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719 W. WASHINGTON AVE.
JACKSON, MICHIGAN

Jackson Mich August 18 1968

Emmet and Betty Hollingsworth
321 Sheffield
Flint , Michigan

Dear Emmet & Betty :

Am here sending you a very special chronicle , by our
most Dear Cecilia , covering her remembrances of
our family , Charlevoix , The Blue Bell , Belvedere, Etc.

This you will find a most special and, to the point a
great, narrative ... We should love her for it .

When you take time to read may I ask that you do

1. let me know that you have recieved it.
2. Put it carefully in your archives.
3. Thank Cis for her very special chronicle .

As always Charlotte joins me in best love ,

Gerald
G.E. Hollingsworth

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CHARLEVOIX-THE-BEAUTIFUL

An exciting adventure and priceless heritage.

School is out and the moist warmth of summer in the Corn Belt has begun. It is time to make lists of things needed and things to be stored and left behind. Trunks came down from the attic and the shopping trips, via the beloved Monon Route to Chicago begin. All this in preparation for the yearly journey to Charlevoix, the Shangri La of our youth.

The trip to Chicago was brief, an overnight at the Palmer House or the Saratoga and the morning, over the Rush Street bridge to the dock and the "Manitou". A noble ship she was and we children knew her from stem to stern. We were always greeted cordially by Chief Engineer Collins, Mr. Donnelly the dining room steward and then - surely the greatest honor - a personal greeting from Captain William Finucan himself. Although we had followed him through the seasons when, under the Northern Michigan Transportation Company he had commanded the S. S. Missouri and then the S. S. Illinois, yet never, to us, was there a ship so wonderful as the S. S. Manitou. No ship had decks so spotless white, brass works so gleaming, meals so good and berths so comfortable. Nor was there ever water so blue or air so delicious as when she headed north for Charlevoix.

I remember so well how proud I was when, after we were well at sea, one of the crew brought my mother's Lyon and Healy Italian harp down into the engine room and she played for Mr. Collins and his helpers. That was our mother, the warm, vital, moving spirit of all our days at Charlevoix.

We were always up early and on deck for the first sight of the Charlevoix shore, Two Mile Point, then the entrance to the channel, light house on one side, Life Saving Station (later the Coast Guard) on the other. Remember the beautiful

flowers and lawn in front of Doctor LeFevre's house up on the terrace just above the channel? I can still feel the delightful shiver at the deep blast of the "Manitou's" whistle as she signalled for the bridge to open. So broad she was there were only a few yards to spare on each side as she steamed through the channel and into Round Lake. So long she was that sometimes she needed the sturdy tug "Taylor's" help to turn her and bring her up to her berth at Wilbur's dock. Once or twice-surely historic events-she sailed straight through Round Lake, out the upper channel into Pine Lake (now Lake Charlevoix) turned and came back and up to the dock unaided. Word would have gone abroad that she would do this and the shores on both sides of the channel and resort were lined with cheering parents and youngsters..Of certain knowledge, I must add, to those who knew Captain Finucan, and to Joe Howard in particular, a member of the Captain's crew, he was the only master of the "Illinois", the "Missouri" or the "Manitou" who could swing his ship, in any weather, in Round Lake, without a tug's help and bring her gently and perfectly in to her berth on the first try. The thrill of watching that marvelous performance is with me still.

When we tied up at the dock the horsedrawn busses and drays were always waiting to carry passengers, baggage and freight to Charlevoix village and the resorts on both sides of Round and Pine Lake. Always the first sight of the cottage - our cottage, thrilled us with pride and anticipation of joys to come. The Blue Bell! Painted gleaming white, blue trim with a red roof, visible to sailors ten miles or more out on Lake Michigan. Our grandfather, Oscar M. Allen, one of the ten who established the Belvedere Resort, was a devout Mason; he built his cottage in the form of a Maltese Cross; the first floor, four rooms opening onto a central room with outside porches filling up the corners, making the floor plan a square, the second floor, four bedrooms opening out onto a balcony that looked down on the first floor center room. These bedrooms all

had doors opening onto outside porches which ran completely around the house. The third floor was merely a smaller balcony, also looking down on the first floor center room. This had no rooms except a small unfinished store room--just windows all around the outside wall. At the very top was a cupola (to us, always a "cupalow")--one room with windows from which we could see Pine Lake, the Bayou (later the Yacht Club Mooring) the upper terrace, and way off over the buildings of the town, blue Lake Michigan.

From the third floor, down past the second floor balcony to the big round table in the center of the first floor was a long, dizzy--and I mean dizzy--distance. Early in my youth my grandfather had a big net made by the sailors at the Life Saving Station (they also made wonderful porch hammocks). This net covered completely the opening from the second floor balcony, the meshes fine enough to catch tennis balls, shoes, toys, yet strong enough to keep a falling child from breaking his neck!

Going back up to the cupola, that was a marvelous room, perfect for club meetings and paper dolls. Clara Bailey (whose sisters could match any man in handling a sail boat) often played there with me. To read, to confer privately, or just to get away from it all, the cupola was the place.

To complete the general description of the cottage, the porches outside the second floor matched those down stairs, and outside the front bedroom, my sister's and mine, hanging from the porch roof was the blue-painted wooden bell--the Blue Bell. So many memories enter around that front bedroom! Pink roses in the wall paper, lacy pink-lined spreads on twin beds, wide well-padded window seats for an occasional over night guest from the North Side. Transportation was chancy after the dances late at night. The last "dummy" left for the North Side at eleven, and both ferries before that. Result - both window seats occupied. My sister, Dot, and I had separate dressing tables, separate closets.

Nevertheless, things did happen, and it was a real tragedy, when hair was carefully twisted, sidecombs in place, rolled and pinned securely, to hear from the other side of the room these words, "You have my sidecombs!"

Another bedroom, the east one, held special memories. It was usually saved for special guests, for those of us who in later years came as married couples, or brought our babies to the Blue Bell. It was in this very room that my mother and father sat in the hammock (there were hooks for hammocks in every room)--cozy things, hammocks! and made plans for their wedding. Mamma, incidentally, was only twelve when Grandfather gave the acreage to the Club for the resort. After I was born, I shared this room with my parents. Still later, Chad and I brought our baby, now a grandmother, to that room in the Blue Bell. The whole beautiful cottage is filled with memories I want to share with our children. Music, dancing, games, picnic meals, and quiet hours before the blazing fires of birch logs--Grandpa Johnson brought in these logs, bless him! - just being happy and cozy and young. That was life at the Blue Bell.

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So here we are, at the cottage. The sun is shining, the air crisp and sweet, and the Charlevoix day, with its promise of fun and love and companionship begins, for me, Cecilia, a little girl. As I look back I wonder at our seemingly casual acceptance of all that beauty, the only thought uppermost in our child's heart was of joys to come and a feast of things to do.

First of all was the resurrection of our stored toys, the dolls, the boats, games, bathing suits - all packed away in the chests under the window seats in the Den. The grown-ups busied themselves rooting out fishing tackle, nets, tennis racquets-many in need of re-stringing or tightening, canoe paddles and cushions, all locked away in closets under the stairs. Then, for Dot and me there was the matter of checking up on playmates, Marybelle, Virginia, Josephine, and investigating our old playhouse. Our Club in the center of the

dense clump of cedar and spruce and white birch in the side yard. We had much to discuss; who had come back, who would be good new members, who of our old members might have grown up too much during the winter to enjoy our games. Our feminine attitude toward this beloved exclusive group was a reflection of our social sense of values. A prospective member might have many party dresses, shoes and stockings to match, servants to launder countless play clothes, parents who owned yachts and beautiful sailboats, canoes - things many of us did not have - and yet be rated highly and welcomed into our secrets and games. We did not envy nor hold it against her; we only knew we loved her and wanted her as a playmate. On the other hand, a girl might not have as much as we had and whose parents could only afford a brief time at Belvedere. We did not feel pity for her, not for a minute. If she measured up to our code of ethics, and we had one, believe me! - she was welcomed in. That any girl would not want to belong never entered our heads. I remember one girl whose parents were wealthy was being considered for membership. She discovered a hole in her stocking - a silk one at that - and remarked, "Oh, that doesn't matter. My mother can't be bothered mending stockings; we just buy new ones." Whereupon, to our horror she put her finger in the hole and ripped the stocking its whole length. She was blackballed.

