

THE  
BELVEDERE  
CLUB

CHARLEVOIX  
MICHIGAN

FOUNDED  
1878



## A WORD OF APPRECIATION OF SALI FRANTZ

*By James W. Henderson, Saginaw News Art Editor, apropos of "A Retrospective in Memoriam "*  
*opening at the Saginaw Art Museum April 21, 1968.*

*The use, in part, of this perceptive editorial is gratefully acknowledge by the Archives Committee of The Belvedere Club.*

"She was a small person with a big soul.

"To describe her as birdlike because of her size, her boundless energy, or her endless curiosity would not quite do it. Sali Frantz was too full of human compassion, too rich in sensitivity and kindness to be confined in metaphors and similes.

"Those who knew her long and well and those of us who were late and limited in getting to know her all agree that she was an admirable artist, a personification of the words friend-to-all, but more than anything else, Sali Frantz was a humane, unpretentious genuine human being. This is a memorial tribute to a Saginawian which is as much a tribute to ourselves for having had her here as it is a merited display of what she could do with brush, pigment, chalk, pencil, paper and canvas.

"She was born Sarah L'Estrange Stanley in Detroit of a richly artistic background. She died a year ago in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, while on a trip with her husband. A graduate of Havergal School, Toronto, and the University of Michigan, she married Frantz, then a field artillery lieutenant with the U.S. Army, in 1918. Their two children are Peter Benson Frantz and Mrs. Joan Stanley Meyer. Her grandfather was John Mix Stanley, a noted painter of landscapes and Indian scenes, whose portrayals, in oil of frontier and aborigine life are in leading museums and have become collector items of rare value. Her mother, Jane Mahon Stanley, was a water-colorist of more than Michigan renown, and Sali's sister,

**"CHARLEVOIX HARBOR OF THE NINETIES" By SALI FRANTZ**

l

Alice Acheson, has earned a place of respect and distinction as a contemporary water-colorist.

"Rarely does the death of a person make quite the impact upon so large a segment of community life as did that of Sali Frantz. To borrow Edwin Markham's phrase, she 'left a lonesome place against the sky.' Whether it was her reliable and consistent contribution to art shows here or elsewhere in Michigan, to New York, Detroit or other metropolitan exhibits and competitions, or her quiet and unassuming participation in church, civic, and community affairs, Sali Frantz was one of the people to count on for dignity, intelligent understanding, and hard work.

"A great deal of what she was is contained in the exhibition; much more that she was will live in an aura of good will, kindness, and contributive living as a housewife, mother, friend, and colleague."

u

# THE BELVEDERE CLUB

CHARLEVOIX  
MICHIGAN

Memoirs of Members 1878-1968

*Printed in The United States of America January 1969*

Layout, composition and printing by Seemann and Peters Incorporated Saginaw, Michigan

Binding by

John H. Dekker & Sons Grand Rapids, Michigan

Copyright 1969 by The Belvedere Club Charlevoix, Michigan

This book is dedicated to those who came before and to those who follow: 1878-1968.

In presenting this volume of history and memory we hope that our effort will not be termed “literary”. We want only to preserve the little we can find of the beginnings of this unusual resort. Too many have long been gone without leaving for their descendants a record of their times, their customs, their lives. Each generation has found delight in “dear old Charlevoix”. Now more and more of the history of the Belvedere and its members are recorded.

Elizabeth Stevenson Ives

It all happened at “Green Timbers” about three years ago. The Cudlips had invited almost the whole resort for a steak roast, as was their annual custom. D. D. Walker, who was then the president of the Belvedere Club was lamenting with Doris Geilfus, Elizabeth Clark and Christiana Ransom that no one had ever written a history of the Club. Several had made an attempt, among whom were Mrs. Kendall Brooks, Mr. Robert Ware, Mr. John S. Fraser and Mrs. C. S. (Ida D’Ooge) Boucher, to name a few. It seemed like such a colossal job, it never was completed or even started in some cases.

Why D. D. Walker appointed Chris Ransom as chairman is beyond understanding as she is so *new* here, only twenty years! D. D. thought Mr. Joseph Hickey would have memories of the golf club and so a few days later. Woody and Chris Ransom called up the Schumachers and made a date to interview Mr. Hickey. They spent a delightful hour while Mr. Hickey talked and Woody took notes.

Eleanor Orr was the first to write her charming chapter entitled, “I Remember Mamma” ... As it was the end of the summer, no more chapters were sent in until early the next spring when Sali Frantz wrote Chris that if it wasn’t too late she would like to send in her chapter of about twelve pages, entitled “Early Days”. Of course Chris was delighted and wrote the committee that at last now the “ball was rolling”.

As many members felt they had no literary ability, Bernice Wexstaff was engaged to write their chapters for them. Bernice had written several books herself and would surely do an admirable job . . . Also she wrote a chapter on the modes of transportation and one on boating.

Since Liz Clark was unable to serve, it seemed necessary to increase the committee. We heard that Buffie (Elizabeth) Stevenson Ives, at the Chicago Club, was very much interested in our history as she had spent many summers here as a child. So she was asked to help out. She was instrumental in getting some other Bloomington, Illinois, past-Belvedere members to write their memoirs too . . . Also it was she who asked Connie McLaughlin Green (Esther Donahue’s sister) to review the manuscript. She graciously accepted as she had spent many happy childhood hours here with her family . . . Irene McDonnell has been a wonderful member as her memory is so good. She has edited all the memoirs before typing. Florence Gardner has been so helpful in getting the details of the sports chapters.

When Bob Frantz offered to give for the frontispiece one of Sali’s beautiful paintings of the Belvedere Club, he was immediately asked to serve on the committee and be in charge of all the pictures with the help of Doris Geilfus. Bob also gets credit for finding the publisher, Seemann and Peters, Inc. of Saginaw.

To all these, the committee, and each member who has written his memoirs or a chapter on any subject goes credit for getting this history in print. The collection of memoirs and photographs by no means covers all phases of development or all the families concerned with the Belvedere Club. For three years the plea was made at Annual Meetings, letters were written to those not here, and members were buttonholed at parties to please send a contribution of some sort to this book. It is hoped, that in years to come, those families left out will write a sequel, and include some of our newest members who now feel they haven’t been here long enough to contribute anything of general interest.

Doris O’Neil Geilfus Florence Leland Gardner Irene Bond McDonnell Elizabeth Stevenson Ives

Robert B. Frantz  
Woodbury and Christiana Ransom

# CONTENTS

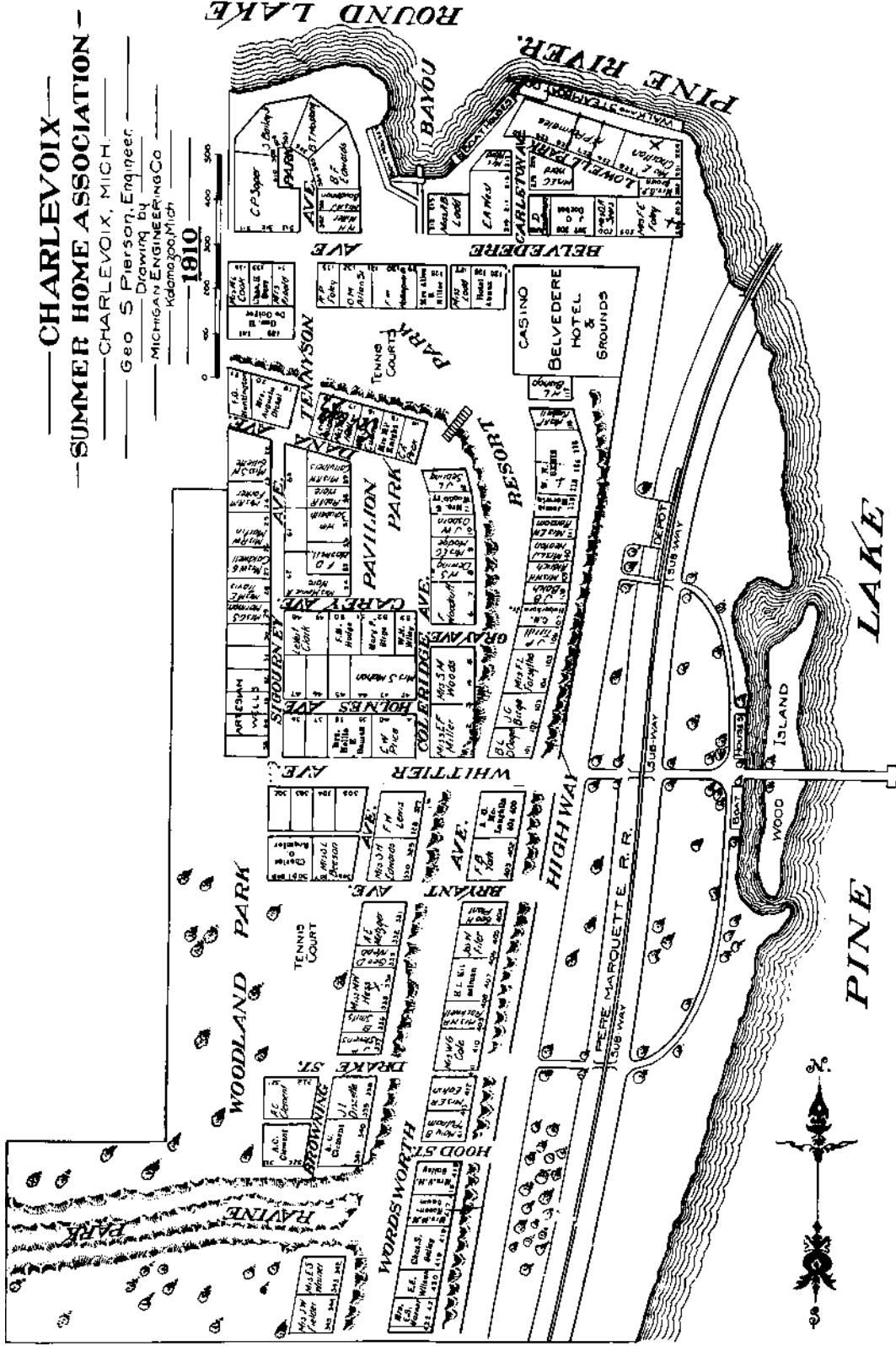
## CHAPTER 1

Chronology . . . Robert Ware .....	] 5
Historical Notes . . . Mrs. Kendall Brooks .....	5
Sarah L'Estrange Stanley Frantz .....	11
Mrs. Ida D'Ooge Boucher .....	23
Clara Riddle Morse .....	31
Mrs. William C. Connett - Jessie Schafly Connett .....	32
Hannah Bemis Morris.....	33
Shwab-Houston Memories.....	36
Elizabeth Stevenson Ives .....	40
Joe Bohrer.....	47
Loring G. Merwin .....	53
Mrs. Robert Tate .....	58
Charles M. Taylor .....	62
Margaret Metzger Kuhn.....	64
The Hollingworths.....	67
Joanne Dissette Zinn .....	72
Marian Webb Rogers .....	76
Augusta Forker Reid .....	76
Irene Bond McDonnell .....	77
Ruth Ware.....	82
Florence Leland Gardner .....	84
Eleanor Simpson Orr .....	87
Jacqueline Osborn Fraser .....	88
Diddy Allen Schade .....	91
Doris O'Neil Geilfus .....	93
Homer D. Jones, Jr.....	96
Catherine McKay Shelton—Melissa McKay Hickey .....	99
George F. McKay .....	103
Elizabeth Sherwood Cudlip.....	109
The Saga of Mr. Joe Hickey .....	115
Gladys Dieffenbach ...	116
Dwight J. Thomson .....	117
Harold A. Cartier .....	119
Dean R. Davenport .....	121
S. R. Leatherman .....	122

F. Carl Schumacher .....	123
Elizabeth W. Schrock.....	125
Mrs. Clarence Sage Roe .....	126
Hollencamps (as told to Bernice Wexstaff) .....	128
Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Million.....	129
Christiana Lutz Ransom.....	130
Januarius A. Mullen.....	135
David Davis Walker .....	138
Susan Moss Reese .....	139
Helen B. Moss .....	139
Harry S. Kramer, Jr .....	140
The Henry Nagels.....	140
Joe H. Gardner .....	141
Florence Orgill O'Brien.....	142
Molly Shipley Goodson .....	142
Glennon McDonald .....	143
Midge Perkins ...	143
CHAPTER 2	
Transportation (Bernice C. Wexstaff).....	150
CHAPTER 3	
The Hotel.....	154
Memoirs of a Warden's Daughter (Gwendolyn Miller Wexstaff).....	156
The Edwards .....	160
CHAPTER 4	
The Casino .....	163
Belvedere Music . . . Austin P. Leland.....	165
The Children's Gangs at Belvedere . . . Austin P. Leland.....	168
More About Children's Gangs . . . Charles R. Kinnaird .....	170
Early Gang Years . . . Nancy Connett Tower .....	172
CHAPTER 5	
Golf Activities. . . Gordon L. Geilfus .....	173
Tennis .. . Diddy Schade .....	183
Sailing and Power Boats (Bernice Miller Wexstaff) .....	186
Cabanas .. Miss Elizabeth Clark.....	197
CHAPTER 6	
The Hospital .. . Althea Hickey Schumacher .....	199
CHAPTER 7	
The Presidents .....	• • • 200
The Cottages .....	203



— CHARLEVOIX —  
 — SUMMER HOME ASSOCIATION —  
 — CHARLEVOIX, MICH. —  
 — Geo S Pierson, Engineer —  
 — MICHIGAN ENGINEERING CO —  
 — Kalamazoo, Mich —  
 — 1910 —



**CHAPTER 1**  
 CHRONOLOGY... ROBERT WARE

The Ottawa Indians were here when the White Men arrived.

1721 Father Charlevoix came here in 1721.

1846 James Jesse Strang brought the Mormons to Beaver Island in 1846.

1852 Fishermen came to the mouth of Pine River.

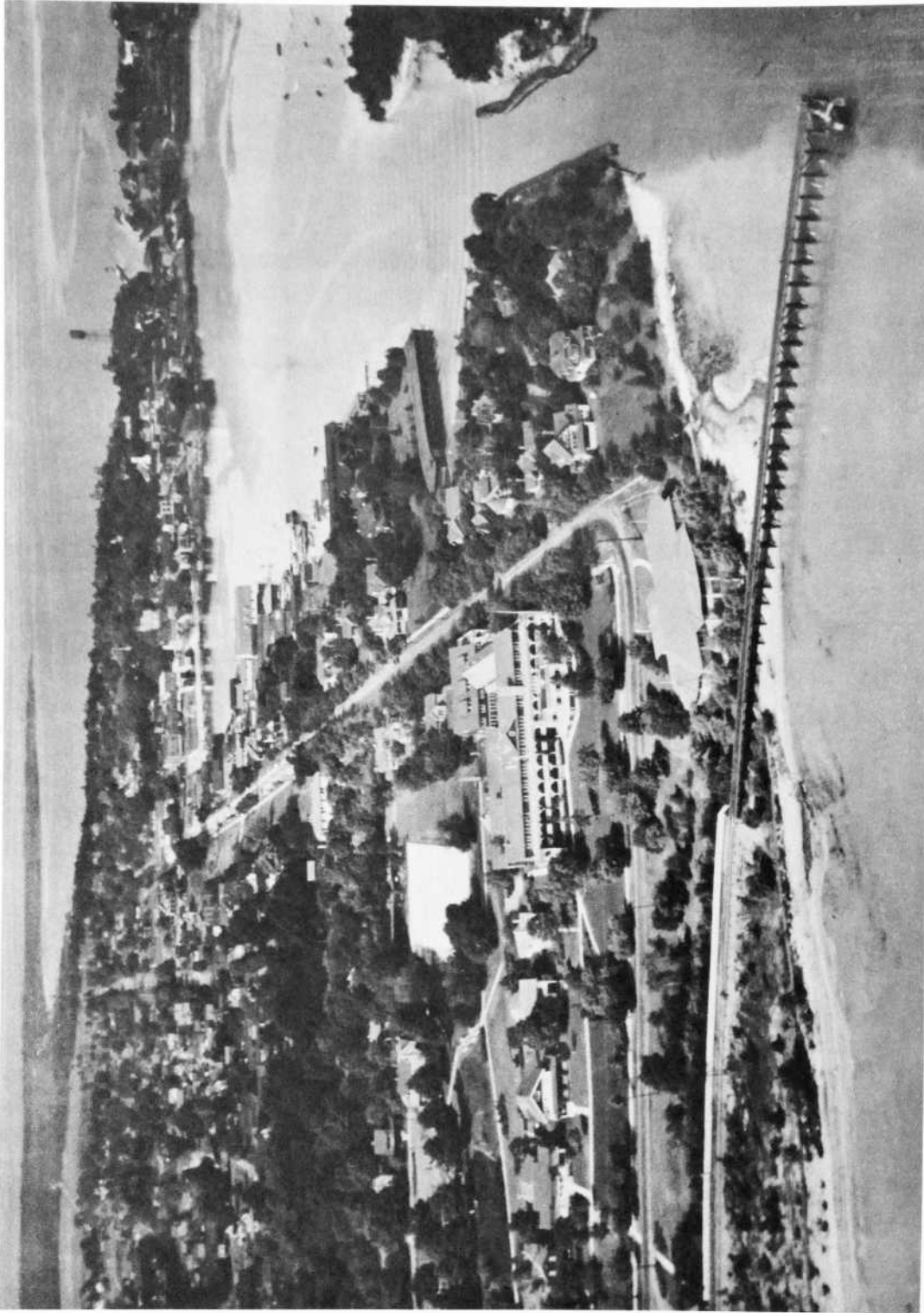
1853 The Battle of Pine River, July 13, 1853 after which the fishermen moved out.

1854 Geo. Preston and family moved into the deserted cabins of the fishermen from Beaver Island followed by Galen B. Cole and family from South Fox Island in a small schooner called the *Dolphin*.

1855 Mr. John S. Dixon and family arrived in May at the mouth of Pine River in the little schooner *Emeline* together with Mr. Wolcott and Frank May, a young man who had been hired as a helper at Northport. The Captain, fearing an attack from the Mormons, pulled out and sailed away. It took three days for the men to clear the brush and logs from the South river bank so they could pull a small boat up against the rapid current. This boat was loaded with supplies and a quantity of lumber. They finally dragged the boat up stream and tied it to the river bank on the north side just where the stream leaves Round Lake.

1867 In June the tug *Commodore Nut* built in Buffalo, N.Y. arrived with four scows built in Northport. After considerable trouble the tug and scows made their way into Pine Lake. This was the first steam boat to enter Pine Lake, via the ditch that had taken from early spring to dig. Piles were driven on either side of the cut and for some distance into Pine Lake to indicate the channel. Richard Cooper ran a boarding house for the A. Fox & Co. which afterwards became the first hotel, the Fountain House.

1872 A mass meeting was held by Charlevoix County Board of Supervisors to discuss the matter of opening Pine River for navigation.



Aerial view of the Belvedere in the late 1920's.

1873 Contract was made with A. Stickney for dredging the Pine River which was begun in July.

All prior dredging had been done by the tugs and the river current. A cut between Round and Pine Lakes 35 feet wide and 12 feet deep was made by an appropriation of \$1,000, by the Board of Supervisors.

- 1877 The first Government appropriation for dredging Pine River was in July 1877. The Dr. Levi Dewis was the pioneer physician who came to Charlevoix in the spring of 1870 and was active until his death Dec. 29, 1920.
- 1878 The Charlevoix Home Association was formed in the spring. H. W. Page, President from Kalamazoo, Mich., Samuel Brooks, Secretary, and Kendall Brooks, Treasurer, both from Kalamazoo, Mich. They bought 25 acres of land for \$625. Six cottages were built that spring: S. A. Gibson on Lot 9; Kendall Brooks on lot 10; H. W. Page on lot 11; J. L. Sebring on lot 12; F. W. Wilcox on lot 14; I. W. Fisk on lot 17. They also built a substantial pier with 14 ft. of water for boats to land on the south bank of the channel at the west end, and an 8 stall bath house on Pine Lake and sunk a good well with ice cold pure water, all for the sum of \$1600. When the news of this new resort, in the heart of the Pine Woods country, became known, over 100 persons visited Charlevoix; some lived in tents, others found board and room in private homes.
- 1879 A commodious boardinghouse was built on the grounds to accommodate many visitors.
- 1880 The Association purchased 25 acres more land from M. J. Stockman just north of the original 25 acres. In October of that year they bought 25 more acres. In these early days you had to come to Charlevoix by boat or stage as the nearest railroads were at Petoskey or Traverse City. The steam boat *Thomas Fryant* made all stops around Little Traverse Bay from Harbor Springs to Petoskey, then direct to the Belvedere dock. The *Lue Cummings* made all the stops in Grand Traverse Bay from Traverse City to the Charlevoix City docks. The larger steam boat *Champlain* came up from Chicago with freight and passengers, stopping at most all ports from Ludington north. The larger steam ships could not come up the Pine River to the City dock and had to land their passengers and freight on the north pier just above the mouth of the river, west of the Fountain City House.
- 1882 S. S. *Fountain*, 1000 ton steamer, was the first large boat to enter Round Lake and in the new channel.
- 1883 H. C. Ware and family came up. from Chicago on the *Champlain* and were landed on the outer pier. They rented a cottage from J. L. Sebring on lot No. 54. (purchased in 1884) The cottage was rebuilt in 1904. In the intervening years most all cottage people ate at the hotel. In 1930 the cottage was remodeled to accommodate the grandchildren and now the great grandchildren enjoy the same old cottage.
- 1885 Many new cottages had been built. An old postcard shows the new cut and the old River where the Pine River did flow.
- 1892 The new Belvedere was in operation under the management of Col. G. Edwin Dunbar. This same year the Pere Marquette Railroad was completed from Traverse City to Bay View.
- Large Steam Ships: *Champlain* from Chicago—3 to 4 days, docked on North Pier by the lighthouse; burned June 16, 1887 on Fisherman's Island reef; 22 lives lost; rebuilt and named *City of Charlevoix*; *Lawrence*; *Petoskey*; *Illinois*; *Missouri*; *City of Grand Rapids*; *Manitou*; *North America*; *South America*;
- Beaver Island Boats; *Gazell*, 1879; *E. L. Hackley*; *Elva*; *Mary Margaret*; *North Shore*; *M. McCann*;
- Sailboats in the Belvedere Bayou: *Amy 1st*, *Helen 2nd*, *Argo* owned by B. L. D'Ooge; *Lady Ann*

owned by J. I. Dissette; *Sylph* owned by E. C. Ware; *Pif Paff* owned by Jack V্লাid; *Edith* owned by Don Osborn; *Squaw* owned by Gardner Bros; *Blue Mackinaw* owned by Patzie Flanagan; and *June Girl* owned by C. O. Roemler.

Notes from Charlevoix County Home Coming printed in 1935 by Charlevoix Historical Society.

1892 The new hotel had two bathtubs on the west end of the 1st floor which could be used by appointment only. If you could not get in, you could get a key for one of the bath stalls from the hotel clerk and take your bath in Pine Lake. Most cottages at that time had a back room with a small coal stove where afternoon tea could be made. Also hot water could be heated for a hot foot bath if the lake was too cold. The hotel also had a bowling alley on the west end. Swimming, sailing, tennis and baseball were the main sporting activities. The Belvedere baseball team was a good one. Don Osborn, the pitcher, was a “knock out”. The hotel ran a large dining hall in charge of an experienced caterer, where most of the Club Members ate at a cost of \$7.00 per week board. They ate what was put on the table. The fishing was very good with Brook Trout, German Brown and Rainbow in the streams and Steelhead, Bass, Pike, and Perch in the lakes; also the large Lake Trout.

Most every cottage had a rowboat to get over to the village. Some had a canoe. There were several horse-drawn buses running between the hotel and the village for 10c a ride or 15c to Lake Michigan Beach where people found agates, Petoskey and many other pretty stones that they could have cut and polished and made into rings, etc. There were also picnic rides to Mt. McSauba on the north shore of Lake Michigan where the U.S. Government had a tall wooden tower for surveying. Some Indians lived in the little adjacent valley and old Chief McSauba charged 25c to climb up to the top of the tower.

There were many ox teams still in use in the logging business and John West who owned the cottage on lot 210 gave a “Pole Ride” instead of a hay ride. The long poles were chained on to a lumber wagon which was drawn by a team of oxen.

The first power boats were the naphtha launches. The *Cupid* was owned by W. H. Aldrich, lot 109, and the *Jane* was owned by Don Boudeman, lot 209.

\* \* \* \*

#### **HISTORICAL NOTES... MRS. KENDALL BROOKS**

From the files of the *Charlevoix Sentinel* and the meagre minutes of the secretary, of the Charlevoix Summer Resort, a few facts relating to the early days of what became the Belvedere Club, have been gathered.

In the late '70s the citizens of Charlevoix, seeing that their sister city of Petoskey had a good thing in the Methodist camp meeting which brought many summer visitors and much business to the city, started a movement to obtain a subscription from the citizens. The effort resulted in the purchase of a piece of land for \$625.00 from Mr. M. J. Stockman; and at the Baptist Convention in October 1877, this land was offered to that body “for the use of the Baptists for a summer resort,” with the motion that “a committee of nine be appointed to consider this proposition and report at some future session.”

Members of the committee being prevented from visiting Charlevoix that fall by unfavorable weather, went to Charlevoix the next spring: they also went to Petoskey and Little Traverse to look at the various places offered. They agreed in giving the preference to Charlevoix in every respect but one, and that was in the amount of land offered;—“The Methodists at Petoskey have

over two hundred acres, the Presbyterians at Little Traverse have eighty acres, while we have the offer of but twenty-five, and that on the condition that we would agree to expend \$500 a year for two years in improvements.”

After consultation it was thought best to accept the offer at Charlevoix and the men from Kalamazoo were requested to arrange for the formation of an association, which they subsequently did. A constitution was adopted and the following officers were elected; President, H. W. Page, Secretary, Dr. Samuel Brooks, Treasurer, Dr. Kendall Brooks.

It was to be known as the Charlevoix Summer Resort Association. “Any person not objectionable may become a member by vote of the Association, signing the constitution and paying \$ 10 when he has the privilege of selecting any lot not already chosen.”

“While the offer of the land was to the Baptists for a summer resort, it is not the intention of the constituent members of the association to restrict the use of the land to Baptists, so the word Baptist does not form a part of the corporate name. We do not wish to exclude good people of other denominations. The superior attractions of Charlevoix have already drawn some whose religious convictions would naturally lead them to other places.”

“There are several ways of reaching Charlevoix. A stage from Petoskey leaves every morning at seven o’clock, the road is good (?), the fare one dollar. A stage, a good Democrat, leaves Boyne Falls, fifteen miles south of Petoskey on the G.R. and I., Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at nine a.m. connecting at the head of Pine Lake with the *Gazelle*, a fine little steamboat, for Charlevoix. The ride through the woods is pleasant though the road is rough. Stage and boat fare, \$1.50.”

In two months after the proposition was accepted, over \$1,600 had been expended in improvements. “It is expected that a good boarding house and many cottages will be built early next summer.”

May 14th, 1878

The committee of Michigan and Indiana gentlemen recently appointed to determine the affairs of the resort consisted of H. W. Page and B. F. Lyon of Kalamazoo, and Messrs. Carter and Gordan of Fort Wayne. They made a thorough examination and survey of the property and reported that they were well pleased. They said improvements would be commenced on the grounds in one month and several cottages erected.

June 11, 1878

On Tuesday the following gentlemen connected with the Charlevoix Summer Resort Association arrived in town: H. W. Page, J. L. Sebring, T. S. Cobb, and Judge Wells of Kalamazoo, John C. Calkins and N. W. W. Smith of Grand Rapids, L. H. Andrews and Wm. Carter of Fort Wayne. The purpose of this visit was to close the negotiations between the Association and the people of Charlevoix for the location of the association in the township. The proposed twenty-five acres lying at the foot of Pine Lake and connecting with the Bayou were surveyed and the bond made out and placed in the hand of the committee. Contract was made with M. J. Stockman for the twenty-five acres of land for the sum of \$625. A deed is to be executed to convey said land to the association on condition that an expenditure of \$ 1,000 in improvements be made within two years.

(The land was at once taken possession of and improvements to the sum of \$1,600 were

made before October, 1878. The first meeting of the Association meanwhile took place in Kalamazoo on June 21, 1878.)

July 2, 1878

On Wednesday H. E. Page, F. W. Wilcox and Professor Samuel Brooks arrived and caused the first blow to be struck on the grounds of the Charlevoix Summer Resort Association. It is the purpose of the Association to fence and improve the grounds. Five cottages have been commenced and all our builders not otherwise engaged are busy with the construction. They have a new well in successful operation. The land is divided into lots fifty by one hundred feet to be leased, not sold. . . . [Any person not objectionable may become a member by the payment of ten dollars.] There may be a small annual assessment not to exceed two dollars, unless authorized by two-thirds of the members present at a meeting called for that purpose. Persons holding lots are entitled to half fare on the railroad for themselves and members of their families. Good board at from five to seven dollars according to the room.

December 15, 1879

At this meeting a committee was appointed, consisting of the President, J. L. Sebring and S. A. Gibson to secure subscriptions to stock and was empowered to purchase the two pieces of land lying north of the grounds and between them and Round Lake.

November 28, 1879

At a special meeting, among other things the enlargement of the hotel was considered and the beautifying of the grounds.

April, 1883

Voted to build two board walks, one from rear Mrs. Gulley's cottage to the foot of Ranney's stairway, the other from Henry Bishop's cottage to the well.

July, 1883

Voted to assess each lot five dollars for the coming year. Voted to approve the highway tax of sixty dollars.

August, 1883

Voted to authorize D. B. Merrill to put a wire fence on the east side of Tennyson St. from the gate to the terrace.

April, 1884

Talk of a new dining hall. Negotiations made for a windmill in the park to supply the hotel with water.

July 10, 1884

Voted to appropriate not more than ten dollars for telephone in the hotel. Lot assessment eight dollars.

August, 1884

A committee was appointed to engage a caretaker for the coming season. The job of clearing the land from the upper terrace to Pine Lake, burning the logs, cutting all trees not marked to save, and sowing to wheat, was let to D. J. Bigelow for forty-eight dollars for the whole job.

July, 1885

Annual meeting. The treasurer reported receipts for the year \$2,943.39. Expenses, \$2,943.39.

Voted that a club house with hotel accommodations be built on or near the site of the old

Belvedere at a cost of not to exceed six thousand dollars; provided the money can be raised by the issue of bonds or any other satisfactory method.  
Deeds.

Morris J. Stockman and wife to the Charlevoix Summer Resort Association, August 14, 1878-forty-eight acres.

John S. Dixon and wife Phoebe S. to the C.S.R.A., July 15, 1880-two acres.

Morris J. Stockman and wife Lottie A. to the C.S.R.A.—twenty-five acres.  
July 24, 1880

There were no fences at first and the small boys were often encouraged to drive the cows from around the cottages. Once, when some vegetables had been left on Mrs. Bisson's porch, a cow came along, ate them all and quenched her thirst at the convenient tub of rain water; the latter the greater loss, for all water was brought in barrels on a dray from the lake and until the men learned to put a cover over the barrels, most of it was lost on the way up the hill. Before cisterns were built, many cottagers obtained old oil barrels, burned them out and caught water from the roof.

One of the characters of that time was Mrs. Vosburg, who drove an old horse and dilapidated wagon, selling a few vegetables, which were very welcome, as there was little or nothing of the kind to be had at the stores in town. She made more money telling fortunes and charming away warts from the hands of the children.

During the summer of 1878 there was no molasses in town as the order had been forgotten until it was such warm weather that they feared the barrel would burst if it came by boat from Milwaukee.

One of the avocations was the burning of the pine stumps, of which every lot had several.

The first six cottages were built by F. W. Wilcox, J. L. Sebring, H. W. Page, S. A. Gibson, Dr. Samuel Brooks and Dr. Fisk, all on the Upper Terrace.

Mrs. Henry Severence and Professor Lewis Stuart were appointed an informal committee to choose a name for the hotel. After watching the shadows and reflections on Pine Lake, they reported "Belvedere" as their choice.

The local 4th of July celebrations were always enjoyed by the resorters and some can still remember seeing Ross Mahon walking the greased pole, over the river at the foot of Bridge Street, to get the silver dollar at the outer end.

The names of some of the steamboats and tugs will bring to many, memories both pleasant and otherwise: *The Gazelle, Clara Belle, Minnie Warren, T. S. Faxton, City of Grand Rapids, Thomas Friant.*

The calling card in those days was a leaf with the name written on it with the head of a pin, which fastened it to the door.

There was no ice in those days, and the crock of butter was kept in the well at the foot of the stairs. The letting of it down and pulling it up by a levy rope was a delight to the small boys.

The passing of the Song Service at the Belvedere Club, which for so long was a feature of Sunday on the grounds, is a commentary on the changed ideals and customs of the day. The service began very simply the first year of the resort's life, in fact before it had a name, when a few beauty loving and reverential souls, sat under the trees on the upper terrace, and sang hymns to the praise of God, and watched the sunset glory reflected on hills and lakes spread out before



them. As club members increased, the old music hall was built as a social gathering place, a piano and song books were purchased, and the Song Service became a regular feature of Sunday on the grounds, and certainly created an atmosphere which had its share in shaping the character of the club. In order that hotel guests might participate it was moved to the Belvedere Parlor until it outgrew the space, and was then transferred to the casino where for many years it was held every Sunday night during July and August.

Charlevoix has been fortunate in having many musical visitors who have added greatly to the pleasure of the services by contributing their talents, and many ministers have favored us with inspiring talks. Who will ever forget the charming voices of Mrs. W. H. Aldrich, Mrs. Wall, Mrs. Lawson, Dr. Wright, Rockwell Brank and others, while the name of Windsor Aldrich, will always recall his fine baritone and the splendid leadership which he gave so willingly? With his passing the Song Service declined and rather than see a fine thing degenerate into a perfunctory task, it has seemed best to let it become a delightful memory.

Belvedere Club has been a success from many standpoints, and the Song Service has had its part in the making of it.

**SARAH L 'ESTRANGE STANLEY FRANTZ (Mrs. Robert B. Frantz) Cottage No. 122**

When someone in 1967 takes a peek at two early photographs of another day, say a few young people in the 1880's from the Belvedere Resort taking a two day trip in a sailboat, under the watchful eye of two or three chaperones, to see the evening circus in East Jordan—it is almost 'laughter in the next room'. In regard to these two 1887 photographs, about a dozen and a half young people set out, in my Mother Jane Mahon's and her brothers Henry, William and Ross Mahon's sailboat, the *Stormy Petrel*, a bird in Ireland thriving on rough weather.

They planned to see the Robinson Circus in East Jordan and camp out in tents, returning the next day. This was under the friendly eye of my grandmother, Sarah Mahon, and my Aunt Nellie's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Brooks of Kalamazoo. Young and old, *all* were enthusiastic for the sail and the circus, even if it meant camping out and cooking supper and breakfast on a camp fire back where they pitched their tents—not on the dock as the photo suggests.

Marie Heaton stands with the chaperones; Jim Heaton took Frank Jenney's nightshirt and stood it up with a pole against the circus ads. Mr. Levering holds the great string of fish. My Uncle Ross is behind the stove and my mother at the left, always with her tin paint box. Wallbridge, Miss Green, Clara Mack, Ed Owen, Lizzy Coffin, May Smalley, Mary West are the others. A couple of generations later I was still hearing what a riot they all had on this simple outing. One evening Hannah Bemis and her husband, Joe Morris, happened to be at our cottage and they got looking at these same early photographs when Joe suddenly said, pointing to the girl near the lantern, "This, This is my mother!"

To go further back a minute, when my enterprising Irish grandparents, George and Sarah L'Estrange Mahon moved from Framingham, Massachusetts, to Ann Arbor, it was too far, still, to summer on the Island of Nantucket. So, in 1879, they took a trip on a schooner around a few of the harbors of Lake Michigan and were quite captivated by the three lakes and unique harbor of Charlevoix as well as the steadfast, interesting, and friendly summer colony of Belvedere.

After renting for one summer they built the Mahon cottage on the upper terrace, "where there's always a breeze from the east," in the fall of 1880 and the spring of 1881. On the two lots in front (now Connett and Herschede) there was a beautifully kept turf tennis court. My mother's oldest brother, Henry Mahon, had married Nellie Brooks, whose father, Dr. Samuel Brooks, was on the Kalamazoo College Faculty: they summered in the tiniest cottage, "wee bit housie," where, later, the Joe Sherer's built for some of their family.

"REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST" — An 'overnight group' from Belvedere attending a circus in East Jordan in 1887. *From Left:* Mrs. Louis C. Stanley (Jane Mahon), Levering (?), Wallbridge (?), Walter Jewett (?), Mary West, Marie Heaton (?), Mrs. George Mahon (Sarah L'Estrange), Nellie Mahon (?), George Mahon (?), Mrs. Kendall Brooks (?), Jim Heaton, Mrs. Levering. Seated: Mrs. Clara Mack Hawley, Ross Mahon, Lizzie Coffin (?), Dr. Samuel Brooks (?), Mrs. Beatrice Green Morris (?), the mother-in-law of Hannah Bemis Morris, Ed Owen (?), Alice Brooks (?), also Kathryn Smith, a relative of John Dos Passos, Charles Weideman (?), and Henry Mahon.



Mrs. Elisha Clark Ware with standing, (left to right): Peggy Ware Allen, Robert R. Ware Jr., Evelyn Ware Peters, Gordon Ware. Seated: Jack Ware, Ralph "Mike" Ware in grandma's lap and Nancy Ware Edwards.

Even as children we always liked Sunday mornings. It was exciting to get the boathouse doors open and bail out the beautifully varnished rowboat, *The Flutterby*. My Dad, Louis and my brother Jack would row my Mother Jane and my sister Alice and me across Round Lake Harbor to church. It was years later that my younger brother George, now a geologist in California, rowed us or took us over with the out-board. It was fun seeing the names of schooners still at anchor, and probably, waiting for a fair breeze to carry away their load of pine. On the stem of one schooner you could read the *Ottawa* or the *Squaw*. Farther along there was the *Black Hawk* and then a much smaller one, a stays'1 schooner, called the *Rosabelle*. Smaller letters would say which harbor each schooner was from, but it said "out of." One would be "out of" Manistee, or Menominee, or Escanaba in the Upper Peninsula.

My mother particularly enjoyed seeing the schooners as she would, often, time and again, put them into one of her lovely water colors. Perhaps one in a fog, or a sunset, or a tug pulling three schooners in tow. Sometimes we would see a frightful old hulk of a Mormon schooner, with dreadful patched sails and mended rigging, coming through the second channel on its way to Holy Island from the Beavers. Those particular Mormon men had hair two feet long, trying to look like men of Bible times I guess. We learned that some Beaver Island Mormons coming through our harbor so often had these names: Father Wren, Archibald LaFreniere, and Brother Luke Rountree.

As we rowed along, the ripples of the water would always make nice gurgly sounds slapping under the bow keel of our boat at every stroke. Jack didn't know *then* that later he would be rowing *stroke* on the Detroit Boat Club 8 in many Gold Cup Races, against the Argonauts on the Welland Canal, and many others, or that he would be one of the first (and best!) J. S. Army pilots to teach acrobatic flying during the First World War. We would tie up at a tiny water-level dock near Bridge Street, then climb up the rough grass slope, and continue on to the much revered Episcopal Church.

It made a youngster feel good seeing the sun come through its gorgeous stained glass windows-deepest amber, heather purple, and vivid amethyst blue. Even today I have a penchant for stained glass and often I think it's fun to wangle the design of any fragment of it into one of my paintings. One of only two blue ribbons I ever won, from the Cleveland Art Institute, had a stained glass detail in it: behind the still-life of Canterbury Bells hung a brilliant Guatemalan weaving like one mother gave me, and, nearby, a window through which one saw the old Charlevoix sugar beet ruin, and, hanging in the window, a stained glass detail of



Old ships in Charlevoix harbor.

one's guardian angel. Another painting was "Window in My Treasure Shelf" and in the window hung a stained glass fragment of an ancient storm-tossed sailing boat in which were "Christ and the Fishermen."

In this Episcopal Church Bishop Gillespie would read the very devout service. We liked him and would always listen. He summered in the cottage later occupied by Professor Andrew C. McLaughlin and his wife Lois Angell, daughter of James Burrell Angell of Ann Arbor. The McLaughlins bought the cottage in 1911, and in 1946 it became Esther McLaughlin Donahue's. The Gillespie's always had a great peanut hunt around their cottage and on the slope in front every year for all the children on the Belvedere grounds. It is with such a sad pang that we suddenly learn of the sale of the Donahue cottage, remembering such warm hospitality time after time there with Esther Donahue and her family. We hope they will still come back often to visit.

On Sunday evenings everyone, including the children, all gathered, rain or shine, for song service. In earlier days we met in the old music hall just west of the cottage formerly owned by Claud and Didi Stanley but now Fred and Lucille Mehaffie's cottage. Afterwards the service was held in the *old* casino, i.e., the west wing of the Belvedere Hotel. The singing was led by a goodnatured tenor nicknamed "Windy" Aldrich, and with a staunch piano accompaniment by Miss Marie Heaton, whom we all admired. With the most sincere enthusiasm, everyone, three hundred strong, fairly shouted out, in their fullest voices, the following old hymns:

*"When The Roll is Called Up Yonder"*

*"Bringing In The Sheaves"*

*"We Shall Meet, We Shall Meet, On That Beau-ti-ful Shore"*

*"When The Clouds Roll By "*

*"Pilot Me, Oh Pilot Me"*

*"Throw Out The Life Line, Someone is Drifting Away-ay"*

One morning early as the milkman's wagon stopped at the kitchen door, he told us children that a lumber barge was wrecked on the south point of Lake Michigan. My brother Jack and my sister Alice, and my cousins Ross and Billy and Winifred and Helen Mahon, and Ralph Price next door where the Cudlip's are now, all of us, scooted through the woods above the old Hallett House, some on bikes, some just running, through town and along the south shore beach. By then we could see the wreck, so we just ran faster. This time it wasn't a schooner but rather a large barge, laden with newly cut pine boards, which had gone aground on that sand bar at South Point. It was tilted or listing way sideways and

On the Band Wagon of the Charlevoix Cigar Company, July 4, 1890, drawn by oxen and mules. Taken between the Price cottage (now the M. A. Cudlips) and the George Mahon cottage (later Stanley and now Frantz), Mr. D'Ooge (Ida Boucher's father) is holding the reins, and Louis C. Stanley stands behind the driver's seat.



Aboard the *White Cap* near Charlevoix, in September 1916, are shown Louis C. Stanley with Grover Farnsworth of Detroit, (designer of boat), Mrs. Stanley (Jane), Sarah (Mrs. Robert Frantz), and two cousins, Ruth and Dorothy Baylis of Detroit. The one sitting between them is not identified.

pounding up and down with each wave. Hundreds of the heavy pine planks were washing away from the tilted barge and piling up making a huge crisscross shifting network of boards which was carried up and down with the waves. We children screamed with the most excited delight but didn't know how dangerous it was. Our balancing on first one foot, then the other, and our climbing way out on this shifting network of boards, riding up and smashing down with each wave, was really breath-taking.

Although it was the high-point of our childhood excitement, we promised our parents *never* to do it again. Anyway they were soon lenient enough to take us to see the workings inside a sawmill which was operating on the edge of Pine Lake somewhat south of our swimming pier but not as far as the 'sugar beet'. We had a chance to watch the small power run car carry the

huge logs forward and back from the enormous circular saw; it would return every few seconds for the next cut, maybe four inches apart. All those newly cut boards and all that sawdust! A sluice, slanting up from the lake surface, carried the logs up to be ready. I can also remember red, black, and white tugs coming down the lake from East Jordan pulling great huge log-booms, floating hundreds of logs down to this mill or to the other sawmill at the Bridge Street Bridge.

My younger sister Alice was born in our cottage one day in August so of course there was great excitement over it. Someone bicycled to town for the doctor and everything was easy and tranquil. Years later Alice always outshone the rest of the kids on the raft or the spring-board when it came to diving. I should have known that my younger sister would be able to sketch ever so much faster and better than I could but it is always fun anyway. We knew she would finish school even when she married in her junior year at Wellesley. She married Dean Acheson and she did finish school.

In the old days there was a great deal of pleasure and enthusiasm in all manner of boating. There were several double shells in which men practiced rowing, and I guess for stronger arms, about every cottage had Indian Clubs to swing and thus better one's muscles. I would hear about several trips my uncle and friends took; loading a canoe or flat-boat onto a wagon and, starting near Bellaire, they would row or paddle all the way home, coming through Twenty-sixth Lake and Torch Lake, and many other lakes, all connected by streams, until they reached East Jordan on our Lake, and on home.

Ida and Helen D'Ooge and their brothers Leonard and Stanton and Laura Clement used to enjoy real long canoe trips when they would paddle most of the day. Although my brother Jack always liked to go up to the Jordan River for trout fishing, more of us found it terribly exciting coming down the Jordan in canoes. We would tie the coffee pot and a box of sandwiches to the gunwale of the canoe and make sure we paddled down with the current, when the river level was high, *without* tipping over. Sometimes you were really shooting the rapids. There were always ever so many logs, which had gotten stuck here and there, to watch for against hazards. A generation later, Peter and Joanie would always have a circus of fun when fifteen or twenty kids were collected by Bob Million and George McKay for the Jordan River Trek. Bob Million's car always carried a canoe upside down overhead, so as to be ready for the next Jordan River trip.

Also there was lots of real sailing. At that time Robin and Walter Ware's father sailed a beautiful sloop called *The Sylph*. Ida Boucher's father, Ben D'Ooge, was quite a skipper; he sailed the *Argo*, a Mackinac two-master, as did my dad, Louis Stanley, who had fun sailing the old *White Cap*. The D'Ooge's and McLaughlin's and ourselves seemed to join up often for a beautiful sail and a picnic across the lake. There were always lots of songs and mimicking, and shenanigans around the campfire. Several years later, by the time Ida D'Ooge had married, everyone would agree that the very best stories, even if a trifle naughty, around that open fire on the beach, were always told by Ida's husband, Sam or "Chauncy" Boucher, who was the president of one university after another (up to the fifth).

When we didn't have the picnic trip with the sailboat, we would get a horse-drawn bus. Yes, it had a fringe on top. We would go to a Lake Michigan Beach, sometimes near Mt. McSaube, or maybe near some schooners as I remember.

The lighthouse used to be on the other side, the north side of Lake Michigan channel. Above

that pier, made of enormous stone boulders, went an elevated high-up scaffolding, and on top, a runway or sidewalk with hand rails running clear out to the lighthouse. It was fun, when there were big waves splashing, way high up over the trestle-like walk, to run out on this after the spray of one wave and before the spray of the next. Sometimes you could make it and be dry—perhaps the next time you were drenched, if you were drenched, there was nothing but to go swimming, and the waves made it much more exciting.

Some of the small boys at Belvedere were taught a lot about handling a small sailboat, all the different terms, not only just the simple ones like ‘ready-about’ but most of what they needed to know to be responsible in handling sailing craft. This was under a skipper known as Allie Moore. Sometimes he would practice roller skating day after day, on the cement floor of the old sugar beet factory. Perhaps the mothers lost faith in him when he claimed to be the champion roller-skater of the world although his skipper pupils looked up to him with real respect. He was a lift in some ways. I remember well his careful appraisal of mother s watercolors of schooners and that he was really very much surprised that a woman had gotten the rigging right: Anyway for these sailing lessons for the younger Belvedere boys, Allie Moore built a seventeenth century high-up stern type sailing boat, which he named *The Golden Rulle*. Once, years later, just like many of us, he must have forgotten to go by this golden rule. He and some lady and Allie’s Great Dane (which he worshipped) were sailing in Traverse Bay when a sudden terrific storm just about swamped them. The coast guard shot a breeches buoy over the cross-trees of one of Allie’s masts to bring them one at a time over to the coast guard boat and save their lives. Allie Moore put his dog into the breeches buoy first, before the lady! The irate coast guard called back through a megaphone, “You put *her* in first or we won’t help any of you!”

People often went over from the Belvedere to watch the life saving station crews do their practice. They would shoot a cannon carrying a line (hauling this aforesaid breeches buoy) to the cross-trees of a pretend wreck and then ‘rescue’ a man who would ride back high up overhead in the breeches buoy. The one time I saw it actually used (not any pretend wreck) was when the S. S. *Missouri* (not the *Manitou*), in a fog, started to come in on the wrong side of the channel pier altogether; it pounded up and down in the shallow water, practically on the bathing beach. Of course some powerful tug came to the rescue. But years later there was a lucky and most fortunate instance of actual life-saving right within the Belvedere Club. Nancy Tower should have received a top medal for her heroism. One day at the bathing pier, too cold for swimming, a couple of small boys were fishing off the end. Joanie’s boy Michael, still clutching tight to his fishing rod, toppled head first into the water—but didn’t come up. That wonderful Nancy Tower, courageous and undaunted, she immediately dove in, even with her clothes on, and brought Michael back up!

One day at the older Bridge Street Bridge, which was painted a vivid vermilion red, I saw, a chap in a horse-show outfit half walking and half running, but holding back tight on the reins, barely hanging on to four runaway horses broken away from their phaeton. It was none other than Adolph Busch whose family at the time summered in the comer cottage just north of the tennis courts. Adolph was always most generous with his Annheuser-Busch, taking every thirsty player, at the end of the tennis matches, in for a refresher. ‘Gussy’ Busch was tiny then, always laughing, and with the cute devil eyes.



Chris and Woody Ransorti are too young to include in the earlier days but



),o!  
Old Rustic Bridge. Eunice and Joanne Dissette.

First Belvedere Hotel, 1883, William Witherspoon cottage No. 1 in background.



before they were in their present fascinating cottage, they had bought the McGuire one, near us. Chris and Dac Fraser often painted stunning designs on furniture, such as Peter Hunt or Pennsylvania Dutch, but their own. They both have an eye for and a knack with interior decorating as we all see when in either of their homes. No matter in what direction you look, it is most eye-catching. Recently Elaine Retherford too made a most charming and spontaneous painting of Chris and Woody Ransom's unique and fascinating Japanese Pagoda high on the ridge above the lake's north shore. Four or five years ago, Mary Janet Stanley would turn out lovely sketches of our Round Lake Harbor. Her mother Di-Di, Mrs. Claud Stanley, was a concert pianist from New Castle, Indiana. She always helped at any musical 'do' that was on at the casino. We were fortunate to be in on so many enjoyable evenings next door north, in Di-Di's attractive yellow cottage. Sometimes Heather Brodhead played a mandolin, more often her mother Martha and Jim Brodhead sang most comical and fascinating duets to Jim's mandolin. They always were just hilarious. One time a guitar was handed to Loyal Payne, a Quaker and brother of Jane Payne's Kenneth. Suddenly the beautiful sounds were breath-taking. Everyone was simply carried away to a different world by those airy-fairy tinkly notes!

There used to be board walks all over the grounds, whether down near the bayou or up past the old Hesse Castle and across the rustic bridge in the ravine. On hearing a train whistle, many people would just run down the slope, but there were steps and a walk to the popular much used snow white Pere Marquette Depot. Its pointed spire at one end seemed as if guarding the crowds always coming and going. The Dummy ran every hour to Petoskey and then there was the great long rumbling night train from Detroit and even from St. Louis. Sometimes the boys would lay crossed pins on the tracks and after the train had gone by it would fuse and flatten out the pins, making an eensy pair of scissors. There were also steps up the hill between the attractive Sherer cottage (which formerly was the Estabrook and Powell's) and Mr. Rosenbaum's. Kids always said "Don't lose a tennis ball on Mr. Rosenbaum's grass because he won't let you walk on *his* grass to get back your ball." They were glad when the Schlafly's moved in and we are all glad that Mrs. Connett Senior and the Disbrow's are there now. Mrs. Shwab, always most cordial, welcomed all tennis fans watching the matches to her spacious grass slope which made the very best grandstand seats. At two places where the board walk led up the terrace, at the Donahue's cottage and between the Woodbury cottage (near Mrs. Stevens) and the Peck's (now the Geilfus) were handsome wooden steps with bannister or handrails, and half way up these a lavish landing with seats or benches all around made of wide pine boards. From here you could see schooners and barges and tugs coming down from East Jordan towing behind them the huge log-booms.

Although all cottages had plenty of rain water in cisterns, there used to be a windmill in the center of the park on the upper terrace where many cottagers went for drinking water, a sort of iron tasting well-water. I always remember finding vast numbers of four-leaf clovers right beneath the high wheel of that old windmill where the water dripped. Close by the old music hall just west of where the Mehaffie's are now, on several week days Miss Travis would give dancing lessons, popular with the girls anyway. One time some boys, not really appreciating dancing lessons, found an old six-sided footstool filled with sawdust. In great glee one morning they sprinkled all this sawdust over the beautifully waxed floor, which, I guess, held up the lessons for a while. The cottage of Miss Travis and her sister Maud was painted a bright red

color. It is the one Houston Witherspoon did over and made so interesting. You would know Houston is quite the traveler even before you enjoy his kodachromes. When there, you can 'pleasure the eye' on hand crafted green and magenta marble grapes from Italy, primitive animal rugs from India, and wood sculptures from Saudi Arabia and the Middle East.

