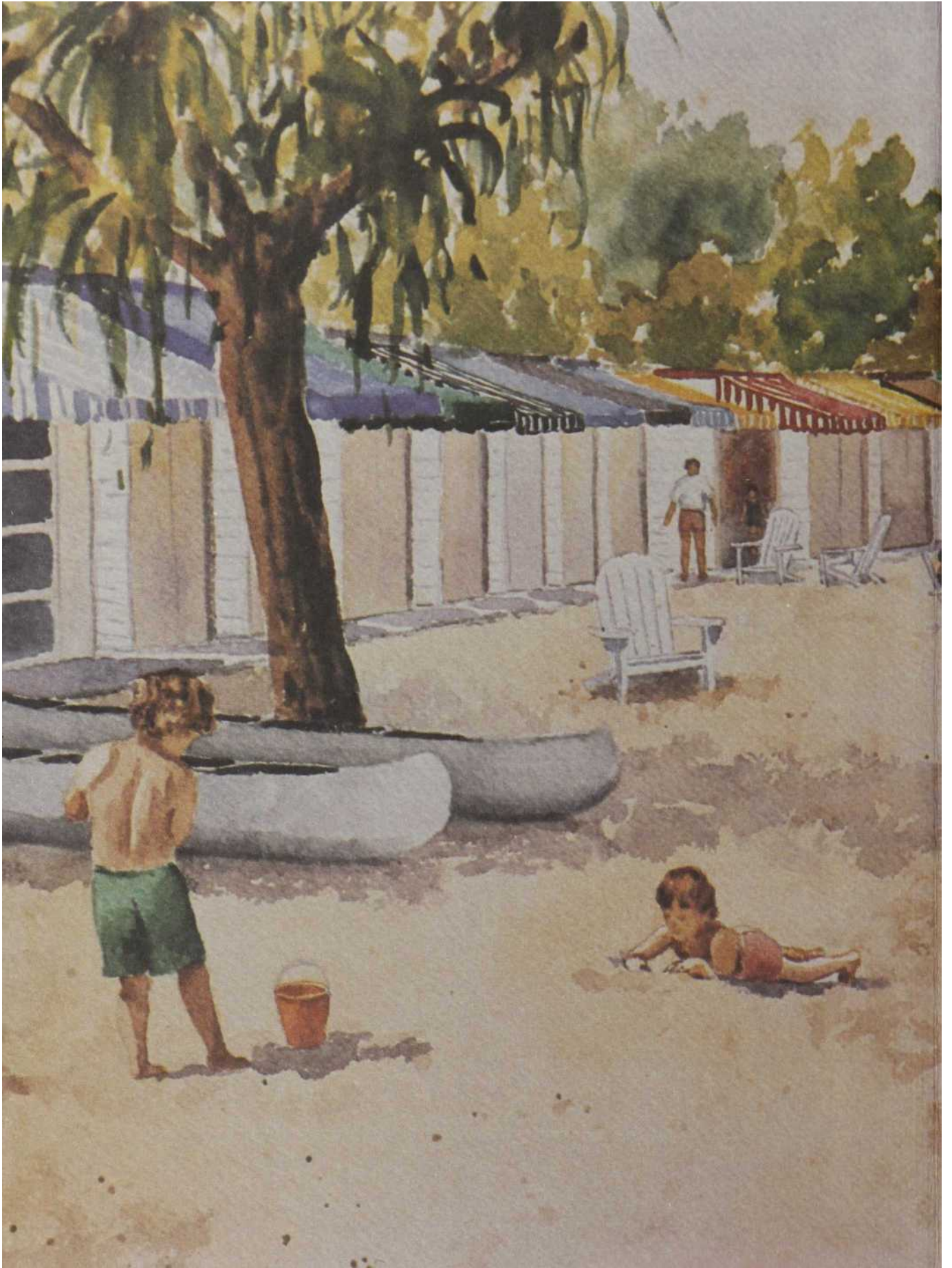
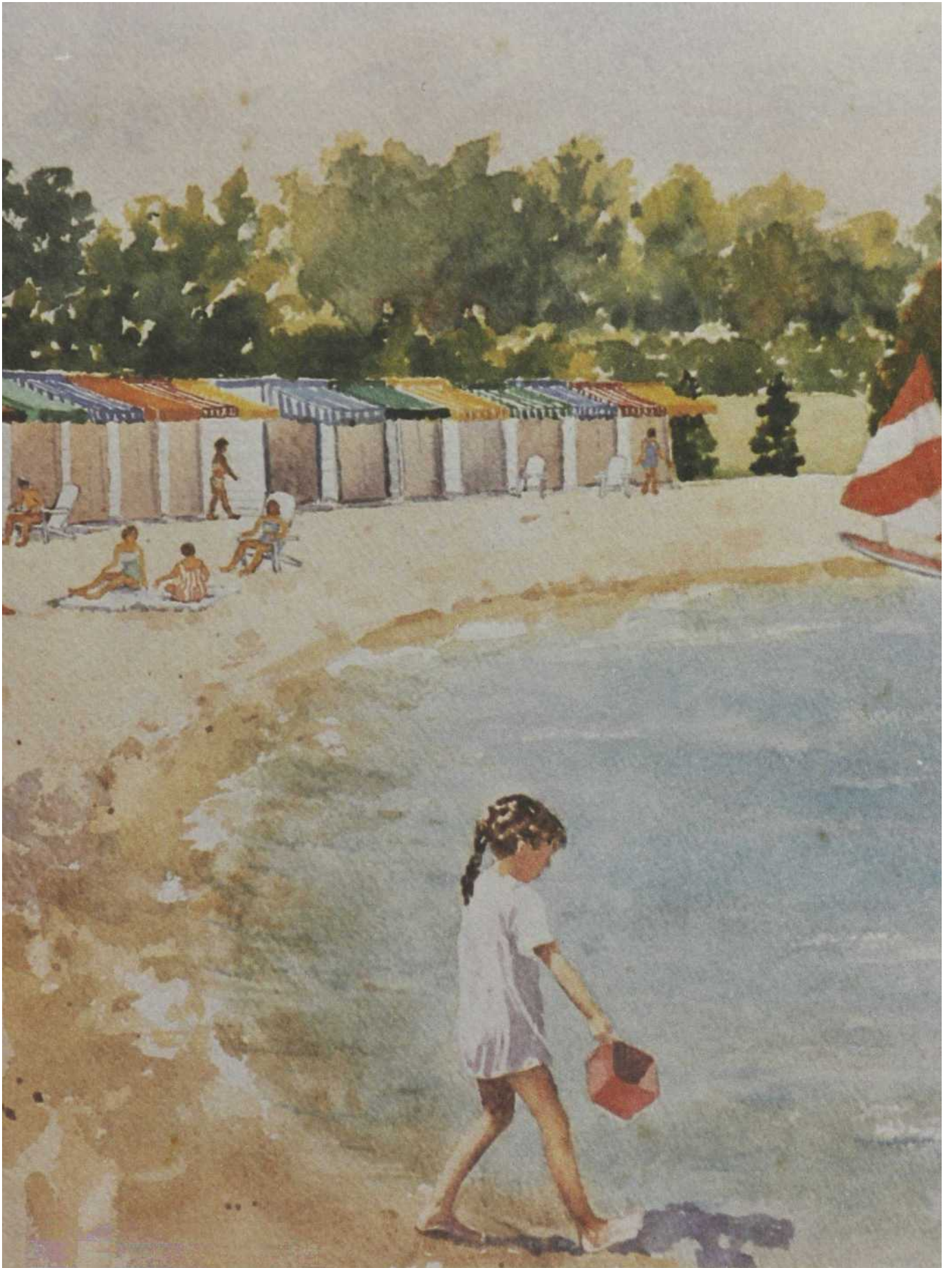


THE
BELVEDERE
CLUB

CHARLEVOIX
MICHIGAN

FOUNDED
1878





THE
BELVEDERE
CLUB

CHARLEVOIX
MICHIGAN
Memoirs
1878-1990

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DEDICATION



J. Houston Witherspoon pictured in 1990. He has been coming to the Belvedere Club since 1902.

This book is dedicated to J. Houston Witherspoon who served as Chairman of the Belvedere Club Archives Committee from 1986 until 1990. Through Houston's leadership, the Archives Committee undertook the momentous task of assembling the following wonderful experiences from friends and members of the Belvedere Club. Beyond that, Houston graciously stepped forward to underwrite the printing and production expense so that this part of Belvedere history can be preserved for generations to come.

Houston, everyone of us in the Belvedere Club is grateful for your diligence, foresight and kind offering of resources. Without these, this volume would not have come to life and much of what is important to us would have been lost forever. We are deeply indebted to you and feel distinctly honored to be able to offer the dedication of this volume to you.

Jeffrey Buntin, President Belvedere Club, 1991

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

When it became apparent that our book *The Belvedere Club* (1969) was already twenty-one years old, some members expressed a desire to bring out a new book. It would include memoirs of many of the newer members, as well as some recently updated news from those who had written for the original book. This book is the result.

Were it not for the cooperation of many contributors who wrote of their Belvedere memories, this book would not exist. To them we owe our gratitude.

Those persons who edited, proof-read, gathered and arranged pictures, and who made the decisions concerning the particularities of the final product are also to be thanked, namely: Margaret Witherspoon, Darcie Loughlin, Andy Schumacher, Jim Witherspoon, and Jeffrey Buntin who contributed the typesetting.

Special thanks are due Jane Payne for donating the color photographs of her charming Belvedere paintings.

To be highly commended and thanked are the members of the business staff of the Belvedere Club:

- Lee Moerland for his assistance with archival materials, pictures, and his own wealth of knowledge about the Club;
- Beverly Smith and Wendy Drenth for their cheerful and tireless typing of all the materials which make up this book.

To all these the Archives Committee expresses its sincere appreciation.

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CHAPTER 1 MEMORIES



Sugar Beet Factory ruins (now the site of Irish Marina), 1938.



City of Charlevoix temporary bridge, during construction of present day draw bridge, 1947.

COTTAGE 1 "SUNRISE"
WILLIAM WITHERSPOON

I have been told that my first visit to Charlevoix was in 1910, when I was about nine months old. However, some of my most vivid memories are from events in the late 1910's when I was a boy and in the 1920's when I was becoming a teen-ager.

