ISLE OF VIEW

A history of South Manitou Island

by Charles M. Anderson

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Charles M. and Selma O. Anderson

This book is dedicated
to my parents
Charles
and
Mollie Anderson

[IMG] Charles Anderson

[IMG] Mollie Anderson

FORWARD AND DEDICATION

In this book I will attempt to relate some of the history of the Island as I knew it, the soil formation, birds, beautiful trees and plants, some of which can only be found here on this lovely secluded Island of Paradise, but most important in my estimation is for me to portray the human interest that existed there and sincerely hope you will be able to visualize the hardships we all endured, the companionship that was a part of our life, for it was a world in itself, for all of us who lived there.

My family moved there in 1913, coming from Sheboygan, Wisconsin. We lived on the Island for thirteen years, and I honestly believe that I am the only living person who has returned to the Island every year since that time.

I participated in the barn dances. I was one of those who made harrowing trips over the ice from the Island to the mainland, especially one we made in 1917.

I've seen the beautiful snowfalls, participated in the spelling bees, seen the fantastic sunsets, ships at anchor, the appearance of new life on the Island without medical assistance, as one of my brothers was born there in 1921, the last baby to be born there. It was also the same year my oldest brother died of diabetes. He was only twenty-one years old.

For those who are coming to the Island for the first time, I sincerely hope my story will enrich their visit and perhaps they will understand the joys and sorrows we all endured on this lovely and lonely Island.

I would like to lovingly dedicate this book to my wonderful mother, Mollie. She was always the light that guided and never failed us.

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According to legend, the mother bear and her two cubs set out to swim from the Wisconsin shore to the Michigan shore. The mother arrived and lay down to await the arrival of her babies. She sleeps today, the legend has it, as the Sleeping Bear Sand Dunes, while her errant offspring are within sight of shore as the two islands of North and South Manitou.

Since the nineteenth century, the Manitou Islands have carried their Indian name for the deity or Great Spirit.

By an Act of Congress, the South and North Manitou Islands, along with the Sleeping Bear Sand Dunes, were made a National Park in 1970, and are under the jurisdiction of the National Park Service of the Department of Interior.

As part of a fourteen island archipelago, the Manitous are included in the same chain as North and South Fox Island, Beaver, Hog, High, Garden, Whiskey and several other Lake Michigan land areas. Southernmost of these is the South Manitou. From Sleeping Bear to south Manitou is seven and one half miles in a northerly direction.

[IMG] It is twelve miles around the island with the beautiful white sand dunes on the west more than 325 feet above the Lake,

and clay banks on the southwest with deep gullies reaching down to the lake from the rain and snow, the prevailing winds from the west. The island is slowly shifting to the east as the wind blows the sand over the bluffs from the west side and drops the sand on the east side. Some trees that were 50 to 60 feel tall are buried under sand; of others, only the tops are above the sand. The land is level, with some hills toward the east, consisting of clay and sandy soil suitable for farming.

[IMG] JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT is found by the thousands on South Manitou Island.

[IMG] UNUSUAL TRILLIUMS like these white ones with dark green stripes, are found all over the island.

Throughout the island is found a veritable explosion of plant life; some are not found in any other area of the United States, suc as the Jack-in-the-Pulpit by the thousands in early spring. May flowers almost covered the earth in the hardwood areas with beautiful colors of blue, pink, white and purple. There are at least five varieties of trilliums, including the painted and nodding kinds, white with dark green stripes.

The largest colony of walking ferns in Michigan is also found on South Manitou. Oddly shaped, it bends over until it touches the ground, takes root and becomes another plant. In this way it walks to new ground. Also leeks, one of the first plants in the spring, grow abundantly in the hardwood areas. The cattle fed heavily on them, a sort of an onion. The cows that were kept for milk had to feed in the barn or open field so the milk wound not taste of onion. Each farmer had his crop-raising fields fenced with barbed wire, usually about 60-70 acres. The rest of the island was left for the cattle to graze on the hardwood areas. The area the cattle grazed on was always kept free of undergrowth with sunlight filtering through the trees for the plants to grow.

[IMG] WALKING FERNS, rare everywhere else, grow profusely in one valley of the island.

The leeks, May flowers and Jack-in-the-Pulpit were the first plants in the spring. Often they would come up near a patch of snow. They lasted about a month. Also in the hardwoods were Dicentra cucullaria or Dutchman's Breeches, while pantaloons somewhat inflated and suspended from a slender stalk, and the yellow adder's tongue. The Turk's-cap Lily and the blue Harebell grew along the beach, mostly from Gullspoint to the Coast Guard Station. Bull thistle, Canada thistle, burdock, and wild mustard grew in the fields. The burdock was a nuisance, getting its seeds in the tails of the horses and cattle.

Other fern varieties included northern holly and maidenhair ferns. Also in the hardwood area were found several kinds of moss of orange and green. In the fields grew blackeyed susans and white daisies.

[IMG] According to figures released by the Forestry Association, South Manitou is the location of three of the nations' largest trees, in their species. These include the white cedar, common elder and maple on the southwest corner of the island.

The Valley of the Giants is where the largest white cedar trees in the world are located. One is more than 20 feet in girth and stands 110 feet tall. These trees are said to be more than 500 years old. The white cedars are still standing today because they escaped the woodman's axe and the saw mill, due to their location and size, during the saw mill days of 1900-1914.

Some birdseye maple trees are still found on the Island. Dad

took several logs of birdseye maple to Sheboygan, Wisconsin about 1912 and had a huge pullout table made, large enough to seat 12 people, oval in shape with 12 chairs, polished to a high gloss. Beech also grew in great numbers and was wonderful feed for the turkeys – who would get fat and their meat sweet from the nuts. Also the squirrels, chipmunks and crows would feed heavily on them.

Near the southwestern side of the island, at the edge of the bluffs and the dunes, is an area of approximately 60 acres of virgin forest – there some of the largest elm, maple and white cedar in the United States grow. Also spruce is found on the island but is not seen on the mainland – it grows sparsely along the bluffs and shore areas.

White and yellow birch, ironwood, basswood, oak, pin cherry, balsam, elm and hemlock trees were cut down. Many were left on the ground to rot, after the bark was removed in four-foot lengths and sent to tanneries for the preservation of leather for harnesses and shoes. At Christmas-time it was difficult to pick a tree as there were so many to choose from. Also white pine and juniper grew in the open fields with their green berries very bitter tasting, but used in moonshine to give it a flavor as gin.

[IMG] Picking berries.

Strawberries grew abundantly in the open pasture land – always the first berries to get ripe. Mother and other women would pick berries during the day and can them – many winters some cellars had 30-50 quarts of raspberries and strawberries neatly put on shelves in a root cellar for winter use. The berries were small, very sweet and delicious.

There were two sawmills in operation in 1913, one on the southwest corner of the cross roads at the center of the island. It was operated by Mr. Statz, and cut lumber – mostly hardwood, maple and beech. Part of the mill can still be found, such as the pond for washing the logs before sawing them to remove the sand so as not to dull the saw. It took a very sharp saw to cut through the length of maple or beech log.

It took seven men to operate the mill, including the cook. They lived in a one-room house built of rough lumber covered with tar paper on the outside walls.

The food was mostly potatoes, carrots and cabbage that were kept in a root cellar, and salt beef and pork. The wage was one dollar per day with room and board – the whistle blew at 7:00 a.m., 12:00 noon, 1:00 p.m. and 6:00 p.m. for a 10-hour day. The whistle was steam, as was the rest of the mill– the boiler burned wood from the side of the logs called "slabs."

[IMG] Single mill in operation 1908. It ceased operation in 1913. this mill was owned by Mr. Morgan from Traverse City.

Sailing vessel "Margaret" hard aground near mill, South Manitou Harbor. This postal card was sent to brother Albany by dad from South Manitou, year 1909, to Sheboygan, Wisconsin for one cent.

The mill at the harbor sawed shingles from cedar longs. It shut down about the time the Anderson family came to the island in 1913.

The lumber and shingles were shipped mostly by sail vessels to Chicago and Milwaukee and various other ports. Later steam was the means of transporting logs from the island.

The steamer J.S. Crouse was one of the last wood-burning steamboats to stop at the island. During the years of 1895 and 1919 many wood-burning boats stopped to get fuel for their boilers, mostly hard wood, maple and beech. At that time there was a narrow gauge rail track from where the school house is to the dock in the center of the harbor, then called Crescent, Michigan, due to the shape of the harbor. Horses would pull the loaded cars of cord wood on the track to the waiting steamboats in the harbor.

Among the mammals are the chipmunks in the hardwood areas – one could stand still and see 8 to 10 looking for beechnuts before the fox came to the island to stay. The fox squirrels were introduced to the island about 1905 – they did not do very well as their numbers did not increase very much. Three pair of coon were let go about 1915 – they all disappeared. Some of the farmers complained about the eating some of their corn – that could have helped in their disappearance.

[IMG] Lake Florence – named after Florence Haas, mail carrier, 1912.

Muskrats were released at Lake Florence about 1920 – they also disappeared in a few years – perhaps they could not find the food they desired as they left Lake Florence in search of food. I recall on

morning in the spring one was at the barn door going up into the hills looking for food, or a mate.

The red fox would come to South Manitou on the ice during the winter when the lake was frozen over between North and South Manitou Islands looking for food, which was plentiful during the yeas we lived on South Manitou. The snowshoe hare and the cottontail were always plentiful. The fox did not stay during the summer months as they were always trapped or poisoned because they ate the turkey eggs and killed some chickens. The fox did not get a start on South Manitou until sometime in the early fifties. Henry Haas and Johnnie Hutzler were the two who were always responsible for destroying the fox before they had a chance to get a start on South Manitou.

Rodents were quite prevalent during the years of farming – the common barn rat came by ship and made its way down the mooring lines of ships that stopped at the island. There was an old saying that 'when the rats left the boat, she was bound for disaster' – the rats made their way to the farming area along with the mice.

Several species of Amphibia live on the island, the red-backed salamander, the common toad and the leopard frog. The salamander is seldom seen. In my years on the island I have only seen a few. In addition there are snapping turtles, painted turtles and garter snakes, mostly found around Lake Florence.

Among the large varieties of birds to be found on the island are the red-breasted merganser, the blue heron, lesser loon and mallard duck. Among the marshes on Lake Florence in the wooded areas is the eastern whip-poor-will. I recall hearing the whip-poor-will many a summer night as one would come at night and sing on a post about 30 feet from the house. Also nighthawks would make their eerie sound as they fed on insects during the night hours. The eastern kingbirds would nest in the orchard and try to keep crows and many other birds at a safe distance from their nests by diving down on them. The blue jay and the black-capped chickadee would stay in the fir trees all winter – we fed them bread from our lunch pails on our way home from school. In the fields were the killdeer, usually with 2-3 eggs on the ground in a nest made of small pebbles. As one would approach the nest they would pretend to have a broken wing to distract you from the nest, with an orange color under the wing also. The bobolink nested in the hay fields.

For many years the northern bald eagles nested in a large oak tree at the northern side of the island. The nest must have been ten feet across. They always raised their young in the same nest made of large branches and grass. I recall as a young boy catching an eagle in a steel trap that was baited for fox. After discovering an eagle in the trap I ran home for help, as the eagle was fighting mad – it looked to have a wing-spread of about 8 feet, but perhaps 6-feet

would have been more accurate. The yellow beak and legs with white feathers from the beak half way down the neck, the rest of the body brownish black, and the newly-fallen white snow would have made a good picture.

[IMG] Beautiful view of north side of South Manitou from west to east – the American Bald Headed Eagle built their nest in the trees to the right.

My younger brother went with me to release the eagle. We cut a small sapling from the woods that had a fork or Y about 4 inches long, the other end about 6 feet long. We put the fork over the eagle's neck in back of the head to hold the head to the ground. After many tries we got its head to the ground and released the one toe the eagle was caught by. After being released, it took several steps, shook itself and flew off.

One night as I was going to the barn with a lantern, as we had no other lights at the barn, I passed the corncrib, and a white owl flew from the open door. Perhaps it was after mice – it was very unusual to see a white own or snow owl on the island. It perched several seconds on the edge of the door before flying into the cold winter night.

[IMG] Sea gulls in flight over their nesting areas on northeast corner of South Manitou.

Their numbers have been decreasing steadily for the past 25 years, I believe due to three things: the number of people that visit the nesting area, the fox that invaded the island from North Manitou over the ice in winter, and the lack of food as the Department of Natural Resources has stopped the dumping of fish inwards and other food scraps from the ships that the sea gulls would take to their young.

Of special interest on South Manitou is Sea Gull Point on the northeast corner of the island. This point was named Sea Gull Point because it was the largest nesting grounds of the Herring Gull to be found on the Great Lakes. As children we used to visit the Sea Gull point several times a year. I was greatly impressed to see a large herring gull perched upon a telephone post near the nesting area; it seemed to be a sentinel or guard to the others and with a loud cry would warn them that danger was approaching. The old and the half-grown ones would go to the water and swim from the shore and keep at a safe distance. Those that were recently hatched from the egg would hide their heads under some grass or other debris with their butts exposed.

There were always from 2 to 3 eggs per nest – the egg was larger than a hen's egg, almost the size of a goose egg, light brown with dark brown spots. I have known of some sailors who would eat the sea gulls' eggs as they laid at anchor in the Crescent City Harbor of South Manitou. They would take one egg from a nest of two so as not to get eggs that had started young. The nests were made on the ground from grass that grew in the area, and also small pieces of

sticks. I have seen three nests of eggs near each other – one could stand on a knoll and count 25 to 30 nests, some with young breaking through the eggs, others with young gone from the nest. They will walk away from the nest before they are completely dry and look for a place to hide.

I recall going to the look-out tower at the Coast Guard Station to watch the gulls as they fed their young, with the telescope that was used to get the names from ships passing between the mainland and the island. Of special interest was that the gulls did not sit on the nest during the warm days but only at night – the warm sun gave warmth enough during the day.

I made one of these trips to Gull Point in May, 1921. The eggs always hatch between May 20-30 – I do not know the time of incubation. Mother was away to Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin with dad to bring the Steamer M.H. Stuart on her maiden trip to South Manitou, then on to Glen Haven for a load of slabs and lumber bound for Sheboygan, Wisconsin. Perhaps if mother had been home we would not have been able to go – I was the oldest, 12 years old, brothers Haakon, John and John Savage; from home to Sea Gull Point is about 3 miles one way. As I recall the day was beautiful, light northwest wind and full sunshine, and the four of us walked slowly down the sane beach always looking for Petoskey stones, fish corks or other things of interest that would wash onto the sandy beach. After looking over the Gull Point for some time we sat down on a log to rest as we were getting hungry and drank the cold clear water from the lake which was very refreshing. After resting for some time, the four of us started for home carrying our shoes and socks and several sea gull eggs to put under a setting hen to hatch out. As we walked down the beach toward home, we found a wooden box large enough to put our shoes, socks and etc. into and with a pole tied across the top of the box, two of us would carry it a ways, then the other two. About half way up the beach we discovered what we thought was the high point of the day – high on the beach a log, sort of hollowed out with a point on one end, about twelve feet long and twenty-two inches wide. We struggled to get it to the beach and into the water – it floated high in the water but very unstable – it rolled so easily. After putting the box with the sea gull eggs, shoes and etc. on board, Haakon and I got on and started pushing ourselves along the shore each with a round pole about 8 feet long. This log might have laid on the beach for many years as the sand and sun would preserve it for a long time. The wind kept picking up from the northwest, an off-shore wind. We were making good headway along the beach when Haakon slid off the log and into the water – we were about 25 feet from the shore at that time. Haakon made it to shore safely. I tried desperately to paddle to shore by lying on the log and working my hands on either side but I

found I was drifting out from shore into deeper water so I slid off the log into the cold water and tried to touch the bottom but could not so decided to try and swim to shore. Mother would never let any of us go swimming and consequently I could not swim so decided to swim like our dog, Shep. I soon tired – the last I remember I was going down and taking in water through my nose and mouth, the brothers on the beach tried desperately to reach me by holding hands but could not. John Savage saw a long pole on the shore – with Haakon holding one end of the pole he walked out far enough to reach my shirt and by that means I was pulled to shore. No one knows how long I was in the water or laid on the beach before I came to know what was going on, while the log with our shoes, stockings and sea gull eggs drifted out into deeper water and disappeared. I don't think dad ever found out what happened but mother did, because she asked where our shoes were. Mother was very happy that Haakon and I had made it safely to shore – it was summer so we could go barefoot.

