



SOUTH MANITOU MEMORIAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

Dedicated to the preservation of our history in order that we may pass the light of our symbol to the future generation.

5656 W. Jagger Road
Ludington, MI. 49431

1990/1991, Vol.2, No.1

January 28, 1991

Dear Friends:

Greetings from Northern Michigan, where the ground is still buried under two feet of snow, where the wind has been howling relentlessly for days, and where the high waves of Lake Michigan keep on pounding our northern shores.

From afar, all appears to be well on our beloved Island, as on the occasional sunny day I see the white tower of the Lighthouse still gleaming against the dark background of the evergreens surrounding it.

We have many things to discuss in this newsletter. During the past few months, the Board members have been hard at work. Meetings have been fruitful, with one, unexpectedly taking place in August, on the island. Unbeknownst to one another, all members happened to pay a visit on the very same day.

In September 1990, we applied for tax exempt status. Forms were provided by the IRS. After waiting anxiously for approval, for two months, the forms were returned. Other forms were provided, and the process started all over again. In November a new application was submitted, and we have been promised a review during the month of March.

We have bought another \$500.00 CD, which brings our perpetual fund up to \$4,500.00. From July 31 - Dec.31, 1990 we received \$248.51 in interest on the CD's and savings account. A total of \$400.00 was received in new membership donations, donations for the new fence, and memorials (in lieu of flowers).

Talking about the next annual meeting ... To hold the meeting AFTER the picnic has proven to be unsatisfactory. Not every one who comes to the picnic is a member of the Society, and not every one is interested in discussing business matters.

However, our annual get-together is the only time when we can discuss things person-to-person, and an opportunity to do so must be provided. Plans are to conduct the next annual meeting BEFORE the picnic, in the same building, at 10:00 A.M.

We hope that this arrangement will encourage the continuation of the fellowship among us, fellowship being the very reason why the picnics have been held for twenty years in the first place.

The Board has received suggestions from several members to change our present source of revenue from membership donations to yearly dues. All Board members strongly oppose such an arrangement, and at the August 31, 1990 Board meeting unanimously voted against taking any action with regards to the suggestion.

We have also received requests from some members who may like to start a regional chapter. Not every one is able to attend the annual picnic/meeting in Michigan, and it is always stimulating to meet with other island friends. Such contact may be more easily maintained through a regional chapter.

The Board favors the idea of possible regional chapters. However, we hope that the organization will be done by the members themselves. You may enjoy being more involved with the Society.

A membership list is being prepared, and will be forthcoming shortly. If you have moved, changed phone numbers, or have changed your last name, please notify us so we can keep our records up-to-date.

Copies of our By-Laws can be obtained by writing to our President, Glenn Furst at the address on page 1, or by contacting Johanna de Kok, Secy. P.O. Box 332 Leland, MI. 49654 PH: 616-256-7129

We spent \$150.00 application fee for the IRS tax exempt status. At present, we have \$746.14 in the savings account.

We have to start thinking of electing new Board members in July. Glenn Furst, our President, has appointed the following members to serve on the nominating committee:

Pam Funtenney
1989 W. Liberty
Ann Arbor, MI. 48103
Ph: 313-994-3612

Iona E. Fox
P.O. Box 263
Honor, MI. 49640
PH: 616-325-4352

Brian Hazlett
206 E. Cadbury
Lynchburg, VA. 24501

Board members consist of: President, Vice-President & Secretary/Treasurer

Our by-Laws call for Board members to serve for two consecutive years, with the immediate past President to serve as an ex-officio member.

Editor of the newsletter is not necessarily the responsibility of the secy/treasurer, and does not require a position on the Board.

If you like to volunteer for any of these positions, please contact anyone of the members on the nominating committee.

Election of Board members will take place, by secret ballot, at the annual meeting in July, as well as by absentee ballot for those who will be unable to attend the meeting. Additional information will be sent to you shortly.

Glenn Furst has designed and manufactured, a beautiful lawn ornament in the shape of the Lighthouse. Soon, Glenn will be offering the ornament for sale. Proceeds will be donated to the Society. If so desired, the Lighthouse can be equipped with a working light. Details of price, and mode of shipping still need to be worked out, but we hope we can get this information to you soon.

