

March 2001



by Lij Ferguson

Amen

Dear Lord,  
 Thank you for my Grandma - for her spirit and her strength and for the four children you blessed, them with. Thank you for Grandma's love of nature and all things made by you. For all the walks in the woods, for her knowledge of plants and animals, and for teaching me to respect the beauty of the earth, thank you for her sense of humor - she could laugh at herself and her laughter was contagious. Lord, I am thankful for her eyes ... eyes that could spot a mouse mushroom, a lady's slipper, or a petasphy stone that most anyone else would miss ... yet those same eyes never seemed to see my faults or failures -- somehow she always saw the good in me, and others too. Thank you for her example of contentment in life - she had found the secret ... for she had a thankful heart and could find contentment anywhere. Thank you Lord for working in her life. I am thankful that she believed in You and in Your Son Jesus, for this means that she will live on, in a perfect body with no more pain or sorrow and that I will see her again in Heaven. Until that day, I will be longing for my next hug from Grandma.

**Those Whom We Will Miss**

**ETHEL ROSE FURST**

Ethel Rose Furst, age 82, formerly of Jaeger Road, died Tuesday Jan 2, 2001 at the home of her daughter in Muskegon.

Ethel Rose Noonan was born March 23, 1918, in Maple City, the daughter of Charles S. and Lula F. (Ashmore) Noonan. She was married Feb. 24, 1936, in Traverse City to Glenn C. Furst and he preceded her in death Dec. 12, 1995. The couple had resided in Ludington since 1959, spending winter in Zephyrhills, Fla. She was a member of the Calvary Baptist Church of Ludington and the Faith Baptist Church in Florida.

She was a member of the Michigan Botanical Club, Ludington Child Study Club, the Great Lakes Lighthouse Keepers Association, the South Manitou Memorial Society and the Mycophile Club. Mrs. Furst also taught the "Precious Moments" Sunday school class in Florida and had worked as a nurse's aide at Oakview Medical Facility for 10 years, retiring in 1978.

In her free time she very much enjoyed playing shuffleboard, swimming, walking in the woods, gardening, her church activities and special times shared with her family and friends.

Surviving are two daughters, Glenda Szilz of Bay Village Ohio, and Sherry (and William) Shoup of Muskegon; two sons, Charles (and Sharon) Furst of Grandville, and Gene (and Patricia) Furst of Allegan; three sisters, Muriel Baetz of Little Traverse Lake, Lucy Petelle of Springfield, Mass.; Cynthia Monroe of Traverse City, one brother, Glen (and Ella) Noonan of Empire; 12 grandchildren; 19 great-grandchildren; many nieces and nephews. She is also survived by her sister-in-law Edhel Stormer of Benzonia, and brothers-in-law, Dale (and Ann) Hutzler of Boyne City, and George Hutzler of Petoskey.

In addition to her parents and husband she was preceded in death by two sisters, Erma and Doris; three brothers, Charles, Franklin, and Carl, and one great-granddaughter, Sarah Welch.

Services for Ethel were held Jan 4 at the Dorell Funeral Home with Pastor Tim Yankee and Pastor Joe Hilyard officiating. Interment followed in Lakeview Cemetery. The family received friends at the funeral home on Thursday Jan. 4.

**IOLA V. TOBIN CAMERON**

Iola V. Cameron passed away on June 17 of 1998. She was born Feb. 8, 1909, in Maple City, Michigan, the daughter of Harvey and Julia (Christansen) Rueggeger.

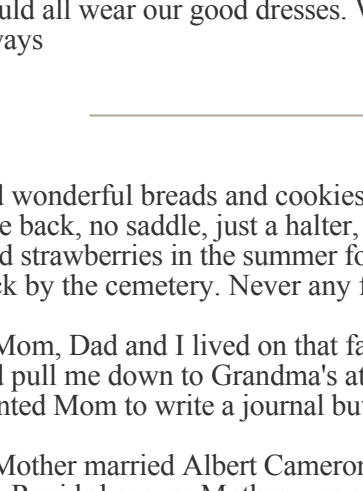
Iola Rueggeger came to South Manitou Island at age 19, after graduating from County Normal School, in Northport, Michigan. She was to be the school teacher on South Manitou. It would be her first teaching position and one she would hold on and off for 11 years. She was the last teacher to hold class in the South Manitou Schoolhouse in 1946. She was loved by every boy and girl in the island.