Other matters, important to both parents and us had to be attended to as soon as possible. One was our enrollment in the dancing classes and instruction for those who could not as yet swim. Another important matter was to get a load of clean white sand from Lake Michigan beach for our sandbox, a source of hours of fascinating play. Just a few of the countless things our parents did for us which we happily and quite casually accepted. Parents were supposed to do these things, weren't they?

That sand, mentioned above, cleaned not only feet and hands, but could take spots off woolen dresses, pants and coats, so dry and clean it was. Even so, it was not so popular when much of it was inevitably carried into the cottage and ground into the carpets. This resulted eventually in those red carpets being taken up and made into beautiful rugs, the very same rugs that today cover the floor of the Blue Bell.

To set the stage for other first things to do, let's look at the topography of the Belvedere Resort and much of Charlevoix itself. Much of that region is a series of terraces left behind as water retreated, and those terraces form an important part in the scenes of our youth. There is the upper terrace, cottages snuggled away among the birches and evergreens; quiet, restful and private. Steps, wooden in early days, cement now, lead down to the "lower" terrace, cottages, gardens, tennis courts and hotel, fronting on Belvedere Avenue, the highway leading to the village. This terrace slopes gently down from cottages and hotel to the lake level, bayou, boathouses, channel, railroad, beaches, swimming dock, and later, the "new" casino. Finally, as we wade out into the clear water of Pine Lake, feeling the little ridges of yellow sand under our feet, we see the "drop-off" - edge of another terrace. Going beyond that mysterious deep dark spot is for swimmers only. And, believe me, every little girl and boy learns to swim early in her career, or else! No sailboats, no trips alone in canoe or rowboat unless she can swim. Otherwise a hated harness or life jacket and strict supervision on beach or dock. Right here, a little incident in re the above. One day when we came into the boathouse in the rowboat there was the canoe hung up on its davits as it should be, but with its bottom dripping wet. When we arrived up at the cottage we discovered my young brother and a small friend, not yet swimmers, apparently fast asleep in bed fully clothed. They learned.

On the upper terrace in the woods was our first little casino or dance hall. Very soon after our arrival our parents always arranged with Mrs. Foster for dancing lessons. This was when we first knew through dancing the thrill of expressing with music the rhythm and beauty of bodily grace. It was Mrs. Foster who helped us feel the importance of social amenities through what she termed correct ballroom conduct. This training, though not fully understood at the time yet, became a habit that for me, at least, has held over. To this day I remember her admonitions.

"A little lady sits quietly without giggling or squirming. When a young gentleman asks her to dance he bows from the waist. If she wishes to dance she rises, takes the edge of her skirt in her fingertips, bends her knee and bows. A young gentleman is never without gloves or a handkerchief, lest he soil the back of his partner's dress." Boys were taught to escort their partners back to their seats around the outside not across the hall. No sliding or wild dashes; floors were well waxed in those days and a slide often meant finishing on the seat of one's pants. No, that little freckled faced boy and I were madly in love with one another when I was eleven (I found a snapshot of him the other day with "My Hero" written on the back of it) - that boy might push you off the dock the next day with your clothes on, but on the dance floor, he was a gentleman. How deep were those impressions and influences! Even when I was in college and some specially wonderful man asked me to dance, I felt the impulse to take the edge of my skirt in my fingers and bow, happy as I used to be when a little girl to be chosen. I remembered that bow when at the formal balls and proms at Harvard we made our deep curtseys before the patrons and patronesses as we entered with our partners. Out dated it may seem to you, our children, and more especially to you, our grandchildren, but that was part of our way of life and a beautiful one it was, too. As I write those last words, "and a beautiful one it was, too" I want to change "was" to "is". I am a happy woman,

with the ability to adjust to the inevitable changes, but still with the firm belief and conviction that what in my youth was honorable and right is still so; what was beautiful then is so now. The verities do not change. Gracious living is still gracious living.

It was Mrs. Foster who first taught the little girls the Highland Fling and the Skirt Dances, the boys the jigs and Sailors Hornpipes. When the "new" Casino in the Belvedere Annex was built, Miss Calla Travis and her sister Maude, from Grand Rapids, took over the instruction Mrs. Foster had begun. Miss Travis stressed the importance, as had Mrs. Foster, and value of courtesy in general, little acts of consideration for others. This, specifically, meant being kind to the newcomers, those who were shy, awkward perhaps. "Ask her to dance, Gerald. You may be in for a surprise". "Dance with him, Cecilia, he's a fine boy. You may stumble over his feet - just watch your own!" Sometimes, I must say, you found yourself suddenly separated from your partner and put into the arms of a perfect stranger, your partner dancing with a strange girl. Miss Travis believed in Group Participation, you might say. Even as little girls we learned from Calla more about coordination of body and limbs, good preparation for ballet. "Balance your body with your arms, third fingers and thumbs together, heads up, straight back, and smile!" And I truly believe I made the rowing squad at college mainly on the strength of those last two admonitions "Straight back, and smile!".

Twice a week, on Monday and Thursday night there was dancing at Belvedere. The children danced till eight. Then the older grade school group could join the adults and teenagers till nine, when they in turn departed, presumably leaving the floor clear for the young and older grown-ups. This worked very well, on the whole, youngsters being what they were and are. The babies didn't get stepped on, the grade school group could join the teenagers and young adults in the delightful quadrilles, ballroom and exhibition dancing, and the Grand March, Miss Travis at one end of the hall, Miss Maude at the other. One of the most

prideful experiences of my young life was being selected to do a Spanish Dance, castanets, gay yellow bolero, black silk pleated skirt, yellow, green and red satin ribbon streamers, black slippers, and shiny buckles. This very skirt was a coveted costume piece for our children's dress-up parties. I heard them remark, "This was what Mother or Aunt Cecilia wore in the olden days."

I can see so plainly the well-corsetted, beautifully gowned, curled and powdered mothers sitting around the dance hall, watching, with pride or apprehension, as the case might be, as we performed. Only on rare occasions could my father go farther with us than Chicago on our summer journey to Charlevoix. So it was a memorable and important event when Papa came for an all-too-brief vacation, a few precious days with his family. When the fathers did come, we daughters looked forward very pridefully to being seen dancing with them. I remember a woman who knew our family only slightly saying to Mamma, after Papa had been introduced, "I knew you were Cecilia's mother, but I thought Mr. Hollingworth was Cecilia's brother!"

As I look back I wonder whether we even dimly realized or appreciated the self-sacrifice of those devoted fathers of families who labored through the heat of the city summers in their offices in the big cities - Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Memphis, And Cincinnati. No, we accepted it with the blissful assurance of childhood. Three months of happiness, the sweet sharp cool breezes, the blue water, lovely clean sand and rich fragrant evergreens of Charlevoix.