This chapter would not be complete without mention of the wild pigeons that were so prevalent on the island during late 1880 and early 1900. I was told by Bill Haas and others that when they flew over they would blot out the sun – they were there by the thousands, they would break limbs from trees at night when they went to roost. They were captured by the farmers and others by spreading grain on the ground, then a small mesh net was placed over the grain. When the pigeons started feeding the net would be dropped over them. The farmers got 50 cents per dozen, shipped alive to Chicago by the boats that stopped at the island. Unfortunately the pigeons were gone from the island at the time the Andersons reached the island.

Now I would like to acquaint you with my friends and neighbors as I remember them during the years we lived together on the island with the hardships and social activities.

Mr. Kent was keeper of the Coast Guard Station in 1913 when the Anderson family arrived on South Manitou. Mr. Kent and dad had been friends for many years as dad traded among the Islands from about 1900 with the schooners "Mary E. Packard," "Josephine Dresden," the steamer "J.S. Crouse" 1907 until 1919, then the steamer "M.H. Stuart" 1921 to 1929.

[IMG] Captain Kent and his crew 1912

The Coast Guard Station is on the southeast corner of the island and a little north of the Light House.

Captain and Mrs. Kent lived in the West Side of the Station – they had 3 rooms downstairs and 2 bedrooms upstairs. Mrs. Kent was a very refined and wonderful person. Captain Kent was the opposite, very seldom shaved and rough like a bear. I will never forget the time when I was about 7 years old taking a sandwich and some water to Brother Albany, who was working with the horses in the field, Kent came up the path and in his gruff voice said 'where are you going with that' – I told him to my brother, se said 'give it to me' – I handed it to him and ran home. He ate the sandwich then stopped by the house and went into dad's whiskey cabinet, made himself a drink, then went on to Bill Haas. The Kents had 2 sons, Allen and Ray – Ray was one of the best piano players (all by ear) I have ever heard. He would play for the dances on Saturday night during the winter – often the dance would be in the kitchen at the Coast Guard Station or at one of the homes. Square dancing was the most popular and some round dancing and waltzing. Music was also from a hand-wound Victrola.

Mr. Kent bought a forty acre farm for the boys, built a house and barn, and gave them a good team of mules. The farm was near the northeast corner of the island where the land was very poor – they didn't raise enough to feed the mules so he let the farm go back to the State. Allen lived with his folks at Empire but died very young. Ray went to Traverse City to live. Mr. Kent retired form the Coast Guard in 1916, one of the first persons to retire from the service – he lived about 32 years after retirement.

[IMG] We used to have dances in this warehouse occasionally, the floor was swept, what way in the warehouse was placed in one end, also the dock where all shipping was conducted on the island. You will note the Ann Arbor Carferry, No. 5, leaving the dock. During March, 1916 she came into south Manitou for dad, he would proceed on the Sheboygan then begin to fit out his steamboat, the "J.S. Crouse."

Oscar Smith succeeded Mr. Kent as keeper of the Coast Guard in 1916. He was the opposite of Mr. Kent, very strict, refined and dignified. The crew consisted of 8 men who had to keep a watch around most of the island for ships in distress, by walking from the station to the southwest corner of the island every two and a half hours and punching a clock, winter and summer – at night, not during the day. If a man was fifteen minutes late he would be required not to leave the station grounds for 30 days except to go on patrol, as they called it. They also had to go around the harbor to the north of the island and punch a clock. The last man in the morning would take the punched card from the clock on the post back to the keeper and put in a new one for the following night. They also stood watch in the "lookout" which is like a fire tower. The "lookout" was up near the light house. They also had to punch a clock up in the "lookout" on the half hour, 24 hours a day. The "lookout" was situated so the man in the "lookout" on a clear night could see from Pt. Betsie a revolving white light, dim for 20 seconds then bright for 20 seconds, south Manitou steady white light, North Manitou red and white revolving. The light ship on the reef where the Crib now stands had a red blinking light, the light ship laid at anchor from April 15 to November 15 through all stormy weather. I recall but one time it left its anchor and took refuge in south Manitou Harbor.

[IMG] "Lookout" where the Coast Guard stood watch 24 hours a day, winter and summer.

Captain and Mrs. Smith had three children, Willard, Joe and Nellie. Willard was the oldest and was in the same grade in school and Clarabelle Mack, nee Thompson, Edna Schofield, nee Tobin, and myself. Willard was a very brilliant person – he didn't seem to study very much but always knew his lesson. He followed in his father's profession and became Commandant in the Coast Guard Service, and appointment made by the President of the United States.

[IMG] North Manitou Shoal light ship at anchor before the Crib was built in 1935.

[IMG] Coast Guard practicing to shoot a line across a distressed vessel.

Captain Smith seldom left the Coast Guard grounds except by water – every fall during one of the worst storms he would take 4 or 5 of his rookies in the life boat and circle the island – they were always happy to get back, some seasick and hungry. The buildings were always well kept, painted and clean as were the station grounds. Captain Smith managed a well-disciplined crew.

Other keepers of the Coast Guard Station whom I knew were Abram Wessel, George Kelderhouse, William Fisher, Andrew Fisher and Fred Wendel, Jr. Harrison Haas was the only one that was born and raised on the Island. There were others whom I didn't know personally. Some of the surfmen were John Tobin, Andrew Burdick, Harold Tobin, Alfred Anderson, Ray Robinette, Martin Furst, Lawrence Haas, David Furst, Theodore Thompson, Benth Johnson, Alfred Anderson and many others.

The Coast Guard Station on South Manitou was originally a station of the U.S. Life Saving Service until 1915, then it was changed to U.S. Coast Guard. Captain Allen Kent was in charge during that changeover.

The boat house was raised about four feet so there would be a drop to the lake from the boathouse – from the lake to the boathouse was about 100 feet. There were steel rails from the boathouse down into the lake. The lifeboat, as it was called, about 36 feet in length, would be guided onto a cradle – there was a cable attached from the cradle to a winch in the boathouse and a gasoline engine to operate the winch, in that way the boat could be pulled out of the water and into the boathouse.

[IMG] The raising of the Boathouse 1916 – as it now stands.

Upon receiving a call for help the crew could be on their way in about 5 minutes or less. Four men would get into the boat, two men would let go the cable, then they would be off down the ramp and into the water.

[IMG] Lifeboat going down ramp into the water with crew aboard.

During the time I was associated with the south Manitou Island there were several vessels lost or wrecked don the island.

The Steamer "W.L. Frost" 1913 and the steamer "P.J. Ralph" 1923 were loaded with pulpwood bound for Muskegon from Canada. She came into South Manitou Harbor in a strong southwest wind and sea, dropped the anchor and all hands turned in for the night. During the night the wind shifted to the northeast – before the crew could get steam up to run the engine she broke the anchor chain and broke up and rests on the bottom about one-half mile north of the Coast Guard Station – the crew was all saved. Her load of pulpwood washed up onto the beach in the harbor.

NO.	NAME	LOSS DATE	CARGO	TYPE	NO.	NAME	LOSS DATE	CARGO	TYPE
1	Unknown	28 Oct. 1892		St.	22	H.D. Moore	9 Oct. 1907	Corn	Sch.
2	W.H. Gilcher	28 Oct. 1892	Coal	Sch.	23	Congress	5 Oct. 1904	Lum.	St.
3	Ostrich				24	Annie Vaught	21 Nov. 1892	Coal	Sch.
4	Unknown	27 Oct. 1873	Corn		25	Three Brothers	27 Sept. 1911	Lum.	St.
5	Gilbert <p;;ospm	18 Nov. 1869	R.R. Ties	Sch.	26	L. Button		Lum.	Sch.
6	Equator		Corm	St.	27	J.Y. Scammon	8 Aug. 1854	Mix.	Brig.
7	Grand Turk		Posts		28	Ellen Spry	5 Nov. 1858		
8	J.L. Hurd		Brick	Sch.	29	C.L. Johnson			
9	Geneva	1859	Glass	Sch.	30	Queen of t' Lakes			
10	Troy				31	Montauk		Grain	Sch.
11	Pulaski	3 Oct. 1887		Sch.	32	L.M. 'Hubby		Mix.	Bark
12	Alva Bradley	3 Oct. 1854		Sch.	33	Francisco Morazon	1 Dec. 1960	Mix.	St.
13	Unknown				34	Walter L. Frost	4 Nov. 1903	Mix.	St.
14	H.G. Stamback			Brig.	35	Unknown			
15	Josephine Dresden	27 Nov. 1909	Ballast	Sch.	36	Gold Hunter		Chi.	Sch.
16	Temperance			Sch.	37	General Taylor	Sept. 1862	Mix.	St.
17	Mendota				38	J.S. Crouse	15 Nov. 1919	Lum.	St.
18	G. Knapp		Grain	Sch.	39	Flying Cloud		Coal	Sch.
19	R.P. Ralph		Lum.	St.	40	Westmoreland	7 Dec. 1854	Mix.	St.
20	Margaret Dall	16 Nov. 1906		Sch.	41	Florida	27 Aug. 1894		
21	Unknown				42	Rising Sun	29 Oct. 1918	Mac.	St.

Sch. = Schooner St. = Steamer Chi. = China Mix. = Mixed Lum. = Lumber Mac. = Machinery

[IMG] The schooner “Our Son” with load of pulpwood bound for Muskegon from South Manitou, 1923

The schooner “Our Son” was contacted and came to the island, laid at anchor. Ben Johnson, with his boat, the “Swallow,” took the pulpwood from the beach to the schooner, then took the pulpwood to Muskegon – this was one of the last sailing vessels to sail the Lakes, and also her last trip.

About the year 1916, Roy Ferris and Mr. Jenson, both from the crew of the Coast Guard Station, set a gill net for perch in the fall near where the steamer “Ralph” lays on the bottom. They set the net

in the evening to be lifted the following morning. The wind was out of the northeast when they started out to get the net and the waves were 2 feet or more, and they had to row as they had no power in the 14-foot boat. They made the distance from the station to the net, started to pull the net, found it full of fish, perch, more than they had expected. The overloaded boat capsized, the two men and the net with the fish spilled into the water and the boat floated. Roy Ferris managed to get hold of the boat, but Jenson got tangled in the net, sank with the net and was drowned, leaving his wife and two children.

[IMG] The steamer "P.J. Ralph"

Several weeks after the steamer "P.J. Ralph" broke up on the beach with part of her cabins above water, John Tobin, Willie Beck and several other islanders rowed out to the "Ralph" with a small boat and started looking around to see what they could salvage. They found a bottle of wine – the news traveled like wild-fire throughout the island. It was a Sunday afternoon, and soon there were many of us on the beach and the rowboat was making regular trips from the beach to the sunken hull. There were about 12 bottles of wine and whiskey found throughout the cabins. It was during prohibition here in the U.S., so the crew had gotten the wine and whiskey in Canada but did not care to risk taking it off the "Ralph." A good time was had by all for sever days.

The steamer "Three Brothers," with a load of lumber, rests on the bottom between the Coast Guard Station and the Lighthouse. She

became waterlogged and lost her deck load of lumber September 27, 1913 in a southwest gale. Many a barn and lumber for buildings was salvaged from these sunken ships, anso barrels of flour, etc. Her crew was taken off by the Life-Saving crew of South Manitou.

[IMG] The steamer "Francis O. Morozan" aground on rocky reef November, 1960 – southwest South Island. The Rikers were the last of the farmers, caretakers – tenants for a businessman, William Boals. There son, Ronald W. Riker, was drowned while exploring the wreck of the steamer "Morozan" during 1968 with a friend and was the last to be buried in the island cemetery.

On November 29, 1960 when Captain Edwardo Trivizas ran his ocean-going ship the "Francis O. Morozan" aground on a rocky reef off south Manitou during a blinding snow storm, he was only doing what many masters of ships in the past had done. She was loaded with general cargo in Milwaukee, bound for Greece – part of her hull is still visible at this time.

In the fall of 1854, the propeller-driven steamer, "Westmoreland," was bound for Canada from Chicago with a cargo of general merchandise such as flour, tobacco, whiskey, also payroll for the camp (some have told me that most of the payroll was in gold). The whiskey was in wooden barrels. Captain George Waters,

of Frankfort, has told me that three of the people were saved – they walked up the beach to Point Betsie. Mr. Waters lived to be 97 years old – he and Mr. Brown from Milwaukee tried unsuccessfully during the summer of 1940 to find the hull, also Mr. VanNieman and two divers worked the summer of 1951 – they also were unsuccessful. At this writing Mr. Renny Hampton is looking to find his fortune from the hull of the "Westmoreland."

Dad also lost two ships near the South Manitou – first the schooner, "Josephine Dresden," in a northwest storm during the fall of 1909. She was loaded with lumber bound for Milwaukee – all hands were saved. Dad also lost the steamer "J.S. Crouse" loaded with slab wood bound for Sheboygan, Wisconsin from Glen Haven. Wood was used to make steam for her boilers; fire started around the smokestack and the dry cabins soon were in flames. The crew took off in the lifeboat – all were saved. The "J.S. Crouse" rests on the bottom in Glen Haven Bay, since the year of 1919.

The Lighthouse on South Manitou was always considered the most beautiful on the Lakes by sailors. As it stands 100 feet above the water, its white tapering tower can be seen for about 20 miles on a clear day. The glass at the top was 4-inch thick lenses placed on an iron platform. Inside the tower there were iron winding stairs to the top. The light burned oil and was lit every night at dusk, winter and summer.

The dwelling was built in 1853, the tower in 1871 as stamped on the south side of the dwelling and the east side of the tower – two families could live in the dwelling. I recall as a boy going to the top with Jim Burdick or John Tobin. The tower and building were always kept white and very clean; the outside of the tower was scrubbed and painted every spring by the crew of three men. They also stood 6-hour watches, 24 ours per day. The stairway to the top was painted black and the walls white.

James P. Burdick was keeper of the Lighthouse, John K. Tobin and Ray Robinette were crew members in 1913 when the Andersons reached the island. Later John Tobin did some farming – more about him later – also Ray Robinette was mail carrier. Others, I recall, were Henry Rosslow who married Ida Beck while in the lighthouse service. Later they left the island, going to Grand Haven and becoming keepers there. Another was Ernest Hutzler who later left and became keeper at Cat Head Point lighthouse near Northport – he also was keeper on North Manitou light until it closed.

[IMG] The schooner Josephine Dresden at anchor in South Manitou Harbor. Ben Johnson Boarding vessel.

[IMG] The schooner “Josephine Dresden” on the beach – North Manitou

[IMG] South Manitou Lighthouse and Fog Signal. The building was always kept clean and in shipshape as they never knew when the lighthouse tender would come in with supplies, and inspection.

