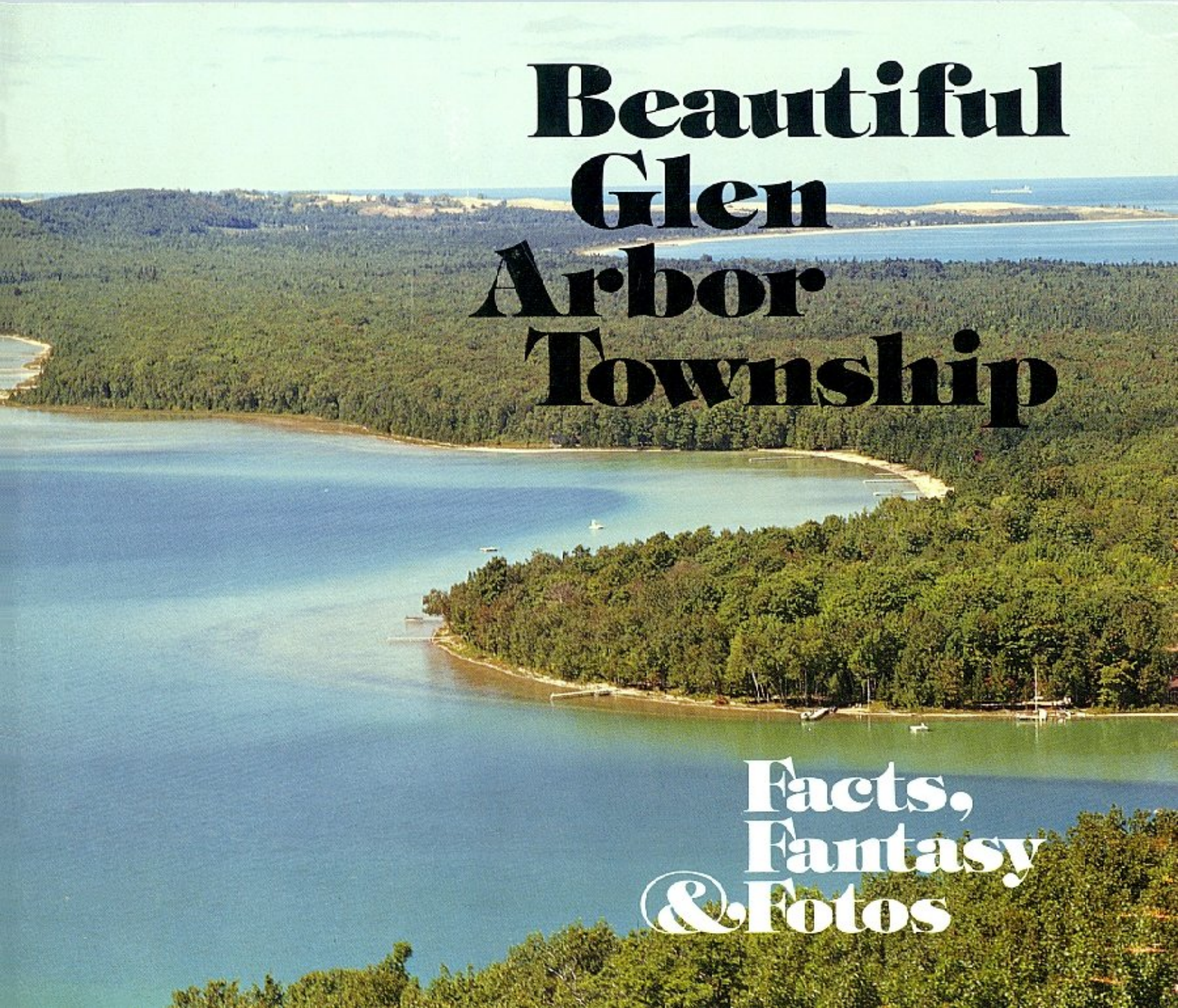
Beautiful
Glen
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Township
Facts,
Fantasy
& Fotos

eBook published February 2003
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eBook Editor's Notes

This transcription of *Beautiful Glen Arbor Township* has been produced by scanning the original paper edition published in 1977 (second printing; 1983). Printed pages were converted to editable form by optical character recognition (OCR) software, then carefully proofread to correct OCR errors. Obvious spelling, grammar and typographical errors occurring in the original printed edition have also been corrected. The quality of photos and other illustrations in this edition is limited to what could be achieved by scanning the printed versions. Where possible, bitmap graphics have been enhanced using graphics processing software. This eBook version is otherwise a faithful copy of the original printed edition.

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Beautiful Glen Arbor Township

Facts, Fantasy & Fotos

by Robert Dwight Rader

and the GLEN ARBOR HISTORY GROUP

Leelanau County, Michigan – 1977
Second Printing – 1983
VILLAGE PRESS

(COVER PICTURE: *View of Glen Lake taken from Miller's Hill with Lake Michigan in the distance, the village of Glen Arbor hidden in the trees.)*

Fisher Mill

prologue

This book came about as a spin-off of Glen Arbor's Bicentennial celebration. Gathering information about historical landmarks for county recognition, locating photos and relics for the mini-museum, tape recording the memories of senior citizens, we re-discovered a vivid past. Many younger members of the community were fascinated too.

Glen Arbor Township never grew to the greatness of Ann Arbor, or to the fame of other "Glens" and "Harbors" in Michigan. Yet it is unique. Because of its natural beauty, Glen Arbor Township is rapidly being absorbed into our Sleeping Bear National Park. A preservation of the lovely land may be a tribute to sturdy pioneers, but they deserve some special written remembrance too.

As a native son, Rob Rader knows his homeland well. Quite naturally he became involved in bicentennial activities, although still completing his studies at M.S.U. He first volunteered his help at tape-recording the memoirs of senior citizens. (He already had a treasure-trove of stories from his grandmother, Marie Rader, who came to Glen Arbor as a child in 1906.)

As the idea of a book emerged, and with Rob's narration weaving events together, the Glen Arbor History Group was able to publish this book. It was a risky undertaking. Our apologies for any errors or oversights are most sincere. We will appreciate corrections in case of any subsequent editions.

THE GLEN ARBOR TWSP. HISTORY GROUP
(Box 311, Glen Arbor, MI 49636)

contents

Glen Haven Harbor and D.H. Day Dock as seen from Sleeping Bear Dunes about 1910.

in a nutshell

1851 First settlers arrived: John LaRue, John Dorsey and John E. Fisher.

1856 Glen Arbor Township organized as part of the Grand Traverse County.

1857 First sawmill and Sleeping Bear House (Inn) erected on Sleeping Bear Bay (Glen Haven) by C.C. McCarthy.

1859 First dock (later called Central dock) built on Sleeping Bear Bay by George Ray. First sawmill erected on Crystal River by John E. Fisher.

1866 First dock built at Port Oneida by Thomas Kelderhouse.

1867 Glen Arbor Township had population of 200, three boat docks, four stores, two hotels, a blacksmith shop and cooper shop.

1871 First bridge built over the "Narrows" between East and West Glen Lake.

1872 Old lighthouse (first erected in 1839-before Manitou Islands became part of the Glen Arbor township), rebuilt on South Manitou.

1899 J.0. Nessen (Glen Arbor Lumber Co.) erected large steam mill on north shore of Glen Lake, with tramway to Sleeping Bear Bay.

1895 D. H. Day acquired lumber mill on west end of Little Glen (later bought J.O. Nessen mill in 1907).

1900 Coast Guard station (then called Life-saving Station) constructed at Sleeping Bear Bay.

1903 Coast Guard station also built at South Manitou.

1921 William Beals, teacher from St. Louis, Missouri, started a summer camp for boys that later became a co-ed boarding school in winter.

1922 D. H. Day Forest Estates plan begun.

1925 Five township schools consolidated into one Glen Arbor School.

1928 D. H. Day State (Camping) Park donated to public.

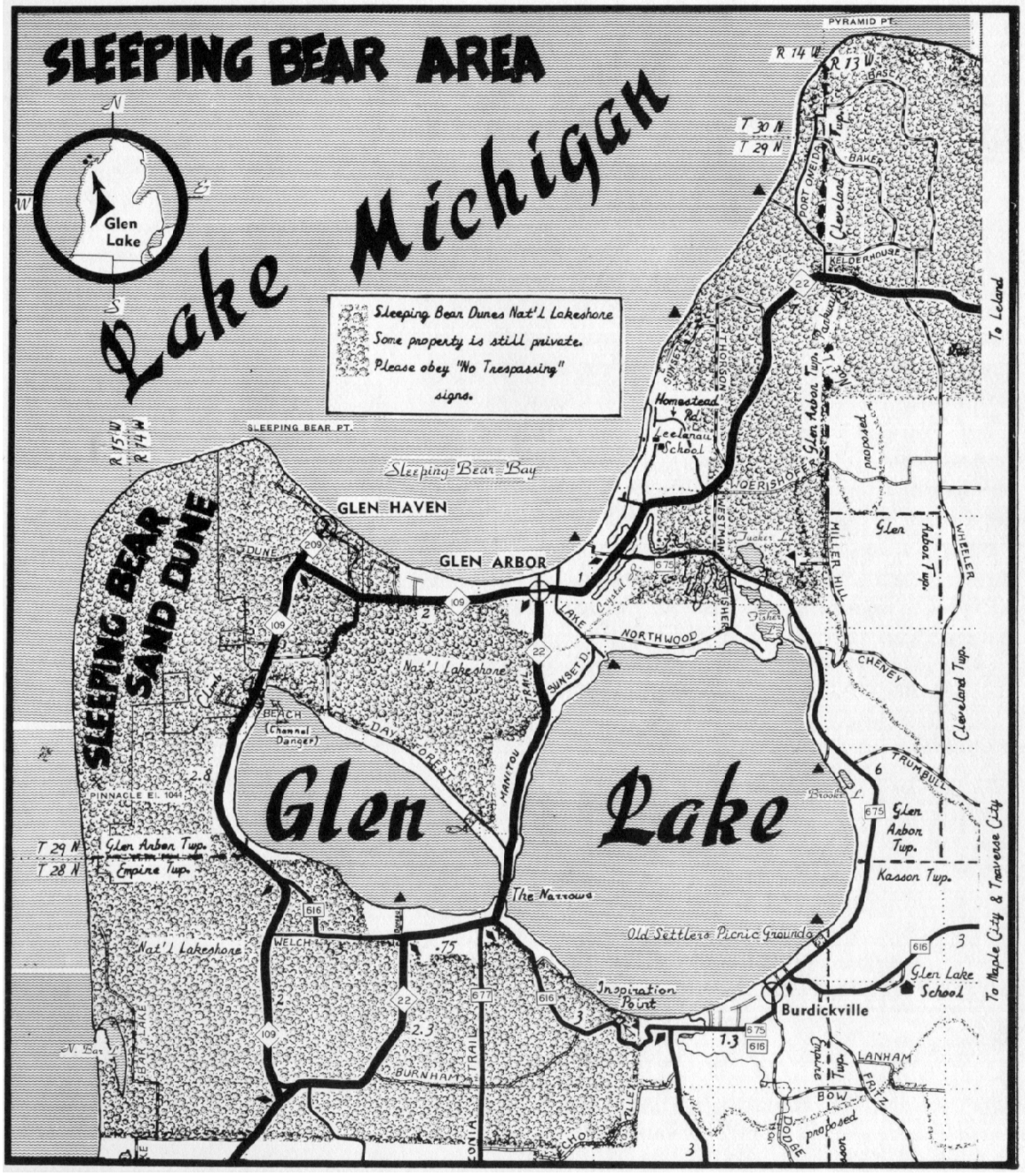
1931 Sleeping Bear Dunes State Park created by the Michigan legislature.

1935 Airplane gliding meets began at Sleeping Bear Dunes which led to use of balloon tires on autos for launching gliders, and later the noted dunes ride concession run by Marion (daughter of D.H. Day) and Louis Warnes.

1951 Glen Arbor township celebrated its Centennial.

1956 Glen Lake High School (a consolidated school serving Empire, Cedar, Maple City and Glen Arbor) built to the design of architect, Harford Field.

1970 National Sleeping Bear Park created by Congress.



Map by Dorothy Lanham
Glen Lake Workshop
Burdickville, Michigan

july, 1839, surveying the untouched land

It was the summer of 1839 when Sylvester Sibley and crew of four surveyed state land in what is now Leelanau County. The land they were surveying was near Lake Michigan across from Manitou Islands. They were moving north, one township, six miles square, at a time. They completed the survey of Fractional Township 28 North in Range 13 West. Sibley wanted to begin marking FT29NR14W, starting at the northeast corner of FT28NR13W, along the northeast shore of a large inland lake.

They had been hiking through the thickets for several hours trying to reach the lakeshore. Suddenly Sibley shouted, "We're there."

The lake surrounded by forested hills of white pine and sugar maple gleamed like a polished jewel.

Sibley wiped his brow with a sweat soaked arm and pointed, "There's the shore we surveyed last week." He turned to the north shore, "Beyond that shore," he said, pointing his finger at a low strip of land, "I'll bet it is a swamp. According to this map of the Lake Michigan shoreline, we should be near Sleeping Bear Bay. That's the swampland at the head of the bay. We will be surveying all around the bay, and all land north of here."

"Do you suppose the lake outlet runs through there, Sibley?"

"I believe so, Chapman. You remember that from the top of that hill on the south shore we could see probably a mile across land from this lake to the bay. I'd say the outlet to this lake flows across there to Lake Michigan."

"Do you think we'll be spending a lot of time in there?" John Allen eyed the thickets at the edge of the north shore. It wasn't just the swarm of mosquitoes in the hot summer day that bothered John Allen. The dense tangles of cedar swamp hampered movement, and threatened to separate men from their fellow travelers. The presence of black bears and the possibility of Indians in the confines of the dark swamp, played upon the fears of the surveyors.

Sibley was aware of Allen's reservations, and suspected as much of the other men. He knew their fears were based on lack of experience with this strange land. He answered reassuringly, "Not more than a day all told, John. I'd say the swamp's no more than three square miles."

They moved on. The procedure of the survey required them to mark large trees; aspen, hemlock,

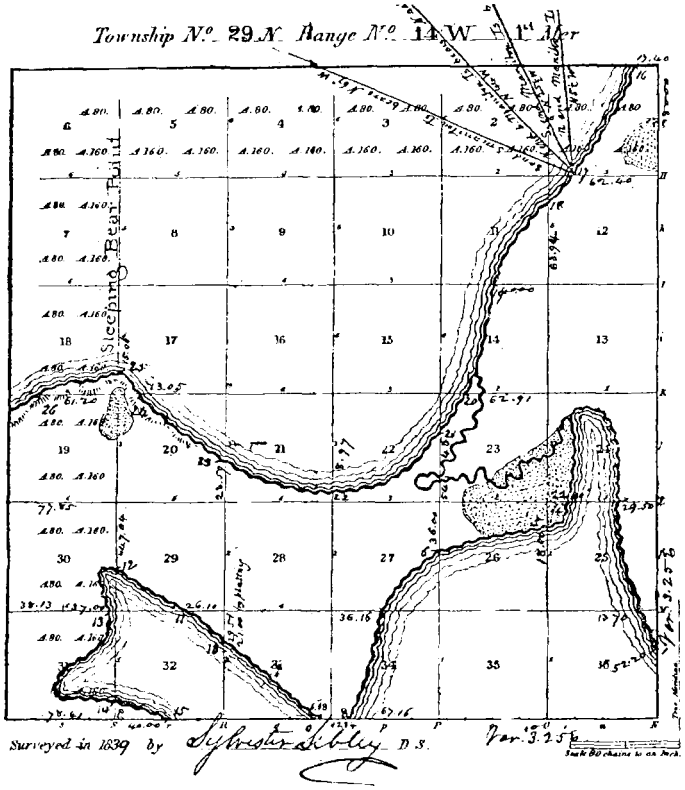
beech, maple, pine, with letters, placed chest and knee high, designating each corner of one square mile sections within the township. Their rigorous course would take them zigzagging north, till they reached Lake Michigan five miles north of the base point of the fractional township. Then they would turn south and move along the lakeshore till they reached the mouth of the river. Again, they would proceed inland through the lowland north of the inland lake. Their zigzag course would finally carry them to the western edge of the fractional township, a boundary distinctly marked by the shore of Lake Michigan.

They came to a cove at midday, in the northeast corner of the inland lake. They needed to cross to the other side of the cove to continue the survey. Wading in clear shallow water along the eastern shore, avoiding the dense swamp, they looked for a place to cross, stirring up schools of minnows as they walked. After walking a half-mile along the shore, they reached the river. It flowed swiftly, but was only twenty yards wide and a few feet deep.

John Allen remained silent but his actions, slapping at mosquitoes, wiping the sweat from his face, and blowing air at the flying pests of the swamp, revealed his extreme discomfort.

On the northern edge of the swamp the terrain was slightly rolling, but not hilly. Sibley jotted an entry in his notebook; the land was filled with pine, beech, and hemlock - a mile away from the swamp-sugar maple.

Dusk approached. They set up their camp on high ground away from the dark, forbidding swamp. Sibley found a clearing a short distance from the



camp, and through it saw a body of water which extended to the horizon.

Sibley had expected to see Sleeping Bear Bay. It was an important harbor of refuge for ships entering the Manitou Passage. Far across the bay

were the Manitou Islands. Each island had wooding stations; piers where ships could stop for fuel and protection. Sibley raised his binoculars and brought South Manitou into view. A ship rested at anchor, its sails furled and the twinkling of lights showing faintly on the bow and stern. He scanned the horizon, catching sight of a schooner with sails lofting in the gentle breeze of the quiet summer's eve. It rounded Sleeping Bear Point sailing, perhaps, for one of the many islands along the passage.

Sibley looked at the point of Sleeping Bear, a finger of light brown sand pointing at South Manitou, seven miles across the passage. The sand was piled high into a rolling dune a mile wide and at least two miles long. Its length was difficult to determine as the forested hill near the dune blocked his view. At the foot of the bay it towered to a height of four hundred feet.

The bay was a natural harbor. The supply of wood for fuel on the mainland was ample; the harbor large enough to protect a fleet of ships with south and westerly winds coming off the main body of Lake Michigan. Upon a second assessment, Sibley realized, as long as the reaches of civilization didn't proceed this far north, there was little reason for people to settle such a strange and distant land.

The ship sailed past South Manitou. Behind it the sun settled below the horizon, casting a changing glow of reds and yellows while slipping from sight. He walked back to camp through the trees watching the last traces of sunset twinkle red from the rippling water of the bay.

Shortly after sunrise, Sylvester Sibley's survey team broke camp, and began their second day of surveying in Fractional Township 29 North in Range 14 West. They continued their northbound zigzag course for two miles until they reached the shore of Lake Michigan. While the men rested, Sibley took bearings on the visible ends of the two islands. Hodgson filled his pipe, tamped the tobacco, and lit it, watching the smoke swirl. Chapman took a pair of binoculars from his pack and scanned the horizon, noting a sloop and schooner. John Allen sat against the sandy bank along the shore, glad to be away from mosquitoes, and drying his sweating brow in the onshore breeze. A fifth member of the survey team, Thomas Bullen, propped himself against a maple tree on the bank and daydreamed.

Sibley finished taking his sightings, slipped his notebook into his pocket, and announced it was time to go. "I was hoping you fellows would use the time to take a bath in the lake."

"Well," replied Hodgson, "we probably wouldn't have enjoyed it as much." The others chuckled and put on their packs.

They turned south and walked along the lakeshore until they came upon five wigwams near the mouth of the river. Allen stopped, a wild look of indecision came into his eyes as if he didn't know whether to flee into the woods, or if he did, whether he'd be better off. Bullen appeared ready to do whatever Allen did and watched him closely. Chapman began checking his gun, at the same time peering for signs of movement. Hodgson turned to Sibley, who was intently scanning the huts and riverbank, and waited.

Satisfied no danger was at hand, Sibley checked the expressions of his men. "There's no

one here. Calm down. This is a hunting camp, not a village. The Indians are fishermen and hunters. They're peaceful, so calm down."

Allen and Bullen had their guns drawn, then with a final glance at the Indians' encampment, slipped the guns into their packs. "All right. We have some work to do around here."

They took measurements, in between lengthy and cautious observations of woods by members of the team. Sibley ignored their nervousness as he worked to get them away from the Indian camp.

They began surveying the hill at the foot of the bay on the fifth day. There they discovered a deserted Indian maple sugar camp. Sibley observed the holes in the trees. "This is where the Indians tapped the trees; we're about four months late for maple sugar." A few minutes of investigation turned up more holes in the maple trees and the ashes of a fire pit where the sap was boiled.

Sibley turned and walked toward an opening in the trees. Hodgson followed by his side, silently. Sibley studied the forest, pondered the solitude of the virgin land, and wondered if this part of the Indian homeland would endure. What would happen to these Indians if white men chose to claim this land for teeming ports and bustling lumber mills, Sibley wondered.

Sleeping Bear Bay came to view through the sugar maples and beeches. Sibley took the spyglass and scanned the northeast shoreline of the bay to the south end. Hodgson watched him, knowing what Sibley was looking for, but not realizing the reason.