As I write, I am becoming increasingly conscious of an influence, a personality that dominates these scenes of my childhood - my maternal grandfather, Oscar Monroe Allen. Without him there would have been, for us, no Charlevoix. Briefly, the development of the Belvedere Resort is a matter of history, set down more fully elsewhere. These words of mine reflect my own personal feelings

and affection for my grandfather. A patriarch of the old school, surely a martinet perhaps, ruler and high court in his family and withal generous to a fault, he took great pride in his position as a charter member of the Charlevoix Summer Home Association, the administrative body of the Belvedere Resort. A tender thought here for history. "Belvedere" is not an uncommon place name. However, very few, I believe, know why this Belvedere was so named. Early in their married life, Oscar and Hannah Allen lost a beloved little daughter in infancy. The baby's name was "Belva Dear".

The Hotel Belvedere, owned and operated by the CSHA was more than a hotel; it was a club house, postoffice, dance casino, dining room, parlor and lounge, the very center of all our social activities. Guests known or vouched for by the association members and cottage owners were accepted. Owners could, with the approval of the association, allow friends to occupy their cottages for the summer. At the risk of being thought too exclusive, but wishing to insure for the Club members the privacy and privilege of living as they wished, according to their own code, the CSHA established certain rules and regulations. Before setting down a few of the Blue Laws established by that august body, back in the 1880's and '90's, let me say that these laws are of public record, as set down in Public Act 39, enacted by the people of the State of Michigan in 1889. If you think these few selections of mine are strict, just read the original Act 39! It leads off with the statement that, and I quote, "We, as a Summer Home Association, must operate as a society for the promotion of scientific culture, religion and morality." Well, here are a few regulations I personally was conscious of;

1. Lights out at eleven except on dance nights when the hour is eleven-thirty.

2. No boating upon bays or lakes within or bordering upon the club lands on Sunday.
3. All bathers and swimmers, young and old, must wear robes or coats over bathing suits on going down to Pine Lake Beach, route being behind, not in front of cottages.
4. No cats, dogs or horses allowed on resort grounds.
5. No card games or smoking in hotel parlors on Sunday, except in lobby.
6. (Later, motor cars must be kept off resort grounds when not in use.)
7. Clothes lines in rear of cottages must be concealed behind lattices to avoid spoiling appearance of gardens and grounds.
8. Combustible material must be burned in furnace or fireplace; green garbage must be saved for farmers, as it is highly esteemed for pigs.

Sounds grim? Remember, however, that even in those days parents were tender hearted and understanding, prone to temper the wind with the result that shades were pulled down over windows after eleven, lest the light disturb the neighbors. Our Shetland pony was stabled in a barn just behind a fence bordering the resort grounds and easily reached by climbing over a stile. Our collie pup lived with friends over at the resort on the other side of the channel, the "Chicago Side" we called it, and we canoed over almost every day to romp with him. As for swimming on Sunday, how about going down to the boathouse in the bayou, tying the rowboat to the dock outside and closing the doors on the water side? The boathouse becomes a delightful swimming pool. When those Annette Kellerman tights came out - slick black skin tight garments, my sister and I tried them out in that pool, deliciously thrilled at our daring. Also, on chilly rainy Sundays, children, as a special favor, much appreciated by the parents, believe me, were allowed to play games, cards, checkers, chess and dominoes in the hotel parlors. This letting down of the bars lent flavor to the games and gave

us a sense of being rewarded for good behavior, with no guilty feeling. I remember Mamma saying, "You can do anything if it's right and you do it in the right way". Seemingly too strict these regulations were, yet in essence they were laid down out of consideration of others feelings, their comfort and their personal rights.

Our parents, as did other parents, brought us to the Belvedere to give us a happy, healthful, worthwhile summer; and incidentally, to ensure for themselves perhaps, a few weeks of rest and relaxation and a chance to play with their children. They knew that through their play and their sports these children would learn skill, clean living, courage, leadership and care of property - all the ingredients for a useful and happy life. Why do we send our sons and daughters to summer camps? For one reason only, to give them what the crowded city life cannot provide. This then, was Charlevoix, all the delights of summer camp plus what no camp can offer - Parent Participation. We discovered that picnics were more fun when Mamma and Papa were there. Swimming, tennis, boat races, all were more exciting with parents in the gallery to applaud, or, better yet, to take part. Even when young love came into our lives, romance, canoes on a quiet moonlit lake, cozy silences and dreaming before beach fires or birch logs on the hearth at home, John McCormack singing "I Hear You Calling Me" there was the blissful feeling that everything was all right; nothing could happen because Mamma and Papa knew where we were, and trusted us. Sometimes, when things were pretty cozy and nice in the Den, very quiet indeed - we could forget completely that Mamma was asleep, really asleep, in her bedroom just across the living room. But way down deep in our minds was the certainty that when it got to be that-time-o-night, a sixth sense would wake her and we would hear her soft but very clear "Cecilia".

The Hotel Belvedere was indeed a fascinating place. We children who lived in cottages used to envy, perversely, the life of the hotel child. Think of it! No beds to make, no dishes to wash, every meal an exciting adventure in the big dining room, bell boys to run errands, and, from the feminine point of view, the luxury (?) of staying dressed up in good clothes most of the time. Incredible! But the greatest advantage, the most important feature, again from the feminine angle, was the chance to gather in the lobby on dance nights getting programs filled by the simple expedient of handing them to the masculine young fry congregated there after dinner. The helpless swain could do no less than scribble their names in the blank spaces. These maneuvers disgusted my mother; she made it plain to Dot and me that we could have no part in it. "You are simply forcing those boys to dance with you whether they want to or not. Even if you don't have all your dances "taken", at least those you do have were asked for. One thing I can't stand is a pushy girl. Learn to dance so beautifully that every boy who asks you the first time will ask you again. Smile, be good company. It will pay." And it did. Right here, however, I will say that Mamma helped things along by allowing Dot and me to invite a boy guest up for two weeks in the height of the season. Those boys, plus two brothers and two boy cousins constituted a very impressive group of partners. Mamma always said she preferred boy guests. "Girls so often get homesick." My brothers were magnificent dancers and Dot and I felt honored that they seemed to enjoy dancing with us. They made us feel they considered dancing with us a privilege rather than an obligation. I know we were envied by the feminine contingent. Here again history repeats itself. Mamma's brothers also, to judge from pictured and family lore, were the moving spirits in their masquerades, cotillions and dancing parties, certainly just as gay and colorful as any we knew or those our children and grandchildren enjoy. (More about this later.)

Masquerades were among the high points of our summer too. Because of her delightful enthusiasm and interest in her children's good times, my mother was consulted by many of our young group about costumes. Her ingenuity, plus the wonderful supply of odds and ends; old hats, cloaks, scarfs, shawls - the accumulation of years of dressing up, resulted to wild and very original garb. Our cottage was near the Casino and hotel kitchen, when it was in the Hotel Annex, and we used our special private access to the hall through a narrow passage between Casino and the hotel kitchen. Thus we could appear in costume in the hall without anyone's knowing where we came from.

In connection with dancing, we were fortunate indeed to have, for many seasons Charley Fischer's five piece orchestra from Kalamazoo. He and his brother, Bert, the pianist were playing at the Belvedere when the first Oldsmobiles came on the market. They popularized the song "Come away with me, Lucile, in my Merry Oldsmobile". They gave away lapel pins shaped like little Olds. As a delightful, and in those days, a unique variation, they would put down their instruments and sing the chorus of the number they were playing. Bert was a brilliant pianist and his recitals were things to remember.

