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July 6, 1990

Dear Friends:

During the past few months, all of the Executive Board members have had to deal with illnesses in their immediate families. As a consequence, Board meetings have been largely conducted by phone, and newsletters have been less frequent than planned.

However, the Memorial Society is humming along. Progress is being made on the fences for the gravesites at the Haas and Anderson (formerly Price) farms. Enclosed is a copy of a letter mailed to Glenn Furst by Ray Kimpel of the Nat'l Park Service.

Our next planned project is the replacement of the fence and entry gates of the main cemetery. At present, we are involved in research on the authenticity of the fence that is still standing. With regards to historic restoration within a National Park, NPS requires documentation of original projects, such as design plans, old photographs or drawings, possible date of original construction, and/or personal recollections of details substantiated by several people.

Does anyone have such documentation, or can you recollect from memory what the fence used to look like? Was it a metal fence or a wooden one? Did it go all around the cemetery property? What kind of entrance gates were used? Was anyone on the island appointed as caretaker?

Please contact us if you have any documentation, or if you remember any details.

We have purchased another \$500.00 Certificate of Deposit, which brings our perpetual fund up to \$4,000.00. As of 6/30/90, our regular savings acct. showed a balance of \$513.51.

By-laws have been written. We hope to have copies available at our annual meeting.

Thank you for your stories for: "I REMEMBER SOUTH MANITOU". The stories are wonderful. Three short ones are included in this newsletter. Several, more lengthy ones, will be published as soon as possible.

Undoubtedly, the memories of your fellow members will bring back some of your own. Please, write your memories down or record them in some other way, and share them with all of us!

FROM THE PRESIDENT

As I write these few lines to you, it comes to mind that, depending on the members at the next meeting, I may be entering into the last few weeks as your President.

We have come a long way in two short years, but we still have a long way to go, and that is the reason I decided to write these few lines to you.

At present we do not have a yearly, renewable membership contribution to supplement our operation costs (as most organizations do have.) To cover costs we must depend on new memberships and interest earned on maturing Certificates of Deposits.

During the last year, Ethel & I have attended several funerals. When we inquired what we could do

with regards to sending flowers, we were asked to donate the money to a favorite charity or organization. I think we could do this for our little Society too. Please, think about it and we can discuss this at our next meeting.

Many of us have a will; or even if we do not, a little note can be written to family members, asking that some money could be given to the perpetual fund of the South Manitou Memorial Society.

I have always found it difficult to ask people for contributions, and it is not any different now. However, as for myself, I fully intend to do the very thing I am asking you to contemplate.

Thank you.

Glenn

REMEMBER OUR ANNUAL MEETING AND
PICNIC

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1990

Picnic - 12:00 NOON

Meeting - 1:00 PM

EMPIRE TOWNSHIP HALL
Empire, Michigan

Building open at 10:00 AM

BRING A DISH TO PASS & SILVERWARE



South Manitou Memorial Society
5656 W. Jagger Road
Ludington, MI 49431

A TRIP TO SOUTH MANITOU ISLAND

By Iona E. Fox

Honor, MI. February 18,

1990

Dear Mr. Furst:

I'm writing about the time I went to South Manitou Island when I was attending Benzie Central High School. Maybe you can use the story. If not, throw it out.

Iona (Morris) Fox was the seventh child of Samuel and Mary (Beck) Morris. I cannot say if my mother was born on South Manitou or not, but she was raised on the island. I do not even know who was the oldest in Granddad Beck's family. I am not sure either of the correct date of my Grandmother Beck's death. I am also not sure about the correct year my parents moved back to the island, but I imagine it was in 1928 or 1929, as I graduated in 1931 from Benzie Central.

My youngest brother Chlore was also starting High School then, and mother and dad had found places for us to work and stay (rooms and board). Neither of us had ever been away from mother and dad, and I got home sick and wanted to go "home".

August Warner drove the mail boat, but not on his usual mail route, so dad hired him to come and pick me up and one of my girlfriends, while having our Christmas vacation. The weather was mild that December, and no snow had fallen yet. The son of the Hotel where I worked drove us to Glen Haven, and also picked us up after we came back across the Lake from South Manitou Island.