But to go back to the small boys, they didn't often throw sawdust around. They would pretend to be carpenters and make themselves some stilts to walk on way high up. Other times they would have wider boards and make rafts to push themselves up and down the small lagoon parallel to and just inside the Pine Lake Bathing Beach. Alice and I made ourselves a near raft to pole around also which we played with days on end, but we had to promise not to get in the boys' way. Other times they thought of building a slide to ride down from the top of the tallest basswood tree above the ravine. If we paid six cents we would have that lovely dangerous ride without their shouting "tomboy" at us.

One gang at Belvedere which today we would call teenagers always had fun. Buffie and Adlai Stevenson (before they moved to the Chicago Club), Stephen Chamberlain, Ralph Price, Mary, Winship, Winifred, and Phillip Hodge, the D'Ooge children, the Dissettes, Jack, Alice, and George Stanley, the Mahon cousins, Edith Foley, Irene Bond, Marg and the other Metzgers, Martha and Fifi Mithofer and their brothers who became doctors, the Forkers and Corruthers, the Lelands and the Orrs, the Haskells and the Feketes, several Wares, Irene English, LeBeau Christy, Virginia and Marybelle and of course Loogie Morrow whom everyone watched playing tennis as he always won, the six McLaughlins, Dorothy Webb, Cecilia Hollingsworth and her brothers and sister from the "Blue Bell," Ruth and Steve Woodruff and later Alice, Mary, and Annette, Dorothy Peck, Kathryn Smith who later, I believe, married John Dos Passos. Her brother was *always* called "WeeJum" Smith although Mr. Hemingway in a couple of his books speaks of him as Bill Smith visiting at Horton's Bay. There were charades ever so often many evenings at the Dissette's cottage that always were a most enjoyable and amusing time.

Peter Frantz, also an architect like his dad, worked in Massachusetts several years after graduating. In the same office in Boston an architect named Gardner one day came over to his drafting board saying "Peter, way out west there in Michigan, out west where the wolves are, did you ever hear tell of a wonderful summer colony near the village of Charlevoix called Belvedere?" Of course Peter burst into a warm smile but before he could say that he just about grew up there, Mr. Gardner said that his dad, Charles Gardner, also an architect, designed the hotel which at that time was called "The New Belvedere House" building in the 1890's. Mr. Gardner said what he remembered most about the Belvedere Resort was how utterly charming Buffie Stevenson always was and how like a story-book young'un she looked with her beautiful big hazel brown eyes.

To go back for a minute to the old music hall, I was told that here it was that my Dad, Louis Stanley, first met my wonderful Irish Mother, Jane Mahon, at one of the Sunday evening song services in the old music hall. Louis, a railroad lawyer, was a son of John Mix Stanley whose oil paintings of the western frontier and of Indian life are in the Smithsonian, in the Buffalo Historical, in Tulsa, and in several other American Art Museums.

**MRS. IDA DOOGE BOUCHER**

In the early 1900s sailing played a very important part in our lives. My father, Dr. Benj. L. D'Ooge, owned a mackinaw built by Roy Ranger, that would seat as many as twelve people and he sailed every afternoon that weather permitted. My brothers and I took turns manning the jib sheet while he handled the two large sails. Our boat was called the *Argo*. Rev. Bastian Smits, who built the Shrock cottage, had a similiar boat called the *Lady Ann*. The two Dutchmen were great friends but often differed in their opinions; so Mrs. Smits called the two boats the *Argue* and the *Lady Answer*.

Only a few years ago Jane Payne, granddaughter of Benj. D'Ooge, was visiting a friend at Harbor Point and noticed a great commotion over at the Walstrom boat dock in Harbor Springs. Men were raising a boat from the bottom of the lake and the stern came up first with the name *Argo* plainly visible! We had sold the boat and lost all track of it! However, in a storm while being towed into dry dock for repairs it sank again into Lake Michigan bay. Here the water is so deep it is doubtful if our old *Argo* will ever see the light of day again.

One of the frequent entertainments of that day was the sailing party. We would ask girls and boys and there would be much singing and refreshments such as cracker jack (caramel corn) and chocolate fudge.

The Dissette family played an important part in those early years for those of us down at the south end of the resort. They always had many guests and the first Mrs. Dissette had a gathering of families most every Saturday night: The Clements, the Webbs, the Stanleys, the Smits, the Prices, the McLaughlins and the D'Ooges were always there and often my aunt, Ida Pease, who built the Pingree cottage (No. 31) Miss Hess, who built the Mike Ware cottage (No. 135) and the Warners (No. 145) with their niece, Miss Caroline Smith, were present. Each family would put on a charade and it was a real production with costumes. The refreshments were always lemonade and cookies.

We went on many picnics and my father and Mr. Clement were famous for their planked white fish. We would build a fire on the shore, find a water-soaked plank (easy in those days of lumbering activity.) and nail the cleaned white fish open on the plank with several strips of bacon. This would broil, set up by the fire, and was delicious along with potatoes roasted in the coals and com on the cob.

Before automobiles, there were horse-drawn busses running on schedule from the resort hotel to the down-town area. They would even come to our cottage to get us and bring us back with our bundles. When we picnicked on Lake Michigan beach a child was sent down to the hotel for a bus. It would come and pick up mother and all the baskets of food. The rest of us would row over in our rowboat. This was especially done while the boat houses were in existence, north of the pier on Lake Charlevoix. The sailboats were moored to buoys in Round Lake in the bay between the boat houses and in Lake Charlevoix's boat houses. This latter was difficult as high winds invariably made them drag their anchors and often break loose. Many a time we scouted the shore for our sloop, the *Helen* that had red sails, as in Holland.

I can remember when the Pere Marquette (now C.&O.) had week-end excursions for \$5.00 round trip from Chicago and Detroit. The trains would be so long that they would reach almost the length of the resort when they stopped at the Belvedere station, which later burned down. It was a busy and gay gathering every Sunday evening when the heads of the families and week-

end guests departed.

Another weekly event was the Sunday night “sing”, first held in the Music Hall, a wooden building on the upper terrace about where the present Dieffenbach cottage is located, (No. 222) later in the casino adjoining the hotel on the west. Miss Heaton always accompanied us and Mr. Aldrich, often known as “Windy” led the singing. The audience was large and we called out the numbers we wanted to sing. . . dancing school and plays were also held in the old music hall and later the hotel auditorium before the present casino was built. Miss Calla Travis officiated at dancing school in my day as well as the two-a-week dances that were held with the orchestra from the hotel playing. The mothers sat around the edge of the dance floor and watched.

At one time we had three college presidents on the grounds: one from Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida, one from Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois, and one from the University of Nebraska. We also had some famous teachers such as Dr. Earl Dow, history professor from the University of Michigan-Andrew McLaughlin, a Pulitzer Prize winner from the University of Chicago, and his daughter, Constance Green, who also won a Pulitzer Prize for one of her books. His son James, was a professor in the Law School at Harvard for many years and was a colorful character who came here often.

One of the early devices that people had found interesting, was the way we kept our jellies and home-canned fruits. Having no cellars and only our limited ice boxes into which a chunk of ice was deposited four times a week, we had deep holes dug under the kitchen floor and shelves built in the hole; access was through a hinged door in the kitchen floor. It was nice and cool in the hole and we often kept vegetables and fruits there too. There is one still in existence in the Louis Stanley (Frantz) cottage (No. 122).

My father and mother came to CharloviX by boat in 1888 on their honeymoon and rented a small cottage where the William’s (No. 25) now stands. Their’s was the last cottage on the front terrace at that time. Their lot was heavily wooded so that they could scarcely see the lake because of the trees down below the terrace. As the family grew the small cottage was moved back and a new and larger front part was added. This happened twice. My father was doing a good deal of writing; so there is a fire place upstairs in the front bedroom where he had



Belvedere Club (Charlevoix Summer Home Association) before 1900.

Belvedere boat houses on Round Lake, 1907.



Ida Boucher's father, Professor D'Ooge, *The Argo* 1906.



Charlevoix Waterfront Park Fair, 1966. Betty Cudlip, Mary Cotter, Jane Eberts and Dorothy Leland with paintings they purchased from Sali Frantz.



Belvedere Hotel before 1900, showing towers which were removed with later rebuilding.



Tennis court behind the Plant (Pingree) cottage. What the well-dressed tennis player wore in the late 1890's.  
A sailing party at the Old Belvedere boat houses, 1907.







According to a water color, the first five cottages were owned by S. A. Gibson, H. W. Page, J. L. Sebring, F. W. Wilcox and I. W. Fiske. Mr. Brooks says this photograph was taken in 1893 and the owners at that time were Woodward (now Godson), Wynans (Hickey), Gibson (Fraser), Page (later Woodbury, now torn down) and Sebring (Stevens).

his study, so he could keep warm on chilly days. He wrote many Latin text books which were widely used.

There was no one here to teach swimming 79 years ago, so a group of mothers asked me to take some of the youngsters as I was quite a swimmer. I used to have a class every morning and taught a lot of the young fry to at least do the breast stroke. Among my class I remember Adlai Stevenson and his sister, "Buffy".

At one time there was a terrifying fire in the ravine where some of the finest forest trees still stood as it had never been cut over. All of the cottagers joined the village volunteer fire-department, as water had to be hauled from the nearest windmill pump. Later the ravine was cleaned up and beautified with winding paths and benches for people taking walks. There was a good tennis court, too, in the woods, maintained by the resort back of where the Shrock cottage now stands. The cottagers from that section would gather at the court after supper for many a good time.

After my marriage to Dr. C. S. Boucher, we bought a small cottage on the upper terrace where the Mike Wares now live. In 1952 we moved to our present cottage which we remodeled, and the Paynes have now winterized it.

Over the years, Dr. Boucher was connected with ten different universities. He was Dean of Liberal Arts at the University of Chicago, President of the University of West Virginia and when he retired, President of the University of Nebraska. Then for a few years he held the Lincoln Chair of History and American Civilization at Knox College. Dr. Boucher retired in 1951, and we came to Charlevoix early and stayed late every season. He had just been elected vice president of the Belvedere Club when he died in 1955. He is buried in the Charlevoix cemetery.

Jane and Kenyon Payne and their three children Martha, William and Christopher, have continued the Belvedere tradition by spending their summers (and now Christmas and other ski week-ends) at No. 45 with me. Jane was a member of the board of trustees and in charge of the gangs for two years, having to resign when the family took a two year assignment in Nigeria, West Africa. She is now back on the gang committee and is helping to revive sailing activities. Ken, with his background in plant genetics, is helping with the golf course and the resort

grounds. Daughter Marny assisted Joan Nelson with the girls' gang in 1963 and 1964, and Chris assisted with the boys' gang in 1968.

***CLARA RIDDLE MORSE***

My parents, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Riddle, rented the present Fred Mehaffie cottage (No. 226) in 1899, then owned by a Great Lakes captain and known as the Hadlack cottage. We occupied the cottage for three summers, after which my father built a cottage off of the resort. The Eberts cottage (No. 23) was owned at that time by Mr. and Mrs. Julius Birge whose son, Arthur, later married my sister, Edna. Mr. and Mrs. Julius Birge summered on Belvedere until about 1928, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Birge occupied the Hadlack cottage.

In 1899 cottages lacked both plumbing and electricity. Water pitchers were filled at outlets and carried to the cottages. Our outlet was located opposite the Cotter cottage (No. 121). The kerosene lamps needed daily attention. Keeping them filled and trimming wicks was my duty.

On the present vacant lot between the Mehaffie and Dieffenbach cottages was the dancing pavillion. Dances were held once or twice weekly if I remember correctly. The "cake walk" was the current dance.

A very small cottage was to the east, between the road and the Mehaffie cottage; an elderly couple lived there. They kept chickens and the rooster was the Belvedere alarm clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Chamberlain of St. Louis with their family of five sons and three daughters had summered on the Belvedere at the turn of the century. Their cottage was on the upper terrace, west of the rustic bridge, (probably No. 143). Their daughter, Louise, was married in the late summer of 1901 and the wedding was planned to take place at the cottage. All was in readiness in a flower filled room . . . Guests were arriving, when the family dog in pursuit of a skunk, cornered it under the cottage. Needless to say, the ceremony and the reception moved out of doors and even this expediency did not completely solve the offensive odor problem.

The park looked quite different then from what it does now. A windmill and the old water tower, later moved to the back of the resort, commanded the center. The windmill pumped water from artesian wells which was piped to the faucets. The trees were tiny saplings.

Walking or rowing were our means of transportation. Many happy hours were spent rowing on Pine Lake.

Trains ran regularly from Chicago and St. Louis and the Belvedere station bustled with activity when the train arrived.

The resort special called the "dummy" ran twice daily between Charlevoix and Little Traverse Bay. What a familiar sound to hear the conductor call, "Charlevoix-the-Beautiful, Petoskey and Bay View!"

***MRS. WILLIAM C. CONNETT JESSIE SCHAFLY CONNETT***

As best I can ascertain my father, Augustus Schlafly, brought us all up to Charlevoix in 1899. We rented different cottages until 1909 when he bought cottage 101 Belvedere from Mr. Rosenbaum.

Next door was a little red cottage which I occupied with my very young family several summers—until father worried about its being a fire trap. He bought it and had it moved to the village somewhere. Then he bought 105 Belvedere and gave it to me; my own family lived there for years.

My parents, Mr. and Mrs. Schlafly and daughter, Helen, occupied 101 next door. I was married to William C. Connett III September 1909. We spent October in the present Orr cottage (No. 511) on our honeymoon. To give you an idea of how simple life was in those days, my husband paid fifty dollars rent for the cottage to Mr. Foley who managed the Belvedere Hotel.

There were very, very few automobiles in those days and I remember well the ferry which was our transportation to the village and back or over to the "Inn", a large summer hotel across the channel and facing Lake Charlevoix. The ferry had a regular schedule; it started at the village dock, tooted as it neared Belvedere dock. I remember how people ran down the hill to catch it when we heard the "toot-toot."

I also recollect living one summer in the cottage now number 515, and watching the loggers herding their logs, like a flock of sheep, on the down-stream currents from East Jordan and Boyne City to the Charlevoix mill. The Belvedere children came to watch them with the fascination with which children watch a circus parade, never realizing the skill and athletic prowess of these hardy men who fought their way through the narrow channel, balanced on a floating tree trunk, and all the while keeping the cut logs from straying shoreward with a long hooked pole as though prodding a wandering steer down the lane into a corral.

In those early days Belvedere was very religious in atmosphere. Every Sunday we had long services attended by practically everybody in the resort. Mr. Dan Bailey, one of the pioneers, conducted the service. It goes without saying that there was no liquor available, but I remember Olive (Mrs. John) McKay telling me about one of her father's memories of early life here. Mr. George Meyer (Olive's father), Mr. Caldwell, and Mr. Sam Plant were old tried and true friends. They agreed on a signal if one of them acquired a bottle of whiskey, probably bourbon; a flag was displayed and a bell rung and the three old friends would congregate at the lucky man's home and quietly enjoy this bottle of liquor.

As time marched on, my children grew up. One son and his wife, Josephine, came to Charlevoix to spend their honeymoon, just as his father and I had done so many years before him.

Another generation later, their daughter Charring, and David Schoular spent their honeymoon here. Another granddaughter, Jessie Disbrow, was married in St. Mary's Catholic Church here. Another granddaughter, Daphne Disbrow and Lee Berend were married in Dallas but spent their honeymoon at 101 Belvedere. Another grandson spent his honeymoon here at the family home. John R. Disbrow Jr. and Elizabeth Ramsdale were married in New York, but also came to Belvedere for their honeymoon.

#### **HANNAH BEMIS MORRIS**

My first trip down the Jordan River, and I think, the first trip for all but Hudson Burr, who proposed it, was a memorable experience. Lunch was prepared the night before and at 5:30 the next morning we met at his boat house where we had left our canoes. We boarded Hudson's boat, the *Northfields* for a trip to East Jordan towing the canoes. At East Jordan, we paddled from the dock to the lakeside station to board the one-train-a-day. Sometimes the canoes rode on a flat car or wherever there was room. On one trip a canoe had to be put on the coal car back of the engine. At Grave's Crossing the train stopped for us; we collected our canoes and carried them down to the river, a swift winding stream with lots of snags, rocks, fallen trees and many sharp curves. The first bend seemed the worst. At any rate, Phil Hodge and I tipped over there. We

were in and out of that cold water in seconds. We must have been almost dry by the time we returned to Charlevoix. It was great fun!

Many Jordan trips after that—each different. Once the train could not take our canoes and we hired a wagon to take us to Grave's Crossing. It was late so we had lunch there. We soon found there was no cream for the coffee which some



1914 HAYRIDE

Among these children are Melissa Hickey, Jane Allen Connett, Barbara Birge, Mary Jane Carrier McLaughlin, also two sisters of Dottie Mudd, Mary Hadley and Virginia Sexton.



A luncheon party at Mrs. Soper's, late 1920's. Standing from left: Mrs. Soper's daughter (?), unknown, Mrs. Fristoe, Mrs. O'Neil, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Trammel, Mrs. Soper. Middle row: Mrs. Holiday, Mrs. Landis, Mrs. Leland. Front row: Mrs. Fox and Mrs. Bemis.

thought necessary. Since there were always cows at Grave's Bill Ernst tried to milk one. Irene Bond said, "You do not know how to milk, let me do it," and she did.

There were many picnics on Lake Michigan. The food list was made, and divided, and each one supplied something. Mr. Eagleton, who drove the Belvedere bus often carted the picnic group to the beach and called for us at a specified time. Of course, we cooked part of the food on the beach. Gus Forker was one of the best. Mrs. Forker occasionally chaperoned us but usually Mrs. Geneva Redd did. She was always fun and even climbed Mt. McSauba with us. Always on Lake Michigan we looked for Petoskey Stones and found some beauties which we could have polished in Petoskey.

On stormy days in August, when the rain stopped, a group occasionally hiked to Fisherman's Island to enjoy the waves.

Often there were parties on Mr. Francis' boat *Olympic*, always on Pine Lake, now Lake Charlevoix. Sometimes we'd stay aboard and have supper; other times we had dinner at Dilworth's on Horton's Bay. The Senior Dilworths lived in a nice old house and served a delicious dinner for a dollar. Always there was singing on the way back, usually by Ralph Price and Dorothy Webb.

There were nice places to picnic at Horton's Bay, Larkin Bay, just beyond Oyster on the south shore of Pine Lake near where the Loeb's built and at Old's Spring. Joe Morris was the best cook. He made flap jacks for us—and still does. There were many picnics on Hud's *Northfield*.

Holy Island was another favorite picnic spot. Occasionally we'd swim while there. I was always told that King Strang, after a pleasant sojourn on the Island, married his fourth wife there so called it "Holy Island." On one occasion, Stanton D'Ooge took a group over in his sail boat. Marybelle Hargit, wearing a long dress, was sitting on the bow sprit with Jim McLaughlin. Not being a good swimmer, she asked him "What would you do if I slipped into the lake?" He replied "Jump in after you of course." A moment later the boat shifted and in she went. Jim was too surprised to move. Hudson threw off his coat and dived in. Life preservers were thrown and Stanley slowly maneuvered the boat around to pick them up. Her full skirt kept her afloat until Hudson reached her. About that time Jim came to and said "Shall I go after her?" But Hud was there so Jim missed being a cold, wet hero.

Speaking of Charlevoix, one should pay tribute to Miss Calla Travis who, besides giving lessons in dancing, was responsible for the wonderful dances—always crowded. On Mondays, they started at 8:30 and lasted until 11 p.m. Thursdays, the children had their dance from 8 until 9; from then until 11, the older group took over. The Casino, part of the hotel, was crowded with dancers, especially during the years Fisher's Orchestra supplied the music. There were two rows of chairs completely around the room where the oldest hotel guests sat and watched. During an intermission, we might go to "Scratchey's" just outside the gate, for a hamburger or after the dance, to the Central Drug Store for ice cream. Sometimes we went to one of the cottages for ice cream and cake, then home.

Another interesting experience was a winter trip that about ten of us took to Charlevoix. We stayed at the Hallet House and Mr. and Mrs. Hallet did everything for our comfort, including three large meals a day. At night we frequently coasted down Bridge Street on a toboggan. The street was closed from Dr. Armstrong's home to the bridge. There were snow banks on each side

of the run which was wet down each night after the tobogganing. It was very exciting. We started at the top of the hill and only stopped as we were crossing the bridge. There was a very nice dance downtown to which we were invited. Mr. Livingston greeted us. One evening we rode in a sleigh, fur robes around us, to have dinner with the Prices in Ironton. It was a beautiful moonlight night and a delicious dinner.

One of the best experiences was ice boating with Ray Hamilton. In the summer, Sam Hamilton took many parties sailing—and Ray also. Ice boating was a real thrill. The last time he took me flying around the lake was a much faster trip as I was the only passenger. I lay flat on the boat and his only instruction was “hold on tight.” I did. There was never anything more thrilling and exciting.

#### ***SHWAB-HOUSTON MEMORIES***

Taken from a letter written the summer of 1967 to Elise Lindenberg Houston by her aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Shwab Tate, when asked to help with events and dates concerning her family for the Belvedere narrative. Mrs. Tate was originally from Nashville, Tennessee. Later, following her marriage she moved to Cincinnati, Ohio.

“Ah yes, I remember it well”

(With apologies to Maurice Chevalier)

‘Twas the summer of 1909!

After a meeting of the 18th Cavalry in Nashville and the thrilling social events that followed, I went to Charlevoix for the first time and stayed at the Belvedere Hotel with my sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Hayes Lindenberg of Columbus, Ohio.

It was then I received an invitation from Nashville to attend another meeting and social event of the Army. All was planned for my departure but it was not to be!

“Ah yes, I remember it well”. The night before I was to leave a black cat appeared on the porch and walked by my door. Horrors, the trip was off, OF COURSE.

That summer, my first in Charlevoix, one very tragic thing happened: A dear young girl in her early teens who was visiting the Bemis family in cottage No. 5 was drowned in Pine Lake. This saddened us all.

The following year my family, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Emanuel Shwab were persuaded by my sister and me to try Belvedere in a cottage... It was cottage No. 19, now owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Houston Jr.

“Ah yes, I remember it well!”

In the cottage were my Mother and Father, Aunt, (Mrs. George Dickel) my brother, Buist Shwab and sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Davis, myself and a girl guest from Birmingham. That 1913 summer of crowded living sent my parents looking for a larger cottage and the next year we rented the Bailey cottage (the last house on the lower terrace which is now owned by the John Flanigans)

This time the Davises did not come but my brother, Hugh and his wife, Mattie Lou Shwab and part of their family with others from the summer before came. Instead of my girl friend, I was married, so now Ben Tate was there. Everyone loved the beautiful lakes and perfect climate and wished to return.

The next season the family rented the Parmelee cottage (now the Bisbee-Collins cottage).

Sadly, my Aunt, Mrs. George Dickel died there.

The following summer saw my parents buying the cottage at the top of the hill, "The Fairview," now the Sherer cottage. In addition the Fristoe cottage was rented for us and out here son, Ben Tate Jr. was born right in the living room! Dr. Armstrong was on hand and so was my sister, Louise Lindenberg.

By this time the Belvedere had completely sold itself to all of us, especially my father. He now bought three cottages: The one now occupied by my sister-in-law, Mrs. George Shwab was given to my brother, George Shwab ... My sister, Louise, was given the stucco house on the corner on the second terrace (once the Joseph Hickey's but now the Carl Schumacher's). I was given the cottage facing the park (now No. 208, occupied by Mrs. Elizabeth Morrow).

The BELVEDERE HOTEL was so gay ... So popular!

The Foley family ran the hotel... In those days it seemed RIGHT to almost everyone that no card playing was allowed on Sundays. Dances were held in the building adjoining the hotel and next to the warden's quarters.

My last cottage was the Morehead cottage, No. 503 overlooking Round Lake, now the property of my son, Ben Tate Jr.

Much water has passed over the dam since, some good some bad, but Belvedere is successfully holding its own with many new faces—happy faces. May it never cease to be a lovable place for the young and the old.

"Ah yes, I remember it well!"

Further research for Elise Lindenberg Houston by her daughter-in-law, Ann Sanders Houston, is told in the following.

Louise Shwab, Elise and Enid Lindenberg's Mother and her husband, Otto Lindenberg of Nashville, first met at Battle Creek, Michigan. They were both at the famous health resort with their respective families. They first heard about Charlevoix at this time. Later, following their marriage they heard of Charlevoix again at their home in Columbus, Ohio from friends who went to Columbus Beach near Indian River each summer.

The pioneer spirit in the Shwab family can be attributed to Louise Shwab Lindenberg, who with her husband, Otto, journeyed from Columbus to Charlevoix and the Belvedere Hotel in the summer of 1909. Here they were joined by Louise's sister, Bess (Elizabeth) Shwab. The Lindenbergs were taken immediately with Charlevoix as was Bess, and during the long winter that followed, many letters sped between Columbus and Nashville, trying to entice and persuade the sisters' parents, the Victor E. Shwabs to try a cottage in Charlevoix the next summer.

Whether it was the glowing letters or the prospect of a glowering Nashville summer, we shall never know, but early one sultry morning two private cars bearing Shwabs of various shapes, sizes and married names steamed out of the old Union Station in Nashville, bound for Charlevoix.

Due to the precarious health of Mrs. George Dickel, Mr. Shwab's sister, for whom the rigors of travel were hazardous, Mr. Shwab chartered these private coaches from his friends, Walter O. Palmer and a Mr. Ambrose, both officials of the Nashville & Chattanooga & St. Louis line (now Louisville and Nashville R.R.). One car was used for family and guests and the other for the servants who attended their needs.

Mrs. Dickel stood the trip in fine shape even to the wait in Chicago to be switched to the Pere Marquette line northbound (now Chesapeake & Ohio R.R.) and the coaches arrived in all their comfort right at the front door of the Belvedere Club at the little Railway station used exclusively by Club visitors only a stone's throw from the imposing Belvedere Club Hotel.

The summers came and passed far too swiftly. The Shwabs, the Lindenegs and the Tates watched their children grow. There was George Shwab junior, Emma and Jack Shwab, Elise and Enid Lindenberg, Ben E. Tate, junior, Hugh Shwab junior, and sisters, Martha and Elizabeth and Peter and Paul Davis junior.

Emma was the first of the Shwab clan to marry in Charlevoix and she chose the little Christ Episcopal Church for her marriage to Minos L. Fletcher Jr., of Nashville.

Elise and Enid came as small children and remained until about 1930 when the Lindenegs began to look to Cape Cod for a change of pace. But their change of heart did not last long and they returned to Michigan, first at Northport Point and then Wequetonsing.

In August, 1938, Enid and Dr. Henry Carney of Murfreesboro, Tennessee were married in the Wequetonsing Episcopal Church. Elise, already married to Persis Daniel Houston Jr., was expecting her first child and had remained in Nashville. That night, shortly after the bride and groom drove off on their wedding trip, Enid's father, Otto Lindenberg died of a heart attack.

The family could not bring themselves to return to "Weque" after the death of Mr. Lindenberg and so Mrs. Lindenberg once more took up summer residence on the Belvedere.

In the summer of 1938, Mrs. Lindenberg brought with her to the Belvedere, Tacie and Robin Whitfield, to cook and care for her cottage. Thirty years later, Tacie can still be found on the Belvedere coming every summer with Elise and Pete Houston. Tacie is acclaimed the best cook on the Belvedere and certainly she is the one person to research out for fond memories, dates and facts.

Alfred Bolyjack who has been employed by the George Shwab family for the past 40 years, is also present every summer at the Shwab cottages on the upper terrace. Until Mr. Shwab's death, Alfred was a constant companion on Mr. Shwab's many fishing trips. Because of Alfred's experience fishing most of the lakes and streams around Charlevoix, he has been the one to teach each generation the best way to fish and the best places to find fish.

Enid Lindenberg Carney remembers how her family shipped their automobiles to Belvedere on the train by freight car. The August Busch's (No. 502 cottage) had done this because of poor roads in those days. Enid also remembers the years when the songs composed at Juilleret's in Harbor Springs written by Angie Lorenzo whose *Tunesters* furnished dance music at that popular spot each summer, were the hit tunes of the era. Angie's *Sleepy Time Gal*, as well as *Blue Skys*, *Who*, and *Sweet Forget Me Not* were all the rage.

Enid recalls at that time when her sister, Elise, having seriously studied singing in New York sang these Michigan songs for the Cabaret shows at Belvedere. Cousin, George Shwab Jr., was also a talented singer and dancer and added much to the floor shows of the cabarets.

Enid traveled quite a bit during the summer time but also rented at Belvedere many summers. Linda, Enid's younger daughter traveled with her mother but has enjoyed Belvedere several summers.

Enid's elder daughter, Patsy, came with her mother as a small child, then camp took her



fancy. However, for the past two summers, Patsy, with her husband, Brad Reed, have visited Belvedere. Brad is a lawyer from Nashville whose first memory of Belvedere was when he visited Peter Houston in cottage 121 at age 14.

*ELIZABETH STEVENSON IVES (Mrs. Ernest L. Ives)*

My first Charlevoix summer involves the trains, the early morning arrival in the sooty, noisy, sleeping car from Bloomington, Illinois, via Chicago, and straining at the window for familiar objects and finally—the sugar beet factory! We loved the sleeping car and especially sleeping in an upper. My son Tim delighted, long years later, to do our trick of popping up over the top to touch the porter's head as he passed by.

For Adlai, the supreme honor was his friendship with the crusty stationmaster at the Belvedere Station. Adlai collected the luggage tags. As the morning train gave its long toots below the beet factory, Adlai was sliding down the terrace and waiting as patiently as he could until the business of passengers and luggage was over, and he could collect his take. Another fun was putting pennies on the track and “hanging around” until the train had crossed the bridge, and then collecting the flattened treasures. Mother had trouble keeping Adlai and his pal, Joe Bohrer, from walking the tracks; they liked to go to the Charlevoix station at the Inn, on the other side of the bridge. Later, the great evil was buying soft drinks at



Adlai and Elizabeth Stevenson

“Scratchies” near the entrance of the Belvedere. This came, I think, with the bicycle age, when Lugie Morrow had come to Charlevoix and the boys began their tennis era and a friendship that ran through Princeton and to death for them both in 1965.

We moved into our grandfather, W. O. Davis’, cottage in 1901. It was in August of 1897, when I was a few weeks old, that my first journey north took place. I think I went to the Rosenbaum cottage. We have Kodak pictures of Grandfather Davis (and of me) there and at other cottages on the upper terrace, one with Edie Ward, mother’s good friend.

My mother, Mrs. Lewis G. Stevenson, planned the cottage for her father as her mother, Mrs. Davis, had died in 1899. The cottage was painted chocolate brown and cream which seems quite modern in contrast to those earlier very Victorian cottages nearby. The carefully-cut Lake Michigan stones of various colors that made the walk in front and at the side on the back are gone. There were charming birch bark flower boxes at the steps and on the porch rail and hanging flower baskets. There was a fern garden and sweet peas on the N.E. side of the cottage. There was much “fern gathering” in that era. There was also a huge barrel of delicious soft rain water for washing our hair.

Our woodshed, behind the kitchen, was an important point of operation for Adlai. He kept any stray kitten he collected, or frogs, toads, or pails of fish there. The tadpoles brought up from the lagoon were watched and cared for with wonder. The lagoon no longer exists. It was where the small children were allowed to play. It had boat houses and was behind the beach. It was mostly very shallow. In the sweet limpid light of that old boathouse you could watch minnows and squiggly things on the sand under the greeny water. Adlai spent long hours there “messaging about” in and out of boats and if he appeared lost my mother knew where to send me out to fetch him home.

We “came up” in late May and stayed late into September. School could wait! I don’t remember if we were pressed into any form of schoolwork except one summer, when we were little, and Miss Hulva (a schoolteacher in Bloomington) was brought up to give us “nature studies”. This meant walking in the ravine or along Pine Lake shore gathering things, i.e. leaves and stones and insects, and we had to draw them and paint them. I have an enchanting scrapbook of these childish efforts.

There was a great deal of reading aloud as Daddy Davis himself loved this. Actually, I found his books in 1964 in the very corner of the old cottage (now No. 7) where they had sat all these years. The Lelands very kindly gave them to me. We had an upright piano; so singing hymns at song service Sunday evenings in the old casino of the Belvedere wasn’t our only music. In early June we watched Mr. Miller, the manager of the grounds, opening cottages and in the fall closing them up. He had a running feud with all the small boys. The fall color of the maples was amazing and I recall collecting leaves and pressing them with wax and a hot iron. One year we even saw a snow storm! Our grandfather we called grand “daddy” and this degenerated into “Daddy”. Our father was forever “Father”. Daddy was tall, gaunt, and be-whiskered, he was literary and owned the newspaper *The Daily Pantograph* at home. He and ex-Governor Joe Fifer of Illinois were close friends. The Governor lived farther down the terrace; so each morning Daddy was sitting on the porch watching for him on his way to the hotel for his mail. They conferred over the weather and what “the temperature was this time last year”. They were

staunch Republicans and Unitarians. They had diet fads and ate Battle Creek foods. They wore caps with visors and walked to town for the *Chicago Tribune*.

Daddy Davis had a beautiful mahogany row boat in the No. 1 or No. 2 boathouse. He liked to sit in the ample stem seat and pull the rudder ropes to guide us as we bent to the oars and rowed across Round Lake to town. We had no sail boat and really weren't a "sporting" family as the Wards, the D'Ooges, the Stanleys, and the Baileys were. I envied Sarah and Alice Stanley's athletic skills.

It was Roy Ranger who was King of the boating life, and Governor Fifer would say "Where is Florence? She is out with Roy Ranger and ought to be home." Florence Bohrer was his daughter, mother of Joe and Gertrude (and to be Illinois' first woman senator-but who would have expected it in those happy, carefree days?)

The dray that brought up our trunks from the station returned later laden with great blocks of ice bedded in wet sawdust and we followed down the road gathering slivers of ice. The food that meant most was planked whitefish on a board black from use, and baked tomatoes stuffed with corn. There were Graham "Gems" (muffins) and the fruit farmer drew up at the back door with glorious red raspberries and small wild blueberries and tender corn.

There was a wood stove in "daddy's" room and he wore long underwear the year round. This room was very neat and if we were told to bring a pencil, for instance, he could say "the right corner of the left drawer under a wool scarf". He taught us to lay the fire, first crinkling up paper, then kindling put cross-wise for the draft, then three logs with space between.

The red glow of forest fires we often saw at night. By day Indian women with a child or two knocked at the front door. They carried baskets of cut flowers and charming small boxes or toy houses of birch bark all stitched in white porcupine quills. Adlai walked along with the Indians and there I'm sure he got his idea of raiding dear Mrs. Ransom's garbage cans of cast-off flowers and then presenting himself sedately at the front door to ask if she would buy some flowers.

There was an excursion boat which stopped at the Belvedere, then at the Inn, and Sequanota and Ironton, and a "big" boat that took us up to Boyne City. The schooners and tugs all were familiar; their names, and the home ports. Certain whistles of the ore boats and lumber barges were familiar and meant a dash to the channel to see the big cumbersome ships squeeze through into Pine Lake. We knew every tug; when the *Manitou* came in we were on hand to see her pushed to her dock by a gallant tug.

Our neighbors and friends were the Ransoms, Kate Woodbury, the Dewings, the Hodges, the Pecks, the Balchs, all of them "Kalamazoo resorters, snip snap snorters", the Woodruffs, the Stevens, Seabrings, Heatons of Detroit, and of course Mr. Windsor Aldrich and his sister of St. Louis. Down the row was the exquisite and perfect Japanese cottage of the Gardner's. Darwin, I loved and he is to be seen in the front row of all my birthday party snapshots. In the mysterious woods of the upper terrace was the pretty Lois Dissette who did fancy dancing with me, especially for the Cotillions.

Calla Travis, our admired and feared teacher, lived up on the back row in a quaint little cottage with sister Maud. The ring of their castanets and whistle calling us to order I can still hear through the years.

At the Belvedere was Edith Foley whose father ran the hotel. She and I played paper dolls

with those lovely ladies we cut out of the magazines. Sherwood Foley was Adlai's partner on the tennis court. My good friend Majorie McClelland lived in a funny fancy cottage resembling an ornate Ark with her grandmother Berdine. It was beyond us toward the Belvedere. Between us was a vacant space where occasionally the grown-ups played "baseball" in the evening with all of us cheering and racing about.

Our parents sometimes rented a buggy from Tilleson's (or Hooker's livery stable) and went for drives. The only private carriages and horses I recall were the Busch's. Certainly Adolph kept all in a state of wonder and fear as he drove his prancing steeds about town. Clara Busch was my friend and sometimes I was asked to "coffee" which was a late afternoon family gathering with glorious goodies, but I had to promise "no coffee, thank you". I'll never forget one of the beautiful ladies of the clan in a red and purple dress which was a work of art. Marie Busch, older than Clara, would take us upstairs to see her wonder-land clothes and endless number of slippers. As for Gussie, he was the boy we tried to get as partner to lead the Grand March at the Cotillion. He could indeed lead with dash. The other boys (except for the handsome Forsythe Trammel), like Adlai, were just brothers and couldn't keep time anyway!

Dr. Armstrong lived on the terrace at the corner near the present Kroger store. He was an important, vital fixture in our lives, and he was a good personal friend, too. His daughters, Dorothy and Helen, were my friends at dancing school, etc. In fact, we went to Petoskey together on the "Dummy", that funny little train with straw upholstery which went hourly in the season. Once arrived, we watched the Indians in their shops burning designs in leather and weaving fragrant green grass baskets. Grant's auctions were attractions for the grown-ups; Cousin Letty Bromwell bought elegant lace clothes for her diplomatic teas in Washington.

The life guard Station on Lake Michigan, now abandoned, was highly fascinating—the huge row boat that slid into the channel when called to duty, and the lovely hammocks made on the off hours were as strong as iron. We had one on our porch and tried to kick the ceiling when we swung.

The terraces had paths leading up among the wild roses, sumac, and lovely growing wild things, all gone now. The board walks were kept in good condition but were slippery in the rain. There were wide steps leading up the terraces and a comfortable landing mid-way with roomy seats.

Picnics were important social events. The Annual Bloomington Picnic called for two or more buses with seats running along the side so everyone faced each other. At the rear were three steps and we jumped off and on. The big, heavy horses didn't make much speed to Michigan Beach. The only serious quarrel I found between mother and father in the old letters I have gone through, was my father scolding mother for staying on Michigan Beach with Lydiard Horton (our house guest and a great philosopher) "until 9:30 at night, Helen, and this I can't forgive". I gather father was pretty jealous not to be in Charlevoix; he was helping his own father in his campaign for Governor of Illinois in 1908.

Our great aunt, Mrs. M. T. Scott's, cottage "The Wilds" was on a high bluff over-looking Lake Michigan and my cousin Mildred Bromwell had a fat pony called "Charley" and a little basket cart. I envied this greatly. In August, 1922, she married, on the lawn of that charming spot, Captain Sidney Bailey, the naval attache of the British Embassy. This was a great event for

us and I came rushing back to Charlevoix from Wyoming to be her bridesmaid.

Ruth Woodruff “played house” with me in a hollow in our two enormous lilac bushes. To this day, anywhere in the world the fragrance of lilac means playing house in Charlevoix.

Two doors from us was Mrs. Heaton and Miss Mary Heaton. These strong Victorian ladies, full of good sense and humor, made bread and “put up” jam and jelly, and the fragrance lingers on and on for me.

When my grandfather died in 1911 the cottage went to my aunt, Mrs. L. B. Merwin. She had summered at Ironton and rented once or twice at the Belvedere but she didn’t really take to the Belvedere life once she owned her father’s cottage. It was sold and finally came into the Leland’s possession.

Mother tried to go back, renting the last cottage on the upper terrace one summer (I think it was World War I), but she wasn’t happy. The next try was at the Chicago Club with new associations. The last summer of her life in 1935 she asked me to take her back to “dear Charlevoix”. We rented the Soper cottage (Hater) and our son Tim had his cousins Adlai III and Borden Stevenson to play with and Jimmy Ingram and Billy Trammell.

Finally, many Bloomingtonians came to Belvedere; the Clinton Sopers (Lucy and her cousin Laura McNulta were very good sailors), L. S. Rupert, Mrs. Gordon Cole, the Horace Sopers, the Charles Burrs, Judge Reeves, the Jarmins, the Frank Aldriches for a few years.

One of my good friends was Gladys Newman who lived in the Trammell cottage with her cousins. This is now the Joe Gardner cottage. Dorothy Whitney, a little older than I, lived with a strange, very pale and austere mother and maiden aunt whom I believed to be French in the quaint charming cottage at the corner of the upper terrace which is now the Mehaffie cottage. The Julius Birges of St. Louis lived in the present Ebert’s cottage. Claire Birge was a beauty, classical and blonde and Adlai’s love in later years. The Bemis family built a large “modern” cottage (the Taylor’s) and Hannah and Roseborough Bemis became our friends. The Morrows of Memphis became fixtures and little Irene finally out-grew her fat little childhood and proceeded to break all the hearts Eleanor Simpson and Florence Leland didn’t.

During one of Adlai’s campaigns for the Presidency, I saw in California an old friend of the early years, Elizabeth Dewing (Mrs. Paul Todd), and in the hectic rush a curtain rolled up on the upper terrace and the morning light on Pine Lake was real and sweet and part of me.

Now another generation is learning the Charlevoix lesson as daddy Davis and grandfather Adlai’s great-great grandchildren, Alison and Sandra and Tim Ives play on the shore, sail the lake, and listen for the fog horn!

In reference to the Clinton P. Soper cottage, I have now talked to Horace Soper, who tells me his father bought the cottage for \$750.00. He thinks it must have been about 1908. He bought it from Mr. Christie of the Christie Fire Brick Company, St. Louis, as the result of Mr. Christie’s anger at a meeting of the Belvedere Association, when he was told that his daughter was much too gay to meet the approval of the powers that be!

In a fury Mr. Christie said, “Alright, I’ll sell my cottage, and get out.”; at which point Mr. Soper said, “And I’ll buy it.” All of this was news to me, but I remember as a little girl the beautiful and dashing Christie girls.

Horace Soper, also remembers that Governor Fifer on his walks to and from town would

always stop at the Soper cottage to rest, and if a fire was burning in the fireplace on a cool day, he would stretch himself flat on the floor with his head on the hearth.

Lucy Soper was a great sailor, and her particular friend was Clara Bailey, who lived in the large cottage, which later became the Logan Thompsons.

**JOE BOHRER**

My grandfather Fifer in 1900 or 1901 had Mr. Thomas, the village carpenter, build a cottage on the first terrace between the Log Cabin and the Japanese Cottages. From old papers I later found that the cost was \$2,600.00. This is the cottage owned by the Tytus family since 1927 or 1928. We occupied the cottage every summer until I finished high school in 1917, and thereafter, I usually made it to Charlevoix for two, three or four weeks each summer. Before 1917 we left Bloomington on the St. Louis through Sleeper on the Chicago and Alton Railway *always* on the day after school closed and arrived at the Belvedere at 7:30 a.m. the next morning. We stayed all summer and left the same way *always* two days before school opened in early September. We were among the earliest arrivals and usually the Foley children were the only ones on deck. Their Dad managed the Belvedere Hotel for many, many years. He ran some hotel in Winter Park, Florida, in the winter season and I believe his son Sherwood "Deacon" Foley still manages the same Winter Park resort hotel.

For the first few weeks, while the others were arriving, the big event each day for the kids was to meet the 7:30 A.M. sleeping car train to see which old friends would arrive that day. Mr. Eagleton and his son Ed would meet each arriving train with a bus *and* a baggage dray (both horse-drawn, of course). The trunks and suitcases would be loaded on the dray, and the people would pile into the bus for the trip to their respective cottages.

The wildflowers were at their best in June and the railway right of way near the Belvedere swimming beach was a mass of fringed gentians with their dark blue bell shaped flower and scalloped edges. We would often row to a spot on Pine Lake about one-fourth mile beyond the Sugar Beet Factory and wade into the swampy shore at the timber line and pick the most beautiful of all flowers—the pink and white Lady Slippers. We would bring back literally hundreds of these beautiful flowers, and I hope we are not to blame for their almost complete disappearance today.

There was, of course, no electricity. The cook stoves were fired with cord wood and the lights were kerosene lamps and candles. I'm sure telephones were not used either to any extent before about 1910. I remember my parents laughing about my getting a bad case of the "croup" about two a.m. one night and my Dad walked downtown (about  $\frac{1}{2}$  miles) to summon Doctor Armstrong, who came out in his horsedrawn buggy.

Every morning two or three of the farmers would appear, in their horse-drawn wagons, at every cottage, selling the finest fruit and vegetables ever grown. There were five or six fishing docks downtown, as well as Miller's Grocery and Johnson's Ice Cream Factory. The housewives usually went shopping every day, or at least every other day. One way to go downtown was to walk to the dock at the west end of the channel between Round and Pine (I still won't call it "Lake Charlevoix") Lakes and catch the *Minnie S* ferry to town. The fare was five cents each way from town to the Belvedere, and ten cents from town to the pier in front of the Inn north of the Railroad bridge. A thirty minute schedule was maintained all day.

Our Illinois maid, Ida, in the summer of 1913, fell in love with Austin Newman who farmed about one-half mile south of the Sugar Beet Factory, and drove his wagon, loaded with fruit and vegetables, to our back door each morning. Austin was four feet, eleven inches tall, but Ida was small too, and they fell in love-Ida with the strawberries (I think) and Austin with Ida. Anyway, they were married in our cottage with Ida wearing my mother's prettiest gown. Later, I often kidded them about their short statures saying "It will give you a big advantage over your neighbors in harvesting the strawberry crops."

After the cottages were full (and there was no longer any sense in meeting the trains) and after we had learned to swing a tennis racket, our schedule became one of *wonderful* monotony. Tennis 9—12, lunch 12—1:30, swimming 1:30 to 4 or 5 each day. Our best tennis player was Lewis B. Morrow (Loogie) who later made the Princeton tennis team. He won the Belvedere Tennis Singles Championship too many times to count, and he let me play with him to win the Doubles event several times. Loogie and I caddied for his dad, Robertson G. Morrow of Memphis and Charles H. Burr from my hometown of Bloomington, Illinois, for two or three years. The pay (at the old Northside golf course) was fifty cents for the eighteen holes—and walk yourself from your cottage to the first tee—with a ten cents tip added if you did not lose the ball. At the end of the last year of caddying I lost my first ball which Mr. Burr had hooked fifty feet into the heavy birch woods on the left of the old eighth tee. When the ten cents tip was withheld, Loogie and I quit in disgust.

Misses Calla and Maude Travis taught the popular dancing classes and all the children attended. The girls loved it and most of the boys detested it. Irene Morrow and Florence Leland were the prima donnas of the toe dancing classes, and how we boys did love to get a dance with either of them at the weekly dancing party in the hotel ballroom. The clumsier boys like me always wound up dancing a clog dance with castanets, at the annual dancing school show. The Annual Party was a real event and some time during the evening the orchestra would break out with "Dixie" which was the sign for all the Southerners, grandmothers on down, to mount their chairs and sing. I don't remember "Yankee Doodle" ever being played.

Most evenings were spent by the boys at Scratchie's Hamburger Stand on the southside of Belvedere Avenue and about three hundred feet west of the entrance to the resort. Sometimes Scratchie took an evening off to have a date (or something?) and he would let some lucky boy mind the stand for that evening. As pay for the evening's work, Scratchie would let the lucky boy cook and eat for free two hamburgers. I'm sure he never realized that any of us would have gladly paid him two bits for the prestige of running the stand.

Mt. McSaube on Lake Michigan beach, about a mile north of the channel entrance, is one of the highest dunes on the east shore of the lake and it was the goal of one of our favorite boy gang hikes. We would slowly climb the sand path (it went straight up on the east slope), going two steps up and sliding back one-and-a-half steps. When we finally reached the top, we climbed the small wooden look-out tower. On a clear day, the view was wonderful—Beaver Island to the west and Boyne City to the east. We always raced down the 45\* sand path, and I'm sure Dave Merwin held the record—both for time and the number of spills. One night in 1913 about a dozen of us hiked to the sandy beach on the west side of Mt. McSaube for an over-night campout. We took blankets, a skillet and eggs. We nearly froze as the cool lake fog rolled in all



night, and when the sea gulls started flying and squawking in the preday-light mist, we were cold and sleepy and, thinking it must be mid-morning, decided to go home to our beds. As we trudged through town a clock in a store window on Bridge Street showed it was only 4:55 a.m. When we reached our cottages, we had to waken our parents to get inside. In those days youngsters never had watches. Watches were received as ‘rewards’ for attaining the age of eighteen or twenty-one years without smoking.

The only other way to reach Charlevoix, besides the train, was by overnight boat from Chicago. During July and August, three boats, the *Manitou*, *Missouri* and the *Illinois*, maintained schedules. The *Manitou*, the fastest of the three, took about twenty hours for the non-stop trip. I recall in about 1912, The S. S. *Illinois* ran aground just south of the channel connecting Lake Michigan with Round Lake, during a very rough stormy day. The passengers were removed by life buoy, and our local tug boats chugged and pulled (at \$25. per hour—we were told). They ran up quite a bill and it looked hopeless; so the owner ordered a really big super tugboat out of Traverse City to pull it off. No sooner had the big tug boat rounded the point, than the little Charlevoix tugs turned up their steam and quickly and easily pulled the *Illinois* free. I draw no moral here.

The swimming stars of my day were Joe Morris (who later married Hannah Bemis), Norman Metzger and “Rosy” Bemis—all lousy tennis players, thank goodness.

For several years Allie Moore was the lifeguard at our swimming pier. Allie lived alone in his small cabined Mackinaw sailing boat. He had been the “World’s Champion” roller skate speedster and had actually toured Europe, winning everywhere. We kids worshipped Allie and his fame, and our attempts to increase our own speed led to many a spill at the old roller rink located just west of Roy Ranger’s dock on the south side of Round Lake.

The sailors, as I recall, were: Mr. Hilton with his *Piff-Paff*, Mr. Remler, Mr. Balch, Mr. Dissette, Mr. Price, and Mr. Ransom. The most avid daily motorboat skippers were: Arthur Clement of Joliet with his *Georgia*, Mr. L. S. Rupert and my grandfather. The Shwabs (who lived in the present Leatherman cottage) owned a faster, fancier motorboat, but they never took it out without their chauffeur helmsman.

We had a softball team and often challenged the “natives” to a contest. I recall about 1917 or 1918 we had such a game on the vacant lot where the old Bill McGuire cottage now stands. This cottage was moved from the spot between the Morrow cottage (now the Schleman cottage) “Recreation” and the club manager’s house, just where the present entrance gates stand (originally the entrance ran between the hotel ballroom and the manager’s house). Back to the ballgame. We resorters could use any resorter on Pine Lake and we always tried to get Bill Smith of Horton’s Bay. Bill came to pitch that day and brought with him a guest named Ernest Hemingway. Hemingway was limping quite badly so we let him play first base—the slowman’s spot. After the game we learned that this guy Hemingway’s leg was full of shrapnel he had received while in the Ambulance Service in Italy during the War. Little did we know what the future held for him, or for Adlai Stevenson or Billy Martin (Federal Reserve Board Chairman) or Jimmy Douglas, a young tennis and golf player at the Chicago Club and later under Secretary of the Treasury—Herbert Hoover, all of whom played tennis with us and swam in Pine Lake.

In the early days the cottagers usually mowed and sometimes even sprinkled their front

yards, but never took care of the rear area as they do today. When people visited they walked, and always came in the front door. The service roads in the rear were sandy and soft with no hard surface (as today) and they used a very ingenious method of keeping the wagons etc. from sinking into the sand. They covered all of these sand roads with tan bark, which prevented the wheels from sinking, and also made a wonderfully soft path for those tired tennis feet on the way back to lunch from the tennis courts.

The sidewalks at the front of each terrace ledge were made of two-inch-thick boards and there was a kerosene lamp on a post about every two hundred fifty feet. Andy McCall, the night watchman, would light the lamps at dusk each evening, and then the toads would gather underneath for their daily mosquito hunt. It was scary to ride your bike home at night thru those toad parties. I've always disliked toads and perhaps this is the reason.

Tree houses were the fad about 1910 and all the kids had them. A pulley slide consisted of a heavy wire about sixty feet long, fastened to the tree trunk in the tree house, with the lower end fastened about four feet above ground level, around the trunk of another tree. A rope with seat hanging from the pulley on the wire gave many a hair-raising ride down from the tree house.