One of my early companions at the Belvedere was Malcolm Martin. His family had a row boat. We would often row in this boat around the shore of Lake Charlevoix, or Pine Lake as it was then known. I heard Mai refer to a portion of the north shore of the lake as Raspberry Bay. I do not know why he called it that, but the name stuck in my memory. You cannot find that name on any chart of Lake Charlevoix

In the late 1940's, when George Shwab, Jr., organized the purchase of the Rocket sailboats and

the establishment of the Belvedere Yacht Club, races were run. I became interested in sailing at that time and spoke of the racing buoy in that end of the lake as the Raspberry Bay Buoy. Since then, for all of the sailors at Belvedere, that "corner" of the lake has become known as Raspberry Bay.

As a boy, I also became a close friend of George Shwab, Jr. He in turn had become very interested in toy boats and model boats which were made and sold by Mr. Bellinger, the father of Jim Bellinger who organized Bellinger Marine, and who died only a few years ago. Because of his yearning for boats, George's parents bought him a magnificent Chris-Craft speed-boat. Coming from Nashville, and because some of the famous speed boats of those days bore the title of "Miss," George chose the glorious name of *Miss Tennessee* for his gleaming jewel. It was inscribed in gold leaf on each side of the bow and across the transom.

George was also a very young boy at that time, so he could not drive this powerful speed boat. That job was assigned to the Shwab's chauffeur, Leon. However^ George and I worked very hard on that boat. We polished the brass every day, and the highly varnished sides and deck had a mirror-like luster because of our care.

Leon would take us and many adult friends of the Shwabs to speed across Lake Charlevoix, still at that time being known as Pine Lake. I usually sat in the after cockpit and when a cross wind was blowing, that rear cockpit became very wet. I remember coming in some days drenched to the skin, but I enjoyed every minute of it.

The Belvedere Hotel was, of course, in existence at that time, and it was a focal point of activity. The dance band was an important feature. In the early twenties, the band was composed of eight to ten students, most of whom were from the University of Pennsylvania who, during the school year, played in the larger band at the University — which became known as Waring's Pennsylvanians. One of these students was Frank Winegar who played the banjo. He was crippled by infantile paralysis and had to wear a brace on his right leg, but that did not prevent him, in his creativity, from organizing a small informal group of boys, to care for them and play with them on a few random days each week. In this way he earned a small additional pay to his salary as part of the dance band.

There were only about four or five boys in this "gang," which included George Shwab, Jr., and Dwight Thomson whose father owned the famed *Sylvia* boats and yachts. I was only a part-time member. The word "gang" had not been applied to the group until we were told by Frank of a dream that he had. In his dream, he was marching us down Bridge Street, he limping along on his braced leg and all of us boys following behind. In his dream we had block heads. The story of that dream caught on and from then we were known as, "Chief Ironfoot and his Gang of blockheads."

I believe that this was the first organization of "Gangs" in the Belvedere Club. This was followed by the more organized Gangs under the direction of Bob Metzger, who played trombone in the Belvedere orchestra, and Austin "Pete" Leland, as described in the 1969 book, *The Belvedere Club*, page 168. However, I would not be surprised but what Frank's dream originated the term applied to the "Gangs" of the Belvedere today.

In the middle 1920's, I became very interested in the physics of radio. Russell Allen, the brother of Diddy Schade, was a genius in the up-coming field of radio and he spurred my interest in this fascinating new "toy." Hence, we became close friends.

We were both in high school at that time and wanted to earn some money for our radio projects. Both of us took up the job of caddying. Russ and I respectively became the regular caddies for Mr.

Scarborough, who then owned the Crook cottage, and Mr. Fristoe, who then owned the Moss cottage. They played together virtually every day, usually with Howard McGregor and another person to make up a foursome. The Belvedere course did not exist at that time; it was only in the minds of the organizers. Hence, all golf was on the eighteen-hole course of the Chicago Club on the north side. This course has now become nine-holes and is owned by the City of Charlevoix. We caddied there for the eighteen-hole fee of \$0.75 and with a ten cent tip it made \$0.85 for the work of an afternoon. Sometimes we carried double for other members of their usual foursome on days when there was a shortage of caddies and we received the sum of \$1.50, without any tips. Bags were lighter in those days and the number of clubs was less.

Messrs. Fristoe, Scarborough, and others were the organizers of the Belvedere Golf course. This was in the process of actual development in 1926 and late in that season, before the course was actually opened, they played a few times on the back nine. The practice in those days was for the caddy of the man whose ball was first on the green to “flag” that hole. The first time that they played this back nine, Mr. Fristoe’s ball was first on number ten “green.” I flagged that hole, and therefore became the caddy to flag the first hole ever flagged on the Belvedere Golf course. I put the term green in quotation marks because it was not very green at that time — it was rather sparse course grass and their balls bounced over it toward the cup.

The next year the course was opened. The caddy fee advanced because of the longer and much more hilly course. No longer was it \$0.75 for eighteen holes but \$ 1.00. However, the ten cent tip vanished.



The cutter *Bangalore* owned by Bill Witherspoon, 1959.



Jim and Bill Witherspoon sailing a Rocket, 1948.



Dave Grumman "shooting the sun" aboard Witherspoon's *Bangalore* during the Chicago Mackinac Race, 1962.

JAMES T. WITHERSPOON

The fondest memories of my youth at Charlevoix are connected with the water and boats. For many years our family has owned a 1930 Penn-Yan, canvas-covered rowboat, the *Vy-Len*, named for my great aunt Elvira Matthews and her husband Leonard Matthews, Jr. Rowing the *Vy-Len* about Round Lake is still a favorite pastime. Rowing helps keep intact a tenuous historical link to the past when rowboats were THE common way to travel to town from the Belvedere. Several old photos around the turn of the century show a large fleet of rowboats pulled up around the Summer House in the Belvedere Bayou; they were rented to cottagers by Sam Hamilton, who eventually turned his business into Hamilton and Sons' Boatyard.

Rowing through Old River, behind Park Island, is a "must do." Bob Miles' History of Charlevoix tells the fascinating story of how the channel was dug that resulted in the creation of Park Island in the 1870's. Old River is the remaining section of the natural channel that connected Round Lake with Pine Lake. Interesting wildlife can be observed there — owls, beaver, warblers, kingfishers, lady slipper orchids, muskrat, deer, etc.; it is my favorite place to row. The rustic bridge connecting the island and mainland (yes, Virginia, there *still is* a rustic bridge in Charlevoix!) makes this quaint place hard to match. Rowing through Old River at night can be full of surprises, as an unseen beaver suddenly slaps its tail on the water just a couple of feet from the gunwale of your boat!

Fishing was one of my favorite activities. One of the best places to fish was our boathouse. Bill Bergmann, the captain of the *Gele B*, was usually at the boathouse next door tending to his daily chores. Bill was always brimming with stories, nautical and otherwise, that spiced my visits to the boathouse. Spiders have always seemed to be extra prolific in Charlevoix, but I don't remember any place with more of them than our boathouse. The most exciting catch for me was a five pound small-mouth bass that my father and I caught while trolling off the old Sugar Beet Factory. The entire shoreline south of the Belvedere was quite undeveloped except for the Foster Boat Company. It was possible to row up Stover Creek a short distance, and it was not uncommon to see a great blue heron.

I was in the Gang in the summer of 1952 and 1953. Some of the boys in the Gang at that time were the Bagby twins (John and Dave), George Braun, Mark Holloran, Sandy Heitner, Jonathan Knight, Skipper Schumacher; Mike Million, Bill Fox, and Ted and Harold Bemis. The Gang leader was Ed Myers, an Air Force reservist. Ed had a white 1950 Ford, which he drove like a maniac. The most memorable events of Gang were the overnights. I distinctly remember an overnight at Hooker's farm, south of Charlevoix, and sleeping in the hay in the barn, one at Grave's Crossing on the Jordan River, one on the shore of Lake Charlevoix due east of the Belvedere, and one to Beaver Island.

On the Jordan river overnight we floated the river the next day in the old wooden john boats, which were a lot slower and less controllable than canoes. For some reason Ed had arranged for us to finish at East Jordan rather than Roger's Bridge, which is the usual stopping point. The river beyond Roger's Bridge becomes one big slough with almost no current and with high bull rushes obscuring one's view. We didn't even know if we were headed in the right direction as laboriously we paddled the obstinate john boats into the jungle. Hours later, with aching muscles, we joylessly landed in East Jordan.

We took bikes on the Beaver Island overnight; that was a big mistake — it was impossible to ride on the very soft, sandy roads on the island and carry gear in unwieldy duffel bags. Nevertheless,

traipsing through the ubiquitous cow pies in the fields surrounding long-abandoned farm houses, we pushed onwards to our destination, Barney's Lake. We were quite exhausted and disappointed upon reaching the lake; the shore was covered with an ugly white foam churned up by the wind; the lake was full of reeds and didn't look very appealing for either swimming or fishing. We had planned to stay there two nights but the next night's weather report was for heavy rain, so Ed made arrangements for the Gang to spend the night in the Beaver Lodge on the north shore of the island. The Lodge was just then being built, so we laid out sleeping bags among thick layers of sawdust amidst the construction in progress. But at least we had a roof over our heads, and we were lucky indeed, for it poured that night. The next day we returned on the *North Shore*, which was the ferry boat to the island in those years. Incidentally, the *North Shore* is still used as a freight and lumber boat in Northern Lake Michigan, although it looks somewhat different since its superstructure has been cut down.

One night the Gang went to see the movie "Shane" at the old Temple theatre in Petoskey. Since we couldn't all fit in Ed's 1950 Ford, Mark Holloran somehow got permission to drive his family's white Cadillac, even though Mark was not licensed to drive. Ed was a little nervous about the arrangement, but Mark promised to follow closely behind Ed's car. Everything went fine until after the movie when the Cadillac, with Mark driving and George Braun and perhaps a couple of others, zoomed ahead of Ed's car as we headed toward Charlevoix past the old Petoskey cement plant. Ed was livid, and took off in hot pursuit, but even Ed couldn't catch Mark as we careened down the highway back to Charlevoix at ninety plus miles per hour. We found the errant Cadillac with its smug occupants coolly slaking their thirsts at George's Frozen Custard near the corner of Belvedere and Bridge. Mark got an appropriate tongue lashing, but for all I know this story may have been suppressed until now.