[IMG] Coast Guard station, South Manitou Island 1919

The fog signal building was a separate building with 2 steam boilers that burned wood to make steam to blow the whistle every two minutes during fog or snow storms. The boilers burned cord wood. The U.S. Lighthouse Service accepted bids each year from the farmers – low bidder got the contract – the wood had to be maple or beech hardwood, four foot long, usually about 100 or more cords. The farmer that got the bid would usually hire help to cut and haul the wood to the lighthouse during the winter

[IMG] Lighthouse and fog signal – South Manitou during winter 1917 with ice on the lake and snow on the ground, also the two stacks on the boiler room to make steam for whistle during for and snow storms, also wood in right corner for boilers.

I recall dad getting the bid for 100 cord in 1920 – he hired what help he could from Bill Haas, Tom Foster and others. If one man cut, split and piled a cord of wood per day he did very well – he would have to work from daylight in the morning until dark at night. The wages were two dollars per cord. Tome Foster had a stump in a cord of wood when dad went to check the cords he had cut – they had a few words – dad ordered him off his property and out of the woods. Tom told dad never to step foot on his property again and I don't think either of them ever did, or talk after than.

That winter we had very little snow to haul the wood to the lighthouse so we had to haul wood as needed by wagon out of the woods down about one mile of sand road, about one-half cord of wood at a time as that is all the horses could take during the summer. With the snow during the winter about one and one-half cord could be hauled on the sleigh.

Some time in 1930 the light service took out the boilers and installed two Kahlenberg diesel engines and made the whistle air – the air horn did not carry the sound as far as steam. The light which stands today was in service for a century, from 1858 until 1958, of faithful service. Due to automation and reduction of manpower the light and fog signal was not needed and a Gong Buoy and light was placed 4 miles south of the island as a guide to navigation.

James Burdick was keeper of the light and fog signal from 1908 until 1928. He married Lillian Vent from Chicago in 1907 and they had five children: Ruth, Frances, Grace, Jim and Fred. The Burdick family left the island in 1928. James Sr. took over the light at Muskegon. Fred Burdick came back to the island many years later and built and rented cabins on Lake Florence, and also operated a general store in the summer months near the Coast Guard Station.

Jim Sr. was one of four children, the others being Anna, Carrie and Andrew. Andrew was called to serve in the U.S. Army in 1917 from the small farm where he lived with his 2 sisters and mother. It was a sad day to see a neighbor and friend leave for the service, leaving his friends in the Life-Saving Station where he frequently substituted for a surfman that was on leave or absent. He died of pneumonia in Archangel, Russia shortly before the signing of the Armistice. His body was shipped back to the island for burial in the fall. His mother and sisters at the time of his death thought they heard the schoolhouse bell ring. The following day we received a telegram as to his death. Brother Albany and James went over to tell his mother. When his body arrived on the island, dad had Albany hitch up the

horses to the wagon and take the body from the Coast Guard to the cemetery – it was a very sad day for all on the island. Dad conducted the graveside services.

Some time after the service Dr. Murphy from Maple City, who also lost a son in the service, called dad to tell him he thought there was a mistake as they had received a short coffin and the one that came to the island was a longer coffin. Andrew was short and his son was tall. Dad told him it would be best for all to take care of the grave as his own son and he was sure the Burdicks would do likewise.

[IMG] Anna and Carrie Burdick hoeing weeds out of the bean field 1917

The two sisters, with the help of others, carried on the farming for the balance of the years. Their father would never let the girls go out with boys so neither married.

The Burdicks had a well 60 feet deep and 4 feet square dug by hand with shovel and pail. The water was sweet and cold. To get the water up, there was a pail with a rope on that was lowered to the water; later a pump was installed.

Mrs. Burdick and the 2 girls got a small check from the U.S. Government after the death of Andrew. James Burdick and Lillian Burdick, nee Vent, had a general store at Crescent City – about one and one-half miles north of the Coast Guard Station. I recall on the 4th of July in the afternoon most everyone would gather at the general store for an afternoon of fun – we had foot races, bag races and also played baseball. Jim had a 14-foot boat, he would row the boat to the lighthouse and if the weather was

bad, he would walk the beach or if the harbor was frozen over he would walk the ice. They moved down near the light in 1923 and Lillian was Postmistress from 1923 to 1928. The lived near the boardwalk that ran between the Coast Guard Station and the lighthouse – it was built before 1913 of 10-inch planks 2 inches thick, two laid side by side. Some of the planks are still there at this writing, some 65 years later.

[IMG] Coast Guard station 1915

Note the boardwalk leading to the lighthouse, also the desert-like appearance. At this time there are many poplar trees growing in this area.

Selma Hutzler was postmistress in 1913 when we arrived on the island. She and her son Walter lived near the station. He became mentally unbalanced about 1916 – he would carry stove wood into his mother's house by the cord and then next day he would carry it back out. One day he took the axe and was going to chop down the house. The climax was when he took a butcher knife after his mother. He was then put in the hospital in Traverse City and passed away a few years later – he was a tall, handsome young man, about 23 years old.

Blanche Lewis was also postmistress from 1921 until 1923.

Lottie Tobin, wife of John, was postmistress from 1928 until the post office was discontinued some time in 1958. As previously stated, John was in the lighthouse service. He always chewed Peerless tobacco. It comes to mind at a dance held at Ben Johnson's, John went to spit out the door just as Mr. and Mrs. Burgess was coming in the door, and got Mrs. Burgess the full length of her white dress. Believe me she didn't lake for words – she called

John about everything in the book. George Hutzler did the "calling," Harold Tobin played the violin, and Ray Kent played the piano at the square dances.

John quit his job at the light service some time about 1919, and started farming on the old Hutzler farm near Lake Florence on the west side. Farming didn't go too well for the Tobins. He bought several head of cattle. Ed and Harold made a flat-bottom boat and kept it at the lake. One Sunday afternoon they took one of the steers down to the lake, put a rope on the bow of the boat, the other end tied to the tail of the steer. One would get in the boat and the other would try and make the steer run along the beach, the boat hit the beach, the steer broke his tail and they called him "shorty" as his tail never grew after that. They also had ducks – one time when my brother and I were there, one of the ducks had a nest under the barn between the floor joists. Ed crawled under to see how many young or eggs she had, but when he got about one and one-half feet from her, she turned around and let him have it right in the face. When he came out is was shit from the face down. John only stayed on the farm two years then got back in the light service.

Harold Tobin, Ed, Art Beck and myself went after frog legs one Sunday. We didn't get many legs so we went after perch – how we would get them was to put a piece of meat on a string with a small weight so it would go to the bottom, then slowly lift the meat to the surface without a hook. The perch would follow the meat, sometimes 25 fish or more. Two of us would hit the water with the oars – sometimes we would get 4 or more fish at a time that way. We took the fish and fried them on the beach. I recall how the frog legs would move in the pan and also as salt was put on them – they were very good. Soon others came and we all had a good time.

Benth Johnson lived near the Coast Guard Station. His wife had died before we got to the island; she was buried in the island cemetery – some time in 1933 Ben moved her body to the cemetery in Frankfort. He passed away in Frankfort in 1939 and is buried next to this wife.

Ben was in the fishing business and had three pond nets, one at Sea Gull Point, one between the Coast Guard Station and the lighthouse, the other south of the lighthouse. If anyone asked him how fishing was, he would say 'Oh, I got enough for crackers and coffee and the cat.' Pond nets were set with wooden pilings 40 or 50 feet long driven into the lake bottom in such a way as to trap fish in the nets that were put on the piles. On the 4th or 5th of July, 1918 he lifted the net south of the lighthouse; it was full of white fish, about one ton or more. That morning he loaded the boat, had to

follow the lead into shore, then very carefully follow the shore to his dock just north of the Station. Brother Albany and Theodore Thompson helped him clean the fish and pack them in ice, about 75 pounds to a box. The ice was stored in the icehouse, packed in sawdust. The ice came from Lake Florence, sawed with ice saws by hand – usually the ice was about 2 feet thick, cut into blocks 2 feet square. Dad always had the team shod so as to haul ice for himself and others – if the horsed didn't have sharp shoes on, they could not pull a loaded sleigh on the ice during the winter. Henry Haas was the blacksmith for shoeing horses; he also was the island dentist, pulling teeth from horses and cattle, also people if they had an aching tooth.

[IMG] Benth Johnson

Ben, as everyone called him, started dating Elvina Beck – she had been married and had 2 girls and 2 boys before her husband passed away. They lived on the south end of the island – some evenings when we would go down to the post office with the horse and buggy, he would ask for a ride up

to see her, later when we got the Ford car he would say 'Take me up to the old lady and I'll give you 5 gallons of gas.' Once in a while he would put in some gas, but very seldom. Mrs. Beck never went in his house that I know of. Dad and others would ask Ben when he was going to get married; he always said 'There will be two Wednesdays in a week when I get married again.' They did get married without "two Wednesdays in a week." After they were married he would say 'Take me up to the old lady – I I lay behind her ass, it will make a good windbreak.' He always went to stay with her and the family in the fall after he got done with his fishing for the season. In the spring he would get in an argument with her, then he would say 'Art, get the car and take me home – I'll get my cap (which he always had hanging on a nail behind the door ready to go). I recall one spring he asked her if he could borrow some money from her – he didn't need it and she knew it – she refused. That started a fuss and he said to Art, Get the car and take me home.' He never went up to the farm during the summer and she never went to see him, but she would send the boys down to his place with meat, vegetables and bread and etc. during the summer. In the fall he would go back to the farm. Dad would call him "the old fox" – he would give us the wink with a big smile. Often when dad came into the harbor with the "M.H. Stuart" Ben would come over with a couple of fish and have dinner and few drinks with dad.

Florence Haas was mail carrier from Glen Haven to South Manitou from 1912, after the drowning of her husband, Joseph Haas, who was mail carrier at the time of his drowning.

Theodore Thompson became mail carrier after Mrs. Haas – Mrs. Thompson passed away about 1912 leaving two girls and two boys – Irene became my sister-in-law (more about her later) also Ralph, the oldest, was married and divorced five times and Ralph was in the Coast Guard Service on South Manitou and East Tawas. Floyd was promoted to captain on the carferry "Badger" out of Ludington and retired from there. ClaraBelle married Al Mack and they resided in Manistee – Irene took over the household duties for her father after the death of her mother. I recall her trying to make bread – the yeast had lost its potency and did not rise, she put the dough behind the outhouse – Bertha Peths' chickens got into it by walking in the dough and in the beach sand – the dough and sand stuck to their feet and beaks so badly they couldn't get home – she was a long time living that down.

Theodore was one of the best mail carriers the island ever had during my acquaintance with the island – he usually went alone with his boat, the

"Beatrice." It was a good seaboat in rough weather. He took some rough weather during snow storms, also drifting ice. I remember during the winter of 1915 the water froze over between the island and the mainland, and three men from the Coast Guard went with him to walk the ice to Glen Haven. The ice was not very thick so they tied themselves together with a rope about 50 feet apart, Theodore in the lead with a spud in one hand to test the ice. They walked to Sea Gull Point then across to Pyramid Point which was the closest point of land, pulling a sleigh with the mail and a few other necessities.

[IMG] Theodore Thompson's boat, the "Beatrice." leaving Glen Haven pier bound for South Manitou with mail.

The mail service was on a bid every 4 years from the U.S. Government – low bidder got the job – the bid usually was about 5 to 6 dollars per trip, besides they could carry passengers and other freight. The mail carrier had to furnish a boat and pay all expenses.

Ray Robinette got the bid in 1916 so Theodore went in the Coast Guard for several years then later went as wheelsman on the Ann Arbor car ferries. Ray Robinette's boat was named after his wife, Violet. During the winter of 1917 and 1918 Lake Michigan froze over. Ray had bought a Model T Ford touring car with side curtains, no heater, and the ice got thick enough in February and March so that he could carry the mail with his Ford.

August Warner got the bid about 1922 – he had the boat "Lenore" named after his daughter. August did a little commercial fishing along with the mail service but at $5 per trip, it was not enough to keep a boat and other expenses that went with the carrying of the mail.

[IMG] Mail boat "Violet" in ice floe at Glen Haven with South Manitou in background, 1917

Paul Humphrey got the bid to carry the mail in 1934 at $4 per trip – his boat was named the "Pioneer." Paul was from Grand Rapids and also did some fishing. He was to make three trips per week. He thought he would get some summer passengers was the reason for such a low bid, but the passengers and freight were scarce during the 30s and the Coast Guard helped him carry the mail.

George Grosvenor, owner of the vessel, "Manitou Island," which is the Manitou mail service boat, and his son, Mike, with the "Island Clipper," carried the mail and passengers to both North and South Manitou and also the crib during the summer months. The North Manitou service has been in the Grosvenor family since 1913, banded down from father to son. They have always done a good job, I would like to add.

The Anderson family moved to the South Manitou the summer of 1913; dad had bought the farm near the center of the island about 1912 from Mr. Price. I was five years old, had two older sisters, Magdalean and Cecelia, one older brother, Albany, and two younger brothers, Haakon and John. Dad moved us from Sheboygan, Wisconsin on his boat, the "J.S. Crouse." Dad traded around the islands for a few years before buying the island farm – he used to say it was a good place to raise his family. Dad wasn't home much as he was busy with his boat, hauling supplies to the islands and the island products off also. We were 12 children, and all but one, Harold, grew up to have families of their own. I was the fourth child;

two brothers and two sisters were older than I. Harold passed away at two years old, Albany at 21; that left me the oldest of the boys.

[IMG] Charles, Haakon, John and Annabelle helping sister Carol up onto a large elm log on the farm, about 1918. Note the grape-arbor in the background. Two of the Price's children were buried on the hill behind the grape-arbor.

At the time, dad was thinking of buying the farm – he was invited to stay for dinner. Mr. Price butchered two chickens for dinner, it was during the fall, the chickens were molting – the feathers were hard to get out at that time. Dad saw Mrs. Price put the chickens in the oven with a lot of the feathers still on and not very clean so he told Mrs. Price 'sorry but I have to go back to the boat.'

I have had it said to me, 'It must be nice to be one of such a large family.' It, no doubt, would have been today with all the modern conveniences, but on the island we had no electric lights, had but three lamps, one of which was carried from one room to the other, all burned kerosene. We carried all the water that was used; the diapers that had to be washed, then hung out to dry. During the winter, they would freeze dry; our hands were so cold one had not much feeling in them. The hours spent were rocking the younger ones while mother made meals, sewing, tending the garden, etc. Yes, I loved my brothers and sisters. Dad was a large man – was known all over Lake Michigan – any port we sailed into, some would say 'Hello Captain;' he had many friends. I started sailing with dad when I was fifteen years old. Whenever he was short-handed, after working on the farm all day I stood at the wheel and steered the boat for six hours until midnight.

When traveling, he always carried a black leather bag with two white shirts, two pair of socks, a suit of woolen underwear, and a gallon of moonshine to treat his many friends – this was during (suppose to be) the dry times – prohibition.

Dad was the type of person that, when he walked into a room, always commanded everyone's attention while mother had a very charming and quiet personality.

[IMG] Dad Anderson's sailing vessel, the "Mary E. Packard" – 1900. Martin Olsen, Dad and Isaac Devol.

Hauling lumber from Glen Haven to Chicago, Milwaukee and various other ports, dad usually came home for the winter about Christmas and left some time in March.

The Anderson family was not very well accepted by the other farmers for the first couple of years. They were all of German descent and the Andersons were of Scandanavian descent.

About all I remember of the trip from Sheboygan to the farm is walking up to the farm and seeing the two big black horses. ~Nel" and "Kit" – they had been taken over to.the island on a previous trip. Mr. Fred Kokomos, the man dad had to operate the farm, was disking in the field and he let me sit on the back of Nel" from the field to the barn – that was my first horseback ride.

Mother didn't accept the island living very well as our closest neighbors were about one-half mile away, and also leaving her family and friends. I recall the tears rolling down her cheeks in the evening as she sat in her rocking chair nursing one of the babies. Mrs. August Beck and Mrs. Tom Foster were our nearest neighbors, and they became mother's closest friends.