Roy Ranger and Sam Hamilton maintained rival boat repair shops and docks on the south side of Round Lake. Roy's place was where Johnny Cross' Fishery is and Sam's place was two hundred feet east of there. Roy specialized in motor boats and took care of our fringed top *Cassie*. Sam specialized in sailboats but worked on motor boats too. Roy was the best brook trout fisherman I ever met, and he would often sneak away at noon to take Mr. Clement and our family to a point just east of Oyster Bay for an over-night campout and a try for trout in the tiny stream that entered the lake there. Now, that the statute of limitations has run out, and Roy has died, I can report that one of our most successful methods of assuring trout for breakfast was night fishing where I blocked the tiny stream with a fine mesh landing net and Roy waded toward me with a lantern held close to the surface of the stream and frightened the trout into my net. It always worked.

Up to about 1912, one could look at Pine Lake on any day of the summer and see two or three sailing schooners going to or returning from Boyne City where they loaded up with tan bark to take to Chicago or some other leather tanning center on the Great Lakes. These were the old two and three masters with huge square sails, and no auxilliary motors. Tug boats always towed them through the two channels and Round Lake, and they seldom stopped at Charlevoix.

There were also two passenger steamers plying round trip twice a day between Charlevoix and the end of Pine Lake, the *Hum* to East Jordan, and the *City of Boyne* to Boyne city. The *Hum* was a sleek one-decker, quite fast, while the other was a double-decker, much older and slower.

Koch's Gambling Casino ran wide open until about 1925, as I recall. Mr. Koch operated in French Lick, Indiana, in the winter and in Charlevoix in the summer. As I recall, 'roulette' was the means used to relieve the resorters of cash—and no natives were allowed on the premises. The Casino had the best restaurant in the area and the prices were quite reasonable, as a lure to trade, I am sure. We would take our dates to Koch's for dinner, and then go into the gambling room, and just watch the bejeweled ladies push out the chips. Finally Mr. Koch got on to our racket and slowed down the service at our table so much, we had to quit.

Years later, in 1938, Johnny Knight had a winter house party in his chalet type cottage on the

terrace above Roy Ranger's boat shop. There were eight of us—the Dick Leatherman's, Mrs. R. G. Morrow Jr., Jane Morgan, the Jim Bayne's, beside John and me. We all brought skis and, from their looks, I don't think the Charlevoix natives had ever seen skis before. The snow was about twenty to thirty inches deep and we had much fun sliding and falling on the hills of the Belvedere golf club. One day I ski'd alone over to the Belvedere Resort for a look at the old cottages. It was an eerie but peacefully quiet and inspiring experience to see the snow piled up to the boarded cottage windows with not a voice or other sound around. Pine Lake was covered with ice and snow with ten to twenty ice fishing shanties spotted out just beyond the end of the swimming pier. It was hard to realize that this spot would come to life again when the families started to come back only four months later.

**LORING G. MERWIN**

If you started at the beginning of this volume, you have already read the recollections of my cousin Buffie Stevenson, who is now Mrs. Ernest L. Ives. She writes of the brown shingle cottage on the first terrace, built by our grandfather, W. O. Davis, in 1901. Here Buffie and her brother Adlai visited in the summers from 1904 until our grandfather's death in 1911.

The cottage, still very much there, is now owned by the Austin Lelands. It is No. 7, directly above the old Belvedere Station and the Lelands have preserved it beautifully. It looks almost exactly as it did when my grandfather built it, even the exterior color and the green stain on the living room walls.

Cousin Buffie writes charmingly but her recollection is faulty on one point. "When my grandfather died in 1911" she writes, "the cottage went to my aunt, Mrs. L. B. Merwin ... she didn't really take to the Belvedere life. It was sold and finally came into the Lelands' possession."

Perhaps mother didn't take to the Belvedere life (although it seemed to me she had as much fun as any elderly woman of thirty-five or so was entitled to) but her three children—brother Davis, sister Hester and I—really took to it in a big way. We spent nine summers there, from early June until Labor Day. Since I was five years old the first summer and fourteen the last, they were formative years and are vividly etched in my memory.

I came to Charlevoix at the tadpole and let's-try-to-nurse-a-baby-rabbit stage and left as a junior adolescent, when my tastes were running more to Melachrino cigarettes and trying to kiss the girls. Forty-seven years later my recollections of the in-between stages are apt to run together but I'll do my best to sort them out.

Life at Charlevoix was fun in the sense that I looked forward to it each June. But, let's face it, it also had its fears, its frustrations and its stark terrors—the sort that will never seem quite so stark again, once childhood has passed.

At Charlevoix I swam, sailed, played tennis, soft baseball and all the kid games like snap-the-whip, and run-sheep-run but being badly coordinated (it took twenty years of practice to get my golf handicap down to twelve), I never did any of them well. Since I tried to cover up my lack of ability by being the smart-aleck type, I was constantly being roughed up by the older boys and ignored by the most sought after girls. Of course, there were some smaller kids on whom I could take out my resulting frustrations but this was definitely second-rate fun.

To illustrate, let's take the Bemis sisters, Elizabeth and Dorothy. They lived in the big

“modem” cottage just north of us, which was built soon after we moved in. Elizabeth was my age and I thought she was the loveliest creature in the whole world. But she would have none of me, consorting only with older “snakes” like Hoyt Hall who were allowed to slick down their hair with Vaseline. Dorothy, on the other hand, practically threw herself at me. Being much younger, she probably hadn’t noticed how many tennis balls I hit into the net or how often I whiffed with a baseball bat. What Dorothy lacked in pulchritude she made up in vivacity. Cousin Buffie speaks of playing House in the lilac bushes with Ruth Woodruff and the fragrance of lilac forever recalling this delight. Well, I played with Dorothy Bemis in some remote sumac bushes and I’ll bet we had more fun than Buffie and Ruth did!

My two closest friends were Severns Balch and George Holder. Of the two, I probably spent more time with Sewie because we were exactly the same age and lived almost next door. His parents were ardent Christian Scientists. His father loved to sail and had a terrible temper. I recall him as a sort of cross between Basil Rathbone and Captain Bligh.

Mrs. Balch was more the placid type and I believe knitted in the cockpit while Captain Balch barked orders at Sewie and me. Here again I was inept. I couldn’t remember (or damned well didn’t care) to give a smart “Aye, aye, Sir” as Sewie always did. Also, I was continually losing the job sheet or failing to put over a dock fender in time to save the *Sally Ann*’s precious gunwhale. Though Sewie and I were the same age, he was somewhat smaller than I those first two or three summers. Then, at about age ten, he suddenly sprouted and became a good head taller. Frustrated again! Here was the only contemporary I could “beat up on” suddenly able to turn the tables—which he proceeded to do in a big way.

I well recall a picnic lunch which Mrs. Balch packed for Sewie and me. We were to hike the full length of the first terrace board walk and eat it under the rustic bridge. It was a hot, dry day and when we opened the lunch, we discovered it consisted only of peanut butter sandwiches. Since we had already drunk our lemonade during the hike, we had nothing to wash them down with. I took one bite, chewed manfully, but the sandwich was too dry to swallow. Sewie, perhaps because he was now so much bigger and had better salivary glands, quickly consumed his and then eyed me balefully. “My mother made you those sandwiches and you’ve got to eat them”, he declared flatly. My retort was “The hell I will” or words to that effect. My next recollection was finding myself flat on my back, Sewie’s knees pinning my shoulders to the ground and the peanut butter sandwiches being literally stuffed down my throat. For years thereafter I couldn’t even stand the sight of peanut butter; I still don’t like it very much.

I got even with Sewie for that one, with the aid of George Holder, but that was several years later. By that time we had learned to play the card game “21”, then known as “Black Jack”. George and I were having a game at his grandmother Espey’s cottage when Sewie stopped by on his way to the village. To our amazement we discovered that Sewie had thirty dollars, just given him by his father to buy a new canoe. George had a deck of cards with delicate pencil markings on the back to indicate the face cards and obviously designed for just such occasions as this. He brought out this deck, we took turns dealing and by the end of the afternoon, we had Sewie’s whole thirty dollars. Unfortunately, Grandmother Espey overheard Sewie’s cries of anguish and made us give him back all his money. So I guess we still aren’t even!

At age thirteen, as must by now be obvious, George Holder and I were not yet young

gentlemen. Come to think of it, we learned most of our bad habits together. I think it was George—though perhaps it was Ray Johnson—with whom I had my first smoke. We were probably ten and possibly in those same bushes where Buffie and Ruth Woodruff played house. We used dried cornsilk rolled in newspaper. I believe we used paste to keep the paper from unrolling—so the result was strictly non-habituating. That came later. George and I also learned to steal, though we couldn't blame this on anyone. It started with Dr. Calloway's worms. Dr. Calloway raised the fattest, juiciest, wriggliest angle worms on the resort. He kept them in his boathouse in flat boxes of a special topsoil to which he added oatmeal and other goodies on which the worms gorged. When not spearing fish, George and I enjoyed fishing for rock bass in the regular way and it was a relatively simple matter to secure our bait by sliding under the water-side door of the good doctor's boathouse. We only took a dozen or so at a time and we might never have been caught except we got careless. We were fishing off the old wooden swimming dock one day, with the worms in an old strawberry box in plain sight between us. The doctor happened by and recognized the worms (after all there were no worms like that north of St. Louis) so that ended that.

Sewie and I, and perhaps Jack Gorby, invented another sort of devilment which had to do with the old boardwalks. Incidentally, everything which is now made of concrete was made of wood in those days, or so I recollect. The sidewalks, the station platform, the stairways that connected the walks on each terrace, porches, steps, the hotel,—all were wood. Concrete may have been invented but the Belvedere hadn't heard about it. Anyhow, the under side of the boardwalks was a favorite place for hornets to build their big, gray papier mache nests—the same kind you often see suspended in trees. The hornets apparently got used to the foot traffic above them and wouldn't bother the pedestrian unless they were otherwise excited, in which case they would swarm out in full attack. Where ever a good, thick clump of bushes grew close to a hornet's nest, Sewie and I would hide with a pair of long sticks. As the ladies (never men, they could run too fast) took their afternoon stroll along the walk, we would spot them coming and give the hornet's nest a quick jab. The results were sometimes spectacular, with shrill cries of pain from the ladies that might be heard well across the lake. The end of that game came one day when we got too close and the hornets made for Sewie and me instead of the ladies. I got something like fifteen hornet stings and spent the rest of the day plastered with wet mud, then considered a specific for stings. I believe I even got some sympathy from my mother after making up the story that Sewie and I had accidentally disturbed the hornets and were attracting their attention from those nice old ladies who were hovering by at the time.

If it appears that all I did for nine years at Charlevoix was become a juvenile delinquent, that's probably not too wide off the mark. Of course I did other things too—boat trips to Beaver Island, picnics at Horton's Bay and the Lake Michigan Beach, games on the lawn below the hotel—diversions at which well behaved kids were expected to put in their time. They just don't stand out so sharply in my memory and, besides, I'm sure they are amply covered by other contributors to this book.

The year 1920, our last summer at Belvedere, is the one I remember best. That was the summer I really discovered cigarettes, dancing for pleasure (up to then it had been work) and GIRLS.

There were gorgeous girls, most of them slightly older than I, and hence out of reach. But believe me, I was noticing the transformation—the differing ways in which they began filling out their bathing suits.

Easily the most classic beauty around was Florence Leland, Austin's older sister (incidentally, I always envied the Lelands because they stayed at the hotel where the real "action" was). Lois Dissette, Irene Morrow and Eleanor Simpson I considered to be in a three-way tie for second. But these girls were my older sister Hester's age and were beaded by my still older brother, Dave, who arrived from Harvard that summer in a Stutz Bearcat. A Bearcat, by the way, was not only the "in" car of the day, it was roughly the equivalent of a Corvette, a Mercedes XL and a Jaguar SKE rolled up in one. A guy with one of those could have a whole harem of girls, even if he had two heads.

I've already mentioned the beautiful Bemis sisters. Then there were two who were just a little older but occasionally condescended to allow me to dance with them. One was Maijorie Remler—dark, pretty, but a bit on the skinny side—and the other was a real dish, Betty McGuire. Betty did things to a bathing suit (even one of those knee-length heavy wool numbers with a skirt for extra modesty) worthy of Gina Lollobrigida. In the parlance of today, she was stacked.

Betty kissed me once on a boat ride and, although it was a rather large party and I think she kissed all the other boys too, I treasured that experience for years.

Oh yes, cigarettes. I mentioned that Melachrino earlier. One of the big boys—probably Joe Bohrer or Bill McGuire—gave it to me and I repaired to the bushes directly across from Scratchie's Hamburger Stand to see if I could learn to inhale without coughing. I'll never forget that first full drag. I could feel it clear to the tips of my toes which were set to tingling—and I was hooked. (My love affair with cigarettes lasted for thirty years—until that unhappy day at the Mayo Clinic when they said if I smoked one more cigarette they might have to start amputating those toes that had tingled so pleasantly so long ago in those bushes across from Scratchie's.)

That was the summer when crocheted skull caps were the rage for boys. Remember? Your mother (or girl friend) would crochet them in stripes of bright colors and you wore them on the back of your head like a college freshman cap. Having a somewhat oversized head, I had trouble keeping mine on.

It was the year of the shimmy. Also a tune called "Chong" (here comes Hong Kong, etc.) and Al Jolson singing - "The Alcoholic Blues" in honor of newly-arrived Prohibition. Hester, Irene Morrow and Annette Woodruff wore out those three records—and doubtless my mother's mind—on our wind-up victrola.

Looking back on those nine summers at Belvedere, the pleasure far outweighs the pain. I learned some bad habits but I un-learned some too. I don't believe I've cheated at cards since taking that thirty dollars from Sewie Balch and I've even given up stealing—except, of course, from the government.

I can still smell the balsams and the air coming off Lake Michigan. My mind's eye sees those dazzling bright mornings when a boat's wake would set the lake's surface dancing in a thousand facets of the sun's gold. I still have nightmares about the deserted sugar beet factory and the bats that brushed my face when I explored its darkest recess.

I still tremble at the recollection of Betty McGuire's kiss.

What more could one ask?

**MRS. ROBERT TATE** (*Catherine Cole*)

I first went to Charlevoix in the summer of 1906 in a clothes basket at the age of three months.

My Grandfather Rupert built the cottage in 1900, and we spent every summer there for many, many years. I can remember things that my mother told me of her early days. She was there before she was married, and she had many interesting things to tell. The family lived first in a little cottage on Bridge Street. That was in 1898. My grandmother died in 1899, and the following summer my grandfather built the Rupert Cottage and gave it a fancy name, which we always used to laugh at. It was a Spanish one meaning "place of beauty". He had a great pride in the lovely stone tower that was built on one end of the cottage, and it was a landmark for many people. My grandfather was very particular about the stone he collected for the tower, and the mica in the stone would shine, in certain lights, and it was a very unusual thing at that time to put on your cottage.

I remember my mother's telling of getting in a row boat, and rowing to town for the mail, as there was no other transportation.

Every summer my grandfather and his brother-in-law, Asa Danforth from Washington, Illinois, would get a boxcar, and take their horses and their surreys up to Charlevoix with a man to take care of them. They were kept at the livery stable in the village; and when anybody wanted to go for a ride, the man was sent down to hitch up the carriages, and we would ride up and down the shore, or wherever we wanted to go.

My grandfather sold the cottage about 1914 or 1915 to Mr. Olds. Thereafter it was known, of course, as the Olds Cottage, and is now the Ransom Cottage. The Danforth cottage next door was, also, sold; none of the Danforths, after the death of Asa Danforth, came to Charlevoix very frequently. I remember playing with my cousins, who were always there, and remember the many Bloomington people who had cottages,—Governor Fifer, W. O. Davis; the Charles Burrs had a very nice cottage on Belvedere Avenue.

We used to go to Charlevoix right after the 4th of July and stay until the middle of September. The last time I spent any length of time there was in 1937. After my grandfather sold his first cottage, he built a second at the end of the resort on the second terrace, and that was where I always went with my mother and father.

My Grandfather Rupert had a boat. In the very early days he had a row boat, but the last one he had was called the *Water Witch*, and was a launch with a canopy. We used to take our picnic baskets, and have picnics along the shore. We would go up as far as Sequonota. Grandfather was a great fisherman. He would go trout fishing, and then we would have these picnics, where he would cook the fish over the fire, and fresh ears of com, etc. The old *Water Witch* was something to really be thrilled about. We never got stalled. We always kept it down at the public docks. Roy Ranger, who kept the boat in condition, would bring the boat around, when we went on these picnics; we all walked down to the dock, got into the boat, and Mr. Ranger would take us to wherever we wanted to go.

I know that my mother and father were more than grateful to dear Dr. Armstrong, who was the doctor of the town, and took care of all the surrounding towns, as well as the cottagers. Shortly after we arrived, when I was three months old, I became ill with pneumonia. Dr.

Armstrong saved my life; so my mother has always been most grateful to him; and in the many years we went to Charlevoix, we often saw him. He was a great friend of my grandfather's.

Another thing that used to be of interest. Pretty nearly every day, or surely every other day, Indian girls would come around with great baskets of flowers. For some reason, Belvedere families never had flower gardens around their cottages in those early days; and so they would wait for the Indian girls to come with their great baskets of gladiolas and daisies, and everybody had flowers bought two or three times a week from the Indian girls.

There was a great deal of social life among the people who had cottages. My step-grandmother, who married my grandfather in 1908, always had a large annual tea. There was great excitement when Grandmother had her yearly tea; all the ladies wore hats, and it was an "occasion".

One year a very dear friend of mine and I (we were about fifteen or sixteen) were invited for a two-weeks visit. At that time the Coast Guard was putting on a drill of some kind, and a boat full of young men put into Charlevoix, and we were quite excited about it. Barbara and I went down to the shore, and watched them go through their maneuvers. They were being taught how to sail this very lovely sailing vessel. How impressed we were with the uniforms, the bell trousers, and the white blouses, etc., and what a time my grandmother had getting us home! That I remember very well.

I remember one evening when I was about thirteen or fourteen, just after the casino had been built. Building the casino caused a great deal of controversy among the many members of the Association, because everything had always been held at the hotel or at the little green building nearby. I went with my grandfather, my grandmother, and my mother one Saturday night, to one of the first dances held in the new casino. My grandfather, who was a Southerner and a very delightful and gallant old gentleman, asked me to dance a waltz. How thrilled I was. When we started out, the floor was crowded, and when we ended we were the only couple on the floor, and everyone seemed to be quite thrilled and thought it quite wonderful that Mr. Rupert was dancing with his granddaughter. He never danced again after that. I remember that I had on my best dress, a great pink bow in my hair, and the usual sash that was worn with frilly dresses at that time.

I can, also, remember when we reached the old sugar beet factory at 7:00 o'clock in the morning on the old Pere Marquette, the engineer always blew the train whistle, and passengers on board began to collect their belongings, and knew it was time to get off. When my grandfather heard the whistle (you could hear it for miles), he would start for the station and meet us with the horse and carriage the first years and later with the automobile

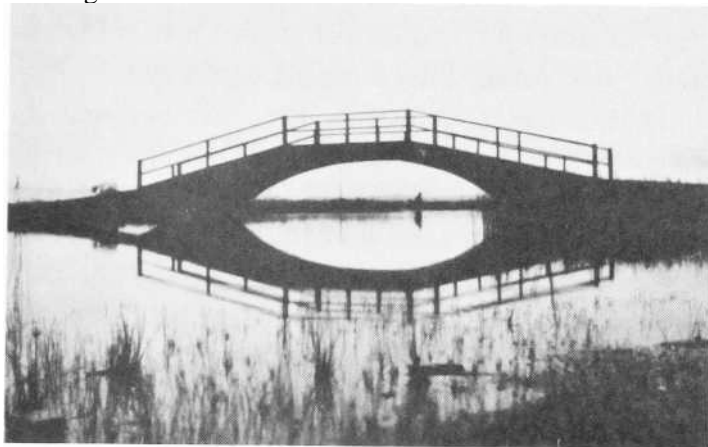
I remember, also, going up from Chicago many times on the old *Manitou*. which ran between Chicago and Mackinac Island. If you wanted to be very elegant and take a boat trip, that is the way you went. It was a little different from the smokey train, and it was an overnight trip, and you felt as if you had really been to Europe. The old *Manitou* was quite a boat. It would come into Little Round Lake, and, backing and turning and splashing and whatnot, would tie up to the city dock. Then after a certain length of time, it would chum and back and toot its whistle, and finally go past the bridge and through the channel into Lake Michigan. The time Barbara Coolidge and I went up, we went on the old *Manitou*. It was crowded, and we had the "Bridal



Suite". We were very much impressed, indeed, because it had real beds, two port holes with dirty lace curtains, and a velvet hung here and there. We were very much thrilled to think that we were travelling in such style. I think it was the last trip the old *Manitou* made, and I think it was in the year 1922.



The old  
Belvedere Station of the Pere Marquette Railroad.  
The Lagoon.



Loring (Bud) Merwin, Woodbury Ransom, his grandmother Emma Woodbury Ransom and Severns Balch.

**CHARLES M. TAYLOR**

I think one of the features that many of our older members may have forgotten about the Belvedere Club was the old lagoon or channel that existed for some time in the beach area between the railroad tracks and Lake Charlevoix, which incidentally at that time was known as Pine Lake.

An old map of the area indicates that the lagoon was some 800 feet long and about 100 feet wide. It lay north and south parallel to the shore line of Pine Lake with an outlet at each end into the lake, thus forming a long narrow island between the lagoon and the lake which was labeled "Wood's Island" on the map. As I recall it, there was some sort of foot bridge over the lagoon to provide access to the island. I know that the lagoon was in existence and in use around 1909 or 1910 because I jumped or was pushed into it that summer fully clothed and in my Sunday best under quite amusing circumstances.

That summer, which is the first summer I can remember being at the Belvedere, my mother had brought my sister Elizabeth and me from our home in Arkansas for our annual trek to the family home in Kentucky for a visit with relatives. While there we were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Childs and their son Alex and Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Chenault and their son Alan Patterson for a trip to northern Michigan via the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad and the Pere Marquette Railroad that stopped at the Belvedere Club's own station in those days. Incidentally, it was quite an event for club members and guests to go down to the railroad station, or rather platform and pavilion, to greet new arrivals.

A number of Kentucky families frequented the Belvedere Club and the Wequetonsing-Harbor Springs area in those days. In the summer of 1909 or 1910 our group was staying in the old hotel building. The first thing on our arrival our parents were persuaded to take their children down for a look at the beach. After a short while the three mothers decided that they wanted to return to the hotel to participate in some sort of card tournament but hesitated to leave the children in Mr. Child's care, as from the amount of advice they gave him, it was apparent that they did not consider him very capable of looking after children properly. Mr. Childs who had a rare sense of humor, had received so many instructions from the three ladies, especially about not letting us get our shoes wet, that no sooner had they departed than he had us all jump fully clothed into the lagoon from the little dock where we had been so carefully herded.

As I look back on this little episode I realize the wisdom of Mr. Child's approach to the problem. Rather than being saddled with a nagging worry for fear we would get wet, he solved the whole problem immediately and was free from worry the rest of the afternoon. I might add that he wasn't asked to babysit much after that.

To bring these recollections up to the time of our return to the Belvedere in 1958:

The Taylor family spent a number of summers in Wequetonsing and there were the usual trips to Europe, resorts in New England, ranches in Wyoming and the like. World War II took care of six of my summers, then came marriage for me, and children.

For the next ten years, interspersed with trips to England, Joan and I visited different parts of the country on our vacations as I wanted Joan, who was from England, to see as much of the United States as possible. All the while, however, we were on the lookout for a place where the children could participate in organized and supervised activities with other children and yet be

with us part of the day.

As it happened, the Belvedere Club was suggested to us about the same time from two different sources. Agnes and Lee Mallory of Memphis had just returned from the Belvedere and reported what a wonderful experience the Gangs had been for their children. About the same time my sister Elizabeth had returned from a trip to Washington where she had seen Florence and Joe Gardner who had, of course, extolled the charms of Belvedere. As a result of these two suggestions and my own happy memories of the area, we asked to rent a cottage the following summer. Our friends Joe Gardner, D. D. Walker (a long time friend in aviation), and Dave Forker (a Hill School classmate) speeded the necessary paperwork. A cottage was available and Joan and I and the two children arrived the summer of 1958 for the beginning of many happy summers at the Belvedere Club.

We had the cottage at 505 Belvedere (opposite the side door of the hotel) which then belonged to Virginia and Bob Schleman and is now owned by Virginia and Bob McCallum. Joan still recalls our delight that first summer in seeing young Charles and Julie trotting down the sidewalk to the Casino in anticipation of joining their Gangs. Of course we wanted to return to the Belvedere the next summer, which we did. That summer, 1959, we enjoyed the Leland cottage No. 7. The following summer we rented cottage No. 47 that then belonged to the Bagbys and is now owned by Millie and George Kuhn. The summer of 1961 found us back in 505 Belvedere which by then belonged to Florence and Joe Gardner.

After four years of uncertainties of renting we were anxious to have a cottage of our own and when cottage No. 5, the Avery cottage, was available for purchase, we bought it. We moved into it the summer of 1962 and made no changes in it until we had lived in it for three summers and knew exactly what changes would best suit our needs. In the spring of 1965 we made a number of additions and alterations.

The remarkable coincidence about our purchase of the Avery cottage was that it had been built by an Arkansan and the only time it had passed out of the original owners' family it went to another Arkansas family-the Taylors. The house was built by Elizabeth (Mrs. Frederick) Avery's father, Mr. William Noyes Bemis of Prescott, Arkansas about 1916. Mr. Bemis, who had extensive lumber interests in Arkansas, including his own sawmills, personally selected the lumber that his architect indicated would be needed and had it shipped from Arkansas to Charlevoix for the construction of the house.

***MARGARET METZGER KUHN***

Summers were so terribly hot in Indianapolis and the Albert Metzger family planned to vacation on Lake Maxinkuckee in Northern Indiana that eventful day in June. However, it wasn't to be quite the kind of summer the Metzgers anticipated. They found to their dismay that the cottage they had rented from the owner had already been rented by a real estate agent to another family who had moved in.

But the cool breezes of the north country lakes at Charlevoix were in the Metzgers' future although they weren't as yet aware of it. And, of course, it came about through a good friend as do so many of life's pleasant occasions: Albert E. Metzger and James I. Dissette (formerly of cottage No. 141) both belonged to a business mens' luncheon club in Indianapolis and it was Mr. Dissette who spoke glowingly of the northland resort and was instrumental in securing a cottage

(now No. 215) at Belvedere for the Metzger family for the month of July.

When August arrived it was still hot in Indianapolis and already the Metzgers had formed an attachment for the Belvedere which was to last their life long. They found available a tiny cottage owned by the Chamberlin family and promptly moved in. A year later they had purchased the cottage, now No. 131, and there they have remained through many years. When the cottage of George Webb burned to the ground on the adjoining lot to the south, they immediately leased the lot and added it to their holdings and, as they already owned the adjoining lot on the north, they now had plenty of “living” room for their four active children, Louis, Margaret, Alex and Norman, who continued to share the cottage in summer until deaths in the family changed their routine.

In a few years the Metzgers found that although they had plenty of land their beautiful view toward Boyne City was restricted as the trees on the terrace below had grown so rapidly. Albert Metzger had an idea but he confided in no one: On a purported business trip to Chicago he took the train to Petoskey in the dead of winter where he rented a rig to bring him to Charlevoix. Here he purchased an ax, hired a workman to chop down a broad maple tree on the lower terrace that had been blocking the view from the higher land and returned to his home in Indianapolis without saying a word to anyone. In the spring there was a hue and cry over the lost tree. To keep peace, Mr. Metzger planted a sapling to take its place. Today the second tree has grown and ironically, is once more obstructing the lake view from cottage No. 131 just as its predecessor did fifty years ago.

Today Margeret Metzger Kuhn has many happy memories of Belvedere and she dearly loves to reminisce with her friends: the old log house beside the Ravine Park tennis court which the family nicknamed the “monkey cage”, the rustic bench with its hardboard seat carved with initials of not only the Metzger children but their youthful sweethearts as well, many of these carvings scarcely legible as they were frequently defaced in the past to make room for the initials of new and later sweethearts. The rustic bridge was torn down because it became unsafe and the upkeep was terrific.

The Metzger family loved the trip to Charlevoix. They adopted the practice of driving their automobile to Chicago, spending the night in the windy city and, boarding the steamship *Missouri* the following day with summer’s luggage and the auto in the hold, they were off on a slow boat to Charlevoix.

Brothers, Alex and Norman looked forward to disembarking and driving the family car to their cottage on the Belvedere. But once they ran into trouble which taught them a lesson their father didn’t let them forget. The family automobile was a early PREMIER and, like other cars of the era, was narrow and high and swayed dangerously at speeds over thirty-five miles per hour. (Mrs. Kuhn recalled that she said then she could stand forty miles an hour but not forty-five.) The boys took off with a flourish but before they had driven the short city block to the top of the grade onto Bridge Street they were exceeding the speed limits of the town by quite a wide margin. The city policeman stopped them and took them to the old jail in the court house building on Antrim and State Streets. Here they had to remain until their father arrived, paid their fine, and had them released.

Other recollections are of Mr. Kuhn’s purchasing for son, George Kuhn Jr., the cottage

adjoining the family holding on the south from Sam Boucher. George Jr., later sold it to Ralph Ware and bought the Bagby cottage on the lower terrace.

The old fashioned swimming suits: a broad sailor collar trimmed with white braid on the navy blue dress worn over full navy bloomers; long black stockings anchored to a panty-waist plus white or black tennis shoes to complete the costume. With a bulky habit such as this, there was little swimming aside from a few breast strokes in shallow water to the steady "Count-down" of the German instructor and life guard whose further admonition ran: "Kick a liddle more mit hind feet".

There were no tennis lessons in the early days. The youngsters just batted the ball around and got plenty of exercise although they learned none of the finesse of the game as it is now played.

One day was definitely "hard luck" day for young Margaret Metzger. With a neighborhood group she tramped the three miles out to Mt. Amicasauba (McSaube) on the north shore of Lake Michigan and with the others climbed the wooden observation tower that had been erected by the old chief for a resort attraction and for personal profit. Unfortunately the ladder had weakened through the years and a rung broke catapulting the young miss some twenty feet to the ground. Her brothers and friends were frantic. They ran down the hillside and across the sand dunes to the shore and dipped capfuls of cold water which were spilled in their hasty return to the unconscious girl. But she rallied and the boys then ran back to town and got a horse and cart from Hooker's Livery to bring her home. After she was carefully tucked into her own bed by her mother, the bed, an old wooden frame from the first Chamberlain cottage, broke and down she went again. Two falls in one day!

Other memories are hiking out to Fisherman's Island to see the wreck of the yacht *Vencidor* which had been dashed against the rocks in a storm in the early 1900's; Ralph Price was one of the gang on that occasion as on many others. ..

The rides to Petoskey on the "dummy" (fare twenty-five cents) and the days spent in shopping in the curio shops for woven sweet grass Indian baskets, many of which are still in the house at 131 Belvedere. Her brother Norman's illness when he so longed for a pine needle pillow. She located one of the old fashioned pillows in a Petoskey shop and took it to her brother's sick bed. He was pleased, even the sampler-style motto, "For Thee I Pine and Balsam," was a part of his pleasure in the woodsy souvenir of his beloved northland. Brother Norman breathed deep as he buried his face in the piney fragrance.

The summer following their marriage, George and Margaret Kuhn rented a sailboat, as sailing was fast becoming a popular sport at Belvedere. Each asked the other: "Do you know how to sail?" and both replies were affirmative. However, they were too optimistic about their prowess and nearly hit the Belvedere pier on Lake Charlevoix. At the same time a sudden gust of wind filled their sails and sent them skimming out to sea. With the boat completely out of control there was nothing to do but drop the sails. As they sat, miserable in an accompanying downpour, another boat, seeing their distress, sent a dinghy to their rescue. Brought aboard the rescue ship they were given liquid stimulant to overcome the pneumonia hazard of cold, dripping-wet clothing. Their enthusiasm for sailing somewhat diminished, still they joked: "Did you get your ardor dampened?", a family saying that from that day remained with them through the years to lighten many a serious situation in their lives.

The Kuhns are still an active family: they still spend pleasant days aboard their thirty-four foot Chris-Craft motor cruiser, the *Magda* of Douglas, named for their three grandchildren. Granddaughter, Maggie Kuhn, served as “gang” leader, under Del Terrill’s coaching, and now Janet Kuhn is a Belvedere gang leader teaching such skills as diving, swimming, water-skiing and sailing so that the “Now” generation will never suffer the indignity of a dampened ardor (derriere) in a tossing sailing craft.

***DOROTHY UPJOHN (nee Hollingsworth)***

***CECILIA CHADBOURNE (nee Hollingsworth)***

***GERALD HOLLINGSWORTH EMMETT HOLLINGS WORTH***

The BLUE BELL! The first sight of our cottage thrilled us with pride and joy. Painted gleaming white, blue trim with a red roof, it was visible to sailors ten miles or more at sea before the trees grew so tall, and leafy branches obscured the old landmark. Grandfather, Oscar M. Allen, one of the ten who established the resort, was a devout Mason: He built his cottage in the form of a Maltese Cross. The first floor four rooms opened into a central room with outside porches filling up the corners, making the floor plan a “square”. The second floor four bedrooms opened into a balcony that looked down on the first floor, and, at the very top, a cupola (to us always a “cupalaw”), one room with windows from which could be viewed Pine Lake, the bayou, and, way off across the town, Lake Michigan.



The Hollingsworth family at the turn of the century in living room of the “Blue Bell.”



Margaret Kuhn and Sam Boucher on the Kuhn's *Magda*, 1950.

The “Midget” in which Grandfather Allen lived while the “Blue Bell” was being built, is still in fine repair; it is now used as a sleeping room annex at No. 204, Dr. Alex Forrester’s cottage. Building the “Midget” was the first action in the beginning of the old Kalamazoo Club ninety years ago.

Booth Tarkington’s visits (with his sister, Hattie Booth Jamison and her two sons) to the “Blue Bell”, in the years between 1900 and 1922, are well remembered.

It was a very memorable summer the year when Barry Goldwater sailed his boat, the *Caprice*, to Charlevoix and docked at the Belvedere dock when he was courting Margaret Johnson, daughter of Ray P. Johnson, who was living at No. 519. Barry and Margaret always stopped at the Blue Bell Cottage on their way to the tennis courts. Unfortunately the Johnsons owned a dog which they loved dearly so, due to restrictions on pets on the Belvedere grounds, the family moved to Walloon Lake. Mr. and Mrs. Goldwater never returned to Belvedere.

Fanny Allen Hollingsworth played her Italian harp in the engine room of the old S. S. *Manitou* for the Chief Engineer Collins and crew as the Hollingsworth family were enroute from Chicago to the “Blue Bell” on the Belvedere.

The family, resurrecting toys stored away in chests under the window seats in the den, flooded the room with dolls, boats, games, bathing suits, as well as grown-up recreational equipment—fishing tackle, nets, tennis racquets, canoe paddles and cushions.

The wagon load of clean white beach sand brought from Lake Michigan Beach for the sandbox for the youngest children, which when traced indoors resulted in the beautiful red carpeting being taken up and made into rugs easier to keep clean. The same rugs are still covering the floor of the “Blue Bell”.

Wading into the clear waters of Pine (Charlevoix) Lake; feeling the little ridges of yellow sand under our feet until we came to the drop off, terraces left below water by some pre-historic glacier. Going beyond that mysterious dark line was for swimmers only; every small boy and girl early learned to swim for the privilege of exploring beyond the shallows. Mama Hollingsworth set up a list of rules: No sail boats, no trips alone in the canoe or rowboat until small fry were able to handle themselves safely in deep water.

There were other rules, rules set up by the association for the comfort of all:

1. Lights out at eleven except on dance nights when the hour was extended to eleven-thirty.
2. No boating upon bays or lakes within or bordering upon the club lands.
3. All bathers and swimmers, young or 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. Clothes lines in rear of cottages must be concealed behind lattices to avoid spoiling the appearance of gardens and grounds.
7. Combustible material must be burned in furnace or fireplace: green garbage must be saved for farmers, as it is highly esteemed for pigs.
8. With the advent of motors cars it was ruled that the horseless carriages be kept off the resort grounds when not in use.

A very memorable trip was going in the rowboat through Round Lake, the channel, into Lake



Michigan to watch the sun go down. This boat held six. Quite wide in the beam, but beautifully fashioned with carpet in the bottom and padded seats, it had nickel-plated oarlocks and fittings with two sets of oars, and a rudder operated by ropes in the stern seat. When the sun set in a cloudless sky, we watched the great orange red globe as it slowly sank into the lake. When there were clouds the colors were even more gorgeous, if possible. The littlest children were usually asleep in the bottom of the boat by the time Mama pulled into the bayou with all the style and snap of a Harvard or Yale coxswain.

Tennis was usually the first thing on the agenda, weather permitting. The back porch of the “Blue Bell” looked out on the courts and it became the custom of friends to stop by on the way to the courts for a go at the piano, usually a duo. With four hands beating out Cannonball Rag, Kitten on the Keys, Too Much Mustard, or Alexander’s Ragtime Band, the people on the upper terrace stopped up their ears. They said it sounded like a pianola plus a calliope!

And the Indians at summer camp meetings and when they came in their canoes to Charlevoix to trade! They pitched camp on the little island across the bayou from the “Blue Bell”. We could see their camp fires. Mama would often threaten: “Unless you children quiet down, I might just call those Indians over here!” Even Laura Geilfus took heed of that.

Two young uncles, Dee and Glenn, sparked many an escapade that has 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. He was busily engaged in lacing up their shoes when his hands gave him away.

Forsythe Trammel (known as “Si” to his buddies), James (Rosie, for Roseborough), Bemis and Emmett Hollingsworth played on the log jams that collected at the mouth of the channel, the logs having been floated across Pine Lake for transportation by schooner to distant ports. This was dangerous play ... as saw dust often collected on the water’s surface from the saws of the nearby Charlevoix Lumber Company, it behooved the adventurous lads to keep their footing on the rolling logs or risk suffocation if they fell into the lake. Emmett and Rosie became adept, but the day they allowed Si to pit his skill against the vagaries of the twisting logs and writhing current, Si lost his footing and both Si and Emmett nearly lost their lives when young Emmett jumped in to save him.

The three boys were enthralled with every activity on the lakes. They often jumped aboard the tugs—owned by Geiken, O’Neill and Charlevoix Lumber Company—as well as the Belvedere’s H. P. Parmalee—and lent a hand at docking. At other times they congregated behind the store buildings on the south shore of the channel to watch Bill Bellinger build sail boats which he later sold to the summer folks.

The following is from the diary of Shirley Hollingsworth Simpson:

August 14, 1945 was perhaps the greatest day of all. President Truman announced Japan’s unconditional surrender and boats were whistling and church bells were ringing. It was a hallowed moment. We all laughed, cried and hugged each other. We wanted to yell, ring bells or sing just to make any kind of noise. We blew the car horn and Daddy rigged up a crow bar from the music room ceiling that we beat with a hammer. We went to church and then we all came home and had a few drinks. We went over to Koch’s (Gambling House on Meech Street) 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 crowd going into the Hallett Hotel, led by three Negro musicians. We followed them as they trooped out to the Belvedere. We all jammed into the lobby and a colored man sat down at the piano and started the world's wildest jam session. From there we went 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 give it to Uncle Emmett to hide and that undid the whole parade and we went home and sat around until the wee hours. The Stewart clan were all there too. We felt terrible the next day. Imagine!

*JOANNE DISSETTE ZINN (Mrs. James A. Zinn)*

I first came to the Belvedere in the summer of 1912, the first summer of my life. Since then, with rare exception, each summer has found me returning to Charlevoix or its neighborhood, now with a family of my own, whose members share to some degree my early-born love for the community and its beauty.

My father had first come to Charlevoix in 1898, and built his cottage, 141 or "Mapleshade" in 1904. Early trips were made by train, but I am told that the summer of 1912 we came by car, Automobile Bluebook style, "go 7 miles and turn right at the white church." Rutted roads took toll of tires, 2 windshields, and my father broke his arm cranking the car; the trip took 5 days. Small wonder that for years later, until improvement in roads and cars made easier motor journeys from Indiana, we entrusted our persons to the railroad.

Early recollection recalls a small and quiet town with a swinging bridge across its main street. On the north side of the channel stood the grey flour mill to the west, the barn red Charlevoix Lumber Company to the east. The north side and the Chicago Club were in early stages of development. On Bridge Street, coming north, Mr. Bellinger was already in business, a small, white-bearded, bespectacled figure, bent over his watch repairs, a business which grew into the store next door in which for several years I coveted a large sailboat model on a stand. Across the street stood a group of buildings, now gone, one of which housed a newspaper store at which we youngsters were able to purchase candy, fireworks, itching and sneezing powder, and other necessities of life.

The Sugar Bowl, with a nickelodeon, and the truly beautiful confectionery made by Mr. Gladys, presided over the next block; on the opposite side of the street were the old Post Office and the dry goods store. Campbells Boot Shop came early into the picture, but for the life of me, and to my eternal shame now that I am married to a banker, I cannot remember the earlier location of *those* institutions! The Central Drug Store was established, and, on the site of the present water front Park, an old hotel housed two, small, open alcove stores. The first accommodated various leather articles on which one could have his name burned; the second was the establishment of Bill the Bootblack, long a Charlevoix summer landmark.

South, on the same side of Bridge Street, a NEW building was erected, the first floor of which was Mr. Priest's Camera and Studio shop with its faint aroma of developer and film, while the upstairs housed offices for Dr. Armstrong.

Almost every youngster on the resort saw Dr. Armstrong at *some* point of the summer. On the west side of the street, Brown's Garage and Charlevoix Hardware became the best known spots to us in those early years, for Brown's dealt also in bicycle repairs, and Charlevoix Hardware had fishing tackle. In between these more memorable institutions there passed an infinite and varied number of linen shops, variety stores, and groceries over the years, together with a popcorn wagon that flitted from location to location like a butterfly. I seem to recall TWO movie theaters coming into existence in time, both on the east side of the street, one in the location of the present place, and one nearer the bridge.

Down Antrim and Mason were the two livery stables, Mr. Hooker's and Mr. Welch's, from which horses were available for hire to drive or to ride. Charlevoix had its own blacksmith, busy at his forge.

The early Belvedere days were very simple. As a child I followed Andy McClelland over the board walks on a part of his route as he lit the evening lamps . . . first, on the big beech tree north of our cottage, across the rustic bridge with its bark, toad-stool shaped umbrellas “monkey house”, and arbor, on down the brick walk past Mrs. Warner’s to the road by Mr. Rupert’s. From here we proceeded to the first terrace, north to the rustic steps located by the “button-hook” cottage that led back to the upper terrace. Here we fondly parted—bless you, Andy, for years of patient guardianship and fascinating ritual.

Life came largely, and at leisurely pace, to the cottages in those days. Mr. Eagleton brought our trunks from the station on his horse-drawn dray; cottagers came for the entire summer, and wardrobes were not the easy drip-dries of today. Mr. Widdifield and his wagon came with ice for the back porch ice boxes, leaving a lovely dotted line of drips to mark his route. Mr. Guild delivered milk, and, tho I was not mindful of the organization of household at that time, I presume that what went on and into the big wood range came by the same “Whoa Nellie” method. Laundry was borne off on foot thru the woods by our Mrs. Nowland whose family was ample and willing, two to a basket, and borne back, smelling of soap, sun and starch. Generations of “flower-girls” came to our porches with their baskets of arranged bouquets, and usually with a small sister tagging along as an apprentice. Soft-footed Indian women appeared each year with great shawls full of sweetgrass baskets, and there was an occasional organ grinder with a monkey or a dancing bear. The circus came to town and set up its tents over near the big white Inn that dominated the north side near the railroad station. And the friends! The friends from Missouri, Ohio, Illinois, Kentucky, Georgia, Tennessee, the friends who came annually to the hotel, as well as the friends in the cottages!

What exciting excursions to see if the Crooked Tree was still there, to measure the height of Lake Michigan water on Hippo rock, to see if there were still polliwogs in the lagoon that then flowed under a little Japanese bridge between the railroad and the bathing beach, to see if a rowboat could still get thru dwindling Old River that cut behind the Pine Lake channel and the north shore, to see if “Scratchie” still had his little green refreshment stand at the foot of the hill, to see if anyone had grown strong enough to get up Mr. Hooker’s Hill on a bicycle without having to stop!

Life for us as youngsters was watched-over, but not regimented or too organized . . . except for dancing class where we danced “The Looby-Loo” under Miss Calla Travis’ clicking castanets. We spent our days on broad porches being taught to knit by someone’s grandmother, exploring the woods paths for lady-slipppers and Indian pipes, at the beach making castles, climbing at Mt. McSauba, or, as we became more adept at swimming, in each other’s row-boats, and fishing on the channel by the boathouses. Evenings we gathered at the upper terrace park to play “tappy-on-the-icebox” or other games, with the older children watching out for the younger ones. Finally, that scary “come home when it’s dark” journey, when you might see a skunk! We were watched over by *all* the families, and we flourished and grew.

At the end of the summer, Mr. Eagleton came for the trunks. Leave was taken of each beloved spot and person, porch furniture was brought in, rugs piled, beds shrouded in sheets, sleeping porch curtains fastened down, and the cottages were left to silence. Desolate groups came down to bid one another farewell at the Belvedere station, lumpy-throated for the

memories of the happy days that Charlevoix has always provided.

Change came gradually—cement walks, electric lighting for the grounds, the lagoon either dried up or filled in, and the introduction of cars that converted “woodsheds” to garages. As the motor age announced itself with authority, Frank’s little white bus could be summoned by a dishtowel on the terrace. The “Dummy”, by which we had made cindery railroad trips to Petoskey, retired. Crank phones in the cottages were replaced by upright table models, and the rainwater cisterns were taken down from cottage roofs. New stores appeared, old ones changed hands, Orlowski’s Grocery delivered by truck, and the vegetable wagon moved from door to door. Electric washers, stoves, and refrigerators slowly and inexorably moved Mrs. Nowland and Mr. Widdifield to the hinterland, and the great racks of nets along the commercial fishing docks on Belvedere Avenue became an unusual rather than a usual sight.

Where formerly the Sunday blast from the *Missouri* or the *Manitou* had been the signal for every boy and girl to fly on foot or bicycle to the hill above Round Lake to see the majestic entry, people now went in all directions, for all purposes, by car. The volunteer fire department which rushed to the street at the sound of the siren was replaced by a city department and truck. Alas, if the Webb cottage had only waited till then to bum it might have been saved, and staunch little Miss Hess of “Hessie Castle” would not have had to defend her roof with a garden hose!

Cottages changed hands or were occupied only briefly during the summer—the sense of “community” was fading. True, Miss Travis still clicked her castanets, “a-one, a-two” and youngsters danced “Looby-Loo”, but the threads of our close-woven fabric were weakening. Mr. Clement stopped bicycling slowly off to bring home moss and woods plants in his bicycle basket; he bought a Dodge car, and drove right thru the end of his garage!

Was it because I was growing up, or was it change? It was probably a little of both, but with the growth of the resort population, and the change in our times, some little measure of the “family” character of the Belvedere, some little measure of the personal rapport with the townspeople was lost. We were not the same community who turned out, north side, townspeople, Chicago Club, Belvedere, to stand moved by the sight of Logan Thompson’s *Sylvia* as she returned from service in World War I, coming slowly into safe harbor, bearing a gold star on her smokestack. It was a natural transition. The days of the upper terrace picnics on the Lady Anne, piloted by Captain Smits were over, but in their place came new faces, the vitality of new ideas, which combined well with the leavening of conservatism of the longtime summer resorters.

The Belvedere Hotel is gone now, and many of the familiar faces. A cement plant stands on Sunset Point to which many an aunt, grandmother, or visitor was escorted for its glorious spectacle. TV antennae have sprouted on the roofs that once held the old rainwater cisterns, but the changes have not diluted the magic atmosphere of a small town blessed with unusual natural beauty and a tradition of warmth and grace.

**MARIAN WEBB ROGERS**

Life on the “upper terrace” was a joy for a little girl in the early 1900s. There were frequent cottage gatherings of old and young in the evening with barber-shop quartettes, charades and “stunts”.

One evening, Miss Carrie Chamberlin, who had labored all afternoon so that drinking glasses tapped with a spoon would produce just the right sound, found that her rendition of “Good Night Ladies” was very sour because the children had sipped water from most of the glasses.

Lake Michigan beach was reached by a bus drawn by a team of horses driven by Ed Eagleton. What fun to sit on the front seat with him and sing “In the Good Old Summer Time” on the way home.

The high spot of the summer was the “terrace picnic”. Launches and sailboats up the lake to Holy Island or a spot near Horton’s Bay where there was a cold clear spring. Everyone brought their special dishes for a real feast. One lovely year the picnic day was scheduled for a day that turned out rough in the weather department. The men and children chose the exciting 2-masted schooner, *The Lady Ann*, the women, the sturdier launches. The wind was so strong the boats couldn’t reach the same spot so the children had a fine time swimming and playing with no “mamas” and the mothers had a beautiful, restful day.

We always traveled from Chicago on the beautiful steamship *Manitou* and loved Captain Finucan, a fine Charlevoix man. Then the first trip by car: Four days with stops at South Bend, Grand Rapids, and Manistee and the boat trips were no more. Those wonderful summers, the good friends, the beauty of Charlevoix will never be forgotten.

Happy Memories!

**AUGUSTA FORKER REID**

The Forker family first went to Charlevoix in the summer of 1904 and missed only two or three years until father’s death in 1912. The trip from Cincinnati was made by train—with a long lay-over in Toledo where father always bought a bushel of “Toledo” melons to take along to Charlevoix.

There we were met at the depot by Mr. Eagleton with his bus-and his horses-and taken to our cottage. This same bus provided transportation for the gayest parties of the summer when we engaged it for a trip to Lake Michigan for a beach picnic; sometimes there were two buses filled with all ages—grown-ups and children. On the beach we collected driftwood for the fire and mother cooked a wonderful whitefish—wired to a plank, braced close to the heat and basted with hot bacon grease and butter. What a feast, with the fresh cooked com on the cob. At other times we would rent the bus and ride out to a farm house for a chicken dinner. On one memorable occasion we all became violently ill after eating wonderful red raspberries—they had been sprayed with Paris Green!!!

Imagine life without automobiles!! All transportation depended on horse drawn vehicles, or bicycles, or our own FEET—and we walked miles every day.

In the mornings the young people gathered at the tennis courts to make plans for the day or went, some days, to the dancing classes taught by Miss Calla Travis, leading up to the high spot of the summer, the “Cotillions”.

We were great fishermen in our family and when the perch were running we caught them by the bushel in the channel. Other days, father walked to the nearby streams and brought home

brook trout for breakfast.

In later years there were picnics up Pine Lake on a chartered motor boat—always picnics. Memories seem full of food, not that apologies are in order—far from it—for there is something special about food-and friends-and fun.

The flower girls at the door in the morning, the Indian women selling sweetgrass baskets, the hurdy gurdy man with his monkey, the trained bear performing in the park, these were all “Events” in our lives. It was all so simple, it is hard to believe it could make a summer at Charlevoix so full of happy memories.

***IRENE BOND McDONNELL***

When I was ten years old, in 1907, my uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Morrow, shared a cottage with Mr. and Mrs. George Meyers and their son John, all from Memphis. Mrs. Morrow had been to Charlevoix before, and was so enthusiastic about it that several Memphis families came that summer. The Ed Crumps and Charlie Bryans shared a cottage. Since all meals were eaten in the hotel, that was not as uncomfortable as it sounds. We were in the cottage that the Orr’s have now. The Bemis family was in the Charlton cottage behind us: a happy arrangement for me.

Each year we would take the over-night train to Chicago. Lewis, Irene and I would spend the day in Marshall Field’s nursery with Irene’s nurse, Melissa. Bobby was so bad that the grown people had to take him with them. We would take the Pere Marquette to Charlevoix on a steaming hot evening about the 15th of June. Sometime during the night it would turn very cold and every one would ring for the porter to bring extra blankets. When we arrived in Charlevoix I always thought that I could smell snow on a northern breeze.

The Belvedere Hotel was very much alive in those days. An orchestra played for lunch and dinner. It was run by Mr. Foley who had several children. The two oldest, Edith and Sherwood, were a part of my childhood. Dancing lessons were given in the Casino in the mornings by Miss Calla Travis. She also conducted the grand march and children’s dance just before the Saturday night dance.

Automobiles were not allowed on the resort. A hack, driven by Ed, plied between the resort and the village in case the walk seemed too long. Or one could ride the ferry for a nickel. It went from Antrim Street to the sailing dock, to the Inn, and back. The Inn was just above the station and was, to my mind, a most luxurious hotel, built by the Pere Marquette Railroad. The golf course was always spoken of as the Chicago Club course. It is now the municipal course.

Ice was cut off of the lake in the winter by the Indians and stored in an ice-house near the old sugar-beet factory. It was very hard and blue. One year the weather was extremely hot for more than a week and the ice began to melt. We were told that if the heat lasted another week there would be no ice for the rest of the summer.