One day in 1954, early in the afternoon, a tremendous explosion rocked Charlevoix. It seemed as if a truckload of bricks had been dropped on our cottage. The fire siren sounded, and as we anxiously counted the number of wails that identified the ward location of the fire, we heard the fire trucks roar down Belvedere Avenue and turn into Hamilton's boat yard. Rushing to the scene of the disaster we learned that the 40-foot schooner *Aloha* had blown up due to a concentration of propane fumes in her bilge. Ray Hamilton, who had gone aboard just moments before, was blown out of the companionway onto the dock. Although he suffered serious hip and eye injuries, remarkably he survived. In browsing over the rubble right after the accident I remember being able to identify only a small piece of the transom of the once stately schooner.

Almost two decades later another propane gas explosion also came very close to home. It was quite a shock turning the corner of the boathouses one morning to see D. D. Walker's cruiser *Stormy Petrel III* looking as if it had just come through World War II; most of her 1/2-inch-thick plate glass windows were strewn across her deck in jagged shards. The Walkers had departed the day before for Lake Superior but had only reached the Straits of Mackinac when the devastating propane gas explosion terminated their cruise. Apparently the propane tanks for the stove had not been reconnected properly after some routine repairs. Miraculously, the Walkers' injuries were minor and the damage to the boat, although extensive, was not fatal.

In the late '40's there was a large fleet of sail boats moored off the Chicago Club boathouses — the Wilsons' classic 52' yawl, *Comet*, and the sleek, mahogany-hulled *Nassau*, (which I think the most

beautiful sailboat in Charlevoix), a couple Seventeen Square Meters, several Northern Michigans and three Rockets. Sailboats at the Belvedere slips in the 1950's were George Shwab's Seventeen Square Meter, *Vixen*, the Replogle's sloop, *Wench*, Robin Ware's sloop *Frolic*, Walter Ware's sloop with dark blue sails, *R-Buddy*, the Sherer's cutter *Siesta*, and of course the Belvedere's fleet of eight Rockets.

In the fall of 1957 my father purchased the *Bangalore*, a sleek 43-foot blackhulled cutter. The first summer we had our share of "close calls." My sister Bettie, nine years old at the time, helped us keep our cool by standing, as if on gimbals, in the companionway and proclaiming, "Look, I'm keeping a level head!" as *Bangalore* sliced through the waves with her lee rail awash. There was an incredible amount to learn about sailing a big boat that never seemed to matter in the Rockets; it was a challenge to try to figure everything out. *Bangalore*, built in Benton Harbor in 1930 to a Phil Rhodes design, had an impressive racing history behind her. After being modified with her modern masthead rig in 1937, she became a formidable race competitor and won the Chicago-Mackinac Race in 1939 and 1940.

My mother was drafted for her sewing skills on numerous occasions. She designed and made a complete set of nylon International Code Flags and also has designed, made and repaired many Belvedere and Great Lakes Cruising Club burgees, as well as attractive covers for cockpit pillows. Once (in a five-mile-per-hour wind!) we "blew out" an ancient cotton sail, a low-cut readier; which Mom dutifully stitched together on her even more ancient sewing machine. A former *Bangalore* owner told us this sail was a hand-me-down from Franklin Delano Roosevelt's sailboat.

We sailed *Bangalore* in the Chicago Mackinac Races in 1961, 1962, and 1963 with a crew that included Bob Ware and Dave Grumman from the Belvedere. The start of the 1963 race was wild — a 35-mile-per-hour easterly blow pounded large waves into Chicago's Monroe Street Harbor where the boats bounced in their slips like bucking broncos. Just minutes before we planned to cast off, *Bangalore* snapped a spring line that allowed her to surge under the dock and shear off her bow pulpit. After making repairs as best we could, we departed amidst stiff winds and rain. Just before the start, the 12-meter *Mitena* lost a man overboard recovering him just in the nick of time; another boat sheered off its rudder in the heavy seas; one boat broke its keel bolts and had to limp back into harbor on the verge of sinking. The next morning heavy fog set in, and several boats ran fast-aground on the Michigan shore; *Bangalore* narrowly missed this fate when the crew of another boat that loomed momentarily out of the fog in front of us shouted an urgent warning. Immediately, we tacked away from the shore, as I took a bearing on the Ludington Radio Beacon, which placed us one half mile inland! That morning two boats collided in the fog causing heavy damage to each. But the rest of the race turned into a rather dull light wind affair. In this one *Bangalore* had to settle for a consolation prize — "Best Log."

In 1963 *Bangalore* suffered the ignominious calamity of sinking — at the Hamilton dock. She was having work done on her cockpit, and the lead scupper pipes had been cut off — sufficiently high above the water line. But wave action caused the pipes to flex and fracture at their base causing *Bangalore* to sink until her keel hit bottom and her decks were awash. It was a nuisance to clean up the coating of oil that floated out of the engine and covered everything. Larry Perkins has a story that tops this, though — once he managed to "sink" his schooner *Allegro* on dry land, and you can imagine what a good story it is, told in his dry, inimitable style!

In 1965 my father reluctantly decided to sell *Bangalore*. *Bangalore's* competitive racing career was

over, her maintenance was quite expensive, I was not able to spend as much time in Charlevoix keeping her up, and the family desired a more comfortable cruising boat. My father purchased the *Algonquin*, a 44-foot fiberglass Alden ketch built by Pearson. *Algonquin* has been through several embarrassing episodes. In 1980, my father and I were backing *Algonquin* out of her slip for the first sail of the season. After having turned around, Dad put her in forward gear, but the shift mechanism did not work — she stayed in reverse! Thinking that he had not pushed the lever far enough, Dad pushed it farther yet. This did nothing but increase the throttle! We now were backing at an alarming speed right for the slips. I ran to the port side to fend off as best I could as Dad cut the wheel sharply so that *Algonquin* veered backwards towards the sailing docks. Nevertheless, she scraped the pilings at the end of the slips, splintering her port rail. The cement-filled steel piling at the end of the sailing docks was the next target. *Algonquin* took a direct hit square on the transom with a sickening sound of splintering fiberglass; we bounced off, and took aim again — this time for the boathouses. By then I had gathered my wits enough to know that we *had* to *kill* the engine, which we did, drifted over to the sailing dock, tied up, and assessed the damage. We had punched a nasty hole in the transom, fortunately above the waterline. The culprit turned out to be a measly little set screw that had come loose, disengaging the gear shift linkage. Needless to say, now that is one of the first things I check at the beginning of every season!

Several years ago Chris Payne cajoled me into getting a group together to try “spinnaker flying” from *Algonquin*, a sporty technique of anchoring the boat by the stem, then hoisting a spinnaker with a line between the two clews on which a daring crew member stands while he is lifted up near the masthead as the spinnaker fills with wind. Thinking that the best place for this operation would be just off the beach in front of the Belvedere, we anchored *Algonquin* there late one afternoon. After an hour of some very exciting spinnaker flying, we tried to weigh anchor to no avail; I had not thought it necessary to rig a trip line. We tugged at the anchor from every conceivable direction with the full power of *Algonquin*’s engine. We gained maybe eighteen inches. Finally, we decided to abandon the effort temporarily to get everyone home for dinner and to plan the next course of action. We attached a buoy to the end of the anchor rode, pitched it all overboard and went home thinking all the while of a strategy to retrieve the anchor. Something on the bottom off the Belvedere beach had a very good grip on our anchor! Unfolding, with trepidation, the chart of Lake Charlevoix, my heart sank as I blinked at the wavy purple line indicating a submarine electric cable running from just north of the railroad bridge down to the old Foster Boat works, and presumably from there to the old power plant on Ferry Avenue. We had hooked it. We might have “pulled the plug” on the entire city of Charlevoix! What ignominy! Fortunately, that evening using the Yacht Club’s outboard, we were able to retrieve the anchor by dropping an improvised, weighted trip-line and pulling at a sharp angle counter to the direction in which the anchor had been set. The moral to this story is *always* to use a trip line, even (and especially) when anchoring in familiar waters!

Other memories:

—Cruising to Beaver Island on *Bangalore* in 1959 in the company of the Perkins on *Allegro* and exploring the ruins on High Island the next day.

—Sailing on *Allegro* from Charlevoix to Chicago in the late 1960’s. Jumping waves in the surf at the lighthouse on South Manitou while windbound there for a day. Having a small yellow bird as a ship mate from Big Sable Point to Evanston. Sailing down the middle of Lake Michigan at night

- with the Northern Lights putting on a spectacular show.
- A sailboat race in the Hawks in the 1970's during an eclipse of the sun.
- The large model sailboat that the Bemises kept in their boathouse, and which occasionally could be seen sailing in the bayou or on Lake Charlevoix.
- An apple fight in outboards zooming in and out the channel in the early 1950's with Charlie Valiet, Butch Mullen and others (see Bob Schrock's and Charlie Valier's stories).
- The huge apple tree that used to be in the backyard of cottage No. 1, and the applesauce made therefrom.
- Watching in awe as *Allegro's* crew spread on the lawn the tattered remnants of her sails, a result of being caught aback and knocked down by a squall off Skilligalee in 1957.
- The tiny black tadpoles found in a shallow pond at the beach in front of the Orr's cottage in the early 1950's.
- The mournful fog diaphone that Charlevoix used to have.
- Bob Schleman's 12-meter *Nyala*, as she lay in the Herschede's slip, after being dismantled in the 1950(?) Port Huron Mackinac Race.
- The start of a race in Hawks when the entire fleet got itself wrapped and tangled inextricably in a low-flying kite string.
- Bill and Steve Schleman's twin speedboats powered by huge, raucous Mercury outboards, in the early 1950's.
- Some of the boats owned by Belvedere people: *Rebels, Olie H, Andy, Mary Sue, Gele B, Eurydice, Rock 'n Roll, Magda II, Xtabay, Dolphin, Summertime, Evenstar, John Henry, Emily, Crooked Arrow, Stormy Petrel, Frolic, Wench, R-Buddy, Antigone, Allegro, Allouez, Golly-Hoo, Bug, Bug II, Madcap, Petunia, Siesta, Put-Put, Erivale, Susattn, Jan-Mar, Jo-Be.*
- Other venerable Charlevoix boats of old: the sailboats *Yawicat, My Dream, Whistle Wing, Elysia, Rogue, Cygnus, Comanche*, and the power boats *Betty W*, the *Jim-Jack* speedboats I through VI, always bedecked with a bevy of bathing beauties, and *The Boss*, the quintessence of elegance from the Roaring Twenties, and the *Shoodle*, the last of the classic Mackinaw Boats.
- Some of the lake freighters that have passed through Charlevoix: *Sumatra, Wyandotte, Ben Tate, Paisely, Myron C. Taylor, Nicolet, Calcite II, Orion.*
- The Coast Guard buoy tenders *Acacia, Sundew, Woodbine, Arundel*, and *Mesquite* (R.I.P.).
- The iron-tasting spring water at the free-flowing fountain at the foot of Antrim Street.
- The history of Charlevoix displayed on the brick wall on the side of a store on the south side of Park Avenue near Bridge.
- The wavy slides that used to be at Michigan Beach.
- The splintery fishing pier that jutted into the channel from the Casino toward the railroad bridge.
- The wooden semaphore used for signaling passenger trains to stop at the Belvedere station.
- The old artesian well water tank across the road from the bam.
- Seeing the big yawl *Panchara* dismantled one windy Sunday afternoon off Two Mile Point.
- With my friend Dave Jones, going fishing in Stover Creek, behind the crypts in Brookside Cemetery, and being scared out of our wits by the groaning sounds caused by the limbs of a tree chafing against one another in the wind.