**Memories**  
 By Maureen Tobin Cameron Albright

Mom and Dad (Iola and Ed Tobin) were married in 1932, and two years later I was born on March 19, 1934. We lived in the home Dad built behind the Post Office / General Store. She was pregnant with Keith when Dad died in a car accident in Sleeping Bear, October 1938. Keith was born February 28, 1939.

Mom was a very quiet person and never complained about her circumstances back then. There wasn't a pay check in the summer so she picked cherries in Traverse City at her Uncles for money to get us through until school began in the fall.

She loved the island so much that when she would get a chance to teach there it was an exciting time for her. She always wondered what people would be like that lived on the island.



She taught me my first six years of school and I can remember trying to keep up with her in the morning, especially in the winter time. There was a cut across behind Grandma Tobin's house to the main road and then another one across the field and through the woods to school off the main road, cutting off quite a bit. But in those days no snow plows or cars to make a way for us, we made our own, and sometimes the snow was really deep! But she always led the way for all of us coming to school from the Point, and she was always in a hurry to get the fire built to warm the school for us. So many times we would have wet and cold feet when we arrived, so she would put the big recitation bench up close to the big furnace type stove and read to us all while the school warmed and we dried, so we could go to our seats.

She always could find good stories for us to listen to. She was very active and was out doors at recesses and noon, playing ball in the summer or fox and geese in the winter, with all of us. Also on weekends if we went sledding or tobogganing at night on the bluffs on the other side of Grandma Tobin's, she would come along. Our house was a gathering place for popcorn or homemade fudge or something hot to drink afterwards.

There are so many memories I have as a child, of being iced in for 32 days, and having the mail dropped by air plane, because the lake was completely frozen. Of course because everyone canned veggies and meat and baked their own bread, none seemed to worry to much about it, except maybe the Coast Guard people coming and going on leave.

Thinking about winters there, never have we had winters like that here. And at night while sledding, laying on our backs on our sleds and looking up at the sky, never were the stars so bright or close as then.

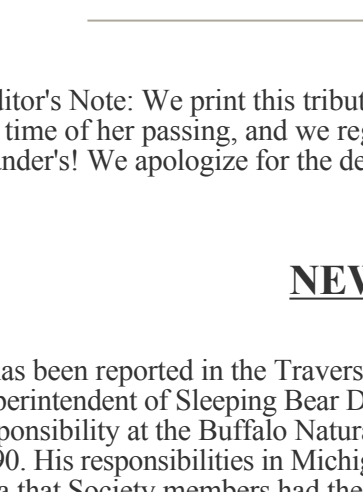
The summers were hot and we spent a good part of the time in the lake, cold or not. Mom, Aunt Shirley, and Aunt Mae were usually with us, we were all brown like indians.

Some Sunday afternoon's after Sunday School, which was held at a different home each week. There we would sing all the old hymns, and one of the adult women would have a lesson from the Bible, of course we would all wear our good dresses. We would walk up to Humphrie's to visit, she was a terrific baker and always

had wonderful breads and cookies to eat. We would ride horses and everyone had a great time. We rode bare back, no saddle, just a halter, so needless to say sometimes the walk home was painful! We picked wild strawberries in the summer for short cake and mayflowers in the spring on the hills on the old farm back by the cemetery. Never any flowers here like those and the smells were wonderful.

Mom, Dad and I lived on that farm when I was a baby, they would put me in a box with blankets in a sled and pull me down to Grandma's at the Point. I have a picture they took of me. There are many memories, I wanted Mom to write a journal but she never did.

Mother married Albert Cameron in 1944. We moved off the island in 1946. I was 10, and we settled in Big Rapids because Mother was going to Ferris State College for her degree. I can't begin to tell you how moving from the island and coming to Big Rapids to go to school changed my life so much. I had never had another teacher but Mom, and always in a one-room school house. I was terrified! And it took a few years before I got good grades because I was afraid to speak up in class, give reports, etc. Also I loved singing and to sing in front of school or a play or at a wedding scared me to death! Mother always encouraged me so I kept singing, but it never was a good experience for me.



Years later my sister-in-law and I took our kids back and stayed with Marie in the Ben Johnson place for a week, we just couldn't believe how dark it was at night. Here at home, we have street lights and electricity. It even surprised me because there was no light in the lighthouse, and as a child it was practically like day all night because of the light. Another thing that surprised me was how close all the houses were built together. No wonder our Moms never worried what we were doing outside, all they had to do was look out the windows and someone could see us. As a child everything seemed so far apart.