Sibley gave a quick glance across the sky and at the sun noting the angle at which it shone. The

sun was high in the west and shining brightly on the area of Sibley's search. He raised the glasses to his eyes. On the second attempt Sibley brought the red cloth into view.

"Sibley?" asked Hodgson. "Why did you put the flag there?"

Sibley lowered the glasses, placed them in the brown leather case, and slipped the case into his pack, his eyes fixed on the eastern shore. He recalled, vividly, the moment when he stepped from

the dense woods to the open shore. He didn't pause at the top of the bank, but ran to the beach and stood awed by the wind-swept, white capped lake. Later, as the others rested, Sibley took sightings on the Manitous. He, without distraction, removed the red flannel cloth from his pack and hung it out of their sight.

"As a reminder, Mr. Hodgson."

"What do you want to remember?"

"I used to be deputy surveyor under a man you may have heard about. Orange Risdon.

"He used to tell me about times during his surveying that he'd seen things he wished he'd had time to go back to someday. He finally decided that all of those places couldn't have been as spectacular as his memory made them out to be. He began carrying colored cloths, mostly red ones, to mark places he thought he might get a chance to look at again from a distance, or from some other viewing point in the survey.

The survey FT29NR14W came to an end on Sleeping Bear Point. The land surveyed during the previous two days had been easily covered, but they were unable to find trees for their survey marks upon the sand dunes. Only two marks could be registered. Sibley made the final mark upon a cottonwood within a small cluster of trees. He patted the mark gently, as if to assure its place, then slipped his knife into his sheath and stood, leaning against the tree looking at South Manitou Island. The water of Manitou Passage stretched between Sibley and the island. To the west and south, no islands, or the distant shore of Wisconsin appeared; the sky, and the sea met. Sibley quietly parted from the group of men and walked along the beach picking his way amongst the timbers of wrecked ships. Hodgson came alongside. "Well, sir, now that we're finished with this township, when do we go north to the next one?"

"Soon, Mr. Hodgson." Sibley paused, waiting for the others to catch up.

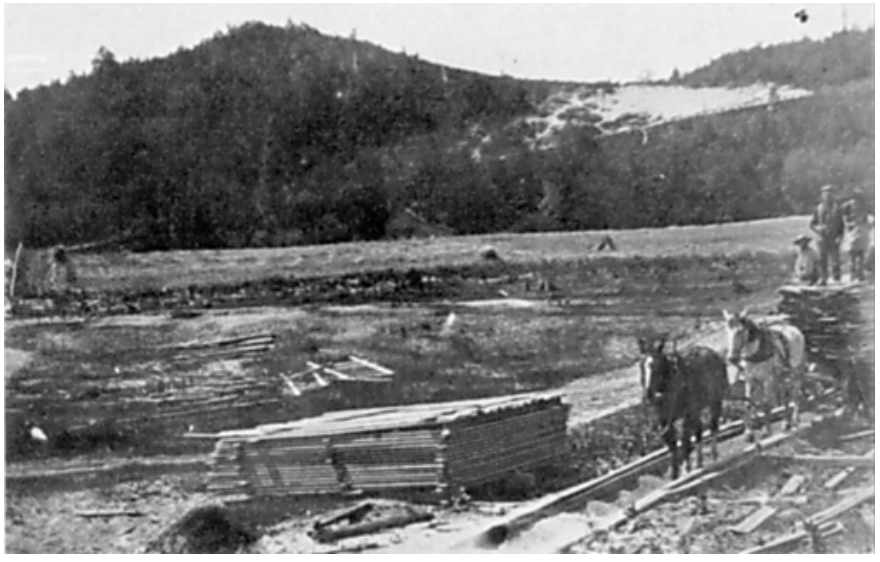
"Do you think you will remember this place, Sibley, after we've gone? Is it possible it will be settled someday?"

"Hodgson, when I was a boy, people were thinking about moving west to Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana, or to port towns along the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. Fifty years ago the only Americans west of the Appalachians were explorers and soldiers. Now people are settling all over." Sibley glanced over the lake looking hard for a ship, and tried to visualize the future.

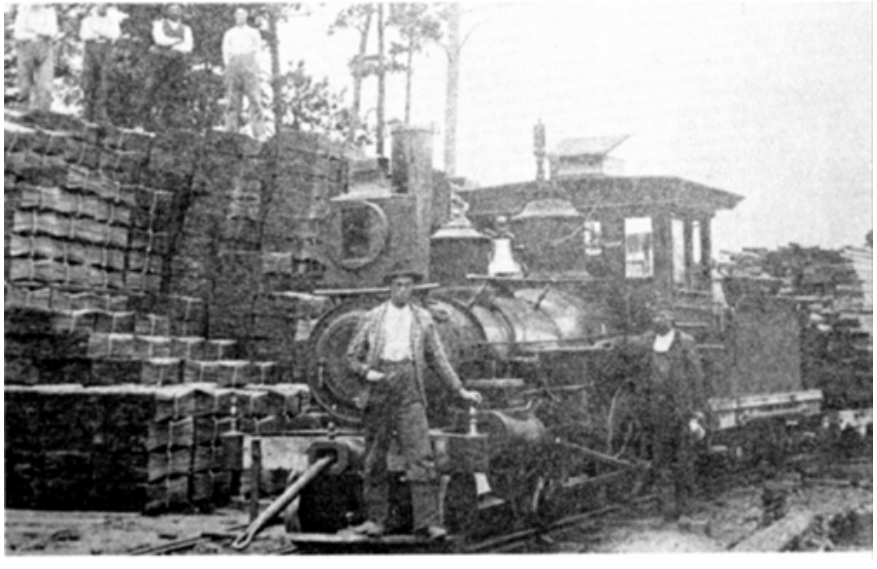
"This lake is part of a chain of lakes and rivers, Mr. Hodgson. You can go from New York City, through the Erie Canal to the Great Lakes, and on to Chicago. It's not far from Chicago to the Mississippi, then down river to New Orleans. There is a lot of possible shipping there, lots of opportunities for people to settle land like this."

The survey team arrived at the tip of the sand dunes, between the bay and the open water of Lake Michigan. Sibley removed the binoculars from his pack and looked for the red flag across the bay. He soon spotted the red cloth flapping in the summer breeze. He looked at the islands, then at the shore along the bay. He looked at the clear, blue sky, a few flying gulls, and with that pulled out his notebook and logged his survey comments.

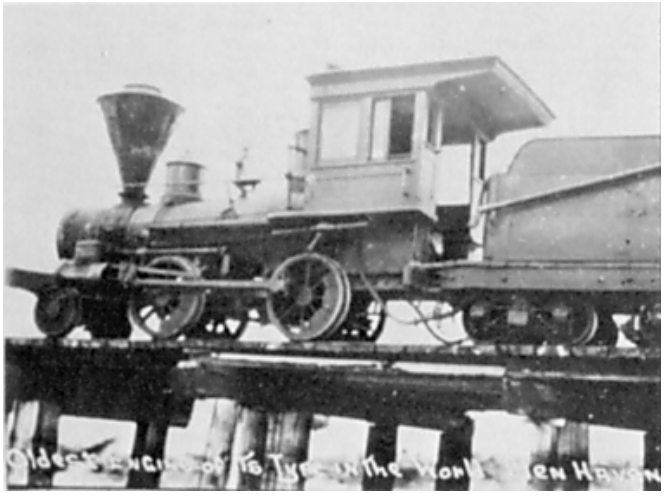
Ehle home on M-22 (near tennis courts) was built originally by Dr. William Walker over 100 years ago.



The Day Mill at west end of Little Glen. Lumber was taken by train (or by horse power) to Glen Haven dock, about 1900.

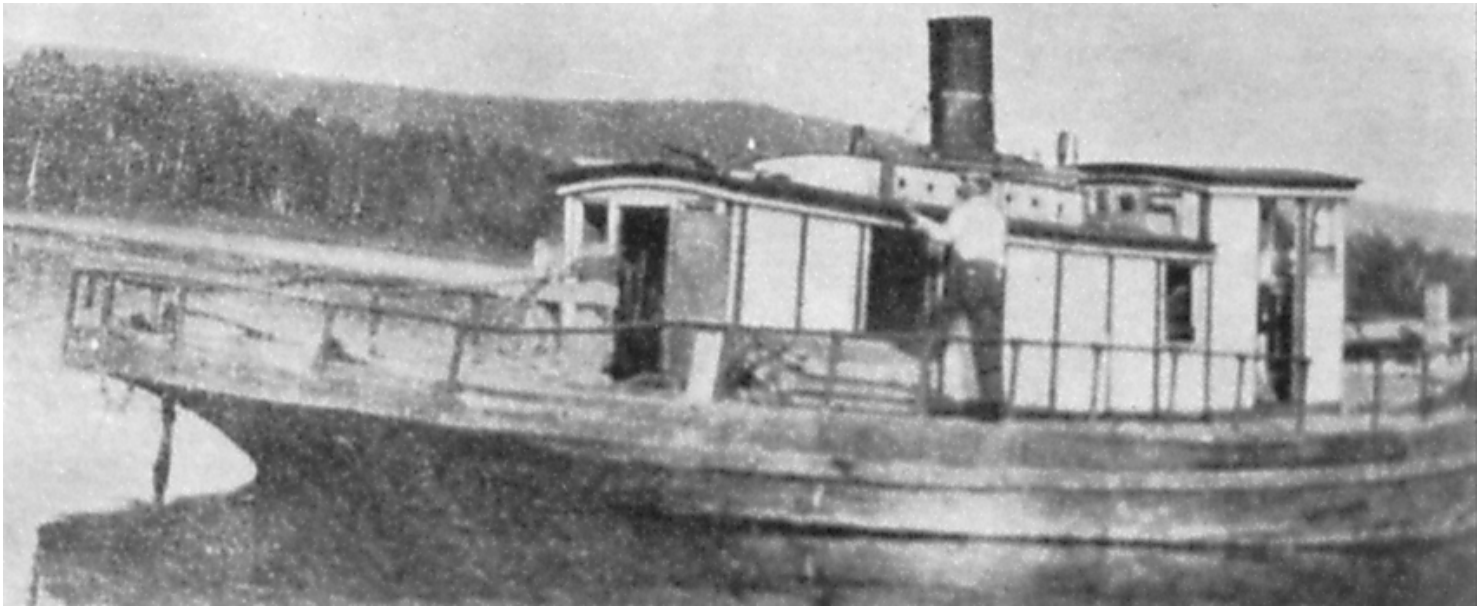


J.O. Nessen Mill Co. operated this steam locomotive, the H.K Porter, in Glen Arbor around 1900. It was later used by D.H. Day and finally loaned to the Traverse City Clinch Park.

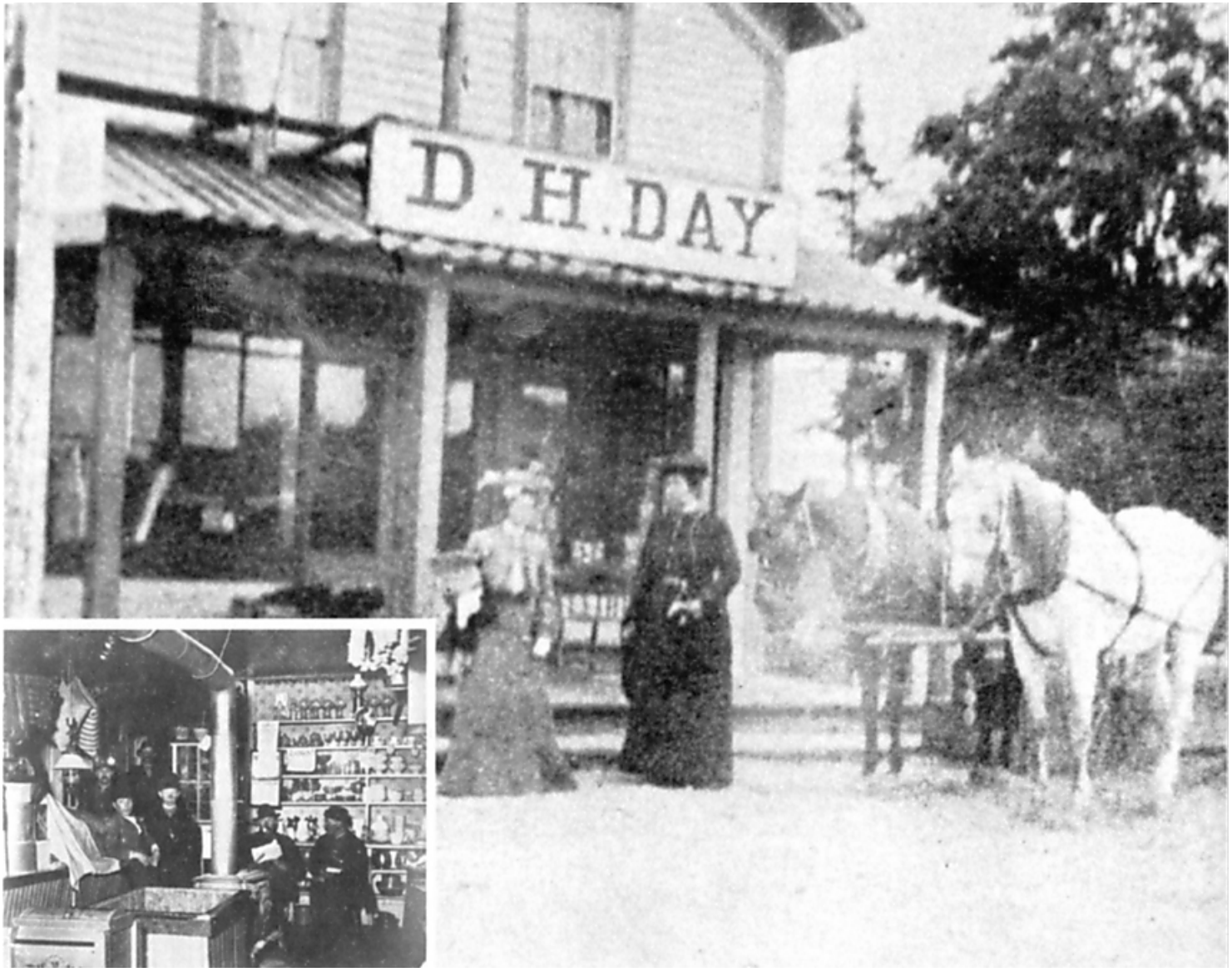


"Oldest engine of its type in the world." On display at Glen Haven; 1920's

Brammer's Grist (flower) Mill in 1907 (now remodeled into a recording studio on M-22 north of Glen Arbor on Crystal River.) L-R: Minor Kelderhouse, Bertha with Orpha and Marjorie on lap, Amil, Martin, Benhart, August and Herman Brammer with Frank Jr, Myrtle and Hattie Olsen and Louise Brammer



A long-lived tug boat operating on Glen Lake about 1905, Alice S. Day was once a passenger boat in Detroit. Converted to tow logs between McCarty's Mill (Sleeping Bearville, now Glen Haven) and Glen Lake, the tug was acquired by D.H. Day about 1885. It was later sold to the Booth Fish Co. and finally abandoned and burned in 1919.



Once a company store of the Northern Transportation Co., this D.H. Day general store served the Glen Haven community for many years. It still remains as a gift shop and office for the Sleeping Bear Dunes ride, a business developed by a daughter and son-in-law of D.H. Day, Marion and Lewis Warnes.

Loading logs in Glen Arbor, 1910.

Cutting ice on Lake Michigan, 1910.

daydreams amid driftwood

by Rob Rader

July 4th, 1976, our country's Bicentennial Birthday was being celebrated everywhere in the whole United States. What an unforgettable day! Thinking lofty patriotic thoughts, I strolled my favorite beach along the Sleeping Bear Bay, momentarily alone and musing on the day's fun and activities. Glen Arbor may be small, I thought, and little known on the national scene, but it too has its share of colorful history.

With field glasses I scanned the wind-blown beaches and tree covered hills about me, then gazed across the rolling waves of Lake Michigan, spotting a freighter that glided on the mystic horizon. South Manitou Island shimmered in the distance and I imagined I could see the wreck of an old ship along one shore. A slim building standing at the far end of the island was a lighthouse, I knew, once a beacon of guidance, now a ruin.

Only a few things left to view represented the past: the cannery at Glen Haven, now a garage for sand dunes cars, old Sleeping Bear Inn, the log cabin at Day Park. A few landmarks with some random events were the extent of my knowledge about the area that I had grown up in. I was curious and wished I knew more. I might get involved with the local history group, I thought, and volunteer to do tape-recorded interviews with old timers. That could be fun.

Meantime, I might as well have a quick dip in the cooling waves. Stripped to my swimsuit, I stroked my way out to the old wooden pilings of Glen Haven's former boat dock. Sometimes I played about the slippery logs and often looked for driftwood there. Perhaps I might find some treasures today, but I have friends to meet and I must hurry back.

Sliding through the waves and groping over the rocks towards shore, I felt the unexpected pull of undertow and was jerked off balance with a sudden jolt.

My next recollection was lying on the beach amid the driftwood. My head ached. I heard footsteps approaching and tried to look up when my face got splashed with water.

"'Bout time you woke," a husky voice said.

My vision found its way back from inner darkness and focused on the speaker. He was strangely dressed in a tattered shirt and thick pants with a red kerchief hanging from a back pocket. Oddly, I felt that I already knew him though I could not recall his name.

"I'm Sylvester Sibley," he said, "surveyor for the State of Michigan." He grinned through his matted beard. "Me and my team mapped out this whole section back in '39."

I stood up, suggesting that I wished to know about Glen Arbor in the beginning. I asked him about the first settlers. He cocked his head, ran a hand through his tousled hair then pointed across the bay toward the Manitou Islands. "They came

from out there." He turned toward me and cast a glance out of a knowing eye. "The lakes were crowded with ships sailing from the east, moving people and things west. Wasn't hardly a time you could look out here and not see a boat after 1850."

My own gaze drifted across the lake catching sight of tall ships and billowing sails as they glided past the islands. Some stood with bare rigging in the South Manitou harbor, one bobbing in the waves at anchor in Sleeping Bear Bay.

"Ah, you see them." he nodded. "There weren't any folk on the mainland before 1850. The Manitous are closer to the shipping lanes. They were the first ports, one as early as 1834 on South Manitou. Like most ports it started as a wooding station for the steamers, but people began settling in because, with the dock, they had a source of supplies, and transportation away from the island if they needed it. Pine timber in Michigan was a big attraction to speculators in the 1840's but they didn't get this far north until after the Civil War. The supply of Michigan pine lumber south of here had dwindled. After the Civil War, then they had to rely on northern Michigan Pine.

I ventured a guess, "So it was lumber that brought people here?" He looked at me and flatly said, "Yes … and no." He chuckled, propped his elbows on his knees and stared into the sand as he continued.

"The first man to settle here, John Larue, was a restless man. He'd started wandering in Canada when he was only seventeen then ventured west, eventually bought a farm near the port town of Chicago before coming here.

"Imagine this: he suffered cholera in Canada and after four years he returned to his home, finding his family fragmented by death and marriage. He worked his way west to Pennsylvania, then Iowa, finally Chicago. He married there and had two children; his wife died while their children were still young, yet he followed the impulse to wander. So he went north, sailing the wilderness coastlines of Northern Michigan.

"He landed on South Manitou in 1847 and saw grand opportunities for fur and fish trading with the Indians, then returned to Chicago to sell his land and see to the care of his children. While there, he met John Dorsey, a barrel maker. Larue urged him to come north and make barrels for the fish he got from the Indians. Dorsey declined the offer.

"Larue stayed on South Manitou Island for a year, then moved to the mainland to be closer to the Indians. On the banks near the mouth of the Crystal River, John Larue lived amongst the Indians. He was the first white settler of mainland Leelanau County.

"Then one spring day, having been encouraged by the persuasion of Larue, young John Dorsey arrived to join him. That was 1851, and both men were solely concerned with the trading operation.

"Their early endeavors had little to do with Glen Arbor's settlement by other pioneers. It wasn't till a third man, John Fisher arrived and brought others with him that Larue and Dorsey played a significant role shaping Glen Arbor's future."

I remarked that I had heard of the three Johns.

"John Fisher was from Wisconsin. He, unlike Larue and Dorsey, came in search of pine timber. At the time Glen Arbor was unknown and unnamed

It had no designation other than Fractional Township 29 North in Range 14 West, in the State of Michigan survey maps, and Sleeping Bear Sand Dunes, a landmark for sailors. Manistee was Fisher's goal, a lumber boomtown of the early fifties. A storm blew Fisher's boat off course. He then came to the mainland to look for pine timber rather than waiting to go to Manistee."

He stopped talking and I waited for him to continue. He glanced up and looked past me. I followed his gaze and was surprised at seeing someone standing behind me. Sibley welcomed him, then introduced me to John Fisher. "I believe Mr. Fisher has come to speak on his own account."

Fisher nodded and gazed in the direction of Crystal River. His face was haggard but strong. His eyes shone, and his jaw was firm. He was slender, but carried himself with the look of a man who knew work well.

"When I landed on South Manitou, my first concern was catching the next ship to Manistee. The ship I rode to South Manitou was under repair for a few days, so I was unable to get to Manistee until another boat came along.