An exciting event was the arrival of the Hompe yacht "Doloma" from Grand Rapids. Usually in July she steamed in from Lake Michigan, through Round Lake, the bayou and the channel, and dropped anchor a few hundred feet off the swimming dock in Pine Lake. Eager as we were to go out to greet her, the Hompe girls, Dorothy, Lorraine and Marjorie (name of yacht- the two first letters in the girls' names) were even more eager to come ashore and up to the Blue Bell to see what was going on, and to report in. Moored as she was within easy swimming distance from the shore, the "Doloma" was the center of interest and activity during the swimming hour. Now, this swimming hour on Pine Lake, circa three P.M. was a

tradition, a ritual observed by everyone, swimmers and spectators alike. Only illness or pressing business elsewhere kept the Hollingsworth children away. On dance nights the girls left early; long hair, which even under a cap got wet, took a long time to dry. This hair-drying "do" as I remember, took on a distinctly romantic flavor sometimes. Young swains grew very adept with towel and comb. Referring back to those Annette Kellerman tights, I can tell you it was only a short time before we realized that they made marvelous substitutes, all-in-one foundations for the unwieldy garter belts, stockings and underpants - all part of the conventional bathing suit. Tights, outer bathing dress, and there you were.

To swim out to the "Doloma" was exciting indeed. Like a school of Porpoises we played and splashed around her, following down the anchor chain into the blue depths, hanging to the ladders and ropes, and sometimes as a special favor being invited, wet suits and all, to come aboard.

Always, from the very beginning, especially true during my mother's youth, boating ranked first among all the sports, something for everyone. My recollections of these very early days include so much about boats - big boats, little boats, row boats, canoes, little catboats, punkin' seeds, beautiful sailing yachts. I remember being taken out in our rowboat through Round Lake, the channel and into Lake Michigan to watch the sun go down. This boat held six, quite wide in beam, but beautifully fashioned, carpet in the bottom, padded seats, nickel-plated oarlocks and fittings, a rudder operated by ropes in the stern seat, and two sets of oars. When the sun set in a cloudless sky and we could watch the great orange red globe as it slowly sank into the lake, we stayed till it was completely gone. When there were clouds however, it was even harder to leave because of the gorgeous colors. Never have I seen such sunsets: the littlest children were usually asleep in the bottom of the boat when we pulled into the bayou. No

Harvard or Yale coxswain could have brought his shell into the boathouse with more style or snap.

Once in a while, a most thrilling sight, a big three-masted schooner from Boyne City, up at the east end of Pine Lake came through the channel, loaded with lumber or tan bark, bound for Lake Michigan and Chicago or Milwaukee. We children were usually alerted by the tug's signal to open the bridge, or her horn if she was under sail, and rushed down to the Point to see her go through. The waterway was narrow, not much room on either side and we shouted and waved at the sailors we could see so plainly on her decks. Even more exciting perhaps, from the small fry point of view was when a heavily loaded barge, much wider in beam and more unwieldy got stuck in the channel. Then the word went abroad "Barge Stuck!". Old and young gathered and shouted gratuitous advice to the sweating crew of the barge and the straining tug. Sometimes two tugs were needed, but eventually we could see the stirred up mud swirling around the barge as she finally came free. Remember the times when two lumber schooners were beached and abandoned off the Bailey-Thompson point, and still another two over west of the Chicago Club in Round Lake? We used to play and fish from their decks when they were still above water.

The Inn, owned and operated by the Pere Marquette Railroad, across the channel from us, fronting, as did the Belvedere Hotel on Pine Lake, was of necessity a much more luxurious hotel, serving as it did the general public. We had many friends over there, guests of the hotel and cottage owners. They came to our dances and we went to theirs, and in between we neighbored. We shared the fine golf course, paying a nominal fee. I like to think that our north side friends had a little better time over at Belvedere with us than they did in the

more formal atmosphere of the Inn. At any rate, there was hardly a morning that we did not see a young visitor appear on the front porch, getting in early on the fun of the day, whatever it might turn out to be. Of course there was the possibility of sharing a hot cake or two, or more toast. For our mother the more the merrier, merely the matter of another place at the big round table. I might say we all could cook and did. Sometimes guests appeared at the back door: too, having caught the early "dummy" from the north side.

After breakfast came the big question, what to do today for fun. Picnic and swim on Lake Michigan beach and gather some wintergreen leaves, tennis, sailing, rowing or canoeing over to the village for shopping and an ice cream soda at Beaman's Ivy Drug Store? They had a huge ivy plant in a big barrel, that they fed beefsteak. Keep in mind, however, all this must be done at the proper time. When Duty called in the shape of dancing lessons, household chores, piano practice -- I studied with Bert Fischer -- care of boats, or make-up school work, we answered.

Tennis, however, weather permitting, was usually the first thing on the agenda for all who didn't have serious activities and responsibilities. Tournaments attracted many top notch players, and competition was keen. By ten o'clock the courts were full, also the spectator's benches. I do remember that the younger players were given consideration so long as they really played instead of romping. The back porch of the Blue Bell looked out on the courts and we had grand stand seats. It became the custom, too, to pause on the way to the courts for a go at the piano, usually four hands and when so rendered, the "Cannonball Rag", "Kitten on The Keys", "Too much Mustard", "Alexander's Rag Time Band", sounded, to the people on the upper terrace I've been told, like a pianola plus a calliope!

When the storms came and the waves on Lake Michigan grew huge and foam-crested, breaking over the pier, sending spray up to the light in the lighthouse

at the mouth of the channel, we put on warm clothes (mine was a bright woolen plaid trimmed in red silk ruffles) and walked the two miles to town and out onto the pier. Mamma taught us to love the storms, even the lightning and thunder, telling us to enjoy the beauty of the flashes, and to remember that the rain was "God's good rainwater". The men in the Life Saving Station (later the Coast Guard) kept close watch lest some ship should go ashore and need assistance. At one time they were trying out the breeches buoy, a device now perfected and used for bringing ashore in a sling seat passengers from a ship in distress off shore. A shot, with rope attached was fired from shore to the deck of the ship and the passengers, one by one were hauled ashore. It so happened that one day the use of this device was to be demonstrated for the public. The deck of the ship was a platform erected at the water's edge, the passenger to sit in the canvas sling, legs hanging free, to be hauled to the supposed shore. I volunteered as the passenger, climbed to the "deck", sat in the breeches buoy and was on my thrilling way to safety, when the shore platform collapsed, dunking me, not in water, but on the hard sand. Much applause from the audience and much embarrassment for the crew.

On Sunday, again weather permitting, we walked or rode in a horse-drawn bus driven by Mr. Williams, a big jolly man who smoked big black cigars - to the village for Church and then Sunday School. Mr. Burns, the superintendent, welcomed us warmly; I remember we children felt saddened and yet fascinated by the black patch he wore over one eye. It was always a great joy to us to be with the young people of what we vaguely felt was the real Charlevoix. More than that, they made us feel we belonged, that we weren't merely summer visitors. We envied these children; they didn't have to pack up and leave, come September; they could have Charlevoix all year round, stay and see it in all its autumn beauty. Loyal as we were to our Indiana friends and home, we knew it would be hot and muggy well

into October. Every Sunday when Church and Sunday School were over, we hated to leave Charlevoix village.

Both my grandfather and my parents cherished their friendships with the Charlevoix residents. This feeling has persisted among other Belvedere people too, with the result that many of those who came to Belvedere as summer visitors have put down roots, made homes and stayed.

And so it was that one September our wishes came true. Papa reported unseasonable weather, warm and muggy, at home; Mamma's hayfever, usually nonexistent in Charlevoix, was troubling. So the decision was made to keep the cottage open and put us in school in Charlevoix until Christmas time. I was a Senior in High School, the other three were in the grades. The Charlevoix School Board co-operated and we were admitted. I want to remember every hour of the wonderful three months. The three younger children walked the mile and a half from Belvedere to school, but I preferred the canoe. With the double paddle I could make good time from our boat house to the dock behind Hines' Drug Store. It was only a few blocks to the High School but by the time I got there I was breathless, my face as red as my favorite red flannel shirt. Even so, I was in time to rush to the piano and play the march that ushered in all the High School students. I felt this honor so keenly that never, come hail or storm, was I too late. I could make the distance across Round Lake in shorter time at noon than the other children, who had to run both ways, as my brother, Gerald, remembers. That is until kind Mrs. Finucan rescued them and began giving them lunch. Another star in her crown!

