



Dear Friends:

Since July of 1989 the Memorial Society has accomplished the following:

- a. We have officially formed the South Manitou Memorial Society
b. We became a Certified incorporation in the State of Michigan (CID# 866-179)
c. We applied for and received an Employer Identification number from the Internal Revenue Service (I.D.# 38-286-9885)
d. We have established a perpetual fund (C.D. account) as well as a regular savings account with Empire National Bank of Traverse City, Michigan
e. We have designed and printed a logo and masthead for membership cards and newsletters
f. We have written by-laws
g. We have negotiated with the Nat'l Park Service to cut pickets for picket fences to be placed around unmarked graves on South Manitou
h. At present sixty-three families are charter members of the Society
i. A total of \$4,646.07 has been donated; \$3,500.00 has been placed in CD accounts, the rest in Savings.
j. Expenditures for attorney's fees, application fees, newsletters, membership cards & postage \$555.81
k. We have held three Executive Committee meetings

While it is fun to look at accomplishments, no organization can remain in business without making plans for the future.

Immediate and concrete plans call for the erection of picket fences around the graves in the farm areas of South Manitou which do not, as yet, have any fences, notably the graves at the

Bill Haas farm and Price/Anderson farm. During the next few months NPS will cut the pickets. Materials will be provided by the Memorial Society at an estimated cost of \$200 - \$250. Fences will be erected during the summer with volunteer labor

Further plans include the building of a new fence around the "new" cemetery. The timetable, for building such a fence depends upon the availability of funds. Fred Burdick has provided the Nat'l Park Service with a sketch of the old fence as he remembers it.

Besides dealing with the boring business of lawyers, banks and government agencies, the Executive Committee members have also engaged in "brainstorming" with regards to long range plans for the Memorial Society.

Below are some of our "dreams". However, we are also interested in YOURS. Please, contact us if you have ideas on how to improve the Society.

1) At present, we have 63 family members and \$3500.00 in the perpetual fund. Interest of this fund is designated for use of the physical history (cemeteries in particular) of South Manitou Island

How do we increase the membership and the perpetual fund? ... Get the word out that we EXIST! We are planning to: - Conduct another mass mailing; include membership applications. PROBLEM: Our first newsletter was mailed to 150 prospective members, mostly relatives and personal friends of the Executive Committee members. NEED: Names and correct addresses of "your" relatives; parents, children and siblings, as well as the names of personal friends and other friends of the island.

Many citizens in the areas of Traverse City, Leelanau County, Charlevoix, Harbor Springs, Petoskey, Benzie County, Ludington and Grand Haven are long-lost descendants of people who once resided on South Manitou Island.

clippings are valuable. Sylvia Kruger, employed at the Michigan State Library, has asked on several occasions to write down anything we can remember about South Manitou Island. It doesn't matter how the information is presented to the Library. even small pieces of paper are safely stored away under your name, my name, or whoever it is who provides it.

Are there any VOLUNTEERS among us who may like to take on the task of contacting the newspapers?

Incidentally, Sylvia, in her spare time, is searching the records at the Library in an attempt to help us search the lives of people who lived on the Island years ago. For example, information on the Shoemakers, the little Price girls buried on the Price/Anderson farm, and Bertha Peth's relative, buried in the grave site of Georg Hutzler.

In order to preserve South Manitou Island's history, and pass the light of our symbol to the future generation we need not only preserve the cemetery and gravesites, but we also need to collect and preserve records, as well as "stories".

Can you help us? Do you have a bit of history that you remember? Can you remember a humorous incident that happened to you, or others? Perhaps a story of the hardships that was connected with Island living. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could collect enough material to assemble a little book titled - Remembering South Manitou? Glen

For instance: One hundred and fifty years ago (in the year 1840), the first lighthouse was erected on the island. No physical evidence remains of this lighthouse, nor how it was destroyed, or why it was replaced. Does anyone "out there" know anything about this?

A final note. Two islanders who took the time and the trouble to write down their memories passed away in 1989. Gerald Crowner, author of The South Manitou Story died in the Spring. Gerry describes his life as a young adult and member of the U.S. Coast Guard crew on S.M.I. during the late 1920's. Gerry was a romantic, and was sensitive to the "moods" of the island and its inhabitants. His starry-eyed stories, and his subtle sense of humor, will be missed.