"As I waited, I spent my time asking about the mainland. I was interested to know about the settlements there, and what the forest was like. I inquired of the dock owner, Mr. W.N. Burton, and he surprised me with the news that a few Indians and a couple of fur and fish traders, recent arrivals from Chicago, were the only inhabitants between Northport and Point Betsie. He made mention of the variety of pines and hardwoods, and presumed no one had laid claim to any of it.

"I reconsidered Manistee. I decided that if Sleeping Bear Bay could provide a dock and shelter for ships, wood for fuel, as well as lumber to ship, it would be best to settle there, provided it proved to contain a sufficient quantity of pine." He looked at me brightly and steadily as if the decision had been one of the finest.

"There were a few fishermen on South Manitou; I persuaded one by the name of Carson Burfiend to take me across the bay to the river mouth, where I was told I could find one of the fur traders. While crossing the bay Burfiend told me he left Germany in 1846 and arrived several months later on South Manitou Island."

Fisher gestured toward Pyramid Point. "Young Burfiend settled there a few years later."

"When I got to the mainland, near the river mouth I discovered two men. They were cutting staves to make barrels. I asked for Larue, the man Burton advised me to call on, but found he'd gone to New York the week before. The barrelmakers introduced themselves as John Dorsey and Peter Gravel. Dorsey was a pleasant young Irishman, eager to help and very talkative. Gravel was quiet, but glad to see another white man. We talked awhile about ourselves, then I put the nature of my business to them. I told them I was interested in timber, and where could I put a mill." Fisher backtracked a little at this point. "I owned a saw mill and a grist mill in Wisconsin. I was prepared to dismantle them and ship them across Lake Michigan if I found a suitable location.

"Dorsey thought there was enough pine for a small mill to stay in operation, if a man could find a

way to sell it. He told me a river meandered across the lowland between the inland lake (called Bear Lake by the Indians) and Lake Michigan.

I realized that "Bear Lake" must have been the former name for Glen Lake.

"Dorsey communicated very well with the Indians. He persuaded me to wait till they returned from their hunting, then persuaded two of the Indians to take me upstream to the lake so I could see the lay of the land."

Fisher grinned as he continued. "I was scared silly. I hadn't the confidence in the Indians that Dorsey had, but he encouraged me to go without fear. Dorsey was enthusiastic about the prospects of other settlers in the area."

"At first I paid little attention to the forest along the river. I felt uncomfortable in the center of the canoe, surrounded by silent, buckskinned men who, if they knew any English, didn't speak it. They offered me food, once we reached Bear Lake. I placed my trust in them after that gesture of friendship.

"The land looked promising. The stands of pine were tall and straight. The lake was large and looked like an excellent place to float logs. I felt the river could be easily flooded to carry logs closer to Lake Michigan where they would be shipped out." Fisher continued with his elaboration on discovering lumbering opportunities. His own mill was small and required only the pine growing within a short distance of the river. But, he added, the entire region around the lake could have supported as many as five or six other mills like his for years.

He liked what he saw and departed for the nearest claims office, which was located in St. James, at Beaver Island. There he obtained title to all the land along the river, from Bear Lake to Lake Michigan. A thousand-acre tract gave him room to power his mill and flood the river to float logs.

John Fisher returned home. Before he could begin anew, in Michigan, he had to sever his old ties by selling his properties, and bidding friends and relatives farewell. He had to prepare his wife, and two young children, for the relocation to this lonely hamlet. But their isolation would be temporary. Prior to John Fisher's return with his family, civil government had been formed and the new land became part of Grand Traverse County. The county seat was thirty miles from Bear Lake. Although it was no more accessible than Beaver Island, it meant Traverse City and surrounding settlements had a center of civil and legal order. Prospective settlers would be encouraged to come north. John Fisher, too, inspired his friends and relatives to join him. According to his unrestrained enthusiasm, opportunities abounded in Michigan. His vivid descriptions enticed them to follow.

The early comers left skeptical neighbors to probe and develop the untouched resources of the northern Michigan region. One of the key people persuaded by John Fisher to follow, was a wealthy doctor and friend, William Walker. Walker arrived in 1855, and purchased 500 acres of land directly adjacent to and west of Fisher's property. Most of the lowland between Bear Lake and Lake Michigan then belonged to them.

Walker wrote his brother-in-law, George Ray in Ohio, setting forth in detail the bountiful opportunities. The Ohioan came a year later, early in 1855, prospecting and inspecting the forests and tranquil harbor of Sleeping Bear Bay. He returned to Ohio. Soon, the bay was resounding with the throb of the SS Saginaw's engines and the clamor of people disembarking. George Ray had come north again, this time with thirteen eager people. That beach which had lain bleak and untrammeled, but for Indians and traders, now was active with rounds of earnest speculation.

One year after the permanent settlement of the Fisher family in 1854, more than two dozen of John Fisher's friends and relatives arrived. Even John Larue, who had been in New York, returned, though not because of John Fisher or George Ray. While in New York he married Sophia Lacore, a schoolteacher of Royalton, and spent the winter of 1852 in Northport. Two children were born to the Larues. Their first child was the first white child born on the peninsula. They settled briefly in Glen Arbor, but this time, the restless Larue moved his family again to Empire, a settlement eight miles south.

Fisher vividly recalled the arrival of his sister's family, the Coggshalls, "They were amongst the thirteen people who came with George Ray. I had contacted William Coggshall, who then lived in Rhode Island, hearing of Will Walker's brother-in-law in Ohio, and suggested he get in touch with George Ray if he was interested in coming to Michigan; but I told him to come only if he brought an ample supply of provisions. Supplies in Northern Michigan were long in coming. It was wise to store as much food as could be preserved."

"Each time new arrivals appeared, they were greeted by the settlers. When Coggshalls and the rest of the passengers on the SS Saginaw came ashore, John Dorsey was part of the welcoming party. Young Elizabeth Coggshall stepped on shore, and Dorsey hurried over and offered - no insisted - upon helping her out of the rowboat. He hadn't seen a young lady since he left Chicago. Well, we'd spoken with her no more than a few minutes, when he told her, 'You're going to marry me.' We all stopped talking amongst ourselves and they became the center of attention. Elizabeth held herself poised and challenged back, 'Oh you think I will, do you?' They continued that way for some time. They were an interesting couple, this buckskinned barrel maker and the dignified young lady from the east. Two years later they were married and settled in Glen Arbor. The rest of the Coggshall family moved to Frankfort."

"You're doing a lot of talking about your own family, John."

I turned to see the newcomer as Fisher welcomed him with a hello.

"Of course John is right about everything so far. He had family and many friends here. They owned the land around the settlement and Charlie McCarty set up a sawmill two miles west of it, in 1856, and added a hotel in 1858. He first called it Sleeping Bearville, but it was later changed to Glen Haven."

"The township was organized in 1856. The settlement was growing. Ray and Fisher both had lumber mills. George Ray and Erasmus Nutt built a dock on the bay. In 1856 there were six farms. The people of the bay and the inland lake decided the town needed civil authority.

"On April 6, 1858, sixteen men of the area gathered at George's Mill House in the center of town. We gave the name Glen Arbor to our settlement and the newly formed township. It then consisted of all the land around the lake, renamed Glen Lake. As each settlement grew in areas several miles apart, townships formed and became Empire, Cleveland and Kasson.

"This was once part of Grand Traverse County. As the towns in the Peninsula grew, we felt the need to form our own county. Each township had a representative to the county seat. I served as Glen Arbor's representative for four years, before the peninsula was granted approval as a county in 1861. Six years later Glen Arbor Township changed its name to Sleeping Bear Township, then in 1871, the township reassumed its former name, something never done in any other township in this country."

I wondered why this was done. Were there business machinations taking place that were favored by the title change, or were the town founders struck by a wistful fancy to confuse future historians by such a change.

"The first school in Glen Arbor was organized the same year Glen Arbor became a legal township, 1858. The electors of the township met in their usual meeting place: the Ray home. We decided to contribute one dollar per student for the first year of education. No books were provided, only a teacher: me. The school was a room in my house."

Throughout those early years George Ray and John Fisher accepted a great deal of responsibility in township matters. George Ray was a teacher, postmaster, county coroner, superintendent of the poor, county clerk, and school board official. Fisher was justice of the peace, county registrar, and school board official.

"Now, don't get the impression we did so much," George said. "There weren't many people here then, and we took on several responsibilities. The official work was important, but the early enterprises of settlers were most important."

"Doctor Walker for one. Bill was a brilliant man, understand that, but he wasn't here often enough to make a great impact upon the area. He had five hundred acres of land, but he spent most of his time in Wisconsin on other businesses. Besides a medical practice he owned a successful saloon."

"In 1870 he cleared twelve acres of land, just about half a mile south of town. There he used a gasoline pump to flood his clearing with water from Glen Lake. He turned that lowland into a cranberry marsh. Just about the largest in the state and he employed at least a hundred people during the picking season, which lasted about three weeks."

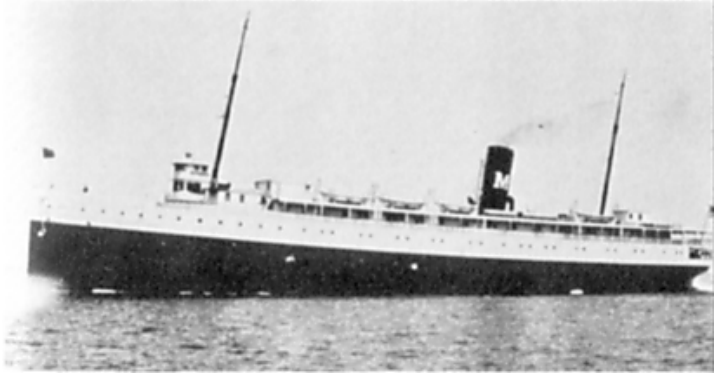
"They'd take hundreds of barrels of cranberries out of there and ship them on boats from the Glen Arbor pier."

"A few years later he planted about five-hundred fruit trees just south of the cranberry marsh, between there and Glen Lake. So he did add some enterprise to Glen Arbor."

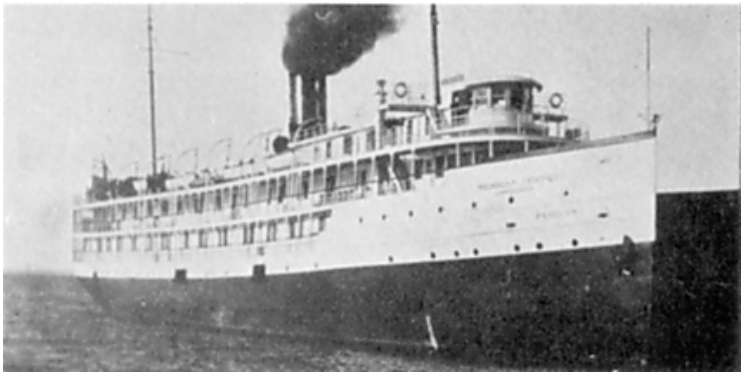
Someone once told me a story about Dr. Walker's sister-in-law. I recall.

"It seems that she and he were illicitly engaged, without Mrs. Walker's knowledge. And when Mrs. Walker found out, her sister was ejected from the house. Dr. Walker had a house built for her

John Schroeder loading lumber at the D.H. Day dock in Glen Haven about 1910.

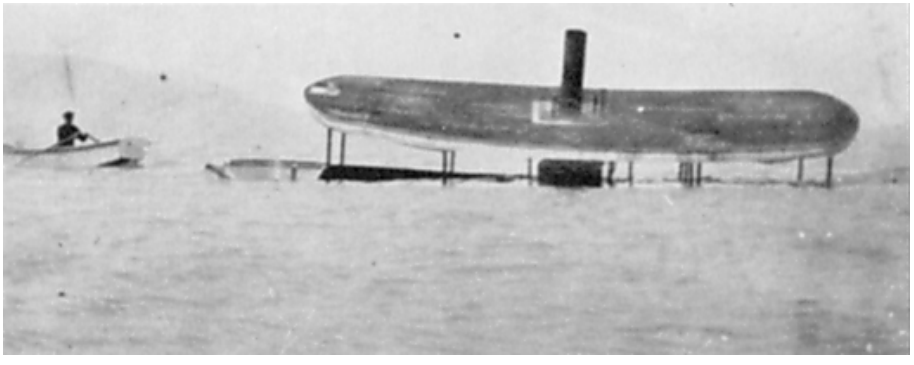


The Manitou, built for the Manitou Steamship Company in 1893, by Leopold and Austin. She was 274 feet long, 42 feet by the beam, powered by a 2500 horsepower engine. She was capable of 19.5 miles per hour. Purchased by N.T.C. in 1906, she was later sold to the Isle Royal Transit Company in 1933. Renamed the Isle Royal, she was destroyed by fire at Manistee Lake in 1934.



The puritan was built in Toledo for Graham and Morton Transportation Company in 1901. She was 257 feet long by 41 feet in the beam, powered by a 1500 horsepower engine. She was sold to N.T.C. in 1912. The Isle Royal Transit Company purchased the Puritan in 1933 and renamed it the George M Cox. She was wrecked on a pre-season voyage to Isle Royale, on a reef near Isle Royale, Lake Superior.

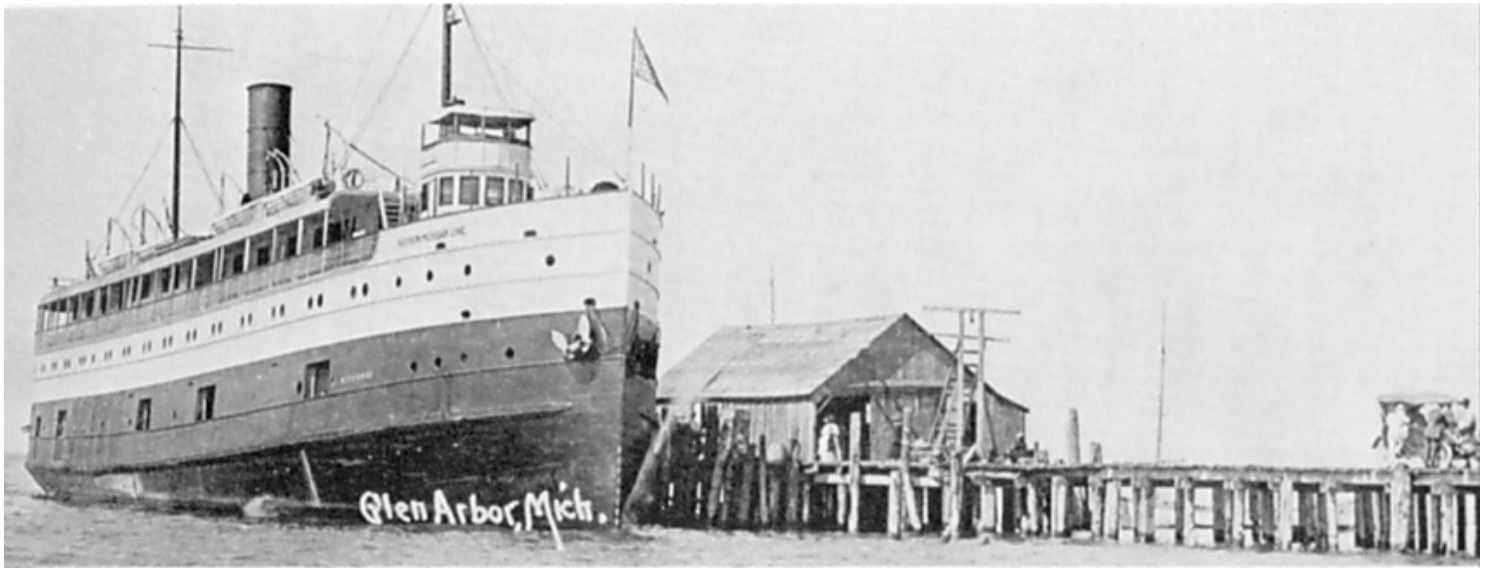
Steamer Amazonas aground at Glen Arbor, July 1912, but freed within a few days. F.E. Fisher dock in background.



The deliberate sinking of Ralph Dorsey's Rescue, and excursion passenger boat for local and resort trade (about 1914). Once a supply boat at North Manitou Island, the Rescue was sturdily built of oak. It carried many passengers across Glen Lake.

The Rising Sun, which was shipwrecked off Pyramid Point, 1919.

Susie Chappman, docking a Glen Haven in 1918.



The Missouri, a pleasure cruiser of the Northern Michigan Line, at the D.H. Day dock about 1920

Popularly known as the "Crib", the North Manitou shoals Lighthouse as seen from a passing vessel.

Life Saving boat at Sleeping Bear Point – ready for launching.

in town, provided her with drugs for the rest of her life, and she died from a drug overdose."

"That story is an outrageous, malicious and deceitful lie!" The woman who entered the group was enraged. It was Florence Clark, a school teacher, who lived at the same time as Elvira French, around 1900.

"Elvira French, it is true, was lonely after moving into Glen Arbor, but only because she was an outsider, from a well-to-do family. Outsiders were despised by some of the people in this town.

"Let me explain myself further. Dr. Walker was an auspicious man, whose magnanimity credited the town. Elvira's delicate health, at fifty-seven, and her desire to be amongst other people prompted Dr. Walker to build a house for her in Glen Arbor. There she felt she could remain near her sister, Jane Ray, George's wife, while also in the company of the townspeople. But rumors, nothing more than scandalous slander, started about the doctor and Miss French. Because of this suspicion, to show his good intentions for moving Elvira to Glen Arbor and to gain for her the acceptance of the townspeople, the doctor donated the property as well as the edifice for a church.

"It was told Elvira died of an overdose of laudanum, prescribed by Dr. Walker. It wasn't the laudanum that killed her and it wasn't Doctor Walker who kept her on the drug. Doctor Walker died in Milwaukee in 1898. Elvira died of cancer nine years later. Only the pain of her disease surpassed the pain of her loneliness. She took laudanum to ease the pain."

I felt her direct answers were complete and honest. With the story of Elvira French's death resolved, I pressed on with questions about Doctor Walker.

"Your emphasis is upon the accomplishments of men. I implore you to consider that in the memorable endeavors of men are the oft-unrecognized travails of women."

"If I were to tell you women played a major role in the shaping of the history here, you may not accept my position. But know that without women, there would have been no pioneer settlement that survived. Indeed, men did great things, but by virtue of their order, they were the only recognized voters. Women were denied rightful claim to equality, while they shared equal toil."

"Of course, many marriages were purely economic; a wife was not long mourned in death, before the tired settler sought again to marry. But mark the importance of his search. He began forthrightly to replace the vacancy."

"Farms without women would have failed; families and businesses, too. A man, employed in daily struggles to advance his stead, needed a wife to soothe his heart and prepare his soul."

"The settler working in the field or away in winter, lumbering, left the woman, her loneliness and solemn toil never rewarded by an invigorating smile or soothing caress, while she cared for his home and family."

"You should know that the first women in this austere wilderness endured much. Such as, in the year of their arrival, John Fisher returned to

Wisconsin for provisions and Harriet Fisher remained here with the two children."

"It was November, and winter came early. Snow had fallen and ice formed on exposed faces of the ships; the spray of waves clung frozen to the rigging. For this reason shipping was dangerous and the boat John Fisher was to return to Michigan on was delayed. As Harriet looked outside day by day in watchful waiting of her husband's return, the sky became ever more gray. The wind increasingly chilled and the bare trees were ready for winter. Still, he hadn't returned. Their supplies ran low and desperation high … so much so that she considered the slaughter for food of their greatest asset, an ox. John's late arrival in early December was not a bit too soon."

"Whereas John Fisher led the town in settlement and organization, Harriet Fisher named the town, its trees draped with undulating vines, arbors in a forest glen, Glen Arbor. As her husband and George Ray worked to organize the county and town, obtain a school and church, she enabled wives of new arrivals to prepare their homes for new life styles. As a trained nurse she cared for the sick and supplemented the ailing spirits of less sturdy friends and families.

"Another indomitable woman was Elizabeth Dorsey. She cared for the family and home while John Dorsey went off to fight in the Civil War. On their farm she helped John turn the primitive, untouched land into a home. She grew a garden of beautiful flowers admired by all. Her home hosted many people. She fed them and treated them kindly in the rugged new land."

"Women were bound to their duty. Perhaps, Harriet and Elizabeth did theirs better than most."

"But without a man, a woman had little hope of survival here. Women unmarried, or worse … hopelessly rejected … fell to the mercy of those who would employ them in menial, if not debasing, tasks. A woman's lot was secure with a husband, regardless of his occupation and temperament. A woman who remained loyal to an abusive, intemperate or dangerous mate wasn't an enraptured or distracted fool. She was merely helpless."

"Now consider Elizabeth Burfriend; their cabin for many years was on the weather shore of the bay. In this cabin on the shore of Lake Michigan, Elizabeth bore ten children. There in a land far from her native Germany, she watched as life ebbed from four of her sons, victims of pneumonia, or drowning. Once a storm created waves so great that their cabin was pounded to pieces, and their possessions scattered along the beach. The exasperated mother attempted to salvage necessities, and recovered the drifting baby cradle, lest the child have no bed.