[IMG] The Ann Arbor Carferry No. 5" at dock – South Manitou, March, 1916. Note the ice all around her.

When dad got ready to leave the island in the spring, he would call Mr. Reynolds, the Marine Superintendent of the Ann Arbor Rail Co., by phone and ask him if he would have one of the boats going to Manistique stop at the island to pick him up. It was usually the "Ann Arbor #5" captained by Captain Charles Frederickson, who later became my father-in-law, or the "Ann Arbor #6" captained by Alex Larson. Both of them were very good friends of dad's. The harbor would usually be frozen over with ice sometimes 12 to 18 inches thick, but it was no trouble for the car ferries to break that ice, as they were capable of going through ice three feet thick on their trips through Green Bay to Menominee, Wisconsin.

Dad usually laid up the "J.S. Crouse" in Sheboygan, Wisconsin some time in November, then would start to get her ready to sail the first of April. During the winter of 1916, he carried hay with the steamer "J.S. Crouse" from Kewanee to Chicago. The winter of 1917 and 1918, the whole of Lake Michigan froze over – again in 1937.

The winter of 1917, we were without mail and supplies for six weeks as the mail boat could not get through the ice – by that time, the island was getting short of some supplies such as butter, bread, sugar, etc. We were well supplied as dad would bring home in the fall 100 pounds of sugar, 50 pounds of coffee, 200 pounds of flour, and 100 pounds of salt. Dad liked

[IMG] The steamer, J.S.
Crouse.

fish, so he would bring home a 50-pound bail of dried codfish and a 25-pound pail of mackerel. We always butchered one of the choicest steers between Christmas and New Years, also three pigs. The two front quarters were salted for the summer as corned beef; the two hind quarters were hung up in the grain shed to freeze and as meat was needed it was cut off for the meal. What was left in the spring was also salted. The pork was also frozen and salted as the beef except the ham and some of the bacon, which were salted and smoked. It took about a week of smoking for the large hams, night and day – about midnight the last log was put on the fire until six in the morning. After the hams were smoked, they were put in a barrel, a layer of hams or bacon, then a layer of oats. So we had smoked ham all summer, but it was very salty.

We usually had about 30 head of cattle, plus two milk cows named "Susie" and "Bessie," both black angus. One day while we were in school, they got into the grain shed, got into the ground rye and ate too much. The rye swelled up in them and they were both lying down and all swelled up when we came home from school. Haakon and I got them up, but they couldn't get through the door. I went and got Bill Haas, as he helped with sick animals. He made a small incision in the side of each one to release the air, then we gave them a physic of raw linseed oil, but they both died the next day.

All of the cattle were named, like: "Jimmy," "April," "Shorty" (his tail never grew), "Vallie" (born on Valentine's Day), "Crooky," with one horn that grew down and into her cheek. The other horn grew in its usual way, up with an outside curve. The horn that grew into the cheek had to be sawed off.

Dad tried to improve the herd by bringing to the island a Holstein bull and heifer. After several years the hull got ugly. One summer night he kept my brother Albany in a tree for two hours; it was raining, thundering and lightening and a very dark night. Mother was very worried and would call to him every few minutes to ask him if he was alright. The bull would paw the dirt and snort – his name was "Bill," with long horns. A brass ring was put in his nose, and he was led to water, etc. with a rod about six feet long with a snap at one end so as to hold him off. He also had a 25-foot small chain attached to the ring in his nose which was to stop him should he take after someone, by stepping on the chain and stopping himself. That did help for awhile, but he soon discovered that by running with his legs spread apart and his head down that he could avoid stepping on the chain. One fall day,

he saw Anna and Carrie Burdick coming up the road from the post office and took after them. They saw him coming and climbed up in a beech tree – the branches on the tree were low so they got up very easily.

That winter dad discovered how mean he was and had him castrated as the ring in his nose was coming through the skin. George and Louis did the work with the help of dad and brother Albany. The rod was put in the ring in his nose, the rope was put on both front feet so he could be taken off his feet. Then a 6-inch cedar pole, 25 feet long, was put on his neck, and dad and Albany sat on the pole to hold his head down. The hind legs were tied to the front legs, and, in that way, George Hutzler could perform the operation: by making an incision through the skin to the testicles, which were removed and the cords are tied to stop the bleeding. Then salt was put in the incision so infection wouldn't set in – that took the fight out of him. Castration must be done to a male animal four months before it is eaten or the meat will taste strong.

The following summer dad got an Angus bull, all black, to improve the herd – he was very gentle, also with a ring in the nose. I always led him anyplace by putting one finger in the ring. After we had had him for three years, one day in the fall he got out of the pasture that he was kept in. Dad always thought someone helped him out while we were in school so as to get their cows bred without paying three dollars service charge. Some of the farmers didn't keep a bull as a bull was too much bother to keep for a few cows. They thought it was better to pay a "service fee" to have their cows bred. Anyway, he didn't come home that night, so we started looking for him on Saturday. I took "Brownie," the horse, and rode over much of the island. That spring dad and Bill Haas were getting out some cedar logs up to the southwest corner of the island and found him – dead.

That spring dad got another, this time a Durham – he was big, high and long. He looked ugly, but really wasn't, with his long horns and feet. The cattle were mostly a mixed breed. They would leave for the woods and fields about the first part of April, eat leeks, etc. from the woods until the grass began to get growing in the fields. Each farmer had his fields fenced in so the cattle had the balance of the island to graze on. The bull and milk cows stayed in a pasture near the barn. The cattle that were let to graze on the outside of the fences would bunch up in the summer – the Becks's, Hutzler's, Haas', Anderson's – at times perhaps 60 head to a herd. But when winter came, they would separate and go to their gates and "moo" to

[IMG] The author and Durham bull. Note ring in nose – but he was very gentle.

get in the barn, usually just before a big snow storm. If dad was home, he would look at his barometer and, if it was falling, would say to Haakon and me, Boys, get the barn ready; the cattle will be home tonight.' Sure enough, when we got home from school, the cattle would be at the gate. Some of the older cattle would go to the barn and wait for the door to open. Most of them would get to their stalls (each one had a stall) and would be tied each with a light chain around its neck with dividers between them. Some of the younger ones would kick, so we would always put a gentle one on each side of one that would kick. We would have to put our arms around their necks so as to get the chains around, and some that were born during the summer were so wild the would have to be roped and pulled in the barn. Many the

night mother used to come to the barn and ask the boys 'Are you all right?' We had no electricity so always had to use a lantern for light during the winter taking care of the cattle. They were fed at night and also in the morning before breakfast. After breakfast they would be untied and let out of the barn until we came from school. The horses and pigs were also fed twice a day, and watered.

Dad very seldom went to the barn. During the winter months while he was home he spent most of his time reading, talking on the telephone and listening to his favorite music on the Victrola. He enjoyed good music such as: "Whispering Hope" and "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." Also dad and August Beck would spend long hours playing checkers in the evening, having a drink of moonshine. Dad never smoked but always had a box of good cigars to treat his guests. When the country went dry dad came home that fall with a barrel, 55 gallons, of whiskey. Some of the others, Bill Haas, August Beck and several others got 5 gallons. It was put in the girls' bedroom, a wooden spigot was put in the end then it was set on a bench.

After the whiskey was gone dad began to make moonshine. The "still," as it was called, was a copper kettle with a copper coil coming out the top then into a coil that ran through cold water. I recall many nights getting snow to cool the coils. It also took a lot of wood, as the pot with the mash had to keep boiling to make steam from the mash in the kettle. Then the steam would go into the cold coil and make a liquid that would drop out the end of the coil and that would be moonshine. The way to find the content of alcohol was to put some in a spoon, light a match, touch it to the spoon and it would burn a blue flame. What was left in the spoon was water – if there was too much water the still was taken from the stove, and the mash was dumped. The mash consisted of various grains, yeast, water and sugar. It had to sit in a warm place to ferment – for different flavors orange could be put in or juniper berries. It came out of the "still" white, like water. For coloring sugar was left to burn on top of the stove then put in the moonshine to give it the look of whiskey. I recall giving the pigs the grain from the mash – there must have been some alcohol left. After the pigs ate the mash they began to fall, got up, would squeal, try to run, then fall again. Oftentimes a rumor would get started that the revenue men were coming to check the island for moonshine. Everyone would hide their "still," George and Louis Hutzler, Bill Haas and others – but they never came.

In 1926 when we left the island. I hid dad's "still" behind a large hemlock log, covered it with leaves. I went to the spot many years later but could not find it – someone must have taken it.

George and Louis Hutzler were considered to be the best moonshine makers on the island; in fact, whatever they did they took much pride in. Bill Haas and others made their moonshine from cider, called "hard cider" – made from apples with one-half pound of sugar per gallon and also some raisins. A 55-gallon oak barrel was put in a pit several feet below ground level to age for about six months, and in June of the following year the cider was very good, cool but with a "kick" like a mule.

One Sunday afternoon, Harold Tobin and Arthur Beck were going to see who could drink the most cider, and I was to be the judge. The three of us went to the cider pit in the woods at the Beck farm with two glasses the same size. We uncovered the pit that was covered with leaves, and the glasses were filled. They started drinking slowly at first, then the talk began to get louder. It was a nice Sunday afternoon during the summer, the chipmunks were running around and occasionally a fox squirrel would run up a beech tree looking for nuts. We were sitting on a hemlock log that had been cut down some years before for the bark, and they both were feeling pretty "high." Hard cider always seemed to affect the legs more than the head. Harold was going to get off the log, fell back, and tore his pants – he had to get some pins from Mrs. Beck to pin up his pants. It was getting late, so I took Harold home.

Cider was always at the dances, usually kept in the woodshed and at "intermission," the men would go out to get a drink.

During the fall of 1915, a large steamer dragged her anchor between the two islands, breaking the telephone cable that was laid between the North and South Manitou. The cable extended from Sleeping Bear Point to the "lookout" between the Coast Guard Station and the lighthouse on South Manitou, then on poles to the northeast side of South Manitou, then under the water to North Manitou. It consisted of several copper wires inside a lead-shielded cable. (That cable was laid from the Coast Guard Station at Sleeping Bear.)

The Coast Guard Service contacted dad, asked him if he could take his steamer, the "J.S. Crouse." and grapple up the ends so the service could have two men go with him to splice the cable together before winter. Dad notified the Coast Guard he would grapple up the ends of the cable, since they had no boat in the area at that time large enough to do the job. Bill Haas, the island blacksmith, made a grappling hook to dad's specification, heavy enough to go to the bottom, in 125 feet of water, into the sandy bottom and get hold of the cable. With the help of the steam hoist, both ends

were brought to the deck of the steamer "J.S. Crouse" and repaired. The Coast Guard Service was very pleased to have the cable repaired.

The following summer, the Coast Guard Service had several men come to the island to put in poles and string wire from the middle of the harbor to our farmhouse and install a telephone, connected to the wires going to North Manitou. The telephone was a great convenience – the Burdicks at the post office also had a phone so we could call up to see if the mail boat had gone for the mail. Dad used to conduct a lot of his business for the coming season on the phone. There was no monthly charge for the phone as it was put in and operated by the U.S. Coast Guard. It was a party line: North Manitou, South Manitou, Sleeping Bear, Coast Guard Stations, Burdick's Store, post office and our farm. Each phone had a ring – ours was two rings. When one phone rang, they all ran to listen to the conversation.

During the winter of 1916-17 Lake Michigan froze over, also in 1937 and 1956. The winter of 1917 we were living on the island. It was a very cold winter and a lot of snow, which helped cool off the water to help the lake freeze over, with some cold still weather in January. We were without mail or any other supplies from the mainland for six weeks. About the 10th of February, dad had my brother, Albany, hitch the two horses, Nel and Kit, to the sleigh to make the trip to Glen Haven. They started out at daylight – Ray Robinette, Bill Haas, Albany, dad and several from the Coast Guard. The going was good until they came to the channel that the "Ann Arbor #6" had made going to North Manitou with hay for the starving cattle on North Manitou. The hay was taken to the west side of North Manitou. The "Ann Arbor Carferry #6" backed up into the ice, dropped the hay over the stern onto the ice, then it was taken to the cattle by horses and sleigh. The last of the cattle on North Manitou were taken off the island about 1923 by the "M.H. Stewart," about 140 head. I was sailing with dad at that time – they were taken to Waukegon, Illinois. After that, deer were put on North Manitou which survived the Michigan winters much better than the cattle.

Going back to the trip from South Manitou to Glen Haven – when the team came to the channel in the ice that the "#6 Carferry" made, the planks were put together and each horse was to be led across, then the sleigh was to be taken across. The horses were unhitched from the sleigh, and Nel was the first to walk the planks, but got excited, stepped off and broke through the ice. Dad got her by the tail, and her head was kept above the water, then

a rope was put around her neck and Kit pulled her out. It was very cold, and the water soon froze to ice on Nel, so they turned back to the island, put her in the barn and covered her with blankets.

Next day Prince and Brownie, the other two horses, were hitched to the sleigh and headed toward Glen Haven. Mother insisted I go along and go to a doctor, as I had a rash on the right side of my head and neck. It was a very cold day, like ten above zero, and it was cold riding. At times we would get off the sleigh and walk or run to get warmed up. I shall never forget I was walking behind the sleigh when dad started the horses on a trot. I soon got some distance behind, started to holler, but no one heard me until I was about two blocks behind – to see everyone leave me alone on the ice frightened me. Bill Haas saw me and told my dad; he stopped the horses so I could catch up. Needless to say, I was very happy to get back on the sleigh. Dad gave me a good bawling out for getting off the sleigh. Dad had his long bearskin coat on, so he kept very comfortable.

About one mile from Glen Haven, the ice had pushed up in layers, snow had blown in between, so the horses went into the snow to their knees. Dad urged the horses on, but I was very frightened. We got to Glen Haven safely, and dad stopped to see his friend, D.H. Day, the lumber king of that area. The out-going mail was dropped off at Glen Haven – it was a nice feeling to be on land again. We went on to Empire that day, and dad and I stayed with his friend, Mr. Wilk, for that night. Mr. Wilk had a home in Empire on the hill overlooking Lake Michigan that still stands. Mr. Wilk had the delivery stable in Empire, the long block building on the west end of Empire – that is where the horses were put up for the night, and still stands at this writing. The next day was spent getting provisions for the island, such as butter, flour, sugar, etc.; and dad took me to the doctor. He said I had gotten a rash from the cattle by reaching around their necks to tie them up at night and gave me some black salve that helped to clear it up. The sleigh was loaded going back with flour, sugar and other supplies, – then back to Glen Haven to pick up the mail going back to the island. The trip back to the island was cold but uneventful. The horses were happy to be going home, so they didn't need any coaxing. We arrived back on the island about 8 p.m. after a trip of about 18 miles that day.

Dad and others made several other trips to the mainland that winter. On one of the trips he took wheat to the mill at Maple City to be ground into flour. Ray Robinette took his Ford car across several times a week to get the mail. Mrs. Foster walked across on the ice and back, sometime the last of

March. Two days after she got back, a strong southwest wind came up with rain, and the ice all disappeared overnight.

Dad had a variety of fruit trees planted on the farm: black cherries, red plums, apples, pears and prunes, that were planted in the field where other crops were also planted. At plowing time, I would go with Albany and pull the small trees over so the harness from the horses would not chip the bark off. When the trees got too large to pull over, a covering was put over the part of the harness to help protect the trees. I recall the two big black sweet cherry trees in the old orchard were not sprayed one summer. We had been eating the cherries for some time when someone opened one up and found a worm in it. We began to look them over and found they all had worms in them – we had been eating the wormy cherries for some time!

[IMG] Spraying plum trees. Brownie, the horse – Charles with sprayer, Haakon at the barrel pumping, Annabelle and Carol.