The "new" lighthouse, at least the Keeper's quarters, is still standing. However, at different times the various rooms had different uses. We are interested in hearing from you what the rooms were used for when YOU were living on the island, or when your parents or grandparents called the island home.

With regards to "stories" about South Manitou, I am enclosing a letter from Glen Furst, as well as two sample stories.

Charlie Anderson died in September of 1989. Charlie was the author of Isle of View, an account of his childhood years spent on South Manitou during the early part of the century. His numerous readers have enjoyed, and are still enjoying, his story. His friends miss him.

FROM GLEN:

All of us have memories of our lives on South Manitou Island, How nice it would be to share these memories with others; perhaps our memories would awaken memories other people have and would like to share with us.

Sincerely, Johanna M. De Kok, Secretary

It really doesn't matter the type of memory you would like to share with us. It could be humorous, heart touching, or an exciting ride across Lake Michigan. Perhaps you would like to write the story of your family and their life on the island. Copies of old newspaper

ONLY THREE

by Glenn C. Furst

Looking backward seventy-three years. "Impossible", I can hear people say, "no one can remember things that happened when they were only three years old." I think they can, if memories are dramatic enough. I was three years and four months old when my father died, and I'm sure I have a sketchy memory of that period.

It seems to me that I can remember him walking around the walkway on the outside of the Lookout, singing songs (hymns, my sister Ethel told me), and calling to me as I played in the sand near our home.

I definitely remember my mother urging me to run down the boardwalk to meet my father as he came home one early evening. How he picked me up, and set me on his shoulders as he carried me back to the house.

I remember a night when it was cold, and my mother had gone away, and I was staying at aunt Hattie's house; and I couldn't understand why mother had gone away and left me. How I was put to bed by myself, and I was crying. I remember aunt Hattie coming over to me in her long nightie, and picking me up, and carrying me over to her bed and literally smothering my cries in the warmth of her breast. I remember the warmth and comfort that came to me, as the love and tenderness flowed from that wonderful woman as she crushed me to her breast. I can understand now how it must have come naturally, as memories flowed through her mind of her own little boy who, just a short period before, had lost his father too, in a drowning accident.

I can remember being in a strange room a short time later that was filled with flowers; my whole family was there, and they were crying. I couldn't understand why, and why they didn't awaken my father. I was helpless, and didn't understand, so I hugged my mother's leg, and cried too. Perhaps that was the way God intended things to be. None of us ever seem to know what to do when those we love are in sorrow; just maybe a hug and the shedding of a few tears with them is the best answer. I'm sure the little arms around my mother's leg, and the fact that I was crying, awakened my mother to realize this wasn't the end of everything, and that there were other things to go on living for.

I do not remember the winter that followed my father's death. I've been told that my uncle Dave (my father's brother), urged my mother to bury Dad in Charlevoix, and spend the rest of the winter there. He also advised her to buy a house in Charlevoix, so she could take in boarders as a way of earning a living. I'm sure this was wise advice, and a practical solution to a problem my mother was trying to solve. However, this was not meant to be, as my mother returned to the Island with her children, when school was out, to sell her home, and move her belongings to Charlevoix. It was during this period that my future step-father came into her life, and changed her plans. They were married in October of that year.

Although I didn't realize it at the time, at the very moment that the justice of the peace said: "I now pronounce you man, and wife", me --- little Glenn --- became related to almost everybody on the whole island!

MYSTERY

by Johanna M. de Kok

Marie, a long-time South Manitou Island resident, loved company, and she also loved to play cards. This particular evening she had invited Beatrice, a pre-teen, blind girl, and an island summer resident, as well as my young twin daughters, Julie and Janet, and myself, to come over for some card games. We had an enjoyable evening, and all too soon eleven o'clock came around; time to go home. Bea lived just a short distance up the road from us, and we had promised Beatrice's father to return her home safely.

Although Marie had lit the gaslight near the large table in her kitchen a little earlier than usual, none of us had consciously noticed the unusual darkness outside. The gleam of the gas lantern through the window gave us a little light, and with Bea in tow we did find our way along Marie's driveway and made it to the road which ran in front of the house.