"Marauders, heinous villains from the lake, vandalized their property and stole fishing nets. In their boldness they had once entered the house, while Elizabeth and the children, concealed upstairs, trembled in fear. You can well imagine the terror inspired by these unexpected visits of pirates upon everyone along the lake, morbid fear ruling entire towns where only their numbers afforded protection. Marauders put fear in the hearts of women and children left to wonder whether their husband and father had been brutalized or murdered while fishing on the lake or working in the field."

"You should remember the women of early days along with men. The women I have spoken of; Mrs. Todd who ran the Todd Hotel successfully, Elizabeth Ray, George's daughter-in-law with whom you may talk later, was not only the one who ran the Ray resort, but was an established authoress. I have told you about the prominent women, because you have been asking about the prominent men. But there were many other women who guided this isolated community to its destiny, as well as many men, unknown, who served it as well." She turned and walked away.

"We were talking about the early enterprises," said George Ray.

He faced northeast toward Pyramid Point. "It was called Pyramid Point by sailors, before its settlement. Later, south of there was called Port Oneida because the SS Oneida was first to land there. The Carson Burfiends were the settlers. You remember it was Carson, who brought John Fisher here first and later his family. Carson settled near the point in 1852 and began farming a few years later. Nine years after the Burfiends settled Port Oneida, Thomas Kelderhouse of New York, settled near the Burfiends. Within a decade he established himself as one of the most prominent businessmen in the area. He built a pier in 1862, purchased several large tracts of land and operated a gristmill and a sawmill.

"Way to the south, overlooking the eastern shore of Glen Lake, is Miller's Hill. Dan Miller's family and the families of his sons Marshall and Wells, a close-knit group of more than a dozen members, first built three homes and farms on that hill. Two more were added as Dan's other sons, Silas and Albert, grew up. They began growing fruit in 1863, and were first along, with the Ray family, to ship fruit from Glen Arbor and Glen Haven."

"Dan Miller was a Congregational preacher making rounds from school to school in three week cycles to deliver sermons to the people of the area. In 1867, a church was organized, congregationally, without a building. In 1868, Dan was ordained its pastor, the first in this region."

"The Miller children grew up influenced by outsiders who came to Glen Arbor on the boats to vacation in the summers. Their curiosity about the outside world grew. By 1900, all family members had left, leaving the only surviving settlers of the hill, Marshall and his wife Caroline."

"Near Miller Hill were Harwoods, St. Peters and Brothertons, all north of the hill. To the south were Dumbrilles from Canada, Nathan Carroll, Trumbulls, John Brooke, Hiltons, the family of Mrs. Dumbrille, and the Dunns, also from Canada."

"The John Dunns came in 1861, and spent two years in Glen Arbor before moving to their homestead on the southeast Shore of Glen Lake. For two years they worked the land, planting around the stumps of felled trees till they could be pried loose. They lived in a cabin just inland from the lake, then hidden by the cedar swamp. Though, it may seem surprising, the lake made slight impact upon their lifestyle. To them it was of little practical use. After they discovered the lake, they used it only as a shortcut to town when it was frozen in winter, and cut blocks of ice from it for preserving food."

"On the north side of the lake were the Fishers, and Tuckers for whom the little lakes to the north of Glen Lake were named. John's son Frank farmed the land around the outlet of Glen Lake, which was called Fisher's Lake."

He paused then turned and faced to the west, toward Glen Haven and the forested ridge that starts at the village of Glen Arbor's western edge and runs west to where it meets the sand dunes. "Most of it was owned by the Northern Transportation Company which did a lot of the shipping in this area out of the Glen Haven dock. NTC purchased the land from Charles McCarty in 1868. Charlie already had a mill operating on Glen Lake. He encouraged his brother, Frank to buy two hundred and fifty acres of land on the hill. Together they sold over a thousand acres of their combined twelve hundred to NTC. Within a couple of years, NTC purchased over two thousand acres of land, the port, hotel, and mill, and began a farm south of Glen Haven."

"My son Welby had an orchard south of Glen Arbor, one of the first along with the Millers."

"Captain Rossman bought the Glen Arbor dock. Ownership transferred to his son Charles in 1870, and Captain Rossman went to Glen Haven to work for Northern Transportation Company. Charles Rossman was the most prominent entrepreneur in Glen Arbor, till his departure for Texas in 1885. He owned two general stores, one near the dock, the other on Western Avenue; three houses, one workshop used by the wagon maker and blacksmith, the dock and warehouse, and 175 acres of farm and woods near Port Oneida."

"The three dock owners were the most prominent businessmen in the bay area. Kelderhouse owned half of the land north of the Crystal River plus land in Cleveland Township. His farm produced more than any other in the area. It was far larger than all others except NTC's which, though not as productive, was three times the size of the Kelderhouse farm."

"How did Kelderhouse have such a productive farm?" I asked.

"It really wasn't a matter of productivity. NTC raised livestock and grew hay to support their herd of cattle, horses, sheep and swine. Kelderhouse had fewer animals; his land more devoted to crops. The port business was pretty even among all ports. Lumber, fruit and fish were shipped across the docks."

"How strong was the competition between the three?"

"Oh, there was enough for everybody in the area, competition wasn't vigorous. Kelderhouse and NTC both had sawmills and Kelderhouse owned the only gristmill for thirty miles. The sawmills didn't cut enough wood to create competition, and the gristmill was a monopoly."

A deep hoarse voice interrupted George. "It's a good story you're tellin', but it's not lively enough."

He stood on the shore, hands shoved deep in the trouser pockets below the fringe of his faded blue pea coat. The calabash pipe tucked firmly into his cracked lips hung low, brushing his beard. He touched the visor of his cap, nodded and introduced himself as Captain Andrew Rossman. "You're right, it was a busy place growin' as it was then. When I

First sailed through the passage in the 1840's I knew there'd be a port here someday."

"I didn't give up sailing to stay and run the dock. I left George to the task until Charlie, my son, was old enough to take over. George, you got any idea how many people came through here?"

George Ray shook his head. "No, I don't. But in the early years before the Civil War, this was the only mainland port available in these parts. The folks from North Unity, on Good Harbor Bay, the Congregational Church people who settled the Betsie River, settlers of Kasson, even Empire came through here. Fewer people came through during the Civil War, but then people began coming here in droves to homestead land that was nearly given away by the U.S. Government. For the next six years, 'till 1871, it was a port of entry. I was appointed port inspector, and kept records and collected fees from the people who came here from other countries. That's how busy it was. But to be honest with you, I don't know how many people came here."

Rossman spoke again. "It was the success of this dock that prompted Charlie McCarty to build his in 1868, and Kelderhouse in 1866." He spoke with considerable pride. "I began sailing to Lake Michigan in 1836 from Ogdensburg, New York, through the Great Lakes." He swept his arm toward the bay. "I seen this bay for twenty years before it welcomed the people who settled here. I'll tell you, it was a sight of paradise coming off the big lake in a storm, and a sorry thing to leave goin' south."

"The passage, between the point and the island is wide but shallow. You had to go through the middle of the passage with only a mile to spare on either side. You also had to come in directly from the west. The shoals run far out into the lake and you'd lose your keel if you ran too close to the Bear." Pointing with his pipe in hand and stem aimed at the entrance to Sleeping Bear Bay, Rossman successfully diverted my attention from the history of the town to epics of the sea, telling me bold stories of his adventures, and of the wrecks of ships he had seen. He vividly described the wreck of the *Caledonia*, in 1862, near Sleeping Bear Point, and how its cargo of salt pork and flour washed to shore. The settlers of Glen Arbor and Empire benefited greatly using supplies from many such incidents. The *Westmoreland*, a supply ship headed for Mackinaw, foundered in Manitou Passage in the winter of 1855, carrying gold and whiskey. These and others; *Ray S. Farr, Margaret Dali, Jessie Scarth, Ellen Spry, Congress, Annie Vought, Alva Bradley, Lomie A. Burton, Ostrich, Templeton, W.H. Gilcher, Walter L. Frost, William T. Graves*, and others foundered or ran aground in the passage. He vividly detailed the shipwreck that involved his son Charles: "The *W.B. Phelps* was sailing to Oswego, New York, after a late run from Chicago in November, 1879. It pursued a fated course along the shore toward Manitou Passage. The weather became increasingly cold, and snow had already fallen. It was cold enough for ice to form and hang heavy upon the ship. The defiant sailors of the *W.B. Phelps* hastened to reach the protection of Sleeping Bear Bay.

"The wind increased from a mournful howl to a shriek in the rigging and the waves began to force their way over the bow on the port side. The night swallowed them in foreboding gloom, leaving only

compass and the unchanging direction of the waves. The crew listened intently for the bell buoy that marked the channel of the passage and warned of the dangerous shoals."

"The full impress of the storm hit them with a huge wave that pushed sailors about the deck and pried at the seams of the struggling ship. A second mountainous wave lifted the ship by its bow and licking its keel, dropped it at the foot of the third towering wave. The captain struggled to maintain their run into the passage, but the waves eagerly lofted the ill-fated ship high and carried it toward the bluffs of the Sleeping Bear Dunes. Agonizing moments spent turning the ship exposed it more to the bending force of the waves. The swell of the waves carried the unfortunate ship over boulders waiting like anvils to receive the *W.B. Phelps*. As a wave lifted the ship high and above the din of the gale, the muffled sound of the bell buoy was heard a bare five degrees starboard."

"The bell rang closer, as the imperiled ship crested another mountainous wave, descended, and plunged its starboard side into a boulder. Prying waves now had openings in the loosened seams of the hull to rend wood from the splintered keel."

"The ship maneuvered into the thrashing waters of the passage then changed its course to run with the waves, angled to miss the point and reach the bay. The captain stood among the shambles of the bridge, and noticed the ice formations. The temperature had been steadily dropping, and the rigging stood stiff and cumbersome with a growing bond of ice."

"Water began to pour over the gunwales and the keel caught the lake bottom and heaved a shutter through the deck. The white strip of the inaccessible beach shone through the raging storm a quarter of a mile away, as the ship's hull came to rest in twenty feet of turbid water. There the remaining men clung till the early morning."

"First mate, John Hourigan shook with despair and shivered with the cold. Only he and Ed Igoe, of the crew of seven had survived. They watched the Glen Arbor dock resurface from beneath passing waves, and behind it warm and hospitable, shone the Todd Hotel. Had it been July or even September, there would have been other boats waiting out the storm."

"On shore, inland from the beach, my son Charles rose and prepared to go to the dock. He had returned home late at night from the Central Dock after seeing that no boats entered the bay before the storm."

"Charles walked down Lake Street to the dock, expecting several boards to be missing from the low built dock, to be scattered along the beach with other debris. He stopped short of the beach, and let out a low whistle at the sight of the submerged schooner. He'd seen boats sunk and broken in pieces on the lake. It was always awesome, and this ship had men on it. One or two appeared to be alive, struggling to outlast the storm."

"Charles sped into town urgently enlisting the aid of others; Welby Ray, William Clark, Bishop Tucker, and John Tobin. They returned with ropes and pushed into the perilous surf with a rowboat. The wind was driving into the rescuers as they began rowing to the *W.B. Phelps*."

D.H. Day farm on M-109 near Glen Haven, flanked by some of the Day Forest. Cutting Hay, raking it, and hauling it into the barn kept these men and horses busy (early 1900's).

Old Coast Guard Station at Sleeping Bear Point – about 1912.

"The men crouched low in the boat to keep it from capsizing, as Rossman fought to point the nose of the boat into the onrushing wave. The exertion and numbing cold sapped their strength. The rescuers returned to shore, and Howard Daniels replaced Willard Tucker, as they dragged the boat twenty rods windward to get the advantage of strong current."

"The second attempt landed them above the stern of the vessel. The two sailors were hanging to the bow, because of the terrible sea. The rowboat was rapidly filling with water, and their chances of reaching the sailors appeared slim. They returned to the shore, drenched and chilled. Leaving one man stationed upon shore, so the sailors wouldn't feel deserted, the rescuers hurried home for warm clothing."

"John Blanchfield returned with them and took the place of Howard Daniels. They set out intending to wedge the rowboat amongst the rolling mass of destruction on the lee side of the ship and work the sailors across the debris."

"They worked their way into the wreckage, only sixty feet from the stranded sailors. A line was thrown to the mate, Hourigan. He fastened it about his waist, and steadied by it, began his desperate journey over the pitching and tossing tangle, clinging to the ship frequently for support, as the sea rushed about him. By his effort, he crept within fifteen feet of the rescuers, who pulled their boat on to a part of the deck within reach of the mate, and took him on board."

"The other man, Crewman Igoe, much weaker than his companion, became caught in the tumbling mass. Two of the rescuers leapt from the boat and rushed to his assistance. One of the men gripped his collar and dragged him forward, taking him into the boat."

"The men hastily shoved the rowboat free of the deck. The rolling sea filled their boat as they fought their way to shore, to the anxious crowd that had gathered and ran to help them ashore. Hourigan threw his hands into the air, crying 'Thank God! I shall see my children again.'

"Both men were taken to the Todd Hotel. There they rested an entire week," Rossman explained. "As for the rescuers, Charles Rossman, Welby Ray, John Blanchfield, William Clark and John Tobin, each received United States Life Saving Service gold medals."

"Congress allowed for life saving stations on the Great Lakes in 1871. One was appointed for Sleeping Bear, in 1878, but it took twenty years to build it. The five crewmembers that died from the *W.B. Phelps*, and other boats might have lived if there'd been a lighthouse built sooner."

"What about yourself," I asked, "what did you do when you stopped sailing?"

"I never did, but I was the agent for Northern Transportation Company from 1874 to 1878. They had a fleet of 21 ships. When the company first took over the dock from Charlie McCarty, it was part of the Vermont Central Railroad Company. In 1878, David Day from my homeport, Ogdensburg, took my place. Day spent a lot of time trying to get the United States government to construct a life saving station on the point. About the time he did, railroads were becoming the major form of transportation."

"If you're going to talk about that blasted railroad dispute you'd better let me in here to straighten the mess out."

I turned to see a stout red-faced man approaching. He strode up to Rossman, as Rossman challenged, "Pheatt you're looking for an argument you're never going to settle. Besides, I was sayin' something unrelated to your concern."

Rossman explained, "This is Captain Pheatt of Good Harbor. Just after I left Glen Haven a railroad was due to come into the area and Pheatt wanted it to come to the port of Good Harbor."

Just then another voice started in; "Pheatt can't be trusted to discuss this issue ..."

Rossman took me aside as the other man approached Pheatt. "That's Philo Chamberlain. He owned Northern Transportation Company and all its operations around Glen Haven, the mill, hotel and farm as well as the dock and NTC shipping fleet." The two men, Pheatt and Chamberlain stood arguing, and the tension between them heightened as Chamberlain leaned over his opponent with fists clenched.

Rossman explained the drama I saw. "David Day ran the NTC operation after my departure until 1884. He owned part of the interest in it, but then sold out to his senior partner, Philo Chamberlain. Talk had been going around about a railroad coming through the county for years. Everybody was trying hard to get it to come his way. In 1885, the railroad company decided to go ahead with plans to run the line to Cedar, then to some other prospective spot."

"Captain Pheatt somehow received word that the railway had chosen to pass through Maple City, and end at the Good Harbor dock. Mr. Chamberlain got everyone from Burdickville, Glen Arbor, and Glen Haven excited about it, telling them if the railroad came as far as Glen Arbor, he'd build extensions to Glen Haven and Burdickville. He dangled visions of prosperity before them."

The men continued to argue: … "Chamberlain, you'd steal the rails if you could. We were granted the railway."

"You had no such assurance, Pheatt. They hadn't even begun laying the rails. If the railroad came to Good Harbor, it would never profit. You couldn't get one ship in five in that harbor in a storm, and that's the weather half the time the ships want in."

"The bay has three times the area for protection as the Bear, and Pyramid Point blocks more wind. Any boat that sits in Good Harbor would have sailed out unharmed."

"… only if it made it in. That harbor is too shallow to let a ship in without stripping it to its gunwales. Pheatt if you'd gotten that railroad for Good Harbor, you'd been no better than a liar to the railroad and a murderer to those shippers that believed you."

Pheatt leaped forward in rage. "This bay had more business than Good Harbor. You didn't need a railroad to succeed; the whole bay was prosperous."

Rossman stepped back and explained, "Pheatt had a gristmill on Good Harbor Bay, and because he was a ship captain for 40 years, people listened when he said that Good Harbor had an excellent harbor. He got folks from Leland to contribute money and property for the railroad by saying Leland's harbor was one of the world's finest, that a

shipping line should run north from Good Harbor to their port. That was an obvious lie. The Leland Iron Works was bankrupt in 1885 because ore ships spent most of their time there riding out storms in the bay waiting for a chance to load or unload iron and ore at the Leland dock."

I watched the two waving their arms, Pheatt stomping his feet, Chamberlain pounding his right fist into his left palm, and both trying to out-shout the other in disagreement over the past.

"Both sides spent time and money trying to influence the railway," continued Rossman.

"After a year passed, no railroad had come and both sides insisted that the other community was responsible for the railroad company changing its mind."

I looked at the two men still embattled and embittered over their mutual loss of opportunity, eternally devoted to blaming the other.

I thought about life in the 1880's, each community clustered about each thriving pier, supplying the items for trade: lumber, fruit, and fish. The resources for each commodity showed no end in sight. The soil for growing was good, and fruit was going to market in increasingly large quantities. The fishing of the Sheridans and the Burfiends was prospering. Charles Fisher, son of John Fisher, and John Ehle, a new arrival in Glen Arbor, had recently begun separate fishing operations. Lumbering was constant, as always. The Fisher Mill, NTC, Kelderhouse mills still operated. At the rate of lumbering in the Glen Lake region, the supply of lumber, though not pine, was thought sure to last indefinitely.

"But what happened when Rossmans left, Chamberlain and Kelderhouse died, and the first settlers grew old?" I asked.

"Then they had to rely," he began to walk away ... upon someone else." I wasn't sure where he was going or why.

I stood bewildered by the sudden departure of my host and the others. I had barely any chance to speak with one of them. I asked myself, "What happens next?"

Cigar smoke! I knew I smelled the musty odor, but from where? The strident sound of a throat being cleared spun my thoughts to my right. From behind a sandy knoll came the embodied voice and a plump cigar followed by a stocky, swaggering man who moved in bold steps. His eyes gleamed with authority, and he was dressed to promote this impression, a dark comfortable, tailored wool suit and hat. As if reading my previous thought, he answered, "A lot changed."

He grinned at me, as though ready to reveal an important secret to an interested newcomer. "As you know, Tom Kelderhouse owned well over half the land north of the Crystal River, in Glen Arbor Township. He died in the winter of 1884, of a hemorrhaging heart. By 1900, most of the land that was Kelderhouse's had been divided and sold amongst a dozen farmers. Tom's son Frank ran the mills until the 1890's when he closed the sawmill. He sold the gristmill to Frank Brammer in 1893 and Andrew Pellitier purchased the dock and general store in 1895."

"As for Glen Arbor, Rossman sold his interest to Union Trust Bank of Detroit, when he left and

the dock fell into disuse until it was purchased by Gordan Earl, who then sold it to the Glen Arbor Lumber company in the late 1890s. Frank Fisher followed in the business of his father, running a sawmill, and added a dock to the family operation near the mouth of the Crystal River."

"Glen Haven," he boldly continued, "was for sale. The mill, hotel and dock were all rented out, from the time of Mr. Chamberlain's death, till their purchase later in 1886. David H. Day who left Glen Haven to work for Hannah-Lay intended to return to Glen Haven one day and at no time did opportunity present itself in a more favorable way. Hannah-Lay of Traverse City closed its lumber office, where Day worked. The land around Glen Haven was being sold at rock bottom prices, and Day had the means to purchase the land."

"Why did NTC sell?"

"NTC was faced with the grave problem of keeping its ships filled and its mills operating as they had been. They had depleted the supply of timber on their own land. To continue they needed to purchase timber from other landowners. That took some of their profits away, but more important was the death of Mr. Chamberlain. The board members of the company, without Philo Chamberlain, had no idea how to run a lumber and shipping operation, so they decided to sell it."

"David H. Day realized that the supply of pine was diminishing in the south and central portions of Michigan. He knew within a decade that a second growth of pine would become valuable. He replanted trees to improve the beauty of the land. He also speculated that when pine timber became scarce and lower in quality there would be greater interest in hardwood lumber."

"He took hold of the town, eager to see it become a progressive community. He became director of the school board and kept the position all his life. He saw this region as recreation land and dreamed of one day making it a popular vacation land. He attempted to make the area attractive to vacationers, and promoted this area as one beyond compare. He spent every waking minute making sure his operations were flawless; every time a ship came into port, there was David Henry Day in charge of the activity. He became the man to see and worked hard to do justice to any man that sought him out."

Just as I guessed, I was listening to D.H. Day himself.

"Glen Haven remained a company town. Most of the progress of these years remained unseen as Day purchased an additional two thousand acres of land along the southern shore of Glen Lake, in Empire and Kasson Townships. The land was like that already owned by Day in Glen Arbor Township - a grand investment in maple and beech - Day was ready for the market change to hardwood lumber."

"The dock Day owned, offered the only light and protection near Sleeping Bear Point for distressed ships. NTC still was a major customer for Day as was another line, closely affiliated to NTC, the Seymour Transportation Company. Frequent storms damaged many ships sailing through the narrow passage, and Day was concerned for these as well as the potential loss to his port. Day frequently witnessed helpless ships foundering within sight of his dock. As a result, he actively

pursued the establishment of a life-saving station on Sleeping Bear Point."