Once every summer the whole family piled into Ed’s hack and drove around the lake to have mid-day dinner at Mrs. Dilworth’s.

That first summer Uncle Rob bought Bobby a sail boat for his twelfth birthday. He bought the boat from Allie Moore who said he had sailed across the ocean in it the winter before. He was roller skating with a circus in Italy and had married the daughter of the trapeze artists. She spoke no English and he no Italian when they set sail right after Christmas. They arrived in

Charlevoix in this fifty foot boat the first of March. She told us “I prayed and Allie cussed all the way over”: Allie put up a tent in the snow for her to live in and she said “Allie got himself in a nice warm jail and left me there to freeze!” Bobby did not handle the boat as well as Allie. One day a storm came up and he and a boy from the hotel named John Bray were out on Lake Michigan. The coast guard was out looking for them and our whole house-hold joined the Bray’s in the hotel to await news. About eleven o’clock that night the “Ware boys” who owned a yacht, came in bringing two bedraggled little boys. They had picked them up way out on the lake. I do not know which two Wares it was, but they looked very glamorous in their yachting caps and brass buttons. In those days one dressed for the occasion. I never knew what happened to the sail boat.

No drinking was allowed on the resort. One morning our house was full of gloom. John Meyers had been drunk in Petoskey the night before and had “made a public spectacle” of himself. He was ordered off the resort and the Meyers never returned.

When families come so far from home for three months a good doctor is one of their first considerations in choosing a resort. Dr. Amrstrong was one of the best. He practiced all around Pine Lake and in winter could get to Boyne City in three minutes in an ice-boat. He never allowed us to go in swimming until we had been here a week and become acclimated. His grandson, Dr. Robert Shanahan, is a surgeon at Burns Clinic in Petoskey.

We had been to a different resort each year from Fishers Island to White Sulfur Springs. The summer before we had spent at Green Lake, Wisconsin and found it cold and damp. The brilliant sunshine and invigorating climate of Charlevoix, plus the recreational facilities of the Belvedere, suited the whole family. After that first summer we rented the “Recreation” cottage for twelve happy years.

The Hollingsworth family next door interested us immensely. Every morning, whatever the temperature, Mrs. Hollingsworth took her whole family to the sailing dock and swam through the channel to the swimming dock and back before breakfast. If a child was too small to make the trip Mrs. Hollingsworth carried him on her back. I was told that when Emmett was seven years old he and his mother joined the crowd watching the *Manitou go* through the channel. The ship practically filled the channel and the suction was tremendous. She had just started her forward movement when Emmett fell into the channel. The whole crowd held it’s breath in horror—all except Mrs. Hollingsworth. She said “Emmett, One, two, three kick. One, two, three, kick” and Emmett one, two, three kicked his way to the side where someone pulled him out.

The tennis courts were right back of our house and every morning I would sit until the grown people went to lunch; then Houston Witherspoon, Ward Hilton (ten years old) and I would play until they came back and chased us off the courts at two.

The most exciting part of the day was from dinner until dark when all of the children gathered in the park to play “kick-the-can” and “run-sheep-run”. This Betty Webb, “Rosie” Bemis, Marion Webb, Mary Wallace, Mike Ware (in buggy) in front of the first Webb cottage which burned, between the George Kuhn and Mike Ware cottages, about 1926.





Florence Leland (Gardner),

Jack Shwab and pilot in the first airplane (a hydroplane) that ever came to Charlevoix, about 1915.

Webb family. The old Lagoon.



A 1909 group, from left, Mary Forker, Irene Bond, Frances Harmon, Augusta Forker, Mary Woodruff, unknown. The two in front are Annette and Alice Woodruff.



Dave Forker, Ann Woodruff and Jim Carruthers.

Florence Leland and friends canoeing on Old River.



was the present park at the top of the hill. There was another park south of this one, back of the second terrace cottages which was used by the surrounding cottages but we never played there.

As far as the thirteen-year-olds were concerned, the romance of the resort was supplied by Logan Thomson. He not only fulfilled our ideal of tall, dark, and handsome, he had the fastest boat on the lake and every year he would rent a cottage and invite a house-party of beautiful young ladies. In my most impressionable summer they were from Louisville. They came to the dances in the most divine evening gowns. Watching them made our social life (being asked by some little boy to walk to the "Sugar Bowl" for an ice cream sundae) seem very tame.

Beach picnics were the high-lights of these years. The older girls and boys seemed willing for any number of us to tag along. I remember Ralph Price's sweet tenor voice in the singing around the fire.

Each year there was a costume ball which we took very seriously. One pleasant summer, Delle Simpson, Hannah Bemis and I made our costume alike.

Memphis was well represented in those days. In addition to those mentioned, the Joseph Orgills, Caruthers, Ewings, T. B. Jones, Carols and Rices and Weavers had cottages while the Falls, Randolphs, Robinsons, Coopers, Vintons, and Elletts spent the entire summer at the hotel. Groups of bachelors would come up for two weeks at a time.

After my marriage I did not come back for some time; so my children have no early memories of Charlevoix. But in 1951 we returned and my grandchildren will be able to furnish happy, if very different, recollections.

#### **RUTH WARE**

Ruth Scott Ware first saw her future husband when she was only thirteen years old. She had come to Belvedere resort to visit her girlhood chum, Elvira Charlton at the Charlton cottage (now Cartright's No. 115), and Buddy was around sailing the family's early *Frolic* in the channel in front of the cottage. Ruth looked up to him, an older boy, with all the adoration of a high school freshman for the captain of the senior football squad, but he was unaware that she existed.

Buddy (Walter) Ware was a handsome lad and popular with boys and girls on the resort. When Ruth Scott visited her friend the summer she was eighteen, Buddy became very much aware that she existed; he now had eyes for only the beautiful Ruth. Following his college days at the University of Michigan, Buddy and Ruth became engaged aboard a later day *Frolic*, a motor cruiser, owned by the Ware family.

Ruth recalls with amusement the "rocking chair" fleet at the old casino and how the young belles and beaux resented their eagle-eyed chaperonage. But those sweet ladies, Mesdames Rockwell and Elisha Ware and Miss M. Heaton, were always there serving, preserving the decorum of the era, and probably quite unaware that the younger contingent secretly wished they would take their rocking chairs elsewhere.

And the day she first saw a woman smoking a cigarette! Chester Morehead brought his movie-star bride, Constance Bennett, to the Belvedere for a brief sojourn at the Morehead cottage, No. 503, now the Tate cottage. The bride and groom arrived on the S. S. *Manitou* from Chicago. When glamorous Connie whipped out a cigarette and lit it, Ruth was stunned! That had never happened before on the Belvedere, or elsewhere, to her knowledge.

Ruth recalls a sailing party when cousin Mary Ann Hannah lost her bustle which she had

improvised out of newspapers . . . The boys rocked the boat to give the girls a thrill and she dipped water on Mary Ann's side . . . The *Sunday Tribune* floated away from Mary Ann's dripping derriere much to her chagrin and the boy's amused guffaws.

The dancing parties at the Pere Marquette Inn across the channel where the Belvedears eluded the watchful eyes of the rocking chair fleet. Going to Koch's in the days when that gambling mecca was in its heyday . . . Dressing to kill for an evening out. . . Irene Budde who normally wore glasses, but didn't when she was bedecked for a party and stumbled off the pier in a near-sighted fog and had to be fished out of the water. Going down the lake in Logan Thomson's *Sylvia* for dinner at the Dilworth in Horton's Bay and going ashore in the motor dinghy in high-heeled splendor.

Daughter Peggy had a duck which the farmer who delivered the weekly supply of fresh eggs gave to Peggy for a summer pet. The duck followed small Peggy everywhere, quacking madly when she ran too fast. She called him GooGoo.

All these add up to good, good years with family (husband, Walter, son-Gordon, and daughter-Peggy) and friends on the Belvedere.

**FLORENCE LELAND GARDNER**

I have so many wonderful memories of my childhood at the Belvedere Club that it is hard to know where to start and how to limit the thoughts of these many years.

The Belvedere Hotel was the center of the resort and in St. Louis, where my family, the Frederick Austin Lelands, lived, elegant brochures would arrive in the mail describing Charlevoix-the-Beautiful, but mostly the Belvedere Hotel. Large pictures showed porches on several levels, spacious lawns, tennis courts, boating, etc.

The Lelands decided to go to this hotel. The means of transportation was the Chicago and Alton Railroad to Chicago and then the Pere Marquette to Charlevoix. We would arrive around 7:30 a.m. very thrilled to see the wonders of the place—the lakes, the bus (horse-drawn) that brought us up the hill to the hotel. The hotel management knew that each family would be in residence for a certain number of weeks or months. There were no automobiles to motor around in and make it possible to move on, if the weather was bad.

Transportation changed the atmosphere and the security of life at the hotel. In my youth we would stay two months at least. Children had a splendid time, as there were always games to play in the parlor, as well as outdoor sports. We all learned to play cards in the parlor.

The writing room was a favorite haunt, for there were always "train letters" to write to be presented at the railroad station to any departing friend. There were at least six wicker desks in the writing room which was under the broad sweeping staircase. It was also a good hiding place from which to watch the crowd! Music played each day for luncheon and dinner in the main lobby. Small children were in a separate dining room called the "Ordinary", always with their nurses. Graduating from the "Ordinary" to dine with one's parents meant really growing up.

The porter at the hotel was Lance Neff. He was a friend of all and the children loved him. He knew how to fix everything—bicycles, screen doors, broken rocking chairs, etc., as well as keeping us informed on any new arrivals at the hotel. The great large book on the front desk in which guests had to register, was checked daily by the young! (No card system then for IBM to handle.) Our present Neff Brothers who own the fine grocery store in town are the sons of Lance

and his wife, Esther, so that we have known them always.

Many “cottagers” came to the hotel for their meals, which added to the festivity.

So much has been written about the old casino at the west end of the hotel. We all learned to dance, as tiny tots, for Miss Travis, our teacher, started children as soon as they could walk, it seemed. We marched, kept time to the music, and learned the fox-trot and waltz. Miss Travis was very strict, taught the boys and girls ballroom manners, and our main aim was to please her and do it right so we would be selected to lead the Grand March at the close of the evening at 9:00 p.m. I remember being grown-up enough to stay a little while after the “children’s dance”—to sit on the steps of the band stand and wait for the Skinner girls and their guests and the Logan Thomson house party to arrive.

We marveled at the beauty of the ladies: their gowns were long with trains which were held up when they danced. Rhinestone heels on their slippers really gave us ideas!

The older ladies and gentlemen, our parents, sat in stiff wooden chairs around the edge of the ballroom and certainly watched the children dance, but they also stayed for the young people’s dance. In those days our parents must have been between thirty and forty. This meant they were the older set, and ladies did not play golf, tennis or ride bicycles. They wore beautiful clothes which were very formal, and they had bridge parties in the afternoon. Some were in the hotel and some in cottages, but wherever the party was held the ladies wore elaborate hats with flowers and plumes to match their costumes. The bridge game was four hands around at a certain table—all were numbered—and then progress. Each lady had a tally and her score was added at the end of the afternoon and prizes given. Gift shops did a wonderful business on charmingly wrapped prizes.

As the Leland children, my brother-Austin Porter Leland (now “Pete”)-and I grew up, we all loved Charlevoix more and more;our family rented various cottages for at least six years before buying cottage No. 7 in 1924. It was known as the Stevenson-Merwin cottage, but was owned then by John Quincy Adams. Many happy years were ahead and always Charlevoix has been a delight. Years have passed, changes, developments take place and it means more than ever to return.

It is a well known fact that the world has changed more in the last fifty years than at any other time in history. In our life time here, we have seen these developments change Charlevoix. Automobiles were the greatest invention, of course, but because of them and our new highways, suddenly the good old Pere Marquette had no passengers. Train service was cut to one day a week and then none at all.

It seems incredible, but I remember perfectly the first airplane that ever came to Charlevoix. We were staying at the hotel. I was out in my canoe in Pine Lake with Jack Shwab (Elise Houston’s cousin). We saw the plane land on the water over by the old Inn dock on the north side. We paddled over and Jack asked the young pilot to take us for a ride. When we returned to the hotel, every resident was out on the lawn looking at this airplane—a great event. My mother was anxious for me to see it. When I said I had just flown in it and that Charlevoix was beautiful from the air, I was really a shock to my parents. I don’t remember the punishment.

Airplanes have made it possible to come and go so easily and this, added to the automobile travel, made the hotel with its seasonal reservations, obsolete. The upkeep was a great expense

and the hotel became out of date. It was no longer used by the Belvedere Club members and was therefore not the center it had once been. After several years of discussion by the board of directors of the club, it was voted to tear it down. This was truly the end of an era, but, in this case, "Progress".

Transportation on the lake has changed greatly too, for in my youth there were not many cruisers and motor boats. Sailing was a feature and also canoeing. We all learned to sail with Mr. Hilton and his son, Ward, who owned the *Piff Paff*. This sail boat was their pride and joy. When we became marooned without wind, girls and boys would get the dinghy and row this sailboat to shore. I had a canoe in which I spent a good part of every day. Old River by the Chicago Club was a favorite place to go, but we paddled all over Pine Lake. As pictures I have of this era show, we were not dressed to paddle a canoe! However, this is what we did and we really covered territory around the lakes.

Several times the Leland family came across Lake Michigan on the S. S. *Manitou* from Chicago. It was a thrill to come through the channel into our harbor as everyone met the boat each week-end. Usually husbands and fathers would come by train, sometimes in private cars, and be met at the Belvedere station. Now and then the boat trip would seem easier. I remember Dr. Moorehead always used the S. S. *Manitou*. His son, Chester, was one of the gay young blades. They lived in the present Tate cottage (No. 503) and we would sit on the porch overlooking Round Lake until the *Manitou* "tooted" and then bicycle to town in a hurry. Chester later married Constance Bennett, the actress. I remember that Constance Bennett shocked everyone by smoking a cigarette . . . Worse, she carried a pack in her dress pocket in full view.

Roller skating was a favorite pastime of the young and Allie Moore had a large rink (now Browe Marina boathouse) half way to town from the Belvedere. On rainy days we went there to skate. One year he had a trained huge brown bear that would do feature acts, but he also skated around with the crowd!

Another high light was the night the Belvedere Railroad station burned to the ground. As cottage No. 7 was on the hill just above the station, we had a full view of the flames in the early dawn and pouring rain. At that time Johnnie Knight was the station master; thereafter, he was out of a summer job. He was young, attractive and full of ideas. His grandmother built the lovely large cottage on the hill overlooking the harbor. Johnnie promptly inherited the house and later married Barbara Vandenberg (Senator Vandenberg's beautiful daughter). Their house became a center of activity and parties for many years.

One day a large barge appeared in Lake Charlevoix and anchored out from Belvedere pier. It had been a dance boat. So Johnnie Knight decided to give a party on it. All the young crowd on the Belvedere were invited and we went to town where cruisers were engaged to transport everyone out to the boat. It was a very elaborate party with a fine orchestra, and was a great success. Every one returned safely in the early hours of the morning after the thrilling and unique party. The next morning the dance boat sank and is still there at the bottom of the lake.

Life is so different now that these reminiscences may be of interest. Reminiscing is a joy, but life today (1968) in Charlevoix is better than ever. My husband, Joe Hume Gardner bought the Trammel cottage in 1950, and we love coming there each summer to see our many friends. My brother has cottage No. 7 and with his wife, Dorothy Lund Leland, enjoys returning each year.

Our children and grandchildren enjoy this too.

**ELEANOR SIMPSON ORR**

About 1910 my mother, Ann Simpson (Mrs. Frank), developed hay fever, and asthma. She and my father took a Great Lakes cruise to see where she could get relief and they discovered Charlevoix. They rented a cottage, now the Leatherman summer home, and we all had our meals at the hotel. It seemed like heaven to me.

As we had no “live-in” maid, I was told where Mom and Pop would be for their bridge game and I was to go there and sleep on the hammock until they were through . . . Fine with me.

The next several years we stayed in the hotel. Marvelous, because when Mom said “be in by eleven,” I would kiss her good-night and then go down the outside fire escape and meet my late date. I was all of fourteen at the time. Once I was caught out, but good, because my first date had suspicions and caught me in the act. Nonplussed, I rushed into the lobby and into the arms of my first date’s uncle, Ben Tate, Senior. I told him what a mess I was in. He was a comfort, and Mom never found out.

We were having dances for the children in the old annex of the hotel. . . My best friend, Emma Shwab, and I had only one party dress apiece. When we discovered that Florence Leland, now Gardner, had three all to herself, we ganged up on her in the ladies room, natch. I said, “I don’t like her, do you?” “No, I don’t like her long blond curls.” Meow!

Mom bought the cottage 511 Belvedere in 1919. Time went on. Charlevoix romances died out, some didn’t. Then came the Depression. We were all stashed into this cottage like a can of sardines . . . This was the Johnnie Knight era—As he said, “Nothing Beats Fun!” and that was about the way it was. Up north about every other night in his speed boat—never worrying about those dear little children at home. We would just “catch another dawn.” Finally his birthday party on that boat, the *Keuka*, in Pine Lake. He knew it was about to sink but no one was allowed off until five a.m. It did sink the next day.

Our grandchildren seem to love this dear old club as much as we do. Tiny Mimi Orr, born in June 1967, great-granddaughter of the Edward Orrs and the S. R. Leathermans is the fifth generation of Orrs and sixth generation of the Leathermans to summer on the Belvedere. She arrived with her parents, J. Potter Orr and Emily Sanderson Roe Orr, for her first summer. And granddaughter, Ellie Quackenbush, on packing for her return home at the end of the season says, with the confidence akin to those who affirm there’ll always be an England, “Never mind . . . there’ll always be another summer!”

**JACQUELINE OSBORN FRASER**

Jacqueline Fraser’s summer cottage on the Belvedere is one of the original cottages built in 1878 by the Brooks family of Kalamazoo. Dr. Samuel Brooks and Dr. Kendall Brooks, Baptist ministers, were dignified men of the church and all was sedate *until* Don Osborn, Dac’s (Jacqueline’s) foster father bought the cottage.

Don and his pal Buddy (Walter) Ware were inseparable. Between the two they dreamed up pranks aplenty. When they grew older they confessed that they had been at the bottom of many tricks; they never waited until Halloween to practice on an unsuspecting adult world.

One of their escapades was to secret themselves on a work scow kept under the dock where the big boats berthed. As the long-skirted ladies dressed in Sunday best came to participate in the favorite local pastime of watching the steamers such as the *Manitou*, *Missouri*, or *Illinois* brought



up dockside, the mischievous boys blew water through bamboo cane poles through the cracks between the planking, on the ladies stockinged legs. Many a dignified dowager grabbed her skirt wildly as the cold water hit warm flesh. The boys always eluded capture.

Another story has it that two boys once stole an Indian canoe from its mooring at Susan Lake, carted it overland to Oyster Bay and proceeded to paddle it to the Belvedere Bayou. Don's father, Judge J. W. Osborn, fearing the Indian's wrath, destroyed the canoe and sank it. Nobody knew what he said to the boys but he must have been emphatic.

In the mid-1920s Don Osborn owned a motorized fishing boat which he called the *Wop* in honor of his foster daughter Jacqueline who was French and dark complexioned. Don and Buddy still fished together although both were now married and family men.

The cottage No. 115 was shared by the Osborn family: Don and his family used it one month of the summer and his sister, Mrs. Robert (Edith) Hall and her husband used it a month, so there were always occupants the summer long. It is now occupied by Mrs. John Fraser and her son Hilton since the death of the Osborns and her own husband. Here the marble-topped furniture, ancient wood-burning cook stove and lifesize painting of Minnie Maddern Fiske (of early day theatrical fame) in her role of Becky Sharpe are still preserved at the Osborn-Fraser cottage.

Jacqueline, or Dac as she is affectionately known, recalls: As a little girl running into a tree and receiving a serious head injury when Martha Mithoefer chased her on a bike . . . Johnnie Knight happened along, picked her up, and carried her home, and Dr. Armstrong came from town and patched her up.

Picnics on Lake Michigan Beach. Once, Dac and her friend, Peggy Ware, rowed a dinghy out to the beach. A storm came up and Peggy's father, Walter, sailed out to tell the girls to stay on the beach until the storm passed, but they misunderstood his signals and they rowed the dinghy back through the channel to the Belvedere Bayou in roaring wind and rain.

When a small girl, driving with the family from Kalamazoo to Charlevoix, usually making Cadillac for overnight as the two hundred and fifty-odd miles at a top speed of thirty-five miles an hour was too far for a one-day trip. On one occasion, mired in mud at Fife Lake and being hauled out by a farmer's team of work horses . . . The great day when cars and roads had been improved enough so the trip was made in one day and Mrs. Ransom (Woodbury's grandmother) stood at the cottage waving an American flag to commemorate the event.

Horse shows at the north side paddock. Fine riding horses brought up each season from Pinehurst, North Carolina, by owner, Mr. Welch. Dac recalls she often rode with Mr. Welch.

The old music hall in the west wing of the hotel, where at a social event Dac danced a specialty number, the sailor's hornpipe, and Alex, Mr. Welch's groom, came to see her perform. Once leading the children's grand march with another child dressed as a flower, and her disgust when she found at the unmasking that she had led the march with a "boy"; boys didn't rate much with her at that age.

Youngsters Dac played with; Jane, Art, Fred and Barbara Birge-Glen, Jolli and Barbara Allen-Dwight Thomson-Margery Retherford-Jessie, Nancy, and Bill and Augusta (Peg) Connett—Gwendolen Miller—Mary Burton Wallis—Mary Legg—Fifi and Jim Mithoefer (later Doctor Mithoefer who died from an allergy to a bee sting).

The fancy pink sweater Mrs. Sebring of No. 111 (now Steven's cottage) knitted for young

neighbor, Dac, because Dac now thinks, she wasn't afraid of the very austere Mr. Sebring and often sat on his knee and stroked his head.

John Todd who had polio (at No. 208—the cottage now owned by Elizabeth Morrow) when he was about twelve years old and the panic that reigned on the resort. But most of the families elected to remain rather than risk further possible contagion in larger home cities.

Carrying greetings between Helen Sebring (before she became Mrs. Chase) and Robin Ware back and forth between Charlevoix and Kalamazoo.

Pony man, Ed Bums, who toured the Belvedere grounds daily that the children might have a chance to ride his midget Shetland pony—for a fee.

The Peck family at No. 109 (now Geilfus cottage) and their red-headed daughter, Dorothy.

Kathryn, Melissa and George McKay next door at No. 117—and the Will Dewings at No. 119 and their daughter Winifred Wallace: All in early 1900s.

Elizabeth Mosher, Dac's childhood nurse, and Margaret Black, Peg (Margaret) Johnson's nurse, were friends and frequently took their young charges with them on picnics on Lake Michigan Beach. So although they were not close in age, still they too were friends in childhood. (Peg became Mrs. Barry Gold water.)

Dac recalls eating meals at the hotel and passing the Witherspoon table where the Witherspoon boys ate with their mother and their aunt. J. Houston never got to eat a hot meal because so many people stopped to speak to the grown-ups and he had to stand and wait politely until the conversation was finished and the friends passed on to their own tables.

In older years the panic that beset her when she realized her husband, John, was dead and she had the sole responsibility of rearing their small son, Hilton. Her pride, the day he took his first automobile driver's test in August 1967, and passed with flying colors.

So the past and the future meet, for a while, in the young that are an ever-present link.

*DIDDY ALLEN SCHADE (Mrs. W. C. Schade)*

"The little Allen girls."

We were always called that, my sister, (Ann Allen Flanigan) and I, (Diddy Allen Schade). I suppose it was partly because we were so much younger than our brothers, York, and Russell, and partly because we were always together and were usually dressed alike.

Our grandfather, F. B. York, bought cottage No. 29 in 1905 or thereabouts, and his four grandchildren were up here every summer. Grandfather was on one of the early Belvedere Club boards, and he and Grandmother loved the peace and beauty of Charlevoix.

Of course, they had all their meals at the hotel and Grandmother always said that the day her husband requested some of "that lovely corn" at home was the beginning of the end: the beginning of the kitchen and the cook in the cottage.

For years we all visited Grandmother for the whole summer. From these days we remember John Carberry's white bus that took us into town occasionally with our nurses . . . playing on the Pine Lake Beach with many of the people we play golf and cards with still... Susan Meston's birthday parties in the children's dining room of the hotel, and Susan Meston's "Nana" who seemed to never to leave the side of her young charge. How sorry we all felt for Susan's constant chaperonage.

Other cherished memories are Calla Travis' dancing classes and especially *Jimmy Jim Crow*;

the weekly Sunday evening gatherings at the Belvedere station to see departing friends leave on the Pere Marquette; our collie dog who was boarded in town but who accompanied us on all Michigan Beach picnics—I still have the feeling I taste sand every time I eat a macaroon! Grandmother York, Mrs. Meyer and often Mrs. Witherspoon going for long afternoon drives on which we were sometimes compelled to accompany them; walks across the rustic bridge; and on and on.

In 1926, our mother (Florence York Allen) bought cottage No. 43. Our immediate neighbors were the Cokes in what is now the Boucher cottage and the Fergusons, in the Roe cottage. I still remember the day “Jinny” Coke chipped her front tooth when her bicycle crashed into a tree and the day Clarice Coke was allowed to file her nails into points. I shall never forget Clarice and Marge Retherford Rowe’s rendition of “The Lady is a Tramp” at one of the cabarets. I have yet to hear the song without thinking of them.

By now Ann and I were allowed a little more freedom, and used to go out near the road to beg a piece of ice from Mr. Ingall’s ice wagon or to help Mommy select vegetables from Mr. Snyder’s peddler cart.

The Olin girls were our inseparable companions. We used to tie ropes around our ankles and drag each other up and down the terraces to “toughen” ourselves and we played tennis on the court in the woods near the Currie cottage. Louise one day bought a whole carton of Hershey bars with extra money from her grandfather, at the hotel candy counter. I have never really been impressed since! We took swimming lessons, mostly the breast stroke, from Captain Kibbe, the lifeguard, and eventually joined the girls’ gang, whose leaders were Kay Carrier and Freda Birge (whose sisters, “Jerry” and “Bobby” respectively, had been the original leaders). We played Indian-White Man in the woods under and beyond the rustic bridge and, in those days we got points and ribbons for certain achievements—identifying trees and wild flowers, rowing and canoeing, swimming, diving, hiking, and bicycling great distances. At the end of the season the girl with the most points got a silver cup and if you want to see the one for 1928, come to our house.

Meanwhile our mothers were holding almost daily bridge-luncheons for forty or more guests. We still remember the beautifully wrapped piles of gifts, exceeded in splendor only by the ladies hats!

There were always children’s masquerades and even an annual grown-up masquerade. And as we grew older, we were allowed to go to the cabaret. We still remember Bill McGuire and George Shwab singing “Lazy Bones” and Cy Trammel as M.C. A little later Bill Talman took over and by then we were in the chorus, scared to death but trying desperately to look gay and self-assured . . . The Chicago Club swam the channel and appeared in chain-gang garb, one summer night.

Our parents and aunts and uncles spent many an evening at Koch’s, Meech Street, Charlevoix, and Slim’s, a casino in Harbor Springs; but our gambling was provided for by slot machines at Fessenden’s Drug Store, at Dilworth’s and Red Fox Inn at Horton Bay.

Even later, when Ann and I were both married and bringing our family, fourth-generation children to Charlevoix for the summer, we remember the superb Sunday night buffets at the “clubhouse” followed by bingo... the hysteria at the opening of the Bamboo Room Cocktail Bar

in the hotel and then the end of an era—the tearing down of the Belvedere Hotel.

Ann and John are now in cottage No. 49 with their seven lovely children and Bill and I are at Loeb's Point with our three. Our children have loved Charlevoix as we always did. I'm sure that in the years to come our fifth generation will still be here enjoying it as much as those that have gone before. May they all find their "second home" as happy as we have!

**DORIS O'NEIL GEILFUS**

My first view of Charlevoix was in 1916, when I came to visit Florence Leland whose family was living in the cottage that now belongs to the Harold Simpsons. I had been at Pinewood Camp on Burt Lake where Eleanor Simpson and Hester Merwin were also campers.

Visiting a popular girl is always the guarantee of a good time, and this visit with Florence was no exception. I was eager to return, and in 1922 I finally persuaded my Mother and Father to spend a summer at the Belvedere. We rented the newly built Bemis cottage and my parents promptly fell in love with the resort and the people and we have been here every year since then. My father bought the Peck cottage No. 109, in 1926, one of the first 6 houses on the Belvedere, having been built in 1878 by Mr. F. W. Wilcox. It has been owned by only three families and their descendants—the Wilcox's, Pecks and O'Neils.

While my Mother was living, the cottage was always full of her children and grand children, the O'Neils and the Wallises. My sister Sara, had married Harold Wallis who was a writer. His first novel or mystery story was "Once off Guard" which he dedicated to Mrs. Leland because she had urged him to write something other than poetry and serious political books. This book was made into a most successful movie under the title "The Woman in the Window" starring Joan Bennett and Edward G. Robinson. Harold also wrote "Murder at the Apollo Club", a thriller that had as its setting the Robert Ware and Beach (Dieffenbach) cottages.

Our family became good friends of several others near us on the upper terrace; the Charles Pikes and William P. Hollidays, the Fremont Woodruffs, the William Talmans, and our next door neighbors, the William P. Stevens. We had many good times together, not the least of those being frequent picnics on Lake Michigan Beach.

Mrs. William P. Stevens was the first woman to be elected to the Board of Trustees of the Belvedere Club. She was soon joined by Eleanor Simpson Orr, and from that time on there have always been two women serving on the nine member board.

My nephew, John Wallis, and his friend next door, Billy Stevens, a lively red headed boy, had a thriving night crawler business one summer with signs posted in the hotel advertising their wares to the Belvedere fishermen—"night crawlers 10 cents a dozen". As we watered our flower garden frequently, this was the best hunting ground on the resort for night crawlers. The technique of catching them was to shine a flashlight on a likely spot, and when a worm appeared, a hand would dart out of the darkness, snatch the night crawler, and pop it in a bucket. John and Billy owned in partnership with Augie Beltzner, a flimsy looking row boat with outboard motor attached and aptly named the *Yellow Peril*.

As our cottage overlooks the channel and the tennis courts we have a fine view of the passing boats and the fireworks on Venetian Night, that big event at the end of July which is the children's idea of seventh heaven.

I have also watched with great interest the development of many of our better tennis players,

among them, Charles Fox, Ben Tate, the Leland family, the Mithoefers, Sherers, Leathermans, Morrows, the Allen girls, and a good many others, including Bill Talman who not only played a great deal of tennis, but found time to play a big part in the yearly Cabaret. He graduated from that into the Hollywood movies and television. Bill's Mother, Ada, was intrigued with the grape diet one summer and had put Bill, Tom and Jim on this slim fare, with the result that after one set of tennis, the boys were limp and panting for breath. They were mighty easy to beat during that brief phase; otherwise they were extremely good players.

The tennis courts up until the 1930's were rather poor affairs and were more or less taken care of by the players themselves. There are some amusing snap shots of Ruth Woodruff, her brother Steve and others sweeping the courts and pushing the roller. When the five new courts were about to be built in the 1930's, the tennis committee wrote to Washington D.C. to learn the best place from which to buy the clay. To their surprise, they were advised that the finest clay came from right here in Michigan.

In the early days there was no such thing as a Belvedere tennis professional but since the construction of the new courts, we have had several. One of them, Proc Wright, became increasingly annoyed by a tree growing at the foot of the Shwab property, as the branches hung over the back netting onto the surface behind the courts. Finally Proc could stand it no longer; so he proceeded to pour a little kerosene on the roots every few days and before too long the tree was dead and had to be removed. I think the Schwabs never knew what happened to that tree.

The steep hill on which our house stands, has always lured the young bicycle riders. Their endless delight has been to dare one another to whiz down the hill, steering clear of the many trees at the bottom, and then on to the road by the tennis courts and out on to Belvedere Avenue. One evening, many years ago, young Howdy McGregor was engaged in this activity, and we heard a frightful crash—Howdy had come a cropper and hit a tree down below at full speed and knocked himself cold. Our Harrison rushed down and carried him up the hill to our house and laid him on a couch in the living room, and we called Howdy's grandmother and Dr. Armstrong. Just as they arrived, Howdy sat bolt upright and proceeded to vomit to the consternation of the O'Neil family. Not only were we disturbed about the patient's condition, but the Fristoes were expected for dinner at any moment.

One of my early recollections in 1916 on that memorable visit with the Lelands was of the dances held in the hotel annex with dowagers firmly planted on straight back chairs, evenly spaced around three sides of the dance floor. On the fourth side was the door, the escape route for fleet footed boys who could sometimes manage to escape Calla Travis' clutches and thus avoid dancing with some equally unwilling young girl. As Florence's guest, I was well supplied with dancing partners who hoped to curry favor with her by being nice to her friend.

I have always loved music, and since we no longer have any at the Casino I sometimes go to the band concerts given on Wednesday evenings downtown in the park. The director, Mr. Odmark, is very capable and is able to produce surprisingly good music with an assortment of players—many school children and some talented people from Charlevoix and nearby resorts. For these weekly events the park is always crowded with children, their parents, dogs, people from the boats that are moored at the docks, and of course groups of boys who are "girl watching" and groups of girls who are pretending not to notice.

To pursue the subject of boys and girls a step further, Woodbury Ransom likes to enumerate “The happy couples” as he expresses it, who met in Charlevoix and ultimately married. My marriage is one of these, having met Gordon Geilfus here. His family came to Charlevoix about 1900 and stayed at the Old Inn Hotel, and later bought the Cassatt cottage on the north side near the Riddle family. To list some of the Charlevoix romances, there were Joe and Hannah Bemis Morris, their son Jim and Lois Donahue Morris, Shirley Hollingsworth Simpson, Jim and Kate Leatherman Orr, Martin and Emily Ludington and Mike and Bicky McCallum McDonnell. There may be others.

Four generations of my family have enjoyed our cottage—my parents, my sister and brother and I, and their children, and my grandniece and grandnephew, Barbara and John F. O’Neil, III, children of Johnny O’Neil. I hope 109 Belvedere will continue to be a happy summer home for us for many years to come.

**HOMER D. JONES, JR.**

I remember the glamour of Charlevoix from 1921 ... Round Lake with mahogany and white hulled hundred footers anchored and moored . . . and the Belvedere Hotel porches awash. . . swamped with flowers overflowing her gunwales or railings.

I remember the lobbies and the children’s dining room . . . and the main dining room that would not admit Reverend Roy Vale in his golfing knickers at noon—minister of the First Presbyterian Church, Indianapolis,

I remember the grate fires and the Stuhlberg Trio, the smiling Armenian selling linens after dinner. I remember the bridge tables of sweet little marcelled women from Baltimore and St. Louis in summer white cloth coats.

I recall the pony man behind the cottages and the constant stream of little flower girls every morning, going door to door.

As an alumnus of Ella Travis’ classes, I remember her Casino and her formality and discipline. . . needed more than ever today. I remember the wailing saxophones in afternoon practice. This was the morning meeting place for the Boys’ Gang under Bob Metzger and smooth Princetonian Austin Leland (St. Louis), famous for his xylophone in the living room of No. 7. Later, erudite Princetonian, Charlie Fox (St. Louis), inherited the Gang and was famous for his blue Pierce Arrow convertible. As our beloved *Sylvia* ended as a Caribbean banana boat on a pile of rocks, this beloved Pierce ended in a pile of rocks—the stonewall near the Beach Hotel as it failed to negotiate the sharp left curve as it returned from Petoskey one early morning. The Girls’ Gang met at the Casino mornings with Catherine Carrier. Fourteen years later I met my first mate, Helen Cornwell (St. Louis) on the Casino porch before the willows.

The Gang was composed of handsome Stu Retherford in No. 6 from Toledo and devilish George McKay (St. Louis), myself from Oak Park in No. 35, Ben Tate (Cincinnati) who had “The Caretakers Daughter”, Dwight Thomson (Cincinnati) of *Sylvia* fame, Dwight Currie (deceased), the Talmans in their real wooden Ford station wagon, Harvey Huett in No. 47, who arrived from Pasadena with his grandmother, Mrs. Skinner and chauffeur in their long Packard phaeton . . . the first to have a Hacker Craft instead of a Chris Craft. . . Dickie Collette in No. 39, who pinched his finger between the rail of the old *Sylvia* as she entered her new cream hanger-shaped boathouse, still standing. There was also John Quincy Adams, Jr. of Lake Forest in No.

45, now Vice President of the Continental Illinois Bank. There was George Shwab in 107 from Nashville (now deceased), best at everything because of his height, and Howard McGregor (Detroit), the first of the Gang to have his own car.

When Mr. and Mrs. Reimann of Ann Arbor and the University of Michigan started their summer camp of character for boys in a former colony of little white cottages and a central dining hall, just this side of the Ironton Ferry and across the water from George Hemingway, Dwight Thomson, George McKay, myself, Dwight Currie, John Adams and Dicky Collette became day campers for a summer, and every morning climbed into the camp truck behind our cottages. An all-day hike to East Jordan left us breathless, and all were asleep before the Chicago train's whistle died beyond the Sugar Beet Factory. All had to be in bed by the time of the Detroit train that went by with windows lighted.

Greeting the fathers on the early Saturday morning train was almost as exciting in the crisp 7:30 air as watching the Coast Guard drill at 8 Thursday mornings by rolling their boats over in the channel. But, seeing the fathers off on Sunday night in business suits and straw hats was a Spectacular! Our mothers never looked more glamorous in their white sweaters over folded arms. Ernie Loeb would arrive from Loeb's Point at the last minute as the hush fell over the white shingled station, and as the engine and cars dramatically slowed and thumped over the bridge hissing to a stop at Belvedere and over our flattened pennies. As the train pulled out, there would sometimes be a hobo riding the stairs beneath the vestibule of the last car . . . once one held a dog. Or was it a frugal father? George, in his white coat, would swing off the Chicago Pullman, drop his portable step on the platform and his big white smile would welcome his steady friends. The Chicago Club passengers had boarded at the Charlevoix Station. George later retired to be the first floor guard at the Northern Trust, Chicago, and beamed at his Charlevoix friends all year.

My love for the sea began with the complete excitement of sailing to Charlevoix from Municipal Pier, Chicago, in the *Manitou* or *Missouri* or *Puritan*. The wardrobe trunks, the staterooms, the loading of the automobiles by letting air out of the tires and by putting five dockhands in the car to get through the cargo door! The lonely lounges during storms when the crew lashed the piano and tied the furniture in groups. My spine still tingles to the deep throated blast of the S. S. *Manitou* as she drew abreast of the Coast Guard Station Like a magnificent space ship, she floated noiselessly through the channel into Round Lake with the notes of the chimes on her after-deck blending with the perfume of cooking steaks in her galley. Every chef with his head and white cap at attention out a porthole . . . passengers silently stared at the crowd on Bridge Street. . . the crowd on Bridge Street silently stared back. I knew they were as awed as I. This worship led, twenty years later, to warship: the carrier *WASP* where my shipmate and air officer was Commander Edward Shanahan, a resident of Charlevoix and son-in-law of Dr. Armstrong.

How can one explain to a curious son the excitement of exploring the Rustic Bridge, the Ravine, the channel island, and running from teased swans? How can one explain the richness of the malteds at Loeb's . . . one hour from udder to straw ... or the Garden of Eden beauty of Price's Gardens at Ironton with verses on the trees? How can one describe sailing aboard the black "Pirate Ship" *Golden Rule* that anchored off the hotel and actually got her 12 paying mini-

deck hands to Ironton one day and then retired to the rocks of Boulder Park:

Thank Heaven for little girls ... To close our reverie properly, we must record for history the cute little Allen girls (St. Louis)—Anne and Diddy—who walked twice a day down the first terrace with their nurse to the beach, buckets in hand; and then the three hungry readers who read a Burgess book a day on the sand: Jane Boucher, Catherine Adams, Ann Bicknell, while the beautiful Olin sisters from Alton sipped sodas on stools at Fessendens (now Schroeders) and received sunburn advice from their beautiful mother. I once invested my whole summer's caddy earnings into the two hypnotic slot machines that gave nothing and took all. Later, Harvard Business School took so long to say the same. A toast to Rosebud Valier, who learned to swim years before her embarrassed male contemporaries. A final toast to our Fujiyama—our Mt. McSauba, who taught us strength at 8; who taught us romance at 18; and who taught us wisdom and appreciation of our parents and grandparents at 48!

*CA THERINE McKA Y SHEL TON MELISSA McKA Y HICKEY*

Some time prior to 1892, cottage No. 515 was purchased by Mrs. Melissa McKay, wife of John Robert McKay of Cleveland, Ohio. We think the date probably was 1887 or 1888, as our father, the next to the youngest of seven children, was a young boy at the time the family started coming to Charlevoix. Unfortunately, we know little about their life here in those days—the only letter found from this period was written to our Father from his father, cautioning him about climbing on the trestle and falling in the channel and advising him in no uncertain terms to mind his older brothers. One story has come down to us about their mode of transportation in those lovely times of luxurious railroad travel—remember trains? Our Grandfather, being involved with a railroad, had the use of a private car which was shunted on to a siding at the north side station; members of the family then hopped into rowboats and propelled themselves across the channel to complete their journey. The cottage was transferred to a Mrs. Elizabeth Charlton in 1901 and later became the property of Mr. and Mrs. William Cartwright.

Mother, then Olive Plant Meyer of Saint Louis, we think came for the first time in 1899 or 1900 as the guest of a Miller family of Saint Louis, who were occupying and later purchased what is now the John Herschede cottage. It must have been a good summer because the next year she and our Grandmother, Mrs. George Frederick Meyer, came and stayed at the Belvedere Hotel. Among the other guests at the hotel was a trio of gay young blades from Cleveland. Apparently the walls of the bedrooms in this establishment did not extend all the way to the ceiling as our Grandmother seems to have overheard some of the activities of the three and cautioned Mother to have nothing to do with them—as they drank COCKTAILS! Obviously this was the wrong approach, for one of them was John Albert McKay to whom Mother promptly became engaged. They were not to marry, however, for seven years and I suppose that in that length of time he proved himself to be a solid citizen to the satisfaction of our grandparents.

During the next few years other members of Mother's family started coming to the hotel—among them Great Uncle Alfred Plant who has been immortalized (at least by us) through a photograph showing him sailing in solemn bearded splendor, nattily attired in a frock coat and tenderly balancing his high silk hat on his knees. Another uncle who came at about this time was George Plant, who later acquired the present Pingree cottage, which he and various members of



his family occupied for a number of years. Mother used to talk of a well in the middle of the park on the second terrace—I'm sorry she had no picture of that—and of eating in the hotel dining-room with everyone on benches at long tables. At some time during this period she was a bridesmaid in the Kalamazoo wedding of Mable and Don Boudeman, other Belevederians, There used to be a Boudeman cottage between the Moss's and the Walter Ware's, as many people will remember.

After our parents were married and we two daughters arrived, we launched forth on a period of summering in various rented cottages. We were in what is now the Payne cottage, the Leatherman, the McDonnell (when it belonged to the Yorks), and in the John Herschede for several summers. It was while we were in the Cudlip's, then known as "Take-It-Easy", that the cottage behind it burned to the ground, and while Mother was upstairs throwing jewelry out the window and packing non-essentials in the trunk, all of the neighbors sat on our roof with hoses to keep us from joining in the conflagration. Our father happened to be in St. Louis at the time of this exciting event. There was a story (never substantiated!) that two of the volunteer firemen had arrived at the station at the same time, and had joined in battle over the fee paid to the first man to answer the call. It did seem to take the engine a long time to get there! One summer, in the present Schumacher cottage—then belonging to the Lindenburgs—Mother, in her usual frenzied attempt to leave the cottage even a little tidier than she had found it, emptied a wastebasket into the glowing fireplace. Within seconds we were all diving for cover—the basket had been the repository for someone's leftover fireworks, and for some minutes it was like being on the firing line. Fortunately there was no damage done to what was later to become a family cottage when Joseph F. Hickey bought it in 1937.

Then, as now, Charlevoix was a wonderful place for children. There was always a big group of girls, all ages and sizes, and even in these pre-gang days we rarely found time heavy on our hands. There was the Birge family, in the present Mehaffie cottage, where Barbara, the oldest could usually be seen getting in and out of her second story window by tree in preference to the front door. Jane Allen Connett was a particular crony who loved to play tennis, and we used to play on the court up in the woods. The woods in general were our favorite playground. There, with Joanne Dissette, (whose cottage now belongs to the Perkins), Jane Roemler, whose family owned the present Hollaran cottage and whose nephew—Charles Kinnaird—is now a cottage owner, and Sally Appleton from Kalamazoo, we played Indian. Sally was particularly gifted, as I recall, in hearing footsteps miles away with her ear to the path. We were a continuous mass of mosquito bites. Then there was Katherine Carrier, who stayed with her grandmother Birge in what is now the Eberts cottage. Kay was a marvelous tomboy and was usually accompanied by a large bucket of fish, freshly caught, about which she could describe each and every victory over the deep. There were the Merrill girls from Cincinnati-Minlou with her wonderful sense of humor, and Alice who has recently been back as Mrs. Rapp. We all loved the rustic bridge—it was a wonderful challenge to bicycles at high speed. One of our favorite spots when we were little was the lagoon at the beach. There were boat houses there then with rowboats and canoes, and the lagoon itself was alive with wiggling and squirming tadpoles just waiting to be caught and brought home to Mother in a jar. The Dow family of Ann Arbor lived in what today is Betty Schrock's cottage—Jean, and Phillip, and David. Does anyone remember a little cottage behind

the Forkers? It belonged to the Hiltons from Chicago. And across the street, in what is now the Sherer's guest cottage, were Helen and Frances Huntington from Cincinnati. Jane Wallis came from the east and visited her Grandmother, Mrs. John O'Neil (in what was to become the Geilfus cottage) and added a little intellectual aura to the group. And of course, there was Dac Osborn who has her own history to tell. We had hayrides and picnics and rode to town in John's bus. There were boatrides down Pine Lake to Holy Island. We learned to ride horseback with OLD Mr. Hooker who had an interesting method of tying beginners on with string on the theory that it would keep them from jumping off though certainly not from *falling* off if the horse should bolt—an early mental hazard! All told—we had a glorious time.

During this era, George Frederick McKay had been added to our family group. He was enough younger to be the right age for the gangs which had come into being, much to the delight of all Mothers who had made it through the pre-gang period. He was apt to be found during these days standing on his head in preference to his feet. We have a number of pictures of him in that position and I am sure he must have established a record of some kind. Many of our favorite recollections of this time are about our Grandmother who had bravely stuck with us through all of these situations. Her great friend here was Mrs. York, Grandmother of Diddy Schade and Ann Flanigan. She was Molly and our Grandmother was Kitty, and I shall always regret that there were no tape recorders in those days, for their conversations were priceless. One of their favorite subjects, naturally, was grandchildren, and not always flattering, I might add.

In 1923 Mother finally accomplished what she had been threatening for years—Charlevoix was by-passed and we went to Cape Cod. After that there were a few summers in camp, but since then—give or take a year or two when one or the other didn't come for some reason—we have pretty much been in residence. At this time we stayed several times in the Williams cottage, which then belonged to Professor D'Ooge, and in No. 117, then the Hodge Cottage at that time.

Life from then on became a bit more sophisticated. No more tadpoles, but dances, three times a week at the Casino under the wary eye of Calla Travis. Somehow we weathered prohibition and our parents survived the hours we used to keep, coming home from Slim's, Ramona—and Juilleret's, where we danced to the bandleaders's own composition "Sleepy Time Gal"—This carried weight at boarding school, believe me! We still had beach parties; treasure hunts (ending on the top of the water tower) were the craze; and we learned the art of surf-boarding.

After Myron and I were married (we did NOT meet in Charlevoix) we were so glad that Mr. and Mrs. Hickey had bought their cottage, as we stayed with them and their daughter, Althea, and her husband, Carl Schumacher, until we were through the War years and our families had grown too large for this arrangement. In 1946 the Schumachers bought cottage No. 231 from Mrs. Dwight Currie and in 1947 we bought ours, number 117, from Mrs. F. M. Hodge of Kalamazoo who owned it from 1900. We were so excited about our purchase that we put a picture of the cottage in each of our children's Christmas stockings. But they looked at it blankly and returned to the bubble gum, but I think they have since come to realize that it was Santa's greatest coup. This generation—Melissa, Judith, and Joseph F. II—have had an equally wonderful time. They have been Gang members and Gang leaders; have sailed and played tennis—and had house parties when they introduced the entire Upper Terrace to hi-fi at a very intense volume. And they continue to come back. Melissa, in bringing her Melissa and young

Phillip, has provided us with a fifth Charlevoix generation.

In 1949, Catherine McKay, now Mrs. Richard Shelton, and her husband, Dick, bought cottage 206 from Mr. Charles Pike. This cottage had first belonged to a Mr. Edward D. Bixby in 1892. Their daughter Catherine, known as Kitty, was an active Gang participant and fine tennis player in her years on the Belvedere, and for two of those years presented her parents with the problem of transporting the large Gang Sailing Cup to St. Louis and safely back to be fought over for another year. Kitty now has spent her first summer on the Belvedere as Mrs. Andrew Baur with her husband, Drew—and he can't wait to get back! Their young son, Andrew is another member of the Charlevoix fifth generation.

Mother, in 1953, after trying out innumerable cottages on the resort, finally purchased number 215 from Mrs. Helen Greene. This cottage had belonged to a Mr. Everett E. Orvis as early as, and prior to, 1890. She was to have nine gratifying years in this house and we were glad that her last summer was here and such a happy one. Since that time the cottage has belonged to her son, George, and his wife, Marybeth, and their children— Marybeth, Carol Olive, and George Frederick, Jr.

In 1965 the Joseph F. Hickey cottage was transferred to Carl and Althea Hickey Schumacher and the Schumacher's to Philip and Melissa Hickey Chamberlain.

It would be nice to be able to look into the future and determine how long these family patterns will continue here—not only our own but all of those who have had so many generations represented. It has meant so much to us—I hope it can to others for many years to come.

*GEORGE F. MCKAY*

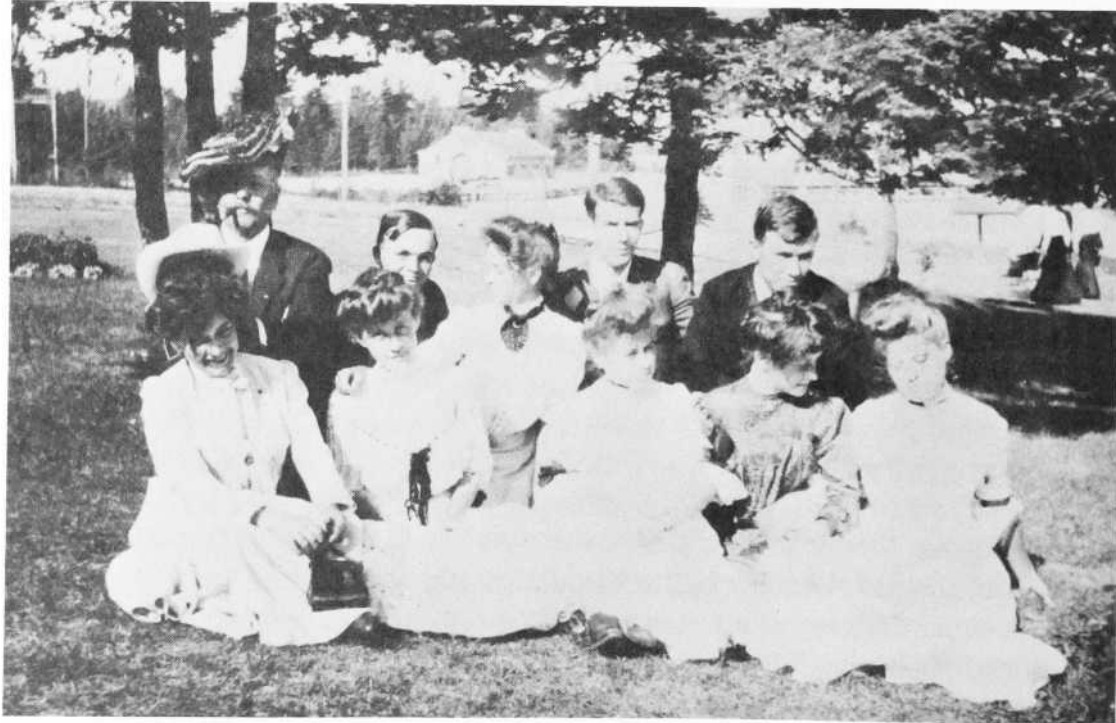
Charlevoix the Beautiful, Charlevoix the Mad, Charlevoix the Magnificent, Charlevoix the Sad, Charlevoix the Wonderful, Charlevoix the Glad.

Yes, it could have many names but take it from one who has spent many summers there, they all fit.