Mr. Warner met us at Glen Haven, and we started our journey across Lake Michigan to the island, We got about one half of the way across when the boat motor ceased functioning ... deal still. Ethel (my friend) looked at me; I tried not to look scared as Mr. Warner was still working on the motor. Finally he picked up a can of oil and put it in the hot motor. She tried to start, then died out again. August Warner continued to get the motor started, and then, finally choking black smoke and gasey smells just about knocked us out. At last, the boat started off, and the motor ran smoothly the rest of the way to the island. It sure was a scary experience for a couple of young school girls.

My brother Chester walked us to Lake Florence one afternoon, and on Saturday night he took us to a house party to dance. Bill and Irene Ludwick were there too, as Bill was stationed at the Lighthouse. The next day, mother, Ethel and I went to the Lighthouse and climbed to the top of it. Then on our return home we visited uncle Henry and aunt Maggie Haas.

The weather remained mild until a few days after we got home. We enjoyed every minute of our visit to the island, and returned home safely. I was now ready to buckle down to finish my studies at Benzie Central. Ethel stated that she had really enjoyed the trip, but she also mentioned that she felt so "closed in" on the island.

Iona Fox
78 yrs old. Ha! Ha!

About the author:
The above letter is self-explanatory

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CHRISTMAS EVE

By George Thompson

I remember one special Christmas eve on South Manitou Island. The school was all decorated for the Christmas program. The tree had garlands of hand-strung popcorn and small candles held in little snap-on holders.

Just as the program ended, Santa Claus came bursting in the front door yelling: "HI HO, HI HO, HO HO HO". His suit was red and trimmed down the front, and around the hem of the jacket, was white cotton. I was so excited.

As Santa greeted us and handed out gifts from his large sack, he accidentally brushed up against the Christmas tree. The cotton trim on his suit caught on fire. Several adults rushed to his rescue by pulling the suit right off his back.

I could hardly believe my eyes! Uncle Harley Beck was Santa Claus! As I contemplated this event, I realized there wasn't really a Santa Claus, or is there?

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DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE SOUTH MANITOU PETOSKEY CLAUS?

By Denise M. Miriani

Since all stories are essentially an act of sharing, it seems appropriate that a memory of sharing becomes a story

Wayne Thomas Shirk made finding a Petoskey stone look simple. Of course he had plenty of practice, having hunted our State stone on the shores of the island each summer of his life. Each room in his Grandmother Brown's Island home gave testimony to his skill, as the eye could not roam more than a few feet without resting upon a Petoskey stone. But if Wayne got a kick out of finding the stones, I'd have to say his special joy was in helping others find the stones "on their own".

All Wayne needed to see was someone (maybe it way you!) walking the shoreline with their head bent down in the classic

"stonehunters" pose and he became The South Manitou Petoskey Claus! He always seemed to have the stones in his pockets so his task was easy. He would walk the beach just ahead of the hunter and drop some stones in their path so they would be sure to find them. If the managed to pass up the first few stones, Wayne would walk back toward them, timing his approach to that he would meet them just where a stone would be in their path when the two went to sidestep 'round each other. Somehow, Wayne would manage to direct their attention to the prized stone but never letting on that the stone had been planted.

Wayne truly wished the moment of you in discovering the Petoskey to be the hunter's own. Having experienced this joy himself, he wanted others to share the feeling.

Over the years, I don't know how many tourists, friends and relatives he led to Petoskey stones in this manner, but I do know that every single person I saw after having found one just flowed with the experience, and their visit to our beloved island was made richer for Wayne having done so.

About the author:

Denise was the wife of Wayne Shirk. She has spent many summers on the island with Wayne and his family. Wayne is buried on the island.

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May 24, 1990

Mr. Glen Furst
5656 W. Jagger Road
Ludington, MI 49431

Dear Glenn:

I understand that you were in our office ... sorry that I missed you.

The fences for the outlying cemeteries on South Manitou are being made up by the students at the Lockman Outdoor Education Center near Traverse City. They have a sawmill and carpentry shop plus, are interested in camping on the island later this spring and actually putting the fences in place. The cedar was cut on the property of one of the instructors - I don't believe the costs will run very high. He said that they may have to purchase posts ...

Thanks for stopping in to see us. Maybe I'll be around next time!!!

Sincerely

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Ray", with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

Ray Kimpel