- Watching the flocks of cedar wax-wings descend on the berries of the mountain ash trees in the fall.
- Feeding stale cookies to the swans in the bayou.
- The old frog pond at the railroad underpass approximately in front of the Payne's cottage (this site scarcely can be identified now).
- Trolling for lake trout in the early spring off the Belvedere beach.
- Diving from the boathouse roofs on a sweltering afternoon.
- Rowing the *Vy-Len* over the eerie old wrecks in Oyster Bay.
- Placing second on *Bangalore* during the first Little Traverse Yacht Club Regatta in 1961.
- Turtling a Hawk with Dickie Mueller while trying to set a spinnaker in a stiff wind.
- Cruises to the North Channel on *Algonquin*.
- Midnight sails on *Algonquin* with the Paynes, Heilmans, et al.
- Rainbows over Lake Charlevoix with pots of gold at Two Mile Point and Raspberry Bay.

COTTAGE 5 CHARLES M. TAYLOR

The Taylor family's attachment to Northern Michigan and its boating opportunities has lasted over eighty years. Many wonderful friendships have resulted from our contacts with these summer residents — in Charlevoix, Wequetonsing, Harbor Springs and Harbor Point. I group these various communities in the one general area because so many of these summer residents have relatives and close friends in the other clubs and communities. The Charlevoix area includes both the Belvedere Club and the Chicago Club because of the common friendships, the sports matches and other contests between the two Clubs.

As an example, the late Mrs. Priscilla Brewster of Baltimore was a home owner at the Chicago Club. Her son, William, and his English wife are now occupying that home, while her other son, Benjamin, and his wife, Harriet, own and occupy their summer home at No. 27 Belvedere Club.

In my own case, Joan and I attend services at St. John's Episcopal Church at Harbor Springs, as my cousin, the Reverend Alfred R. Shands III, of Louisville, Kentucky, serves as Rector of that Church during the summer season; he and his wife own their summer house on Harbor Point. There are many instances of the overlapping relationships between these separate communities in this one area.

It is my understanding that in the beginning the majority of the visitors to this area came generally from the South Central area of the United States — States south of here on both sides of the Mississippi River — and from the areas in the southern part of Michigan. This was possibly due to the desire to find a cooler climate which was more convenient, in those days, than having to travel to New England or Canada. This area also provided an opportunity for excellent boating. As time went on, and travel became easier, summer residents came from further afield. Another explanation for the increased and more diversified geographical background of our residents is due to the fact that many of the summer residents of this area represent several generations of the same family. For instance, the daughter of a Cincinnati family might marry a resident of Colorado, and in this wise, after several generations, the permanent home addresses of our members might soon represent all fifty States. A more recent cause for a wider diversification of permanent home addresses reflects the variations in the Income and Inheritance Tax Laws of the various states, particularly the advantages offered by

Florida.

This whole area has a widespread appeal to summer residents — the climate, the scenery, boating, swimming, fishing, golf, tennis, theatre, lectures, art and craft shows, excellent shops and restaurants and for the winter visitors, wonderful winter sports. It is an excellent place to bring young children, especially where there are supervised activities for them, as in the case of the Wequetonsing Association and at the Belvedere Club with its Gangs activities for tots to teens.

One outstanding attraction of this whole area is the number and varieties of boating opportunities. There is boating for power cruisers, sailboats, runabouts, canoes or whatever Lakes Michigan and Huron with their many bays are available with a large number of well-equipped harbors. Lake Superior gets some activity. The various bays, as well as the numerous inland lakes, provide splendid boating for the smaller craft.

Of course the North Channel and Georgian Bay, in Canada, are very popular with those people who like to cruise. The Great Lakes Cruising Club, with some 3,000 members, provides complete and valuable up-to-date information for its members. Dayton and Dotty Mudd, of the Belvedere Club, are ardent cruisers in this whole area. Dayton has represented the Great Lakes Cruising Club for many years as Port Captain for Charlevoix.

Another boating activity that provides a nice easy cruise for runabouts is the inland route between Crooked Lake, near Petoskey, and Cheboygan, on Lake Huron. A similar inland cruise that is most interesting is from Eastport, on Torch Lake, to Elk Rapids and Kewadin, on Elk Lake.

The Taylor's first contact with this northern Michigan area, as well as I can remember, was in 1909, when my mother brought my sister, Elizabeth, and me to the Belvedere Club in company with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Chiles and son, Alex, and Me and Mrs. C. C. Chenault and their son, Alan Patterson, from central Kentucky, the original home of both my mother and father.

Old family bills and canceled checks indicate that the Taylors returned to northern Michigan but joined friends and relatives from Kentucky for summer vacations in Wequetonsing in 1910, 1914, 1915 and 1916. Some of these old bills are interesting. They indicated we stayed at the Wequetonsing Hotel part of the time. This hotel, as so many of these resort hotels, has been razed, due to the high cost of maintenance for seasonal occupancy and the expense of installing sprinkler systems for fire protection. At other times we rented a cottage and had our meals at the Hotel, apparently avoiding the difficulty of bringing a cook with us or trying to find one locally. The board bill at the Hotel was \$10.00 per week, the Sunday newspaper — 5 cents and candy — 15 cents. One summer we bought a brand new Model T Ford touring car for \$750.00. I have a letter to my mother from a Mr. John Radford in Petoskey thanking her for the payment of \$250.00 for the 1916 summer rental of his cottage in Wequetonsing. I remember that for a couple of summers we rented a cottage belonging to the Robinson family of Louisville. It was located facing the Park between the Hotel and the Casino. Incidentally, the dancing instructor at the Casino was also the swimming instructor. When teaching swimming he stood in three feet of water on the east side of the Wequetonsing pier with a tent pole stuck in a harness around his waist. The pupil wore a harness around his chest with a rope at the back running through a pulley at the outer end of the pole and then to the instructor. The swimming taught at that time was the breast stroke so the pupil swam on his stomach in circles around the instructor and if he should begin to sink the instructor could pull him up with the rope or by raising the pole.

Besides a brief visit to Wequetonsing in the 1930's, my next return to this area was not until 1958 when my wife, Joan, and I came to the Belvedere with our two children, Charles and Julie. I had met Joan through friends in London when I was stationed there during World War II as a Colonel in the Air Force on General Carl Spaatz's and General Jimmy Doolittle's staffs, as well as flying heavy bomber missions in B-17's and B-24's. Joan was England's top photographic and high fashion model and also appeared in musicals and movies. In the fall of 1945, after the end of the war in Europe, she came to the States on the way to Paramount in Hollywood. I met her in New York, took her to Arkansas for a visit, and luckily persuaded her to give up the idea of Hollywood. We were married in the spring of 1946.

As our two children were growing up we were on the lookout for a suitable summer vacation spot, and tried several. When we returned in the summer of 1958, we rented 505 Belvedere opposite the side door of the then existing Hotel. At that time the cottage belonged to Bob and Virginia Schleman. It was a great summer. Charles and Julie spent the allotted time with their respective Gangs, which gave Joan and me free time without the constant responsibility for two children, yet gave us plenty of time to enjoy being with them. In 1959 we rented Cottage No. 7, at that time belonging to the Lelands, now the Follansbees.

In 1960 we rented Cottage No. 47, the Bagby cottage, now belonging to George and Millie Kuhn. In 1961 we were back in 505 Belvedere, belonging at that time to Joe and Florence Gardner

We bought Cottage No. 5 from the Avery family in 1961 and occupied it the summer of 1962 and subsequent years. We thought we would want to make some changes and additions to the cottage but decided to live in it for awhile to better determine just what we wanted to change or add. We were fortunate that the house was well-built. It was probably one of the few cottages that could boast of having had an architect to design it. We still have the original architectural plans by Fred H. Thomas, October 1913. Another unusual coincidence — the Taylors are Arkansans. The house was originally built by W. N. Bemis, another Arkansan. Mr. Bemis was a prominent lumber and sawmill operator in Arkansas and we were told that he personally selected much of the lumber for the house at his own mills and had it shipped from Arkansas to Michigan. In 1951 the title had been transferred from Bemis to his daughter Mrs. Frederick D. Avery, from whom we purchased it. Mrs. Avery's daughter Ann, is married to Doctor Donald E. Kelley of Grand Rapids, and they presently own Cottage No. 135 at the Belvedere. We have preserved the markings on a column in the living room showing the height of the children at various dates.