Very dear were those High School friends, Clyde and Clare Coulter, Winnie Weaver, Clare Finucan, the whole Finucan family, and Alma Francis, who lived at Gray Gables, a delightful guest house just outside the Resort grounds. Her father captained the good ship "Olympia". More about him later. So many

others whose names I have forgotten but who remain, nevertheless, in my memory. The teachers all seemed special for some reason; Mr. Woodley, Miss Harding, and one, my English teacher, whom I loved very much. She married Mr. Bellinger. Then there was handsome young Sammy Hess, black curly hair, the idol of all his girl students in Math. He made even that detested subject something to remember. Often - and this was another delightful innovation for which my mother was responsible - we foregathered, students and faculty alike, for parties at the Blue Bell.

I know our debt to the Charlevoix residents is great, our debt and that of all Belvedere. Without their interest and help, both friendly and professional, we could not have lived happily, successful or safely at Belvedere. Doctors, lawyers, bankers, merchants, artesans, builders - all were a vital part of our existence. As I think of each named occupation and service, names and faces and often voices come before my mind's eye and ear; they are all very real and treasured. A special part of the account of the Blue Bell life in particular would surely be devoted Mrs. Phillips who, every summer manicured, shined up and made beautifully clean the whole cottage for our home coming. Loyal Mrs. Brown fed us as no one in our childhood memory ever did. Then Maggie Glasgow and her husband were Mamma's trusted standbys in many an emergency. They were caretakers for the Loeb estate, a gorgeous spread of gardens, stone mansions, purebred horses and cattle, on the shore of Pine Lake, toward Ironton. Maggie considered the family a fine one, which suffered cruelly under the shame brought on by their son's crime.

We hold in special loving memory John A. Johnson, born in 1836 and died in 1937, one hundred and one years of truly Christian living and service. He was a bugler in a Tennessee outfit, fighting for the Confederacy. He pulled up stakes and started north on foot. He was employed by the lumber mills on

Round Lake, now the Charlevoix Lumber Company. Mr. E. J. Hiller still has the old payroll record showing that John A. Johnson received \$1.00 per day, or less. Grandpa Johnson, as we children fondly called him, hauled the lumber to build the first big cottages at Belvedere, the Blue Bell. When it was completed he assumed the job as caretaker, and so remained until his ninety-ninth year. He cared for and loved four generations of our family who were in residence at the Blue Bell while he was alive. He planted and knew the age of every tree on the property. Truly he could not be left out of any history of Belvedere. He was there when it was founded by Oscar M. Allen.

On Memorial Day, years ago, we kids used to ask Grandpa Johnson why he was not in the Day's Parade. His answer was that his uniform was the "wrong color". But when he was about ninety-five or so, Charlevoix had run out of Civil War veterans, so the G.A.R. elected him an honorary member; he thereafter was in the Memorial Day doings - a Confederate soldier in the G.A.R.

In the early years Grandfather Allen gave "Johnson", as he always lovingly and respectfully called him, one of his swallow tail grey coats. Grandpa Johnson, for well over sixty years wore it to attend church on Sunday, his beard well down to his brisket in front and the coat just a few inches above his ankles, as he walked from his home on Alice street to attend services. He had three children, Tom Johnson and two daughters, Mrs. Lynne of Charlevoix and Mrs. Foley of Petoskey. When we inquired about his family he would reply "My little girl is not too well" - his youngest, Mrs. Lynne being then seventy-two. In September, 1937, my brothers, Gerald and Emmet, flew to Charlevoix to be bearers at his funeral, at the Brookside Cemetery.

A POT POURRI OF "REMEMBER WHEN S?"

When we all went by "dummy" and carry-all to the little lake up north of Petoskey - Wy Yugamug, where the Sioux Indians were acting their pageant, "The Song of Hiawatha" in the beautiful natural setting of lake, woods and island? The wigwam of Nokomis on the shore, the lodge of Minnehaha, "Laughing Water", across on the little island, Hiawatha's journey to claim his bride, and the final scene, Hiawatha's being transported to the Happy Hunting Ground, the far distant shore, standing erect in his canoe that moved across the water propelled by no visible hands, and the clear powerful voice of the Reader, giving us the story.

I know there have been many changes in later years, but these scenes and memories are as I love to recall them.

- And the Indian women, babies in their carriers strapped to their backs, who came to the Belvedere every summer with their exquisitely woven baskets of rushes and fragrant sweet grass, ornamented with beads and tinted porcupine quills? These quills we learned were made pliable and soft by being held in the mouths of the weavers.

- And the Armenians who came to the hotel with their beautiful embroidery and laces? I can see them now as they displayed their lovely ware - very tempting ware - in the hotel parlor. Every mother bought at least one piece for her own household or for a daughter's hope chest.

Sunday night Song Services were always well attended because people love to sing. Often gifted singers took part, generous with their solos. I remember one in particular, a noted Indian evangelist. His splendid voice and leadership brought hearty response from the audience and the grand old hymns gave us all a lift.

As a reward for good behavior, an evidence of our parent's trust, we were given commutation tickets, good for twenty round trip rides on the dummy between Belvedere and Petoskey, twenty some miles north on Little Traverse Bay. Why we thought an ice cream soda at a drugstore counter in Petoskey would taste better than one at Beaman's right here at home, I don't know. Of course the soda itself really didn't; what gave it the special flavor was undoubtedly the feeling of independence and adventure. The shops along the street going uphill from depot and dock to town were fascinating. Curios, beautiful rugs, laces, linens, beads, candy, popcorn, Indian baskets and even waffles - all were on display for us to enjoy as we sauntered up and down. I remember my first taste of Caillers Swiss Milk Chocolate Bar. Petoskey, being a city larger than Charlevoix, offered too, a wider selection of merchandise of every kind, and therefore drew trade.

Fishing at Charlevoix? Yes, we caught bass and perch from the docks and piers and bridges, but the real fisherman favored the small inland lakes within easy reach from Charlevoix. Let me interpolate here; my uncle and aunt, dedicated fishermen, used to leave their two sons with us, much to our delight, while they went to Walloon and other lakes. To my feminine mind, the best fish came from the fish wharves in Round Lake. The fish tugs brought in the netted whitefish from Lake Michigan and shipped them, packed in ice via the lake boats to the markets in Chicago and Milwaukee. One of these three-pounders, filleted or cleaned whole for baking was delicious. This reminds me of those trips we took on those fish tugs, going as far as Beaver Island, twenty miles or more north ^{WEST}~~east~~ of Charlevoix. Tons of fish came aboard in the nets. You might imagine that the smell of the fish plus the steady up and down, side to side motion of the tug would be a bit hard to take, but I can't remember any one being seriously "disturbed".

Remember when Mamma -- so often we say to each other "remember Mamma" -- a whole volume wouldn't hold it. Anyway, remember when Mamma was the first woman, the first anybody, to dive off the railroad bridge into the channel?

And when Emmet fell off the pier in front of the incoming "Manitou"? Mamma called to him, "Emmett, One-two-three!" and he swam clear; that well known command, heard many times meant "move!" and we moved. Two more familiar expressions only a few of us now remember - Calla Travis, "One, two, three, HOP" and "Aur there any mail for Fekete?"