I will always have fond memories of the island, the sound of the lake, the smells of the trees, flowers, and earth in the summer time. The smell of Grandma's fried potatoes at supper time. There was always room for me at the table if Mom would let me stay. How blessed I was to be so loved by so many!

Mom is gone now, 3 years come June, she and I spent our lives within 5 minutes apart her whole life, always a phone call away. I miss her dearly, and like so many others we had bad times and good times in our lives, but grew closer as the years went by. And our memories of the island always in our hearts, gave us many wonderful hours of conversation as the years went by.

My brother now lives in Texas. He and I took Mom back to the Island several years before she died and we took the trip around the island so she could see the little school she taught in and to see Dad's grave once more. She was saddened to see how things had changed, but as we know nothing stays the same, except for the sights, smells, and sounds of the lake that will forever stay the same.

Maureen Tobin Cameron Albright

(Editor's Note: We print this tribute to Iola at this date because we never honored her in our Newsletter at the time of her passing, and we regret that. Iola was one of South Manitou's finest teachers and resident islander's! We apologize for the delay.)

**NEWS FROM OUR PRESIDENT**

It has been reported in the Traverse City and Leelanau County media in early February that Ivan D. Miller, Superintendent of Sleeping Bear Dunes National Lakeshore will leave on April 1, 2001 for a similar responsibility at the Buffalo Natural River in Arkansas. Miller has been at Sleeping Bear since August, 1990. His responsibilities in Michigan have included both South and North Manitou Islands. It was in this area that Society members had the most interaction with Miller.

The Park Service has named Administrative Officer Dan Kriebler as Acting Superintendent. When a regular replacement will be named is limbo as the Bush Administration has imposed a hiring freeze.

On a personal note, I always found that Ivan Miller was accessible by telephone or in his office. The later visits were often with both Joe Orbeck, Society Treasurer, and myself. Ivan and I share a mutual appreciation with the comedy of Jonathan Winters. For several years the answering machine at our homes in Glen Lake and Tueson had the "voice" of Winters best known character, Maude Frickert, who promised to please along the callers message as long as the caller was "not trying to sell something". Ivan would call our houses in the winter, when we were not there, just to hear "Maude's" message.

There were times when Joe Orbeck and I did not have very much appreciation for some of Ivan's associates, but we always got straight answers from Ivan himself. He will be missed!

Don Morris  
 President

**HELP!!!**

Robert A. Oberst is looking for some genealogy assistance. His Great-grandparents were Charlie and Sophia Oberst, who moved to the "Manitous" in the early 1950's, then moving to Northport in until 1910. Sophia's maiden name was Beck. He thinks that August may have been a brother or Uncle to Sophia. If anyone would be interested in communicating with Mr. Oberst, he would greatly appreciate it. Please contact him at: Robert A. Oberst, 3812 Cardinal Dr. Stevens Point, WI 54481-9709. (715) 341-1037. email oberst@wcbt.net

**The Final Trip of the Clipper**  
 September 8, 1982

Summer was over. For most, Labor Day, just two days earlier, had marked the occasion. School had resumed, tourists were somewhere else, and the locals had their quiet little towns to themselves. On South Manitou, however, summer ended on Wednesday rather than on Monday. On this day, summer-long islanders packed up for the season and regular ferry service to the island was reduced to three trips during the week plus weekends.

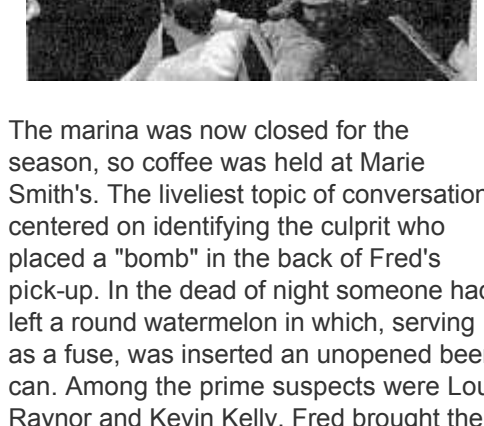
Among those in this year's Exodus were Anton and Johanna de Kok, Fred and Bea Burdick, and Shirley Schwarz.