While wintering at Naples, Florida, with young Charles one year, Joan had met an attractive young couple, the Franklin Smiths, from Bay City, (and the resort community of Tawas) Michigan. After we had bought No. 5 we had the Smiths come over for a visit. Franklin Smith was a young architect specializing in building and remodeling summer cottages. What a break for us. We had him plan the remodeling of our cottage which we accomplished in 1965. In the main we remodeled the back of the house including the kitchen, den and bath and adding a two car garage, workshop and laundry area, rear stairway with two bedrooms and a bath above on the second floor, altogether about twenty-four feet by thirty-four feet. We also achieved a patio and extra parking space.

Throughout the summers I continued my interest in boating. Joan became interested when we bought a 1958 — forty-two-foot Roamer, a steel hull Sedan Cruiser. We took delivery in June 1961. Joan, young Charles, Julie and I brought it from Detroit up the Detroit River, Lake St. Clair and into

Lake Huron, through the straits and down Lake Michigan to Charlevoix, where we kept it in various boat houses in Round Lake until we sold it in July of 1986. While based in Charlevoix we made numerous short and long cruises in Lakes Michigan and Huron, Green Bay, the North Channel and Georgian Bay, plus many short trips with Belvedere friends and guests. We named the boat the *Holiday* and its dinghy was named the *Weekend*. At one time we contemplated taking it to Florida, but after reaching Little Rock, kept it there operating on the Arkansas River for awhile in 1972 and then brought it back to Charlevoix the spring of 1978. We picked up Carlos Reese in St. Louis and he helped crew from there to Chicago which was a big help and most pleasant company. Carlos is our next door neighbor at No. 6 Belvedere Club.

We also had a beautiful small (twenty-seven-foot) Danish Cruiser which we had bought in Washington, D. C. in 1969 and taken down the East Coast to Florida where we kept it until 1972. We then brought it up to Little Rock and later to Charlevoix, but it was really too small for storms on Lake Michigan so we sold it. A man in Cleveland bought it, and much to our amazement, later found that he had it in the Mississippi River and had taken it up the Arkansas River to Tulsa, Oklahoma. En route it had been berthed in its old slip at the Little Rock Yacht Club.

Although I had been brought up on rowboats and canoes, I got my first powerboat experience in 1913 in Wequetonsing with a three horse power outboard and a sturdy fourteen-foot flat-bottom boat, both built by Evinrude — great for ten-year old boys. In trying to win a children's race, a friend and I switched the outboard to a much lighter rowboat — in fact, the dinghy from his father's cruiser. You can guess what happened. The vibration tore the engine off the transom of the dinghy, and we had to dive for hours to retrieve the engine. The keeper of the lighthouse at the end of Harbor Point made the necessary repairs for us.

My early sailing experience was also anything but a roaring success. Rogers Clay, of Frankfort, Kentucky, and I were asked by two young girls to take them sailing. Not having a sailboat, we got a large rowboat and two big umbrellas, and with a good breeze started from Weque down to Roaring Brook, but when we turned around to come back the wind had not changed directions but had increased considerably. We had two pairs of oars on board, so Rogers and I went to work. Much to our embarrassment we couldn't gain much, heading against an increasing headwind, and to add to our embarrassment, we had to ask the girls to help us row. Needless to say, that was the end of boating with those two girls.

One of the nicest runabouts we owned was a nineteen-foot Buehler Turbojet which we kept at our boathouse at the Belvedere Club. In 1966, or 1967, Joan and I took houseguests, Walt Rentschler, of Hamilton, Ohio, and Alex Chiles and his sister-in-law, Gladys Patterson, of Mt. Sterling, Kentucky, up the Inland Route to Cheboygan on Lake Huron. We trailered the *Thunderbolt* to Conway and put in at the marina at Crooked Lake. From there the cruise took us through Crooked River into Burt Lake, then into Indian River to reach Mullett Lake and from there to Cheboygan via the Cheboygan River. The famous Hack-Ma-Tack Inn is located at the South end of Cheboygan River and the excellent Pierre's Restaurant is in downtown Cheboygan. The scenery along the whole route is most interesting and the fishing is reported as excellent.

Another good inland runabout trip that is most interesting is one Joan and I also took in the *Thunderbolt*. We trailered from Charlevoix to Eastport and put in the north end of Torch Lake. Half

way down Torch Lake on the east side we took a side trip to Clam Lake. We could possibly have taken another side trip to Lake Bellaire, but were not sure of a connection. Back to Torch Lake and on south to the south end of Torch and then into the river connecting to the small Lake Skegomog, then back northwest to Elk Lake and to Elk Rapids. There is a dam and falls at Elk Rapids between Elk Lake and Lake Michigan which prevents entry into Lake Michigan at this point. As all the desirable accommodations at Elk Rapids were full, we ran on up to the north end of Elk Lake to spend the night at Kewadin. The next day we reversed the course and returned to our trailer and car at Eastport. A most interesting and relaxing two days outing.

After bringing our forty-two-foot Roamer Cabin Cruiser, the *Holiday*, to Charlevoix from Detroit, where we took delivery of it in the spring of 1961, we made numerous cruises up and down both sides of Lake Michigan, to Mackinac Island, the North Channel and Georgian Bay. We also made numerous short runs in Lake Charlevoix and Lake Michigan with guests from Belvedere Club and other visitors. Joan became an excellent crew member — ready to fill any spot from helmsman to deck hand, chef, bartender, navigator, radio operator or whatever needed attention. Apparently, the only problem she had was jumping off a rocking bow to a low floating dock to wrap a bow line around a cleat or piling in order for the helmsman to drive against this to bring the stem in. It was a neat trick to do this and at the same time to put a fender in place between the bow and the dock. Of course, at the same time she was running back to catch a stern line to put on a cleat or around a piling. A busy girl.

In 1969 we bought a beautiful twenty-seven-foot Danish Botved Cabin Cruiser with twin 150 horse power inboard-outdrives. We were supposed to take delivery at Ft. Lauderdale but due to a Seaman's strike it could not be unloaded ashore. The dealer found the same model in Alexandria, Virginia, so we flew up to look at it. It had just been unloaded and was still on its cradle. We thought it was just what we wanted and did not have the time to wait while it was commissioned. We bought and paid for it on one condition — that when put in the water it would float.

We named the boat the *Honey Chile*. An English friend of Joan's visited us just before our daughter, Julie, was born. She said Joan had got so Southern since her marriage that she knew that if it was a girl that Joan would name her Honey Chile.

One more story about the *Honey Chile* en route to Charlevoix. In 1974 Joan and I decided to take it to Charlevoix. For some reason we were delayed in leaving and did not leave until July 19. The weather on the Mississippi in the sun on the after deck reached 107 degrees! The Mississippi does not provide many gassing points for pleasure boats but we knew of a bulk plant on the river just above Carruthersville, Missouri. Unfortunately, when we got there they were unloading a barge of gas and we were not allowed to get near. We dropped back down the shore until we found an opening where a road had come down to an abandoned ferry crossing. We nosed up as close to the bank as possible hoping for someone to take a line. No one in sight anywhere. The current was drifting us. We had to put someone ashore. Joan did not want the responsibility of the wheel so she jumped into the Mississippi and swam and waded ashore with a line to tie to a tree on shore. I then asked her, wringing wet and barefoot, to walk up to the highway and charm someone into taking her to a gas station in town. She did and they did and she came back on a tank truck with over a hundred-foot of hose to the nozzle of which we tied a line and hauled the hose aboard and gassed. When we got to Charlevoix someone asked her if she was going to make the trip back to Little Rock with her

husband. Her reply — if he makes that trip back with a wife he is going to have to find another one.

The story of our boating in Charlevoix would not be complete without mentioning Julie's eighteen-foot Penn Yan Tunnel Drive Runabout with the 250 horse power engine. This was bought in 1970 and trailered from the factory in Penn Yan, New York, to Charlevoix. It was used for water skiing and joy riding mostly in Lake Charlevoix. This boat was unique in that the propeller and shaft were located in a tunnel in the bottom rather than protruding out from the bottom. In this way it could operate in shallow water. This boat was sold in 1985 to Richard J. Martin prominent insurance agent of Charlevoix.

Having been in the real estate business all my life, I could not resist the temptation while spending the summers in Charlevoix to make a few real estate investments. When I complained that there were not enough boathouses and slips to accommodate the boats of summer residents and transients in Charlevoix, I was asked why I did not build some, as over a period of twelve years I had put together four pieces of property on Round Lake whose total shoreline was 180 feet. I wound up, of course, building some beautiful modern docks for seventeen cruisers of thirty to sixty feet in length. All slips were equipped with telephone and television connections, city water and separately metered electrical connections for AC and DC current — 20 to 220 volts. We had a small office building with two sets of toilets and showers, nicely landscaped with picnic area and named the Holiday Docks, 219 Belvedere Avenue. Joan's nephew, Geoffrey Bishop, came over from Australia and saved as a very efficient and capable dock master. We provided dock space, but no mechanical service or fuel — simply dockage. We completed the construction in 1980. Although we enjoyed operating the Docks and especially the new friends we made, we decided to give up the responsibility and sold the Docks in 1986. They are now operated as Fairport Electronics.

Since we became members of the Belvedere Club I have had the good fortune to work with many qualified and enthusiastic Club members on various committees. I especially enjoyed serving on the Beach and Boathouse Committees. I also served on the Board of Trustees for the six years from 1966 through 1971 and served as President in 1970 and 1971. It was a marvelous experience serving with these highly qualified and responsible businessmen and the capable and attractive ladies. As I recall, one of our accomplishments was setting up a Capital Fund for the preservation of the physical assets of the Club. During the last several years, specifically in 1987 and 1988, we have been faced with high water levels in Lake Michigan as well as in Charlevoix and Round Lakes with the consequent damage to shorelines, the beach, docks, boathouses and boat slips. We have had to protect the shoreline with rock and gravel-filled bags.

The damage done to the Belvedere boathouses and slips increased by the high water of recent years emphasized the necessity for a major repair job or complete rebuilding of the facility. A committee was appointed to examine the situation and proceeded to investigate all possibilities of design, materials, costs, construction timing and the like. After a false start in planning, due to a low figure being submitted for remodeling and repair rather than complete new construction — which figure later turned out to be unrealistic — it was decided to plan a complete new structure. This permitted units of generally the same desirable width, whereas before some of the units were too narrow for modern runabouts, having been originally used probably for canoes and rowboats.