And the Indians! Each summer they held a camp meeting near - I think - Oyster Bay or Horton's Bay, on Pine Lake. Many from Belvedere attended these meetings (Chippewas, I think). Too, the Indians from time to time came in their canoes to Charlevoix to trade, stopping to pitch camp for the night on the little island - ~~"Fekete"~~ - across the bayou from the Blue Bell. We could see their camp fires. Mamma would threaten, "Unless you children quiet down, I might just call those Indians over here!" Even Laura Geilfus took heed of that!

Can you remember the rich whole milk at five cents a quart that Mr. Widdefield delivered every day? One of his bills, so saying, is pinned to the wall of the Den in the Blue Bell.

And who could forget Grandma Vosburg and her white horse, the buggy loaded with vegetables and big ripe red "rozzburries" from her farm on Barnard Road? "All-oo" she'd call, in her wheezy deep voice, "Anybody home?" Always we'd gather round to have our fortunes told as she read them in the tea leaves. One prophesy I shall never forget. "You, Dorothy, will be the beauty, but Cecilia will wear the diamonds." Well, now! Grandma claimed, and had letters and documents which seemed to prove it, that she was a cousin of Queen Victoria. It seems that a young American country boy crossed to England on a merchant ship as a member of the crew, met the little girl, married her and brought her to this country. She was just fifteen and, as she told us many times, brought with her her favorite doll. She and her young husband homesteaded a little farm - quite possibly the one on Barnard Road. She was already a great grandmother when we

knew her, and became a great-great before she died. Traces of her Victorian background were quite evident; witness one day when my sister, who was very fond of horses remarked, "Grandma, that is a nice mare you have". Grandma was horrified. "Never use that word! Say lady horse."

Does any one at Belvedere remember or believe that there was a little river, an overhead rustic bridge and boathouses too, between the Pere Marquette railroad ~~and the swimming beach~~ ^{under our feet.} That's where the polly-wogs were; I quote my brother Gerald's exact words to prove it. "Along in the late afternoon, if we didn't swim back through the channel to the bayou or (these being my words) if we weren't towed back on the end of a rope behind the motorboat), we would pick up our polly-wogs and a nice supply of thick gray clay ("Don't bring that clay onto the porch!") from the lake bottom in a bank just north along the swimming dock, and start home, making sure to keep well clear of the beds of poison ivy. Too, if the afternoon dummy had passed just about then, those hot cinders blown over the walk, might well blister feet".

Of course no one, young or old was really accepted until he had, by reputation or certain knowledge, climbed to the top of Mt. McSauba and slid down, or catapulted down, full of sand, brush, or perhaps a few poison ivy leaves - to the bottom. It was a memory that stayed with you, feeling you legs go knee deep in the sand as you made those mighty leaps down that dune. Twelve seconds was par for the course.

There were a number of ways to get from Belvedere to the Inn, one of the most exciting being via trestle. Strangely, no one ever seemed to worry about getting back; somehow we always did. Anyway, here was a favorite. You start from the Belvedere station, walk the trestle to the bridge, timing your arrival to when the bridge was turned to let the dummy - already on its way from the Inn

station-cross to the Belvedere side. If you didn't make the bridge before the dummy did, - and you couldn't hurry too much lest a leg drop through the spaces between the ties of the trestle, twelve feet above the ground, there you'd be, with no choice but to back-track, missing the spaces as best you could, to where the one ladder led down to the ground. Never for one moment did it occur to us that the engineer could, or would, stop the train to avoid knocking a child off the track. But then, where would be the thrill?

Who could forget, in 1905 I think it was, when Ringling Brothers Big Circus "Showed" at Bay View? All of Belvedere, I'm sure, attended, going by boat or Pere Marquette dummy - 25¢ round trip, Charlevoix to Bay View. The troupe of show elephants, who naturally like to swim, all at once decided to try Little Traverse Bay. The men of the circus swam horses out into the bay to gather up the elephants.

One of our favorite jaunts was a trip with Mr. Francis in his boat, "The Olympia". He used to take us and our young friends up to Holy Island, a delightful woodsy little spot in the south arm of Pine Lake. In those days Holy Island was uninhabited and the water was deep enough on the northerly side for the boats to land. The S. S. Pilgrim, later re-named to "Hum" used to stop from time to time at the Island. History tells us that the Mormons from Beaver Island, "King Strang's" domain, had built a shrine there - we saw remnants of it - which was abandoned when they moved to Salt Lake City.

She was only two, my little niece, but she knew what she wanted. "Go bean, see cawks!" she demanded. "Go Bean, see cawks!" No one understood and she wept and would not be comforted. Finally the light dawned. "Go ravine, see crows". We didn't blame her. The shady walk south past the cottage on the terrace in the deep woods leads to the rustic bridge over the ravine. Cool, green, shadowy, it was a fascinating place. The banks on each side were steep, leading down to the little path bordered with moss and fern and low brush. The big trees at the tops of the banks made a canopy of shadow overhead. As we

walked down the path our feet made no sound; in fact, there was no sound except the muted cries of the crows of the soft flapping of their black wings. Truly a magic place, and our own voices were muted. Then suddenly we emerged from shadow into sunlit green of meadow, and a fence that marked the west boundary of Belvedere. Even in my remembering I am loath to leave.

A picnic deluxe was an all day one on Lake Michigan Beach. This meant an early start and special preparations. Both rowboat and launch - of whatever type that year's was, were needed. The list included blankets, pillows, bathing suits, towels, food, extra wraps, a good bundle of kindling, lest the supply of driftwood be not ample. After selecting a spot on the beach, we anchored the launch, and like the Swiss Family Robinson, transferred ourselves and impediments to shore. Also, I must add, Mamma had a bag fully as magic as Mother Robinson's from which she could, and did, pull anything and everything needed for any emergency. Since we would swim in the afternoon, we always took blankets and safety pins up to the woods above the beach and, selecting three or four trees spaced properly, pinned the blankets around them, making dressing rooms, one for the boys and one for the girls. Then came gathering driftwood for our fire to be built in the late afternoon after we came in from swimming. Wading, sand castles, hunting for Petoskey stones with their grey honeycombed crystal formations, - found, we believe only on Lake Michigan Beaches - filled the rest of the morning. Then came lunch and naps on the blankets and pillows in the shade. Those who did not nap explored the woods above the beach, hunting wintergreen leaves, avoiding poison ivy, and playing around the benches and platforms of the public park. Which was occupied usually only in the evenings for band concerts and town picnics and suppers. After naps we were all ready for our swim, wading or bathing, as the choice was. So different that swimming hour was from the usual one on Pine Lake. Lake Michigan water was cold, and often rough; this made it exciting and a challenge to the

daring. Always, however, from the shore was the watchful eye lest a wave flatten an unwary child. Roaring beach fire, supper, and sunset. Then back to the launch, not forgetting to douse the fire completely - bags, blankets and babies - up anchor and home to the Blue Bell. And the best part of it, as I think back, was that the ones who planned it all enjoyed it too.

It is interesting and wonderful to remember the many stories that, with the precious old pictures still extant, have made the years very real when my uncles, my mother and her sister were the moving spirits of their day in Charlevoix and especially at the Blue Bell. One tale delights me, so very well it might have been today. Remember those rotundas on the second and third floors of the cottage? When Uncle Dee and M'liss Griswold were married at the Blue Bell, Dee hired a band from Detroit, his brother, Glenn, hired another from Grand Rapids. These two bands played alternately, sometimes together, over the railings of the rotundas. As Mr. Hines, the old time druggist told my brother, the festivities kept the village of Charlevoix awake for days. Earlier, I mentioned the east bedroom upstairs as being the scene of some of my parent's courting days. That brings to mind another dido strangely like the product of the hilarious teen-age mind of today.