I shall never forget the day dad told me to spray the plum trees with a powdered poison mixed with water. Brownie was hitched to a low platform with two runners on the bottom about four inches thick – it was called a

"stoneboat" and was used mainly in the field for picking up stones as they were a nuisance in the fields.

The barrel was filled with water, the poison was added, and we started to spray the trees. When the barrel was empty, we went back to the well for more water. The barrel was filled, and the powdered poison was in a gallon can on top of the barrel. Brother John was sitting on the stoneboat behind the barrel when Brownie stepped ahead to eat some grass, jarring the barrel, spilling the poison. John looked up about that time, and the poison spilled over John and some went into his mouth. I asked him to be sure and not swallow, took him to the well, washed his mouth out and brushed off his pants and shirt. We didn't like to tell mother as she would get so excited, not having a doctor to go to. That night John got sick so we had to tell mother what had happened. She gave him milk, and by morning he was feeling much better – mother stayed up with him all night. Many a night mother would stay up with one of us all night – like the time I jumped out of the haymow onto a spike in a plank. The spike went through my foot just behind the toes, and I held the plank down with my left foot to pull my right foot off the spike. We were planting potatoes that day; I was 12 years old at the time. (One had to carry about a peck of potatoes in a bag over the shoulder, a potato planter in the right hand, which had a three-foot wooden handle onto a hinged spade with a six-inch flat piece of metal on one side. The planter was lifted up about two feet, a potato was placed into the planter, put to the ground, then stepped on with the left foot to force it into the ground about 4 inches then covered with the right foot.) That night mother stayed with me all night; my foot was put in hot salt water and hot towels. The pain was terrific; the foot and leg began to swell. I laid in bed for a week – with prayers and mother's help my leg was saved.

The winter of 1920, brother Albany began to feel ill, so dad took him to a doctor in Maple City. The doctor told him Captain, take him home and be good to him. He won't last long.' Dad called mother, then took him to Sheboygan, Wisconsin to the family doctor who told dad Albany had diabetes and to take him to Milwaukee to the Spa for a while where he could learn to live with it, like no sweets – broiled lean meat, eggs and fruit. Dad had grapefruit sent to the farm twice a week. I recall Albert Welsh came to the house as Albany was eating a grapefruit. He said. 'My, what a big lemon: it must be sour.'

[IMG] Albany and Irene – 1920

Albany and Irene Thompson had just gotten married. They eloped, took the mail boat across the lake to Glen Haven and married. They had one child, Audrey, before Albany passed away. I shall never forget the day in March. Dad had left the island to oversee the building of the steamer "M.H. Stuart" in Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin. Mother called the doctor in Maple City, had the mail boat pick him up at Glen Haven, and I hitched up Prince to the buggy so as to be at the dock when the doctor arrived. Ray Robinette was mail carrier at the time, March, 1921. The boat arrived with the doctor – he took his time getting into the buggy. He had to urinate, so I had to stop the horse and let him go. I prayed the best I could while he went as I had the feeling that if he got there in time he could take care of Albany, but the doctor knew there was no help; that is the reason he took his time. Albany passed away about 1:00 that morning in March. It was raining, thundering and lightning. Our well was flooded with rain and snow running off from the hills. Sister Cecelia and I went to Burdicks with two pails each to get some drinking water and for cooking. We had to go through some woods and fields, about three quarters of a mile in the wood, and it was so dark we couldn't see, so we would wait until it lightninged. Then we would run and stop to wait for it to lightning again. The Burdick's well was 60 feet deep, and the pail had to be lowered by a rope tied to the pail and down to the water at the bottom of the well, then pulled up. Mother called dad at

Sturgeon Bay of Albany's passing, and he came home by the Ann Arbor car ferry which stopped at Sturgeon Bay on its way back from the trip from Menominee, Wisconsin to Frankfort. Then he took the boat that was going to Manistique. They left him off at South Manitou. Dad had called the C. Reiss Coal Co. at Sheboygan, Wisconsin. They had eight large coal freighters on the lakes hauling coal to many ports on the lakes, and they also had a tug for turning their boats around in the Sheboygan River, which was also their fire tug. The Reiss Coal Co. had the tug come to South Manitou to get the body and the Anderson family and take us to Sheboygan where Albany and dad are buried. Dad had inscribed on Albany's marker "Rest in Peace Pa's Boy." Dad passed away in December, 1929. His body rests beside Albany. Mother passed away in 1957 and rests in the cemetery in Frankfort.

[IMG] The Anderson family – 1944

Brothers, Haakon in the Navy. Brother Thames, a paratrooper. Brothers Arno and Robert later joined the Armed Service. All came home safely except brother Thames – during a battle in Germany – he is on total disability. Standing, left to right: Thames, Charles, Robert, Carol, John, Annabelle, Arno, Haakon – seated: Cecilia, Mother and Magdalean.

In the war year of 1917 potatoes were selling for $5 per hundred pounds, red beans $15 per hundred, so dad said plant the whole farm in potatoes and beans. There were about 60 acres cleared, the rest was woods.

That was a very good price and so most everyone that year must have also planted potatoes and beans. The price that fall for potatoes dropped to $1 per hundred, so dad said hold them until spring. We had 1500 bushels in the spring, and they were selling for 50 cents per hundred. We had dug two large pits, or holes, in the ground and put the potatoes in, covered them with straw and lumber so they would not freeze. After all the work that went into raising of the potatoes, the plowing, disking, planting, spraying for bugs, cultivating, digging, picking them off the ground, most of them were ground up and fed to the pigs and cattle. All this was done with one team of horses and a lot of hard work. Dad hired some of the Coast Guard who had days off to come and dig potatoes. When I got home from school, I picked potatoes until dark, then they would be hauled to the pit after dark for storage. On one of these trips from the field to the pit with a load of potatoes, Albany was driving the horse, and I was on the back of the wagon. Rual Shank had been helping that day, and as he went to pick up his coat and lunch pail, he fell and didn't get up. I told Albany, and he turned the team around and went back. Rual was lying on the ground near his coat. Albany and I put him on the wagon, took him to the house, and put him on the couch. His half-brother, George Hutzler, was called, and he was given some brandy and he died about 2:00 the next morning. He had no other relatives, so a coffin was ordered from Traverse City and his body was put in the cemetery without a marker. He lived to the west of the island in the woods behind his brother in a one-room shack and did odd jobs wherever he could.

The red kidney beans turned out a little better – the price went down some, but not much. We all sat at the kitchen table during the winter, put a bushel of beans on the table, and started picking out the cracked and bad ones. This was done in the evening after the chores were done.

About 1920 dad was going to build a new barn, so he brought Albert Welch from Maple City to the island to make cement blocks. Albert came over to the island with his young wife, his third wife. He said he had 25 children. He was 65 years old at the time. They came to make cement blocks and lived in a tent on the beach that summer and made blocks. The first blocks he made did not stand up. He found the sand high on the beach was too rounded by the washing of the waves, so he started using sand near the water which was sharper, and the blocks were all right. They worked hard that summer making blocks, all by hand. The sand and cement was mixed in a box with a hoe then put in forms to dry. It was hard for the horses to pull the wagon with many blocks on through the sand, up to the

gravel road that led up to the farm. Albert Welch and wife lived in Johnny Hutzler's small house that winter. In the spring they had his 26th child, but the child died shortly after birth. The barn never did get finished. The hole was dug in the side of a hill and the blocks all laid, twelve high. The barn was to be 115 feet long by 60 feet wide. After Albany passed away in 1921, dad lost interest in finishing the barn.

[IMG] Mr. and Mrs. Albert Welch starting to lay cement blocks for new barn. The background is the harbor and the dock where dad used to tie up the "J.S. Crouse" and the "M.H. Stuart."

Cecelia and I started raising turkeys. We bought a gobbler and three hens. I sincerely believe they are the dumbest birds there are. They would lay their eggs early in the spring somewhere in the woods. The eggs might freeze, but the hen would set on them most of the summer instead of the

the four weeks it takes for them to hatch. The hen was smart enough not to let us know where her nest was. If she saw me following her, she would go to many places and sit down to try and make on as those were the eggs. If I could find the nest and break one egg and find it rotten, then break them all, she might lay some more eggs for young that year.

[IMG] Some of the turkeys my sister Cecelia and I raised. This venture was not a profitable one.

What young the hen turkey would hatch out (often she would not set on the nest long enough and wait for all the eggs to hatch), she would start out with through the wet grass in the early morning looking for grasshoppers and other insects. The young would get wet and cold, lie down and chirp, but she would go right on and leave them to die. We would take the young that we could find, put them in a warm cloth near the kitchen stove and dry them off, then take them back to the mother. During the fall they would eat beechnuts, get large and fat – the meat very sweet. The turkey business was not very profitable since they would roost in the woods in back of the house in a large beech tree and would be very hard to get in the fall. We sold the last of them to a ship that laid in the harbor, wind-bound one fall.

The Department of Conservation gave dad 30 pheasant eggs in the spring of 1922 to try and get pheasants started on the island. We were to put them under a hen that was "Setting" to hatch chicks. The chicken eggs were taken away from the chicken and the pheasant eggs put under two hens. One of the hens didn't "set" on the nest very well, so we had to put a box

over her to make her stay on the nest. Perhaps the reason was the eggs are much smaller than a hen egg. I would leave her off the nest every other day to eat and drink, but she would never go back to the nest. I would have to round her up and put her back on the nest with the box over her. The other hen did a good job but only five of the eggs hatched. As soon as they came out of the egg. they would look around for a place to hide. One of the first ones to come out of the egg took off and found a rat hole – it went down the hole and was never seen again. I plugged the hole so the others could be saved. We kept them in a small building for a few days and fed them oatmeal and boiled egg. The hen took good care of them. They ate mostly grasshoppers and other insects until they were large enough to eat grain. One of them got lost but three lived – two hens and a rooster. They survived the first winter, and we would often see them near the straw stack at night. The next summer they had a nice bunch of young. The following year we began to see a white one occasionally in a flock of 30 to 35. The only way we could account for that is that Tom Foster had a few white leghorn chickens, which are a small breed of chickens, and some of the pheasants used to mingle with his chickens sometimes. The three young we raised made the mother go wild as she stayed most of the time in the fields with them, and that fall she didn't come home. When Tom Foster saw the pheasant, he went to get his shotgun, intending to kill those strange birds that were with his chickens, but Mrs. Foster stopped him and told him all about the pheasants. They did very well the next few years until the farmers began to stop farming and began to leave the island. The pheasants also disappeared – must have been the winters were too hard for them and, also, no straw stacks to feed around.

One Saturday, I caught a rooster pheasant in the horse barn. They are a very beautiful bird with the browns, light and dark, also light and dark purple with a white ring around the neck. I took the pheasant to the house as dad was always interested in wild birds and animals. I gave him the bird, and he was happy to hold it and stroke it. The pheasant seemed to be quite content, blinking its eyes and looking around. Dad said to mother, Give me some bread, see if he will eat it.' but the pheasant refused. All of a sudden he raised up out of dad's arm, made for the window, went through the window, made a hole not much larger than his body and went to the woods. After the pheasant went through the window. we lived the balance of the winter with a board in the window.

[IMG] Thershing
1916

We used to hunt them some in the fall. They would stay in the tall grass for the night, and when walking through the fields, one would have to be quick to get a shot at them as they flew away from you. They could carry a lot of buckshot in their rear. We very seldom had them on our table, but we boys would shoot one occasionally and have a pheasant feed at Ray Kent's place – Ed Tobin, Art Beck, brother Haakon and myself. Art Beck would bring a gallon of cider.

[IMG] Rye in shocks ready to be taken to the barn to be threshed.

[IMG] Rye in stack ready to be threshed.

The grain that was raised, corn, rye and oats, was mostly fed to the animals. During the winter months, at threshing time, the machine would go from one farm to another – it took eight men to operate it. The threshing machine was owned by August Beck, Geo. Hutzler, Henry Haas and Bill Haas. Those who did not have an interest in the thresher had to pay six to eight cents per bushel and two dollars per day per man and give them dinner. It usually took a day at the Anderson farm – about 75 bushels of rye and 150 bushels of oats.

The corn was raised differently, and the ground had to be plowed. It was turned over to a depth of six inches by a team of horses; the width of a furrow was about 13 inches. During the summer, I would use three horses on the plow as it pulled very hard – if one could plow two to two and one-half acres per ten-hour day, you were doing well. The field then had to dragged two ways, once the length of the field, then kitty corner so it could be marked where the corn was to be planted. The marking of the field was done by two people pulling a pole about 24 feet wide with 7 chains attached to the pole 30 inches apart. The field had to be marked two ways, 30 inches apart, and then it was ready to plant. Pulling or pushing that marker, I believe, was one of the hardest jobs on the farm for a child of twelve years, as I was at the time, usually on a hot June day. The potatoes were also planted in this way. The corn planter was a tool one carried with a quart of corn in it, made in such a way that when you pulled the two handles apart, it would drop two to three kernels of corn down a cylinder that went into the ground about two inches, then you had to step on the spot where the planter was put into the ground to cover the kernels, every 30 inches. Sometimes the crows would dig up some of the corn, so some had to be replanted. A couple of crows would be shot and hung in the field to keep them away, and also a "scarecrow" was put in the field. The corn and potatoes were planted 30 inches apart and on the square so they could be cultivated both ways to keep the weeds down. They also had to be hoed and the weeds pulled from the hills of corn or potatoes. The oats and rye were planted with a grain drill pulled by two horses.

The morning of the 4th of July was spent by cutting hay with the mowing machine, pulled by the horses. It was left in the field to dry then raked with one horse in windrows to be hauled by wagon to the barn and fed to the horses during the winter. In the afternoon, all who could would gather at Burdick's store near the old dock, and we would have a baseball game and bag races. I was one that participated in the bag races and ballgames, also boxing.

The old Burdicks had a pair of old boxing gloves that they gave to us, and they were very hard. A ring was made with a rope, and brother Haakon and I would start boxing. I was a little taller so had a little advantage. One of us always got a bloody nose, and the on-lookers would urge us on, sometimes toss us a dime. We got pretty good with the gloves and our teacher would not let us take them to school. If we did, we would have to sit after school. Some of the boys kept after us to bring them to school, so we did but left them in the woods back of the school. At noon, after lunch, Ed Tobin, Art Beck, Willard Smith, Fatty Backus, John Savage, Joe Smith, Haakon and myself went down in the woods behind the school and made a ring. Willard Smith and I put on the gloves, got in the ring, and started dancing around. I saw an opening, let him have it; he went back into the juniper bushes and got up with a bloody nose. Someone told the teacher, and I had to sit after school for a week and also got a bawling out from mother. That was the last we took the gloves to school.

[IMG] Haakon and me boxing.

One of the other things we used to do if we had time was hunt rabbits with a lantern at night after a fresh snow, but we never got very many. If we could get them, the cottontails, to go in a hollow log, we would hold a bag over one end and poke a stick in the other end to try to get the rabbit to run in the bag. Later mother let us go hunting with a shotgun. and Haakon shot a rabbit, went to pick it up and about 10 feet behind him was another he had not seen sitting in the grass, so he got two with one shot.

[IMG] Jumper made from ash log with spring from buggy seat attached to ski.

We made our skis out of an ash log, about six inches wide and eight feet long. I would work nights with a lantern and a very sharp axe and cut each ski out of the log. An ash log was straight-grained and very easy to split. Then for the end we would have to build a fire under a large iron kettle with water in it, put the ski end in the water until it boiled, then shape the ski with the upward end. We did some skiing, but later we put a seat on one ski and found that was more fun. The longer the ski with the seat, the better. We made large raises in the ski hill – later we called this thing a "jumper." I believe this is where the "jumper" originated, on South Manitou. We also found that by taking a buggy spring, bolting it to the ski, then putting a seat on the spring, one could get a much more thrilling ride, with more bounce. The spring was from a horse-drawn buggy.