"No action was taken by the District Headquarters in Grand Haven, until 1890. Arguments were put forth for two stations, one on either side of the passage. Others argued for one, but disagreed on which side of the passage it should go. In a letter to the Life Saving Service in Washington, D.C. in 1889, Charles Burmeister, an influential correspondent for several Great Lakes area newspapers, strongly asserted the need for two stations. He listed the many wrecks that occurred on both sides of the passage that could have been rescued if stations were there. D.H. Day followed the same tactic, and wrote Sumner J. Kimbal, Superintendent of the United States Life Saving Service in Washington, D.C. in 1892."

"Day's persistent efforts, the efforts of others, and the long time commitment of the Life Saving Service in Washington, D.C. finally resulted in the arrival of Captain G.W. Moore, Assistant Inspector from the 11th Life-Saving District, on September 7, 1898, to examine the proposed station site. Day met him at the dock and offered, free of charge, the services of two men and whatever equipment and transportation that Moore needed. Moore, Day and Andres, the keeper from the North Manitou station, went to the site. A survey was completed; Moore and Andres sailed to South Manitou, and a site there, too, was chosen."

"I kept constant pressure on the Life Saving Service, with the support of the Michigan Hardwood Lumbermans Association of which I was founder and president, and with the help of Senator McMillan of this district, and many prominent shippers."

"The South Manitou life saving station was built a year later," the man continued, "and if I hadn't ..."

"You've talked about yourself enough, Day" said a tall newcomer. "Glen Haven wasn't the only town on the bay. You oughta be talking 'bout the other folk who made this place what it is."

"You can do that yourself, Newt." Day stormed away with a thunder of grumbles.

In a deep, slow voice, Newt Sheridan introduced himself. "The man's a problem."

"He did a lot of good things, like he said. Just that he's not the only one who did anything. He's always lettin' ya know he's around, that he's the great D.H. Day. I think ya oughta know 'bout the rest of us." I asked him to continue.

"Well," he sat under the shade of a small tree, "my family were fishermen, 'cept me an' Bert. We made barrels. My brother, Lyman Sheridan and I came here in the early 1860's. Lyme came here after outfitting a wagon trip to Pike's Peak in 1861, joined me on South Manitou, then homesteaded in Cleveland Township. Some time around there he owned a store in Burdickville, sellin' dry goods. It was the first store in that settlement."

"I left the island to go to my home state New York and fight in the Civil War. Joined the 23rd New York Heavy Artillery. I returned after the war and continued fishing on the island. I left the island after Arsha, my wife, died. That was July 17, 1867." He looked into the sand, thoughtfully.

"What happened?" I asked.

"She became fer'vishly ill. We didn't have a doctor on the island. The only way to get help from

the folk on the mainland was to start up a signal fire. I stayed up by it all night, keepin' it burning tall. By the time the doctor came she was dead. I buried her at Port Oneida when I moved to the mainland."

"We, Arsha and me, had Bert and Clara. Bert grew up learnin' my trade as a cooper, Clara married Charlie Gibson who fished with my grandson Charlie, or 'Chink,' he was called."

"Charlie fished until his death in 1936. Sometimes they'd catch a ton or so. Some were sold local; some fish would be shipped by boat, from Glen haven to Chicago, when boats were running. Other times they were shipped by rail from Traverse City. White fish and trout were the most common catch, chubs, too, and perch. They were mostly shipped to Grand Haven for smoked fish. Perch were shipped in year round."

"The white fish were caught mostly in pond nets. Others were caught in gill nets. Chink and others used to fish over at South Manitou."

"There were others around here who fished. Will Bennett came here from Cape Vincent, New York in 1879. He did his fishing off Sleeping Bear Point. Kept the Day family stocked with fresh fish. When Sleeping Bear Point went, in 1913, it took a lot of his nets and a storage shack he had there."

"What else happened when the Point went in?"

"Not much. About ten acres of it got dropped in the lake … some of the beach around the life saving station. Made it hard to launch their boats. Nothing else."

"Other fishermen were Lairds, who fished near the Day State Park, Bill fished with Chink awhile, Gene Fisher, Ives Johnson, and my nephew, Bill Meredith, fished out of the Crystal River mouth, they even had a tugboat by the name of 'Ivy Rose'. John Ehle, and a family named Peterson fished around here, too. And, 'course before 1860, before I was here, John Dorsey, John Larue and the Indians did a lot of fishing out in this bay. Ole Carse Burfiend fished near Port Oneida, and his sons, too. One boy, Charlie drowned while on a fishing expedition on the Good Harbor side of the Point.

"But I made barrels, and Bert too, tho' he fished a little. You know about Doe Walker's cranberry marsh?" I nodded. "Gordon Earl had one, too, near the river. I made special barrels for them. The cranberries needed a special closing and hinge. I made barrels for the fishermen and fruit growers too.

"The fishermen'd pack the fish in 100 pound boxes, with paper for insulating, and shaved ice. The freight costs were taken out of their payments. Day even charged for carrying the crates across his dock. They were hit both ways. I remember once, at Day's dock, Day was goin' to charge a man, who'd just paid to have a whole cargo put across his dock, for his horses to be taken to shore. The man got so riled he had the boat moved closer to shore and he pushed the horses out so they'd swim to shore." He laughed.

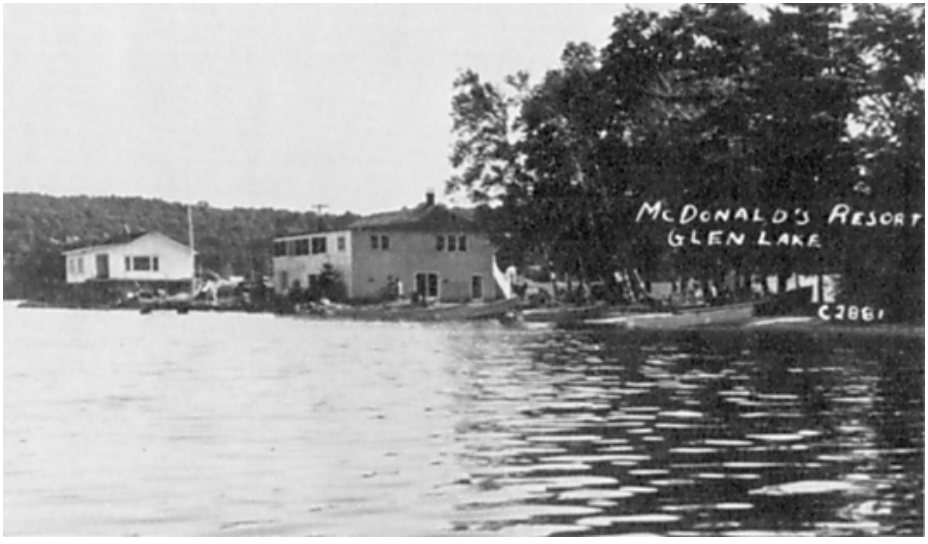
"The Glen Arbor Lumber Company ran from about 1899 to 1907, when Gordie Earl sold to John Nessen. The company had a Porter train, the kind used to go deep into the woods where there were no rivers to float out the lumber. The trains ran from the northwest side of Glen Lake, at the end of Lake Street to Lake Michigan. Day bought the train when Nessen sold out, and moved it to the west end of little Glen Lake, where it ran from there to the Glen

The D.H. Day dock at Glen Haven with Day Forest Hill in the background, topped by the water tower built for the Day Estates golf course and the country club that never materialized (Circa 1930).

Frank Fisher Sawmill, Glen Arbor, Mich. - 1907

Crystal River, Glen Arbor - Corner M-22 & CR675, 1929

Oxen used for launching boats at Meta Meuller cottage



MacDonald's Resort on the "Narrows" was built by the MacDonald and Buchanan families. Today it is a resort and marina owned by Bill and Rita Schmaltz.

Watching the sailboat regatta on the Narrows Bridge in early 1900's.

Log cabin at D.H. Day State Park, as it appeared in 1928. It is now part of the national park.

Passengers arriving at Old Settlers Picnic Grounds by Day's barge. 1897.

Carr's boathouse and lodge on M-22 near the "Narrows" is now a resort owned by Martha Gross.

Glen Eden resort pictured in 1948 when owned and operated by Pete and Tina Wrisley. Dr. Clara Hooper of Toledo originally built it in the '20s. Glen Eden Lodge, now remodeled, is a resort owned by Dick and Lois Henry.

Located on the beach of Lake Michigan (Lake Street) in Glen Arbor. Burned in 1914.

Glen Lake Yacht Club, built in 1940 on Sunset Drive near M-22.

Dunn's Farm – home of Mrs. George (Sarah) Johnson – is a Centennial Farm. It was converted to a resort and operated for many years by the Dunn and Johnson families. Sarah Johnson's grandparents, John and Bridget Dunn, settled here in 1861, receiving a homestead deed signed by President Grant.

Haven dock. Alvin Bringleson was its engineer for both companies. Charlie Plowman engineered for Day, too. The train went about fifteen miles per hour and it didn't have no brakes. Animals was always getting on the track, the train couldn't stop, and they was always bein' run over."

"There was an incline all the way from the ridge, a mile back, to the dock and the engineer had to be careful to run it in low gear so it'd stop before the dock. Someone got it goin' too fast once and put 'er in the lake. They got it out tho' with a winch from a boat."

"The mill hired about fifteen men. It had a stack that rose 60 feet in the air. It was tall so it would create proper pressure to blow the smoke out of the mill. There was a whistle at the mill that everyone set their watches by. It was loud, and could be heard for miles. The farmers knew when it was noon, to come in from the field for lunch."

"Day's tug chugged up and down the lake. The bridge used to be built higher than it is now to let the boats pass under it. They hauled logs from the Day lumber camps, which were all around the lake. The first one was named after his daughter, *Alice J. Day*. When it was too old to run, he pulled the engine out of the tug and put it in another boat called the *Swegothie*. To build that he got two Norwegians from across the county. He'd go down to where they worked every day and tell them how to do it right. Every day they'd quit, and he'd promise to stop botherin' them; then they'd come back."

"Nessen had a tug too. Used it to haul lumber, and farm produce from Burdickville in boxcars, to his railroad in Glen Arbor. It was sunk just off the end of Lake Street. Kids used to catch perch and rock bass around it."

"Day used to let this tug out for taking people across the lake on August 3rd, which was Kasson Freeman's birth date, and because he was an important pioneer around these parts, his birthday was celebrated every year at the Old Settler Picnic Grounds near Burdickville."

"Kasson was a clever fellow. He patented a picket fence making machine that was sold out of Grand Rapids. He predicted picket fences would replace the old board fences, and they did."

"At the end of the day everybody would catch the tug back to home, Day didn't charge them a thing, and Captain Henry Dorsey was glad to do it."

"I kin remember once some of the local men felt the old *Alice Day* tug had reached her prime an' they tol' Cap'n Henry Dorsey they thought so. Henry tol' them to put up or shut up' and it came down to a pulling contest for the old tug. On a Sunday morning, that summer, Cap'n Dorsey and his crewman, Billy Brooder, brought the tug over to the picnic grounds. The men loaded up the boom, that's the barge, with 1400 logs. Lotta folks thought *Alice Day* couldn't pull a hundred logs and wagered she couldn't. Henry hooked up to the boom. But most of the old timers, who knew Cap'n Dorsey, had faith in his skill and in the tug Henry said could do the job. So when the tug pulled those logs, piled from the beach to the deep water, the old timers hooted, 'I told you so', and slapped the losers on the back."

He fairly beamed, while recalling the incident, then continued on another subject. "Lumberjacks

used to get paid about 15¢ per hour, dock hands about 35¢ per hour, till about 1910, when lumberjacks got 17.5¢ and dock hands 40¢. Most of their pay was in coupons good only at the company store. Day had 'em all th' way around."

"There were two Indian families who used to work for Day; the Westmans and the Jacksons. Westmans finally moved to Tucker Lake in the 20's. John Westman was a well-liked man, a real hard worker. I remember he and Charlie Musil worked on the reconstruction of the Day dock in the 20's. They was all shy folks, the Indians. Some of them sold baskets around here. They'd come into town with baskets wrapped up in sheets to sell. But if you went to their camp to buy anything, the'd all be hidin' in their shacks."

"They were all good folks though. Even Chief Redbird, who all the kids were afraid of. He'd get staggerin' drunk in town and ask the kids to walk him home."

"Charlie Westman broke both his legs in a logging accident. Kids used to steal muskmelons from his patch, and he couldn't do nothing, but yell at 'em."

"One of the sons of John and Maggie Westman was an excellent horseman. Moses joined the cavalry and died in action during WW-I."

"They were nice folks, but people didn't always treat 'em well. The Indian children couldn't even go to school here until 1920, when Harry Dumbrille was county superintendent."

Newt Sheridan continued, "In the fall of 1912, a flock of brown hawks passed along the shoreline of Lake Michigan. They came from out of the north and flew low, but never landed. Even more unusual was the size of the flock - which seemed to be flying overhead continuously from September till November. The local people had a field day, everyday, shooting into the air, killing several birds with each blast. None around here ever determined where the birds came from, and there was very little news about the incident."

"The only people who sought to find the origin, and purpose of the hawks, were members of an ornithology club in Grand Rapids. Three members, working with limited funds set out to trace the flight of the birds one man going north, two others going south."

"The researcher in Canada made it to Thunder Bay where he encountered some traders and Indians from an area south of Hudson Bay. From them he learned that the birds began their flight near the tribal lands of the Indians. Never before had the birds made the flight they had just recently completed, but he was told that year they had bred in far greater numbers than ever before known. These facts the researchers assembled, but with no conclusions."

Newt told me another story about a murder. William Knickerbocker, a young man who came from southern Michigan came to Glen Lake in the winter of 1908. His cousin, 'Acey' Allen, lived on Miller Hill and worked for Mark Randal. William, after getting into trouble down state, decided to go north and seek refuge with his cousin Acey, a hard working lad, and a trusting soul.

One August afternoon he returned to find Lucy and William engaged in a posture detrimental to the

felicity and harmony of his happy home. Acey grabbed William as he was streaking to escape and shot him with a revolver.

Dr. Fralick, the attendant physician was nearest the man when Knickerbocker gave his dying confession of guilt. He pleaded, a generous last wish, that Acey be found innocent due to his, William's, wrong doing.

Acey was tried in court, represented by J.J. Twiddle and J.W. Patchin. On October 21, 1908, Acey was found guilty "being feloniously, willfully and of malicious aforethought did kill and murder one William Knickerbocker." Acey received strong character support from the community. Judge Kellogg from Kasson Township sought, successfully, to fill a petition with names of those people who felt Acey was a good man. Because of this fellowship with the community, and the particular circumstances of the case, "Acey" was given a light sentence: a $115 fine and one-year probation.

I enjoyed hearing about events of local color, but as Newt Sheridan drifted away, a roly-poly man with a blue pea coat, strolled by. Jovially he greeted me. "I'm Captain William Walker. No relation to Dr. William Walker, mind you. I was the first captain of the Sleeping Bear Point Life Saving Station. I had a crew of six and served at the station from February 1902, till I was relieved of my duty June 1910 by Captain Frank Partridge."

"Guess how many wrecks there've been? Up to 1910, the year I left, there were one hundred and fifty-six stranded vessels around this bay, most of them near Manitou Island. I'll bet over half of them happened in the fall, and most of these in the month of November."

"A lot of the stranded vessels were pulled off the shoals by other ships. The station crews were able to help sailors and cargoes safely off ships and provide a place to stay. We could also contact other ships to come and give assistance. We always had a man out patrolling the beach. When a ship did lose its course we signaled to it by flare, horn or megaphone, depending upon the conditions."

"What happened to the life saving station when the promontory went into the lake?" I asked, remembering Newt's reference to it.

"It did make the beach a rugged shore to launch a boat from. It was a terrible surprise to Captain Charlie Robinson and his family, and to the crew. They'd all gone into town to a dance. On the way there they'd walked along the beach, over the point, coming back the same way."

"When they arose the next day the point was gone, taking with it their chicken coop and fence. But the eerie part for them was seeing their own footprints leading to the edge of the water."

"One of the service men had been on patrol that night and his horse struggled against going along the route on the beach. When he got as far as the broken beach in the morning I'm sure he blessed his stars, and his horse that he hadn't ventured earlier across that plain as he'd wanted."

I asked Captain Walker why it happened. He shook his head. "I can only guess, but I suppose it has something to do with the lake current. There's a north to south current that flows through the Manitou Passage. If you get up high enough you

Nessens built Sylvan Inn in 1915 as their home, then sold it to George Grady who use it as Grady's Inn after the Walker Inn burned. Now owned by Mrs. Elain Below and used for summer arts and crafts shops.

Glen Arbor Gift Shop in 1938, owned by Jack Rader. New shop built by Jack and Mary Rader in 1946 and owned until 1971.

Sportsman's Shop pictured as constructed in 1948, when Carl and Ruth Oleson first began their business.

Kum-an-Dyne, popular dining room operated by Martha Andresen, is pictured here in 1938. Built around the turn of the century, it still remains a well cared for home.

Tonawatha Resort, private summer camp, owned by Frank and Anna Gregory of Chicago, was a rustic health haven. Shown here in the front of the tent are Gertrude Slocum and Evelyn Johnson (Kroeber). Members of the Whiteside family are lounging by a hammock and protected by a faithful dog. A group of merry-makers in front of the Brown Cottage include girls who later became Mrs. Worthington and Mrs. Warren. (Taken about 1915.) Tonawatha was later known as Old Orchard Inn.

Bethlehem Lutheran Church as pictured in 1951, when the congregation assembled for ground breaking ceremonies on a new addition. Rev. Edward Schmidt with shovel and Roscoe Woodcock, Cloys Rader and Hattie Olsen.

Jack and Marie Hilton on the porch of their Glen Arbor grocery store in 1928. Purchased by Walter and Hazel Steffens in 1946, the building was replaced by the IGA store in 1962.

Cutting ice and loading truck on Glen Lake. Dick Hlavka on truck and Herman Brammer by loading rig – 1928.

Putting up ice at Glen Eden's icehouse – 1928.

Unloading lake ice into Brammer's Ice House on M-22 near 675, for summer trade in the 1930's.

can see how far the shoals go into the passage. On the west side the water is shallow, the east side is quite deep. It may have caused an under water avalanche on the lee side of the dune leaving a very steep, undercut slope. At least that's my guess."

"Then there was the wreck of the *Rising Sun* which was the produce transport ship of the House of David settlement, from Benton Harbor, Michigan."

"The steamer weighed 447 tons and was carrying turnips and potatoes from High Island in the Beaver Island group. She was captained by Charles D. Morrison, and was bound for St. Joseph, Michigan with 14 passengers and a crew of three. The 14 passengers were children and women of the religious colony who harvested the produce carried on the *SS Rising Sun*."

"In the evening of October 29, 1917, blinded by a snowstorm with driving winds of fifty-five mile per hour, the *Rising Sun* struck the reef off Pyramid Point. The rudder was sheared off immediately and a steam pipe connected to the engine broken off. The engine went out of commission and the *Rising Sun* drifted near the shore of Pyramid Point."

"At 12:40 a.m. Captain Robinson received a call from Fred Baker, a Port Oneida farmer, alerting him of the distressed vessel. Several passengers had swum from the boat to shore, approximately one hundred yards, and sought out Baker's help after being turned away from two wary households. Fred reported fifteen people were still on board. Captain Robinson noted the strong high seas and snow and decided to take the rescue launch by wagon to the site of the disaster."

"The captain called Fred Baker from Glen Arbor, and found that all but one old man had been removed from the boat. When the life saving crew finally arrived, it was 10:15 a.m. October 30th, ten hours after they received the call for help. The crew launched the lifeboat, the *Beebe McMillan* at 10:20 and returned with the old man. None was lost. But the ship was a total loss."

"Months later, the produce, potatoes and turnips cluttered the shore. The produce caused more than an eyesore along the beach, it got caught in the nets of fishermen on the lake, all the way to Leland. The lumber from the ship was used by two crewmembers who decided to stay behind, Ben Adbin and Johann Johanns. They built living quarters on the shore near Pyramid Point and fished there for several years."

"The lighthouse, the captain of the *Rising Sun* tried to find during the storm was replaced in 1934 by the lighthouse called the 'Crib'."

"The Lyons Construction Company tried very hard to finish the crib before the winter of '33 set in. They didn't want to get just so far, then have to quit, and have the winter storms ruin part of the work they had done. Also shippers were anxious to have it put in because the North Manitou life saving station was closed in April of that year. The foundation was sunk early in September 1933. The compartments, to be filled with gravel, were built in Frankfort and towed by the tug *Fred W. Greene*. Twenty-two men, four boats, the barge *Interlaken*, a derrick scow, a steam tug, and a Diesel tug worked during the fall securing the Crib on the Manitou Shoal. The structural work was built twenty feet above the water and readied for pouring concrete into the forms. Their work progressed well but the battle for time against the imminent November storms was being lost. They were ready to drive the sheet piling, the forms for the concrete, when storms hindered their work."