Papa was a guest and already considered as a possible member of the family. He had completely won over my grandmother, and grandfather too, as it happened, although the latter was inclined to view with a jaundiced eye any man who dared hope to marry the beloved younger daughter, Fannie. Anyway, young Louie still had to win his spurs in the matter of brotherly approval. There had been a hilarious watermelon feast on the beach, and Papa, who had only recently arrived from hot muggy Indiana was very tired. He went to bed in the east bedroom and slept soundly. During the night my uncles carried all the melon rinds up from

the beach and piled them in front of Papa's door, hoping the whole nasty mess would topple into the bedroom when he opened his door in the morning. However, early next morning, before anyone else was up, a sweet old maiden aunt had discovered the condition of things and quietly lugged the rinds away. At breakfast Uncle Dee greeted Papa with "How'd you sleep last night? Up pretty early, weren't you?". Papa, his handsome young Quaker face quite serene and innocent answered "No, didn't get up specially early. Why?" That joke being a dud, they made up for it by allowing him, as a special favor to land lubber who wanted to learn the ropes, to pump out the center board well.

Having five brothers taught Mamma many things, many skills and ways to compensate for being a mere girl. Consequently, she sailed, she swam, she built camp fires, she was their peer. With their striped blazers, straw hats, guitars, banjos, songs, cotillions, masquerades, campfires, moonlight lake - all these things they enjoyed as did we in our time and as our children did and do.

As has been said, my two younger uncles, Dee and Glenn, sparked many of the escapades that have come down in history. Uncle Dee was famous for his skill in disguising himself as a girl. On one occasion, before a masquerade, he was especially successful. Donning a gypsy costume, he mingled with the girls who were dressing in the room provided off the dance floor, and was busy lacing up their shoes when his hands gave him away.

I mentioned earlier in these reminiscences how great a part of our lives at Belvedere, boats and boating played, from the very early days. Thinking of the time when my mother and her brothers were young, their escapades, mentioned above, and their consuming interest in boats, I feel it would be worthwhile, while we still remember, to sketch briefly the history of those boats that meant so much to us all.

First, the "Teaser", a sloop sailor, owned by my uncles, and the "Dream", a skimming dish. These won trophies in the regattas - I have held in my hands one of the lovely bowls. Then the two rowboats, described earlier, very much part of the Hollingsworth children's fun. They were the "Fannie May", my mother's name, and the "Lillah Belle", my aunt's name. The best remembered, and, I think, the best loved of the human propelled craft was the canoe, the "Gerald", built by the Beauvais Brothers Boat and Canoe Company at Charlevoix. She was built by Mr. Mercer and Roy Ranger about 1900. Some years before Roy's death, about three years ago, he told my brother Gerald that this canoe, still in Gerald's possession, still in shape and seaworthy in 1967, was the oldest boat still seaworthy in the Charlevoix area. Her frame is oak, planking basswood, rails maple and front and stern deck ash. She still has the same old double paddle. Better than a pony and much more reliable to play with, we grew up with that canoe. No girl or boy was properly accredited until he or she could capsize it, slosh the water out, right it and climb in, over the bow if alone, or over the side if he had a partner. Nothing like the "Gerald" for a moonlight paddle out on Pine Lake or a quiet glide through the Little River around ~~the~~ ^{the} Island. That was my craft, remember, that carried me to High School the Fall we stayed over in Charlevoix. And let me tell you of another trip not so quiet. We had gone for a picnic on Two Mile Point, all of us, Mamma, Papa, my aunt and we four children, taking the canoe and the rowboat. Late in the afternoon the weather looked threatening so we packed up and started home, papa at the oars in the rowboat with the three younger children and my aunt. Mamma and I took the canoe. The rowboat was sturdy and very seaworthy and Papa pulled a strong oar. Without warning the weather thickened, making it tough going, especially for the canoe. Many places on the shore were rocky, making landing almost impossible.

However, we could see the rowboat doing well; not so the canoe. Mamma, with the double paddle was doing her best to quarter the waves when she could, but was growing tired. However, the idea of going ashore, smashing up the canoe and - above all - quitting, was intolerable. "Sing, Cecilia!" shouted Mamma, and I sang, "Pull sailors, pull sailors", "Way down upon the Suanee River", "Row, row, row your boat!" and she kept time with her paddle strokes. When we reached the channel she just folded up in the bottom of the canoe, I grabbed the paddle and we made it home. So did Papa and the rowboat.

Now we enter the modern age - that of Power Propulsion. First was the "Blue Bell" a naphtha launch. You started it up with an old fashioned kitchen match, the burning heat in turn heated the naphtha which gave the push to the wheel. Of course it regularly set fire to the awning. Or your coat or something, but it did go and we felt very elegant. My brother tells me there is one just like it in the Ford Museum at Greenfield Village, Dearborn Michigan. Here Mamma comes into the picture again. She was bringing the Blue Bell in from Lake Michigan and when she was about two miles out the engine ignited the awning. Mamma headed the boat into the wind, and was on the foredeck, most of her clothes off, ready to swim to shore, when the Life Guard arrived.

The next craft was the "Cecilia", a steel Mullins boat with a 3 ^{Cylinder} cycle Ferro engine, speedy but temperamental. However, with five or six amateur mechanics to operate her, she was lots of fun. Many a time she towed us on a rope through the channel and into the bayou, saving us a walk home from the swimming dock. It's a mercy we didn't drown.

But the "Holly-Hoo" now, there was a boat! A 26 Chris Craft, she was a beauty. We used to go out to meet incoming ships when they were nearing the channel and to our shame, we must admit - gave the pilots nervous angry moments, crossing their bows.

The latest is the "Golly-Hoo" a 26 foot surf boat, United States Coast Guard, rebuilt and still seaworthy in 1967.

Now a few tid-bits of information from someone "in the know" of those early days, when, as now, there were many boats in and around the bayou, sailed then by the owners. They knew and maintained their own boats, could bend a bolin, tie a double-half hitch, splice their lines, even weave a turk's head, and, so we've been told, could un-mast and roll their boat over (in the middle of the night before a race!) and coat the bottom with butter or lard, to gain speed! And running a fine copper wire down through the center board of the opposing boat and attaching a rubber boot or bucket to slow the craft up. Of course we feel sure this is ancient history.

Just to mention a few of the great sailors we knew so well:

Sam Bailey, his sloop the "Henrietta" and his two sailor daughters, Henrietta and Clara.

The Wares; Ralph, Hobbie, Bud and their sloop, the "Frolic".

Birdie Balch and his sloop.

To list others briefly, whose boats were a delight to see:

Dallas Boudeman --- the "Jane" (naphtha)

C. M. Christy --- "Virginia" (gas boat)

James Dissette --- "Go Devil" (gas boat)

B. L. D'ooge --- Sailing rowboat by Ida and Helen. ✓

Thos. Fekete --- Thomas L. Fekete - Insurance

Trammel --- "Vincedor" (power boat)

Don Osborne --- "Wop"

Mullhauser --- "Damphino"

Since this section of our Chronicle is really a "pot pourri" we can let our thoughts and memories come as they will, and record them as we will, secure in the knowledge that they will be shared only by those who know and treasure them. Here comes one my sister will recognise; it is also, incidentally, about boats. Remember, early in this take, we mentioned the "Manitou" and our many trips aboard her? This one particular trip my sister and I were taking alone, from Chicago to Charlevoix. Since we knew our departure date well in advance, we were told we could have our pick of stateroom. So, feeling very clever and important, we chose one on the starboard side, right up in front looking out over the bow through our window without getting out of our berths - the whole magnificent view of water and sky before us. Only trouble was, we discovered, that the early risers had just as good, or better view of us.