Perhaps the greatest continuous contribution to the Resort has been the “Gang”. Some of the early Boys’ Gang Leaders are still residents of the Resort: Charlie Fox and Pete Leland to name two. Then, there was Bill McChesney and



Came out of  
Mrs. McKay's album,  
note golf calendar, 1899.



Olive Meyer McKay, and her brother George Meyer, George Plant Walter Ware and others, about 1915.

many who have come on since to keep this wonderful tradition alive. In our group, there was Stew Retherford and Howdy McGregor, Homer Jones and John Quincy Adams (yes, he is related), Gordie Ware and “Red Wing” Mithoefer, Ben Tate and Rolie McDonald, and the Reynolds boys from Atlanta. How well I remember Buddy Reynolds as he and I had the distinction of dethroning Leland and Fox in the men’s doubles. I am sure that Buddy’s being Junior State Champion of Georgia had nothing to do with our victory.

Stew’s speed boat, his first of many, was little but mighty, but the Hacker and the Chris-Craft belonging to Charlie Fox and George Shwab respectively were large and mighty. They raced every Sunday afternoon on Pine Lake, as we called it then, and there were thrills and spills galore. There was little sailing in those days and speed boats were the thing.

Who can forget the boat house fire when George Shwab’s chauffeur supposedly lit a match to check the gas tank in the boat. One whole section of the boat house went up in flames and many beautiful boats were lost. It was a gorgeous fire, if you didn’t have a boat. I can remember another beauty. We were in “Take It Easy” (now the Cudlip cottage) when the cottage behind (now the Douglas cottage) burned to the ground. The most mysterious fire has to be the one that burned down the old Belvedere Station. There are several versions of how this started and there is considerable belief that it was deliberately set. It was never rebuilt but trains would stop on a given signal.

Speaking of trains, who can forget the freight train that derailed directly in front of the bridge? We had placed pennies on the track that day but the switch had been turned incorrectly and this did the derailing, not the pennies.

Certainly, the most memorable occasion at the station occurred when some person slipped down late in the afternoon and changed many of the trunk tags so that Chicago trunks wound up in Detroit and vice versa. What a mess but deucedly clever if you don’t get caught—and *he* didn’t.

And John the bus man who picked cottagers up and drove them to the train in his white car with long wooden seats, certainly the forerunner of the modern station wagon. My Grandmother’s chauffeur, Walter, and his wife stayed with John and his wife every summer.

Personally, my most memorable acquaintance with the station and trains came on the afternoon that I slipped off the roof of what is now the Frantz cottage and broke my leg. That was at five o’clock Sunday evening and we were scheduled to leave for home that night. Dr. Armstrong set my leg in what was later described by our Doctor in St. Louis as the finest cast he had ever seen. We



*The Minnis 5* - A launch that ran between Charlevoix and East Jordan. Olive Meyer McKay and Kate Charlton with friends.

Olive Meyer McKay and friends disembarking from *The Edith*, Don Osborn's sailboat, 1905. remained two additional weeks in Charlevoix to my delight, as I missed a week of school. But my Mother was not at all happy about the turn of events.

My grandmother, Catherine Plant Meyer, and my mother, Olive Meyer McKay, had to set a record for renting cottages. Not till after World War II did we finally purchase one, although our family had been going to Charlevoix since well before the turn of the century.

It was in the 1930's that Belvedere first began competing in softball against a team from the north side. These games were played three mornings a week on the north side. We both won our

share of games, all of them bitterly contested, particularly the Sunday morning contest which was always well attended with cheering sections on both sides. We had a hard time finding an umpire—it was too risky a job. Some of the participants in these games included the Talmans, Bill, Jim & Tom, Dwight Thomson, George & Bud Bisbee, Dave Dow, Mason Rose, Tom Darling, Doug Cameron, John Wallis & Johnny O’Neil, and others too numerous to mention. Believe it or not, we actually entered a state tournament in Petoskey one summer and won our first game. No comment on the second one. An attempt was made to re-organize these games with the north side after World War II but things were never quite the same.

Let’s not forget Koch’s and Slim’s, both of which had orchestras and gaming tables. The same was true at Ramona and even the Beach Hotel. Some of these places were nationally renowned in those days.

The Hotel had some wonderful years which bring back some fond memories. The food was great, particularly the roast beef and the turkey. And, of course, there were the bingo games, duplicate bridge and always a linen salesman or two with very special bargains.

Let’s not overlook the dances at the Casino. Can you imagine an orchestra playing there three nights a week? Well, it was true. And the annual Masquerade most capably run by Calla Travis. People really did dress up and prizes were awarded for the best types of costumes. The Chicago Club always did its bit, such as the night several members swam the channel and suddenly appeared in the Casino dripping wet dressed as pirates.

Finally, let’s take a look at the Cabaret as it has been known to this writer. This annual event which marked the climax of the summer season was apparently started right after World War I and suspended only for two years during World War II. During the 1920’s, “Big” Bill McGuire was the master of ceremonies and ruled with an iron hand. At that time, the show was held where the pianist now plays for the Childrens’ Dances and everyone sat around the stage and back in what is now the vestibule. In the early 1930’s, Bill Talman of Perry Mason fame took over and ran the show for a number of years. Under his direction, more music and dancing was introduced and some very fine local talent was discovered. Bill, a great song and dance man, wound up in Hollywood as a movie badman which always seemed strange to this writer. His most famous role was that of District Attorney Hamilton Burger on the Perry Mason TV show, although he appeared in several pictures. When Bill stepped down, his brother Tommy took over and did his best although the talent available to him was not as strong as that available to his brother.

After the two year break during World War II, the female gender pretty much took over the management of the show, usually utilizing the talents of a male master of ceremonies. Teenagers began to play a more important role which has been maintained to the present day with the teenagers making up the chorus and adults playing the leading roles. In recent years, a committee was formed more or less to oversee the show and to offer help and assistance when necessary.

Who can forget some of the highlights of past Cabarets:

Throwing the little canvas balls at Bill McGuire’s bald head;

The deep voice blues singing of Jane Roemmler;

The tap dancing of Melissa McKay Hickey and Pete Leland;

George Shwab’s rendition of “Lazybones”;

The ballroom dancing of Elizabeth Ferguson and Bill Talman;

The men's chorus of the mid-30's that was so bad it was good;  
The Hillbillies led by Bud Bisbee and his tuba which he could hardly carry, much less play;  
The boom boom singing of Dwight Thompson who didn't use a mike and didn't need one;  
Pete Leland's one man band;  
The singing of a song by yours truly into a dead mike;  
The singing of "The Lady Was A Tramp" by Marjorie Rowe and Weezy Koke;  
The slipping and sliding of Frank Simpson across the floor during the middle of a show;  
Shirley Hollingsworth Simpson doing anything in the show;  
The adagio dancing of Jean & Tom Darling;  
Marilyn Hichew's rendition of "You're Just In Love" which led to an offer from a Broadway producer who happened to be in the audience:

The Chicago Club's stealing of the trophies before Joe Gardner could give them out (this represented the return of the Chicago Club to the show after an absence of several years);  
The Ballads of Irene Leland;  
Rick McKay's flight across the top of the Casino on a wire;  
AND MUCH MUCH MORE.

In conclusion, some fond reminiscences of Belvedere:

Climbing the water tower on the resort and turning it on;  
Johnny Knight's annual Treasure Hunts;  
The Jeffs at Fessendens which used to cost twenty-five cents;  
Our wonderful mothers who loved to play Bridge at the Hotel;  
The milkshakes at Loeb's Farm;  
Running up and rolling down Mt. McSauba;  
Beach parties at Fisherman's Island;  
The Tate's boat *Caretakers Daughter* which always got you there but never looked as if it would;

The trench war on the beach while a member of the Gang, when we used paper cups filled with water to throw at each other.

Riding a bicycle across the Rustic Bridge and through the woods;  
The second motion picture theatre in Charlevoix;  
Ally Moore's boat;  
The *Manitou*;  
The two tennis courts in the woods;  
The wonderful apple tree behind the Houston cottage;  
Golden bantam corn;

Yes, one could go on and on but you must stop some place. So you see why I say Charlevoix is Beautiful, Mad, Magnificent, Sad, Wonderful and Glad.

I feel very fortunate to be a part of it.

**ELIZABETH SHERWOOD CUDLIP**

One of the charms of Charlevoix is its accessibility to the Great Lakes . . . The first time I came here I arrived in the excursion boats, possibly the *Manitou* which had sailed from Detroit. It came slowly through the channel and turned around in Round Lake. As it was almost as big as



the lake that was quite a feat.

Remember the Rustic Bridge? It crossed the ravine to connect the last two cottages with the rest of the resort.

The last cottage was built by my uncle, Mr. Fred Fielder of Chicago. It is now the Mullen cottage.



Aboard the *Gander*.

“The Batty Belles of Belvedere”

Virginia Schleman, Elizabeth Avery, Betty Herschede, Dac Fraser, Chris Ransom and Captain Tony, 1955.



Betty Cudlip.



Liz Clark.

### III

Our Cudlip cottage was owned by E. E. Wilson of Chicago who bought it from Ralph Price Sr. Mrs. Wilson was my aunt and she and my mother spent many happy summers in the cottage. They were two lovely white haired ladies always wearing light blue or pink. When they entertained it was invariably a luncheon followed by cards. The ladies would come wearing hats and sit all afternoon with their hats on!

Bemie (Elizabeth) Avery was the first girl to appear on the club grounds in slacks . . . My mother was horrified—fancy a woman wearing pants!

Our sons, Jack and Bob enjoyed it here . . . they came as often as possible unless prevented by their working or by being in the armed service. They helped put on the cabaret for several years.

Julie learned to dance here under Calla Travis. She was a grand old institution here for many years ... Do you remember Hooker's Stables? Julie learned to ride there.

For about twelve years we would have our boat, a fifty-four-foot Chris Craft, the *Gander*, for a few weeks. Many happy times on that boat: picnics near East Jordan or Boyne City and excursions to Harbor Springs or Northport Point.

Bud always had a stag party, either to Beaver Island for fishing or down to Boyne City and then by car to Green Timbers (beautiful wooded property near Vanderbilt).

So I organized a girls's party of non-golfers including, Dac Fraser, Libby (Elizabeth) Clark, Chris Ransom, Bemie Avery, Ginny Schleman, Ruth Ware, Ginny Shwab, and Betty Herschede. We called ourselves the Batty Bells of Belvedere and had a great day of swimming, cocktails and luncheon.

The Jordan River: My first trip down was organized by Hannah Bemis Morris and Joe Morris. He is a great woodsman; so he taught us how to build fires, cook our scrambled eggs and hot dogs; for dessert we had to flap our own pancakes. On one trip Dotty Leland and I were in a canoe and of course overturned. We were near some fishermen who were rather annoyed at us, until I recognized one of them. The river was deep there; Dotty and I were struggling to keep our heads above water so as not to drown. But I had to observe the social amenities and proceeded with the introduction—"Mr. Carey, may I present my friend, Mrs. Leland." "Gulp, gulp!" "How do you do!"

One morning we gals went down to the docks to wave our husbands good-bye on their trip to Beaver Island. I was informed that two people from Beaver Island were below and were trying to hitch-hike back to the Island. When the two characters came up, and they were awful looking in their black wigs, huge noses

i \*>>\*



*The Gander.*

"Welcome Aboard".

Bud Cudlip, Bill Cartwright, Bill Cotter, Bob Frantz and Woody Ransom.



M. A. Cudlip, Mrs. Dean Acheson (Alice Stanley) and her sister Sarah Stanley (Mrs. Robert Frantz) and Mrs. Joe Gardner (Florence Leland) aboard the *Gander* in Charlevoix, August 3, 1965.

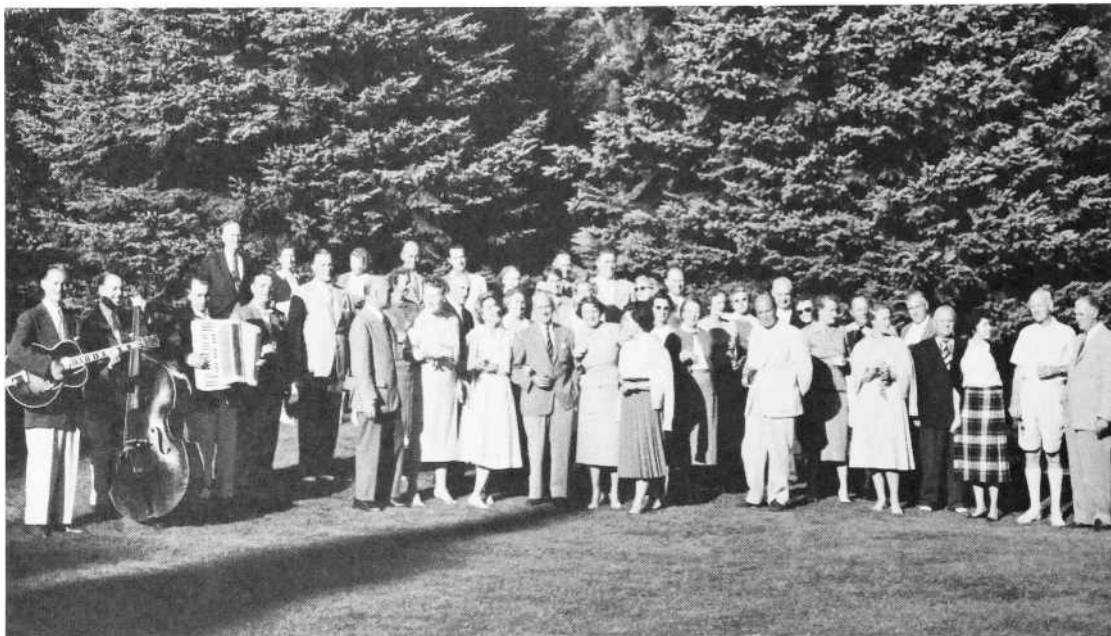


Off to Beaver Island 1953 aboard the M. A. Cudlip boat *Gander*. From left: Sam Pingree, Woody Ransom, Dick Leatherman, Bill Cotter, Joe Gardner, Bill Cudlip, Peter Leland, Horace Pomeroy, Harry Howenstein, Bob Frantz, Charlie Fox, Art Mullen, Bud Cudlip, and standing at left the skipper, Captain Muir.



“Green Timbers”, 1955.

Woodbury Ransom, Dak Fraser, Elizabeth Clark, Melissa Hickey. Back row: Russel Sheazly, Myron Hickey and Jack Fraser.



Party at “Green Timbers”, Johnny Di Cicco’s Orchestra, late 1950’s.

and old clothes, they turned out to be two of our good friends, Helen Fox and Betty Forker pulling our leg!

One afternoon we started off up the lake for a twilight picnic. We anchored for a swim when some of our friends became very fiendish and started throwing our furniture into the lake. Bud and I were astounded. "Hey, don't do that!" Then they brought out the new furniture hidden in the bow. Our friends decided that the chairs had "had it" and so gave us a gift of new ones.

Bud Cudlip loves music. So he helped bring up Johnny di Cicco's orchestra for several years. Our golf tournaments were always enlivened with Johnny's music, especially when we were teeing off for a good drive and the orchestra would blast off with a wild tune.

#### ***THE SAGA OF MR. JOE HICKEY***

Mr. Hickey stayed frequently at the Belvedere Hotel and bought his cottage in 1937. He was president of the resort in 1945 while Mr. Fox was president of the golf course. Mr. Hickey recalls that in the early days of his residency here expenses were mounting and the club was deteriorating physically so that more money had to be raised. (History repeats itself.)

The golf club was started as a private enterprise and some of the founders were: Howard McGregor of Detroit, Logan Thomson of Cincinnati, George Shwab of Nashville, John Fristoe of St. Louis. The first nine holes were on the west side of the road, the last nine being added later. Mr. McGregor had control of the course and ran it, financing it through George Shwab. Finally, Mr. McGregor refused to carry on as difficulties became more burdensome. He tried to sell the club to the Belvedere Club to repay the loan in a Nashville bank for \$7,500 and another \$5,000 spent individually by various owners of the golf club. Mr. Hickey was attempting to protect the members of the Belvedere Club and there was about \$20,000 involved.

Some of the stocks and bonds were in the hands of members of the Belvedere Club and some were in the hands of outsiders. Among these were John Koch of the Colonial Club who gave his stock to the Belvedere Club and the Belvedere Club had control of the common stock and bonds of the golf course. Mr. Stewart bought \$4,000 in bonds and 50 shares of common stock. It was decided to foreclose the mortgage and clear up the situation, and here begins the personal saga of Mr. Joe Hickey.

The foreclosure sale was set for 11:00 a.m. on the steps of Charlevoix County Court House in the middle of December. Mr. Hickey arrived the day before, and stayed at the only hotel open, a rather primitive affair. As the sale started, Mr. Earl Young appeared as the bidding started, much to the astonishment of Mr. Hickey. Due to the unexpected development of another bidder, the auction was postponed until 2:00 p.m. Mr. Hickey went over to the bank to talk to Mr. Bob Bridge who was sympathetic to the Belvedere. However, Mr. Young was also a good customer of the bank. Mr. Hickey wanted to find out where Mr. Young got the stock to bid with, but had no success. (More about this later.)

The bidding started at 2:00 p.m. with Mr. Hickey on the top step and Mr. Young a step below. The bidding proceeded and finally Mr. Hickey looked hard at Mr. Young and hoped he understood this was his last bid. He bid, Mr. Young stopped, and the golf course was in the hands of the Belvedere Club for around \$1,200. The Belvedere Realty Corporation changed to the Belvedere Golf Club, Inc., and was duly recorded on August 15, 1941.

Mr. Hickey recalls that he was sitting on the hotel porch with Mr. Vernon Clark, when a car,

only distinguished by its dilapidated condition, drove up. A man got out and went into the hotel to see the manager, Miss Ray Graveur. Mr. Clark recognized him as Mr. R. E. Olds, and when he came out Mr. Hickey introduced himself. They began talking about Charlevoix and Mr. Olds said he had given Mr. Young stock or bonds on the golf club for a fee involving a real estate transaction.

Mr. Hickey said then that the gift cost the Belvedere Club \$ 1,000 at the sale of the golf course; Mr. Olds then volunteered to write a check for a thousand dollars to end the matter. He had never been to the golf club; So Mr. Hickey took him out there, and the board was pleased to vote a "gold-plated" life membership to Mr. and Mrs. Olds soon after they moved onto the Belvedere after purchasing cottage "39". Mr. Olds kept the cottage until his death when it was sold to Mrs. Woodbury Ransom, its present owner.

#### **GLADYS DIEFFENBACH**

Claremont Cottage at 222 Belvedere was first owned by Mr. Fred Hodge of Kalamazoo, Michigan, and stood at the present site of the cottage owned by Mrs. Myron C. Hickey. Later, Mr. Hodge moved it to its present location after the pavillion which occupied the lot had burned and was not rebuilt. This cottage is composed of several smaller buildings which were pushed together to make one house and is considered to be one of the two oldest cottages on the resort.

This house was purchased by Mrs. E. N. Beach (affectionately known as Beachie) of St. Louis, Missouri, from Mr. Hodge in 1926. At this time the streets were gravel and very narrow. Each day at 4:00 p.m., the sprinkler would drive by spraying the street to lay the dust. Later, when this street was blacktopped, the large dip in front of Claremont Cottage remained. After a heavy rain, this would fill with water and was known as "Beachie's Lake."

In 1939 Mrs. Beach passed away leaving the cottage to its present owner, her granddaughter, Mrs. C. Maxwell Dieffenbach (Gladys Gray) of Las Cruces, New Mexico.

Four generations have enjoyed happy summers here: Mrs. Beach, her daughter Mrs. Carl R. Gray Jr. (Gladys Beach), her grandchildren Mrs. Dieffenbach and Carl R. Gray III, her great grandchildren, Mrs. Donald R. Gehlbach (Gretchen Dieffenbach) and Roxann Dieffenbach.

#### **DWIGHT J. THOMSON**

In regard to the *Sylvia*—she was built by the Bath Iron Works in Bath, Maine. Completed in 1931, we brought her to Charlevoix via the St. Lawrence River and the Welland Canal that summer. She could sleep ten guests including Mother and Dad, and generally carried a crew of 21 or 22.

Roy Ranger served as Chief Engineer-John Nordrum as First Mate-Jim Bellinger and Joe Arvilla were among the crew. The Captain was Thomas Morrison.

The *Sylvia* usually met the family in Chicago and brought us to Charlevoix for the summer. Often she would return us there at the end of the season. Then we usually took two cruises of two weeks and one of ten days-the longer ones to the north shore of Lake Superior and the shorter one to the Georgian Bay area. Michipocoten Island, Otter Cove and Isle Royale were the favorite stops in Superior and the stream fishing was great then as was the shallow water fishing for lake trout.

In addition, we made a noon-to-midnight beach picnic trip almost every week. Favorite beaches for cocktails and planked white fish a la Roy Ranger were on Beaver Island and the

Manitou and Fox Islands. That's where the "connetta" came into play and where Dad got the word I don't know either. Or the proper spelling, if any.

It was the 1936 and 1937 Cabarets that Bill Talman and I put on. He was the director and head dancer and I handled the main singing chores . . . These were the first times that the Cabarets had a chorus line—Georgene (Pudie) and Louise Olin, Marge Dixon, Sally Green, Mary Burton (Button) Wallace were among the chorus girls . . . Bill worked out the routines and taught the gals—and the last part was always the Rockettes famous down-stage march . . . The gals always worked hard and did it well.

At this point it might be added that Bill Talman died Friday August 30th, 1968 from lung cancer and subsequent cardiac arrest. (Talman won fame in the role of District Attorney Hamilton Burger, opposite Raymond Burr in the Perry Mason telecasts based on the Erie Stanley Gardner stories.) The character of Bil Talman is probably best expressed by Talman's own statement regarding his famous role: "I found the best way to deal with Burger's astonishing proclivity for absorbing punishment was to develop a sense of pride in the consistency of his endeavors. If you can't win for losing, okay, learn to love that losing streak!" A fitting epitaph for a doughty warrior who lost the Big Battle to Killer Cancer.

Regarding the cabarets, Marge Rethford and Louise (Weecie) Coke did their duets in those years. One song I remember they did was "You Gotta Eat Your Spinach, Baby" . . . This pair had to be handled carefully—they were a bit shy, not temperamental, and needed exactly two drinks and no more before they went on.

In 1937, I remember doing a home-written song with Button Wallace. Who wrote it I don't know, but it was called, "Cut That Brother Stuff." It seems to me too, that George McKay was the juvenile singer in 1937. I did the opening song, a group of current hits toward the end of the show, and the closing. I remember singing "I Can't Give You Anything But Love", and "Time On My Hands", for example. And the closing number in 1937 was "There Is A Tavern In The Town."

One last item that still amuses me about the 1937 show—my dad was a very shy guy when it came to public appearances. He would never go any place where he thought he might be called on to make a speech. That year, he came to the dress rehearsal and sat way back in the corner. But he wouldn't come to the actual show because he was afraid I'd forget all my words and he would be embarrassed. Mother came with all her friends, but Dad pulled his "lumbago alibi" and stayed in bed at the cottage.

All those were great, great days which I'll always remember with more than a slight twinge of nostalgia . . . May they be repeated for present day youngsters and oldsters of the good old Belvedere Club.

#### **HAROLD A. CARTIER**

I have very fond memories of Johnny Knight. To me he was one of the most charming extroverts that I have ever known. In later years when he winterized and lived in a house on the Belvedere, getting into politics and becoming the mayor, he became either a hero or a most hated character to his public.

Taken as a whole, however, he went through life like a ball of spectacular fire. The only comparison I could make is the time I saw Halley's comet, about 1910, go across the horizon



over Lake Michigan during a sunset. I first came to know Johnny in the early 1920's shortly after I graduated from Princeton when he was living with his grandmother on the Belvedere. She certainly was a sweet, wonderful lady and always hoped that Johnny would become a minister. I think she was still alive when Johnny built the house with no walls along Belvedere Avenue. That house has many memories for me, as it was the base of operations for Johnny's great escapades. From there he led many a pre-drawn parade to the various Belvedere cottages, leaving off as he went, the Cy Trammels, the Bill McGuires, the Charlie Upsons, the George Shwabs, the Ted Orrs, etc. etc. These parades were always led by a three or four piece band, in turn headed by his colored boy Cazzie on top of whose head was tied a yellow and gold pillow. At other times, his dinner parties would wind up at the Colonial Club or Slims or Ramona, but always Johnny would keep his guests out until after sunrise to "crack the dawn." My father loved to tell the story of having one of Johnny's guests bring him a suit of Johnny's, to have the pants bottoms and the coat sleeves sewed up tight. Johnny retaliated by taking a pair of scissors and cutting every button off the culprit's own suit.

Johnny was a character not only to the Belvedere but to the Chicago Club, on the North Side, and at Harbor Point. Many of the people who lived on the Belvedere at that time participated in one or more of Johnny's many, many parties such as Ray and his sister Peg Johnson (Peg is now Mrs. Barry Goldwater); Louis and Liz Morrow (Louis, Adlai Stevenson and Bill McIlvaine of the Chicago Club were the only three boys that I knew in the class of 1922 at Princeton before I went there, and years later Louis' son Don and my son John were roommates and in Ivy Club together in the class of 1960); others were Pete and Dot Leland, Dotty Bemis (who is now Mrs. Charles H. Stewart), and Dotty's sister Elizabeth Bemis who is married to Fred Avery and lives in Grand Rapids. All of these, and many more, enjoyed Johnny Knight's great hospitality for a period of about 10 or 12 years. He certainly kept everyone in a wild humorous frame of



John Knight.



Richard Clark III fifth birthday. Charles “Chip” Ransom, Tommy Knight and Carol “Cookie” Robinson, August 3, 1949.

mind—or utter despair—or even perhaps in a state of shock, driving his speedboat at full throttle around Round Lake for which Doc Armstrong would admonish him to think of the older, feeble people with weak hearts; driving that same speedboat through pond nets in Lake Michigan or even on to the point near Bay Shore were common occurrences; having Cazzie awoken the 16 to 20 guests in the house at 8 o’clock in the morning after  $IV\frac{1}{2}$  hours sleep, with a tray of Brandy Flips, and if you did not drink one, Cazzie was fired. All of these, plus many more, are fond memories.

Finally, I can only say that Johnny Knight lived life to the hilt. Some loved him—some hated him: but no one will ever forget him.

**DEAN R. DA VENPORT**

Ever a rebel against conventional behavior, John Knight was the hero of the malcontents: He packed a strong Aryan complex which fostered an equally strong distaste for ethnic groups so in private life and political life John Knight was always a controversial figure.

He was elected Mayor of the City of Charlevoix in 1950 and continued in that office until his untimely death in March 1953, after serving as Alderman on the City Council.

His dedication to the job and love for Charlevoix was exemplified by the fact that he was his own city manager. He was financially fully able to devote his energy and time to city affairs. He had a great many faithful followers, however, there was no half-way point: People were either all for him or fully against him.

He was constantly looking for ideas and planning on how to promote industry for Charlevoix. He was instrumental in forming the Charlevoix Development Corporation and personally sold many thousands of dollars of stock. From this source Charlevoix was able to entice several new industries to locate here. He also was a great booster and participant in recreational activities, having sponsored a major soft-ball team for many years. He liked to see people have fun but he also liked to win.

Highly intelligent and with a plus personality he was able to sell his ideas to the public and promote activities in which he believed. The lights at Kipke Field were promoted by him and dedicated in his honor.

He had a very generous nature and yet shied away from personal tribute and public appearances.

**S. R. LEATHERMAN**

No history or narrative of Belvedere's past should be published without words of praise in behalf of one of its greatest members, the late Charlie Upson.

Belvedere made it through the Depression and survived. By 1937 people were recovering from its shock, but were still most timid and cautious. They had become accustomed to ultra conservative spending, and making do with what was at hand. This was especially true of Belvedere. No improvements and scarcely any repairs had been done in several years. The place was getting more and more run down. Many cottages were vacant and many for sale. It was almost to the point of "put up or shut up", and Charlie was one of the first to realize this, and most certainly, the first to do something about it.

He talked so constantly about what was needed, that the trustees thought, if he was made a member of the board it might quiet him down. He was elected trustee, but still continued to press for improvements. He got exactly nowhere with the board. So he decided to try another way. Charlie persuaded ten or twelve younger members to make a substantial donation to the club for repairs and improvements.

With this money the club undertook some much needed projects.

Tennis was very popular at the time, but the Belvedere courts were clay, and in terrible condition. Part of the fund was used to construct two all-weather courts. The new courts were so enthusiastically received, that in a few years the remaining courts were made all-weather. The pier at the beach was in a state of collapse. Some of the money was used to repair it, and work

was done to improve the general appearance of the beach. The casino got a new roof and some paint. It was pretty spiffy when that was done. Things were picking up.

Charlie felt the board of trustees was in desperate need of young blood. He was able to interest a few in their thirties to run for trustee, and as a result there was a heap of politicking, and I might add, not without considerable success.

Things got on the move. It takes women, men, money and dedication to make the wheels go round, and Belvedere has been spinning away ever since. Let us take our hats off to Squire Upson.

#### *F. CARL SCHUMACHER*

Cottage No. 127 was designed by architect Fred H. Thomas and built for Mr. F. W. Lewis, according to the plans found a few years ago in the attic of the house. Unfortunately there is no date on the plans, but they called for the installation of “tungsten”, not “electric”, lights. As this terminology was used around the turn of the century, the house probably dates back to the early 1900’s.

Apparently when the cottage was constructed there was no city water system, not even the Belvedere “water tower” system which preceded it. Therefore, each cottage with indoor plumbing had to set up its own distribution system. In No. 127 this was accomplished, according to the plans, by two huge water tanks each holding twenty-six and one-half barrels. Presumably these were filled as needed from water wagons and the water was piped from the tanks to the various outlets throughout the house. One tank is still in place on the third floor. The cottage today is the same as shown on the plans except for adding necessary conveniences.

Joseph F. Hickey, bom in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1876 and his wife, the former Beulah Fuqua of Evansville, Indiana, (1884-1966), were married in 1904 and moved to St. Louis, Missouri. They first visited Charlevoix in the 1920’s staying at the Belvedere Hotel with their two children, K. Myron (1905-1966) and Althea, now Mrs. F. Carl Schumacher. In subsequent years they rented various cottages until 1937 when they bought No. 127 from the Lindenberg family. Two daughters of that family are Elise (Mrs. P. D.) Houston and Mrs. Enid Camey.

When she first visited the cottage in 1938 after the Hickeys had acquired it, Melissa McKay Hickey, Myron’s wife, immediately recognized a child’s red chair. She explained that their family had once rented No. 127 and the chair had been bought for her brother, George McKay!

The biggest excitement at No. 127 was the fire during the summer of 1939. The family was enjoying a bridge game in the living room after dinner. One of the maids-Mrs. Hickey then had and needed a staff of three to maintain the house for the family and guests that rarely numbered less than eleven—came down the steps and politely waited until the hand had been played. Then she calmly announced the roof was on fire! Chairs were shoved back and over, and the fire department was called. Mrs. Hickey and her sister, Mrs. Mazelle Horn, began carrying out their evening dresses. Melissa snatched her baby, Melissa Ann-now Mrs. Phillip L. Chamberlain—from her bed in a second floor bedroom. Myron climbed on, of all things, a rocking chair, on the third floor, and threw buckets of water at the fire on the room some twelve or fifteen feet above his head. Obviously most of the water came back down onto Myron who was decked out in a brand new sports jacket. He not only was thoroughly soaked but almost scalded because those filling buckets inadvertently used hot water!

The volunteer firemen arrived promptly and were most pleased to discover the fire was on the roof saying, “Oh Boy! We get to use our ladders!” Up they scrambled, tugging hoses after them, but by the time they finally reached the location of the fire, they discovered it was out, thanks to the work of Myron and a couple of firemen who ran up the stairs inside the house with hand fire extinguishers.

By the end of World War II, the Myron Hickeys had two children in addition to Melissa Ann (Sissy)—Judy and Joseph II. The Schumachers also had two—Nancy and Carl Jr. They realized that their families were not only greatly over-crowding No. 127, but that it was unfair to Mrs.

Hickey to ask her assume the responsibility for such a house full of people.

So in 1946 the Schumachers bought, sight unseen, cottage No. 231 from Mrs. Dwight Currie and a couple of years later, the Hickeys acquired No. 117. "Sight unseen" is not exactly true because this cottage had also been rented by Mrs. McKay for several years and therefore, the Schumachers had been in it many times. But the deal for the purchase was closed by mail and the new owners did not have an opportunity to examine it carefully until after they owned it.

Cottage No. 231 was one of the first cottages built on the Belvedere. It was originally located on Belvedere Avenue on the lot immediately east of the present Schleman cottage No. 508. When the McGuires bought it, they had it carefully moved to its present location so they could live next door to their great and good friends, the Charles Roemlers. At that time they also added on the kitchen which then had become a necessity because club members no longer ate all of their meals at the hotel.

A family who owned the cottage before the McGuires used the doorjamb between the living and dining rooms as a spot on which to record the height of their growing children. These marks are still discernible and the dates go back to 1896.

In 1961, No. 231 was the first cottage to have a mural on its exterior wall. Alec Forrester painted, in color, a large hand on the south wall in the position of serving a tennis ball. The ball itself appears on the ceiling of the porch. Seven years later, the work of art is still there!

In 1965, for a number of reasons, it seemed advisable to arrange, within the family, a shift in cottage ownership. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hickey turned No. 127 over to the Schumachers who in turn transferred No. 231 to the Chamberlains. The latter then became active members of the Belvedere Club and the senior Hickeys were elected emeritus members.

#### ***ELIZABETH W. SCHROCK***

The Bob Schrock heard of the Belvedere from the wife (Ida D'Ooge Boucher) of the University of Nebraska's new chancellor, C. S. Boucher. She suggested the Woodbury cottage which then stood between Mrs. Steven's (No. 111) and Dac Fraser's (No. 115) cottages.

When you look at the small space between the two rows of trees, it is hard to imagine that a spacious, though somewhat elongated, cottage was there ... We came in 1940, lost our hearts to the Club and in 1946 purchased the Dow cottage, No. 137.

At this time age 8 was the magic age when children were eligible for the Boys' and Girls' Gangs and the Club Warden engaged gang leaders. With a son in a gang, Bob Schrock, Sr., became a member of the committee and then its chairman ... He searched for leaders who could make more of the Club facilities, particularly sailing, since the Club had a new fleet of Rockets. He made numerous trips to Chicago to interview applicants.

Bob also increased the number of gangs from two to four and included boys and girls aged 4-6 and 6-8. Whereas leaders had been taking all monies that were paid in, leaders were now guaranteed a stipend and then the committee accumulated money with which they bought archery equipment, baseball equipment, canoes and established a bank fund as a hedge against lean years.

Our neighbors approved of us because Bob Sr. was Professor of Orthopedic Surgery, and thus we upheld their right to call themselves and the south end of upper terrace Professional Row. We had bought Professor Dow's cottage. Sam Boucher, a former professor, was next door

and two houses down in No. 129, was Dr. Skiles (always assumed he had a medical school connection).

Little did Bob realize that eventually his son would take charge of Boys' Gang after teaching sailing one summer. In 1956 Pete Houston and Bobby Schrock were selected to lead Boys' Gang. Circumstances arose that prevented Peter from coming that summer and Bobby assumed complete responsibility. So the earlier tradition of Belvedere teenagers directing Gangs was revived. Despite the worries of the Mothers of Gang Leaders, they do bring them back alive. Bobby led the Boys' Gang in 1956, 1957, 1960 and 1961.

Close loyalties are established over the summers; members of the group, now around 30 years old, were especially close. They endured the same curfew hour, They raided each other's kitchens ... It became tradition that Purr Ransom made them fudge. They decorated boats for Venetian Night repeatedly and they played "capture the flag". They even tried their hand at shooting rats at the city dump.

They all attended Michael Ann Mullen's debut party and when word came of Purr Ransom's wedding, Bobby cancelled a previous invitation, accepted, and then, because our cottage was rented, we stayed at a motel in order to attend. I have missed most Charlevoix weddings, but this one was lovely as only Christiana could plan it for a very beautiful bride . . . The wedding was in the Congregational Church with Dr. Harold Kohn performing the ceremony and the Ransoms engaged the entire Weathervane for the reception for their many friends. All of the Club members were included.

***MRS. CLARENCE SAGE ROE***

Mrs. Clarence Sage Roe, nee Bernice Olds of cottage No. 41 Belvedere, claims that her affection for Charlevoix actually began in 1927. Her father, R. E. Olds of Lansing built a summer lodge for his family, which he named "Oldswoode" among the pines at Pine Point on Lake Charlevoix—across the lake from the Belvedere Club grounds.

The lodge contained seventeen bedrooms and an oversize dining room; it was so big that it held a table that would seat as many as thirty-five at one sitting. The kitchen was like most kitchens of the era built with little thought for the convenience of the cook, and Bunny (Bernice) Roe Smith, the Roe's daughter, says she wonders to this day how such good meals for so many people came off that wood-burning kitchen range.

The Olds spent their last summer at Pine Point in 1940 after which they purchased the New's house on Michigan Avenue, now the site of the Beach Hotel swimming pool. Mr. Olds named his Michigan Avenue summer home "Metavista" for Mrs. Olds (Meta Woodward Olds).

Bun (Bernice Olds) and Blondye (Clarence) Roe were married in 1917 and began their Belvedere experience at No. 39, which R. E. Olds purchased in 1942, where Mr. Olds lived until his death in 1950.

The Roes bought the adjoining cottage, No. 41, in 1944 and have made it their summer home during the intervening years with what they have called a "constant houseparty" with sons, Edward, Woody (Woodward), Armin, nicknamed "Doc" and daughter Bunny.

As the Roes grew up they were augmented by wives and a husband: Now there are Ed and Nan with their children, Ted, Tom and John; Woody and Char with offspring J. Wood Jr. and Lindy; Doc and Louise with Davy; Bunny with husband Thomas Smith and their daughter

Bunny Too and son Tommy.

Daughter Bunny and family usually spends the summer at No. 41, where Bunny Too and Tommy have been members of their respective youth gangs for fun and instruction. They now swim and water-ski on every possible occasion. Mrs. Roe's grandson, Woody Jr., recently served as junior camp counsellor at Camp Charlevoix across the point from the original Pine Point summer home, Oldswoode. So each generation enjoys Charlevoix summers differently.

The children have all become full-fledged members of the Belvedere Club in early childhood. Mrs. Roe says the initiation has always been the same for each: a tricycle tumble over the terrace in front of the cottage.

The Roes recall beach picnics during the war when gasoline rationing was such that a trip to Lake Michigan Beach was about as far as could be managed on the few gallons allotted each month.

Bunny (Mrs. Thomas Smith) recalls that as a teen-ager she and her friends often rolled up the living room carpet for impromptu dancing. Moving the furniture was such a chore that her father installed new carpeting in three sections so the dancing enthusiasts could roll up the center section without disturbing the davenport and chairs, not to mention lamps and bric-a-brac.

Mrs. Roe recalls that following her daughter's marriage in October of 1950, she and Mr. Roe came to their cottage on the Belvedere grounds for a long rest to recuperate from fatigue brought about by multitudinous wedding preparations. They stayed on into November and wakened one morning to find themselves "snowed in" by one of the north country's early and unexpected blizzards.

Though somewhat appalled by the three-day blow they survived without mishap and today Mrs. Roe talks of winterizing the cottage to make it habitable for winter ski-vacations now that modern equipment keeps roads and streets passable in spite of storms.

Present day entertaining at the summer cottage is usually a cocktail buffet for often as many as a hundred guests. The focal point of social functions at the Roe's is the "Boat and Bottle Room", formerly Mr. Roe's hobby room, which has a history of its own.

Mr. Roe's pastime was collecting models of each and every ship on which he had ever sailed. The room still contains models of lake and ocean vessels (including the two Queens) as well as ancient sailing ships. Here are also figurines of old "salts" of every nationality that sailed the seas. Today a modern cocktail bar has been installed in a recessed cupboard—hence, the name, "Boat and Bottle Room." But the two models the family prizes most are the models of the Roe power boats, *Roeboat* and *Arrow II*, the last a kit model from the Chris-Craft Company, assembled by Mrs. Roe's nephew, R. E. Olds Anderson, son of Gladys Olds Anderson, who also spends her summers in the Charlevoix area in her summer home on the north shore of Lake Charlevoix.

#### ***HOLLENCAMPS (as told to Bernice Wexstaff)***

Alberta and Francis Hollencamp of 507 Belvedere feel that they have a real treasure in their charming 75-year old house. The cottage is spacious enough for entertaining friends as well as "family"—the Richard Holtons (daughter Marcy) and granddaughters, Kathy and Amy.

The Hollencamps came north 26 years ago to find relief for Mrs. Hollencamp's hay fever. Settled in the corner suite of the Belvedere Hotel, adjacent to the William Witherspoon cottage,



they fell in love with the place, even though there were such inconveniences as inadequate heating and plumbing facilities. When they learned that the James Corbett cottage across the way was for sale, they promptly purchased it and their summers on the Belvedere now number exactly 27.

With the cottage there were both boat house and garage. But the Hollencamps found the boat house too narrow for their motor cruiser and purchased an adjoining slip, which, by removing the dividing partition, has served adequately through the years. The garage was however another matter. While roomy enough for yesteryear's models it has seemed to shrink in the same proportion that modern cars increase in size, with a result that today's passengers better disembark before entering the garage ... by squeezing the car to the right the driver can barely leave room to remove himself from the driver's seat.

The Hollencamps love their summer home. They love the five-trunked birch clump north of their sun-porch window. The birches are old—probable older than the house—possibly the oldest trees on the Belvedere grounds, as the trunks have now reached an average circumference of 60 inches and the lofty branches have had to be braced against the rigorous blastings of winter's north wind.

Evidence has been found of the taste of former owners: in the attic a bone china hot chocolate service (with tea the acceptable four o'clock social drink of a century ago); in the parlor an ancient Hallett-Davis piano which the Hollencamps have only recently disposed of due to its age and inability to retain "tune"; recovered from an unused corner in the basement a weathered oar which may have propelled Zarah Moore (who built the cottage in 1892) across the harbor to the village post office, or which possibly served Thompson L. Fekette, owner of the cottage from 1905 to 1915 when it was sold to James Corbett.

Among cherished memories is that of the thread spider web party given for daughter Marcy's enjoyment. But Mrs. Hollencamp found she had made it too complicated for childish hands and she herself had to help the youngsters unwind the web that they might win the prizes she had provided; Marcy's horseback riding lessons at Hooker's paddock; the dog they brought with them their first year which they soon learned must be kept at a boarding kennel for the summer. . . and many, many more memories reminding the family of happy summers on the Belvedere resort.

Oct. 4, 1967 brought Richard P. Holton III into the family circle and a happy omen of future happy Belvedere summers.

***MR. AND MRS. B. A. MILLION***

Looking backward can sometimes be very rewarding, especially when it includes happy memories of summers at the Belvedere Club. As far back as 1928, we, the B. A. Millions, brought our small son, Bob, to Bay View to get relief from hay fever. The climate proved beneficial and we spent part of every summer thereafter, in this area. Bob spent the summers of 1934 thru 1940 at Camp Charlevoix while we visited several resorts in this area.

One of the most vivid recollections was the lovely hotel, with the beautiful view from the veranda. It was most appropriately named "The Belvedere". There we met many of our good friends, and it later became the center of many of our activities. We were sorry to give it up.

Our first summer at Belvedere was in 1945 when the Second World War was at its height.

Gas rationing was on, the tourist trade was slow and girls, wives, and mothers were rather lonely here. Bob was in the Navy on the USS *Lexington*. It was then we decided to buy a place so that when he came home from the service we might bring Bob and his wife, Virginia, to visit the country he loved.

We acquired cottage No. 143 from Mrs. Laura Balzner, daughter of one of the original members, Mr. Clement of Joliet, Illinois. Our house faced one entrance to the old rustic bridge once known as the Japanese Bridge. The bridge had to be removed about 1962 but we still remember our walks in the evening across the bridge to the top of the hill and the beautiful view.

Cottage No. 143 had been vacant for about seven years when we first arrived and that first summer was devoted to renovating and remodeling. We believe the house was built in 1899 and many of the things we found in it were part of the early days of Belvedere and the Charlevoix area. We still have some of the old books, Mrs. Earl Young's illustrated maps, antique cooking utensils, etc.

Virginia, our daughter-in-law, was with us the first summer in 1945 and Bob joined us in 1946. K. Michael, our first grandson was also with us in 1945. Robert B. was with us in 1947, Steven in 1951 and Lucia in 1961.

The mantle and bookcase are lined with pictures, trophies, and awards reminding us of the many pleasant activities that took place on the courts, in the boats, and all over the resort. It has been a healthy and happy place for three generations of the Million family.

In 1961 we moved to No. 402 Belvedere Avenue and left the larger house at No. 143 to Bob and his family. We have enjoyed the smaller house, and the white front, now, for six years.

This year, 1967, we had more additions to the family as well as starting the fourth generation on the Belvedere. Mike was here with his wife Jane and son John Michael. Young Bob and his wife, Sharon, visited while he had two weeks leave from the Army. After twenty-eight pleasant summers we are looking ahead with the youngsters to many more, even though we have enjoyed this opportunity to be **LOOKING BACKWARD**.

#### **CHRISTIANA LUTZ RANSOM**

There certainly have been innumerable changes in this resort in the last twenty years. We first came up in 1946 and stayed at the hotel. We were staying all summer and as there were no rooms available for us for the entire time in the main hotel, we were given two rooms and a bath in the annex (actually upstairs in Mr. Edward's house). Wood, age eight, was in Camp Charlevoix across the lake, Priscilla, age seven, had the first room, and we had the second room and the bathroom beyond, one step up. Priscilla joined the girls' gang and I remember her friends were Betty B. Shwab and the Flint girls, who loved to come to our rooms for candy. Our rooms were far from attractive, but were comfortable enough. There was only one light from a cord hanging from the ceiling in the middle of the room, and so we had to put our pillows at the foot of the bed in order to read. As there was no comfortable reading chair, Woody would sit in a rocker on the porch to read, but people would stop to visit; so he didn't get much reading done.

People were most wonderful to me, a newcomer and very pregnant with Chip. Woody had come up as a boy with grandmother Ransom until her death when he was twelve years old, about 1920. Their cottage was No. 9, now the Heitner's cottage. Woody's grandmother, Emma Woodbury Ransom, was the daughter of Melinda and J. P. Woodbury of Kalamazoo, who were

among the earliest settlers of the association. Our grandchildren are the sixth generation to summer at the Belvedere Club. In some years Woody had sailed up with his brother Allen to be in the Mackinaw Races, or just came up to the parties his famous first cousin, John Knight, used to throw at his ultra-modern A-frame house on Hurlbut Street overlooking Round Lake. Therefore, old friends were welcoming Woody back. One of the most fun people, (and still is) was Elizabeth Clark. I'd never met anyone like her before with her quaint expressions; for instance, since I was pregnant, I was "on the nest." Another favorite expression of hers was that she loved to hear George Black "beat the Box," meaning play the piano. She referred to low cut dresses as "bare to the table top," and many more expressions that sound funnier when she says them than when I write them. I adored Elizabeth's mother and father also. I remember Mr. and Mrs. Leo Carton who were also from St. Louis. They were an elderly couple in the Bird Balch cottage, now Glendon McDonald's. She was reported to have been a queen at the Veiled Prophets Ball many years past. They gave us an old water color (which I treasure very highly) of the first five cottages built on the Belvedere Club.

Every night at dinner in the hotel dining room we met Miss Helen Schlafly, Houston Witherspoon, his mother, and aunt, Mrs. Roberts, who had furnished her own rooms in the hotel, Dac Edel and Mrs. Osborn, and often the Clarks. We played bingo twice a week after dinner, I believe it was, and many cottagers arrived with their children to play. Proc Wright was the tennis pro, but ran bingo games and acted as host, introducing the teenagers to each other at the Thursday and Saturday evening dances at the casino. It was a great loss to the resort when he died a year or so later.

Woody recalls an incident of the mid-1940's that furnished considerable *divertissement* to the Belvedere Hotel "rocking chair fleet" although the Pere Marquette Railway was seriously inconvenienced. It all came about through an Act of God when wind and current in the "government cut" between Round Lake and Lake Charlevoix tossed the Coast Guard Buoy Tender *Hyacinth* against the railway bridge like a toy in a bath tub despite the expert seamanship of the *Hyacinth's* skipper.

Mr. Fuller, railway maintenance executive, who was vacationing at the Belvedere Hotel, spent the entire summer "sidewalk superintending" the repair job while the railway officials fumed over the cost of busing passengers and freight from the Belvedere terminal across town to the north side depot while the bridge was being restored to service.

Though much younger, Buddy (Walter) Ware was a good friend of Woody's father. He and Ruthie had us at their cottage frequently. To me, theirs was the most beautiful cottage on the resort, and in such a lovely location over-looking Round Lake. They had a sail boat, the *R Buddy* with blue sails. His brother, Robin Ware, had a similar sail boat called *The Frolic*. We enjoyed many a sail on them both.

The girls I met that summer of 1946 who were my contemporaries were Betty and Jane Herschede, sisters-in-law. It was Betty's first summer here too, and she had three adorable "little ladies," as she called them: Holly, age three—Allison, age two—and Debby, age one. They all dressed alike, all beautiful with blonde curly hair. Jane was a Thomson (Logan Thomson's daughter) and had grown up here. She was also pregnant and had Sylvia about the same time I had Chip (in October).

Our second summer here we bought the McGuire cottage No. 311. It had been moved from between the warden's office and the Schleman's cottage, where the road is now. The water tower across the street was frequently overflowing. We hedged in the side yard and put chicken wire inside the hedge, as no fences are allowed on the resort, and we had to keep Chip from escaping. Ernest Staley, the old gardener of Woody's grandmother's time, planted our garden every year, and I gave him a list of flowers I wanted. We painted furniture like mad and hand-decorated much of it with Dac Edel's (later Fraser) help. I made slip covers and curtains for all the bedrooms and put so much of myself into it, that when Herbert Jordan bought the cottage from us ten years later, he said that my touch, or spirit was everywhere, like Mrs. deWinters in Daphne DeMaurier's "Rebecca."

Jane Herschede's cousins, Laura Gamble and Joe Robinson asked if they could build a cottage next to ours and of course we were delighted. (It is now the Douglas cottage.) We had known Laura Gamble's aunt and uncle, Harold and Marita Simpson, in Daytona Beach, Florida, before we started coming to Charlevoix. We played poker with the Simpsons and Hollingsworths a lot that first summer.

When we purchased the Olds cottage, No. 39, in 1955, I hated to part with No. 311 cottage and took many treasures with me. Actually my so-called treasures did not fit in this big old cottage at all; so each year, as I became fonder and fonder of Herbert and Bethany, I gave them back some things I had taken from No. 311. I'm very flattered the Jordans have changed the cottage very little from the way I left it.

The R. E. Olds cottage had been vacant for six years and was in pretty bad condition with not a stick of furniture in it. We had just sold our large house in Daytona Beach, and, rather than store all that furniture, decided to buy this large cottage to put the furniture in. Besides, it was nice to have a lake view at last.

Wood went to Camp Charlevoix for three years, and Priscilla went to Four-Way Lodge on Torch Lake one year. Then they were in the boys and girls gang. They had a wonderful group of teenagers; three sets of brothers and sisters, Terry and Betty B. Shwab, and Butch and Michel Ann Mullen. Also there was Mike McDonnell, Steve Sherer, Bobby Shrock, Julie Cudlip, Donnie Morrow, Johnny Disbrow, Pete Houston, Irene Leatherman, and later Herbert Jordan Jr. Bobby Leatherman and other older young people took our teenage group to Lake Michigan and Mt. McSauba sand dunes to play commandos. We had a cabin cruiser in those days and the teenagers would spend weeks in July decorating it for Venetian Night, their first attempt was a miserable failure, a ghost ship with a hang man and a ghost dressed in fluorescent painted cheese cloth. The second attempt, a beautiful butterfly, received honorable mention, but there was not sufficient light to see it clearly. They thought up an ingenious idea to throw light on the boat by trailing Bobby Schrock's outboard motor boat which would carry the flood lights. The next year they won second prize for their swan and baby swan. The "Blue Whale" spouting water and "baby whale" won first prize and that was the last contest they entered. I don't believe any Belvedere boats have been decorated and entered in the Venetian parade for competition since. D. D. Walker's *Stormy Petrel* and Irene Collins' *Gele-B* have towed the string of boats for the parade many times.

One Sunday when we were still at cottage No. 311, I was downstairs reading and Chip, age

about two, and Carol Robinson from next door, about three-and-a-half, were playing noisily upstairs. Woody and the Robinsons were playing golf. All of a sudden I noticed a great silence upstairs and became concerned. The children were hiding under our beds and there were pills and things scattered all over. Of course I was frantic and called Dr. Grate, who said to bring them to the hospital to have their stomachs pumped. As I was loading them into the car. Woody, Laura, and Joe returned; we all went to the hospital. We had no way of knowing how many pills and things the small fry had swallowed, and it seemed to me that Dr. Grate was awfully slow getting them pumped out. You never heard such screams and carrying on! That evening Dr. Bob Schrock came to look at the children. He suggested we keep them up and active as long as possible. We certainly were a couple of pairs of anxious parents, but both children survived the night and were none the worse for the adventure.

