefore giving our farmers an unusual

opportunity of getting a strictly high class of fruit trees."

"Mrs. Charles Gordon returned from her visit to Charlevoix Friday. She brought back her sister Mrs. John P. Maloney wife of our old friend John P. Maloney, clerk of the city of Charlevoix. Mrs. Maloney will spend a few days visiting friends on the Island."

"C. C. Gallagher has been renovating the building north of his place of business with the idea of putting in a barbershop and restaurant. There is now a good opening for a first class barber and a neat well lighted shop to put him into, and about 100 victims a week for his blade. A good restaurant keeper would do a nice business."

—Joyce Bartels

A Clog in the Line

Because of the severe cold this winter, the sewer line serving downtown has developed a clog, which has required pumping. Hopefully the Spring melt will make everything fine.

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The Paradise Bay Dive Shop comes to ... Paradise Bay

This summer one more dream will be unfurled against the Beaver Island backdrop: Mike and Gail Weede will open their Paradise Bay Dive Shop here on Beaver Island. Located at the former Gillespie Oil and Transit office and dock, Mike and Gail will be teaching the finer points of diving, taking guests for dives on the various wrecks scattered around the archipelago, or simply conducting a sunset cruise on a balmy evening.

After a winter diving in Florida, Mike and Gail are full of new stories about underwater lore—maybe next winter they'll stay and write a book.

Mike and Gail plan to use their 30' Baha, *Island Time*, the perfect size and speed for a 6-pack charter. Mike is a PADI-certified instructor as well as a licensed Coast Guard captain. Mike and Gail have developed a relationship with some Traverse City dive shops, who will send divers here to complete their certification and give discounts on

equipment to Mike and Gail's customers—they'll have some equipment to rent, but haven't yet been able to stock a complete line of gear.

Lately a number of conscientious voices have been championing ecotourism. Almost as the answer to that prayer this enterprise has appeared on the heels of other eco-friendly businesses such as Ken Bruland's *Inland Seas Kayaking* and Eric and Carrie Myers' *Beaver Island Eco-Tours*. "Take only pictures, leave only bubbles" is the Dive Shop's motto, so let the bubbles begin. To get in on the fun, bring your log book and a valid 'C' card—or just give them a call. Early bookings have been encouraging, so this summer keep an eye out for red "diver down" flags with their diagonal white stripe: if you're in a boat, remember to stay 150' away.

Nature Walks to start

The 1st Nature Walk will be Nancy Seefeldt's on Birds, June 6 at 6 a.m. Call the Print Shop (448-2254) for the full schedule, or check the *Beacon* website.



The Yoke that Spoke

At the recent Easter Egg Hunt, pandemonium broke out and everyone took off in a dead run when one of the eggs began to speak. Witnesses differed on what it said, one reporting "Take me to your larder." After the kids were tracked down, reassured that no harm would come to them, and brought back, the parents looked around for the culprit. Sure enough, there he was, sitting behind a woodpile with a remote mike, clucking. Shame, shame!

Yet in the end, everyone had a good time. Thanks go out to the AmVets for sponsoring another exciting event.



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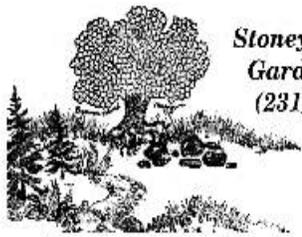
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photo thanks to Eula Thomas

Come See "The Vile Veterinarian" - May 2nd 2003

Once again our junior thespians will take to the stage, on May 2nd at 7:00 p.m. at the Parish Hall. Tickets are only \$3—and the money is for a worthy cause.

We understand Mrs. Stambaugh has rewritten the ending to make it more suitable: now the puppy no longer turns into a wolf in the end!



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Cindy Turns a Page

For those who have been following our resident artistic genius's involvement with the Youth Consortium projects and have been asking, "What's Cindy Ricksgers been doing with her art," we have an answer: it's been developing just fine. The winter before this one she had spent most of her time creating a stunning series of collagraphs, the abstract 'pyramids' that impart such a surprising sense of tranquility—perhaps because their jumping-off point was the steeply gabled room in which she had felt so secure as a young girl. This winter, with far less time on her hands, she concentrated on three areas: a few new collagraphs (in which the interior of the 'safe room' has begun to develop); some realistic drawing; and experiments in a new medium: encaustic.