The Committee did a remarkable job in getting some twenty boatowners to agree on the design and cost. About the only item that caused any disagreement was whether to retain the old wood

bulkhead or to put down steel sheet piling for a new bulkhead. It was finally decided to go to the extra expense of adding a new steel bulkhead rather than to risk a \$350,000 superstructure on an old wood bulkhead. The average cost of each covered unit was approximately \$16,000 plus, of course, the amount of each owner's original investment for his old unit which was razed. The whole Boathouse complex is an attractive architectural component of the Belvedere Club, providing covered boathouses and open slips for Club members. It also provides quarters for the Belvedere Yacht Club and slips for its nine sailboats, as well as an attractive gazebo and picnic grounds for the Yacht Club and its guests.

COTTAGE 6 SUSAN MOSS REESE

I began to understand Carlos' frustration/amusement when after ten years of marriage I was still referred to as "the Moss girl" because ten years after we bought our cottage it was still known as the Retherford cottage! A phone call from D. D. Walker informed us that No. 6 was available. Carlos asked D. D. if anyone else was interested in buying and D. D. said, "Yes, my wife!" He desperately wanted us to buy the cottage because he wished to remain close to his marina across from No. 404.

The Reeses moved into cottage No. 6 in the summer of '66. Prior to that time, we had stayed at No. 201 for one season, at No. 411 with my parents for two summers, and finally we rented the Schrock cottage for several years.

I remember well the decision to purchase No. 6. It was a cold and blustery November day and the wild swans performed for us on the wind currents over Lake Charlevoix. What a sight! We had flown up to see the house which was of course closed and so was very cold, dark and dreary — but we loved it! Before our departure we found a bit of warmth in the Schleman's kitchen. It was most memorable for me — we had become cottage owners and there were three Susan Reeses present in Ginny's kitchen — myself, our daughter Susie, and Susie Reis — Larry Grate's daughter

We were terribly ambitious and decided to paint the interior of the cottage ourselves and so for several years we came on Memorial Day, without children, so we could get some work done. To this day, we continue to paint and patch although (mercifully) Carlos has changed his formula of a quart of gin for every gallon of paint!

The next twenty-two years form a collage of high and low points, old friends and new, much laughter and some tears. The six children have grown up much too quickly — I no longer carry in a daily load of eight bags of groceries (remember how excited we were when Glen's, the second supermarket opened?), and Gang overnights no longer send me into fits of panic. The worry of Gang was even worse when some of my own children became Gang Leaders. And during the years when Spencer and Jim Eberts were the sailing instructors, my hair began to turn grey!

My love for and interest in Gang has come full cycle, from my own happy childhood experiences to those of my children as both Gangsters and Leaders. Now, I find my grandchildren approaching the age for eligibility. How can I describe my delight as my children express their desire to have their children experience our unique Belvedere and become part of this extended family? I remember making the same wish — how grateful I am that it has come true.

COTTAGE 7

DOROTHY LUND LELAND FOLLANSBEE

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Leland (Fred and Henrietta, known as Irene), bought cottage number 7 in 1924 after spending their summers at the Hotel or renting since 1906. They had two children —

Florence, later Mrs. James Ingham, then Mrs. Joe Hume Gardner of cottage number 21, and Austin Porter known as Pete.

Florence was an exceptionally beautiful, smart and attractive lady. Pete was able, witty and a fine tennis player. He was also an avid Princetonian ('28) where he played a major part in the Triangle Club and later served as a Trustee. I came to number 7 Belvedere as Pete's bride in 1935. Pete never missed a summer at the Belvedere. After his death I married Robert Follansbee in 1975. I have come to the Belvedere steadily since 1935.

It is my understanding that the Lelands bought cottage number 7 from John Quincy Adams (relationship to President Adams unknown), and all take pride in the fact that Adlai Stevenson spent many summers at number 7 with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Davis. His sister, Buffy Ives recalls that one hour of each day was spent reading the Bible and the classics aloud. Buffy credits this to Adlai's ability to express himself so succinctly.

Mrs. Leland (Irene), was a powerful personality. She, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Bemis set the tone for their group. The tale is that Mother Leland decided one day as they approached the golden years — probably 55 — that they were now too old to dance at the Hotel or Casino — and that was that!

Pete and Charlie Fox established a summer boys group while they were Princetonians and walked away with \$1,000 or so each summer. Now the Belvedere Club has taken over this service. Pictures of this group are in the Golf Clubhouse living room. Ben Tate and Stewart Retherford are in the pictures.

Fond memories for lo, these fifty-four years — each summer improves upon the last.

COTTAGE 9

GEORGIA MORSE HEITNER

Charlevoix has always been my second home. I was only six months old when I was taken to Michigan the first time. I have spent almost every summer of my life there during all these years.

In 1898, my grandfather, George Riddle rented the cottage which now belongs to Lucille Mehaffie, No. 226. He spent three summers there with his family. My mother; Clara Riddle Morse was his third daughter

My grandfather and all his family fell in love with Charlevoix in northern Michigan and decided to change summer vacations from Massachusetts to Michigan. He wanted to build his own home but also wanted to own his own property. Electricity and running water had not been installed in the Belvedere cottages by this time (1903) so that was another reason for his selection of the location on Mercer Boulevard for his summer home.

When I was ten years old, my sister Dotty (Dorothy Mudd), and I were asked to join in the activities of the "Girl's Gang." Our cousin Barbara Birge, now Mrs. William Wiseman and her cousin Mary Jane Carrier McLoughlin, were the "Gang" leaders. We were happy to make so many friends and also have wonderful times. I remember one "over night" when we traveled by canoe to our camp site. After spending the night we started to return home the next morning, still by means of the canoes. The lake became a bit choppy so Mr. Hollingsworth decided to come meet us in his "Chris Craft" and escort us home. We tied all the canoes behind his boat and as he started off all the canoes turned over. Our Gang leader at that time, Kay Carrier, jumped off the *Holly Hoo* to try to save some of our blankets and equipment but came up with noth-



No. 9 Belvedere Club, September 3, 1905.



Cottages No. 7 and No. 9. Noted on the back of the photo, this picture shows a portion of Mrs. [Emma] Ransom's cottage but 'she's not in it,'" August, 1891.

ing. Alas, it all went to the bottom of the lake.

The weekly picnics were fun. We always wondered which Connett sister would get the most olive-and-cream-cheese sandwiches. We loved the days when we could ride our bicycles to Loeb's Farm for milk shakes and the delicious melted cheese sandwiches. Oh! They were so good.

I continued to spend my summers at the old family cottage for many years. But after I married and had two sons, my husband Norman Heitner, thought we should find our own cottage. We rented various cottages for a number of years and in 1964 we bought No. 9 from Helen Fox. Before it was owned by Helen, it had belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fox, Sr., Helen's father-and-mother-in-law. It was originally owned by Malinda Woodbury prior to 1892, Woody Ransom's great grandmother,

We were delighted to have the opportunity to purchase this cottage and we have spent every summer there since then. Sometimes, our sons would be with us and also our grandchildren. We always enjoyed that and wish they would come every year

Charlevoix and the Belvedere Club will always remind me of wonderful times, great activities, marvelous friends, beautiful blue water and lovely surroundings.

COTTAGE 11 EPPA H. HEATON

The Heaton cottage on location No. 11 has a varied history. It was started by Dr. Abram S. Heaton as a one room fishing shack standing against the hill across the road from the present lot line — circa 1860. When the property was divided into lots, the fishing shack was rolled forward on to location 11; a fire place, chimney and bedroom were added.

Dr. Heaton was from Loudoun County, Virginia. The Heaton and Mason families were neighbors and friends in several generations. One member of the Mason family — Stevens T. — was elected the first governor when Michigan became a state in 1837. Dr. Heaton graduated from University of Pennsylvania in 1850. While he was still in school it was planned with the Masons that upon graduation he would go to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan where the copper mines had opened and there was no doctor. Family legend says he rode horseback with one of the Mason family to Detroit (more likely it was to Cleveland), then by lake steamer to Copper Harbor. Charlevoix was a rest stop on lake routes half way between Detroit and Copper Harbor.

A school teacher had been requested through another college to come to Copper Harbor. A young lady named Lydia Sabine accepted the position. She and the young Dr. Heaton were married there.

Dr. Heaton and his family moved from the Upper Peninsula to Detroit in 1869 where he became a professor in the medical college and a visiting physician at Harper Hospital. The fishing shack at No. 11 became the family summer home; the kitchen, dining room, and upper floor were added to the existing two rooms — also the upper and lower porches. A cistern to catch rain water was built under the kitchen. Steps lead down from a trap door in the floor, Crocks for milk and cream were kept there where it was cooler. Also, ladies of the Association used to bring their pails to fill with rain water to wash their hair, as it was “softer” than other available water.

Dr. Heaton died in 1882, but his wife and daughter Marie Louise continued to live six months each year in the cottage. Mrs. Heaton lived until 1927 and Marie Louise until 1945. At her death she willed the cottage to Eppa H. Heaton, a great nephew of Dr. Heaton.

Many changes and improvements were made in the existing house. When the downstairs bedroom was enlarged, a three quarter bed was removed. On the back of the head board was written in large black letters —

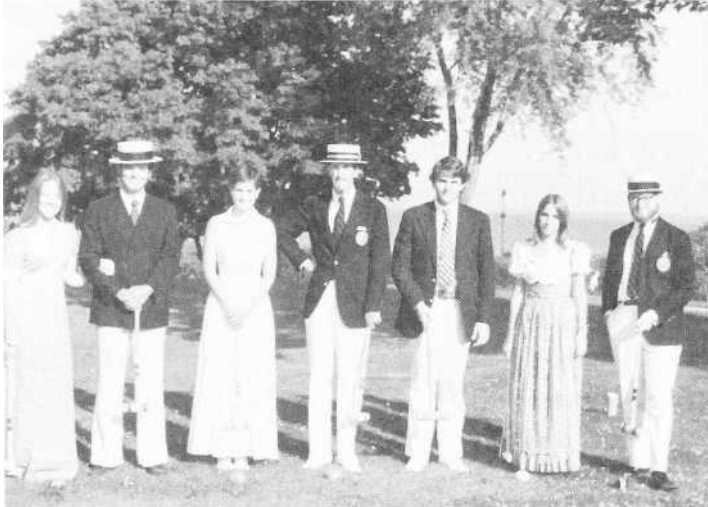
To: Mrs. A. S. Heaton

Via the Bulkley Line

Charlevoix, Michigan 1873

In the 1970's the old drying yard and one car garage were removed from the back. A new family room and deck with a bedroom and bath over it were added to the house.