Hooker's riding stable was a favorite spot for our children. The ring was on the north side of town and we rode around Mt. McSauba and galloped along the beach. Woody and I rode with Priscilla and Wood a few years; then Woody gave it up, then Wood and I did too. Priscilla kept on riding for years. When Priscilla, Michael Ann, Irene, Julie and Ann McCaulley were twelve or fourteen, Mr. Hooker invited them on a "horseback overnight" in his barn at his farm on Barnard Road. I was elected to go as chaperone. The girls all climbed into the hayloft to sleep, while I slept below. Actually no one slept all night, but it was great fun, and a never-to-be-forgotten adventure.

In college Priscilla had her own horse, "My Cocktail," which she trailed up here in the summer and boarded with a farmer, Mr. Lege O'Brien. He had a pair of beautiful Percherons, sisters who never wanted to be parted from each other. They accepted "My Cocktail" and it was a good arrangement for a couple of summers until Priscilla went to New York to work taking "My Cocktail" with her. Mr. Hooker's stables had closed up by that time and no one has taken his place. His father taught Woody Sr. and many others here on the Belvedere to ride in their childhood.

Another horseback adventure I had early one season before Mr. Hooker had taken his horses to the north side, was when Priscilla, Michael Ann, and I started out from the bam on Antrim Street and rode south through the outskirts of town and into the woods, back of where the cement plant is now. The woods got thicker and we lost the trail entirely. I had heard that horses always knew their way home if you would just give them the chance. Well, they always ended up at a barbed wire fence. Therefore, there was nothing to do but head west toward the setting sun and Lake Michigan. This we did, ploughing thru the heaviest underbrush I ever hope to see, and it was swampy in parts too. I was never so happy and relieved in my life as I was when we spotted the lake at last. We ended up extremely far south and it was so late that Woody and Mr. Hooker had come out looking for us.

Looking back over the last twenty years at other fond memories, really the most important, are: the christening of Hilton Brown Fraser, our god-son, at the Episcopal Church in 1951; Priscilla's (Purr) marriage to Martin Ely Blutinger at the Congregational Church. Dr. Harold E. Kohn officiating, in 1962; the christening of Priscilla Seeley Ransom Blutinger at the Congregational Church, Dr. Harold E. Kohn officiating, and Lucille and Fred Mehaffie god-parents, in 1964; the Mehaffie's purchase of the Claud Stanley's cottage in 1965. They had

visited us many times here; so we were over-joyed when they finally became members of the Belvedere Club. Finally there was the building of our little Japanese style cottage across Lake Charlevoix, in Hayes Township, completed in 1966; it was built by Ivan Phillips, our good friend and contractor who has done more building and repairs on this resort than anyone I know.

As things stand now, Chip, twenty-one years old, is the only one of our children who still loves it here. Wood's two little girls, Jennifer age seven-and-a-half, and Sophie six, visit us every summer for the first month of gang. We hope in years to come Priscilla's little girls, Purr, age four, and Chrissy, age three, will start coming regularly, too.

Woody and I enjoy Charlevoix almost all year around now. We have voted here for the last five years. Woody is a director of the County State Bank which brings us here usually for meetings on the first Tuesday of each month. And we are associate members of the Congregational Church of Charlevoix.

#### *JANUARIUS A. MULLEN*

The Januarius A. Mullen family became interested in Charlevoix after they were invited during the summer of 1940 to spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Cudlip who were occupying Cottage No. 147.

During World War II the Mullen family did not spend any time in the northern part of Michigan since Mrs. Mullen was working in the manufacturing business and Mr. Mullen was in the Army. The children spent the war year summers with their Grandmother, Mrs. Arthur F. Mullen in Nebraska.

In the summer of 1946 the Mullen family rented Cottage 147 for August; purchased the cottage at the end of the summer, and have since remained at No. 147. Numerous improvements, such as replacement of the wood-burning stove, and the shoring-up of the foundations of the cottage, as well as enlargement of the cottage, have been done over the years.

In that First summer at Charlevoix, the family consisted of Mrs. Mullen, my mother Mrs. Arthur F. Mullen from Omaha, Nebraska, Frank (Butch) 9 years old, Michael Ann, 7 years old, and Mary Luisa, 3 years old. Butch and Michael Ann enjoyed the summer with the gang, and Mary Luisa was taken care of by my mother, Florabelle a maid, and Mrs. Mullen.

The children all participated in the gang activities until precluded by age.

Butch's close friends included Donaldson Morrow, Fred Avery, Robert Schrock, Woodbury Ransom, Andy Donahue, Charlie Fox and Peter Houston. All were in the boys' gang with Bud Koehler, a Charlevoix-born ex-Marine. After gang years, Butch and Don Morrow played in the Charlevoix Softball League for several years. In the mid-50's Butch also was involved in producing the annual Cabaret.

Michael Ann's friends were Priscilla Ransom, Irene Leatherman, Janie Rowe, and in the earlier years the Flint girls.

Mary Luisa's friends included the Herschede girls, the Mudd girls, Adele Braun and Shelley Rowe.

Interestingly enough, the friendships that the children made at Charlevoix have been lasting, and they have endured over the years, and the children are still very close friends.

Mrs. Mullen spent every summer at Charlevoix with the children from 1946 to 1961.

The summer of 1961 Butch married Ann Cunningham of Boston, and summer of 1962 Butch

and Ann supervised the activities of the teen-age gang, and stayed at Cottage 147.

The cottage has been used considerably since 1962 during each summer and fall by the children and me.

One of the things that was fun during the years we spent at Charlevoix, was that each summer Mr. and Mrs. Mullen gave what we referred to as a "Monkey Tournament" at the Golf Club. All invited guests were divided into groups of five for the golf portion of the party and the five played one ball, each player having one club which might be any wood or iron, and they played in rotation; sometimes driving with a putter, or putting with a driver. The winners and losers all received various types of silly prizes. We then had cocktails, music, and dinner. These parties were great fun. Even one year it rained and we were unable to play, but still the party turned out to be fun with an afternoon Bingo game at the Club being substituted.

Every summer we had enjoyable parties at Green Timbers, a fishing and hunting lodge of McLouth Steel Corporation. This property, about 6000 acres, was assembled by Don McLouth, first President of McLouth Steel as his private home. Green Timbers is a few miles east of Vanderbilt. After his death, McLouth Steel bought Green Timbers for the entertainment of their customers and employees.

The Golf Club has been a great attraction over the years for the members and friends, and even though many of us have not played in the low 80's, we have had great fun. Naturally, the significant improvements to the Club House and Course have not gone unnoticed.

For many summers we had a Stag outing to Beaver Island which involved most of the male members of the Club, and it always was an enjoyable get-together. Very little fishing was done, but I am sure everyone enjoyed those days very much.

In our early days at Charlevoix, Koch's was open, which was in those days a very fine eating house as well as a gambling house, and it was great fun to go there, but unfortunately it has been closed for many years. To a great extent, its passing typifies the change in Charlevoix from an all summer resort for the summer residents to more of the tourist stop-over that it is today.

We frequently went to Charlevoix in the Fall with friends for bird shooting for three or four days, and it was always interesting, enjoyable and relaxing. We had a lot of time in the woods and were often accompanied by Gordon Neff.

Both Mrs. Mullen and I have enjoyed the friendship and companionship of the members of Belvedere whom we have grown to know and love, and with whom we have grown older together.

### *DA VID DA VIS WALKER*

The old Boudeman cottage was a sight to behold, but that was the one we had for our first summer on Belvedere. We had written Mr. Edwards about a cottage and received from him an ecstatic report of this monstrosity. To lie in bed on a beautiful moonlight night and watch the stars come out as the moon waned was a beautiful sight even if you saw this through the cracks in the walls. Then, when we had our summer storms, we wondered if it would hold up, but it did. My mornings began at about five a.m.—first building a fire in the living room, then one in the wood stove and finally in the hot water heater. Needless to say, after all this activity, the living room fire seemed a little too much. The ice-box was a thing of beauty with the door sagging a bit and coming open at odd times. Then we found that Mr. Edwards must have had another cottage in mind when he described the inventory. Nevertheless, we had a wonderful summer and thanks to Buddy and Ruth Ware, we were introduced to sailing and the people who sailed.

The Wares bought this cottage and had it removed from the lot in about 1948 or 1949.

The next summer, I decided I wanted to own a cottage on the Belvedere Club and so started making inquiries as to what was available. In those days almost anyone could get in so I had no trouble. There seemed to be only two cottages available that interested me—those being the Scarborough and the Burr. So, I talked to Mr. Edwards about them and made a bid on either one of \$3,000.00. Each time I talked to him, the price rose a bit and only at a cocktail party did I discover that Louise Braun was also bidding on the same cottages. Needless to say, we soon stopped that foolishness. Louise chose the Burr and I took what was left. Several thousand dollars and a couple of years later, both cottages were most comfortable and attractive.

The twenty odd years have gone by all too rapidly and many changes have taken place on the Resort. It is with a good deal of pride that I was able to take part in the many improvements that were made. Dick Moss gave the money to resurface the first of the five tennis courts in their present location. Eight of us gave the small boats for the first Belvedere Association owned fleet, and almost everyone contributed to the improvement of the Club. More Cabanas were built and the Trustees decided that they should be painted and kept up as were the cottages. All this, I feel, contributed to the change in status of the Club.

The Belvedere Hotel was demolished during this period after arguments pros and cons. I suppose we can never know if this step was good or bad, but with the laws of today, it seems good.

Those days of yesteryear are gone forever, but I must remember playing six or eight sets of tennis in the morning and 18 holes of golf every afternoon. Those days are really gone.

During this period, we saw the Golf Course go from a real losing proposition to a money making club. Again, the members contributed money and time to make this course turn around. Today, it is one of the finest in the North.

What our lives would have been without Belvedere, we can only guess, but I am sure they would never have been as pleasant.

### *SUSAN MOSS REESE*

Anyone staying at “201” is apt to be awakened by the “whop whop” of the tennis balls across the street. But when I was a child there were other sounds, equally friendly and familiar that would waken me. There was the clopping of the horse’s hooves as the pony man would lead his pony down the hill. A ride on the pony was always considered “a happening.” I can remember



hanging on to the saddle horn for dear life as the pony was led all the way around the Clover Kickers Circle and back down the hill. (As I recall, I don't know which had worse teeth the pony or the man!) Another familiar sound (and odor!) was the monkey and his master, the organ grinder with his music and tricks. Then the monkey would pass his cup and we would willingly give him our pennies. And then there was the ice man's truck as he pulled in the driveway to deliver the great blocks of ice. Lastly, I remember the vegetable truck. Fresh vegetables and fruits were sold door to door. I am told that when my sister was only six months old she was weighed on the vegetable scales that were on the truck.

**HELEN B. MOSS**

Time passes and now our girls are married. Soon "201" became slightly congested so Dick and I moved across the street to the "Fristoe Cottage". Stella and Moss Alexander live at 201 and Susan and Carlos Reese at number six.

At this time Dick and I have the pleasure of ten grandchildren living on the Belvedere, five Reeses and five Alexanders. Our summers are not now and never have been dull.

**HARRY S. KRAMER, JR.**

I first visited Charlevoix in 1938 as the guest of my old friends, Dick and Helen Moss. I perhaps visited them again a year or two later. I do know I was their guest in 1945, and we have hardly missed a year being in Charlevoix since that time regardless of our other travels.

We took D. D. Walker's house at 502 one summer, I think it was 1953 or 1954, and Bob Schleman's the following summer.

Most of my time has been spent on the tennis courts or the front porches playing gin rummy and hi-balling.

We have fond memories of the old hotel where we stayed several times, Koch's, Red Fox and D. D.'s *Stormy Petrel*. Houston Witherspoon and I won the tennis doubles in 1953 and D. D. and I scored pretty well as partners in different tournaments. I won the Invitational Doubles one year and the finals another year, thanks to crack visiting players as my partners procured for me by that nice pro Bill Helms.

I won a match from Bobby Leatherman about twenty years ago, only because the net broke when Bobby jumped over it during the second set and I thereby picked up a badly needed half hours rest while it was being repaired.

Belvedere has had its characters, and I challenge anyone to match Louis Morrow and Johnny Knight just to mention two.

**THE HENRY NAGELS**

The Henry Nagels have a quarter-century of "souvenir" summers on the Belvedere Club grounds in their woodsy cottage south of the ravine. Their children, William, Henry Jr. and Patricia grew up and graduated from their respective youth gangs, and now grandchildren, Susie and Edward (children of William and Carol) Pat, Lisa and Nancy (children of Henry Jr.) as well as Holly and Bonnie Hughey (children of John and Patricia Holton) are learning to excel in outdoor sports at present day "gang" school.

The Nagel summer home, No. 145, was formerly the Warner cottage. The Warners shared the cottage with their niece, Miss Caroline Smith. Miss Smith owned it from 1934 till she sold it in 1946 to Mrs. Nagel. They must have loved their cottage for they left a cordial letter expressing their best wishes that the new owners would enjoy their "Paradise Hill" (original name of the

cottage) as much as the former owners had.

Doris Nagel affirms in no uncertain terms that she believes they have enjoyed it even more. The Nagels have inherited a few treasures from the former owners of their cottage such as a collection of fine Japanese prints which still decorate the walls, a few choice pieces of bone china demitasse and old fashioned egg cups. There is also a 1855 set of Shakespeare's works, an 1848 Bible, and a black skillet with a four-foot handle for which to date they have found no practical use.

The Nagels cruise daily in their cabin cruiser the *Who Dat!* on either Lake Michigan or Lake Charlevoix, depending on weather. On stormy days they still have an unobstructed view of the lake as the trees have been kept well trimmed on the terrace below. Among family memories are the annual canoe trips down the Jordan River as well as skippering one of the Belvedere Yacht Club's sail boats. The Nagel children are all qualified skippers, having learned the skill from none other than Commodore J. Houston Witherspoon.

Mrs. Nagel deplors the loss of the rustic bridge across the ravine where she often strolled in the cool of a summer evening while the magic of moon and stars beamed down through the leafy overhead.

**JOE H. GARDNER**

The summer of 1946 was my first stay on Belvedere, Charlevoix, Michigan. This was a "fringe benefit" from my marriage to Florence Leland of St. Louis, Missouri, who was brought to Belvedere in a basket by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Austin Leland, in the good old days.

A well run club house, casino, tennis courts, yacht club, bathing beach, beautiful club grounds, well-kept cottages and last but not least, the top of all golf clubs, our own Belvedere Golf Club, were all here for me to enjoy. Little did I know then the hours of meetings that unselfish members of the Belvedere Club spent, not only during their summer vacations here, but all year 'round to see that all Belvedere facilities worked so that all members, their families and guests would have an enjoyable vacation, as well as to protect their property.

The foundation for all this was carefully and beautifully laid out and made to run by good men and women members before my time. How can their successors do otherwise?

No greater honor could have been bestowed upon me than when the members of the Belvedere Club gave me the opportunity to become a member of their board of trustees, who have so fully carried out, with the help of their committee chairmen and their committees, the trust they were asked to fulfill.

**FLORENCE ORGILL O'BRIEN (Mrs. T. J. O'Brien)**

When I was a child, I spent three consecutive summers in Charlevoix. We stayed at the Belvedere Hotel two of these summers—the third, we rented a cottage. I fell in love with Charlevoix, for its beauty as well as its delightful climate.

Many years later in 1958, my husband and I returned when we rented the Leatherman cottage for a month. Before we left for home that fall, he too was enchanted with this lovely place. At this time, we bought our cottage at 139 Belvedere Club.

I think we are fortunate in having such a fine group of people here. We all love fun and gaiety, we all love sports, and above all, we love our children and appreciate Gangs where they

are so well cared for and so happy. I must not forget the golf course, which is so beautiful and so challenging. To sum it up, I quote my granddaughter, Marie O'Brien, "I think this is the greatest place on earth."

**MOLLY SHIPLEY GOODSON**

You asked me to tell you why we bought a cottage in Charlevoix. For many years we had free-loaded on our friends. When we felt our roots were too deep to leave, we rented for three years—first the Leland cottage—then the Fox's. During this time I would say to Mac "Thank Heavens, we don't own a cottage—let Dot and Helen worry about fixing things!" If I had been more alert, I would have noticed the glimmer in Mac's eye. We were just about two seconds away from a P.T.A. Meeting when Mac announced "I bought a cottage in Charlevoix today"—there was not time to do anything except hear nothing at the meetings—at the end of which, I was slip-covering, hanging curtains, etc. It was the Wallace cottage, 119, with the best porch in the Belvedere—we can see everything and miss nothing-unimportant, but fun. As to the history of the cottage, I am not qualified. I do know it has been modernized since Mrs. Dewing's days, who always wore a black bonnet and had a wood-burning stove.

With my three grand grandchildren here this year, another generation is started and Charlevoix the beautiful will go on forever. Thank you, Chris for keeping these memories alive for all of us.

**GLENNON McDONALD**

When Frances and I purchased the cottage, Frances Junior, was an only child and one year old. We put her on a plane this morning to go east and enter her Freshman Year at College. Maybe the old place did not get our family started but four more McDonalds came along in succession every 18 months or so after we became summer residents and this summer saw Frances, Jock, Bill, Lucy and Jimmy in residence at No. 15 Belvedere with Frances Senior and Dad when he could make it.

So in the course of years since our purchase, as the family grew, what was originally one of the smaller homes on the resort became a good bit larger. After Lucy was born 13 years ago, we raised the roof literally on the rear added two bedrooms on the second floor and a room for the children's toys on the first floor. Any addition or improvement we have made to the house worked except for one. A maid's room and bath off the kitchen installed shortly after our purchase like the majority of units of its kind in the North Country has been awfully empty and unoccupied for the past several years. However the bath has pretty constant use all summer because No. 15 is just about the half-way point for children between the beach and the second terrace or the channel.

However, being unable to procure any kind of mother's helper we have become mechanized and this all started when old Staley became too old to get the old hand fired coal burner in the basement started every morning and we installed forced warm heat. The garage which was built when cars were a good deal smaller had stood empty until we took away a good deal of business from the Village Laundramat by going automatic in the home. In our household, this equipment has even a shorter life span than forecasted under the planned obsolescence chart of the manufacturer.

But it is a comfortable old house and a very cheery sight to see when we pull in after that

grinding drive on the first day of each summer. We hope that the nice red roof will never wear out.

**MIDGE PERKINS**

James Dissette built the big rambling cottage, known as 141 Belvedere, in 1904. He spent his summers here until he was ninety, serving at one time as president of the Club. In 1958 his older daughter, Lois Dissette Lee sold the house to the Lawrence Perkins family of Evanston, Illinois. That summer her sister, Joan Dissette Zinn, brought her four children to enjoy one more vacation on the Belvedere. The cuckoo clock which Mr. Dissette installed when he moved into the house is still announcing the hours as it did back at the beginning of the century. The Navajo rugs which his remarkable sister, Mary, one of the pioneer teachers on the Navajo reservation, used to send him, still brighten the floors. The same upright piano with the missing leg still produces tunes, played with one finger and otherwise. Guests still find bedtime reading from the volumes of Mary Roberts Rinehart, Donn Byrne and Willa Cather. Something new are the big charts of the Great Lakes which now decorate the dark wood walls, conversation aids when the schooner Allegro's crews talk about where they have been and where they are going.

When the Dissettes lived here the house was filled with young people. Adlai Stevenson spoke warmly of the many hours he had spent as a child playing here. In the years since 1959 a number of gang leaders and sailing instructors have made their headquarters here, Brad and Julia Perkins, Harriet Walker, Ed Bittle and Doug Allardice among them. A good deal of dinner table talk has revolved around picnics and poison ivy at Fisherman's Island, overnights and poison ivy on Beaver Island, sleepless camping trips at Wilderness State Park, hair raising experiences with the young at Mackinac Island, who tipped over when in the Jordan, and who beat whom and why around the buoy at Raspberry Bay. Summer romances came and went.

If nothing much really changed at 141 for half a century and more, during the 1960's Charlevoix itself has gone through its own minor cycle of change. A local man who saw the first passenger train roll into Charlevoix in the 1890's lived to see the last passenger train make its last stop in mid-century. There are still a few freight trains with engineers for the small children to wave to and there are probably still a few small boys who put pennies on the tracks to have them flattened by the rolling wheels. The line of cars grows longer on Bridge Street as the autos and tourists multiply and the highway engineers and the town have persuaded the Coast Guard to allow the bridge to be opened for passing vessels only on the hour and half-hour. What the Perkins family always called "the Charlevoix sound," the wheezy three blasts with which the bridge tender answered the boats to indicate that he would open the bridge, was silenced some years before.

Belvedere resorters using the commercial air lines (Capitol transformed into North Central during these years), must still go to Traverse City or Pellston.

Private planes come into the Charlevoix Airport, McPhillips Flying Service will fly anywhere within reason, and the Charlevoix Airport now boasts its modest but attractive little terminal building, designed by Brown and Begrow. Even the Coast Guard, which about 1960 moved its station and buoy depot from the Lake Michigan channel entrance to the channel next to the railroad bridge, has taken to the air with a helicopter.

Johnny Cross still goes out in his long tubby fishboats and strings his nets on the wooden

reels beside Round Lake. But he is one of the few survivors in a once great industry. The lamprey eel destroyed the schools of white fish and trout. In the wake of their disappearance came the plague of millions of alewives, who, in the summer of 1967, came up to die on the Lake Michigan shores and even in Lake Charlevoix itself. Belvedere picnickers had to give up their favorite spots at Fisherman's Island, Bells Bay and Mt. A-mic-asauba while the small white fish turned to skeletons all along the shore. They even drove away the indefatigable seekers after Petoskey stones. Farmers came by in trucks to shovel them up for fertilizer, but there weren't enough farmers, or rather there were too many alewives. Meanwhile the scientists have worsted the lamprey eel in his breeding grounds and the coho salmon has taken on the task of taking care of the alewives, it is hoped. To strengthen its program to restock the lake the federal government built a new fish hatchery on the Jordan River.

If there are fewer fishermen, there are also fewer farmers surrounding Charlevoix. There are still farms, including the new turkey farms, where the birds bred in incubators in the city are trucked up here and grow up and fatten for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners and dinners in between. But every issue of the *Charlevoix Courier* or the *Graphic* has long listings of farm acreage, now put up for sale. Along the road to Traverse City the cherry orchards still hang heavy with red fruit and the roadside stands purvey cherry juice in gallon jugs and cherry jam, but the cows and bales of hay are fewer and farther between each year. Cottages are even now appearing along the once wild banks of the Jordan River.

New industries have come to Charlevoix to have their effect on the Belvedere. Six miles north of town, Consumers Power built the first Atomic Energy Plant in Michigan. The green sphere housing the reactor and the tall radio tower with its red beacon are a new landmark for sailors on the Lake. The Boys Gang makes an annual visit to the plant to see the demonstrations. In the late 1950's the Air Force began using this area of northern Michigan for air force tracking operations. For a whole summer the windows in the Belvedere cottages rattled with sonic booms. The Air Force built a tracking station at Bay Shore and the big jets still fly over Lake Charlevoix, but less frequently and somebody else's windows are rattling now.

The newest industrial arrival in Charlevoix is Medusa Cement Co. Although it had owned property on South Point with its base of limestone for twenty-five years, it was not until 1967 that it began to build its new plant on the lake shore. The scenic drive around South Point is no more, and the green lights of Medusa compete with the blinking bell buoy off the point for the sailor's attention. People newly conscious of air pollution are now in 1968 talking about pollution control in Charlevoix.

New buildings have risen to house old needs. In 1963 Roman Catholic members of Belvedere contributed toward the orange brick edifice which replaced the simpler white building that was St. Mary's Church. Next door is a new parochial school. On the north side of town Community Reformed Church built a new brick sanctuary.

About 1960 the new Charlevoix High School was built. On the North Side the little white wooden building with its flecking white paint, standing in the weeds, provides a point from which to measure the growth in educational facilities here in the last half century. On the Belvedere itself in 1958 or 1959, the Kiddy Koop was erected to provide shelter on rainy days for the gangs. Irene McDonnell commissioned Larry Perkins to design it, "a simple structure to

be simply arrived at," materials budget, nine hundred dollars. Except for the *chicken* coop which he designed early in his career for a Winnetka back yard in World War II, this is probably Larry's most basic design. Heather Broadhead created the delightful little Indian sketches and Woody Ransom, Junior, painted the colorful mural of the big and little Indian on the west wall.

New ranch style houses, some of them with family rooms in the basement, began to appear on old and new streets in town. A trailer court with long white steel mobile homes commanding a view down the whole length of Lake Charlevoix developed on the north edge of Charlevoix. At the Belvedere the only new house was the Cartwright's, designed by Brown and Begrow on the channel closest to the railroad bridge. Several Belvedere homes underwent drastic remodelings of their interiors while preserving what might be called the Lake Michigan resort style of architecture on their exteriors.

Even before the big cream yellow Belvedere Hotel came down in front of the bulldozer, the white rambling Lakeview at Antrim and Bridge with its long porch full of rocking chairs was razed to make way for a more modern invention, the shopping center. Kroger's and Oleson's joined the Neff Brothers and Edwards in purveying steaks and the more lowly hamburger, in fact everything from store pizzas to homegrown corn, comestibles for one and all. The cereal racks added such colorful delectables as Lucky Charms and Fruit Loops to capture the palates of Belvedere grandchildren.

All along Route 31 motels had begun to sprout, along with the A & W Root Beer stand and the Dairy Queen, favorite refreshment spots for the Belvedere young. Fanciest of the motels are the Weathervane Terraces and the The Lodge, built in the original stone style, which Earl Young introduced and is a hallmark of some Charlevoix architecture. Whimsical roofs have always been part of the Charlevoix scene, no matter what the decade, and some of the new A frame and flowing roof houses newly rising on Round Lake are in keeping with at least the spirit of this old Charlevoix tradition. Out on Route 66, not far from town, the old Loeb dairy barns have become the medieval Castle Van Haver, complete with bright flowing banners and piped martial music. King Arthur and the knights of his Roundtable would have a hard time recognizing some of the artifacts scattered in the stone-walled courtyards and halls.

Buildings along Bridge Street are beginning to be facelifted and receive fresh coats of paint. Schroeder and Hovey's soda fountain continues to purvey all kinds of ice cream concoctions, including the famous "Jeff," favorite of the teenagers. A new "old fashioned candy" store has moved in across the street and down the way from Murdick's fudge which vacationers, usually so diet conscious these days, just can't pass up. Anyone interested in furniture and objets d'art fashioned out of old sunken schooner timbers can now satisfy this craving at the Cutty Sark. Liebermann's still offers the dry goods essentials of life, including beach towels in more and more brilliant psychedelic designs. Here and there antique stores have opened their doors and in one of them you can get your Petoskey stones polished. A more modern and frequently used convenience is the newly opened (1968) drive-in counter of the Charlevoix Savings Banks. Parking on Bridge Street gets more and more difficult, just as it has everywhere else.

The band concerts continue to be played in the Municipal Park beside Round Lake. Occasionally Belvedere members have been part of the band, including Chris and Cathy Douglas. A new band shell near the little pond with the white windmill, built in the 1960's, now

provides a platform for the orchestra.

The mid 1960's also witnessed the opening of the first Charlevoix Waterfront Art Fair. Sali Frantz, Belvedere's gifted painter, helped to organize it. A growing cultural "industry" in Michigan, the state's artists move from art fair to art fair through the resort areas. Cubism, pre-Raphaelite. Expressionism, Impressionism, Pop Art and Pure Corn, the Fair has them all. It has become one of the most colorful and entertaining events of the summer season.

The literary life of Charlevoix has yet to develop. Over at the Chicago Club, to be sure, Frederica Shumway Smith produced her books for children. Rev. Harold Kohn writes his philosophical reflections from his woodland study north of Lake Charlevoix.

Bernice Wexstaff wrote her juvenile books, as well as her history of the Church of God movement in Michigan.

William Ratigan, who established his Dockside Press for some years in the late 50's and sold second hand books, while he wrote his stories of shipwrecks and adventures on Lake Michigan, hoped that someday Charlevoix might produce more writers. Visiting boat owners used to supplement their ships' "Libraries" from the ten cent counter of "who-dun-its" which used to stand outside the little building, rain or shine. Pressed by his summer teaching schedule, Bill has finally closed the weatherbeaten old doors of this one time fishing shanty.

Anyone wanting to buy a new book or an old one had to travel to Petoskey or Traverse City, although a small collection is available at the home of a little lady at Charlecote on State Street. In 1968 Bridge Street got its first book store in ages, if ever. It features paperbacks, both lurid and sedate, and promises to stay if there proves to be enough business.

Belvedere members could borrow books from the Charlevoix Public Library in the old yellow brick building on State Street, reminiscent of the days when Andrew Carnegie was subsidizing the building of public libraries throughout the country. Now they can patronize the bright new library, all on one floor, with the dancing maiden in bronze on the front lawn and the glass windows displaying the latest books. In 1968 Belvedere members who had contributed to the building fund participated in the forming of the Friends of the Library.

The two decades after mid-century marked a change in boating too in Charlevoix. More and more cabin cruisers began to replace the sailboats at the docks in Round Lake. Hamilton's Boat Works has become the rendezvous for sailors, especially after the Chicago-Mackinac Race in mid-July. A forest of tall masts now usually rings Bob Hamilton's docks. In 1968 the city opened its new brick shower-toilet facilities for boating vacationers as water pollution of Round Lake became a real concern.

More and more speed boats began to appear on the lake, of every make and description. D. D. Walker's Marina showroom with its display windows filled with gleaming high powered boats appeared on Belvedere Avenue just below the entrance to the Club. The Club built a water skiing dock to meet the new enthusiasm. In some of the speed boats appeared speeders and so the Sheriff added a lake patrol to promote water traffic safety.

The first sailfish came to the Belvedere on the decks of *Allegro* about 1960, as birthday presents for Jane Witherspoon and Julia Perkins. About a dozen Belvedere sailfish and related craft now dot the lake with their gay spotted and striped sails. Rosemary Mueller headed up a campaign to buy a sailfish for the gangs. D. D. Walker captains the blue and white cruiser,

*Stormy Petrel II*, Irene Collins has the *Gele Bee*, the Mark Herschedes keep a large cabin cruiser in front of their home overlooking Round Lake. George and Margaret Kuhn spend summer afternoons, reading and relaxing on their cruiser in Lake Charlevoix. Bob Schlemann skips the sloop, *Trivale*. The William Witherspoons for several years owned the famous sloop, *Bangalore*, in its heyday twice the winner of the Chicago-Mackinac race. Now they have a Countess 44, *Algonquin*, named after the great pre-glacial lake which preceded Michigan. Each summer Larry Perkins sails his Alden Schooner, *Allegra*, up from Chicago and has carried the Belvedere Yacht Club burgee often into the North Channel. One May day in 1961 he even hoisted the red and white triangle with the big B to fly from the halyards of Irving Johnson's *Yankee* in the harbor of the island of Hydra in the Aegean. Charles and Joan Taylor have also discovered the delights of the hidden channels and harbors of Lake Huron in their cruiser. Gone from the club fleet roster now is Robin Ware's *Frolic*, which was a landmark at the club docks for years and which Robin continued to sail up to the end of his long life. It is still to be seen, however, on Lake Charlevoix.

The commercial boats carrying summer passengers up and down Lake Charlevoix disappeared long ago. Every once in a while a big freighter blows its whistle as it comes through the channel and proceeds slowly down Lake Charlevoix to the power plant at Boyne City. Until a few years ago the liners *North American* or *South American* came in every Labor Day with their cruise passengers, but in the sixties these last of the big passenger liners disappeared from Lake Michigan. The only commercial passenger boat left on Lake Charlevoix, if it can be called such, is the little cable ferry at Ironton, which "Believe it or Not Ripley" introduced to modest fame.

These are a few of the changes a decade has brought to Charlevoix and the Belvedere. It is still the same beautiful place, a place to re-create body and spirit.

## CHAPTER 2

### TRANSPORTATION

When the resort now known as Belvedere was called Kalamazoo Resort or Charlevoix Home Association, getting to it was a chore of considerable magnitude and demanded determination and vigor on the part of pioneer summer vacationers. No wonder that once settled in summer homes they stayed all summer long. To get from southern Michigan to vacation spots in the north country required the stamina of a marathon racer. True there were railroads-The Grand Rapids and Indiana line operated as far north as the Straits of Mackinaw, but there were few spur lines and passengers had no choice but the swaying, springless stage coach from railway stop to distant resorts.

By 1878 the hardy promoters of the Charlevoix Summer Home Association had a choice of a sorts. They could leave the comforts of the railroad coach at Boyne Falls and take a stage coach on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 9:00 A.M. to Boyne City village at the head of Pine Lake where connections with the steamboat *Gazelle* bound for Charlevoix were available. Fare was \$1.50 for stage and steamer. The second choice involved a scheduled stage coach run or a private hired rig ride over rutted and sandy roads or a Lake Michigan steam boat from the Petoskey railroad stop. The stage left daily at 7:00 a.m. with mail and passengers, and the fare was \$1.00. A third choice was the steamboat *Cummings* from its home port at Traverse City. Traverse City at that time was also the northern terminal of the Pere Marquette (now C & O)



line. The *Cummings* made a periodic trip from Grand Traverse Bay to the Charlevoix area, with a stopover at Norwood.

Later travelers, such as the Elisha Clark Ware family, often came to Charlevoix from Chicago via the ill-fated *Champlain*, a freight and passenger steamer with scheduled runs between Chicago and north-country ports. In the early 1880's the channel between Lake Michigan and Round Lake was too shallow for vessels with the draft of the *Champlain*; so passengers were landed at North Pier, west of the Fountain City House on the north bank of the channel. The Ware family actually had less discomfort in coming the longer distance by steamship from Chicago than others had in coming up from Kalamazoo: stage coaches, irksome for sturdy menfolk, were nothing short of an endurance test for women and children.

Even the fashions of the period were unsuitable for the rigors of pioneer travel. The long full skirts were dust catchers without equal and the large-brimmed and tail-plumed hats which perched precariously atop chignons or upswept swirls of long hair were prone to change position at every bump in the rutted trail. A lady of fashion might resemble a caricature from a comic strip on arrival in her dusty, wrinkled dress with hat sliding rakishly over one eye as she struggled with travel-weary, peevish children who clung to her skirt folds while she directed the transfer of the family luggage onto the horse-drawn "dray" that would take them from stage landing to cottage.

Rainy day travel was no better except that the rain laid the dust which on dry days rose in clouds beneath the steady pounding of the horse's hooves; roads were often no more than animal runways broadened to trails and later widened to accommodate horse and oxen-drawn wagons. Nineteenth century buggies and stage coaches had rain curtains to protect the travelers, but the canvas was dark and interiors dark and gloomy. The rain was even more difficult for children, who, already bored by the tediousness of a trip, became restless and often ungovernable. On sunny days children could reach out and snap off leafy stems that whipped against the carriage as the vehicle progressed along the narrow woodsy roadway. But rain confined them to their allotted seats in the coach and added to their jaundiced view of the venture; only anticipated joys of summer fun on sandy beaches compensated for the trip's discomfort.

In the year 1892 the travel ordeal ended for Charlevoix's summer resorters with the completion of the Pere Marquette rail line from Traverse City north to Bay View. The Charlevoix Summer Home Association was quick to erect a suburban depot on its own land fronting the railway right of way and then members could leave the comforts of the coach within sight of their own cottages on the terraces above. By 1893 railroads to the north country were advertising sleeping-car accommodations, and the steamship *Manitou*, the ultimate in luxurious Great Lakes ships, was making regularly scheduled runs between Chicago and Sault Ste. Marie with stops at Charlevoix and other northern resorts on Lake Michigan. Travel, once disagreeable as a bed of spikes, now, in comparison, became a bed of roses.

In Charlevoix village transportation was furnished by horse-drawn busses, manned by such old time characters as George Williams (a kin of the present Sam Straw family of Marion Township), Ed Eagleton, and Nat Bums. . . The genial Mr. Williams was the friend of all resort young fry as he piloted them from homes to Lake Michigan beaches and Mt. McSauba and home again. A big man, tall and heavy, he seemed to

overflow the driver's seat as he sat slumped down with a black cigar between his teeth ... Mr. Eagleton had only one leg and was short and squat ... Mr. Bums was the taciturn type who besides his bus had private "rigs" for rental. Those summer resorters who owned their own horses, stabled them at Henry Woods, O'Leary's, or Nat Burns' livery stables on Bridge Street.

By 1910 automobiles were becoming an important adjunct to American life and venturesome people of means were adding the new-fangled machine, to household lares and penates . . . Winter driving was of course, beyond the wildest imaginings of the populace and, as winters were long in the northern half of the country, vacationers early began to see the pleasure of having their automobiles at hand at their summer homes, even though the automobile was still something of a pariah since parking was forbidden along with household pets within the grounds of the Charlevoix Summer Home Association. Those who could afford chauffeurs transferred to their "hired help" the task of getting their autos over the winding roadways that connected city to town or village along the Michigan shoreline. Others often shipped their autos by boat. But families continued to use the convenience and comforts of the railway Pullmans until roadways were improved to the extent that a trip from the state's southern border to the northern lake country could be made in a couple of days with only one over-night stop.

As late as the early 20th century many women were afraid of the automobile—especially on country roads. Woodbury Ransom, who has spent his summers in Charlevoix since childhood, recalls his own first experiences with the automobile. Mrs. Edward Woodbury, an early day summer resorter, purchased a Pierce Arrow (America's Roll Royce in 1910) which she had her chauffeur drive to Charlevoix. Young Woody Ransom looked forward eagerly to drives in the countryside with his "Aunt Mary", but he soon found he had no pleasure in the hill land for "Aunt Mary", fearful of the reliability of motor-driven vehicles, insisted that the lad accompany her on foot whenever they approached a hill, while the chauffeur risked his neck on the treacherous obstacle.

Driving in the first quarter of the 20th century was a man's prerogative and few women of that generation ever laid a hand on the steering wheel. But by 1920, teen-age girls were learning to drive the motor monsters and the world changed rapidly.

By the early 1950's private airplanes were a commonplace at the summer resort scene and summer residents like the D. D. Walkers of the Bevedere Club were commuting from their St. Louis, Missouri, home to Charlevoix . . . Breakfast in St. Louis, lunch in Charlevoix.

In less than a century the tempo of transportation and living accelerated beyond the wildest imaginings of the Gay Nineties. Today, the poky horsedrawn rigs have been lost to even the memory of most Belvedereans and live on only in legend and family pictures in treasured old albums.

Bernice C. Wexstaff

# CHAPTER 3

## *THE HOTEL*

The first dining hall with rooms above was erected in 1879. This structure burned to the ground in 1886. A new hotel was erected in 1887 and had 40 rooms, known as the "New Belvedere." Rates were \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day for room and board, or \$6.00 per week for board only.

### *Hotel:*

Original part built in 1887.

Enlarged in 1892, again in 1894, and again in 1898.

In 1902 a further improvement was made at a cost of \$25,000.00 Improvements were made in 1905.

The solarium and casino were built in 1922-23 at a cost of \$75,000.00. A bond issue was made.

### *Hotel Managers:*

H. W. Page of the dining hall 1879-1886.

H. A. Holm of the new hotel 1887.

Mrs. T. B. Smith 1887-1888.

G. Edwain Dunbar 1889-1895.

W. H. Miller and Mr. Haines 1896.

R. P. Foley 1897-1922.

A. I. Kramer 1923.

Mrs. Frank C. Sears 1924-1930.

Mrs. Carl C. Steiner 1931-1941.

Miss Rae Gravuer 1942-1945.

Scott L. Wilson 1946-1949.

James J. Helm 1950.

Edward J. Edwards 1951-1957.

Mrs. Queenie Wood 1958-1960.

### *Wardens:*

J. A. Lawrence 1887-1893.

W. H. Miller 1894-1931.

Edward J. Edwards 1931-1960.

I. Lee Moerland 1960-.

The hotel operated on the American Plan throughout the years until about 1938 when it went on the European Plan. In 1951 it went on the Modified American Plan. In the fall of 1953 the hotel was changed in name to Club House and became a private club.

The Club House was razed in the fall of 1960.

\* \* \* 4c

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MEMBERSHIP

MINUTES OF 1923 Book of 1910

CHARLEVOIX SUMMER HOME ASSC'N pps. 283-4

A motion was made and duly seconded that a straw vote be taken by the meeting for the purpose of getting the sense of the membership present on the subject of changing the name of

the *Charlevoix Summer Home Association* to the *Belvedere Club* and this motion was carried by a “large majority”.

Therefore the following Resolution was submitted by Mr. Roemeler and duly seconded: “WHEREAS, it is deemed desirable that the name of the Charlevoix Summer Home Association be changed to Belvedere Club.

THEREFORE, BE IT Resolved by the members of the Charlevoix Summer Home Association at its regular Annual Meeting duly called and held the 7th day of August, 1923, that the name of the Association be changed to “Belvedere Club” and to that end that Article One of the Articles of Incorporation of the Charlevoix Summer Home Association be amended to read as follows:

First. The Corporate name of this Association shall be the “Belvedere Club”. Resolved further, that the officers of this Association be and they are hereby directed to file a certificate containing a copy of the above Resolution with the Secretary of the State of Michigan and to do all things required by law to effectuate the purposes of said Resolution.”

This Resolution upon being put to a vote was carried by a majority of the membership.  
***MEMOIRS OF A WARDEN'S DAUGHTER***

In 1915 there was no Charlevoix Hospital; so it was customary to be born at home. My birthplace was the downstairs bedroom of the warden’s home—512 Belvedere Ave. (now Moerlands)—with Dr. R. B. Armstrong the attending physician. The first 16Vi years of my life were spent there, and, in reflecting upon those years, I find some of my most cherished memories are about my associations with the Belvedere Club.

My father, William Hershel Miller, was 63 years old when I was born, and when he retired in October, 1931, he had been warden for 37 years—since September, 1894. My half brother, Leon W. Miller (now 79 years old and a retired Petoskey lawyer) remembers growing up on the resort. When I questioned him about his early memories, he didn’t want to talk, because he said at his age he’d rather think about the present—the past is too sad. However, he did say that when he was little the warden’s family lived in three rooms in the hotel in winter, and in summer moved to a little house that was located near the old water plant. He said one of his earliest memories was Father’s lifting him up in his arms to watch the very first north-bound train go over the bridge. He also helped to nail down some of the two-inch thick planks that went into all the sidewalks. On his way to enter as a Freshman at the U. of M. he changed trains at Grand Rapids and was invited to a hotel for dinner by Judge Osborne (Don Osborne’s father).

In 1910 my father married my mother—the former Alice Reed—and among their wedding presents were a Swiss cuckoo clock from Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, and a cream and sugar set from the mother of Adlai Stevenson. These I still cherish, along with other mementoes from old friends there. We have a picture of me at about three or four years of age, holding a favorite doll “Dorothy Dallas”, named after Mr. Dallas Boudaman.

All my early memories revolve around activities and playmates at the Belvedere. Old John Brown (for many years the foreman of the men on the grounds) used to spoil me like his own child. He was very gruff, but I was used to him and would follow around after him in winter as he inspected the cottages each day.

Winter time was very different for me than for most children. Being an only child, and living so far from town, my parents tried to make up for my lack of companions by doing things with

me. The nearest occupied house was the Hallett House, and there were no children nearer than the down town district. So in the winter we had two or three chickens in the back yard which John Brown moved to his home during the summer. We used to keep Mrs. Stewart's canaries during the winter and they sang their hearts out in their cages, one above the other, in the bay window. We also tapped a few maple trees in the spring, and I had to gather the sap each day, as well as feed the chickens and gather the eggs. Mother kept the books for the Club (all by hand before they had adding machines), and I can remember tip-toeing around the house for days while she looked for a penny to get her trial balance. There were 91 cottages at that time; now there are 85.

During the long winter evenings my parents would read aloud—usually from my father's favorite author, Sir Walter Scott, or from my favorite, Heidi. Then we would play Authors, Flinch, and Dominoes. I really didn't have many activities down town until I reached the 7th and 8th grades, because of the distance from town. Of course, we had a touring car—Maxwell, and the first, I believe, with isinglass curtains. But the streets weren't plowed and we put the car up for the winter. Mother used to walk to town through the drifting snow, first pushing me in a "cutter", and later dragging me on my sled.

One thing I remember plainly was the eerie loneliness of playing on the terraces around all the boarded-up cottages. I always had friends from town come to visit each week-end to ski and slide. One particularly daring feat was to ski (on my little 4-foot skis which I received for my 7th birthday) down the cement steps by the tennis court. Also we used to build jumps in a series and start at the top of the upper terrace, across the road, go between cottages and across the next road and down the final terrace to the depot or angle over toward the casino.

As I grew older I used to "catch rides" in the winter on the sleighs. During February the ice sleighs would be going down Belvedere avenue many times a day hauling ice from lake to storage in town. The ice was cut in cakes about 2-foot square. It was great fun to ride on these horse-drawn sleighs which moved at a snail's pace. Then I made friends with old Mr. Novotny, the plumber, who would stop in front of the house every morning with his cutter drawn by 2 matched ponies and we would really fly through the snowy streets. I practiced the piano an hour before school and the last few minutes was spent with an eye cocked to the front window watching for my ride. When I walked home from school I always ran the last two blocks because it was so spooky going past those empty houses.

Miss Marie Heaton used to store her piano with us every winter, and when I grew old enough for piano lessons she was too old to enjoy playing; so she gave us the piano which I used until 1958. In later years when I was in college I played for dinner music at the hotel along with Julius Stulberg (now head of the music dept, at Western Mich. Univ. at Kalamazoo) and Dave Pratt.

When summer came, the pace changed, from the moment the first cottage was opened. It was like a different world. At 7 years of age I got my first bicycle which was most noteworthy because of the broken arm resulting from a fall while I was riding at break-neck speed down a path in the ravine by the rustic bridge. From then on I used to deliver the mail to all the cottagers until the regular mail service began about July 1. My parents owned two cottages which they rented. One was called "Recreation", which has now been completely rebuilt and beautified by Mr. Schlemann. The other was on the corner overlooking the boathouses and was sold to Mr.

Fristoe (Moss) when we left the resort. One of my duties was to help my mother make the beds of these two cottages before the renters moved in. For a couple of years, anyway, we rented "Recreation" to the family of one of my best friends, Antoinette Schlafly.

I'm sure every one else could write better about the summer activities than I. Many of my earliest memories are about the casino, which was only a few steps away in the early days. Of course I went to dancing school along with every one else, following directions of Miss Calla Travis as she boomed, "Mr. Frog jumped up on a lily pad, and he found himself in the rain" etc. In the early days there was the Sunday Evening Song Service with Miss Heaton at the piano. I still have two gospel hymn books published in 1875. However, more entertaining to me was lying in bed at night and listening to the music of the dances. I would creep to the window and watch, enthralled, as the gorgeous young people danced in their beautiful clothes. Marjorie Retherford and I would play on her porch and pretend we were some of these beautiful girls and sing as we danced, "Valinvia", or "Yes, We Have No Bananas". Sometimes we played "Princess" and pretended we lived in the castles pictured in the *National Geographic*. Later, it was a big kick to go to the hotel in the early afternoon and listen to the music of the dance orchestra, like that of Frank Winegar, a red haired fellow with a bad limp.

All my friends from dancing school and gang days remain very clear in my mind. One particular thrill I had was the day I was playing with Maijory Retherford and Mary Legg when the *Sylvia* came in on its maiden voyage. We children were invited aboard to look her over.

I was never allowed out much after supper in the evening, but the other children really had fun playing hide and seek up in the park above the tennis courts. Finally I got a chance to go out, and one of my most vivid memories is about the "ghost". For several nights in a row we would see this white figure rise out of the ground up near the water plant. There was an eerie light all around it. The ghost would walk across the field and disappear near the woods. Finally we told our parents. They pooh-poohed the idea until finally some of the mothers decided to go along and prove there was no ghost. To their dismay, they saw it too. The next step was to tell Capt. Peter Ance, the Night watchman. He solved the mystery. He discovered that old Ed Bums (who was the boiler-man for the hotel and lived just off the resort on Alice St.) kept his cow in that field. He wore a white outfit to work and each night went home and got his lantern, walked across the field and sat down behind a hay stack to milk his cow.

I remember well the important business meetings that would take place in the office. I must be sure to be well out of the way and not have any friends there to bother the men. However, as they came and went, some of the men always took time to be kind to me. Among the Presidents I remember were Mr. Sebring, Mr. Disette., Mr. Balch, Mr. Webb, Mr. Fox and Mr. Clarke. Also Mr. Emerson Price was secretary for many years, and he stands out vividly because he so resembled Mark Twain with his flying white hair. Of course we had quite a close association with the different hotel managers. The first I remember was R. P. Foley who left when I was about 5 or 6 years old. He had been there for 20 years or so; so the Foleys were quite like a part of the family. They had 6 older children. Their youngest, Helen, was just enough older than I to become my idol.

One familiar sight for years was the white bus driven by John Garberry, which was used by so many to go to town. John finally became very ill with diabetes and he didn't have enough

money to buy insulin. So the resorters had a "John Garberry Fund" which prolonged his life for years. Mother took charge of the business end of this deal.

When I was 12 the boathouses burned. What excitement that was, especially when sparks caught on our roof and on the hotel roof next door and had to be put out. I imagine that was when the club installed the automatic sprinkling system.

Also one summer the depot burned. This was the end of a very glamorous era. The joy I had in the spring when the resort special would come in late June! And the tears that were shed as Labor Day would come and the suitcases would be piled high on the drays!

There was one bright spot at the end of summer, however, because often some families stayed late. The Glen Allens would often stay until November because of hay fever. They even sometimes entered their children in school. I remember in particular one lovely ride up to Cross Village along the Lake Shore Drive, with lunch at Bliss Farms.

As I grew older, my favorite activity was tennis. My most frequent tennis pal was Dac Fraser.

At about this period, I became aware that some of the people I took so for granted were really quite important! I'll never forget how surprised I was when I entered high school to find that Mr. D'Ooge had written the Latin text. He sent me a copy of a preliminary Latin book when he found out about it, and this helped make the course easier and more interesting.

The year I was 16 was momentous to me because I graduated from high school, and in October of that year (1931) my father retired. We moved to our present home on the terrace above Belvedere Ave. because we didn't want to be far away. I thought the end of the world had come, but as it is with life, we pick up and move on to new experiences. However, to our whole family, we think of our years at the Belvedere with warmest memory and great affection.

Gwendolen Miller Wexstaff

\*\*\*\*

#### ***THE EDWARDS***

Edward J. and Ethelyn Edwards took over the position of warden and assistant secretary-treasurer of the Belvedere Club September 1, 1931, following Hershell Miller's resignation, and continued there until April 1960. Both Ed and Ethelyn remember their first night in the warden's house—the Belvedere railroad station burned to the ground!

Their years at Belvedere are remembered as pleasant years, with the summer residents' children, as had Gwendolen Miller before her. The Edwards recall vividly many of the old-timers such as the Howard McGregors, James Disettes, George Shwabs, George Webbs, John Fristoes, the Schlafly family and many others. . . Descendants of the Shwabs still continue at Belvedere (cottages 107 and 105) while the Schlafly family is presently represented by the Connett family.

The Edwards' tenure of office took place during a time of great changes in Belvedere and Charlevoix as well as the world at large. Following repeal of prohibition, social drinking became acceptable and the Belvedere witnessed the almost unbelievable innovation of a liquor bar in the former Baptist stronghold—the Belvedere Hotel! James B. Balch, staid early cottager from Kalamazoo, contended to the end that it couldn't happen, but the yes votes outnumbered the no votes and the former children's dining room became the Bamboo Room.

With progress came added responsibilities ... In the final decade of Mr. Edwards' administration of board directives, he was not only warden with all the duties of overseeing

cottages and grounds, such as lawns, walks, tennis courts, swimming beach and cabanas, boat houses, but assistant secretary, assistant treasurer, supervisor of casino, and manager of the hotel from 1951 through 1957.

The combined responsibilities made early retirement inevitable and it was with mixed emotions that Ed and Ethelyn moved with nostalgic reluctance from the Belvedere warden's house to the quiet of their home on Pine River Lane and turned the Belvedere responsibilities over to a younger couple. Lee and Helen Moerland are now in residence at the Belvedere warden's house adjacent to the empty site of the once famous Belvedere Hotel.

It was with real regret that the Edwards, along with other local families and many Club members saw the demise of the hotel in 1960. Rising operational costs and modernization estimates, plus depletion of seasonal employee potential rang the death knell for the Belvedere as for many other summer hostelrys ... In that year a majority the members noted that the old hotel had to go. With its passing went also a bit of Americana and local prestige that will undoubtedly never be replaced.