Just now a letter came from my brother Gerald with a few more treasures of memory and also one concrete one - a check made out to Harrison Bedford for groceries, dated September 15, 1900 and signed with my mother's beautiful fine signature. Groceries! When I think what it must have cost, even in those days, to feed that horde of hungry youngsters! We didn't know then, but we know now. Gerald asked me if I remembered the big porches, the rocking chairs, the hammocks, the beautiful luxuriant vines that made such a sanctuary of the front porches of the Blue Bell. Do I? Never shall I forget those moments when, at a dance I saw there was a blank space on my program, a dance - awful thought - I didn't have "taken". Then was when I ran the short distance, three cottages away, to the Blue Bell and took refuge there in the porch, safe from pitying eyes. Concealed by the vines I waited, listening, while the music played for that untaken dance. Then, when it began again, I rushed back to the Casino, arriving breathless and innocent, to greet my partner who waited on the Casino porch for me. Plenty of hammocks there were in the Blue Bell, with hooks in almost every room - bedrooms too. And by actual count there are still twenty-five rocking chairs, single and

double in that cottage. By the way, does anyone remember, when Mr. Glassford said "No." how Mamma got the window she wanted in the east bedroom?

There can be no end to memories like these, each one bringing with it another even more precious. Perhaps as time goes on, those of our younger generation will wish to add bits from their own lives. That would surely be delightful. Perhaps, then it would be fitting to bring this chronicle nearer the present by including the account of Armistice Day at Charlevoix, August 14, 1945, from the diary of Shirley Hollingworth Simpson, Mrs. Frank Simpson.

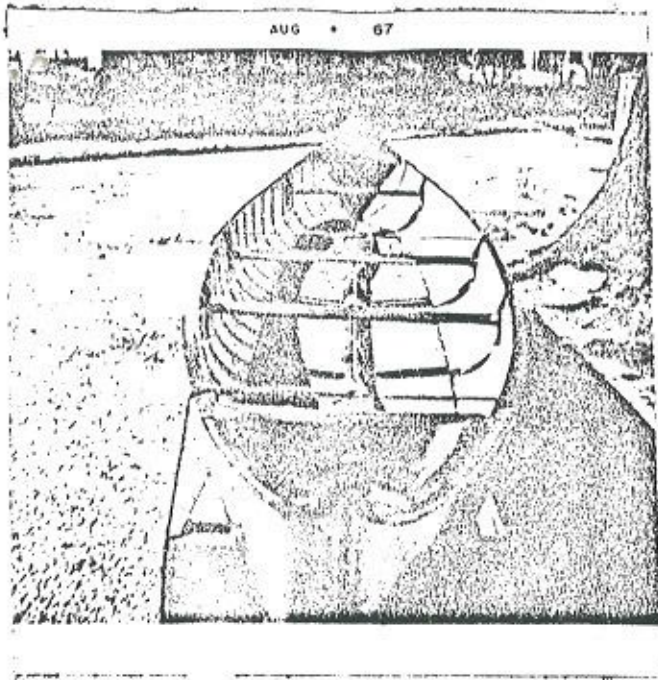
August 14, 1945

"This perhaps is the greatest day any of us will ever see. About six, President Truman announced that Japan had accepted an unconditional surrender. Immediately following, here in Charlevoix the fire whistle blew once. Then after about two minutes we heard the horns downtown start, then the boat whistles and then the church bells. It was a hallowed moment - a moment of deep thankfulness that at last the war was over. For a while we stood out on the porch just listening. Then everyone, Daddy, Mother, Pop, Marita, Jane, Uncle Emmet, Frank and I all started talking, laughing, crying and hugging each other. It was almost unbelievable. We wanted to yell, shout, ring bells or sing - just to make any kind of a noise. We blew the car horn and Daddy rigged up a crow bar from the music room ceiling that we beat with a hammer. Everyone that passed the cottage grinned and waved and yelled. Irene Bisbee came over and we all went down to church for a few minutes. After that we all came back and had a few drinks. We went over to Kock's with Toddy and Burke Upson, where there was lots of food but no liquor. We all sobered up! On the way home we passed a hundred people going into the Hallett Hotel, led by three negro musicians. We followed them as they passed the cottage and all trooped into the Belvedere Hotel.

They all jammed into the lobby and a colored man sat down at the piano, and they started a jam session with everyone shouting, yelling and jitterbugging. From there we went down to Upson Point and were headed for the Lelands when the crowd saw Pop and Daddy with two bottles of whiskey and started chasing them. Pop gave it to Uncle Emmet to hide and that undid the whole parade and we went home and sat around til the wee hours. The Stewart Clan, Marg and Bob Rowe, Mrs. Retherford, Elaine and Stew were also here. We all felt terrible the next day. Imagine!!

It has been my endeavor and privilege, as memory serves, and with the help of my brothers and sister, to recreate and preserve, for our children and those who follow them the life we lived as children and young adults at Belvedere in Charlevoix-the-Beautiful.

Cecilia Hollingsworth Chadbourne - August, 1967.



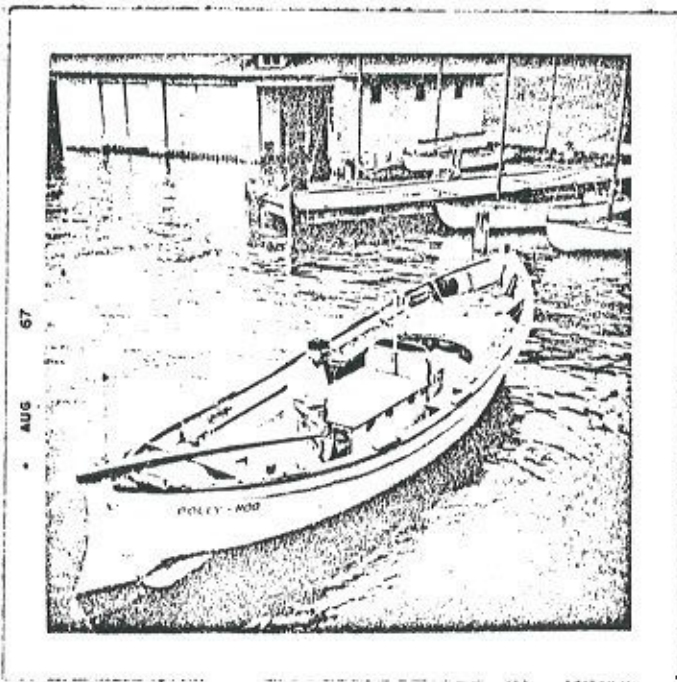
The Canoe - the oldest boat
in Charlevoix, Michigan 1967

Named the GERALD
Built in 1900 by the Beauveis
Boat & Canoe Co- Charlevoix -
the actual building was done
by a great boatbuilder Louis
Mercer - assisted by Roy Ranger.

Her planking - Bass Wood -
frames rails thwarts are
Oak , maple and ash.

Roy Ranger ,prior to his death
about 3 years ago advised that
this was undoubtedly the oldest
boat of Charlevoix - still
afloat and sea-worthy.
Some years ago a Gentleman
Stopped in at the Blue Bell and
asked he might take some measur-
ments and pictures of the
Canoe - He said he had never

.Seen - a more perfectly shaped and built boat. It turned out that he was
a designer and builder of racing shells for the Eastern Schools.



1967 *

The GOLLY HOO - the latest
Hollingsworth boat -

a re-built 26 ft U.S.C.G
whale boat

Ironed off for ice and
beaching -

AND WHAT A SEA BOAT *