The picket fences for the graves in the outlying areas have been made. Alas, due to bad weather last Fall, they were not as yet been installed. Enclosed is a picture of the fence pickets, and a little story on the young people who have worked on them.

Our series "I remember when..." is continuing. We have a wonderful story for you, which may inspire you to write down some of your own! We like to hear from you.

Remember, Island life is unique, and thus are our stories. It will be nice if those stories can be preserved.

Attached story was written by Roy Kramer. master spinner of tales. As a youngster Roy spent summers in Harbor Springs, MI., and where he now resides as a full time resident. Roy, and his wife Betty, summered with their young family on North Manitou for many years, and later owned property on South.

Roy served in the Navy during WW II, and, in addition, has sailed the oceans on ocean liners and pleasure crafts of all kinds and all sizes. Enjoy the story.

IN THIS TIME OF WAR, MAY OUR
THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS BE WITH THE
MEN AND WOMEN IN THE PERSIAN GULF!

Sincerely,
Johanna de Kok

"REMEMBER WHEN ..."
by Roy Kramer

It is with considerable trepidation that I sit down to relate an experience Betty and I had on South Manitou. We were newcomers to the Island, in comparison to the Burdicks, Fursts, Smiths, Browns, Shirks and others.

We had summered on North Manitou for ten years or more, but an edict from the Board of Directors there banned dogs (because they "ran" the deer). Banished, our beagle-dachshund mix "Brownie" convinced us to try the more civilized environs of South. We came to love, and appreciate, the Island. Betty and I not only spent summers there, but we also tried to get some private time in May, or October, or both.

The anecdote I would like to relate involves an October stay. All other Islanders had departed, and we were alone. Think on it! How many people have gone 24, or more, hours without seeing a living soul? Or have gone for any period of time knowing that no one, and I mean no one, was anywhere near? It's a wonderful, mysterious feeling; one that Betty and I will treasure, always.

This day (I've forgotten the year) dawned bright, fresh, with Northwesterly winds blowing whitecaps on a brilliantly blue lake. I scanned the passage from our front window, and saw a vessel coming south toward the Crib. Her configuration made me think she was a large yacht. Painted white, with a nice sheer, she seemed about 70' 80' LOA. Made me wonder what she was doing in the area, so I continued to watch. When she reached the Crib she made a 90-degree turn to starboard, and headed for the Island.

"Uh oh", says I to me self, "this could be something else". I must admit that I get nervous when strangers head for the Island, when I'm the only one in residence. I remembered occasions when storm bound vessels (tug boats?) laid in from the weather, decided they needed batteries and supplies, and proceeded to break in everywhere, removing batteries and Lord knows, what else.

So, I meandered down to the Coast Guard pier (no Rangers then). Sure enough, the vessel came alongside, and I volunteered to help with the lines. A quick review of the people on board relieved my suspicions.

The skipper was an older capable ship handler. The "crew" were two elderly ladies and a mature gentleman. And the shelter deck of the ex-yacht as it turned out) was lined with furniture, lashed in place. With a somewhat easier mind, I faced the prospect of the visitors.

The skipper called our to me: "Is there anyone on the Island who knows anything about boats?" Hey! I've been observing the natives of Northern Michigan for years; I think I know how to answer that question. "Yup", I said. "Good", sez the Captain, "and would there be anybody who is familiar with diesels on the Island?" "Yup". I hit him again.

"Wonderful", he comes back. "Oh, that's great; and by the remotest chance, is there any one who knows anything about electricity?" For the third time I gave him my best Island: "Yup".

"That's unbelievable. I can't believe I'm so lucky! When we get tied up, and shut down the engines, I want to meet and talk to him". M Y once in a lifetime, golden opportunity had arrived! I simply looked him in the eye and said: "YOU ARE!"

"I REMEMBER WHEN ..." CONT'D

After he gathered his chin up and came ashore, he told me his predicament. He was a retired Lake Huron tugboat captain who had gone to Florida, and operated a bottom fishing charter boat out of Sarasota. He had heard of the salmon plantings in the Great Lakes, and decided he could boost his income if he brought the boat north and chartered it.