Accompanying the de Koks and Burdicks was a summer's worth of baggage. Moreover, Steve Taylor had been diligently working to remove the last of his family's effects from their cottage, located about a half-mile west of the Village.

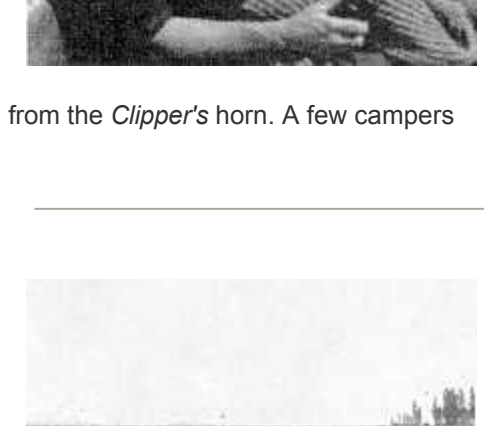
had a reason, he didn't reveal it, although he admitted that it might have been better to have brought the *Manitou*. I spent part of the afternoon helping islanders load their gear. The chairs were secured near a railing on the bow.

The weather was mostly sunny with light southerly winds. As a result, the Lake was calm - quite a difference from my first trip to the Island in June two years earlier. That trip was marked by a strong wind and choppy seas. The *Clipper* bounced its way toward the island. Waves smacked

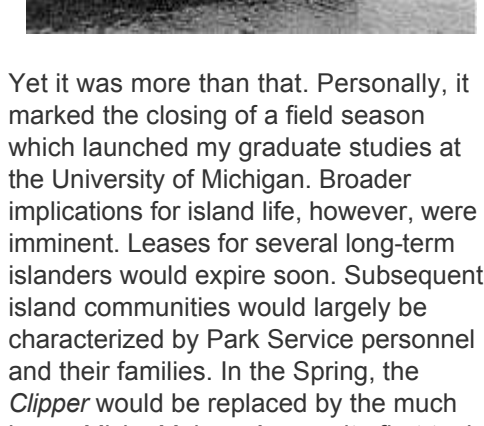


against the boat's forward windows. Some passengers in the stern were even soaked by heavy spray which bounced across the cabin roof. Many of those remaining dry in the cabin, however, became visibly ill. I survived the trip just inside the cabin while holding on to a rafter and letting my knees sway as the boat pounded its way to South Manitou. I'd not seek a similar trip, but it added to the adventure of the moment. Incidentally, just on Labor Day severe conditions had compelled George and Mike to land at Gull Pt. to avoid rough water at the dock.

On trips when both the *Manitou Isle* and *Clipper* came to South Manitou, the *Clipper* usually arrived about a half-hour



from the *Clipper's* horn. A few campers

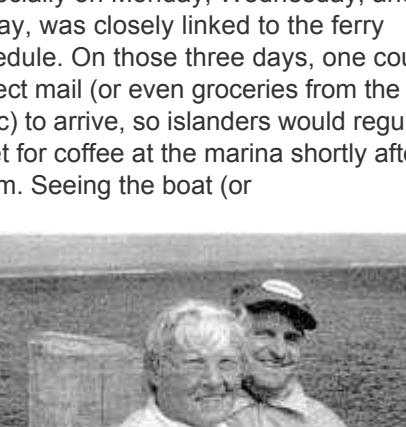


Yet it was more than that. Personally, it marked the closing of a field season which launched my graduate studies at the University of Michigan. Broader implications for island life, however, were imminent. Leases for several long-term islanders would expire soon. Subsequent island communities would largely be characterized by Park Service personnel and their families. In the Spring, the *Clipper* would be replaced by the much larger *Mishe Mokwa*. Among its first tasks would be to carry funeral guests to South Manitou. On the *Manitou*, Anton, Fred, and a few pallbearers would accompany Bea Burdick's coffin en route to its

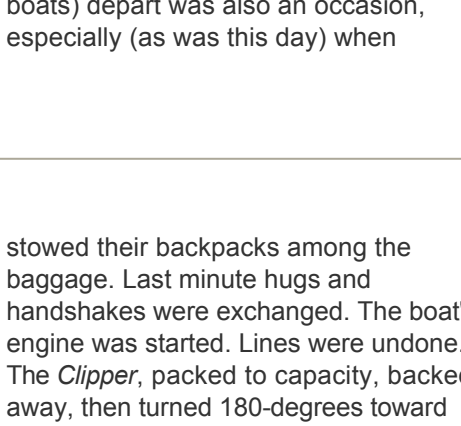
among this collection were even a few chairs to go back to the Mainland.