I had gotten used to unexpected guests. The entrance of a new speaker had become an anticipated event. I also expected, like the others, that the captain would leave, having said all he intended.

Ships were, as Captain Walker said, responsible for the early arrival of vacationers to Glen Arbor. The resorts and the people who ran them were also an inducement.

Standing before me suddenly was Elizabeth Ray, a pleasant woman with a pretty smile. She wanted to tell me about the history of resorts around

Glen Arbor. Welby hosted the earliest of vacationers, along with D.H. Day, the Millers and the Todds. She made it clear that theirs was not the first resort. ... and of course the Todd Hotel, and Day's Sleeping Bear Inn were built in the 1850s, but then they were for travelers and salesmen as well as boarding houses.

"Vacationing travel began in the 1880s when Philo Chamberlain was still the owner of NTC." She told me of a travel leaflet, printed by NTC, describing all its ports along the Michigan seaboard and in 1880 the Glen Haven area.

"The steamers of this line will leave Glen Haven this season as follows: Daily Tuesdays and Wednesdays expected at 10 o'clock in the morning. For Mackinaw, Cheboygan, Duncan City, Presque Isle, Port Huron, Toledo and Cleveland.

To the Pleasure Seeker: - Glen Lake is well stocked with all kinds of fish, and those wishing to enjoy a quiet rest and good sport can here find the opportunity at a nominal expense. Boats and small steamer on the lake to let. Those who like camping out can find no better place than Glen Lake to spend a vacation. Any further information cheerfully furnished by D.H. Day, Agent N.T. Co."

"Early resorts also grew fruit. The Millers, who claimed to have the finest view in northern Michigan, lived in a home overlooking Glen Lake and Sleeping Bear Bay, had been growing fruit since the 1860s, and had the first fruit to be shipped over the Sleeping Bear Bay docks.

"We had far fewer trees and land than the Millers," she modestly added. "We made enough money from the produce to advertise and make arrangements in our home for 'outsiders', to come and spend their summers."

"David Day did all he could to persuade people to come north and visit this beautiful part of Michigan. He continued the efforts of N.T. Co. through advertising the shipping route. People were reliant upon lumber and fruit, and shipping both, until the early 1900s. The Lumber began running low and railroads were more common up here for shipping. The lumbering jobs began getting scarce, so there was less work at the dock and mill. David Day was in the best position to do something about the problem. He, along with many other businessmen in the western part of Michigan, formed the West Michigan Pike Association, about 1913. They published a booklet describing roads and steamship lines servicing the North where people could enjoy their summers."

"It was a boon to many of us, already in the resort business and encouraged others to begin resorts. Why, just between 1900 and 1920 there were several new resorts and hotels that opened up around here; Burks, Langricks Hotel, Nessens, Sylvan Inn, Walkers Inn, Krulls, Ockers, Grady's, Dunn's, and the Gregorys who bought our place."

"We moved to the Narrows and named our new resort, Del-Mer."

I asked her to tell me a little more about the resorts and summer activities.

"Well, I can certainly try," she smiled. "There were several on Little Glen Lake. On the south shore was King's place, Ocker's Cold Springs Resort open sometime around 1904; Burk's on the north shore, and Cedar Springs Lodge about 1909

was very rough on the inside like many of the early resorts. Then there was David Day's Sleeping Bear Inn, which benefited from its proximity to the docks, as did the inns of Glen Arbor."

"None served as a resort but they did attract summer visitors, like the Walker Inn, owned by Dr. Walker then transferred to his wife, Eliza, then to his daughter Estelle. It was a beautiful hotel, also near the water, like the Sleeping Bear Inn and close to the port. But the Walker Inn was different because it was elegant. It had plush rugs, elaborate chandeliers and a beautiful ballroom. It was the scene of some of the most elegant dances in the entire northwest region. The dining table was always set properly with the finest silver. Salesmen, travelling on the ships of Lake Michigan made it a point in their journey to spend a night or a weekend at the Walker Inn."

"Estelle Walker died, leaving the Walker Inn to her son, George Grady. He was very proud of the Inn. He cooked the meals and saw to the perfection of everything. But one winter's eve, in 1914 the Walker Inn caught fire. George and men from the town formed a bucket brigade from the hotel to the lake. The blaze was too heated, too far along to stop and George, exhausted and grief stricken had to be pulled away from the inferno."

'The Nessens built the Sylvan Inn shortly after they purchased Gordon Earl's shingle mill. It was located near the Glen Arbor Lumber Company dock on the west side of Glen Arbor, next to the railroad tracks. There used to be a small community of lumbermen's houses near the Sylvan Inn too, but they were dismantled after the Glen Arbor Lumber Company sold out in 1907."

"George Grady turned that inn, former quarters of lumberjacks, into a very nice place for people to stay. His cooking abilities were quite well known. But he never took in anyone he didn't like."

"The other hotel in Glen Arbor was the Langrick's Inn, at first a boarding house for the lumberjacks at the Nessen mill, then a boarding house for anybody. In 1907 Christian Andresen, whose family had been in the area since 1906, bought it from a Chicago man. In 1916 Christian's oldest son Carl and his wife Martha moved there. It's her home now, but was for awhile a boarding house that she ran, and for a few years, in the 1930s, a dining room she called the 'Kum-n-Dyne'."

"In 1918 the Krulls from Toledo, bought the Nessen Mill property at the end of Lake Street on Glen Lake. Christian Krull's resort attracted many people who stayed on in later years as cottage owners; perhaps you'll recognize some of the names: MacLachan, Baxter, Stock, Greene, and Dr. Lawrence Day, the nephew of David Day. All of them built near the Krull resort. Some of the cottages are on what is now called Northwood Road, and a few cottages are on Sunset Drive south of Krulls, like Day's log cabin."

"Krull's resort wasn't always on the shore of Glen Lake, but was several hundred yards inland. It was in one of the buildings used to house the Nessen lumberjacks when they began their business. Later they moved to the edge of the lake and rented fish boats to their resort customers, then to nearby cottagers."

"When Christian's son Phil returned from service at the end of WW-II, he took over the

business. Phil was a boating enthusiast from his youth. It had been a common sight to see him cruising about the lake in a sailboat after his return. He had the operation of the resort well in hand, when he started the operation of his marina. He began with sailboats, canoes and fishing craft, then later began dealing in larger, faster boats as people wanted and could afford them."

"There was another marina on the lake, by the way. The Ralston marina was located at the entrance of the Crystal River. They sold to Dexter and Mary Seeburger in 1945. But Dex had the advantage of starting out with a boathouse and 12 boats. Within ten years he had over 250 boats and two, larger boathouses. The marina is now Crystal Harbor."

"Several of the resorts had their own canoes. Like Burks and Gregorys. It was a day affair to go from Glen Lake down the Crystal River to Lake Michigan, eat lunch on the shore then paddle to Glen Haven, catch the train (this was before 1920) at Glen Haven to the Day Mill and paddle back to the resort."

"One resort was on Lake Michigan near Port Oneida. It was owned and operated by Fred and Ellen Miller. Fred Miller was one of the best carpenters in the area. He built the most beautiful, log cabins and boats. His home served many visitors to this region and his wife cared for them with her pleasant manners and marvelous cooking. The Millers had a farm that provided dairy products to many of the local resorts and residents. It was a tragedy that their resort, too, burned down in 1922."

"The Marshall Millers, unrelated to the Fred Millers as I told you before, had a beautiful location for a resort, but it closed in 1915, before the resort business was in full bloom."

"On the eastern shore of Glen Lake, Dunn's Farm, the homestead of a true pioneer family, was another resort, which catered largely to the vacationers from Detroit, while the Gregorys catered to people from Chicago."

"North of Dunn's, near the entrance of Fisher's Lake, on what is known as Fisher's Point, was the Glen Eden Hotel. A wonderful woman, Dr. Clara Hooper, established it about 1920. She was known as a homeopathic doctor, one who used herbal or folk remedies for medicinal cures."

"This was a health resort. She made sure people received plenty of fresh air and good food and exercise."

"But of course, the resort I know most about was the Gregory's." She finally chose to sit upon the log where each of the former speakers had sat, tucking her legs off to one side. "Mr. Gregory came to our resort in 1906. He was exhausted from his work at National Lead Co. in Chicago and badly needed a rest. The peacefulness of the Glen Lake summer and the solitude of our resort prompted him to make us an offer for it, at whatever price we would sell."

"Mrs. Gregory came the following year and found operating a resort to her liking. She named the resort Tonawathya, (beautiful water). She insisted upon quiet at many times during the day, and always fed her guests garden fresh vegetables and fruit. Her cottages were designed with sleeping porches so the guests would receive fresh northern Michigan air as they slept."

"Like George Grady, she'd turn a body out if

they didn't have the proper qualifications. She was very strict about her rules. They were seldom broken; few people cared to face her disapproval. She was a large stern looking woman, and rather outspoken too. One of her rules was, if anyone caused her too much trouble, they were turned out of Tonawathya, never to return, nor any member of that person's family. She was particular about when people ate. A bell rang as a warning and half an hour later the bell rang for that meal - breakfast at eight, lunch at noon and dinner at six. Should they arrive after the bell, they would not be served."

"At Tonawathya all the families sat together at large tables. The menus were set, something designated for each night of the week. On Sundays they'd have chicken, baking powder biscuits, delicious vanilla cookies and ice cream. Sunday night suppers were served buffet style. Carl Oleson would bring peas from the garden on Sunday morning. You could earn an extra small dish of peas by doing some of the shelling, sitting on the open front porch."

"They used to have dances almost every Saturday night. Every week they'd have sailing races. The men used to come from the life saving station and lay out the buoys, since they were the only people with enough rope to do it. Late in the 30s, Charlie Dunscombe would tow his raft to Tonawathya's raft and they'd join them together for an observation platform for the regatta. They'd have canoe races and swim races too. It was Mr. Kilgour, a long time summer vacationer, and Mr. Gregory who organized the regattas."

"Snipe racing was becoming very popular around the lake. Some of the young people were avid sailors; Jim and Corny Johnson of Dunn's Farm; Kay, Fay and Helen Hench of Tonawathya, Mary Jane Fetzer and Bud Byerly of Fisher Point. This was about 1935. Races were being organized on Glen Lake and people from outside Glen Lake began coming here to participate in special Regattas. Finally it was decided a meeting place was needed and so Glen Lake Yacht Club came into being. Jim Johnson, Kay Hench and John Patton were the main organizers of the club and they got their parents and friends to contribute to a site and building for their activities. The charter members paid $200 apiece and I think I can name most of them: Jay Hench, Will Dickinson, Wade Fetzer, Sam Dean, Dr. Patton, Robert Lanphier, Jim White, George Johnson, Roy Deng, James Byerly, George Schilling, Chester Miller, James MacIvor, Mr. House, Kirk White, and Philo Danly. It was designed by Harford Field and built by Frank Petrosky in 1941, a local carpenter who built many of the cottages around here. They were able to use it for one season before the war started and they had to close it until the war ended."

"Now let me think back a little to some of the other things that happened amongst all the resorts." She became quiet and seemed to ponder at length. "Most of the resorts," she began softly, "had chauffeured surreys to pick up passengers from the boats. And on Saturday mornings," she said brightly, everyone would rush to the Glen haven dock to watch the boats come in from Chicago. Fathers and husbands would wave to their anxious families as they returned from work in Chicago to visit. The boats were beautiful sights, especially, the *Manitou*, with its stack and spars set at a sharp

angle, looking very streamlined. Her appointments were the best of the line; cabins of fine mahogany, a dining salon and social hall of glistening, polished brass. She was the queen ship of Lake Michigan and made three trips per week between Chicago and Mackinaw Island. The others were also gleaming passenger boats; *The Puritan*, *Missouri*, and *Illinois*. They'd steam out of the harbor Sunday night returning men to work in downtown Chicago on Monday morning. Coming and going was always a festive occasion. The company became insolvent in 1931 and the owner had to sell all the ships of the Northern Michigan line."

"There was even a passenger boat on Glen Lake", she continued. Ralph Dorsey who purchased a rescue tug from the Coast Guard, hence its name, *The Rescue*, captained it. Ralph's boat seated about thirty people. It was a simple boat. The engine was in the center, where it could be easily seen. He kept his boat spotless. And he was very punctual. He had regular rounds, and visited each resort around the lake at approximately the same time each day. He was cautious too. If it was a shallow part of the lake, such as at the Dunns, he'd row his rowboat which he always towed along side the *Rescue* to pick up passengers and take them back to the boat. He'd never take passengers out on a rough day. Even if he was scheduled to pick them up to return them to their various resorts, he would rather they be stranded than risk their drowning. But in spite of Ralph's good intentions, some people say he did drink a little, though I knew nothing of it."

"Several people were waiting for Ralph Dorsey one day on the east shore of Glen Lake near the Doctor Fralick residence. Ralph's boat appeared in the distance, chugging through the Glen Lake narrows. It seemed odd to them that Ralph stopped the boat at that point, over deep water, then they were stunned by the sight of him chopping away at the deck of his boat. Within minutes water began spouting through the deck. Ralph got into the rowboat and began rowing away."

"The *Rescue* was settling into the depths of the lake. After a few minutes the boat stopped sinking, the water even with its deck. Ralph returned to the *Rescue*, climbed on board to remove the thirty life preservers, stored under the seats of the *Rescue* before it sank. Then he rowed a short distance away to watch his boat glide beneath the surface of the lake. To the astonishment of the small crowd, he rowed across the lake to his home on the south shore of Little Glen Lake."

"He was a superstitious man, Ralph was. Wouldn't go out on days he considered unlucky. On the eve of that particular day, Ralph had a dream. Something bad about the boat he wouldn't tell a soul. That day he attempted to continue with his schedule, but he finally decided it was for the good of all to avoid the disaster he felt might happen with the *Rescue,* and sunk it that moment.{"

"His brother, Henry, captain of the *Alice Day*, and nephews were shocked and they returned to drag the lake for the boat. They found nothing but a few planks and some life preservers."

"There were other interesting people around the lake. Richard Tobin was one. Dick had a store near the Narrows. The kids used to love to go there and have ice cream. They'd always surprise him

with a request for something he didn't know how to make. He let them make it themselves, watch them, then put it on his menu. I even remember that he stopped selling oranges because they sold so fast he became frustrated that he couldn't keep them stocked." She chuckled to herself.

"The bridge now across the Narrows is the third bridge. At one time part of the crossing used to be just a lot of logs laid down till you got to the bridge. It was a little like a corduroy road except the logs were parallel to the direction of the road. For a while when the bridge was out, Dick Tobin would take people across the narrows in a rowboat. They'd either come to his side of the channel to ask him or they had to get his attention from the other side. It wasn't far and he'd row across in just a few minutes. For those who came from a distance on horseback or in a wagon, he'd care for their horses until they came back."

"The Tobins were one of the prominent families on the south side of the Narrows. Their settlement, along with the Kings and Ockers and Dorseys constituted Glenmere. Glenmere had its own post office, run by Dick Tobin from 1902 to 1935."

"It was a busy area around the Narrows during the summer with kids and adults crossing back and forth from one side of the Narrows to the other. After the second bridge was built people would gather on it to watch the regattas. Ralph Dorsey's tug picked people up there. And the *Alice Day* and later the *Oswegothie* could be seen chugging along, with Henry Dorsey or Charlie Plowman as captain, towing a raft of logs behind." She stopped. I looked at her, trying to discern why she ceased so abruptly. "There are a lot of memories," she said slowly. "But they all become very general with time. The dates are so hard to remember."

"I should mention - the Day Forest Estates Country Club, a golf course. And do you know that there was another golf course on the other side of the lake? It was begun before the Day Forest Estates were ever thought of."

"The Glen Lake Country Club, as it was called, was organized in April, 1921. Its first playing season was 1925. Its first officers and directors were: Harry Wilca, George Johnson, Dr. George Fralick, George Mason, D.A. Clagette, F.A. Gregory, George Vinnard, M. Ocker, Elmer Billman, Henry Nessen and Charles Dryden. It was a small and very rough course by contemporary standards. The clubhouse was located at the very top of the hill just south of the Old Settlers Picnic ground. So when the Day Forest Estates was developed, with an excellent golf course, the Glen lake Country Club found itself confronted with stiff competition. It survived ten seasons of use. The country club was the scene of many dinner and dance parties."

"I can remember, Elmer Billman was the head of the Sports and Pastime Committee. One August day, it was the year of the 'Crash' in fact, 1929, fifty members and guests gathered for a fantastic 'Play-Day' as they called it, to compete for prizes contributed by twenty-three local businessmen."

"The golfers found some unusual conditions, besides the showery weather that day. On the first hole a prize was given for the longest drive. At the tee a disturbance was arranged so as each player started his downswing a bell was run, a whistle sounded or some noise made to startle him. On one

green a right-handed player had to putt left-handed and vice versa; on another, the hole-out was a pitch into a barrel made of old tire casings, instead of a putt. The extra hole was golf as it might have been played in the Stone Age. The player drove, with his choice of a half dozen natural crook clubs, tree limbs, found in the nearby woods, a ball as unlike a golf ball as possible, towards a green hacked out of the rough with a scythe, where the flag was a piece of birch bark tacked on an unhewn tree trunk. Finally, one of the set of prizes were for those who had traveled the most miles to get to Glen Lake. A player from Beaumont, Texas, won with 1568 miles."

"The country club was closed nine years when it was sold to the William Pepplers in 1943. They used the cleared land to build cottages with a view and named the resort Glenview. The clubhouse was purchased by Carl Thompson from Detroit."

Elizabeth Ray's voice faded. She moved out of sight before I could say good-bye. But then, a dapper looking fellow in a blazer jacket, wearing a flat straw hat, was suddenly at my elbow.

"Ben Hendel's my name," he said breathlessly. "If it's Day Forest Estates that you're wondering about, I can help. I was one of the promoters."

"Ah! What a grand dream we had! To make Day Forest Estates famous! We figured it might even become the summer home for the President of the United States. With a nation-wide campaign to offer lots to prominent citizens - those who would appreciate the spectacular designs we had for a country club, golf, tennis, an airport and everything - we couldn't miss, we thought."

"That was the summer of 1929. Just before the Wall Street Crash. So our dreams ended with the Depression. At least we got the golf course completed and it lasted until WW-II shortages."

"Ol' D.H. Day died before the crash though, knowing the land he set aside as the first state park in Michigan would keep his name going. His forest kept growing too, because it wasn't until 1949 when land options and political mix-ups finally resulted in the sale of the property to Pierce Stocking, a Cadillac lumberman. Even then, Stocking never cut down the forest. He built up a private park on the south end of the Sleeping Bear Dunes where cars could be driven atop the sand dunes. He also planted beautiful flowers in a garden replica of the state of Michigan, with goldfish swimming in the 'lakes'."

"I expect there are dreamers everywhere, like that bunch of people who bought up North Manitou Island with visions of a private hunting and fishing paradise. And then the National Park came along."

"Or how about the government dreamers who are busily reshaping this region into a national park for wilderness lovers. Or will they want something swankier too - I wonder?"

Ben laughed crazily, clapping his hands and tossing his silly hat in the air. It landed on my head, I think. Or was it a U.F.O. that struck me?

The sun was sinking in an aura of golden rays. I shook the sand from my feet and felt the bump on my head as I gathered myself together. Taking off for home, and the friends I wanted to see, I postponed thinking about what happened until another day.

pioneers speaking

These area senior citizens shared their lifetime experiences with several different interviewers. Their stories have been condensed from lengthy tape-recorded conversations. Although some of the material has been used in other chapters, these excerpts are included for added interest.

Pearle Davis Warnes Westcott
(Excerpts from an interview in 1975)

Q. Would you tell us more about the store that you and your husband had in Glen Arbor? Would it be the store now owned by Bob and Elna Garthe, the Arbor Light, which sells antiques, gifts, and crafts?
A. *"That's right. It's a historical site now since it was built back in 1892. Ehle and Dumbrille general store it was then. We bought it from them in 1921 when I came to Glen Arbor as a bride. We called it a general store and later we had an ice-cream parlor in back. On the second level was the dance hall and meeting room."*
Q. How did you get supplies for the store?
A. *"We ordered things from Grand Rapids, then went to Cedar to pick them up by car. We had one of the first station wagons around here, but it had canvas curtains then."*
Q. What did you do about perishables?
A. *"People just got their own and stored them for the winter. We didn't sell any at the store."*
Q. How were the roads?
A. *"There was nothing but dirt roads. The road to Empire was just a lane through the woods. But they had a corduroy (wooden planks) road up to Brammer's mill."*
Q. Was that because it was swampy there?
A. *"Yes, it was always wet and the road was narrow."*
Q. How did you get news then of national events?
A. *"We didn't get much, not even about elections until much later. But we heard things from passers-by or got newspapers when boats came in at Glen Haven."*

Q. Was the Sylvan Inn being used when you moved here?
A. *"Yes. When the Leelanau School first started, the hotel took in parents of the boys when they came to visit."*
Q. What do you remember about the township government then?
A. *"They had caucuses set up in our hall in the Spring of the year. At those meetings they nominated officers. All the voting was done in the little building down towards the big lake. That was the town hall then."*
Q. What were things like in the Depression? Were many people on welfare?
A. *"Most everyone was on welfare. Sometimes those on welfare did better than those who weren't.*
Q. Was there a welfare board in town?"
A. *"No, just at the county-seat, but they brought the food supplies here and asked if we could handle it - things like canned meat, rice, flour and butter."*
Q. How about telephones and electricity?
A. *"There were about five telephones in town, I think. Electricity came in about 1932. That's when we built our house and had it wired."*
Q. When you moved here in 1921 were there still cranberries growing in the marsh?
A. *"Yes, we ate lots and lots of them."*
Q. Is it true that you had slot machines at one time?
A. *"Yes, we had one in the store. There was one in the Post Office and practically in every business in town. But they were finally banned. There was a lot of hi-jacking of them. Once a fellow come into the store and played the machine, then he grabbed it and ran. We had a ketchup bottle and hit him with it so he dropped the machine and got away in his car."*

Marie Andresen Rader

Marie Andresen Rader
(Came to Glen Arbor in 1906)
(Excerpts from an interview in 1975)

Marie was one of five children of the Christian Andresen family that moved to Glen Arbor from Chicago in 1906. She has lived here ever since.