Encaustic is an ancient medium that had its origin among Greek painters in Egypt at the beginning of the Christian era, but has picked up and expanding number of practitioners in the past fifty years—thanks in part to its use by Diego Rivera and Jasper



Johns. It involves the mixing of wax (primary beeswax) with oil paint (typically in a 3:1 ratio), and the application of a heat gun to the finished work to diffuse the paint in three dimensions and give the work a shimmering aura. This past winter Cindy has experimented with applying encaustic to a series of collages done on wood, abstract designs involving mosaics imposed over a colored background, with a variety of elements added to impart energy, many taken from her various painted hand-made

papers. The end result seems to fix and present a mystery, the way one can't get over it when an injured songbird lies fluttering in one's hand: here it is, these works say, flickering in and out of existence, removed from its timeless domain.

Cindy is nothing if not a consummate artist. As such, with each new turn in her road, she insists on knowing the context. So she thoroughly researches her proposed departure, learning the exact place to which her compatriots have pushed the envelope so she can step in without a beat being missed. But like any good artist, she is experimental, even playful, always looking for something new. "I want to break rules like crazy," she said. "So I have to know what all the rules are, first." She is proceeding through the dark by the light of her own very bright internal candle, communicating in a language of gesture and feeling and mood. She may not know what she will find, but she knows exactly where she is.

Cindy's work is available at the newly-expanded Livingstone Studio on Beaver Island, and Main Frame Gallery in Mt. Pleasant.

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Weather or Not

As the Season looms before us, we can take heart that Mother Nature has left us in no doubt about who is in charge. April's snowy blast and ice-packing east winds were a keen reminder that despite what power we humans may think we possess, there are still times when all we can do is lie in the snow and make angels. Planes grounded. Boats being rammed by other boats. Dogs and cats sleeping together. It was madness.

May promises none of the above. May promises slightly below average temperatures and a bit more rain than is necessary, but overall one real nice month. Buds on trees will be popping; flowers will be blooming. And those ugly little mushrooms will be twisting out of the ground and calling my name. This year I harbor no designs to sneak up on the elusive morel. Instead, dressed in chef's whites, I intend to chase them through the woods armed with a black iron skillet and a stick of butter. Enjoy the sun's return and happy hunting.

—Liam Racine

Edgar B. Speer Refloated

On April 8th the 1000-footer *Edgar B. Speer* was pulled free from Graham Shoal, just east of the Mackinac Bridge, in the morning. She had been caught in the ice, and dragged until she bottomed out.

The Purvis tug *Reliance* arrived on the scene about 9 a.m. and began working to pull the *Speer* free. The big tug was able to free the grounded thousand-footer about 10:30 a.m. and the *Speer* went to anchor near Round Island for inspections.

On Monday afternoon the *Speer* had become stuck in ice and was pushed aground by ice and high winds. The crew reported a soft landing on the shoal and did not know the ship was aground until they could no longer maneuver. The *Soo Evening News* reported that the crew heard none of the usual sounds of grounding on the mixed sand and gravel shoal. It is hopeful that the damage will be minimal due to the bottom materials and the slow speed at which she grounded.



Island Vet gets a Hand

In his recent newsletter, Jeff Powers announced that Doctor-to-soon-be Margaret Tidmore will be pitching in for the next three weeks. Now's the time to bring in those problem pets!

We want to Promote Your Business

If you're reading this ad right now, other people are too! We are confident your *Beacon* ad will pay for itself many times over. The *Beacon* is the Island's most popular publication, and we will promote your business in print & on the web. Please give us a call today and we'll get to work for you.

Ronald Haggard

April 18, 1977 April 27, 2000



Like mighty Lake Michigan swirling around the shores of Beaver Island, the seasons flow past us as time relentlessly marches forward.

Winter usually takes a deep breath and lingers, while summer is always over far too soon.

The seasons quickly become a year ... and yet another.

April 27th, 2003, marks the third anniversary since Ronald passed away. He was a young man who dearly loved his adventures on Beaver Island. It now seems as though Ron's life flowed past us like the seasons of

the year. The passage of time has cauterized our pain, but his absence lingers like a long winter. The happy times are wonderful memories that we hold as lovingly as a bright Beaver Island summer. But summer is over far too soon. Ron, we know that you continue to feel our love, and we certainly feel yours. We remain comforted knowing that you are in the warm embrace of our Savior.

—the family of Ronald Haggard

The passing of Lester Gallagher

Daniel Lester Gallagher, 84, passed away on April 1st at the Marlette Community Hospital.

He was born June 28, 1918 on Beaver Island to the late Daniel and Mary Gallagher. He married Jacqueline O'Donnell on April 4, 1959 in Marlette.