Belvedere Casino, west side view.

# CHAPTER 4

## *THE CASINO*

The casino in the late 1940's was really a dreary place. The south end had been designed in the far past in a nautical decor and that was the bar where we met for small dances. The central section was a ghostly apple green, big and bamy. The dances were poorly attended, so a group consisting mainly of Dac Edel (Fraser), Bob and Virginia Schleman, Francis and Alberta Hollencamp, and Christiana Ransom, decided they would do something about it. They planned elaborate casino parties to raise money in order to redecorate it; the board of trustees paid to have the porch enclosed, the north and south ends partitioned off, loud speakers and ventilation fans installed, and a snack-bar-kitchen installed. Bob Schleman had the louver door and windows made at his boat works and they partitioned off the lounge. Also Giny had the boat works men saw down the high backs of the chairs, some of them scalloped, and then Giny showed the group how to antique them. Carpenters took down all the funny lattice work here and there and the hard benches that ran along the walls. There should have been pictures of the girls up on ladders painting the horrid red fireplace white; it took several coats of paint. Well, the casino party was such fun the Club had one every year. Everything from fashion shows, raffles, country fairs, and anything anyone could think of to raise money was tried. If enough money was not raised to buy all the things that were wanted, the committee itself just bought them. Jack Fraser later named the new bar, where the old porch had been, the "Trestle Club". The committee tried to keep the train motif, but somehow the name has never stuck. Dac and Chris were co-chairmen of the casino for four or five years, and then Chris served alone a year or two longer and finally gave up. Other chairmen followed. They thought of new fun things to do at the casino, the gin rummy tournaments being one of the most popular along side of the lobster roasts on the beach. The theater parties by bus are great fun for the few who attend. They may have to be discontinued, however, for lack of enough people being interested. With the hotel gone, the casino is the only meeting place on the resort large enough for every member to attend functions. Now that orchestras are so expensive we only have two or three dances a year. In the late 50's or early 60's the casino almost collapsed into the lake; \$10,000 had to be spent to jack up the foundation. The casino chairmen following Dac and Chris were Helen Moss,



Belvedere Cabaret, 1944.



Children's party at  
Belvedere Casino, mid 1950's.

Flo O'Brien, Lucille Mehaffie, and now Josie Connett. The July 4th steak roasts are most popular, as everyone is dying to see everyone else after the winter's separation. Families of all ages come and it's fun for all. Of course the last party of the year is the Cabaret. Again everyone attends to see who won what trophy this summer, and to see our local talent, usually teenagers.

The Casino was built by a local builder-James Saunders, who was low bidder for the contract in the early 1920's. Mr. Saunders was able to underbid competitors due to his having purchased and razed a Boyne City building known in its hey day as the Beulah Home for homeless boys. Lumber from the orphanage was trucked to Charlevoix in a MAXWELL truck, a trade name made famous by the famous comedian Jack Benny ... So by a turn of fate, materials which served homeless youths four decades ago now serve the more affluent youths of today at the Belvedere Casino.

\* \* \* \*

***BELVEDERE MUSIC. . . AUSTIN P. LELAND***

I have been asked to refresh your memories regarding the music at the Belvedere Club during the past few decades. Our family came to the Belvedere Hotel before I was born and I was brought here at the age of six months.

My earliest recollections of the music and dances at Belvedere were centered around the old Casino which was in the Hotel just east of Lee Moerland's house. Calla Travis held forth here as hostess, dance instructor and dean of decorum for the young. At age 9 or 10 the greatest thrill a

young person could have been chosen by Miss Travis to lead the Grand March-which seemed to happen to all of us on a rotation basis.

My earliest involvement in the music at Belvedere was during the heyday of the hotel. During the late twenties the hotel was a very popular, busy, and as I recall, exciting place-always booked solid for August and usually July by families who came every year.

During the summer of 1923 and 1924 Frank Winegar and his Pennsylvanians (from the University of Pennsylvania) entertained with a ten-piece orchestra which played in the Lounge during luncheon every day except Sunday, and at dinner time every night except dance nights (Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday).



**TO-NIGHT Saturday, Aug. 11,**

tivi

## **Broom Brigade**

### **DRILL**

### **Entertainment!**

In Bartholomew's  
**OPERA HOUSE.**

8 o'clock Prompt.

By tin' Ymii.g T.ailL;- of the Charlevoix Hummer lifs-o rt  
Cabaret 1968.

President, Bob McCallum, Marybeth McKay, Virginia McCallum, Cabaret Chairman, George McKay and Rickey McKay as Sherlock Holmes.

## **PROGRAMME!**

Comet Duett  
Ueetmt.Son - V tuiln Solo.  
**BROOM DRILL**

Decla-malion.....Mi\*e Fannie Allen- "

Trio-Violin. Cornet and Piano

Prof. Bice. Mlnaea Smith and Button Selection Ed. Parmoloe

. W. A. Smith and Ml«« JcMlc Smith.

.....Miss Foster  
**Mia\* Kabon**

1883 entertainment promoted by Miss Fannie Allen. Proceeds donated to the Charlevoix Congregational church and the proposed resort pavilion (Casino).

**BROOM DRILL.**

**All are Invited.**

PROCEEDS FOB THE CONGHE-

Admission, - 25 cents.



Belvedere Cabaret, 1946.

During this period the present Casino was built and because the acoustics were so bad from the outset, a large wooden shell was constructed at the northern end of the Casino which completely enveloped the ten-piece band (PA systems were not operational in those days).

Frank Winegar's orchestra was a good one and young folks from Harbor Point, Wequetonsing and nearby points showed up regularly for the Belvedere dances. The leader of this band was Milton Voloshin (who changed his name later to Milt Shaw) and is now famous as the leader of one of New York City's top bands, playing the last dozen or more years in the Maisonette Room of the St. Regis Hotel.

The Winegar Pennsylvanians were expensive—the Club gave them room and board plus liberal salaries (the only savings was on the drummer because I lived with my family and required no room and board).

During the next few years our music was provided by Dick Radford of St. Louis and then for a glorious period of six or more years, through the generosity of our fine Music Committee Chairman, Bud Cudlip, we enjoyed great music presented by Johnny DiCico and his trio from Detroit. More recently local bands have been provided for our occasional dances and now we are using a tape recorder.

On August 10, 1968 at a special Casino party we all enjoyed the music of a splendid eight-piece Dixieland band which I feel certain made some of us remember the "good old days" and this same band played for us again at the August 24th Cabaret. It is interesting to note that this band plays only on Saturday nights and is led by Dr. Robert Shanahan, grandson of Charlevoix's wonderful Dr. Robert Armstrong who took care of our ailments for so many years.

In closing, I am not suggesting a return to the days of big bands and dances three nights a week, but I am confident that the Belvedere Music Committees of the future will always arrange for us to have first rate music on special occasions such as the Annual Casino Party and the Cabaret.

*THE CHILDREN'S GANGS AT BELVEDERE . . . A USTIN P. LELAND*

In 1923 Frank Winegar (University of Pennsylvania) and Bob Metzger (University of Michigan), both members of the Belvedere Orchestra, started a program for boys 6 through 12. The schedule included camp-type activities and sports during the day but with each youngster living at home with his parents. The group soon became known as the “Boys’ Gang” not in the current meaning of the word—and the plan was popular and successful from the start.

In 1924 Bob Metzger was the gangleader and I was his assistant. That summer we had a peak enrollment of 41 boys; so we separated them into two groups, 6 to 9 and 10 to 12. During that summer we began the program of overnight trips once a week. This proved to be a great relief to parents at night but a harrowing experience the next morning when the boys returned home with blankets and clothes full of sand, hotdogs, marshmallows, and often sopping wet.

In 1925, in the absence of Frank Winegar’s Pennsylvanians, I took over the Boys’ Gang and asked Charles Fox (Princeton) to be my co-leader. Charlie and I thoroughly enjoyed running two large gangs during the summers of 1925 and 1926. We had a number of important youngsters among our proteges and you may be interested in the names of some of them.

Ben Tate—smallest boy in the Gang but later a top-notch athlete and now the “terror of the golf course” and champion of the Belvedere.

Dwight Thomson—a fine boy whose father, Logan Thomson, owned a 125 foot yacht “Sylvia” and each year took our whole gang for a full day’s outing on this fabulous, luxury ship.

Stewart Retherford—an unforgettable character and a great guy who needs no introduction to most of us.

George McKay—current Chairman of the Youth Activities Committee and “Mr. Cabaret” of the Belvedere Club.

Homer Jones—now head of the Development Division of the Board of National Missions of the United Presbyterians of the United States of America.

“Howdy” MacGregor—of Detroit, Michigan. “I can lick anybody in the Gang” and usually did if not carefully watched.

George Shwab—whose flair and enthusiasm for music, cars and boats in later years kept us well ahead of the time.

George Barnett—son of a famous St. Louis architect.

John Quincy Adams—direct descendant of the second and sixth presidents of the United States, and a great credit to his lineage.

Boys gang about 40 years ago. Left to right: Bailey Coke, Dwight Thompson, Ben Tate, Jim Talman, unknown, Howdy McGregor, George Shwab. Back Row: Bob Metzger and Pete Leland.



Bill Stevens—always a fine athlete and competitor.

Bill Talman—now a famous TV personality on the Perry Mason program.

Jim Talman—a great sport and athletic brother of Bill's.

Tom Talman—only 6 at the time, but no one pushed him around.

Bob Lay—a fine athlete and competitor and son of an all-American football player.

In 1927 and 1928 Charlie Fox and his Princeton roommate Bill McChesney supervised the Boys' Gangs. About 1926 Mary Jane Carrier and Barbara Birge organized a Girls' Gang of which Catherine Carrier became leader in 1928; it, too, was most successful and is now a Belvedere tradition.

A few years later a Youth Activities Committee of the Belvedere Club was created and this Committee has done an outstanding job over the years. The Committee supervises all phases of youth activity programs at Belvedere and employs the leaders of all the Boys' and Girls' Gangs. Its very able and dedicated chairmen over the years (Usually for two years or more) have been:

Dr. Robert Schrock

Mrs. Myron Hickey

Mrs. Water McDonnell

Mr. Richard Shelton

Mrs. Kenyon Payne

Mrs. Woodbury Ransom

Mr. George McKay—present Chairman

During Dick Shelton's regime (1960-63) a Teenage Gang was formed. This included girls and boys 13 through 15 years old. Nancy Schumacker and C. Y. Williamson enjoyed a very successful season and the next year "Butch" Mullen and his attractive wife Ann supervised this popular group.

It is impossible for me to name all of the Youth Activity leaders who have made these programs so interesting and meaningful over the years, but I feel that special mention should be made of the very popular Bobby Schrock (Princeton) and also Dave Sime (Duke University) who was then the holder of the world's record for the 100-yard dash. Dave returned the following



year with his new bride, Betty, who directed the Girls' Gang.

A number of years ago Irene McDonnell conceived the idea for, and Larry Perkins designed the "Kiddy Koop" building on the beach, large enough for all little and intermediate gang activities on rainy days and this has been a great help to the Gang leaders.

Based on a sound concept, the youth program at Belvedere has flourished over the years and I hope you will agree that this supervised plan for our young people is one of the greatest assets of the Belvedere Resort.

**MORE ABOUT CHILDREN'S GANGS.. . CHARLES R. KINNAIRD**

My memories are of a half dozen or so small boys careening around the resort on bicycles, on the random paths of heated molecules, more or less looking for someone's hair to get into, with frequent success. Certain little girls could inevitably be tormented into gratifying freshets of furious tears. Fights could be picked with children whose parents stayed at the Belvedere Hotel. Some of the tennis courts were then clay in which, when wet, could be written various expletives we were learning from our particular hero, someone's chauffeur. It was possible to swim under sufficiently hazardous conditions to offer an exciting chance of drowning. I remember one Dr. Strangelove among us who quarter-backed bloodthirsty medical experiments on the inoffensive hoptoads which used to be found under streetlights. The good old Pere Marquette didn't mind crushing small rocks on its tracks, but as the spirit of scientific inquiry naturally demanded increasingly large ones until an immovable object was found to oppose the irresistible force, things boggled a bit. We had outgrown our nursemaids—who were in any event vanishing into defense plants. We could hear the rumbling of our elders—Something had to be Done. The idea that those little

gangsters should be in a Gang had, I believe, a good deal of emotional appeal. In any event, Bud Kohler submitted the following letter in 1946.

Charlevoix, Michigan July 11, 1946

Board of Trustees Belvedere Club Charlevoix, Michigan Gentlemen:

Following are the courses offered in the Belvedere boys gang for the summer season: calisthenics and physical drill, soft ball, volley ball, basketball, swimming and life saving, first aid, field sanitation, conservation, practical botany, elementary zoology, knot tying, elements of map reading and use of the compass. If desirable (sic) by both parents and the boys, boxing, wrestling, judo and rifle marksmanship will also be offered.

The main purpose of the gang is to have organized play among the boys. The hours will be from 9:30 a.m. until 11:45 a.m. and from 1:30 p.m. until 4:30 p.m. each day Monday through Saturday. The rates will be \$6.00 per week or \$1.25 per day. The ages of the boys will be from eight to twelve years inclusive.

Very truly, s/Louis B. Kohler

Sounds pretty pretentious. But have no doubt that the practical men of the Board focused quickly on the first two sentences of the letter's second paragraph. The Gang concept quickly expanded to the younger age groups, and grew into the highly organized Junior Activities program we have today.

A quarter-century later, I confess to a certain nostalgia for the freedom inherent in a childhood at Belvedere which nobody was particularly organizing for me. But about 9:30 a.m. on Monday morning when our children dash out dribbling cornflakes, to the relative security of the

Kiddie Koop, it all seems like a pretty darn good idea.

What of the future? The cynic might speculate that Gangs-to-be of another generation will form political discussion groups, picket for additional rights on the tennis courts, and perhaps nurture a group which will demand affiliation with the Students for a Democratic Society. I doubt it. Few, young or old, who are exposed to the tranquility and continuity of this beautiful resort will be inclined to change its patterns.

**EARLY GANG YEARS. . . NANCY CONNETT TOWER**

Leaders, Members, Activities, and Recollections of Trivia

The first girls' gang was organized circa 1926 by Mary Jane Carrier, McLaughlin Grieve and Barbara Birge Wiseman.

Cast of Characters in no particular order:

Marjorie Retherford Rowe, Jimmie Coke, Jane Simpson Bemis, Jane Boucher Payne, Florence (FiFi) Mithoeffer Keeler, Gwen Miller Wexstaff, Mary Burton Wallis (Doris Geilfus's niece), Georgia Morse Heitner, Mary Legge, Dorothy Morse Mudd, Ann Allen Flanigan, Evelyn Ware Peters, Florence Mary (Diddie) Allen Schade, Peggy Ware, Jane Birge Lawlor, Georgene Olin Rowan, Dackie Osborne Fraser, Louise Olin Walker, Jessie Connett Disbrow, Sally Ann Currie, Peggy (Augusta) Connett Disbrow, Rosebud Valier Barnes, Nancy Connett Tower, Helen Hollingsworth, Shirley Hollingsworth Simpson, Clarissa Coke.

*Activities*

Canoeing (lessons in Old River), including proficiency in gunwaling.

Rowing.

Swimming lesson by Captain Kibbie.

Dodge Ball.

Games in the Ravine, King of the Mt. etc.

Weekly picnics, usually HIKING to Mt. McSauba.

Two bicycle trips a summer to Loeb's Farm for milkshakes and toasted cheese. One of THE favorite days.

Treasure Hunts (also very popular). A jar of BUNTE hard candy to the winner.

One overnight camping trip by canoe (pancakes for breakfast consisting of pancake flour and Pine Lake water).

Baseball and tennis (left a lot to be desired).

Archery (Everybody hated it).

Trip on Allie Moore's pirate ship, the *Golden Rule*. A DEFINITE HIGHLIGHT.

Rainy days, stories told in little pavillion on Rustic Bridge.

AWARDS: 1 wooden bead to add to necklace, later changed to colored ribbons with a silver cup (minute) to the one with the most ribbons.

## **CHAPTER 5**

**GOLF ACTIVITIES. . . GORDON L. GEILFUS**

During the summer months of 1925, a group of Belvedere Club Members headed by A. B. Scarborough, W. B. Stewart, R. Vernon Clark, Logan G. Thomson, H. L. McGregor, Geo. A. Shwab, Ray P. Johnson, J. W. Fristoe, Fremont Woodruff and A. Cameron conceived the idea of building a golf course on the high lands of the Supemaw and Hooker farms, overlooking Lake

Michigan, Round Lake and Lake Charlevoix. Vem Miller of the Miller Landscape Co., Sterling, Illinois, was summoned to appraise the properties, and on August 1st, 1925 Mr. Miller and a young engineer, Geo. Casey, flew in, landing on a nearby farm. Surveying the properties, they were enchanted by the beautiful countryside and the nearby lakes and recommended the immediate purchase of the farms.

Mr. Miller was engaged to clear the land under the direction of William Watson, who at that time was the golf professional at the Chicago Golf Club. One hundred and fifteen men at \$.35 per hour, and five teams of horses at \$4.00 per day, were put to work late in August of that year. Under the close supervision of Mr. Watson, one of the most modern and beautiful golf courses in the country was in the making, with gentle sloping fairways and undulating greens. Eight miles of black wrought iron piping were installed to provide a complete irrigation system. The fescue fairways and the seaside bent greens were quick to take hold, and the last nine holes were ready for play in early 1927, and the first nine later that year. In the meantime construction of the Club House was completed, work having started late in 1925.

In order to finance this project the Belvedere Golf Realty Company was organized and duly incorporated under the laws of the State of Michigan and was authorized by Secretary of State, Charles J. DeLand, to commence its business on the eighth day of September 1925. Officers for the first year of the corporations existence were:

A. B. Scarborough—President	Logan G. Thomson—Director
W. B. Stewart—Vice-President	R. Vernon Clark—Director
Archie L. Livingston—Secretary and Treasurer	J. H. Koch—Director
H. L. McGregor-Director	Geo. A. Shwab-Director



The Belvedere Golf Club, south view.

On October 1st, 1925, the Corporation issued \$50,000.00 first Mortgage Bonds, \$45,000.00 of which were subscribed for. This issue was followed a year later by an additional \$25,000.00 to complete the work on the golf course and buildings.

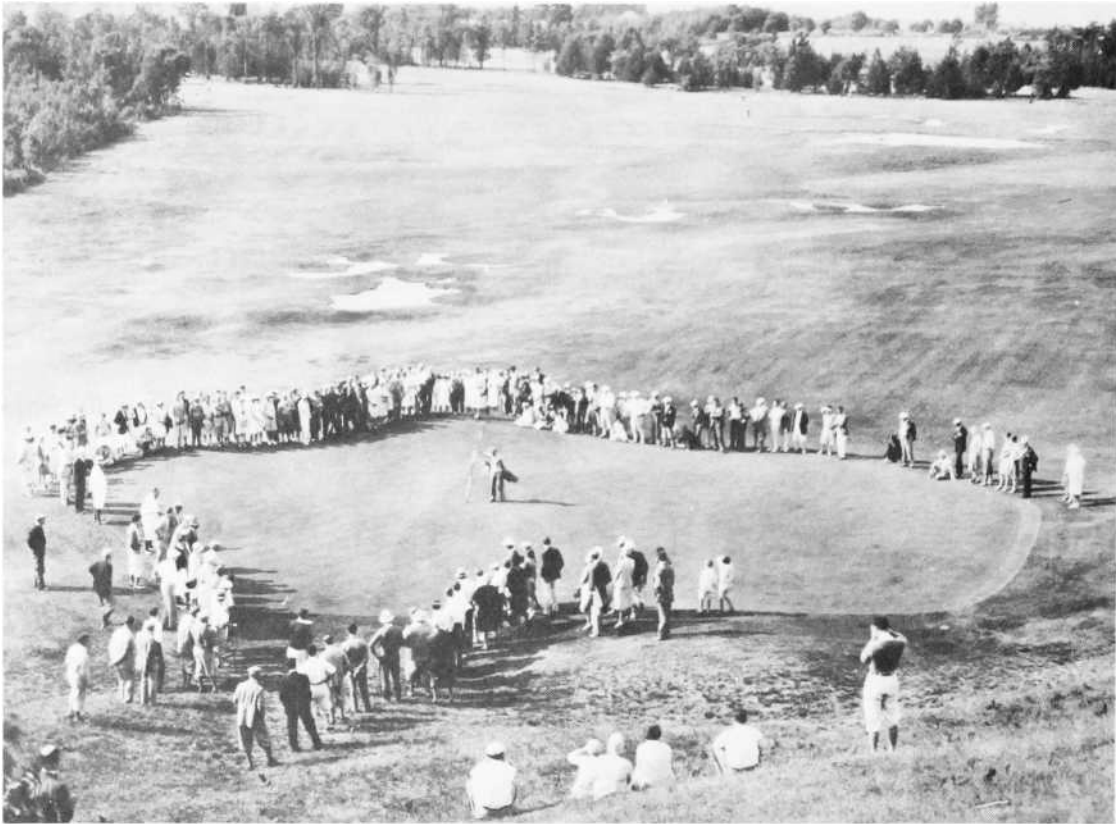
On August 25, 1925, the Belvedere Golf Club was organized as a private club for the purpose

of operating the golf course and the club house. Mr. Scarborough was elected temporary chairman and Mr. Fristoe temporary secretary. Mr. Scarborough then submitted a tentative set of by-laws for consideration, which were unanimously adopted. The President and Secretary were authorized to enter into a lease and contract with the Belvedere Realty Company for the use and occupancy of the golf course under construction. The following seven Directors were elected to serve until the regular annual meeting in August 1926.

Logan G. Thomson, W. B. Stewart, A. B. Scarborough, R. Vernon Clark, Ray P. Johnson, W. S. Richardson and J. W. Ferguson, Following this, the Directors elected A. B. Scarborough President, Ray P. Johnson Vice-President, and Archie L. Livingston Secretary and Treasurer. Frank Supemaw, who was the owner of the property on the west side of the road and who had assisted Mr. Watson in the construction work, was hired as greenskeeper, a position which he retained until his retirement in 1965. His workmanship and loyalty to the Club will be forever remembered by those who worked with him. He now resides on the Moss farm adjoining the Club grounds. He has been succeeded by Max Gennett, whose father, Clifford Gennett has been on the maintenance crew the past 39 years.

The following year, 1927, Geo. Trammel, W. C. Acklin, F. A. Leland and A. L. McGregor were elected to the Board, at which time Mr. McGregor became president and Geo. Shwab Vice-President. Archie Livingston remained as secretary and treasurer. It was reported that the financial condition of the Club had improved and further improvement was expected the following year. Needless to say, the stock market crash of 1929 took its toll. However, Howard McGregor assumed the full management of the Club, and with financial help from Logan Thomson and George Shwab, he succeeded in keeping the Club in good shape until 1940, when he proposed to the officers of the Belvedere Club that they take over the ownership and operation. He and George Shwab and Logan Thomson agreed to donate their holdings provided the Belvedere Club could acquire a majority of the outstanding bonds and stock, and would assume liability of some loans made through banks in Nashville and Charlevoix.

Mr. Charles Roemler, President of the Belvedere Club at that time, appointed a committee of the following, who were to explore this possibility: Joseph



Belvedere Golf Club Great Lakes Open, 1934. The 4th green.

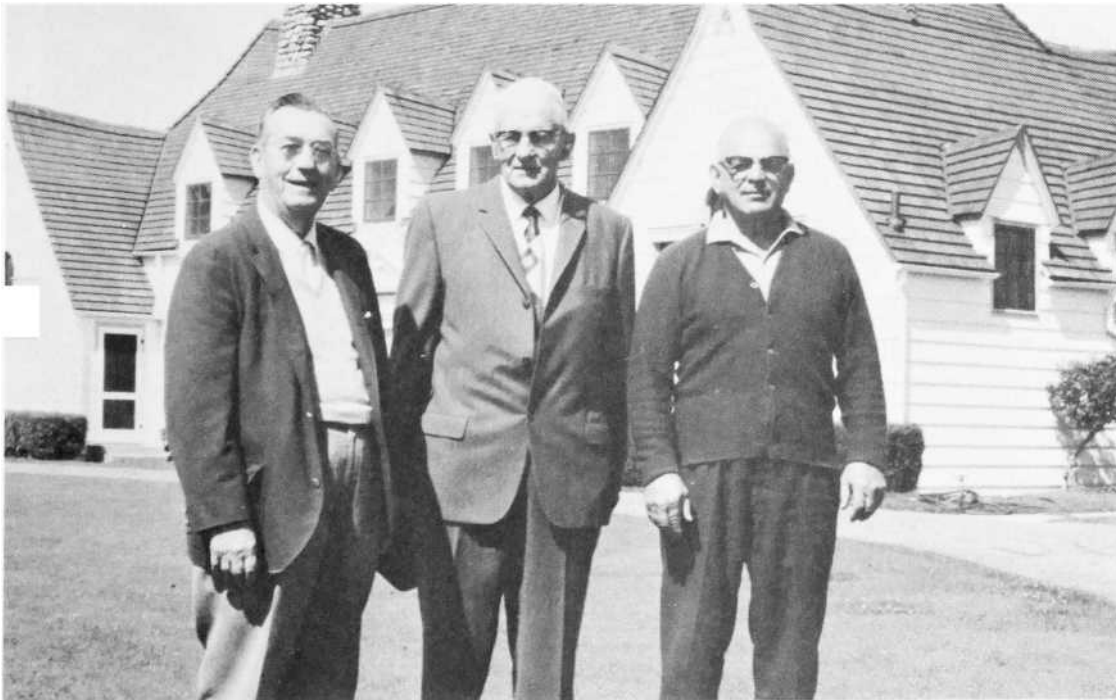


Great Lakes Open Tournament, Belvedere Golf Club, 1934. Walter Hagen on the left, Tommy Armour just off the green.



Art and Exie Mullen's Annual Monkey Tournament, 1961.

n



Left to right: Gordon Geilfus, Frank Supernaw and Ray Kipke, 1968.



Belvedere Golf Club, north view.

Hickey, Leland Bisbee, Charles B. Fox, Vernon Clark, C. W. McGuire and Gordon Geilfus.



Much credit must be given to this group for acquiring almost all of the outstanding bonds and stock. Howard McGregor acted as trustee for the bond holders. Much credit must also be given to Austin P. Leland, who, as secretary and treasurer, handled a good portion of the mechanics of this transition. It should be noted, too, that Leland Bisbee, unknown to many, bought up numerous bonds and turned them over to the Belvedere Club.

This portion of the work having been completed, it became necessary to clear up all of the outstanding notes at the banks and various other unpaid bills, including payrolls which had been allowed to lapse for a short period. Most of this work fell upon Mr. Joseph Hickey, who master-minded a completely new organization, and with the help of a \$3,000.00 loan from the Belvedere Club, the golf club was ready to operate on a very close, economical basis. Donations by club members to a special fund arrived just in time to pay all the taxes.

The Belvedere Golf Realty Company having been dissolved through foreclosure proceedings because of default of interest payments on the bonds, the new owners declared the old contract with the Belvedere Golf Club void. A new corporation to be known as the Belvedere Golf Club, Inc., was formed and papers duly filed with the Michigan Corporation and Securities Commission on August 15, 1941.

Charles O. Roemler as President of the Belvedere Club announced that the new board of directors of the Golf Club, Inc. for 1942 would be Joseph F. Hickey, C. W. McGuire, Charles B. Fox and Leland Bisbee, Mr. Hickey as President, Mr. Fox Vice-President, Mr. Gordon Geilfus replaced Austin P. Leland on the board as Secretary and treasurer.

With the outbreak of World War II, the Golf Club was faced with the serious decision of whether or not to close the course for the duration of the War. All resort trains were taken off and it was questionable if the Belvedere Hotel would open at all. Fortunately, it was decided to open the Hotel and the Chicago Club members, who were also concerned, came up with a plan to take out five memberships, plus regular dues, and six of their members made \$50.00 donations, not to include and Golf privileges. This, plus some commitments from regular guests of the Hotel made it possible to open the course for July and August. To the amazement of everyone, the operational loss for the year amounted to only **\$200**.

In August 1944, Mr. Hickey became President of the Belvedere Club and Chas. B. Fox succeeded him as President of the Golf Club, with C. W. McGuire



Mr. Joseph Hickey, 1944-48.



Mr. Edward (Ted) Orr, 1948-52.



Mr. Gordon Geilfus, 1952-68.



Mr. Woodbury Ransom, 1968.

vice-president and Gordon L. Geilfus as secretary and treasurer. It was voted to increase the directorship to seven members in 1946. Accordingly, the following were elected to serve. Chas. B. Fox, J. F. Hickey, L. S. Bisbee, Gordon Geilfus, Richard Moss, S. J. Pingree, and C. W. McGuire. Due to the illness of Leland Bisbee, D. D. Walker was elected to take his place. Daily greens fees were set at \$3.00. Guests at the Hotel and renters were permitted to play for a fee of \$2.50.

The year 1948 saw a number of changes in officers and directors. Edward Orr was elected president, S. R. Leatherman vice-president, and Gordon Geilfus secretary and treasurer. Chas. S. Fox replaced his father Chas. B. Fox as a director. A new tractor was purchased and Frank Supemaw was given a raise in salary. Ray Kipke who had been with the Club as caddie master since 1932, was re-employed with office responsibilities.

For the next four years, under the able and charming leadership of Mr. Orr, the Club steadily increased its income and became self-sustaining for the first time. Added to this, a group of members consisting of Jack Fraser, Joe Gradner, and Myron Hickey conceived the idea of running an annual Calcutta tournament. These tourneys drew many enthusiastic contestants and the donations were most welcome to the House Committee which proceeded to remodel and refurbish the entire Club House.

In August of 1952, Mr. Orr asked to be relieved of his office as President and his resignation was accepted with regret. Gordon Geilfus, then Vice-President, was elected to succeed him.

A strong and knowledgeable board of directors consisting of Edward Orr as vice-president, S. R. Leatherman secretary, Richard Moss, Samuel Pingree, D. D. Walker, Chas S. Fox and Gordon Geilfus was elected to serve. This was a determined group which insisted that nothing would be spared to make this golf course the best in the state, if not in the country. An elaborate program of fertilization and reconstruction was initiated and carried out in the following year. We were most fortunate in having the professional advice of Kenyon Payne, an outstanding turf and soil agronomist, who guided us in this venture.

With the return of the Michigan State Amateur Tournament year after year, Belvedere's reputation as an outstanding golf course was publicly recognized and golfers from all points were flocking to Charlevoix to play our course. Green fees were raised from \$3.50 to \$5.00, then to \$6.00, and finally to \$8.00 and still they came. Gross income zoomed from \$19,000.00 in 1953 to \$53,000.00 in 1967.

There were numerous changes in the Board of Directors from time to time-additions included Joe H. Gardner, L. S. Replogle, Woodbury Ransom, Mrs. Joe Gardner, Louise Walker and Carl Schumacher, all of whom contributed invaluable service. Mr. Gardner later on was elected Secretary and Treasurer and then Vice-President.

The improvements over this span of years, 1953 to 1968 are almost too many to record. Several of the important improvements were the construction of a practice range just west of the Club House in 1955, new pumps for the sprinkling system (more were installed in 1960) in addition to a well with an automatic auxilliary pump to insure sufficient water for the greens.

On September 25, 1961, Mr. L. S. Replogle secured the services of Raymond Didier, a golf architect from Chicago, to inspect and make whatever recommendations he felt would modernize the course. After tramping the grounds for a few days Mr. Didier recommended enlarging three

traps, removing 12 traps and erecting 15 large traps. These changes were approved by Mr. Walker, Mr. Pingree and Mr. Geilfus, and after obtaining the necessary equipment, work was started on September 27, 1961 and completed that Fall under the supervision of Mr. Walker.

In the year, 1964 the Greenkeeper's house was completely done over, inside and out, making it a very livable place. A new work shop was also built which enables the greenskeeper to condition all equipment during the winter months and thus save the Club many hundreds of dollars in outside repair bills.

By 1965 the popularity of golf carts had become so great that the need of a storage place for them was apparent. Therefore, a large quonset type building was erected below the parking lot.

The next project was the paving of the parking lot and the entrance way. A generous donation from M. A. Cudlip made this possible, one of his many contributions to the Club, even though he was not a golfer.

By the year 1967, the old sprinkling system had deteriorated to a point where it was imperative to replace it with a new and modern system. Installation of this was completed in the Spring of 1968.

Space does not permit me to give an account of all the fine tournaments that were held over the course of the years but one of the outstanding events was the Great Lakes Open in 1934 which attracted such notables as Walter Hagen, Tommy Armour and many others.

Our annual Mens and Womens Club championship tournaments were indeed, of the highest order, and much could be written about the participants in these fine events. It is noteworthy that two of our former champions, are presently on the board of the United States Golf Association, Mr. Hord Hardin, the President, and Eugene Pulliam, Treasurer.

I am very proud of the fact that I have been privileged to hold the office of President for the past sixteen years, and it is with great pleasure that I report that Woodbury Ransom who served so capably as a director and vice-president, has been elected to succeed me upon my resignation August 19th, 1968.

This brings to a close the story of the Belvedere Golf Club from its formation in August of 1925 to the summer of 1968.

In attempting to write a history of this wonderful club, I offer my apologies for omitting the names of many members who contributed much, but whose services were not recorded.

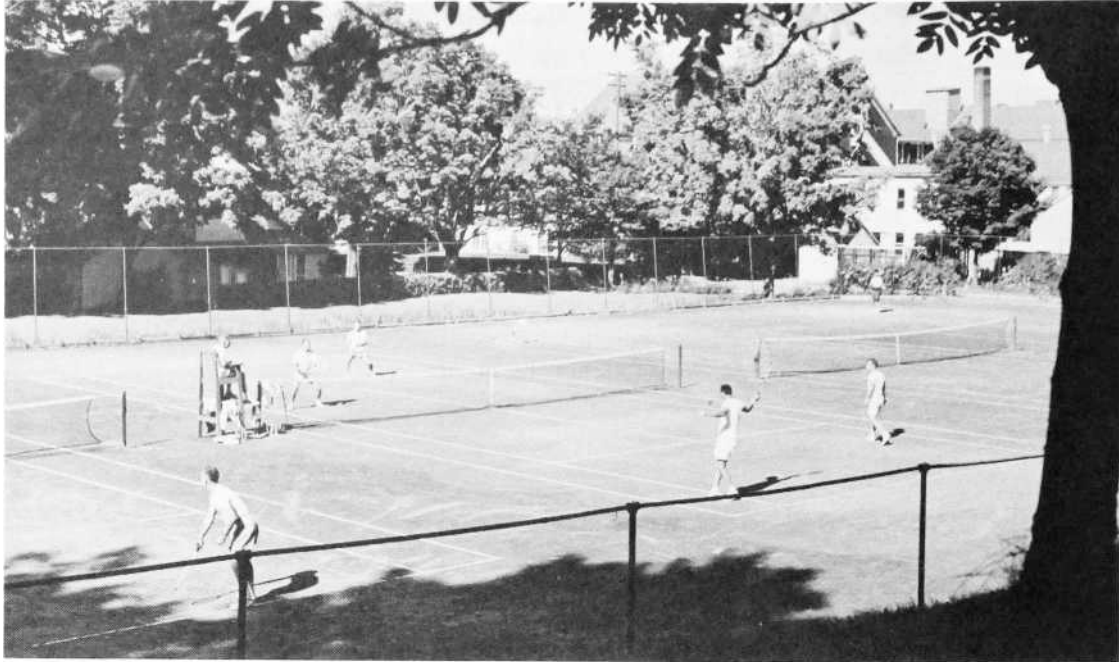
#### *TENNIS. .. DIDDYSCHADE*

Protected on the south by a high terrace and on the north by a high cedar hedge are the five beautiful tennis courts. Eastward lies "our lake", and in the southwest corner is Earl's "shack", where tennis clothes, rackets, and balls may be procured, and rackets restrung. The courts themselves are of a lovely, soft, green, all-weather surface, superbly maintained by the Club staff. Time was when they were clay, and unplayable for at least a day, and often two, after a heavy rain. The clay was replaced by a type of asphalt that dried quickly, but whose stickiness in hot weather was appalling, and whose color darkened both balls and tennis shoes after a few games.

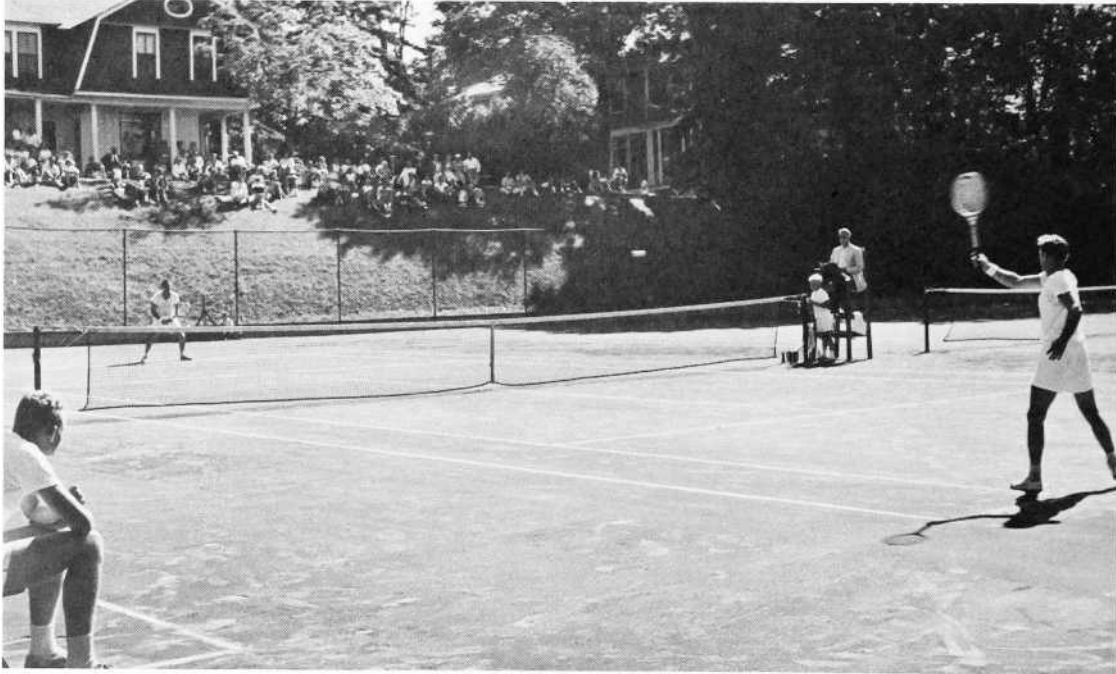
Tennis is the main morning activity of the resort for all ages of players and spectators. At ten o'clock the "love-forties" arrive, looking for doubles games, mixed or otherwise. The Connett girls, Peggy Disbrow and Nancy Tower, need only run down the hill from 101 at the first sign of

activity. The “old mothers” meet daily, and more and more resorters are taking up the game, including Dulie Ware, Rosemary Mueller, Joanie Meyer, and Jane Payne, who call themselves the “merry mild mothers”. D. D. Walker and Dick Moss have, in the last few years, retired from the courts, but Houston Witherspoon, Dick Shelton, D. H. Mudd and Bill Schade are still going strong.

A great family sport, tennis is often played by several generations of one family, and during the tournament one is likely to see mother-daughter, father-son combinations, or, which is rather harrowing, mothers playing against daughters in the finals while the poor father sits on the hill, wringing his hands, hardly knowing which side he’s on!



Belvedere Invitational Tournament. Belvedere Tennis Courts mid 1900's.



Spectators in front of the Shwab cottage watching the finals of an Invitational Tournament at the Belvedere courts.

We have had many fine pros over the years; “Proc” Wright, Ted Armstrong, Bill Helms, Max Brown, and now-and best of all-Earl Clark. Earl has a real understanding of the young players, and we expect many a fine player, in the next few years. He is also willing-and more than able-to fill in when a fourth is needed.

In the 1920’s there was a court back in the woods near Cissy Chamberlain’s (then the Currie) cottage. Here the gangs played, often with their steel rackets-which bore little resemblance to the ones that are so in vogue this year. Ours even had wire strings-and, while they had little else to commend them, they could be left out in the rain with impunity.

Among our tennis “greats” in the late 20s and early 30s were Betty and Dave Forker, Pete Leland, Charlie Fox, Houston Witherspoon, Irene Leatherman and her brother, Louis Morrow, Betty Shwab and Johnny Knight. By the mid-30s, the Talman boys, Bill and Jim, George McKay and Johnny Mithoefer, were winning many of the trophies, and Ann and Diddy Allen were doing the same, twice playing against each other in the finals.

I was not here for several years during the 40s but I do know that, about that time, Mil Kuhn and Bob Million were among the stars, as well as D. D. Walker, Dick Moss, and Harry Kramer. Age yielded to a new group—Annie Sherer (now Paddock), Talbot Leland (McCarthy), and Bobby Leatherman began to take first place, though many of the aforementioned were still being heard from—and still are! Amy Ware and Mil Kuhn won the Ladies Doubles this year (1968), and Amy and Bob Million the “older” mixed doubles.

Bob Leatherman is no longer here for long vacations and often misses the tournament (though his daughter Camille was a finalist this year, in the 12-and-under, against Sally Schade), but for many years he and Dick Bender, Bob McCallum and Curtis Schade all played tennis of a very high calibre.

Thus far, I have spoken only of Club members, but the Belvedere has also often been host to

many of the country's top amateurs, in the days of our invitation tournaments, and has also played several inter-resort matches against the Little Harbor Club and the Chicago Club. Irene Leland, Maggie Kuhn, Peter Flanigan, and several of the young have joined our ranks against the Chicago Club in recent years, and we have many great players, fourteen and younger, coming along now—many of whose mothers and fathers, and even grandmothers, are mentioned above.

I do hope that those outstanding stars whose names I have omitted will forgive me, but I did miss the years from 1940-48 and again from 1952-55. So a few lapses must be granted me.

We are all excited over the full courts and at the amazing number of tennis lessons being given. This wonderful game seems, country-wide, to be coming back into its own—and nowhere can one have more fun with congenial friends, in a lovelier setting, or on better courts than at the Belvedere Club, Charlevoix, Michigan.

#### **SAILING AND POWER BOATS**

Here in the bayou harbor,  
We watch new sails unfurl,

But where are the *old* ships anchored  
The *Sylph*-the *June GirP*.

Following World War II, George Shwab jr., Robert Ware jr. and John Ware, popularly known as Jack, began making plans for a *yacht club* at the Belvedere. It is not surprising that they would be the ones to interest themselves in such a project: The Ware boys had acquired a genuine love of sailing from their father, Robin Ware, and “Georgie”, as he was known to his intimates, had gained his affection for the seas from his early interest and his boyhood spent as sole crew member of the Tytus twin's mackinaw *Betty*.

Early in 1947 George Shwab began soliciting donations from Belvedere Club members for the purposes of acquiring a fleet. In 1948, as contributions filtered in, the newly organized yacht club was able to purchase four “Rockets”, a model manufactured by the A. R. True Boat Builders of Amesbury, Massachusetts. Four additional boats of the same make completed their fleet in 1949 at a total cost of \$6,400.00.

Soon the club was a member of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association and the North American Yacht Racing Union. The Belvedere Yacht Club, a club within a club as membership in the Belvedere or the Chicago Club was a prerequisite of Yacht Club membership. There were some twenty-six members from the Belvedere with such Chicago Club members as John Stuart, Dr. Beverly Compton, John P. Wilson jr., Elizabeth Tieken, Ellen Stuart Poole and Mary King to swell their numbers.

The Belvedere Yacht Club joined the Northern Michigan Yachting Association and took part in the weekly inter-club races with clubs from Harbor Point, Burt Lake, Crooked Lake and Walloon Lake. In this enterprise each club picked its two best skippers for the competition and the fleet of the host club was used for the event. Susie Schlemann (now Mrs. John Ring) worked hard to keep these local meets going but they finally died out for several reasons: One was that the host club didn't always approve of the way its guests handled its boats-with which they weren't too familiar. Another was the Beer Busts after the races when Commodores objected, saying there was too much tossing of beer cans and not enough rounding of buoys!

The first race members of the new club came close to disaster before it got under way: George Shwab followed the contestants in a small dinghy out to the starting point. All was in readiness (so he thought). The signal cannon was firmly mounted to the floor boards in the



dinghy's bow. But, as George reached down and pulled the hammer that would release the blank cartridge with the boom that would signal the start of the race, the cannon literally leapt from its moorings as the concussion blew the front end from the dinghy, ribs and pieces of floor board flying in a hundred directions. Jack Ware said later a camera record of George's face at that eventful moment would have been priceless to posterity.

George Shwab jr., tried to introduce to the Belvedere 17-square meter boats, built by McCutcheon Boat Works of Walloon Lake. This was the model used by the Walloon Club . . . John P. Wilson jr. of the Chicago Club and Earnest Loeb of Loeb Farms each purchased one of the units and were at first delighted with its performance. But the Wilson boat turned over and sank off the railroad bridge in Lake Charlevoix. We later learned that the air tanks were defective, but the sinking discouraged purchase of the boats for club use . . . Jack Ware later said that in his opinion the freeboard was not high enough for the bigger seas in Lake Charlevoix.

In 1951 George Shwab, who had been elected the first Commodore, (with Jack Ware as vice-commodore) found that health problems were beginning to interfere with his nautical duties. So he asked J. Houston Witherspoon to take over the responsibility of the club for the balance of the season. As Commodore Shwab's health failed to improve, the yacht club elected Commodore Witherspoon, pro-tem, to fill the office on a more permanent basis. It was a wise selection as he was an able sailor and he usually spent a longer season on the resort than many other members. In this year of our Lord, 1967, J. Houston Witherspoon is still serving.

Commodore Shwab had set up two classes for racing—juniors and seniors ... In 1952 Commodore Witherspoon added a third class: The sailing club is now divided into the “gang” group of sub-teens, the Varsity, made up of teen-agers, and the Seniors.

In the beginning two fine trophies had been donated: John D. Ware had contributed one and Gordon Ware had presented another in memory of his father, Walter. After the formation of the third class, Gordon asked that his trophy be used as an award in the “Gang” group, while Jack (John) chose the Varsity Teens.

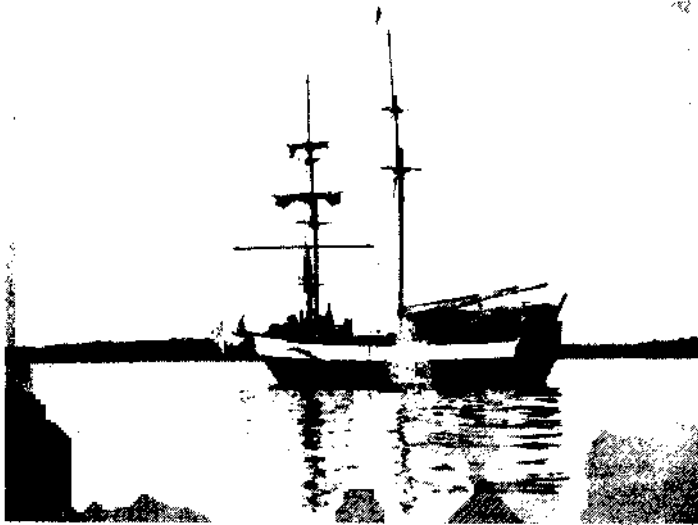
J. Houston Witherspoon donated a new trophy for the seniors, which he proceeded to win so many times that, to save embarrassment, he re-donated the trophy.

Commodore Witherspoon won again in 1955 and 1956 and by now other aspirants, whose vacation time was too short to get their “sea-legs”, were becoming discouraged and dropping out of competition. To keep the seniors interested in sailing, Commodore Witherspoon eliminated himself from further competition. It was a gracious gesture and fortunately saved the senior group from extinction. The Witherspools are all excellent sailors and they have the honor of having kept the name on the trophy 13 times in 15 years. Robert Shrock, son of Dr. Robert Shrock and himself now a doctor, broke their luck in 1962, and Dwight Perkins of cottage 141, won in 1965.

Since establishment of the three classes the club has worked on an overall point system for each class, awarding 4Vi points to first place winners, 3 points for second place, 2 points for third place, 1 point for fourth, and no points after fourth. The sum total of all earned points in each season is divided by the number of starts the skipper has made to determine individual season's average. To qualify for this average, skippers must sail a proportionate number of the season's races run.

In the fall of 1962 the club obtained a buyer for four of their "Rockets", which were fast becoming a maintenance problem. This seemed to be an opportune time to replace the entire fleet with more modern units. The boat committee composed of the Commodore and William Witherspoon and Larry Perkins explored the market and finally decided to purchase a fibre-glass, 16-foot craft with aluminum mast and boom, roller reefing and carrying a spinnaker. The model, called *Hawk* is made by the Pearson Corporation of Bristol, Rhode Island. The committee felt the choice wise because future maintenance costs would be minimized. Sailing, like essential commodities, had risen considerably in price. In less than two decades the cost of sailing craft had more than doubled, so that the

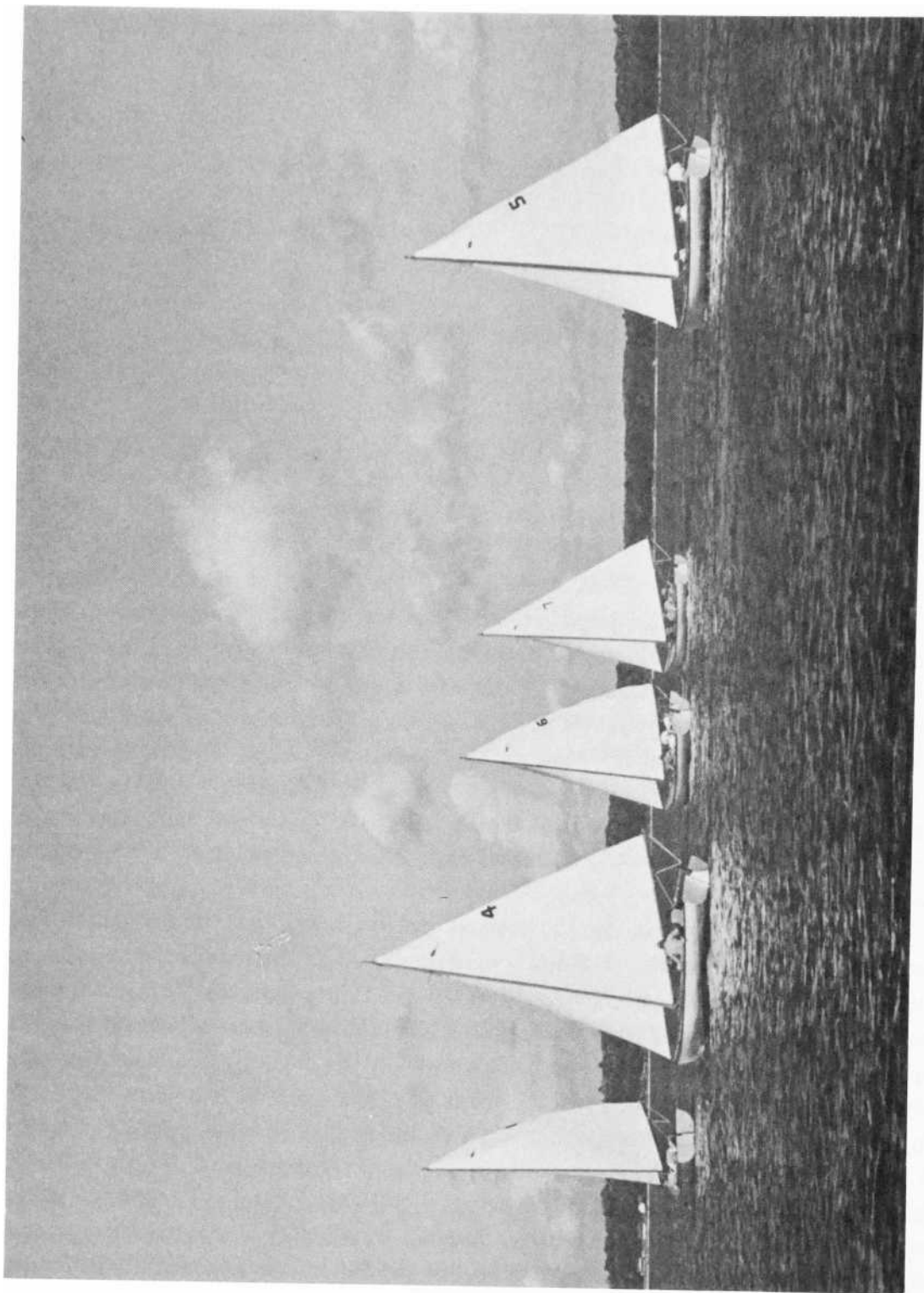
Allie Moore's boat  
*The Golden Rule*  
1915-1925.



fleet which had cost \$6,400.00 in 1947 would now cost a minimum of \$13,000.00. The committee, however, realized that this additional cost would be amortized with the elimination of repairs for many years.