Q. Where did your father, Christian Hans Andresen immigrate from?
A. *"He came from Denmark when he was seventeen years old. He would have had to enter military service for seven years had he stayed. The Germans were invading Denmark and they threw away all Danish books. So everyone was forced to learn German. Father could speak all of the Scandinavian tongues ..."*
Q. What kind of work did your father do?
A. *"First he worked on a farm for some relatives in Iowa. Later he went to Chicago where he worked in a school. He studied all the books he could find and learned English ... He had a bicycle shop one time... He came here because he was often sick*

with asthma and hay fever. He answered an ad in the Chicago paper and bought property near Miller Hill - 160 acres. We children had to walk three miles into Glen Arbor to go to school. This caused father to trade the farm for a house in town - the one Martha Andresen lives in now."

Q. Were there any boarding houses here then?

A. *"When we lived in the Andresen house, mother would take in people. The mail boat from South Manitou used to come in often. Sometimes if a storm came up we would have boarders several days."*

Q. Do you remember fishermen being here?

A. *"Yes, there were lots of them with their nets drying on the beaches."*

Q. What churches were here?

A. *"There was a community church where any minister could preach as long as he made arrangements first. Sometimes evangelists would come and stay a couple of weeks. We always took them in at our house. Later on the Lutheran Church was built."*

Q. What kind of social activities do you recall?

A. *"There were different things, parties, quilting bees ... we always found something to do. Church socials too."*

Q. Do you remember seeing Indians and what they did for a living?

A. *"Mostly they worked in the woods or the saw mills. They piled lumber for D.H. Day. The women sold hand-woven baskets in the summer. They often went past our house with their baskets in a bed sheet hung over their shoulders."*

Q. What do you recall about the schools?

A. *At the Glen Arbor School you could only go to the eighth grade. I particularly remember when Harry Dumbrille and his wife taught there.*

Q. Do you remember the Walker Inn?

A. *That was a lovely place. Carl Walker owned it, just across from the Bourne's Shop that's there now. Where the lilacs and rose bushes are. Dr. Walker had a homestead farm too, down near the cranberry marshes, on Glen Lake, with a big barn all the kids loved.*

Pearl Sheriff

(Excerpts from an interview Oct. 1975)

Pearl Sheriff is a life-long resident of the Empire and Glen Arbor communities. Until recently she operated a garden produce stand on M22 between Glen Lake and Empire.

Q. Tell us of your early remembrances of this area.

A. *"I was born in 1897 and spent my early years in Glen Haven. I did not go to Glen Arbor until I married. My folks used to go through to the Brammer mill to get their grain ground. I was married in Glen Arbor by my Uncle Lyman Sheridan, a Justice of the Peace. My husband was a commercial fisherman and I helped him with the work. We had a boathouse near "Happy" Sheridan's. Right across from our shanty was the Walker Hotel, which burned down later. There were always many guests at the Walker. It was operated*

Pearl Gibson Sheriff

by Mrs. Walker until her death when Mrs. Grady took over. I worked at the hotel in the kitchen and dining room as well as making beds. After the hotel burned, Carl and Estelle Walker moved into Jack Hilton's home. Mrs. Grady and her husband, George, bought the Nissen house. They named it The Sylvan Inn. Mr. Grady managed the Inn and did a lot of business. The Inn was always neat and clean - George was a very fussy man."

"I ran the Glen Arbor laundry - mostly for the summer people. It was a busy place during the hot months."

"A Doctor Walker came to Glen Arbor and started a cranberry marsh. Just about everyone went there to pick the berries. One could make tasty pies with this fruit."

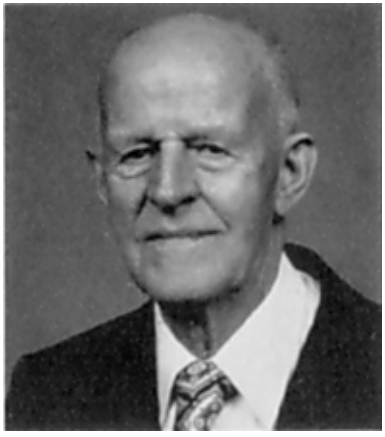
Q. What can you tell us about the Indians in the area?

A. *"There was a family here by the name of Westman. I knew Old Man Westman. He used to visit my Grandpa when I was a little girl. My Grandpa always felt sorry for the Indians and whenever Mr. Westman came he gave him apples, maybe some ham or cider; once, Mr. Westman gave me a little basket he had made on a frame. I remember this gift well. I thought this gift was wonderful and kept it until I was married. Mr. Westman was a good man; of course he would get tight when he got something to drink. So would his wife. But I say again, they were good people."*

Fred Johan Baker
(Excerpts from an interview)

Fred calls himself "just a regular farmer" but he built up three different farms in the Port Oneida area and has always been active in civic affairs, even since retirement.

Born in Dixon, Illinois, Fred came to Leelanau County with a friend, Frank Dego (who later changed his name to Dechow) in 1910. Both worked for the Armour meat packing company in Chicago.



Fred J. Baker

"Although I had some trouble convincing my bride-to-be, Grace DeBest, I knew Leelanau was the place for us." They had three daughters, Lucille (Mrs. Jack Barratt) Ruth (Mrs. Carl Oleson) and Greta (Mrs. Fisher who lives out of state).

Known for the fine American Saddle horses that he raised - popular with the Camp Kohanna camp riders - he was also a soil conservationist and the first to introduce raising vetch to improve the thin soil in this area.

"I recall how I bargained with Minor Kelderhouse for the first property I bought. I had some second thoughts about wilderness farming when I came back the next year or so by boat - with a good horse. Although I had bought a ticket to Glen Haven, the captain decided he wouldn't stop there until the return trip from Mackinaw. So I had no choice but to get off at Frankfort. My horse didn't care much for boat travel! I had a miserable hike since the horse wasn't broken to saddle riding. It took about three days through swampland and sand, trying not to get lost and in pouring rain most of the time."

Gladys Dillon Young
(Excerpts from an interview in 1975)

Mrs. Young lives in Winetka, Ill., and has been a summer visitor or resident at Glen Lake since she and her brother, Frank, came here as children in 1906.

Q. Will you tell us about some of your early memories?
A. *"I well remember the boat, Manitou that we came up on. It hauled lumber as well as passengers. And I especially remember the little train that went to the Glen Haven pier from the end of Glen Lake. There was a boarding house down by the mill pond for the mill hands. This little train hauled logs down there. I rode the train at times when Alice Day used to invite me to come visit her."*
Q. Do you recall the old store at Glen Haven?
A. *"Yes, that's where people would meet and sit for hours on the front porch waiting for boats to come in. Boats never seemed to come when they were due. People always went down on Sundays to watch. That was the highlight of the week."*
Q. Didn't Glen Haven used to be bigger than Glen Arbor?
A. *"Yes. The lumber people didn't stay in Glen Arbor. There were lots of people on the Manitou Islands too."*
Q. What do you remember of some of the early resorts?
A. *"The King's was one of the first places we came to. They had more boarding houses then. I remember the Ray's hotel. Mr. Ray was one of the first persons to drive an auto up here. We used to ride Mr. Dorsey's boat from one place to another. I remember the Indians too. We could never catch a*

picture of them because they always turned their backs when we tried."

Mory Baxter – with first granddaughter, Karen in 1960

Maurice "Mory" Baxter
(Excerpts from an interview)

A second-generation resorter, Mory is a retired engineer who resides at Glen Lake with his wife, Evelyn. Both of his sons, John and Bill with their families have settled here too, making it a 4th generation family.

Mory recalls that the builder of their first cabin, and also the second larger log cabin, (still in use as a guest house), was Fred Miller who was also an excellent builder of boats, *"In those days people purchased custom-made 'launches' with inboard motors for safe boating in deep water, or else they canoed for quiet travel along the shores."*

Speaking of fishing, Mory remembers when his father and Jerome Stock, another resorter from the Detroit area, would sometimes catch 50 or more lake trout in a day.

"I knew the golf courses well because I caddied there at times ...before golf carts were invented and when a bag of clubs was really heavy. ... The Glen Lake course was the toughest, very steep and hard to climb. Day Forest golf course was better but considered too expensive for most people."

"I remember the ice-boxes everyone had in the early days and how we depended on the local ice-cutters to saw and store lake ice. It kept well when packed in sawdust. It seemed amazing. I wanted to see how it was done in winter."

Edna, Herman and Amil Brammer
(Excerpts from an interview in 1975)

Q. Tell us about your ice business.
A. *"We started selling ice in 1927. We got up early each morning and shoveled off snow. We had machines to cut the ice but we had to haul it out by hand, loading it on sleighs. In February we cut ice mostly out of Fisher Lake in back of the dam by the Day Mill. We also got ice from Lake Michigan. We had lots of customers in those days; good business but it was cold and wet work."*

Q. Did you keep account books?
A. *"No, we didn't keep books in the early years. We never had to keep track of anything."*
Q. What about your vegetable business?
A. *"We added vegetables to our ice route. When we first started we had carrots, cabbage and beets. Later we got celery and lettuce from Beulah twice a week. We got blueberries, raspberries and a few strawberries from the people around here and sold them on our route too. One of us went to Traverse City on Tuesdays and Fridays to get more stuff to sell. More and more people came and our business really grew. We hired two young men to help but even then we worked from early in the morning until late at night. We paid our men about thirty-five cents an hour but later we paid more. It was a good business."*
Q. Tell us about the grist mill.
A. "*The first mill was built in 1862 and rebuilt in 1881. Kelderhouse owned it. My dad bought this mill. He had been a miller all his life and came here from Germany. The mill had stones to grind buckwheat and rye flour. About 1906 they took out the stones and put in the roller process. The rollers are still in the mill. The roller makes better flour and now there are better sifters too. After my dad passed on in 1923, I took care of the mill for about five years. My brother August then came from Detroit and took over. Farmers came from all over to have their wheat ground for bread flour. Often a group of farmers got together and brought in about fifty bushels of grain at a time. It took about eight hours to grind that much grain. We were the only grist mill in the peninsula; many times the farmers had to wait several hours before they got their grain*

Left to right: Herman, Edna, Margo & Amil Brammer

in the mill, as others came before them. I think my dad used to sell flour for about $3.50 a barrel.

Some time after August took over the mill, the dam went out and that took away our power source. Sluices came down through to the mill for the waterwheels - that was our power for the mill.

Later on, when more and more farmers went into growing fruit, the mill closed down. During the time it ran though, it was a prosperous business."
Q. When were telephones first installed in this area?
A. *"I think it was about 1915; before that the telegraph system was in use. There was a lot of trouble with the lines breaking. Then people would take pot shots at the insulators to see if they could shatter them. So many people were on the line it was hard to use it."*
Q. What about electricity?
A. "*Electricity didn't come in here until after the depression. We had ours put into the house in about 1941."*
Q. Who had the first cars here?

A. "Dr. Fralick had the first one. I started to drive in 1924. They had dirt roads around here. There were two roads around the lake, one to go on and the other to return on. I owned the first gas station just behind the saloon. Frank Sheridan had the next one where the Standard station is today. We had to pump gas by hand, a quart at a time. We threw up the back seat of the car and poured the gas into the tank. Five gallons cost about seventy cents."

"Gas was delivered to the station by a fellow from Lake Leelanau driving a team of horses. He hauled a tank of gas to the stations around here."

Sarah (Dunn) Johnson
(Excerpts from an interview August 1975)

"My sisters and I attended the local one room school. At the age of nine I was sent to Chicago to school where I lived with an aunt while continuing school ... summers I always returned home. After attending Ferris Institute I started teaching school at age 18. I taught grades 1-8 at the one-room school in Burdickville.

My grandparents, John and Bridget Dunn came to Glen Arbor in 1857 with their eight children. They originally came from Ireland, living in Canada before coming here. ... They homesteaded the farm in 1860 ... timbering the land to prepare it for farming.

My grandfather always told the story of the woods around the property being so dense that when he went somewhere to borrow a saw he lost sight of the trail. He proceeded to get off his horse to find the trail and then lost his horse too.

When we ran Dunn's Farm as a resort ... the hands on the farm helped me to construct the sugar house on its present site and we always had maple syrup every year."

Elizabeth Westman
an Indian and a native of Glen Arbor
(Excerpts from an interview October 1975)

Q. Tell us about your home and family.
A. *"I was born in Glen Haven, the youngest of seven children and a member of the Ottawa tribe. We lived in a long building built by Mr. Day. The building was a short way from Sleeping Bear Inn. There was a slaughterhouse nearby and we got some meat from there. We used to cook in a three-legged iron kettle with no top on it. We put hog's heads in there and made headcheese. We caught fish and had many fish fries. We saved the grease and fried doughnuts in it. We did all our cooking outside. We were sharecroppers too so we had enough food. We were given brown stamps for shoes and green stamps for vegetables.*

Mother taught me how to make baskets. We used the black ash for weaving when we could get it. We sold our baskets down by the pier and at the Tanawatha Resort. When the noon dinner bell rang there, all the people came - some days Mother made fifty dollars. She also took orders for more baskets. We were busy in the spring gathering maple syrup and making sugar candy. We sold that too.

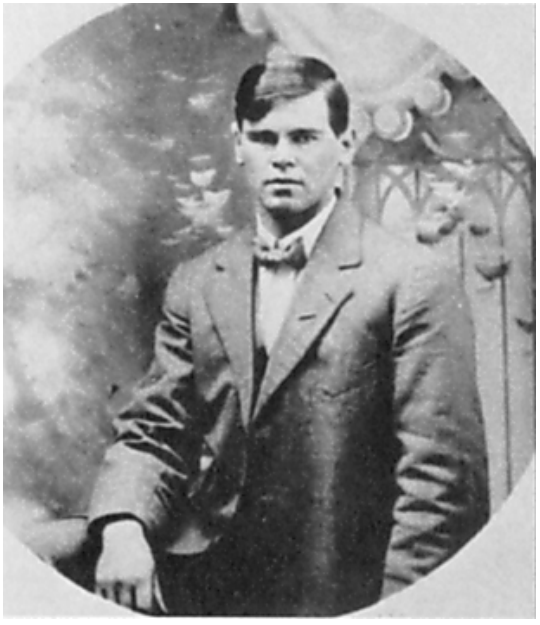
There were about thirty Indians living in our area. They were all related. The name of the other family was Jackson."

Mr. & Mrs. Wells Miller, 50th wedding anniversary. Front row – left to right: (sister of Cynthia Miller), Mrs. Wells Miller (Cynthia), Wells Miller, Mrs. Shank (sister of Cynthia Miller), Back row – left to right: James Miller, Marshall Miller, Mrs. Marshall Miller (Caroline), Elmer Miller, Albert Miller.

Lyman Sheridan
1837-1902

Caroline S. Andersen
born 1864 – died 1936

Tom and Bessie Kelderhouse, Floyd (in arm), Marion & Margaret (twins), Millie, Tom Jr., Irene & Ida (twins).



Benhart Brammer while he was in the Coast Guard, about 1913.

The Christian Andresen family – taken in Chicago, just before moving to Glen Arbor in 1906. Left to right: Christian, Carl, Lucy, Helen and Marie.

Mrs. Cook, Sutton, Johnson, Lyman, Selby, Fortine, Nesson, Ehle, Workson, Reddy and N.B. Sheridan.

Matilda and Frank Brammer, about 1920, in front of house near the mill.

At Art's Tavern, back row left to right: unknown, John Westman, Otto Remus, Bert DeBruin, Gertrude Sheridan, George Grady, Cloys Rader, Carl Knop. Front row left to right: Ed Drott, Art Rvant. Ed Winfield. Mrs. Robert Wilson. Bob Wilson. Frank Petroskev. about 1936.

Ida, Ed, Art and Nelse Nessen.

Port Oneida Women's Club, left to right: Catherine Eckerdt, Hattie Olsen, Ruby Schmidt, Kathryn Miller, Louise Thoreson, Ida Prause, Eunice Barley, Mary Eckerdt, Mrs. Barlev. unknown. unknown.

Alvin "Allie" Wescott (1896-1968) a retired seaman who resided in Glen Arbor many years. He had an extensive collection of Great Lakes shipping memorabilia. Some of the things pictured here (cables and a deadeye) came from a schooner wreck off South Manitou Island.

Christian H. Andresen, 1890-1953

George Sheridan

Kate Werner - Grandmother of Frank Basch

N.B. Sheridan, Chas. Fisher, Jake VanBuskirk & Chas. Sheridan

Frank Basch home when purchased from estate. Centennial Farm.

Left to right: Evan Westcott, Alfred Millington, Lyle Sheridan, Kenneth Westcott, Gilbert Warnes and Sid Fisher.

In front of the Red Crown gas station, downtown Glen Arbor, then owned by Art Sheridan – about 1931.

Brammer brothers in 1917 – Benhart, Amil and August.

Campgrounds on Glen Lake – Flora Carlson

Meta Meuller

George Grady

growth rings

Rooted to the past, and still growing upright, are the institutions of Glen Arbor Township: churches, schools, the post office, and organizations such as the Glen Arbor Women's Club, the Glen Lake Association, the Glen Lake Women's Club, Citizens' Council, and various government groups.

Here then are a few details of township growth, in keeping with the aims of history, to round out the scope of this book.

History of the Glen Arbor, Michigan Post Office 49636

By the early 1860's there were enough settlers in the area to have picnics and business meetings at the Indian Council Grounds located in the area now occupied by the present post office in the center of Glen Arbor.

The main Council tree was a large hollow oak, which stood in front of the present Fire Department building. The tree had a hole about three feet from the ground, and the early settlers used it as a post office. The leather pouch used for receiving and dispatching mail is preserved in a private collection. The tree was removed a few years ago when Lake Street was widened and surfaced.

Indians from Traverse City carried mail on foot along the shore to as far south as Manistee, and service once a month was considered excellent. Indian Jake, with his dogs for company, simply had no schedule.

At a meeting on the Council Grounds in the late 1850's, the settlers decided a town should be platted and named. Harriet Fisher, wife of John Fisher, suggested the name "Glen Arbor" because the gathering was in a glen in the forest opening and the huge trees bordering the clearing were entangled with wild grapevines.

Squab was served at the picnic. Every tree had pigeon nests and thousands of squabs could be had for the taking. After the picnic meeting, Mr. Fisher, a surveyor, platted three blocks each containing eighteen lots.

Glen Arbor Post Office in 1918, then at Lake St. and M-22.

Estelle Grady – Postmistress.

In 1855 George Ray arrived from Ashtabula, Ohio, together with 13 other persons, two cows, a sawmill and other supplies. In 1856 Ray began construction of a dock and in 1857 a post office was established with George Ray as the postmaster appointed July 6. The office was in his home across from the present IGA store.

With the changes of administration in Washington, the position of postmaster also changed. Mr. Ray was succeeded on Nov. 28, 1859, by Charles C. McCarty and then returned as postmaster on Nov. 16, 1861. On December 9, 1886, Lois L. Todd became the postmaster only to give way to Mr. Ray once again on April 20, 1889.

Carl F. Walker became postmaster on Lincoln's birthday in 1892. On January 14, 1899, Henry L. Nessen became postmaster and the office moved into a store operated by the Glen Arbor Lumber Company at the corner of Western Avenue and M-22.

Leander I. Reddy assumed charge of the post office on April 1, 1908, and moved the office to the building on Lake Street across from the present fire station.

Charles W. Ehle became postmaster on August 13, 1910, and served until July 5, 1918 when May Westcott was appointed.

She moved the post office to the building on the corner of Western and Lake Streets, where it remained until July 2, 1942, when Mrs. Estelle Grady became postmaster. Mrs. Grady moved the office to a building near her home on M-109 where it remained until she retired in 1962.

Mrs. Grace Greenan assumed charge as acting postmaster on September 20, 1962, and on December 5, 1962, the office was moved into its present quarters at 6456 Western Avenue and became a second class office.

On October 7, 1966, Leo R. Buckler became postmaster and is still serving today.

Today Glen Arbor sits in the midst of the Sleeping Bear National Lakeshore. Thousands of transient visitors coming annually to the developing lakeshore area combine with the growing numbers of permanent and summer residents to make the Glen Arbor post office a hub of service for postal patrons. Revenues show a steady annual increase, lock box customers and those served by the star route are on a continuous upward trend. From its beginning more than 100 years ago to the present day, the Glen Arbor post office is a source of pride, community service and benefit to all of Leelanau County.