Also, on a Sunday afternoon we would ride a horse to the west of the island on top of the sand bluff and get a rock started from the top. It would hit others with a loud crash before it got to the bottom, so there would be about a dozen that would go out into the water below. On one of these trips to the bluffs I took several of dad's cigars along. It was a hot day, and they must have been strong. As we began to get sick – brother John got pretty sick –mother though perhaps he had appendicitis, and none of us would tell what we had done. Oftentimes we used to put corn silk in apiece of the Sears catalog and smoke it.

Our water supply on the farm all had to be carried with pails. I carried pails of water about as long back as I can remember –~ it seemed the water pails were always empty. The nearest well was about a block away. All the water had to be carried for washing clothes, dishes. etc. Washday was a day we dreaded as we had to carry two tubs and a boiler full. The boiler was put on the stove with a bar of cut-up soap, then the clothes were boiled for awhile. Mother would then scrub them on a scrub board, then rinse them.

Then they had to be put through a ringer and hung outdoors to dry. In the winter time they froze dry and we also had very cold hands. The water also had to be carried out of the house – the five-gallon pail under the kitchen sink was always full or running over and water had to be mopped up off the floor. We boys didn't get a bath very often during the wintertime for two reasons: the water had to be carried, then heated and put in a tub on the floor in the kitchen. Then we would take turns, one at a time, but we always had to wash our hands and faces before going to school. When dad was home, we had to wear neckties. During the summer, mother would take us to Lake Florence for a bath, but we could never get in over our knees so none of us learned to swim. We never had a toothbrush – didn't know what that was. Mother was 78 years old when she passed on and had all but one tooth, perhaps because we ate a lot of fresh fruit and vegetables, and also chewed up bones that were soft enough. Also dad used to bring home, in the fall, a hard rye rusk. All these things must have helped to preserve our teeth. I didn't see a dentist until I was 21 years old.

[IMG] Steamer M.H. Stuart loaded with logs.

On the day "Lucky Lindv - Lindberg" flew to France, in May1927 I was with dad hauling logs from Beaver Island to Petoskey on the steamer. "M.H. Stuart"

[IMG] Our home on South Manitou – note the “three-holer” to the right. During the winter you had to brush the snow away before your could sit down, then use sheets from the Sears catalog – also the clothesline was between the house and the “three-holer.”

Dad always promised mother he would put running water in the house and also put in a sewer system for the water to go out, but he never got around to have it done.

Now I will tell you about a day on the farm: Up at 6:00 a.m. in the winter – cold in the house, sometimes the water in the water-pail would have ice on it. Dad would put in the heating stove a large chunk of maple with some knots in it and put some smaller pieces on top – the fire was usually pretty low by morning, and it was cold in the house. We dressed near the stove with woolen underwear and warm clothing, lit the lantern – it was always supposed to be filled and the glass cleaned in the evening but it wasn't always, then to the barn. The horses were fed hay and oats, the 30 head of cattle were fed corn stocks with some of the small ears of corn left on, the sheep were fed hay, the pigs ground corn and rye – then back to the house. Mother would have a good breakfast ready for Haakon and me to eat. Then we would go to the barn and let the cattle, horses and sheep out of the barn. The pigs stayed in. Then we would go to the house, get our lunch pail which consisted of a sandwich of jelly or sliced meat and a small jar of sauce – cherries, strawberries or raspberries – then off to school. Mother would make a cake or donuts but that never did last very long with four hungry boys. Sister Cecelia always liked vegetable soup which mother made several times a week during the winter. Cecelia used to take a quart pail of soup to school a couple times a week – she put it in on the stove that was in the center of the room. Once she forgot to open the lid, someone stirred up the fire, the soup started to boil, make steam in the pail – pressure enough to blow the lid off – the lid hit the ceiling and soup, cabbage, carrots and beef hung from the ceiling. There was a loud thud and hot soup came out in all directions, that ended carrying soup to school for a while. After school, change clothes, go feed the cattle oats, straw and cornstalks and some grain – leave them in the barn and tie each one up in its stall. The horses were taken care of next with hay and a quart of oats – the door for the sheep was left open so they could go in as they pleased.

Saturday was about the same as far as feeding the animals but the barns had to be cleaned as there was a week of manure behind the cattle and horses which was hard-packed and hard to clean out. In the afternoon we had to carry wood into the woodshed for the week, then start the gas engine – if we were lucky. It was hard to start in the winter when it was cold. We would grind rye and oats for the cattle and horses to last about two weeks.

A summer day was – get up at 6:00 a.m., go feed the horses, put the

harnesses on them, get breakfast, water the horses and be in the field around 7:00 a.m., plowing or whatever had to be done with the horses.

Must tell you about Shorty, the horse. Dad got him in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. He had been on a milk wagon and was trained to hold his head up high and a half-trot, so he was no good for farming. Dad thought he may be good for cultivating, but he was no good for anything on the farm. With his big feet and half-trot he would step on the small corn and beans, walk right down the row instead of walking in between the rows. He was shorter than any horse I have ever seen. One fall dad and I were dynamiting stumps from the field, and he was hitched to the stoneboat so as to load the pieces of the stump onto it to be hauled off the field. The dynamite charge went off, pieces of the stump began to fly through the air with a loud explosion. A piece hit Shorty on the rump, and he took off for the barn – the dust was flying so we could hardly see him. He got to the barn but the stoneboat would not go through the door, so he stood there trembling. After that whenever he laid down in the pasture, it was on a side hill, he had tried to get up by himself, but each time he rolled down the hill into the oat field. I was taking dad down to the boat at 6:00 a.m. when we saw him, his head above the oats. Dad said to me 'go get Bill Haas to help you, knock him in the head and bury him where he lays.'

During the summer on a Sunday afternoon sometimes we would make ice cream; one Sunday when mother was away for the afternoon several of us boys made ice cream. First the cream had to skimmed off the milk, then cream, eggs, sugar and vanilla mixed together. It was a gallon freezer, and we filled it almost full, packed layers of ice, then salt, around the container – the ice had been cut and packed in sawdust during the winter. We mashed it in a burlap bag. We took turns turning the freezer, and soon it began to come out the top as the cream etc. began to freeze and expand, so we lifted off the lid and began to eat and drink some of the contents. It was very rich and by the time the ice cream was hard we were pretty well filled up so there was plenty for mother and the rest. They were very surprised and very pleased.

In the fall we pulled three to four bushels of carrots, two bushels of beets, onions, cabbage, apples and potatoes. These would be put in a root-cellar, which was usually dug in the side of a hill, and made from cedar logs as cedar lasted the longest under the ground, with a door in front. Each Saturday the snow had to be shoveled away from the door and vegetables taken into the house for the week; also there were shelves of canned fruit – peaches, cherries, strawberries and raspberries.

Eggs were preserved in the spring and early summer because chickens did not lay eggs during the winter for two reasons – the days were short and they did not get the proper feed during the winter months. So mother used to put eggs in salt during the spring – first a layer of salt, then a layer of eggs. large end down – that was very important. Usually at Easter-time the hens were laying the best, so Easter morning we would see who could eat the most boiled eggs.

[IMG] Floyd Thompson. Harold Tobin, Arthur Beck and Fatty Bachus – my classmates.

My schooling along with many of my friends was in the one-room school on the island, situated approximately in the center of the island, built in 1899. Some of the first to go to school were Louis Hutzler, Willie Beck, Ralph

[IMG] The South Manitou Schoolhouse where classes were conducted from 1899 to 1944. The writer received his education in this school from the first to 8th grade. Note the outhouse in the back that was for the girls – the boys' was on the other side. There was a pump to the right of this picture but the water tasted very rancid – it was a very shallow well.

were Louis Hutzler, Willie Beck, Ralph Thompson and Barnhardt – they were still going to school at the time I started. They were large boys as they got a late start. Some of the people that were in school at the time I went were Alma Beck, Art Beck, Irma Ferris, Archie Ferris, Elmer Ferris, Ruth Burdick, Grace Burdick, Frances Burdick. Harold Tobin, Edwin Tobin, Edna Tobin, George Tobin and Johnny Savage (he was the worst of the bunch – our teacher had him sit on a box next to her desk), Willard Smith, Nellie Smith, Joe Smith, Floyd Thompson, Irene Thompson, and Clarabelle Thompson, Andrew Diamond and Harold Diamond, who were nicknamed "Hilldittie" because they had to do the diapers for their sister, Edith Robinette, Geo. Barnard, Beatrice Barnard, Ethel Furst, Norman Furst, Glen Furst, Fatty Bachus (he was the fat one), sisters Magdalean, Cecelia, and brother Haakon. At one time were were thirty going to school during the years of 1917-18 – there were about thirteen men in the Coast Guard Station, some with families. My first teacher was Mrs. Robinette, she got to school about 20 til 9:00, split wood, and started the fire in the large stove situated in the center of the room on cold days. It was noon before we could take off our coats, our lunches would be frozen in the lunch pails. The teacher had to walk to the school, about one and three-quarters miles, through all kinds of weather – like the rest of us. I recall those cold days, coming home from school, facing that northwest wind with snow several feet deep – mother would wrap us up with woolen stocking caps that would cover our ears, sweater and coat, mittens, but the pants only came to the knees, called "knickers," a pair of socks then shoes with another pair of socks over the shoes with rubbers over the outer socks.

Martha Gould was our next teacher; she was very strict. I recall one day she said no one was to whisper anymore – if we were caught we were to stay after school and write "I must not whisper." 500 times. Most of us had a few pages of "I must not whisper hidden in our desks – mine came in handy one time. She caught Harold Tobin whispering late one afternoon, and she said to Harold 'you come up here.' He didn't budge. Several times she told him, but he just sat there and looked at her. Harold was about the same size or larger than she was – we all looked to see what would happen. She came down to his desk, took him by the arm but couldn't get him out of the seat. She struggled for some time but he didn't come. She took his hand, and was going to hit hint on the hand with the ruler. About that time Harold pulled his hand hack and she hit her own. Her face turned white she was so mad, then she dismissed us for the day.

[IMG] On our way home from school, occasionally I would tie a knot in several small balsam trees, perhaps some could be found along this road on the left hand side, going north today.

We all had to take our 8th grade examination at Glen Arbor or Empire. My class went to Empire – Edna Tobin, Willard Smith, Clarabelle Thompson and myself. Mother had sent to Sears Roebuck for a pair of shoes for me, and they came on the last mail boat before we left for Empire. They were so tight I could hardly walk, we were there for two days so I had to buy a pair of tennis shoes. We each had $5 for room and board but part of mine went for the tennis shoes that were comfortable. We all passed. The last two months in school the 8th graders were taught most of the time.

Valerie Ames was the next teacher – she lived with the Smiths at the Coast Guard Station. Valerie was a very pleasant person – I was sorry I was out of school while she was teacher.

Iola became the next teacher, about 1927. Later she married Edwin Tobin, son of John and Lottie Tobin. About that time there were not many children on the island, so Mrs. Tobin taught school in her home. The last few years she always taught in her home as there were only three children. After the lighthouse and Coast Guard closed she only had her daughter but the county continued paying her salary for a few years.

At Christmas-time several of us boys would take the axe, go into the woods and cut a blue spruce tree for the school. The teacher

[IMG] Inside schoolhouse at Christmas-time. Note the white strings of popcorn that was strung on coarse thread with a needle.

and girls used to string popcorn colored with red cake coloring, put some tinsel and colored bulbs on it. We would exchange Christmas presents. All of us had some part in a play that always took place Christmas eve. We would hitch the two horses onto the logging sled and put some clean straw on it. The horses each had two large bells on their harnesses – on a still night they could be heard for some distance. Dad always drove the team to the school Christmas eve.

[IMG] Johnny Hutzler's new house, built in the early 1920s. His old house was torn down a few years later. This picture was taken the summer of 1974 – some years after Johnny passed away.

Johnny and Bertha Hutzler were our neighbors to the north, and Bertha would come over to our house often in the evenings to visit with mother. Bertha and mother played the piano, and we would gather around and sing. Both played by chord or ear.

Bertha and John had a son, Stanley, who died just before we came to the island. She was very lonely, coming from Chicago to a farm on an island. Mother, coming from Sheboygan, Wisconsin, was also very lonely, coming from a city to an island farm so they had something in common.

Bertha left the farm and Johnny after several years and made her home near the Coast Guard station. She made a living by selling a few items in her small store such as candy, gum, etc. Her main income was from ginseng roots that grow wild in the hardwoods. She developed an eye for them as she walked along the logging roads at the west side of the island. The root at that time was used mainly by the chinese for medicinal purposes. The plant was very hard to find among all the other plants growing there. I tried to hunt for them a few times with little success.

Andersons Return to Island for Visit

[IMG] One of the largest families ever to live on South Manitou Island was that of Captain Charles Anderson.

They moved there from Sheboygan, Wis., in 1913, purchasing a 120 acre farm from Mr. Price which they still own.

Recently while making a trip to the island Charles and Thames Anderson made a social call on the Island Queen Bertha Peth.

The picture shows the boys bidding her goodbye and thanking her for the liquid refreshments which she always has

Bertha has lived most of her 80 years on the island and at times did not come ashore for over 20 years. Thames was the only one of the Andersons to be born on the island. Charles, has for years, operated the tug Evelyn out of Frankfort and is now president of the Michigan Fish Producers Association. The late Capt. Anderson owned and commanded the schooner Mary E. Packard, Jo Dresden

and steamers Crouse and Steward, also the fish tug Grayling which in her day was the fastest tug on Lake Michigan, making 14 miles per hour.

[My thanks to Captain Arthur Frederickson for this picture and Bob Phinny for this clipping.]

Reprinted from the Benzie County Patriot

[IMG] [My thanks to Robert H. Phinny for these clippings.]

Bertha would often walk around the island,. pick up fish corks that had come loose from the nets – for the aluminum corks she would get from 3 to 5 cents – for the wooden, 1 cent. As far back as I recall she was always called by the name of "Bertha Peth."

Bertha always kept in contact with Johnny, going to see him once or twice a week and bringing him freshly baked bread and rolls, he in turn kept her in wood.

[IMG] ISLAND QUEEN MOVES TO BENZIE – Bertha Peth, affectionately known as "Queen of the Island" has taken up residence recently at the Hill Haven convalescent home in Benzie County. She was brought to the Paul Oliver Hospital in Frankfort recently by the U.S. Coast Guard after she hurt her eye in an accident on South Manitou Island where she has resided for almost all of her life. Following treatment at the hospital she was moved to the nursing home. Shown in the above picture taken a few years ago while she was talking to Charles and Thames Anderson of Frankfort. Bertha Peth was born 82 years ago in Germany, the daughter of Ludwig and Christine Garb. She came to this country while still very young and has spent almost her entire life on South Manitou. At one time she was on the island for 22 years without once coming to the mainland.

Many years ago, on Thanksgiving Day, Johnny was going to bake some apples. He had about ten cats, one of which was very old and would stay in the house most of the time, lying on the wood near the cook stove or in the oven if the fire was low. This day he shut the oven door, put some wood on the fire and went to his root cellar back in the woods. He came back with the apples, and could smell meat. He began to look around, thinking perhaps Bertha had brought his dinner. He looked in the oven, and there lay his best kitty, Mary, baking in the oven. He felt so bad he came over to our house and mother invited him for dinner. She was buried in the woods behind his house and a marker put up with her name and also the date of death. The rest of the cats were very wild. If we would go over to visit Johnny in the evening, when I rapped at the door the cats would all try to get in the small hole he had cut in the floor under his bed. Sometimes the cats would get stuck in the small hole and start to fight under his bed. Johnny would not let us in the house until all the kitties were in the hole. We used to enjoy the cats screaming and fighting to get in the hole – the more we rapped the more they fought. Johnny loved his cats very much, but sometimes he had problems feeding them. During the summer the cats would be able to feed themselves by catching small rabbits, chipmunks which were plentiful in the woods, also birds etc. During the winter he would save parts of the inwards of the cattle that were butchered on the island and cooked them for his cats. Also during the summer he would come to our farm and get milk for his cats.