Commodore Witherspoon believed the new fleet necessary to insure continued interest in sailing within the resort colony and he worked diligently to finance the replacements. Six Belvedere members donated new units: R. R. Ware's donation is named *Skipper*, L. I. Replogle's *Arion*, Wm. Witherspoon's *Iff* Woodbury Ransom's *Pick Pocket*, L. B. Perkins *Horus*, and Commodore Witherspoon's *Bali*. The remaining two boats were purchased with numerous smaller donations and so remain nameless.

Sailing at Belvedere among the seniors has been enjoyed by both men and women. In 1962 a group of some twenty young mothers asked Commodore Witherspoon to form a new class for their benefit. The young mothers had a great time sailing, three or four to a boat, with each taking her turn at the pleasure of skippering. Commodore Witherspoon ran herd on the cluster of Rockets, barking instructions such as "trim your jib!" "trim your mainsail!" "sail a little higher!" "lay off a bit!" through a megaphone which he carried for that purpose. To this day, Christiana Ransom, Midge Perkins, Margaret Witherspoon, Diddy Schade, Dotty Mudd, Ann Flanigan, Nancy Tower, Flo O'Brien, Jeanne Paradis, Dorothy Steube, Nancy Hermann, Julie Sherer, Virginia Million, Elise Houston, Peggy and Jessie Disbrow, Amy Ware, Bunny Roe Smith, Rosie Lenihan and Jane Payne



The Rocket Fleet of the Belvedere Yacht Club, in the 1950's.

agree it was their most outstanding summer for fun at the Belvedere. But Diddy Schade said she couldn't do it again: too hard to remember which way the wind is blowing when thinking about what to give the children for lunch! So household duties canceled out the sailing.

The future of sailing is, of course, uncertain but the Belvedere Yacht Club is hopeful that the

modern craze for high-powered motor boats with motor racing and water skiing will never completely dampen the ardor of devotees of the older water sport-sailing.

Sailing today needs the dedication and enthusiasm of such old timers as Robin and Walter Ware and present day supporters such as the Shrocks, Perkins, and Witherspoons. There is a mysterious allure in sailing for all who will take the trouble to learn the science. A favorable wind ... a blue sky adorned in billowy white .. rippling seas .. blissful quiet... a steady hand on the tiller, and the skipper is transported to a special world akin to that of those hardy souls who sailed before the mast and Viking adventurers of old. Master of the world and destiny itself!  
\* \* \* \*

Wherever blue water spreads its expanse against a distant horizon it beckons the mariner with an irresistible enticement. Charlevoix's three lakes have always been a powerful attraction for both fishermen and sailors.

Utility rowboats of the pre-1900s were soon supplemented by sailing craft at the little summer resort east of the village. Oscar Allen's *Teaser* and Elisha Ware's *Sylph* were two of the first to grace the still waters of the Belvedere Bayou, but they were soon followed by the D'Ooge's *Argo*, Bastion Guests', later James Disette's *Lady Ann*, Jack Ward's *Piff Paff*, Don Osborn's *Edith*, Gardner brother's *Squaw*, as well as the *Blue Mackinaw* and *June Girl* owned by Charles O. Roemler of Indianapolis, and the *White Cap* owned by Louis Stanley of Detroit.

Needless to say, an imposing fleet of sails such as these privately owned brought about a rivalry and soon racing was even more popular than sailing for pure relaxation.

Roy Ranger began building a 38-foot double-ender, two-masted ketch which he called his "mackinaw" model, and these became popular at once as parents considered them safe for their children due to their "heavy weather" design. The Mackinaws spurred racing to further heights, as in those early days anyone could join whether or not they were members of the Belvedere Club. The course ran from a buoy a mile off the railroad bridge in Lake Charlevoix to a mile off the



“The Gang” getting ready for a sail, 1961.



Joe Gardner, and his “Belvedere Belles”, early 1950’s.

Back row: Betty Cudlip,

Anne Sherer, Jean Pingree, Elise Houston, Enid Carney, Flo Gardner. Front row: Helen Fox Katie McCauley, Joe and Joanne Gardner and Joe’s niece.

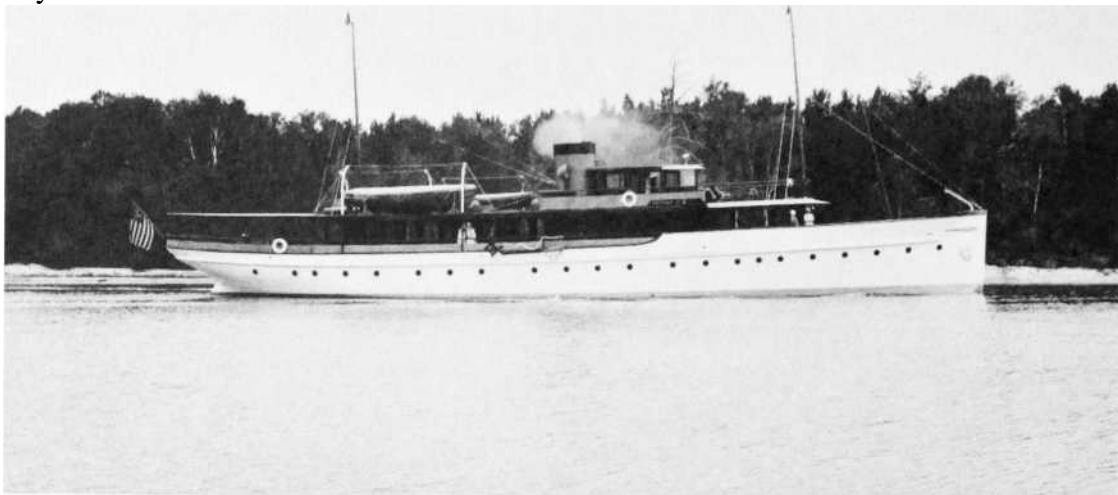
pier light and around the south point Lake Michigan buoy. The Pine River channel looked something like an angry ant hill when a dozen or more sail boats manoeuvred for space and speed in the narrow waterway.

Among those in the summer resort colony there was a multitude of tricks to beat the game. Some improved the fine art of night-time treachery by up-ending their own entry and greasing its bottom for speed, and later working a thin copper wire through a competing boat's floor boards with a bucket or old boot tied to the anchor end thereby slowing the pace of some boastful rival in the morrow's race.

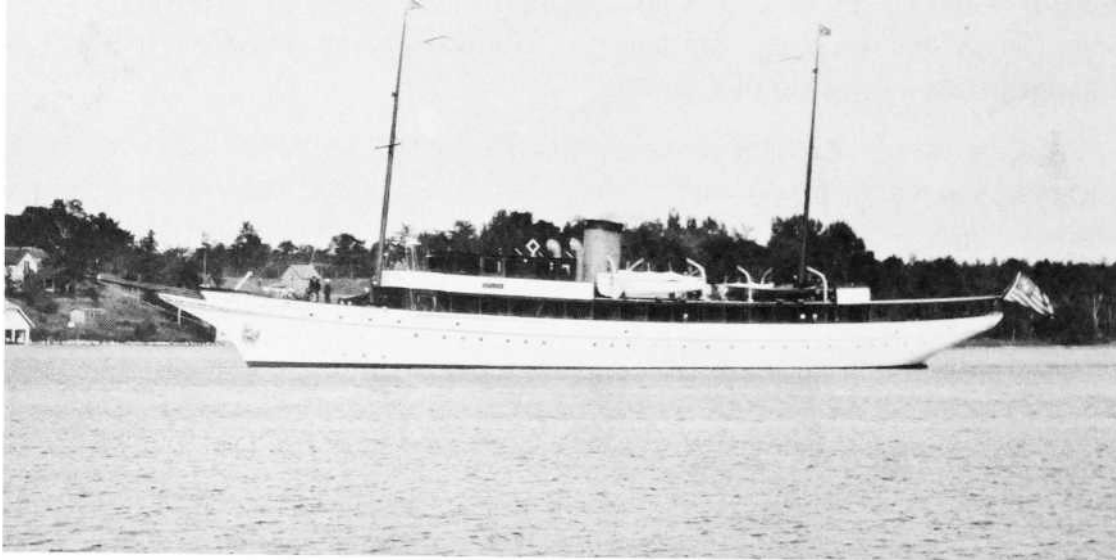
In the early days of the resort, Elisha Ware taught his own sons as well as many of the resort boys at both Chicago Club and Belvedere the exacting art of sailing. His sail boat, *Sylph*, was considered so safe that even timid ladies consented to sail with the Wares: the *Sylph* was constructed with a high freeboard, and the boat would right itself even in a gale. Later the *Sylph* was replaced by a series of *Frolics* by Ralph and Walter Ware. But Elisha, with some assistance from an old "salt" by the name of Scottie McKay (who later gave instruction to the youngest of the boys, Robin) taught his sons well, for Walter, till his death in 1953, was considered the best sailor on the Belvedere even though he was handicapped by the loss of one arm.

Oscar Allen of the "Blue Bell" cottage bequeathed his love of the sea to his sons, Dee and Glenn, as well as his daughter, Fanny Allen Hollingsworth, whose sons Gerald and Emmett, continue the family tradition whenever they get to Charlevoix for a fortnight or a summer.

A local character by the name of Allie Moore was the first paid instructor of the small fry within the summer colony. Allie was a gruff, earthy man of the sea and also a world champion roller-skater who represented the Chicago Roller Skate Company of Chicago for many years. But Allie's greatest love was undoubtedly his sails, as otherwise he could never have mustered the patience to teach a squad of spirited youngsters the science of the sport. Allie finally became the proud possessor of his own ship. He built it himself, a 60-foot square-rigged schooner, down in the Detroit River and sailed it to Charlevoix. Named the *Golden Rule* it was a mark of distinction among the summer lads and lasses to be invited to sail with their hero, Allie Moore, and the fish-line bracelets which he wove for his student admirers were highly prized. In reality no embryo sea-dog had achieved status among his fellows until he had received the coveted award. The boys sailed



R. E. Olds's *Reomar*.



Logan Thomson's *Sylvia*.

daily and this was actually the beginning of the youth “gangs”. The girls were allowed on the *Golden Rule* once a season, but when petite Evelyn Ware missed her chance due to illness, Allie permitted her to sail one day with the boys.

But, as Allie's young tars grew up, Allie grew older and older and the *Golden Rule* finally ended her days as a nostalgic reminder of a golden era, in Earl Young's lagoon at Boulder Park. Here, she too, finally bowed to storm and sun and gave up her ghost to Lake Michigan's fury.

Allie Moore was followed some years later by Captain Fred Arlen who served in 1948-49 and 50 with the Belvedere Yacht Club. Captain Arlen had been skippering Chicago Club's John P. Wilson's boats for many years; and his untimely death brought to a halt sailing instruction on the resorts, as no one could be found to take his place.

The first power boat at the Belvedere bayou was undoubtedly one of the first *Frolics* owned by the Ware family. A “mackinaw” with full sail, jib, jenny (Genoa) and mainsail, the boat had an auxiliary engine installed to facilitate handling in calm weather. However, this early day engine was something of a nuisance to true men of sails such as the Ware boys; the carburetor had to be removed and cleaned at about two-hour intervals to keep the motor operating.

By 1922 motor boating became a prominent part of the Belvedere scene. That was the year Logan and Sylvia Thomson arrived with a 40-foot speed boat the *Mary Lee* and purchased the cottage which they owned for many years at 411 Belvedere. The *Mary Lee* was followed by the *Champico* and then the first of the famous *Sylvias*, *Sylvia I*. Later there was the *Sylvia II*—a beautiful yacht later sold to R. E. Olds and renamed the *Mettamar*. Then came the *Sylvia III*, the last and grandest to grace Charlevoix harbor. 198 feet at the water line, 207 feet from stem to bowsprit, she was a ship of beauty with her gleaming white hull, glossy decks and shining brass accoutrements. Her owner, Logan Thomson was justly proud. The *Sylvia III* was a status symbol

*par excellence* and her glory, as she rode at anchor in the harbor, was shared even by the townfolk. There is little doubt there was anything on the north country lakes to compare with the last *Sylvia*.

Mr. Thomson graciously shared his *Sylvia* with his friends and many were the gay parties aboardship. Often twenty or more guests set out with their hosts for a deluxe picnic on some distant island in the Great Lakes where the main course was usually fresh caught white fish or trout so plentiful before the predatory lamprey eels made their way up from the ocean through the St. Lawrence. The fish were planked over an open fire by skipper Roy Ranger while the 28-man crew waited on the guest's pleasure. At day's end the guests stretched out on the aft deck to watch the stars in the evening sky as the sleek *Sylvia* skimmed along, engines purring in mechanical rhythm.

Boating enthusiasts of the "roaring twenties" dressed more formally than do today's sailors: The women wore crepe-de-chine dresses in pastel shades, often accompanied by a matching cloche and high-heeled pumps. The men were usually resplendent in well-pressed white flannel trousers, blue jackets trimmed with brass nautical buttons, and dark visored yachting caps.

Altogether the last *Sylvia* presented a picture of fun and luxury unequalled in Charlevoix harbor before World War II took her off to a serious tour of duty with the United States Navy . . . She never returned.

Today, the 52-foot *Gele-B* (named for the Bisbee offspring George and Leland and owned by Mrs. H. V. Collins, (the former Irene Bisbee) is the seventh in a long line of *Gele-Bs* begun in 1933 by Leland Bisbee for his children. It is now the largest yacht at the Belvedere bayou.

There have been many yachts of renown among the Belvedere set: Johnnie Knight's *Pennies From Heaven* purchased with his final windfall inheritance; the *Reomar III* and *Reomar IV* and finally the *Mettamar*, all owned by R. E. Olds. To Mr. Olds went honors for old-fashioned hospitality-nothing stronger than ginger ale was ever served aboard his boats and he kept on hand an assortment of out-moded swimming suits which he often offered to guests with a yen for swimming off his gleaming decks. His granddaughter, Bunny Roe Smith, affirms that the bulky ill-fitting swim suits stopped swimming enthusiasm cold aboard the *Reomars* and the *Mettamar*.

The *JanMar* is the joy of the Herschedes, Mark, wife Jane Thomson Herschede and children, Sylvia, Larry, Sharon and Mark jr. who look forward to summers at Belvedere and cruising the lakes. The Herschedes have been coming to Belvedere every summer since honeymoon days in 1944 when they saved up gas rationing stamps to get to their charming cottage overlooking Charlevoix harbor.

Much has happened to enhance the joy of boating since the day of Grandma Holden's rowboat and the Hollingsworth's canoe. Today, fast and powerful motors send the *Eurydice* owned by Chip (Charles) Ransom and the *Miss Dee* owned by Terry Shwab skimming over the waves at unbelievable speeds. But it is hoped that the power boats will never completely erase love for the older water sport, SAILING.

Bernice Miller Wexstaff  
CABANAS . . . MISS ELIZABETH CLARK

I think it was in 1935 that the first Cabanas were built for Adele Olin Rand. Soon other members built theirs. They were a great success from the beginning, were used constantly, and

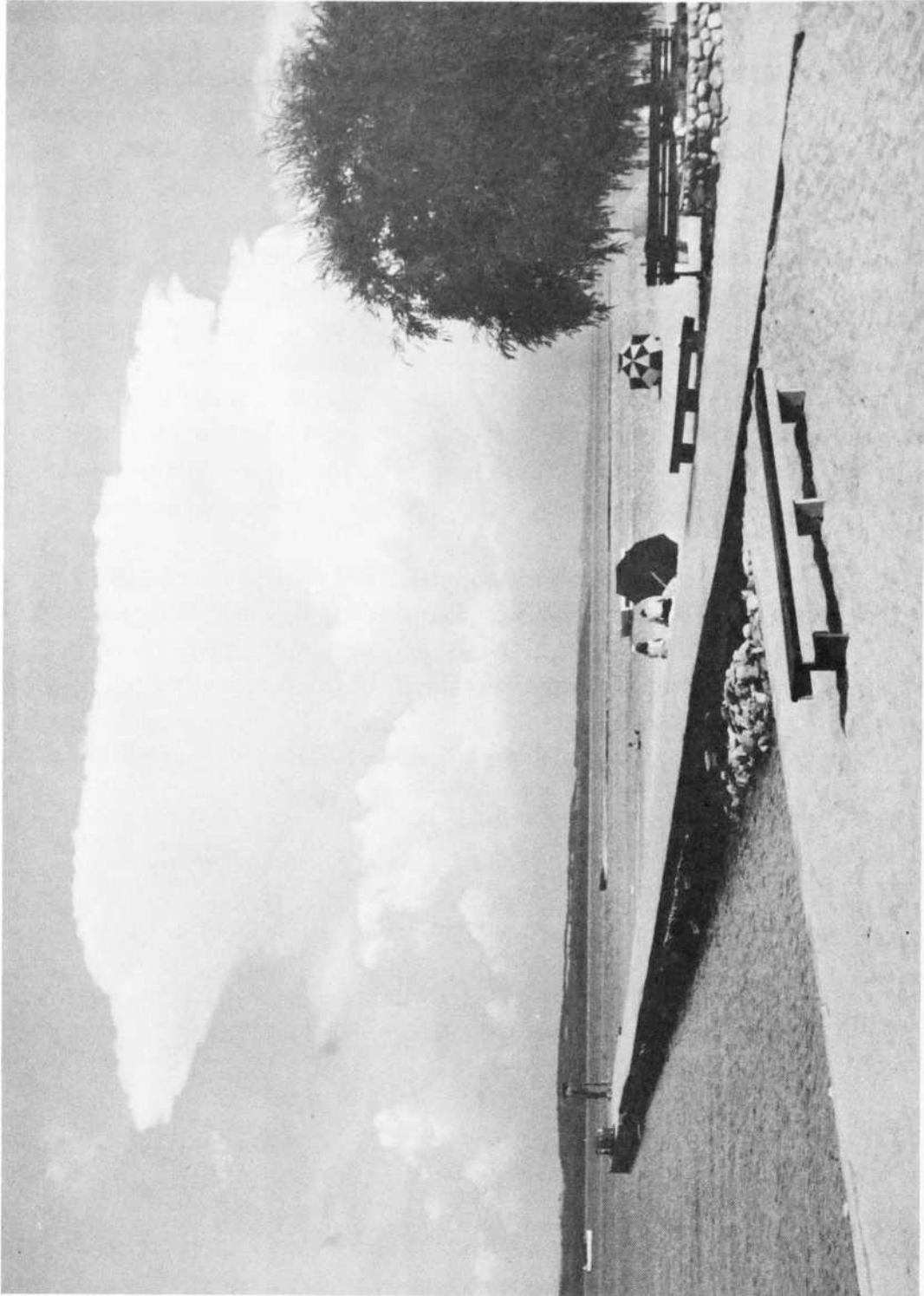


were very much more elaborate than those of today. The mood was gay and free. There were buffet luncheon parties at least once a week and the larger hotel cabana was where the buffets were all arranged. Then we lined up and took our plate to the various parties in the cabanas. "Speck", the Hotel chef, outdid himself preparing delicious dishes for the occasion, and everything always looked tempting and pretty. One day about sixteen of us received a secret telephone call from one of our most attractive new members to meet him on the beach for luncheon and we all accepted instantly thinking of course we were to be alone with him and we arrived at the appointed hour arrayed in our best, and there he stood laughing with sixteen girls on his hands. Needless to say, our delighted host was Joe Gardner and we all had a world of fun.

I personally enjoyed the late cocktail parties down there just as the sun had turned the sky a beautiful soft pink and the lake was still. All the noisy children and nurses had left the beach, so it was quiet, peaceful, and beautiful and we could all relax at the cocktail hour and enjoy the heavenly view and the cocktails without any confusion until time to dress for dinner. I think we have all missed those gatherings a great deal and perhaps one of these days they can be revived.



Belvedere beach cabanas.



Belvedere pier and beach.

## **CHAPTER 6**

*THE HOSPITAL ... ALTHEA HICKEY SCHUMACHER*

The Belvedere Club has made an annual donation of \$2000 to the Charlevoix Hospital for years. Mrs. Stewart, the grandmother of Stewart Retherford and the late Maijorie Rowe, used to

be in charge of the Belvedere Club soliciting and she was on the board of the Hospital. At our annual meeting there was always a detailed report and sometimes the administrator of the Hospital spoke, telling of the latest equipment the board had purchased and what was still needed.

Mrs. Williams, whose cottage at the Belvedere Club is now for sale after her death, was the next chairman and did a wonderful job, following beautifully in Mrs. Stewart's foot steps.

I became co-chairman and eventually chairman some years back. I was not as energetic as my predecessors and felt that a notice in the weekly bulletin should be enough of an inducement to get people to give to the Hospital. We were very lucky to have such a good one and we should all support it.

Mrs. Rowe was a natural to be chairman since Mrs. Stewart was her grandmother and she had grown up respecting the Hospital. I was her co-chairman and took over again when she wasn't well.

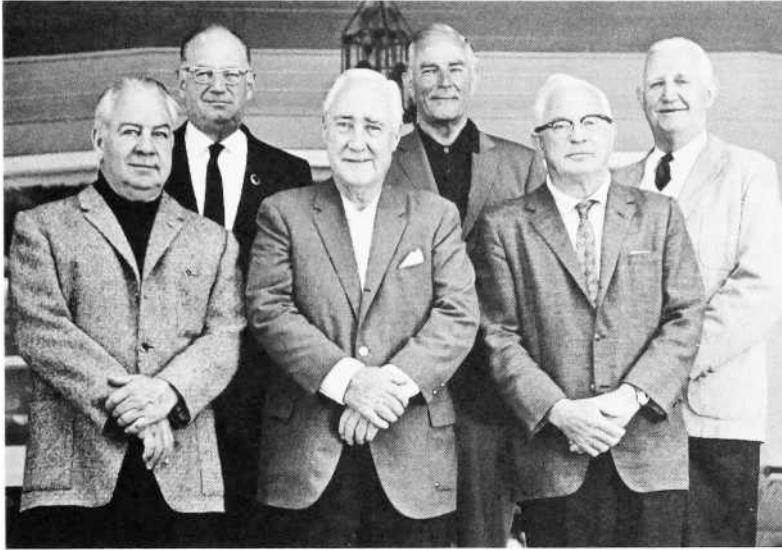
Mrs. Cudlip became chairman two years ago and is carrying on in the Belvedere tradition.

## CHAPTER 7

### THE PRESIDENTS

Baptist Resort .....	1877
Charlevoix Summer Resort.....	1878
Charlevoix Summer Home Association.....	1892
Belvedere Club.....	1923
H. W. Page .....	1878
?	
Peyton Ranney .....	1883
?	
J. L. Sebring.....	1886
K. Brooks .....	1887
G. E. Stockbridge.....	1888
S. A. Gibson.....	1890
D. B. Merrill.....	1891
S. Brooks.....	1892
D. B. Merrill.....	1892
S. A. Gibson.....	1894
F. D. Haskell .....	1899
J. W. Osborn .....	1900
J. C. Birge .....	1910
J. I. Disette.....	1915
G. W. Webb .....	1922
R. V. Clark .....	1927
J. B. Balch .....	1932
C. O. Roemler .....	1939
J. F. Hickey .....	1943
L. I. Replogle.....	1947

W. Ransom.....	1949
D. D. Walker.....	1951
J. C. Bagby.....	1953
R. D. Schrock.....	1953



Past presidents' committee:  
 Back row: Woodbury Ransom, P. D. Houston Jr., Joe Hume Gardner Front row: D. D. Walker, S. R. Leatherman and L. I. Replogle.

Joe H. Gardner .....	1955
D. D. Walker .....	1957
Edward C. Orr .....	1958
K. Myron Hickey .....	1959
D. D. Walker .....	1960
L. I. Replogle .....	1961
P. D. Houston, Jr.....	1962-64
S. R. Leatherman, Sr.....	1965
D. D. Walker .....	1966
D. D. Walker .....	1967
Robert McCallum.....	1968

25 acres-\$625.00 Stockman 1878 Contributions by Charlevoix Citizens Charlevoix Improvement Association 25 Acres More May 1880 25 Acres More Oct. 1880 1883-51 cottages, 131 Members

550 Shares of Common Stock, 211 Shares of Preferred Stock 7% Last strip of ground from Stockman, 1909

Dining hall built 1879 First Hotel, \$6,000.00 1887

\$2.00-\$2.50 per day Room & Board \$6.00 per week for just meals Enlarged, 1892 Enlarged, 1894 Enlarged, 1898 Big Addition Enlarged, 1902 West Hall Enlarged, 1905 Enlarged, 1922 Solarium

1st. Incorporation 1878, No time limitation 1st. Lot rentals \$2.00 per year 1887—\$10.00 1892-Trustees must be from Michigan, 2/3 from Kalamazoo

First cottages built 1879 F. W. Wilcox—No. 109 J. L. Sebring—No. 111 H. W. Page-No. 113 S.

A. Gibson—No. 117 Dr. Samuel Brooks—No. 203 Dr. Fisk—No. 101 upper terrace

*No. 1*

Owned by Henry Bishop prior to 1892 Transferred to Henry L. Bishop in 1905 Transferred to Leonard Matthews, Jr. in 1919 Transferred to Elvira H. Matthews in 1932 Transferred to Leonard Matthews in 1937 Transferred to Elvira H. Matthews in 1945-death Transferred to William Witherspoon in 1952

*No. 3*

Owned by Sarah E. Putnam prior to 1892 Transferred to Mrs. Alies P. Kimball in 1909 Transferred to R. Vernon Clark in 1918 Tranferred to Elizabeth Clark in 1957

*No. 5*

Owned by George E. Bardeen prior to 1892 Transferred to W. N. Bemis in 1909 Transferred to Elizabeth R. Bemis in 1939 Sold to Frederick D. and Elizabeth B. Avery in 195 Transferred to Frederick D. Avery only in 1960 Sold to Joan R. Taylor in 1961

*No. 6*

Owned by George E. Bardeen prior to 1892 Transferred to W. N. Bemis in 1909 Transferred to W. B. Stewart in 1919 Transferred to Jessie M. Stewart in 1929 Transferred to Jane S. Retherford in 1955 Transferred to Carlos Reese in 1968

*No. 7*

Owned by Kalamazoo College prior to 1901 Transferred to W. O. Davis on August 12, 1901 Transferred to daughter Jessie Davis Merwin in 1911 Sold to Fred A. Leland in 1924 Transferred to Henrietta M. Leland in 1940 Transferred to Austin P. Leland on August 14, 1945

*No. 9*

Owned by Malinda Woodbury prior to 1892 Transferred to Mrs. Emma W. Ransom in 1902 Sold to Ruth W. Crouse in 1924 Sold to Charles B. Fox in 1928 Transferred to Helen D. Fox in 1954 Sold to Norman E. Heitner in 1964

*No. 11*

Owned by Lydia J. Heaton in 1892 Transferred to Marie L. Heaton in 1928 Transferred to Eppa H. Heaton in 1945

*No. 13*

Owned by Wm H. Aldrich prior to 1892 Transferred to Mrs. W. H. Aldrich in 1909 Transferred to Marian Aldrich Allison in 1924 Transferred to Charles R. Holden in 1934 Sold to Helen A. Greene in 1937 Sold to Charles S. Fox in Dec. of 1946

*No. 15*

Owned by Mary D. Wood prior to 1892 Transferred to Alvinus B. Wood in 1904 Transferred to James B. Balch in 1905 Sold to Leo Desmet Carton in 1943 Sold to Glennon McDonald in 1951

*No. 19*

Owned by W. H. Holden prior to 1892 Transferred to J. P. Tirrill in 1908 Transferred to Mrs. C. H. Haberkorn in 1916 Sold to Adele L. Olin (Rand) in 1924 Sold to J. Earle Martin in 1941 Transferred to Helen R. Martin in 1941 Transferred to Mariette M. Knight in 1949 Sold to P. D. Houston in 1956

*No. 21*

Owned by Frances W. Holden prior to 1892 Transferred to daughter, Frances L. Forsyth in 1901 Transferred to Carolyn F. Tramel in 1917 Sold to Joe H. Gardner in 1950

*No. 23*

Owned by Emerson W. Price prior to 1903 Transferred to Julius C. Birge in 1903 Transferred to Mary P. Birge in 1924 Sold to W. H. McGregor in 1931 Sold to Alice W. McGregor in 1936 Sold to Adele Eberts in 1951 Sold to Jerome W. Eberts in 1951

*No. 25*

Owned by B. L. D'Ooge prior to 1892  $N^{1/4}$  of 102 sold to J. C. Birge in 1904  $NV_2$  of 102 transferred to Mary P. Birge in 1924  $101—SV_1$  of 102 transferred to W. E. Hitchcock in 1929  $NV_2$  of 102 Transferred to W. H. McGregor in 1931  $101—S/4$  of 102 sold to M. Estella Hitchcock in 1932  $101—SV_2$  of 102 sold to Dorothy E. Williams in 1945  $NV_2$  of 102 transferred to Alice McGregor in 1936  $N1/2$  of 102 transferred to Adele Eberts in 1951  $NV_2$  of 102 transferred to Jerome W. Eberts in 1951

*No. 27*

Owned by George D. Gillespie prior to 1892 Transferred to A. C. McLaughlin on Sept. 12, 1911 Transferred to Esther M. Donahue in 1946 Sold to Mrs. Josephine Connett, III in 1967

*No. 29*

Owned by Sarah L. Beeson prior to 1892 Transferred to F. B. York in 1907 Transferred to

Marguerite York Coale in 1935 Sold to J. Walter McDonnell in 1953

*No. 31*

Leased by Association to Ida Pease in 1894 Transferred to George H. Plant in 1909 Sold to Elizabeth Pingree in 1925

Sold to Samuel J. Pingree and Grace Pingree Lortz in 1944 Sold to Samuel J. Pingree in 1946

*No. 33*

Leased by Association to J. W. Fifer in 1901 Transferred to Florence F. Bohrer in 1924 Sold to John B. Tytus in 1927 Transferred to Marjorie Tytus in 1948

*No. 35*

Leased by Association to C. Gardener in 1901 Transferred to Harry S. Kitzelman in 1913 Sold to Homer D. Jones in 1924 Transferred to Marion J. Hales in 1953

*No. 37*

Leased by Association to Mrs. Florence Snow in 1901 Transferred to Mrs. H. O. Davis prior to 1904 Transferred to F. W. Rockwell in 1908 Transferred to Mary R. Rockwell in 1909

Transferred to Emory S. Rockwell in 1940 Sold to L. I. Replogle in 1943

*No. 39*

Leased by Association to Miss E. B. Rupert in 1901

Transferred to W. G. Cole in 1905

Transferred to Emily Cole prior to 1915

Transferred to Ellinor R. Berry in 1920

Sold to George R. Collett in 1925

Sold to Ransom E. Olds in 1943

Transferred to Metta U. Olds in 1944

Sold to Christiana L. Ransom in 1955

*No. 41*

Leased by Association to E. R. Eakin in 1907 Transferred to J. W. Ferguson in 1920 Sold to Clarence S. Roe in 1945 Transferred to Mrs. Clarence S. Roe in 1962

*No. 43*

Leased by Association to Daniel Putnam in 1901 Transferred to Mary B. Putnam prior to 1915

Sold to Florence Y. Allen in 1923 Sold to Ann and John Flanigan in 1953 Sold to Mr. and Mrs.

Eugene C. Tower in 1964

*No. 45*

Leased by Association to Virginia H. Bailey in 1909

Transferred to Henrietta B. Coke in 1912

Sold to Joseph Muckerman in 1932

Sold to Catherine Severens in 1939

Sold to Chauncey S. Boucher in 1952

Transferred to Jane B. Payne in 1956

*No. 47*

Leased by Association to Mrs. Augusta Dickel prior to 1914 Transferred to Mrs. M. M.

Rosenbaum in 1914 Transferred to Samuel Plant in 1923 Sold to John C. Bagby in 1933 (lot only)



John Bagby death in 1953 Transferred to Maijorie M. Bagby in 1954 Sold to Mrs. George A. Kuhn, Jr. in 1960

*No. 49*

Leased by Association to A. G. Danforth in 1902 Transferred to Chas. S. Bailey in 1911 Transferred to Eva L. Gilbert in 1916 Transferred to Robert H. and Mary Flint in 1956 Sold to Mrs. John P. Flanigan in 1964

*No. 101*

Owned by Mrs. Hannah Allen prior to 1892 Transferred to Sarah P. Tyler in 1892 Transferred to Martha P. Fiske in 1901 Transferred to Mary M. Hall in 1910 Sold to August Schlafly in 1922 Transferred to Helen Schlafly in 1932 Transferred to Jessie S. Connett in 1964

*No. 105*

Acquired from Association by Mrs. Sarah W. Cummins in 1901 Sold to Jane Schlafly in 1923 Sold to Jessie S. Connett in 1927 Sold to Mrs. George A. Shwab in 1939

*No. 107*

Owned by Mrs. Charity P. Potter prior to 1892 Transferred to Mary P. Knight in 1913 Transferred to George A. Shwab in 1919 Transferred to Mrs. George A. Shwab in 1933

*No. 109*

Owned by F. W. Willcox in 1892 Acquired from Willcox by C. A. Peck in 1904 Transferred to Dorothy Peck Clark in 1925 Sold to J. F. O'Neil in 1926 Transferred to Jessie B. O'Neil in 1927 Transferred to Ellen Doris O'Neil in 1936 Transferred to Doris O'Neil Geilfus in 1938

*No. 111*

Owned by Sebring prior to 1892 Sold to Mary F. Stevens in 1924

*No. 113*

Owned by Edward Woodbury prior to 1892 Transferred to Mary L. Woodbury in 1914 Transferred to Katherine W. Atland in 1940 Transferred to Mary F. Stevens in 1941

*No. 115*

Owned by Cynthia M. Brooks in 1892 Transferred to J. W. Osborn in 1893 Transferred to Myra E. Osborn in 1941 Transferred to Jacqueline E. Fraser in 1957 Transferred to Jacqueline E. McCawley in 1962 Transferred to Jacqueline E. Fraser in 1964

*No. 117*

Transferred to F. M. Hodge in 1900 (supposedly owned formerly by S. A. Gibson)

Transferred to Edith G. Hodge prior to 1915 Sold to K. Myron Hickey in 1947

*No. 119*

Owned by Henry F. Weimer in 1892 Transferred to W. S. Dewing in 1906 Transferred to Caroline Dewing in 1918 Transferred to Winifred D. Wallace in 1945 Sold to McVeigh Goodson in 1959

*No. 121*

Owned by Orin J. Woodward in 1892

Transferred to Fremont Woodruff in 1905

Transferred to Annie S. Woodruff in 1930

Sold to Persis D. Houston, Jr. and Elise L. Houston in 1951

Sold to William and Mary Cotter in 1956

*No. 122*

Owned by Mrs. Sarah Mahon in 1892 Transferred to Jane C. Stanley in 1926 Transferred to Sarah S. Frantz in 1942

*No. 123*

Owned by Josephine Williams in 1892 Transferred to Susan M. Woods in 1909 Sold to Howard L. McGregor in 1923 Sold to John O. Hichew in 1953 Sold to William C. Connett, IV in 1960

*No. 124*

Owned by H. H. Everard prior to 1892  
Transferred to Jessie P. Tyler in 1901  
Sold to E. W. Price in 1903-1908, re-built by Mr. Price  
Sold to E. E. Wilson in 1926  
Sold to Elizabeth R. Wilson in 1936  
Sold to Amelia R. Sherwood in 1942  
Sold to Elizabeth S. Cudlip in 1945

*No. 125*

Owned by Sarah E. Mahon in 1892  
Sold to Association in 1900  
Half interest transferred to Susan Woods in 1909  
Half interest transferred to Edith Miller in 1909  
New lease issued upon cancellation of old one  
Transferred to Edith Miller in 1911  
Sold to Arthur P. Taylor in 1930  
Transferred to Betty T. Carpenter in 1944  
Sold to Elizabeth W. Herschede in 1953

*No. 127*

Leased by Association to Frank W. Lewis in 1900 Transferred to Louise S. Lindenberg in 1920  
Sold to Joseph F. Hickey in 1937 Transferred to F. Carl Schumacher in 1965

*No. 129*

Owned by Elizabeth H. Weideman prior to 1892  
Transferred to Sue H. Edwards in 1909  
Sold to Dr. J. H. Skiles in 1931  
Sold to B. P. Douglass in 1947  
Sold to Rosemary A. Mueller in 1959

*No. 131*

Owned by Edward C. Chamberlain prior to 1892 Transferred to Albert E. Metzger in 1909  
Transferred to Frances Metzger in 1932 Transferred to Margaret M. Kun in 1949 Transferred to George A. Kuhn, Jr. in 1962

*No. 135*

Leased by Association to Miss M. W. Hess in 1894 Sold to Ida D. Boucher in 1929 Sold to George A. Kuhn, Jr. in 1952 Sold to Ralph C. Ware in 1961

*No. 137*

Leased by Association to S. B. Tobey in 1892 Transferred by Bastian Smits in 1899 Transferred

to Earle W. Dow in 1918 Sold to Elizabeth W. Schrock in 1946

*No. 139*

Leased by Association to Florris A. Barbour in 1892 Transferred to Mrs. C. G. Barbour prior to 1904 Transferred to Jerome P. Stevens in 1909 Transferred to George D. Webb in 1917 Transferred to Jessie W. Webb in 1936 Sold to Thomas J. O'Brien in 1958

*No 141*

Leased by Association to Janies I. Dissette in 1900 Transferred to Alice D. Dissette in 1932 Transferred to James I. Dissette in 1940 Transferred to Mrs. Leslie S. Lee in 1947 Sold to Lawrence B. Perkins in 1958

*No. 143*

Leased by Association to Georgia S. Clement in 1900 Transferred to A. C. Clement in 1914 Transferred to Laura C. Beltzner in 1929 Transferred to B. A. Million in 1945 Transferred to C. Robert Million in 1961

*No. 145*

Leased by Association to Mrs. Geo. L. Warner in 1908 Changed to Elizabeth S. Warner prior to 1915 Transferred to Caroline F. Smith in 1934 Sold to Doris J. Nagel in 1946

*No. 147*

Leased by Association to Mrs. F. A. Fielder 1908 Transferred to Josephine W. Fielder prior to 1915 Transferred to Dorothy F. Ingram in 1932 Sold to J. A. Mullen and Exilona H. Mullen in 1947

*No. 201*

Owned by Lucina Barrett prior to 1892 Transferred to S. B. Randall in 1893 Transferred to E. Deg. Randall prior to 1904 Transferred to G. H. DeGolyer in 1907 Transferred to Beatrice G. Morris in 1919 Transferred to Joseph G. Morris in 1928 Sold to Richard M. Moss in 1935 Transferred to Stella Moss Alexander in 1961

*No. 202*

Owned by Edward Woodbury prior to 1892 Transferred to Ira A. Ransom in 1901 Transferred to Lizzie L. Skinner in 1906 Transferred to Fred G. Huntington in 1914 Sold to Augusta S. Davis in 1941 Sold to Joseph S. Sherer in 1945

*No. 203*

Owned by Samuel Brooks prior to 1892 Transferred to M. M. Rosenbaum in 1909 Transferred to Augusta Dickel in 1914 Transferred to Victor E. Shwab in 1921 Transferred to Emma B. Shwab in 1925 Transferred to Augusta S. Davis in 1927 Sold to Ann G. Sherer in 1945

*No. 204*

Owned by Fannie M. Hollingsworth prior to 1892

Transferred to Reba W. Carruthers in 1902

Sold to Ira S. Holden in 1923

Sold to W. A. Layman in 1929

Sold to Hugh W. Cross in 1944

Sold to Dr. Alex M. Forrester in 1959

*No. 205*

Owned by Robert S. Abbott in 1892

Transferred to Ellen C. Ward in 1897

Transferred to Sara W. Gillette 1909

Transferred to Roselle W. Hilton (niece) in 1916

Purchased by the Club in 1936-37 for park and street purpose

*No. 206*

Owned by Edward D. Bixby prior to 1892 Transferred to Mary E. Cotton in 1902 Transferred to Robert Ware prior to 1915 Sold to Mabel H. Pike in 1925 Sold to Richard D. Shelton in 1949

*No. 207*

Owned by H. B. Osborn in 1894 Transferred to Annie McClure Forker in 1909 Transferred to David M. Forker in 1941

*No. 208*

Owned by Ira D. Bixby prior to 1892 Transferred to Mary C. Bixby in 1901 Transferred to William Schuberth, Jr. in 1903 Transferred to Bessie S. Tate in 1920 Sold to John Owen in 1930 Sold to Margaret Clement in 1945 Sold to Lewis B. Morrow in 1948 Transferred to Elizabeth D. Morrow in 1955

*No. 209*

Leased by L. L. Mather in 1900 Transferred to Mrs. R. W. Martin in 1907 Sold to Charles E. Valier in 1924 Sold to Rose Valier in 1941

*No. 210*

Owned by Frank D. Haskell prior to 1892 Transferred to Gertrude G. Haskell in 1923 Transferred to Mabel S. Balch in 1927 Sold to Dayton H. Mudd in 1949

*No. 211*

Owned by Charlotte O. Glover prior to 1892 Transferred to A. H. Van Wormer in 1903 Transferred to F. W. Brown 1907 Transferred to Mrs. Wm. G. Caldwell in 1909 Transferred to Ralph R. Caldwell in 1941 Transferred to Mrs. Ralph R. Caldwell in 1961 Sold to Charles R. Kinnaird

*No. 212*

Acquired by Nancy W. Potter in 1900 Sold to Elisha C. Ware in 1904 Transferred to Minnie A. Ware in 1905 Transferred to Robert R. Ware in 1947 Transferred to Robert R. Ware, Jr. in 1960

*No. 213*

Owned by Marcie E. Travis prior to 1892 Transferred to J. M. Travis prior to 1904 Transferred to Marcie E. Travis prior to 1915 Transferred to Calla Travis in 1930 Sold to Houston Witherspoon in 1955

*No. 215*

Owned by Everett E. Orvis prior to 1892 Transferred to Miss Abigail Pearce in 1903 Transferred to Mrs. Cora F. Hannon in 1907 Sold to Ada B. Carrier in 1930 Sold to Sally G. Cummings in 1945 Sold to Helen A. Greene in 1947 Sold to Mrs. Olive McKay in 1953 Transferred to Mr. George McKay in 1959

*No. 220*

Owned by W. B. Miller prior to 1892 Transferred to Rev. J. Hyslop in 1901 Transferred to LeVert Clark in 1908 Transferred to Florence P. Mithoefer in 1916

*No. 222*

Sold to Mrs. F. M. Hodge in 1901 Transferred to F. M. Hodge prior to 1915 Sold to Clare Evans Beach in 1927 Transferred to Gladys Dieffenbach in 1940

*No. 226*

Owned by F. W. Willcox prior to 1898 Transferred to Mary P. Birge prior to 1915 Transferred to Arthur B. Birge in 1924 Sold to Jessie W. Jones in 1934 Sold to Claud Stanley in 1943 Sold to Mrs. Claud Stanley in 1959 Sold to Hugh F. Mehaffie in 1965

*No. 231*

Leased to Wm. T. Hess in 1905 Transferred to Sarah L. Beeson in 1907 Transferred to Dwight D. Currie in 1928 Transferred back to Club in 1938 Transferred to F. Carl Schumacher in 1946 Transferred to Philip Chamberlain in 1965

*No. 233*

Leased to Charles O. Roemler in 1910 Sold to Mark R. Holloran in 1949

*No. 309*

Owned by Aaron L. Conger prior to 1892

Transferred to W. W. Beaman in 1901

Transferred to Helen E. Beman in 1914

Transferred to Ralph Beman in 1922

Built by and transferred to Laura G. T. Robinson in 1948

Sold to Elizabeth P. Douglas in 1958

*No. 311*

Leased by Association to Fred P. Mulhauser in 1916

Turned back to the Club in 1932

Transferred to C. W. McGuire in 1933

Sold to Woodbury Ransom in 1946

Sold to Herbert P. Jordan in 1955

*No. 401*

Leased to C. M. Christy in 1900 by Association Transferred to Clinton Soper in 1909

Transferred to Emma B. Soper in 1919 Sold to Viola M. Hater in 1944

*No. 402*

Owned by Clark Y. Cook prior to 1892 Transferred to Mary L. Cook in 1903 Transferred to

Mattie B. Priest in 1919 Transferred to Horace A. Soper in 1920 Sold to Martha P. Gibson in

1936 Sold to Biron G. Anderson in 1953 Sold to B. A. Million in 1961

*No. 403*

Owned by Charity P. Potter prior to 1892 Transferred to Ben. Hosking in 1903 Transferred to

Robert P. Hargitt in 1918 Sold to Sylvia J. Thomson in 1922 Transferred to Logan G. Thomson

in 1938 Transferred to Sylvia J. Thomson in 1949 Transferred to Jane T. Herschede in 1950

*No. 404*

Leased to Donald Boudeman in 1901 Transferred to Charles H. Burr prior to 1915 Transferred to

Leah C. Burr in 1927 Sold to James B. Braun in 1945 Transferred to Louise O. Braun in 1950

Transferred to Louise O. Walker in 1952

*No. 407*

Leased by Association to Mrs. M. H. Heaton in 1901 Transferred to B. F. Edwards in 1905

Transferred to J. F. Skinner in 1916 Transferred to Mrs. J. F. Skinner in 1917 Sold to Gordon K. Ware in 1941

*No. 411*

Leased to W. H. Miller by Association in 1900 Transferred to A. J. Larmon in 1919 Sold to J. W. Fristoe in 1922 Transferred to Frances G. Fristoe in 1934 Sold to Helen B. Moss in 1956

*No. 502*

Leased to J. W. Osborne in 1894 by Association Re-purchased by Association in 1894 Leased to R. P. Foley in 1900 Transferred to A. B. Scarborough in 1919 Transferred to Jean S. McMahon in 1930 Sold to D. D. Walker in 1945

*No. 503*

Leased to Miss Sara W. Gillette in 1901 Transferred to Ellen C. Ward in 1909 Transferred to Dr. F B. Moorehead in 1923 Sold to Elizabeth S. Davis in 1936 Transferred to Elizabeth S. Tate in 1938 Transferred to Ben E. Tate, Jr. in 1962

*No. 505*

Leased to Dallas Boudeman prior to 1904 Sold to Mabel Gorby in 1929 Transferred to Mabel Anderson in 1938 Transferred to Mabel Gorby in 1939 Sold to Adelaide O. Bullock in 1945 Transferred to Anthony D. Bullock, Jr. in 1947 Sold to Robert W. Schleman in 1950 Sold to Florence L. Gardner in 1958 Sold to Robert D. McCallum in 1962

*No. 506*

Owned by Oscar M. Allen prior to 1892 Transferred to Fannie Hollingsworth in 1905 Transferred to Gerald E. Hollingsworth in 1928 Transferred to Charlotte G. Hollingsworth in 1942 Transferred to Frank and Shirley Simpson in 1966

*No. 507*

Owned by Sarah C. Moore prior to 1892 Transferred to Ella W. Moore in 1902 Transferred to Thos. L. Kekete in 1902 Transferred to James C. Corbet prior to 1915 Sold to Alberta W. Hollencamp in 1940

*No. 508*

Owned by Calvin M. Christy prior to 1892 Transferred to Mary A. Christy in 1900 Transferred to Alice R. Miller in 1912 Transferred to W. H. Miller in 1919 Sold to C. W. McGuire in 1931 Transferred to Edith H. McGuire in 1933 Sold to Virginia Schleman in 1952

*No. 509*

Owned by Mrs. O. A. Sears prior to 1892 Transferred to Gilmore Ouerbacker in 1920 Transferred to Jeanette T. VonPlaten in 1926 Sold to Marie W. Church in 1935 Sold to Frank H. Carpenter in 1938 Sold to Marita G. Simpson in 1941

*No. 511*

Leased by Association to Mrs. F. E. Foley prior to 1900 Transferred to Frank H. Simpson in 1920 Transferred to Anna T. Simpson in 1936 Transferred to Eleanor S. Orr in 1942

*No. 513*

Leased by Association to John H. King in 1884 Transferred to Matilda King ratified 1902 Transferred to J. W. Charles in 1903 Transferred to Laura M. Charles in 1903 Transferred to Gertrude P. Brown in 1916 Sold to Charles E. Richardson in 1928 Sold to Mary K. Freyhof in 1939 Sold to Mary Keith Morris in 1965

*No. 515*

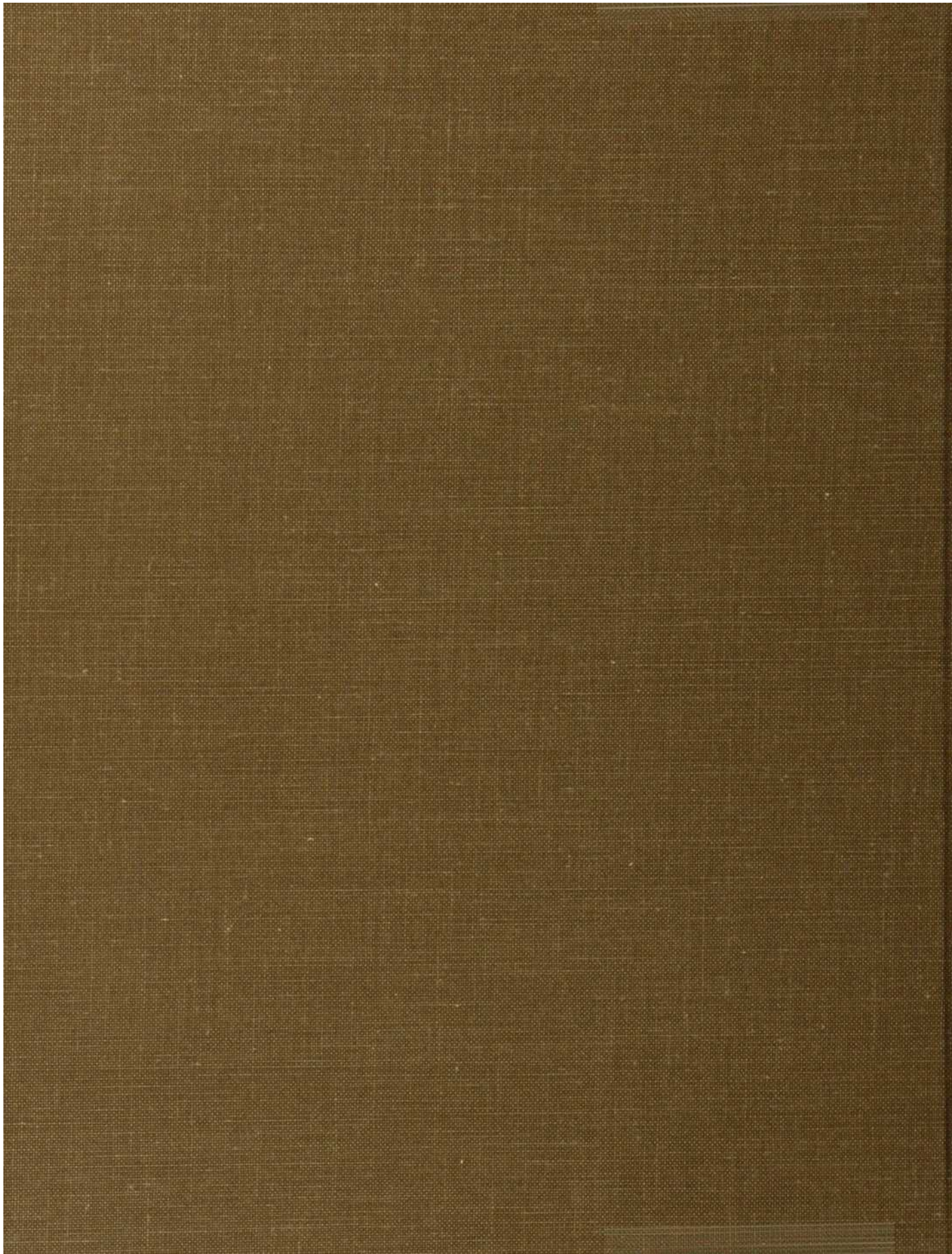
Owned by Melissa McKay prior to 1892 Transferred to Elizabeth Charlton in 1901 Transferred to Katherine C. Steere in 1929 Sold to Charles H. Upson in 1938 Transferred to Frances S. Upson in 1946 Transferred to Frances S. Cartwright in 1947

*No. 517*

Owned by Horatio P. Parmelee prior to 1892 Sold to Leland S. Bisbee in 1932 Sold to E. Irene Bisbee in 1933 Married to Harry V. Collins in 1958 Transferred to Leland S. Bisbee, Jr. in 1964

*No. 519*

Leased to Miss Sara W. Gillette in 1901 Transferred to Ellen C. Ward in 1909 Transferred to Ray P. Johnson in 1920 Transferred to Anna D. Johnson in 1940 Sold to S. R. Leatherman in 1944





\* \* \* \*

Baptist Resort—1877-78 Charlevoix Summer Resort—1878-1892 Charlevoix Summer Home Association—  
1892-1922 Belvedere Club-1922