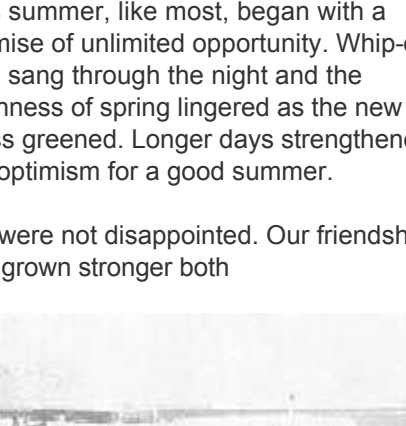
Experienced islanders, knowing the usually large amount of cargo on the end-of-summer return trip, wondered why



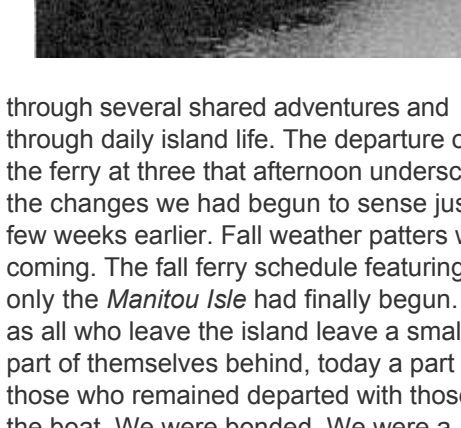
George brought the *Island Clipper* rather than the larger *Manitou Isle*. If George



sooner. Today, after the 3 o'clock departure, its passengers could plan on arriving in Leland at 4:30. Island time, especially on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, was closely linked to the ferry schedule. On those three days, one could expect mail (or even groceries from the Merc) to arrive, so islanders would regularly meet for coffee at the marina shortly after 11am. Seeing the boat (or



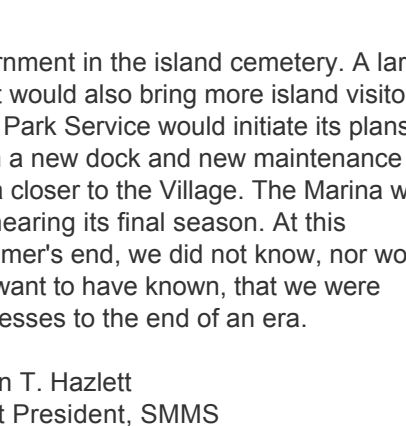
boats) depart was also an occasion, especially (as was this day) when



stowed their backpacks among the baggage. Last minute hugs and handshakes were exchanged. The boat's engine was started. Lines were undone. The *Clipper*, packed to capacity, backed away, then turned 180-degrees toward Leland. Its passengers and those of us who remained on the dock waved goodbye. The summer was over.

This summer, like most, began with a promise of unlimited opportunity. Whip-or-wills sang through the night and the freshness of spring lingered as the new grass greened. Longer days strengthened our optimism for a good summer.

We were not disappointed. Our friendships had grown stronger both



through several shared adventures and through daily island life. The departure of the ferry at three that afternoon underscored the changes we had begun to sense just a few weeks earlier. Fall weather patterns were coming. The fall ferry schedule featuring only the *Manitou Isle* had finally begun. Just as all who leave the island leave a small part of themselves behind, today a part of those who remained departed with those on the boat. We were banded. We were a community. We were islanders.

The swallows had gone. The days grew shorter. Whip-or-wills were now silent. Apples were red. The seasons turned. Fall was here.

interment in the island cemetery. A larger boat would also bring more island visitors. The Park Service would initiate its plans for both a new dock and new maintenance area closer to the Village. The Marina would be nearing its final season. At this summer's end, we did not know, nor would we want to have known, that we were witnesses to the end of an era.

Brian T. Hazlett  
 Past President, SMMS



**South Manitou Memorial Society**  
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\*\*\*\*\*  
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The South Manitou Memorial Society Newsletter is published three times a year. In March, July, and November. Ideas, suggestions, research, stories, photographs, illustrations, etc., are encouraged. Send to above address.

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