May the Heatons and the cottage at No. 11 enjoy as many generations in the future as they have in the past.



Croquet on the Hotel lawn, left to right: Ginger Williams Payne, Chris Payne, Anne Schuler, John Fox, Rick Unger, Jane Cassedy McDonald and Bill Henry, 1973.



A "wicket" game on the Hotel lawn, left to right: Joe Orgill, John Goessling, Doug Kuhn, Quinn Breland, 1989.

COTTAGE 13 "CHEZ REYNARD"
JOHN R. FOX

My memories of summers in Charlevoix are a mixture of major themes and the small incidents which make up one's recollection of a period. As L. P. Hartley put it, "the past is a foreign country, they do things differently there," and they did things differendy in the late fifties and early sixties at the Belvedere Club.

One of my first clear memories of Charlevoix is the summer when Brad Schade, whose parents were renting cottage No. 9 at that time, fell out of the second story window while he was watching a train go by. Although Brad, a Superman fan, spread his arms to fly, this had no effect, and he broke his right arm and spent the rest of the summer with a cast. In the matter-of-fact way of children

(Brad and I were seven at the time), we all took this as a perfectly ordinary event, and regarded Brad as very lucky to get the extra attention which having a cast generated.

The daily routine of the trains was a ritual for a child at that time. If we were at the beach, we all paused to yell at the man in the caboose to toot his whistle. Some of these men took obvious delight in our interest, and would play a happy tune which would fade in the distance as the train moved on. All of us had piles of flattened pennies which accumulated throughout the summer as we put as many as possible on the track whenever we had the opportunity prior to a train coming. For some reason these always disappeared over the course of the winter and I now can find no trace of those strangely elongated images of Lincoln which I so carefully hoarded every summer

In the fifties my father would still take the train from Saint Louis to Chicago on Friday, and catch the Resort Special which left him right at the foot of the terrace in front of our cottage early Saturday morning. The return trip picked him up late Sunday and returned him to St. Louis in time for work on Monday morning. As I now make frequent weekend commutes via Northwest Airlines from St. Louis, through Detroit to Traverse City, followed by a fifty mile drive to Charlevoix, I suspect I spend almost as much time in transit as my father did thirty-five years ago, but in a lot less comfort.

Father had grown up coming to the Belvedere Club, and had cut quite a figure on the resort in the twenties and early thirties. Knowledge of his activities at that time came in quite handy as I grew older, as nothing I ever did compared with Father's destruction of three Pierce Arrow roadsters in one summer My parents had purchased number 13 in the late forties, and as I grew up there was a constant battle between Father's absolute aversion to making any changes to the cottage or its contents (we were still eating off the china that came with the cottage well into the 1970's) and Mother's desire to re-decorate, which always seemed to involve green paint. A major bridge was crossed when Father very reluctantly agreed to Mother's insistence that we purchase a television set "just to watch the political conventions" in 1964. As I recall, the local stations then available in those pre-cable days were very limited, and the local television news, presented by almost unbelievably bad anchors, was frequently unintentionally hilarious.

The Gang was a big part of our lives as kids, and we were fortunate in having a great Gang leader in Bob Schrock, who had a zest for life and enthusiasm which was truly contagious. One of my fondest memories of growing up on the Belvedere Club is of those rainy days when "Schrocko" would gather us all in the Club Cabana and read wonderful stories such as *Paul Bunyan and Babe the Blue Ox*. Sailing lessons were in the beautiful old Rockets, with varnished wood interiors, dark green decking, and no modern conveniences such as jam cleats. Swimming lessons were conducted by Joan Nelson, a formidable figure who finally cured my reluctance to swim in water over my head by the expedient of throwing me off the end of the pier, an experience which to this day leads me to shudder when I hear the expression "sink or swim."

In the days before the world outside the Club became so much more threatening, Gang overnights were an adventure where the worst dangers were poison ivy and sandy food. One particularly memorable overnight involved Bob Schrock taking us up to Michilimackinac, which was just being excavated, and our spending the night just off the beach near by. Awakenning at dawn to see the sun rising over the straits, and the Mackinac Bridge a brilliant gold against the crystal clear sky, was an experience all of us who were there will always remember. On that same trip we had taken the old steam ferry to the island (a trip which took close to an hour), and on the premise that we needed the

exercise, Bob had us climb straight up the hill to Fort Mackinac rather than taking the path. After a stiff climb, we arrived at the gate sweaty but triumphant, and the astonished park rangers said no one had ever done this before, and let us all into the fort for free.

In the days before Charlevoix experienced its current unbridled growth, it had much more of a “country” feel, with Bridge Street as yet unblemished by the Chamber of Commerce’s appalling campaign to give it the look of what they described as a “Norman French Fishing Village.” While the shopping options were a lot fewer, one didn’t come to Charlevoix expecting to buy anything other than groceries. And the movie theater showed a wonderful variety of films, changing every two to three days, so that a family staying the season had the opportunity to see almost all the good films made in the previous year. I might add that, as long term residents know, while the exterior of the theatre has been frenchified, the interior is unchanged from the fifties. Mike Meyer and I would frequently go to the movies, attended by a baby sitter; and hurry home after the 7:00 P.M. show in order to get back before curfew, which was taken seriously in those days.

A rainy day was considered a Petoskey Day when our mothers would drive north for the shopping, and we would beg them to take us along to Andrew Kan’s shop, a treasure-trove of whoopee cushions, hand-buzzers, squirt-gun cameras, rubber vomit, and other toys designed to delight a boy and drive his parents crazy. A similar inventory of items always came home from visits to the junk shops along the harbor on Mackinac Island.

While much has been written recently about the level of the Great Lakes, during the late fifties the problem was low water, not high. And there were dire warnings that the Lakes were drying up because of various inevitable cycles, sometimes related to sun spots, sometimes blamed on the Chicago Sanitary Canal. Whatever the cause, it was necessary to dredge off the end of the pier to allow for diving, and the beach area was huge compared to today’s. Other past problems were the lamprey, still a revolting sight in the late fifties when brought up attached to a fish, or even more awfully encountered while swimming (although I don’t ever recall seeing one myself). And who can forget the plague of alewives, piled up several feet high on Lake Michigan beach, and drifting dead through the channel into Lake Charlevoix. On the other hand, Lake Charlevoix was much less crowded, and the Foster Boat Works and Sugar Beet Factory were romantic derelicts rather than vacation developments. And the Sheriff Patrol was in its infancy and had yet to perfect its technique of stopping a boat load of people and subjecting them to a lengthy inspection for no reason other than that the officer felt like it.

As we grew older, the next focus on our youthful enthusiasm was reaching the age (or at least the appearance of the age) when one could enter the Grey Gables, and sit at one of the chairs around the piano bar presided over by A1 Breeze. The decor of the Grey Gables was at the zenith of naive vulgarity, but it was convenient. A1 knew everyone (most regulars were greeted with a musical introduction, mine being the Williams College fight song), and the drinks were so weak that a long evening could be enjoyed without too terrible a result the next morning. Of course, from time to time one was “over-served,” which could lead to comic results. I was once awakened after a late evening by my father and asked where my MG was, to which I confidently replied it was parked behind our cottage. When Father informed me that was not the case, I had to confess I was completely baffled as to the car’s whereabouts. Perhaps based on my lack of sprightliness that morning, Father correctly guessed the car’s location, and retrieved it, complete with keys in the ignition, from the driveway of

the GG.

Many pleasant hours of my summer during college were spent sailing with Mike Meyer, who was the sailing instructor in the early seventies. We particularly enjoyed sailing in high winds, although our daring at times exceeded our control of the Hawks. On one occasion we had decided to try out a spinnaker; although we only had a vague idea of how to rig it. There was a strong wind, one thing led to another; and Mike was literally dragged out of the cockpit and into the water while I frantically tried to bring the violently pitching boat under control as the improperly rigged spinnaker pulled us from one side to another. Although we did not capsize, and Mike was able to climb back in, the incident was particularly embarrassing because it occurred right off the end of the swimming pier in full view of most of the resort. We were later told there was talk of calling the Coast Guard, but luckily our friends realized we would rather sink than have anyone's help at that point.

The Belvedere was really the ideal place to grow up, and I was very lucky to have the opportunity to spend so much time with my family and friends there. It was a milestone for me when in 1989 I found myself down at the Casino watching my son William leave for his first Gang overnight. Several of the parents were my contemporary "Gangsters" from the fifties and sixties, and that continuity of families and friends over many years is a big part of what we all find special about the Belvedere Club. May it continue for generations to come.

COTTAGE 15 "CLAYGATE-BY-THE-SEA"
BARBARA C. CLAGGETT

In 1968, I came to the Belvedere as a houseguest. In 1969, I came to the Belvedere as a renter. In 1970, I came to the Belvedere as an owner and plan to remain one forever.

Cottage 220 was a wonderful home for us for many years. It is always bright and sunny, has a superior porch that can accommodate practically the whole resort for cocktails, and has enough bedrooms to sleep many children and lots of friends.

The cottage had been neglected for a few years, so I was hot to start decorating immediately, but was informed by the ladies on the beach that it would be better to wait and live with it for a while. So I waited and waited, and finally Ann Leakas told me that the place was a dump and I'd better get to work. So we bought gallons of paint, invited all the able-bodied neighbors and went to work. Ann hauled her sewing machine up and we re-covered everything in the cottage.

Our most creative cost-saving idea was to make window seat cushions from old mattresses. I wish everyone could have seen Sandy and Didi Rogers and Drew and Scott Leakas using saws to cut the mattresses to the proper sizes. Well, we finished painting the floor exactly twelve hours before houseguests were arriving, so it was almost dry.

Fourteen years later, when I married Bill he decided that a professional paint job was in order, so that left our family free to paint all the furniture a color I can only describe as Mexican yellow. Joanie Meyer immortalized that painting marathon when she painted the Claggett cottage's portrait. There we all are, Bill, Barbie, Carolyn and Susan Claggett, and Sandy and Didi Rogers, painting the dining room furniture a very bright yellow.