He chose Lake Huron, but they had not then planted anything there, and the result was that we was flat broke. Now he could not take paying passengers, but he found two elderly ladies and a mature Canadian writer (who subsequently wrote up the trip in "INLAND SEAS"), who volunteered to pay for the fuel and food, in exchange for a ride to Florida. Less dangerous visitors would be hard to find! And charming guests they turned out to be.

The skipper's problems were serious, but not life-threatening. His vessel was powered with a pair of GM 6-71's, and they were working well. His troubles were electrical. He had rigged the boat for 110 Volts AC for everything, except the main engine starters. Those were powered by storage batteries, kept charge by two auxiliary generators - and both of those were out of commission.

At the skipper's request, I tore into the oldest Onan generator I had ever seen, only to find that the valves were so badly burnt, I could get the better part of my little finger through them in the closed position. So much for the Onan!

The second generator was a miniature two stroke, outboard type unit, with the magneto housed in the flywheel. The breaker points were completely shot on that one. Little hope of a speedy repair. We wound up by taking his starting batteries up to our house, and charging them overnight on our set.

My suggestion was that he head for Leland the next morning, and get Van (John Van Raalte, a superb mechanic) to correct the problem. I knew that the sight of that antique Onan would intrigue Van, and that he could not resist the challenge. So, while the batteries were charging, the ship's company came to our house where we had a very pleasant "attitude adjustment hour" and supper, and then swapped yarns.

The next morning, we installed the batteries and fired the engines (fortunately, our generator had been on its best behavior); and he was on his way. He could not believe that we were not interested in compensation for our slight assistance, as enroute he had spent a considerable amount at three marinas, none of which had been able to help him.

I found it impossible to explain that Island lifestyle and philosophy were different from those in "America", and that, sometimes, good companionship and the warm feeling of being able to help, was compensation enough.

They made it to Leland, Van got the engines repaired (said it was easy - I know it wasn't), and they made it down the Lake, Illinois and Mississippi Rivers, and hence to Florida; they wrote us a note when they arrived.

And we felt good, and again secure in that lovely corner of the world!



George Sarns: Director of Outdoor Education.

PARTIALLY REPRINTED FROM AN ARTICLE WHICH APPEARED IN THE TRAVERSE CITY RECORD-EAGLE ON OCTOBER 7, 1990

LOCKMAN EDUCATION CENTER OFFERS ALTERNATIVE LEARNING EXPERIENCE

When students go to "class" at the Allen A. Lockman Outdoor Education Center, they don't have any lockers or desks or chalkboards. And the "classroom" is a bit larger than most - 212 acres.

Nearly 60 students attend the center, which for nearly 25 years has been the center of an experiential alternative education program. It is located south of Traverse City near Chums Corners.

The program is geared toward students who love the outdoors or those who enjoy working with their hands and in related careers. Some may have trouble learning in a traditional classroom setting. Others are so-called "at risk" students - ones who seem likely to drop out of school.

"Some children learn well from a textbook or a lecture", said George Sarns, director of Outdoor Education. "Others thrive on hands-on experiences. Students learn skills that will come in handy in a number of vocations but also get first-hand knowledge of economics, mathematics, business management and communication."

"There's a quote we have that sums up our philosophy", Sarns said. "Tell me, and I'll forget ... Show me, and I'll remember ... Involve me, and I'll understand". "Our kids are involved," he said. "They're doing, they're understanding and they're learning."

Teachers aren't always teachers in the traditional sense. Students work with staff from the Department of Natural Resources, the Soil Conservation Service, the National Park Service, local building trades and other related businesses.

Products produced at the center can be seen throughout the area. Much of the wood used to build the school ship MADELINE was milled at Allen Lockman. Other examples of center-created goods include work for the DNR and the National Park Service, including park benches, signs and permit boxes. A recent project called for the construction of picket fences to be placed around graveyards on (South) Manitou Island.

During the course of each project, students develop construction plans, work assignments, production, materials, labor, overhead and pricing. Profit made from product sales is shared among the workers.

"Everybody gets a piece of the pie ... but it's also up to them to plan and complete the project so they can actually do make a profit," Sarns said. "It's a sneaky way to teach economics."

Isn't it nice to know that the South Manitou Memorial Society has contributed, in a small way, to teach some kids a little bit about the Island?