He served his country in the United States Army during WW II. He was a member of the St. Elizabeth Catholic Church, the K of C, and Marlette's VFW.

He worked as a plumber, and later retired from the Grady Foundry in Vassar in 1981.

He is survived by his wife Jacqueline of Marlette; five sons (Paul, of White Lake; Daniel, of Carsonville; John and Laurie of Escanaba; Tony and Candace of Melbourne, Florida; and Chris and Angie of Viera, Florida); two daughters (Gloria and Dan Korte, and Rosemarie, all of Marlette); and eight grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his parents, one son, three brothers (Hubert, Patrick, and Peter), and one sister, Anna Williams.

Funeral services were conducted on April 4th at St. Elizabeth's. Cremation followed, at the Sunset Valley Crematory in Bay City. A parish vigil service and the K of C Rosary were held on the night of April 5th at the Funeral Chapel.

Advertising Rates

Small: \$25/month or \$250/year. Medium: \$45/month or \$450/year. Large: \$60/month or \$600/year. Full Page: \$100/month or \$1000/year. Featured Classifieds: \$15/month. Text Classifieds: \$1 per line. Please Call (231) 448-2476 or email beacon@beaverbeacon.com

HOME FOR SALE

27970 Wandering Woods Court



New home for sale in Port of St. James subdivision. Open floor plan includes 2 bedrooms and a large loft. T&G pine cathedral ceiling over great room. Covered porch in front and rear deck both have cedar decking. Exterior vinyl siding. Beautiful wooded lot is quiet and secluded. Approximately 1000 sq. ft. The perfect cozy getaway. \$129,000.

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Office (231) 448-2711
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NEW HOUSE FOR SALE - On a nice wooded lot in the Port. St. James. Contact Ernie Martin at **(231) 448-2342**



RENTAL ATTRACTION on Font Lake 3-4 BR home, private setting; fully furnished, with all the amenities. Beautiful view of lake and sunrises. New owners of this high-demand rental are offering fantastic rates. Taking reservations now for spring and summer. Off-season rates also available. Call Rasch Properties **(248) 676-0816** today; email mrasch@comcast.net



FOR RENT: The Fisherman's House. Great 'In-Town' location. 4 BR/2 Bath; W/D; Beautifully appointed. For availability, call Bill or Tammy **(231) 448-2499** mcdonoughsmarket.com/rentals

COMMERCIAL BUILDING ON MAIN ST - Prime retail or office - references, deposit and lease required. Available mid-May. John Johnson **616-842-8214** or **231-448-2533** or Cloud9@chartermi.net

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

PARCEL ON GARDEN ISLAND HARBOR FOR SALE - 1000+ feet of Lake Michigan / Indian Harbor lake frontage on Garden Island. One of a kind property. 8 acres. Land Contract Terms. \$195,000. Contact Jayson Welser, Box 357, Grayling Michigan 49738. **(989) 619-2800**. jaysonwelser@hotmail.com

- Apr 27 BIRHC Groundbreaking, Noon
- May 2 *Vile Veterinarian* - School Play, 7 pm, Holy Cross Hall
- May 4 Road Rally (448-2092)
- May 7 St. James Twp.
- May 10 Leadership Retreat, 8:30 am, Peaine Twp. Hall
- May 14 Peaine Twp.
- May 17 Beaver Island Celebrity Roast, 8 pm, Holy Cross Hall
- June 6 First CMU Nature Walk (p. 29)

FOR RENT: Beachfront Home for rent with 3BR and loft—total 5 beds, hot tub, gorgeous views, solitude, wood stove, May-Sept. \$950 / Off-season \$795. Call Perry at **(313) 530-9776** or e-mail pgatliff@hotmail.com.

Classified Ads

Real Estate, For Sale:

10-ACRE PARCELS - Hardwoods, West Side Road, electricity, plowed roads. \$35,000 each, or all 40 acres for \$120,000. Phone (231) 547-4046 days, or (231) 547-6600 nights.

GULL HARBOR - 3 BR split level on two acres. Waterfront. Call (441) 242-9492 or (231) 448-2433 or email suestampworld@northrock.bm

LAKE MICHIGAN LOT - 100 ft. frontage, 300ft. deep, overlooking Garden Island. Beautiful view; fine building site, close to village. (810) 294-3415.

PORT ST. JAMES - 3 Wooded Lots #727,728,729 A few blocks to Font Lake, 1/2 mile to Lake Mich. \$29,000 for all 3. \$5000 down, will finance bal. Call owner in FL (352) 326-8979

CUSTOM HOME - 800 sq. ft. Partially finished on ten acres. Call Mike Collins at VPN. (231) 448-2433. \$115,000.