The Bethlehem Lutheran Church

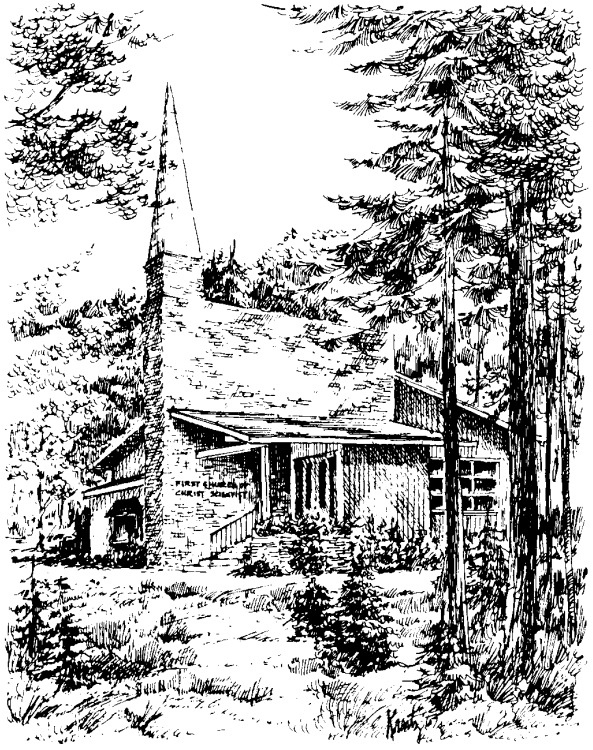
A familiar landmark on Lake Street, the Bethlehem Lutheran Church is probably a hundred years old. No one knows for sure just when the original structure was built. However, it is a matter of county record that a deed was given to a group of trustees on January 8, 1889. At that time the church property was sold (or given) to the township by Dr. William Walker and his wife, Eliza, owners of the Walker Inn. The trustees are recorded as N. Ehle, N.B. Sheridan and Ceo. Ray.

It was never easy to keep church records in early days when services were sporadic and congregations did not organize.

For many years the church was kept open for non-denominational meetings and other public affairs. At times the transient preachers were popular but sometimes evangelists arrived with fire and brimstone oratory that frightened children and annoyed the parents. Finally, in 1933 the church was organized as a Lutheran Mission with Rev. Edward Schmidt officiating.

An addition, which doubled the size of the church, was added in 1951 when the name "Bethlehem Lutheran" became official.

The church continues as an independent congregation, although regular Sunday morning services are held there only during the summer months with Rev. Karl Weckwert as pastor. Protected by tall pines on three sides, the trim church always looks well cared for. Its carillon tower strikes a noontime bell each day of the week and also sends forth melodies (tape-recorded) on Sundays.



History of First Church of Christ Scientist of Glen Arbor, Michigan

As early as 1929 Christian Science services and Sunday School were held informally at the Leelanau Schools by staff members and students from Christian Science homes. Friends interested in Christian Science were also invited to attend.

In 1941 the first group of Christian Scientists was formed for the purpose of renting a hall to hold services to be opened to the public. In the fall of 1948 this group wrote letters to all those interested in Christian Science who were in the

vicinity to attend a meeting for the purpose of organizing a Christian Science Society. In 1949 this group rented the chapel on Glen Lake located at the Glen Lake Picnic grounds and held services and Sunday School open to the public.

Upon request, The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ Scientist of Boston, Mass. recognized this group on December 27, 1949. They were known as the Christian Science Society of Glen Arbor.

The following year, land was purchased from Pierce Stocking on M-109 as a permanent building site. Mr. Harford Field, a Traverse City architect, was asked to draw up plans for a church edifice. On June 12, 1953 ground was broken for the building and on November 22, 1953, the first church service was held in the nearly completed building. A reading room and Sunday School room also located in the building were opened to the public in 1955.

On July 7, 1957, the building, debt free, was dedicated with three services - 9:30 and 11:00 A.M. and 4:00 P.M.

The Society then applied for and received a charter from The Mother Church in Boston on November 19, 1960 and became officially known as First Church of Christ Scientist of Glen Arbor, Michigan.

In the spring of 1972, Mr. Carter Strong, a Traverse City architect, was asked to submit plans for a new Reading Room to be constructed on this same site just west of the church edifice. In the fall of 1972 ground was broken and in the spring of 1973, the Reading Room was completed and dedicated.

The Glen Arbor School System

As school censuses began to be taken every year, the ages of pupils varied from 5 to 20. Occasionally the older students were even listed as Mr. and Mrs.

Originally there were five schools which operated independently. They were one-room "grammar" schools located in Glen Arbor, Glen Haven, Miller Hill, Port Oneida and South Manitou Island. In 1925 consolidation of schools began and all students finally attended the Glen Arbor School. Probably built of logs, the village school measured 36 x 40 feet. It was wired for electricity in 1929. In the spring of 1931 the building was destroyed by fire. School had to be held in the church and old town hall until a new edifice could be built.

The length of the school term was decided at the annual meeting of parents and citizens. Thus the school year varied from 4 to 5 months with time out for potato picking and bad winter weather. In later years when the school year was extended, it was still legal to have a short holiday during deer season.

In May of 1931 the school board acted quickly in getting a new school. "The George Lather Construction Company's bid of $5,957 for a brick and tile building was accepted with completion date August 1, 1931."

Records of that era also show that the school board paid an architect to draw up plans for the present Town Hall. It was built during the Depression on a Federal P.W.A. (Public Works Administration) program.

Financing projects and school expenditures were carefully recorded too. Box socials were a

source for funds, of course, as were delinquent taxes and special assessments.

Records of school affairs before 1900 are scanty but reveal an abiding faith in education then too.

Teachers' wages varied from $15 per month in 1897 (with an extra $5 for janitorial services) to $4300 per year in 1955-56.

"2 September 1895 - Clear school house, Wash Woodwork, clean Privates, clean Stove Pipes and Blacken Stove - let to Wm. Kelderhouse for $3.00."

"7 September 1896 - A flag pole to be raised 35 feet long. Tamarack. All nots and bark to be taken off from it, and not less than 10 inches on the butt and not less than 4 inches on the top. And furnish all necessary fixings and cinch rope. Raise the pole and put flag on … contract for $4.50."

In 1915 a new school bell cost $9.55 and the old one was sold for $3.00.

The importance of learning in the old days is dramatically evident by the type of county exams which eighth grade students had to pass in order to graduate. "In accordance with state law in 1895 - these are the chosen texts … Harrington's Orthography, Harper's Reader, Robinson's Arithmetic, Harper's Geographies, Harvey's Language books and Grammars, Barne's U.S. Histories, Spencerian copy books, Townsend's Civil Governments, Hutchinson's Physiologies, and Webster's International Dictionary.

In 1933 the 11th and 12th grades were added to the township High School. According to an old teacher's contract in that decade, "She must be able to teach Latin I, Physics, American history, American literature, Biology, English, Algebra, Physiology, Hygiene and Communicable diseases."

By mutual consent of three school Districts, the large Glen Lake Community School was established in 1956.

Glen Arbor School (about 1913), teachers – Mr. And Mrs. Dayton Selby

Glen Arbor School (1915), teacher – Leah Barr.

Glen Arbor School (1924), teacher – Gertrude Dorsey.

Port Oneida School (about 1925), teacher – Gladys Ritzel.

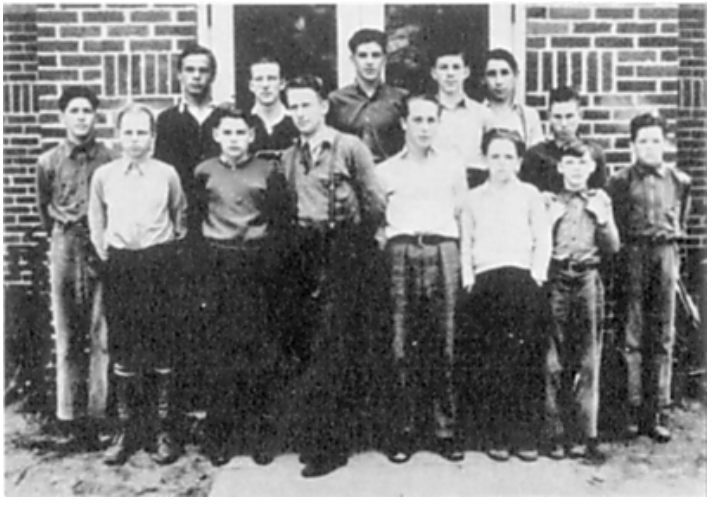
Glen Arbor School (1928), teacher – Mrs. Dumbrille.

Glen Arbor School (1932), grade teacher – Carl Lyons (25 students), high school teacher – Clifford Walsh (19 students)..

Miller Hill School (1934), teacher – Charlotte Egler

Glen Arbor Grade School (1935), teacher – Carl Lyons

Glen Arbor High School (1935), teachers – Mr. Zumpt and Carl Lyons.



Glen Arbor School (about 1939), teacher – Willard Savage.

The Leelanau School and Library Foundation

This is the story of a School, a Camp and a Resort, which grew out of an educational need and the dedication of two people, Mr. and Mrs. William "Skipper" Heals.

Beginning as a summer camp tutoring session for a few boys, Camp Leelanau originated in 1921. Cora and "Skipper" Heals, two teachers from Principia, a private boarding school in St. Louis, Missouri, were impressed with the beauties of Leelanau County and returned later to purchase fifty acres at the mouth of the Crystal River in Glen Arbor Township.

In the summer of 1929, having decided to make Glen Arbor their permanent, year-around home, the Heals built a modest dwelling, large enough for a camp headquarters, which eventually became the Homestead Inn.

The Homestead soon grew to include classrooms, dormitory space, a dining room and recreation area. The student body grew in number each year, despite the Great Depression of the 30s, to include a four-year high school program. In 1933 it became a fully accredited institution.

When the parents of students came to visit their children either in summer at the camp or in winter at school, overnight facilities and meals were provided for them too.

During these years and from the summer of 1929 when Skipper Heals trained camp counselors, Arthur S. Huey served as a summer counselor. Graduating from Amherst College, Huey later returned as assistant director of camp and school. He brought as his bride, Helen Mautz.

As the school grew in numbers and reputation, parents began suggesting that Leelanau include girls also. Sisters who visited brothers would echo this request. Thus, in 1940, the Earlybird Cottage, south of the river mouth, was remodeled for winter occupancy and later became known as Riveredge House for girls.

It was a crisis for Leelanau Schools when Mr. Heals became ill and passed on in November of 1942. However, the Hueys, who now had three children, were sold on the potentialities of Leelanau and decided to continue on, with the help of Mrs. Heals who stayed as business manager for many years.

"Major" Huey, as he became known during the war years, served as headmaster of the school, director of the camp and manager of the Homestead. As the camp doubled in size and the school continued to grow, major changes came about.

In 1963, the Hueys formed a non-profit corporation with a distinguished Board of Trustees and gave up family control. This corporation then merged with the Leelanau Library Foundation to become the Leelanau School and Library Foundation, its present official title.

In 1972 the Hueys sold all their property holdings (except for their home) not in the confines of the National Sleeping Bear Park, some 225 acres, to Richard K. Huey and Associates. Richard K. Huey subsequently sold to Robert A. Kuras, Inc., the present owners of the Homestead. The Leelanau School now operates the Camp. Also in 1972 a new Student Center was constructed, later another girls' dormitory. The latest addition to the School is the

new Lanphier Observatory designed and donated by Charles “Chick” Lanphier of Springfield, Illinois begun in the summer of 1975.

Leelanau School’s Gym, a landmark of the early campus, was razed in 1975 when the new Homestead resort was being developer.

Sleeping Bear Dunes

The Sleeping Bear Dunes are seven miles of 500 feet high sand along the blue waters of Lake Michigan, stretching from Glen Haven to Empire, - tawny, burnished, curvaceous, oddly feminine.

The Climb – always a popular feature of dunes viewing – as shown on postcards of the past.

In myth they are a sleeping mother bear escaped from a Wisconsin forest fire, - and the Manitou islands are her two cubs that never made it. In fact, the dune is a glacial moraine; ancient deposits six to nine thousand years old.

Her steep bluffs on the eastern side perched above Lake Michigan have been noted for their beauty since the French explorers first came up the lake, and children have found the soft mounds on the western side irresistible for climbing. In the late 1800's farmers planted cherry orchards beneath her protective hulk and have ever since found the crops good, year in and year out.

The dunes are mainly to look at, as nothing grows there and glass cannot be made from the sand. Trees, Indian Bluff and arrowheads can still be found in the sand.

The dunes can be dangerous, - snow and ice and sand in winter create hidden air pockets. In 1924, they swallowed up Lilah Hunter's brother, Douglas Fortine. Fifteen year old Douglas was walking from Empire to visit Lilah (who lived in the farm at the bottom of the dunes) and was caught in a snow slide.

But they do not look dangerous. One always pictures them soft, beautiful under a bright blue sky. Or maybe at sunset, soaked in a gold light. But never with clouds. I have lived in view of the dunes all my life and I have seen clouds over the dunes, gray ones and rain, but still the picture in my mind's eye is always the same, of the dunes under a blue sky.

In June the air over the dunes is the most pure and clear and sweet smelling of any in the

world. The yellow primroses are in bloom then and blaze out across the dunes and smell like arbutus; and the low-growing poplars that never seem to get very big in the dunes have a sharp, spicy odor that is incredibly tantalizing and sensual.

Senator Hart liked the dunes. That's why he made a National Park here, so everyone could see Sleeping Bear and have her cast her spell over them.

The dunes have inspired people. Once a family, in the 1850's or 60's, lived on the eastern bluff and hauled water 500 feet from the lake. Were they seeking beauty or could they find no other place? No one knows, as they're no longer there.

The stars are very close to the earth at the top of the dunes and seem brighter. I think many romances may have been started there, and many continued. Only lovers know how cold the dunes can be at night. The wind picks up after the sun goes down and the sand loses heat very quickly.

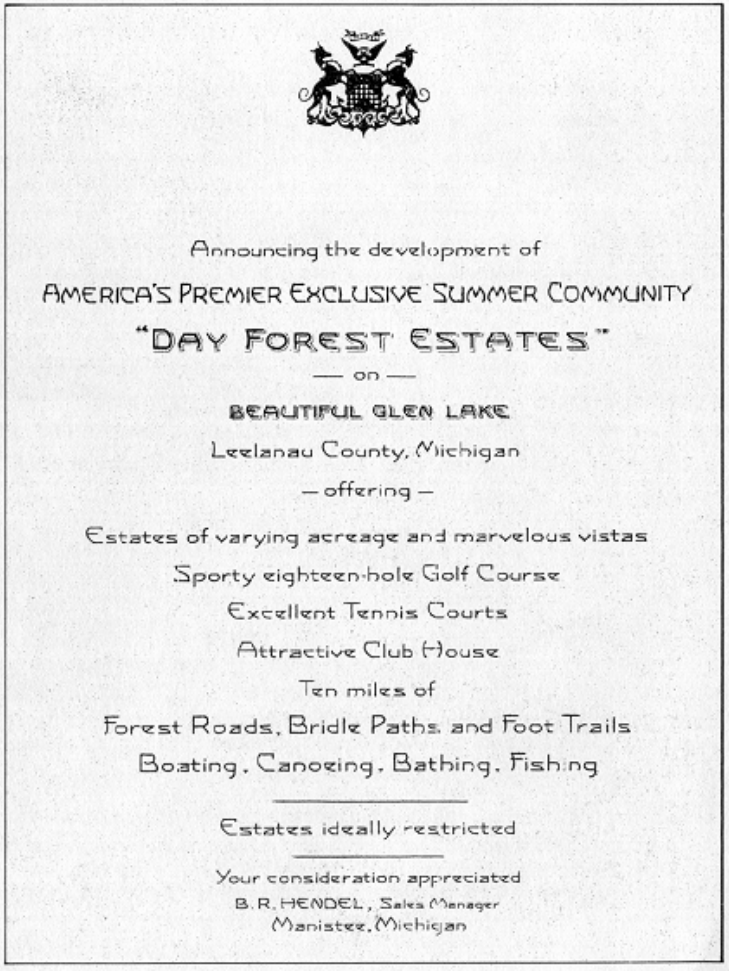
They are strange, the dunes. Sometimes children playing on the face, dig down and find pockets of snow. Who knows how long it has been there? Is it last year's snow, or some year's before that?

The dunes move. They move a little every year. In 23 years they covered a giant oak tree. In 123 years they might cover an entire orchard.

They change, yet they don't change. They are like jewels, evocative of eternity, of ancient processes in the earth. Their form changes, but their substance does not. They stay in the memory, those millions upon millions of tiny pieces of quartz and feldspar.

by Kathleen Stocking

Brochure advertisement for the Day Forest Estates (about 1929).



glen arbor centennial

It was just a bit previous, some said, but the Glen Arbor Centennial was celebrated in the summer of 1951 (the year the first settlers arrived, though the township was not legally organized until 1856.) With an enthusiastic planning committee at work, Leo Konieczka, chairman, Julia Dickinson, Dex Seeburger, Martin Egeler, Jack Rader, Ralph Meuller, William Guerica, Nan Helm and Allie Westcott, it became a festive event.

Over 500 people participated in the parade (as marchers or watchers) and attended the community dinner and dance later. The Glen Arbor Gift Shop won first prize in the parade with an old-fashioned surrey and riders dressed in authentic old time clothes. Cloys Rader, Suzanne Hurt, Bill Dunscomb, and Harriett Johnston.

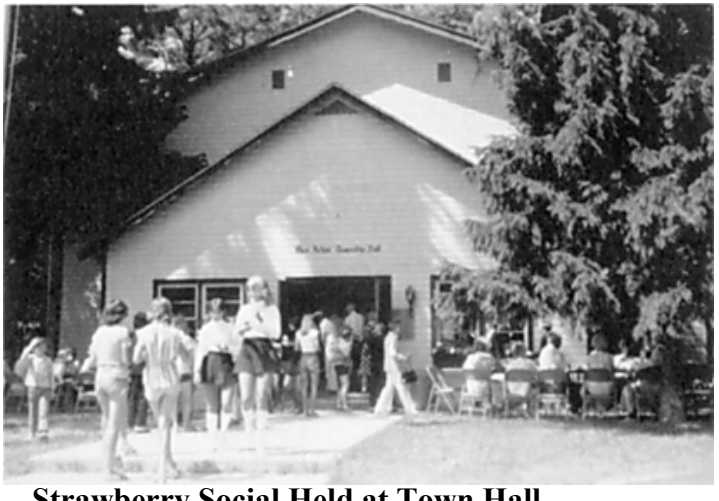
bicentennial highlights

Glen Arbor Township celebrated the week of June 27 to July 4, 1976.

Open House at the Fire Hall
John DePuy, Supervisor for Glen Arbor Township; Mary Rader, fire-woman and nurse; Frank Basch, fire chief; and "Bud" Moore, another of the volunteers.

Glen Lake Color Guard

Glen Lake High School Band Concert



Strawberry Social Held at Town Hall
Helping on both sides of the counter, Kay Whitney, Doris Brammer, chairman of the Glen Arbor Township Bicentennial Committee, Edna Brammer, Gwen Baxter, Ann Huey and Majbritt Margetson.

Dedication of the New Tennis Courts
John Binsfield, Peter Haddix, Jack Rader, Rep. Connie Binsfield, Mary Frixen, Mary Rader, Mollie Weeks, Ann Fisher, John DePuy, Doris Brammer, Dexter Seburger. *(Photos taken by Gardner Weber)*

Sponsors

Edward E. & Leone Adair
Everett & Katharine Addoms
Edward F. & Esther Allen
Robert E. & Barbara Anderlik
Ellsworth & Julia Anderson
Wayne E. & Jane Anderson
Charles J. & Alice Andrews
Walter & Ruth Aring
Oscar & Melda Bard
Frederick J. Barratt
Jack & Lucille Barratt
Allan C. & Louise Barnes
Dr. Evan M. Barton
Jerry & Pat Barton
Maurice & Evelyn Baxter
Cora M. Beals
Representative Connie Binsfeld
Ann C. Botsford
Randall Bourne
Doris V. Brammer
Amil & Margo Brammer
Herman J. & Edna Brammer
Edward & Ruth Bringleson
Leo R. Buckler
Donald L. & Sara Campbell
E. Margaret Carlson
Allan & Audrey Carmichael
Dorothy Dean Cavanaugh
Robert & Virginia Chadwick
Ray B. & Violet Church
Richard and Eleanor Cluff
Horace H. & Jane Cobb, Jr
Calvin & Dorothy Countryman
Bill & Nell Day
Mark & Alice Deering
Lewis & Josie DeKorne
Roy F. & Mabel Deng
Frederick & Julia Dickinson
Arthur E. Diekoff
Frank H. Dillon
Edith Brooks Doepke
John & Alberta Dorsey
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to these manhy friends who assisted – in various ways – in the creation of this book.

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Coast Guard records, for all lifesaving stations including the Sleeping Bear and Manitou Island stations.

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Interviews with many local people.