Johnny, as everyone called him, was a very soft-spoken person with dark hair – he had very tough feet as he went barefoot from spring until fall through hay stubbles, thistles and at times frozen ground.

We boys would visit him quite often and he would tell us about the island before we got there, such as the wild pigeons that covered the island at times from one end to the other, and the sailing ships that used to ride out the storms at anchor in the harbor. He had a well, 60 feet deep, near his house – dug it by hand – which he used as a cooler during the summer by attaching a rope to a pail with milk and vegetable soup and lowering it near the water in the well. Johnny would make a large kettle of soup on Sunday that would last him a week – he would pull the kettle up out of the well each day, take out what he could use for the day then lower the kettle back in the well until needed again.

His chickens were black Minorca, a breed of chicken such as a Leghorn – a light chicken that could fly quite well. He always kept

about as many roosters as hens, and the roosters would chase the hens so they would fly up in the trees and on top of the barn to get away from the roosters. Johnny though he had to have that many roosters to get eggs which is a great misconception as a hen will lay eggs without a rooster but there must be a rooster for a "fertile" egg.

Johnny's horse was white, and her name was Jessie. Many times he would tell me 'When Jessie dies I die too' but when Jessie was almost dead he cut the vein in her leg so she could bleed to death and not suffer. He was very sad when Jessie died, and stopped farming.

[IMG] Top from left to right: Elvina Beck, Henry Haas, John Hutzler, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kukemos (Mrs. Kukemos was Johnny Hutzler's sister – they lived in Chicago), George Hutzler, Mr. and Mrs. August Warner and Willie Beck. Seated: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Roslow, Ardine Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Haas, Maggie Haas, Erma Ferris, Bill Haas, Varnes Beck and Alma Beck – children unknown. The buildings in the background are those of Johnny Hutzler.

Turkeys were one of his major incomes but it also had its bad years as the turkeys would lay their eggs early in the spring, and sometimes the eggs would freeze and the hen would "Set" on the nest most of the summer. They were like wild turkeys after nesting in the woods and raised on grasshoppers and beechnuts during the summer and fall. Also the fox that came across on the ice during the winter were a threat to the turkeys as they would eat the

young and also the eggs. Johnny would put poison in an egg early in the spring in the hopes the fox would eat it. He also set traps to catch the fox – never did a fox survive the summer on South Manitou, the years the farming was done on the island.

In the fall Johnny had a great deal of trouble trying to catch turkeys for Thanksgiving. He would put corn near the enclosure he had made from poles back in the woods. It had two rooms, the back room was for a few of the tamer ones which were kept in there so the others would stay near. The corn was placed outside and into the enclosure, a rope was attached to the door and down the hill where Johnny would watch for a few to go into the enclosure then pull the rope in the hopes that some would be caught.

Johnny also raised a few head of cattle, enough for his use and so he would sell half a beef at that time for ten cents a pound. His cattle were never tied in the barn so they became very wild. He would leave the barn door open with feed in the barn so they could go in during cold nights. At butchering time which was usually around Christmas time he would put some feed outside the barn early in the morning, wait for them to come to eat, then shoot the one he liked through a small hole he had made in the barn.

Johnny was the last one to cut his grain with a cradle, which is a frame on a scythe for cutting and laying grain in bunches. The bunches were tied with rye straw, then taken to the barn and the grain taken from the straw with a flail, which is a hand instrument for threshing by striking the grain-end of the bundle.

Johnny died August, 1944 near the pump – perhaps the exertion of pumping the water was too much for him. He was one of the few who were born on the island, died, and is buried there. He was a real "islander" and a good friend.

[IMG] The Elvina Beck farmhouse – south end of island, now called the "Lodge."

The Elvina Beck farm was on the south end of the island – her husband died in 1910. He was Theo. Beck, brother of August and Albert Beck, all coming from Germany to the island many years ago.

Elvina kept on farming after the death of her husband. She had two sons, Willie and Arthur, also two daughters, Ida and Alma. Willie was old enough to carry on with the help of his Uncle Albert, and raised the usual crops and also had a large vegetable garden that Uncle Albert took care of very carefully. I never saw a weed in his garden which made us very envious, as in our garden one could hardly find the vegetables for weeds.

[IMG] Benth Johnson was in the commercial fishing business. The name of his boat was the "Swallow" – about 25 feet in length.

Mrs. Beck married Ben Johnson in 1920. Ben was a commercial fisherman, as previously written. Ben had a gasoline screw-power boat, the "Swallow," that he used for his fishing business, also he had an 18-foot pond-net boat that he would scull for means of power, an oar used over the stern, I believe. Sculling a boat is getting to be a lost art – it is done with an oar about 12 feet long. Ben was an expert at sculling a boat.

Willie married Vernes after a very short romance, and they adopted several children. Several times Vernes thought she was pregnant as she got fatter, but Ben would tell her 'You have been eating beans again.'

Upon one of our commercial fishing trips to the island the Becks invited us for dinner. Art took the shotgun to go out and shoot a couple of roosters for dinner, and after the roosters were taken to

the house, we were invited to the cider-pit. Willie, Art, Haakon, John Steele and myself had to go down a ladder about six feet. There were three barrels of cider in the pit, each with fifty gallons. It was late spring so the cider had been fermenting during the winter. One of Willie's boys drew the cider from the barrel with a small hose that had to be sucked on to get the cider started from the barrel and into each glass. We each had several glasses full. The dinner bell rang, the boys started to get up but had trouble getting to their feet – we were all feeling "high." The cider was like champagne but had a kick like a mule. The dinner was delicious. Mrs. Beck could peel potatotes faster and thinner than anyone I know.

[IMG] Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Furst in the doorway of their home, near the Coast Guard station.

Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Furst also lived on the south side of the island. Oswald was a bookbinder by trade, from Chicago. They had one daughter, Pauline, but she died at the age of 27 years and was one of the first to be buried in the "then" new cemetery.

[IMG] An island group from left to right: Maggie Haas, Benth Johnson, Rosie Warner, George Hutzler, August Warner, Bill Haas, Avis Haas and Henry Haas.

[IMG] South Manitou cemetery situated on the northeast corner of the Anderson farm.

The Fursts did a little farming for a few years, then moved down near the Coast Guard Station – he lived to be 89 years old. Their home was very small – he would bring horse harnesses etc. from the farm and she would discard them. They did a lot of walking, would stop to see mother often. Mrs. Furst was always some distance ahead of him – on still evenings she would call to him and say 'Oswald are you coming?' He would answer, 'Yes mama, I'm coming.' Dad always gave them a bottle of Purina – that was a tonic, for Christmas. He would say, 'She takes it by doses and gives it to me by the teaspoonful.' Perhaps the reason for this was Purina contained 90% alcohol.

Henry and wife, Maggie Haas, lived and farmed near the west side of Lake Florence. They raised rye, oats and corn, and they also had a small strawberry patch, and some turkeys. They had a Ginseng shed – Ginseng had to be raised in partial shade so the shed was built out of two-inch strips of lumber, from the local mill, two inches apart so the plants could get partial sun, but I don't think the Ginseng business was too successful.

[IMG] (Plot map of South Manitou Island Cemetery)

Michelites did very well on the island and the Hutzlers planted and saved the best from their seeds by picking out the best during the winter months.

They also made maple syrup, the best maple syrup I have ever tasted – thick and clear. Dad used to buy a few gallons at $5 per gallon and send to his friends at Christmas time. It takes fifty gallons of sap to make one gallon of syrup – it is boiled down in a shallow pan about six feet long and three feet wide and ten inches deep. Making syrup was a 24-hour-a-day job as the sap was picked up from the maple trees during the several weeks that the sap is going from the roots to the limbs of maple trees, during the later part of March and first of April. We were always happy to go and see Maggie and Henry, because she would give us candy made from maple syrup. Her house was always tidy and clean – the floors were hardwood and she would scrub them often with white beach sand to bring out the natural color and grain.

Henry Haas was the dentist on the island, pulling bad teeth from horses or cattle as needed, also people. He would shoe the horses – his brother, Bill, would shape the shoe to the horse's hoof after Henry had the hoofs trimmed.

[IMG] Mr. and Mrs. Henry Haas with son, Harrison – his wife, Ruth and daughter, Avis.

Henry and Maggie had one son, Harrison, "Harry" as everyone called him, who married Ruth Jensen. They eloped to the mainland by way of the mail boat. Theodore Thompson was mail carrier at the time. Harry spent his adult life in the Coast Guard Service, becoming keeper of the South

Manitou station, June 1934, later keeper of Frankfort station, retiring from Grand Haven Station.

[IMG] Mr. and Mrs. Henry Haas with friends and relatives. Their Model T Ford in back.

Henry asked dad to bring him a Ford car on his next trip back from Sheboygan. The car was a touring car, with a top that could be let down – with side curtains, four cylinders, three and one-half inch tires with sixty pounds of air in each tire, no heater, and a windshield wiper operated by hand. With the narrow tires one had to stay on the hard roads. During the years of the narrow tire a "turn-around" was built from clay and gravel near the Coast Guard station, about fifty feet across – anyone that got off the "turn-around" was sure to get stuck in the loose sand. This Ford car had a price of $396, no sales tax and no license. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Haas also had a daughter, Rosie, who was married to August Warner, mail carrier.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Riker were the last farmers to leave the island. They were caretaker-tenants for a businessman, William Boals. He purchased several of the island farms for the raising of beef cattle – the Anderson farm was one of the first, later August Beck's, George Hutzler's, Foster's and others.

They lived on the George and Louis Hutzler farm and were very reluctant to leave the island when the National Park Service began to buy the farms.

[IMG] George Hutzler in his living room. You will note the display of "ribbons" he and his son, Louis, received from National and State grain shows for the raising of Rosen Rye that was introduced to the island in 1919, and Michelite Beans in 1923.

George and Louis Hutzler were two of the most prominent farmers on the island, they had a very nice herd of about twelve head of Angus cattle. They also took many of the first prizes at International, National and State seed shows for many years. They would spend the winter by sitting at the table in the kitchen with a knife and pick out the best seeds of the Rosen Rye they had grown during the summer. Some of the best seeds were planted in rows and cultivated like corn and other crops. The Andersons and all the farmers on the island participated in the planting and raising of the

Rosen Rye that the Michigan Crop Improvement Association encouraged the farmers to raise as this crop of rye had to be planted and raised in such a manner that no other rye could be raised within a radious of five miles, due to the pollination. After disposing of all other rye South Manitou was the ideal location for this type of experiment.

[IMG] George and Louis standing in their Rosen Rye field.

[IMG] Louis Hutzler's wife standing near their team of horses. She was a "mailorder-bride."

A few years later the Michelite beans got their start on South Manitou – the seeds came from Michigan State College.

The Hutzlers, father and son, were very hard workers, and their house was always neat and clean, also the barn and machinery. George most always did the calling at the square dances that were held on the island during the winter on Saturday nights.

They had an Overland touring car that they used only to go to the island dances and to get the mail twice a week. It was built similar to a Ford, with a four cylinder engine with side curtains and no door on the driver's side – all cars during that period were painted black. At one time in the early 1920s there were five cars on the island.

Lawrence Haas had a King car, a little larger than most. It was a "used" car. The tires were bad so he filled one with rye straw as he had no innertube to put in the tire, but that didn't work out very well on the rough gravel roads. They soon chewed up the side wall of the tire.

Revival meetings were held at the schoolhouse during the summer for a week, conducted by a minister from Traverse City. George and Louis Hutzler always participated, along with us and many others, to study and read from the Bible.

[IMG] The August Beck farmhome – a large, two-family house.

Last 2 Residents Forced Off Island

[IMG] Photo by Dann Perszyk

The only year-round residents of South Manitou, Ed and Esther Riker, on their farm.

By JAMES HARPER
Free Press Staff Writer

SOUTH MANITOU ISLAND, Mich. – We're leaving, and they'll tear down all of our fences," says Esther Riker, as if that were the most important thing.

But it is a fact for consideration in her life and the life of Ed Riker now; worth a moment's concern. A detail recalled.

"I just have to start looking someplace, and start remembering," she says, gazing out of her kitchen window. Little pieces of the old existence come back. Three miles of fence. Twenty years of living. The fertilizer in the alfalfa; the new shed Ed built. Three sons reared. One son buried.

"We're losing our identity," she says.

IT IS HARD for Esther and Ed Riker to let go; it has taken more than a year now for them to do it.

Last spring the National Park Service in effect forced them to leave the island after 19 years as caretaker-tenant farmers. While the service had bought none of North Manitou Island as part of its 67.000-acre mainland and island acquisition plan, and only a third of South Manitou, the part they purchased here is the part that could have provided the Rikers a livelihood.

And now, after 11 boatloads of stock and machinery and household goods and tools, after one winter of settling into a new far in the Upper Peninsula, the Rikers are still pulling up the roots of their old life.

They came here from Ionia County with the boys – Russ, 7, Richard, 5 and Ron, 1'/2 – in 1953. The new owner needed a tenant to care for the property, to tend a beef herd he hoped to build. "It was sort of like pioneering, except the buildings were here," Esther says.

Actually the island was populous compared to the last few years. Since 1967 Ed and Esther have been the only year-round residents, but in 1953 there were five coast guardsmen and four civilians down in the village, by the shore. The Rikers were on the farm, in the interior.

WINTERS FOR the Rikers meant school in the farmhouse living room, and caring for the stock. In summers it was work in a dozen different ways.

Over 19 years, Ed and Esther Riker earned money by taking weather observations, selling eggs and beef on the mainland, selling feeder calves, maintaining the telephone lines, caring for the country roads. Ed worked some summers on a lake survey boat. Both of them worked in tourist business, driving day visitors through the woods, guiding them up the dunes, showing them the world's largest white cedar and the wreck of the Francisco Morazan.

"Over the years it continually amazed me," Ed says, how the people would envy our easy life. There was a time when this was as big a rat race as you could imagine, but they were on their vacations, and though we should be, too.

The Rikers' contact with the mainland was the mail boat that still runs from Leland, 17 miles east. In later winters, when Esther lived ashore with the boys, while they went to school, this contact was sporadic. In the winter of 1961, Esther and the boys walked across the ice to visit Ed on three weekends, making the trip from Sleeping Bear Point, the closest land.

On one of those trips, Esther remembers, the boys chopped a hole in the ice for a drink; the ice was 20 inches thick.

The August Beck farm adjoined the Hutzler farm to the north. August Beck married Elizabeth Haas, sister of Henry Haas. She was sixteen years old at the time she married August, and they had four children: Erwin, whom at this writing is 92 years young, very alert and willing to talk of South Manitou (at the time I stopped to visit him last fall, 1978, he was making a drawing of the island and showing where many of our friends are resting – many were buried in the apple orchard). Irwin left the island very young, came back to the island with his wife, started to farm his father's farm, and others that he could rent. As he said to me last fall when I went to visit him, 'If hard work would kill a man I should have been dead many years ago,' and I will agree. Harley left the farm, joined the fire department in Indiana. Mathilda married Theo. Thompson, the mail carrier. She died very young, 31 years old. Hattie was married to Barnhart – he drowned while in the Coast Guard Service.

[IMG] The August Beck farm buildings. The small building in the foreground is the well – for many years he had a windmill for the pumping of water, later a gasoline engine was installed and the windmill taken down.