10 ACRES - Maple, beech, and white birch forest on gently rolling highlands. Bordered by thousands of acres of State Land. Two-track road, with phone, electricity. Near Green's Lake. \$40,000. (231) 448-2614.

COTTAGE SITE - Vacant wooded lot in Port St. James. Power, perked, ready for building. Call owner (269) 857-6084.

BEAVER ISLAND HARBOR Protected Harbor site: 60' Lake frontage by 250' deep. North of Toy Museum. Call (231) 448-2391.

Real Estate, For Rent:

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

GUEST HOUSE ON DONEGAL BAY - Will rent weekly Sat. - Sat. Includes full kitchen, all linens, a queen bed in bedroom, palette couch in L.R. Very private and peaceful. \$450.00 weekly. Please call (231) 448-2345

FLORIDA HOUSE FOR RENT Spacious 3-bedroom, 2-bath home in Port Charlotte, FL (just north of Fort Myers). Swimming pool, fruit trees, near golf course. 3 miles to Gulf shoreline. By week or month. Call Laura Gillespie (231) 448-2366.

ENTIRE SUMMER SEASON CABIN RENTALS - On North Shore available. Memorial Day thru Labor Day. Formerly rented as weekly housekeeping - fully equipped. Ideal for 1 or 2 working people or for a small family's "cottage". References, lease and damage deposit required. \$2,400 each entire season. John Johnson, (616) 842-8214 evenings or Cloud9@chartermi.net

**HOUSE FOR LEASE:**

Three BRs, two and one half bath house for lease. Located right on the south side of the harbor with a great view. 5 minutes to town but a private location too. For more information call Robert at (231) 448-2235



FOR RENT: Beautiful secluded new chalet near Donegal Bay's beach and gorgeous sunsets. 3 BR, 2 Bath. MBR has garden tub. W/DR/TV/VCR/Grill. Upon availability, bikes & auto for your use. Sleeps 6-8. No Pets. \$700/week. Ask about our 3-day package. Call (708) 389-0621 (evenings)



HOUSE FOR SALE - 38745 Squaw Island Ct. in the Port St. James. Interior not yet finished so you can finish it exactly how you like. Electrical and plumbing have been run and it is connected to GLE. Asking \$50,000. Call (248) 634-5689

**FOR RENT:**

House and cabin in the woods for rent on the East Side Drive. Both 3 BR and sleep six. Both have washer, dryer, and 2 baths. Campfire pits and wood provided. Property connects to major hiking/nature trails. Quiet and secluded, on the east side - one mile from State campground and beautiful beach. Please call (616) 897-8564.

FOR SALE:

Beautiful New Log Home located in Port St. James, 1,800 sq. ft. home, planned for efficient living: 3 bedrooms and 2 full bathrooms, Cathedral ceilings (T & G Pine), large open loft, master suite with walk-in closet and master bath. Wrap-around covered porches, steep roofline with dormers, cedar siding. Beautiful wooded double lot. Quiet setting. One mile to Port St. James private beach on Lake Michigan. 1.5 miles to St. James village. Contact John McCafferty Construction at (231) 448-2639



HOME ON BEAUTIFUL FOX LAKE - Sleeps 6. Great fishing. \$100/day or \$600/week. Call (616) 394-5165 or (231) 448-2286

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

DONEGAL BAY COTTAGE - On dune with private beach access and the best swimming and sunsets on the Island. 3 BR, sleeps 6, 1 bath, washer/dryer. Kayaks and bikes for your use. \$700/week. Off-season rates available. Dana Luscombe eves. (248) 549-2701 days (248) 546-6680.

DONEGAL BAY- 3 BR 2 bath Home; sleeps 6; many amenities. \$830 a week. Reduced rates for off-season. Phone (313) 885-7393, after 4:00p.m.

WESTPORT - Spacious, comfortable, and convenient turn-key home: 3 bedrooms. In town-limits. (231) 448-2513 or (231) 943-7989/ P.O. Box 110, Beaver Island, MI 49782.

HOME FOR RENT- 2 BRs, 1 bath, sleeps 4-6. On large, secluded, wooded lot. Near town and beaches. All new appliances. Comfortable and immaculate. Only \$495/week. Please call (231) 448-2206 for reservations and information.

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

2 BR, 1 1/2 BATH HOME IN TOWN - one block from Harbor. Sleeps 5-6. All appliances incl. Laundry. \$600 per week. Off season rates NO pets. No Smoking. (614) 899-9922.

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

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