However, once on the road, the darkness became frightening. A dense fog had enveloped everything. No stars were visible; no outlines of buildings or trees were visible; even the low bushes alongside the road could not be distinguished. In addition to causing intense darkness, the fog also muffled and distorted any sounds. The sound of the waves hitting the beach, to the east of us, appeared to be coming from the woods, to the west of us. The blasts from the crib's foghorn (North Manitou Shoal Light) appeared to be coming from straight above, instead of traveling across the water of the Bay.

By the time we had reached the fork in the road which led north to our houses, a distance of no more than one hundred feet, our sense of direction had become severely distorted. We had swerved off the road at least five times; in the process trampling the juniper and bearberry bushes which grow alongside the road. The sharp branches cut into Bea's bare feet and legs, and we still had to travel close to a quarter of a mile. The prospect of additional cuts and bruises was not very appealing to any one of us.

Bea, who never shied away from innovative ideas, suggested that she take the lead and guide us home. She thought the idea was hilarious, and we all had a good laugh. However, after some serious discussion we did take her up on her offer. That night, the twins and I could not see any better than Bea could, but Bea was experienced in traversing the road in the dark. With her bare feet she could "feel" the edge of the road, and she knew approximately the distances between the puddles, dips and large gravel stones.

And so, the adventurous little girl marched with confidence, holding hands with Julie, who was no more than a step behind her. In turn, Julie held on to Janet, and I made up the rear. While Bea knew the approximate distances between the large stones, occasionally she did stub a toe, immediately followed by Julie stubbing a toe as well. Shrieks of pain and laughter, and loud warnings to Janet and Mom to "watch out" would fill the foggy air. But after what seemed like an eternity, we all made it home without major scratches.

The next morning, the National Park Service Ranger in charge of South Manitou, came to visit. The expression on his face was serious. "I've received several reports about strange noises which occurred during the night", he said. "The experience was pretty disturbing to some campers

in the Bay area, and to the people in the Marina/Restaurant across the road from you". The ranger himself, who lived in the former Coast Guard Station near Marie, had heard some muffled sounds just before he retired to bed. He went out on the porch to investigate, but the fog was so dense, he could not even see the railing. Besides, the sounds were trailing off in the distance, and he decided not to pursue an investigation.

The proprietors at the Marina too had made an attempt to check out the weird noises which seemed to come simultaneously from the Bay and the woods opposite from it. Their flashlights could not penetrate the density of the foggy air, and they quickly retreated indoors, making sure they locked the doors behind them. They reported that they did not sleep very well that night.

The campers in the Bay had not slept at all, or so they said. Loud laughter, crying sounds, shrieks of pain, were heard throughout the night around the campsite and beyond. When, around midnight, a campgroup leader got out of his tent to check out the noises, a cold wind started blowing for just a few minutes. However, not a leaf on the trees was moving, but in an instant the wind extinguished the red hot coals of the campfire, which had been left burning from the marshmallow roast.

"Didn't strange happenings wake you up last night?", the ranger asked. "No", we answered. We had slept like a log. The ranger shook his head in disbelief.

I have been told that, to this day, the rangers on South Manitou Island receive reports from campers or boaters, who - especially on foggy nights - hear strange sounds which resemble laughter, shrieks of pain and shouts of "watch out Mom!"

About the authors:

Glenn C. Furst, who wrote "Only Three", was born on South Manitou Island in Lake Michigan shortly before World War I. He is the son of Martin Furst, who was also born on the Island, and the grandson of Oswald and Dorothea Beck Furst who came from Germany.

Johanna M. de Kok, writer of "Mystery", visited South Manitou Island, as a day visitor, in 1962. During subsequent years, she, her husband Anton and children rented cottages from Fred and Bea Burdick, and spent some vacations camping on the island as well.

From 1975 through 1988 Johanna worked as a Volunteer in Park Service for Sleeping Bear Dunes National Lakeshore, collecting artifacts, photographs and other historic information of South Manitou Island. With her assistance a Visitor Center and small museum were established on the island.