August Beck was very energetic – I would like to refer to him as "King" of South Manitou as he was always the person that was called upon should a cattle buyer or salesman come to the island, also he was the first one to get a grain cutter and binder, and instrumental in getting the threshing machine.

He would come over to visit dad. During the winter, in the evening. they would play checkers and talk until after midnight. Sometimes dad would put a cloth over the checker game if they didn't get finished that night and start in the following night, really more talking than playing checkers but they played very seriously. As I recall they often talked about

how the farmers could feed the world, as this was before the tractor, and all of the farm work was done by a team of horses, and by hand. The tractor came later and that revolutionized the farming business.

They also talked politics very seriously.

William and John Haas had a farm just north of August Beck's. John Haas had been married and they had a baby girl. Mother and daughter died and were buried near the dock at the center of the harbor. John had put a picket-fence around the two graves then painted it white. On one of my recent trips back to the island I stopped to look and see if I could find the small cemetery as there were several sailors buried there also. Part of the white fence& was there but lying on the ground, and there was never any marker placed on any of the graves at this location. Cedar trees have grown around and on the graves which makes it almost impassible to find them.

"Bill," as everyone called him, did some farming and John did the cooking, fed the hogs and cattle. They kept about five head of cattle, which seldom went into the barn – only at night. They would go in the barn, eat and leave before daylight. Dad always got two small pigs for John and Bill – at the same time as he got the spring pigs for himself – usually three or four were much cheaper than keeping a boar pig and a sow for the raising of pigs.

Bill and John did their butchering between Christmas and New Year's. I recall John taking a cup and drinking some of the warm blood and the rest would go into blood sausage. John also made headcheese from the cheeks etc. They salted most of their meat. I have seen them eat pork, boiled, that was mostly all fat. John would put the salt pork in fresh water overnight, then boil it in fresh water two times to get the salt out – enough so they could eat it.

Their parents are buried in their orchard, southwesterly from the house – they had passed on before the cemetery was started. John passed away in 1924 at the age of 72, and is buried in the cemetery along with his brothers, Henry, Bill and Joseph. No one knows what he died from although he told dad he had been passing blood.

Bill continued farming and living in the large house on the hill until lightning hit the house, burning it to the ground. Bill with the help of some others built a small one-room house for himself. He came down often during the evenings to visit – he always sat in the same chair. Dad would ask him to sit in a chair near him, but he never would.

[IMG] William “Bill” Haas with Anderson family: Charles, Haakon, John, Annabelle, Carol and Arno.

I recall he saw an “ad” in a farmers magazine – “Send one dollar – sure cure for potato bugs.” He mailed the dollar and received two pieces of wood 2x4x6 inches. The instructions said “place bug on one piece then lower the other piece with full force.” Bill was a long time living that down.

He was the island blacksmith, shaping horse shoes, repairing broken machinery in his shop. He had a large bellows and forge. I recall working the bellows up and down which would force air into the forge to heat a piece of iron to the right degree – sometimes I would take a long tong and hold one piece of iron as Bill would strike the two pieces of iron in such a way as to splice the two together on the anvil. The sparks would fly as he hit the redhot iron. One afternoon he had been doing some welding in his shop and he left to go eat his supper. He happened to look out the window and see the smoke coming out the door. His well was about one block away, he carried what water he could but the dry logs it was built from really caught fire fast. Many of us went to help but by the time we got there it was almost burned to the ground, there were no tools or anything to be saved – that was the end of a blacksmith on South Manitou.

Bill never married. He was born, raised and died on the island, at the age of 78 years. He became very hunchbacked from all the hard work over the 78 years he lived on the island.

John and Bill had a small apple orchard and their own cider mill and press. The cider mill was a small box on the top of a cylinder with teeth in the cylinder, and was turned by hand. The apple pulp would go into a container below, which was about 14 inches high, made of three-quarter inch slats about one-quarter inch apart. When full of apple pulp this container was moved back under the press. When pressed the cider came out between the slats and into a container then poured into the bung of a 55-gallon oak barrel. When the barrel was almost full, one-half pound of sugar was added to each gallon of apple juice, also five pounds of raisins. It was left in the pit which was a hole in the ground, to ferment for six months, with the bung loose. Bill and John always made two barrels each year.

Bill farmed with one large horse dad got for him from Traverse City.

The Fosters were our neighbors to the south. Mr. Foster had been a realtor in Grand Rapids, who came to the island and planted a large apple and pear orchard. The pear orchard didn’t turn out too well for Mr. Foster as they were too perishable to ship by boat to the Chicago market, but the apples were packed and shipped in barrels. They consisted of Ben Davis, a

Cider mill as was used on South Manitou for the making of “sweet” and also “hard” cider.

very hard apple that would keep very well until spring, Greenings, a cooking apple, Northern Spy and Wagoners – these apples we never hear of today but during the early 1900s they were the most popular varieties.

The Fosters had one daughter, Evelyn, who was deaf and dumb.

Mrs. Foster kept after Tom, her husband, to build on a kitchen as the house was very small, but he never found time, so she sent to Sears Roebuck for a square and level and built her own kitchen and did a very good job.

The winter of 1917 she walked across to Glen Haven three times on the ice – it was one of the few years that the lake froze over between the island and the mainland. The distance from the Foster home to Glen Haven is about eleven miles one way. She would stay at Glen Haven overnight then start back the following day. The last trip she made back to the island the 26th of March, the following day the wind blew hard from the southwest and the ice disappeared in several hours.

The Anderson family left the island in August, 1927, settling in Frankfort. All were very happy to leave the island – I was 18 at the time we left. Dad moved us with the steamer, "M.H. Stuart" – he had purchased a large house in Frankfort where my younger brothers and sisters could go to high school. The home in Frankfort was built on 13 acres of land, large enough to keep two cows for milk. The horses and the rest of the cattle were sold after arriving in Frankfort.

The steamer "M.H. Stuart," was owned by the Traverse City Transportation Co. She was built to haul logs from the islands to Traverse City, for the making of baskets, or other cargos that were available such as the shipping of cement from Petoskey, Michigan to various ports on Lake Michigan, Lake Superior, or other ports on the lakes.

I started sailing with dad in 1924 at the age of 16, as wheelsman on the "grape run" from Benton Harbor, Michigan to Sheboygan and Milwaukee, Wisconsin. We loaded grapes one day and ran all night to be in Sheboygan in the morning, through all kinds of weather. I recall on one of these trips we passed through the bridge in Benton Harbor. The bridge-tender threw something on deck, and dad said to me Go see what that is.' I picked it up and it was a wooden fishnet cork with the weather report wrapped around it – I told dad it was the weather report, he said Throw the damn thing overboard.' Grapes were a very perishable cargo so we went in all kinds of weather, then too, the first boat to dock in the morning could get a better

[IMG] The steamer, "M.H. Stuart" unloading grapes, fall of 1924. Note the backend of a small pickup loaded with grapes – also dad standing near the baskets of grapes and boat. She carried 12,000 baskets per trip.

in the morning could get a better price for the grapes. That night the wind was out of the southwest when we started out, running in the trough. The "M.H. Stuart" rolled fiercely about 10:00 p.m. The wind shifted to the northwest and blew hard – the "Stuart" would roll and pitch as she began to head into the seas. Dad could tell by his "falling" barometer that the wind would shift to the northwest. All hands stood at their post during the night. We arrived in Sheboygan the following morning, and we were the only boat with grapes in Sheboygan that day. Many baskets were flattened and grape juice ran down the deck but they sold that day for $1.10 per basket – the cost at Benton Harbor was 45 cents so dad said it was a very profitable trip (the grapes were sold by the basket). Cars would take 25 baskets in the back seat. By night we were unloaded and dad had two black bags full of money – silver, gold and paper money. He left the money in the Reiss Coal Co. safe for the night, in the morning it would be put in the bank. That night we were bound for Benton Harbor for another load of grapes.

(The grapes were used for the making of wine during the dry times, or Prohibition. Sheboygan, during Prohibition, had about as many saloons then as there are today – one on each corner in some areas, selling moonshine by the shot and wine by the glass. The grapes were taken off the stem and

[IMG] Steamer “M.H. Stuart” loaded with logs bound for Traverse City, 1922, to the Zaph Fruit Packing Co., for the making of fruit baskets.

put in the bung of an oak barrel – no sugar was added. The grapes would start to ferment if kept at the proper temperature, and the peel and pulp would float to the top and the seeds would go to the bottom of the barrel. A small rubber hose was put down through the pulp, in that way the wine could be siphoned from the barrel.)

The "House of David" or "holy rollers" as they were often called, was in St. Joe., Michigan (St. Joe is across the river from Benton Harbor). They were a sect controlled by 'King Ben Parnel" and 'Queen Mary," and they owned an island up on Lake Michigan, west of Beaver Island, called "High Island." They were a long-haired and bearded group, for their hair was never allowed to be cut. During the years of the 1920s they had their own baseball team, large hotel, street cars and many large farms – most were grape farms, also a large sailing vessel named the "Rising Son." After King Ben lost his sailboat, dad used to take their winter supplies to High Island. It was a mixed load – several horses, cattle, flour, sugar, people, etc. The men lived on the island all winter with no communication with the mainland. There was no dock to tie up to so the horses and cattle were hoisted over the side of the "M.H. Stuart" by means of a rope-sling around their bodies then lowered into the water, then they would swim to shore.

King Ben disappeared during the early 30s – some said lie went to Australia, taking all the funds from the sect with him. Mary disappeared several years later. I have been told that after the people left the island several horses were left on the island – they survived for a few years.

There might be a question in your mind as to how I kept in contact with the South Manitou Island and my friends that lived there after the Anderson family moved from the island. This was due to the fact that my brother, Haakon, and I went into the commercial fishing business out of Frankfort but fishing mainly around the South and North Manitou Islands. We often stopped at South Manitou overnight during stormy weather. South Manitou has one of the best harbors on Lake Michigan, protecting ships from all weather except easterly wind.

During the year of December, 1927 dad had the largest lift of White Fish that has ever been brought into the Frankfort Harbor – 7800 pounds on his steamier tug. the "Grayling.'' The white fish were caught in gill nets. west and south of South Manitou. After the 'M.H. Stuart' was laid up in November of each year, dad would start out commercial fishing. During

[IMG] The “Rising Sun”

The Minnie M. was built in 1884 by John Oades for Ira H. Owens, Marine City, Michigan; length was 295, beam 26 feet, draft 10 feet 8 inches at a value of $25,000. She was sold to the House of David in 1910 and renamed the Rising Sun in 1914. On October 29, 1917, the Rising Sun stranded at Pyramid Point, Lake Michigan in a northwest gale. No lives lost, there were 18 aboard.

The schooner Rosa Bell was later purchased by the House of David, carrying their provisions from Benton Harbor to High Island. She left High Island on October 28, 1921 bound for Benton Harbor, loaded with lumber and other provisions; on October 30, 1921 she was found 42 miles east of Milwaukee, bottom side up, with masts and sails floating in a disleveled manner, with the loss of eleven lives.

the winter the fishing business was laid up the last part of April and the . Stuart" was put in commission for the summer season. Dad passed away the 17th of December, 1929. The "Grayling" was sold shortly after the death of dad to settle his estate. My brother, Haakon, and I bought the dock and went into the fishing business. We started out with a 28-foot gasoline boat that we bought in Ellison Bay, Wisconsin from Emil Nelson. I recall coming across the lake from Sturgeon Bay to Frankfort at night in thick fog with a lantern to steer the "Avis" by to see the compass. We stopped about daylight in the morning – I could hear Point Betsie on our port bow and Frankfort almost dead ahead. The "Avis" leaked badly – I believe I pumped Betsie Bay through her during the winter. She would be pumped at 6:00 in the evening, then I would get up at 2:00 a.m., walk eight city blocks to pump her out, then the first one down in the morning would pump her dry. Brother Haakon and myself decided to have a larger diesel-powered boat built so we could again do commercial fishing around the South and North Manitou Islands.

We had the diesel-powered tug, 'Janice A." named after our oldest daughter, built at Johnson Boat Works, Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin the winter of 1937. The "Janice A.," 40 feet in length, allowed us again to resume commercial fishing around the island.

Later in 1942 we bought the diesel-powered tug, "Evelyn S" a 55 foot wooden hull built for winter fishing with more power and comfort for the fifty mile trip one way around North Manitou Island – also for the breaking of ice to get to the fishing grounds during the winter months.

[IMG] The 52' "Evelyn S.," owned by Anderson Fish Co. of Frankfort. Mich. The boat is equipped with a new Bludworth depth recorder. 90 hp. Kahlenberg Diesel, Columbian rope, Ederer netting and Crossley net lifter.

[IMG] The Anderson commercial fishing dock, 1942 with fishing tugs: “JaniceA.” and “Evelyn S.”

INSTALL DEPTH RECORDER
1945

The Anderson Fish Co. of Frankfort recently installed a Bludworth depth recorder in their 52' tug *Evelyn S.* This is believed to be the first depth recorder in use on the Great Lakes. It is operated by radar, and has oscillators on both sides of the boat, and is expected to be a valuable aid in fishing by indicating lake depths. The Anderson firm has been operating out of Frankfort since 1931, and is owned by Charlie and Haakon Anderson, the latter of whom is at present in the U.S. Navy.

The Simplex-Bludworth Marine Depth Recorder is a precision instrument that measures and records, on dry facsimile paper, a continuous profile picture of sounded depths along a vessel's course. These permanent records can be filed away and referred to from time to time by fishermen who wish to repeat an especially successful trip. The depth recordings are made without an observer in attendance.

These clippings were taken from the magazine, "The Fisherman," edited and published by the Marine Publishing Co. – friends for many years – Claude and Fern VerDuin.

The "Evelyn S" is now in the Lake Michigan Maritime Museum at South Haven, Michigan. Rowland Sylvester, Creator.

I am at this time manager of Jacobson's Marina, located on the dock where we conducted our commercial fish business for many years.

EPILOGUE

As I return to the island every year, my thoughts wander back to the years the Anderson family spent on this beautiful isle. I think of the trees we passed by each day as we walked to school, they were like old friends – the happy days we spent at the schoolhouse, of my classmates, some of whom I have kept in touch with all through the past years.

I think of the farmers who worked so hard trying to make a living, of those backs which were bent so badly they could never straighten up the rest of their lives.

We learned a hard lesson, one we will never forget, how to become self-reliant. One learned to improvise, you did the best you could with

whatever you had to work with, you couldn't run to the store for every little thing.

During the last years, before the National Park Service had purchased the entire island, my wife and our children made the trip with me several times. We would stay a couple of days and walk all around the island, visiting the various farms, Sea Gull Point, the cemetery, the Valley of the Giants and each time the paths and trails were becoming harder to find as the under- growth has gotten out of hand. During the days of farming on the island, with approximately 100 head of cattle, the growth was kept at a minimum. This situation cannot be expected to improve until something is done to correct it. I have given considerable thought to this problem and the only solution I can suggest would be to put some animals on the island to reduce this undergrowth. My family and I feel it would be depriving so many people of viewing the beautiful sights on this lovely island, some of which cannot be seen anywhere else in the world, if the situation is allowed to continue.

[IMG] The entrance to the Anderson "Isle-Of-View" farm – author and Mrs. Anderson, 1975. The stone pillars have recently been destroyed by the Park Service.

We cannot express in words how very much we have all enjoyed every trip we've made there – one just feels as though you are cut off from the world as you walk around, it's so quiet and serene there and a feeling of peace and contentment seems to come over you and once again we realize that "God" is in control and all is well and as it should always be.

I sincerely hope everyone who reads my book – "Isle of View" – will feel their lives have been enriched, and they will gain an insight into the lives of my family and friends with whom we spent thirteen years of our lives and have ever since kept in contact with, up to this writing.