But it was always fun. Sandy was only five his first summer and Didi celebrated her second birthday on the Belvedere. And almost every other one since. There are certain problems associated with having a birthday fall on August 19. Poor Didi, we were often so busy on the 19th that a couple of times she blew out candles and ate cake for breakfast.

It seemed that the Cabaret was always on her birthday and we were all so involved with it that Didi got lost in the hysteria. But she made up for it later. Now she makes us celebrate the birthday "season" which can last as long as three months.

Sandy was infamous both as a Gangster and as a Gang leader. I've never found out exactly why Chris Payne and Jim McDonald, his Gang leaders, strung him up in a very tall tree, but I'm sure I'll find out eventually. Sandy really enjoyed his teen years on the Belvedere. He, Philip and Melissa Chamberlain, Bob and Steve Kenny and assorted pals could think up more wild schemes than all of their parents could keep up with, but I think I'd better keep their secrets.

Probably, the highlight of Bill's and my marriage was our arrival at No. 15. We'd bought it sight unseen in the dead of winter in 1985 and were very nervous about what it would look like. After all, No. 220 was exquisitely decorated thanks to the family paint job, but who knew about No. 15? To reassure me, Bill promised that Mr. Olson (painter par excellence) would meet us at the cottage and go right to work.

When we arrived, none of the doors were open, but we ran from window to window, exclaiming with glee because not only was the cottage itself fabulous, but also the interior paint job was perfect. Exit Mr. Olson. Enter Ann Leakas and her sewing machine, and back to work we went.

That's the wonderful thing about the Belvedere. People come, people go, but nothing else

changes. I expect that fifty years from now Bill will be rocking on the porch while Ann and I recover my pillows for the twentieth time.

WILLIAM M. CLAGGETT

The Claggetts Return to the Belvedere

After our marriage in 1976, Barbie suggested we might want to spend the month of July at No. 220 Belvedere. I said, "Oh, Barbie, nobody goes to Charlevoix anymore. That place used to be in vogue before air-conditioning when people took the overnight train up there to beat the heat in St. Louis."

So after much kicking and screaming, I loaded up our station wagon with all four kids for the long day's journey. About nightfall, we entered the white gates and pulled up to what looked like an old rooming house with very thin walls and a rustic kitchen. We spent ten happy years there before moving to No. 15 on the first terrace.

During our first summer we attended all the cocktail parties with the little white chairs in a circle so I could be inspected by the Grand Dames of the resort. One of the first I met was Elizabeth Clark who expressed great surprise when she heard my name.

"I never thought to see a Claggett again on the Belvedere," she exclaimed. She then launched into the story of how my grandparents left the Belvedere in the mid- 1920's never to return again.

Staying at the cottage in 1928 were my grandfather and grandmother, my father my Uncle Charles and my Aunt Dot and her fiance, Donald Danforth. Apparently my grandmother used to ask Livingston, our black, long time family chauffeur to cut garden flowers for the dining room table with his little pocket knife.

On one of his infrequent days off, Livingston strolled into town and happened to notice some tough looking white boys changing a tire. Since he had a natural curiosity about automobiles, Livingston glanced over at the tire-changing scene. The tough characters immediately provoked a fight with Livingston who managed to nick one of them with his little flower knife in self defense. Soon Livingston was in the Charlevoix jail and the two white lads (who turned out to be ex-convicts) went scot-free.

The Ku Klux Klan, angered by this racial conflict, surrounded our cottage and burned a cross in the front yard. Uncle Charlie (then fourteen years old) escaped from the house, hopped on his bike, and brought some help for the situation.

However, no one from the Belvedere came to the Claggett's rescue, so after springing Livingston from jail, my grandparents left Charlevoix, with Livingston at the wheel, vowing never to return again.

While my parents spent most of their summers at my maternal grandparents' ranch at Sheridan, Wyoming, I remember my father fondly talking about his youth on the Belvedere. He seemed to have a fond recollection of Saturday night dances at the Casino, playing badminton on the lawn of the grand old Hotel and swimming in Pine Lake.

In 1978 my father re-visited the Belvedere and confirmed Elizabeth Clark's story. As we chatted on the lawn at one of those cocktail parties with the little white chairs in a circle, Carl Schumacher asked him if he noticed any changes in his fifty years absence. "Yes, Carl," he replied, "the trees are taller now."



Ann Sherer and Pete Houston.



Monkey Tournament; left to right: Doris Geilfus, Irene McDonnell, David Cudlip, Marybeth McKay, Pete Houston, 1961.

COTTAGE 19 "SANSSOUCI"
ELISE LINDENBERG HOUSTON

When I was about four years old I came to Belvedere with my mother and father by boat from Chicago. We stayed at the Belvedere Hotel. The Hotel at that time had a porch going around the floor we were on and an enclosed outside winding stairway going from floor to floor. I loved running around the porch and up and down those enclosed stairways. The next joy was that we could order two desserts at dinner!

The next summer we rented a little house on the upper terrace just outside the resort. There were two terraces like those at Belvedere. One day Enid, my sistei; decided it would be fun to ride down from the top terrace to the sidewalk on her tricycle, which she did but unfortunately couldn't stop as

it went so fast. It took her right into the street, narrowly missing a car, also receiving a bad cut under her chin. Dr. Armstrong whom we all loved, and who came to the house in those days, came to stitch it up. His office was at his home which is at the top of the hill next to Hooker's Laundry.

The next summer we stayed on the resort in what now is the Retherford cottage. There I became very uncomfortable with a splinter in the bottom of my foot. Again, Dr. Armstrong was called to the house to remove it.

The next summer we stayed in a cottage on the second terrace near the Hilton cottage next to the Forker cottage. This cottage was later torn down. Jill and Ward Hilton were my playmates. We went with them on picnics on their boat. The water in the lake was so pure that we just dipped our cup over the side of the boat and drank the water from the lake. Next to the Hilton cottage was the Huntington cottage which is next to the Sherer cottage. Here the most fun was cutting out paper dolls and their clothes from all the magazines we could get. This was a popular pastime at that time. The one who was able to get the Sears and Roebuck catalog was really lucky. The other fun thing to do was ride on the back of the ice man's truck and eat the ice on a hot day. The ice man also had a handsome son named Al Widafield!

Other things I remember —

-- Putting pennies on the train track to see how they looked after the train ran over them.

—Mr. Hooker's horseback riding class of which I am enclosing a picture.

—Calla Travis' dancing class.

—The "Train Boxes."

We all hated to leave Belvedere when summer was over, and there were many tears. We had a great group of girls and boys; among them were Peggy Johnson (now Mrs. Barry Goldwater), and her brother Ray who owned what is now the Leatherman cottage. We would all go to the station to say "good bye" and to give the box and letters to the girl departing. There were funny things in the box. The letters were from each girl who was not departing until later. These letters were filled with "things to be told" and "not to be told" about what happened that summer. After the train started and we were well on our way, we opened "the box" and what surprises we had and fun reading the letters and looking at the surprises in the box!

After I was married, my husband and I came to Belvedere almost every summer. Peter, my son, came to Belvedere when he was about three and Louise, my daughter, when she was six months old. As they grew up they had jobs on the resort. Peter worked on the beach, clearing away rocks in the shallow water so people could go in and not hurt their feet. He also helped with the Boys' Gang, and Louise helped with the Girls' Gang. Two of the pleasant things were that Louise met her husband, John Rolwing from St. Louis at Belvedere where he was visiting a friend, and Peter and Ann Sanders from Louisville spent their honeymoon in the cottage we had bought.

Mrs. Rolwing, John's mother, came up as a young girl with her family, the Muckermans. She didn't stay at the Hotel when she first came up. Later she brought her children; John, Polly and "Deed" and stayed at the Blue Bell cottage and also what is now the Ransom cottage.

After Mr. Houston and I bought the Knight cottage, No. 19, the grandchildren came to visit — both Sam and Annelise. They loved it just as much as I did when I was their age.

Later after Mr. Houston retired from the bank, he was elected president of the Belvedere Club for three years and then elected president of the Belvedere Golf Club for three years also.

The Cabarets run by George McKay were great fun. Pete Leland played the xylophone. George Shwab sang their favorite song *The Surrey with the Fringe on Top*. Helen Fox, Dot Leland (now Follansbee), and I harmonized together

One summer each “Belve-News” which arrived had a notation at the end saying something about a ghost, such as, “Did anyone hear the ghost howling last night?” and other similar references. Near Cabaret time the Belve-News said, “The ghost is still around — can anyone guess who he is? His identity will be revealed at Cabaret.”

The night of Cabaret finally arrived and everyone was very anxious to know who he was. I should have guessed as I was asked to sing *In the Shadow of Your Smile!* During the last act the ghost all dressed in white came onto the stage and while the song was being sung, the white robe was removed and lo and behold, it was Pete Houston, my husband! Now the Cabarets continue and my son-in-law John Rolwing enjoys participating in them.

The rest of the history has been written up in the Belvedere Club first book. I must add we will always have a large place in our hearts for Belvedere.

COTTAGE 21

FLORENCE LELAND GARDNER

Re-reading my article for the first Belvedere Club book, I did not actually state that I first arrived when I was a little baby. My family, Mr and Mrs. Frederick Austin Leland, brought me in a basket, and we stayed at the Hotel. In those long ago days we arrived on the Pere Marquette railroad, and the station was right in front of the Hotel. A bus pulled by horses would bring us up the little hill — a ride of a few minutes. This was a delightful way to travel to Northern Michigan. Many changes have taken place and now even more. When automobiles came in, it seemed a thrill to travel that way, even though there were not good roads. Nowadays to drive from Washington D.C., one drives on 98% large turnpikes. It is a long haul of 800 miles and every year gets longer and more exhausting! We have to have a driver To come by airplane, it is necessary to fly to Detroit and change to a small plane that goes to Traverse City. Because of delays, poor equipment and missing connections in Detroit, I do not recommend this way to reach Charlevoix. It is a big worry that it has become so difficult for older people to reach our lovely summer resort. I wish we could go back to the time when large, elegant cruise type ships came from Chicago and would bring us into the harbor I guess by now, I have really been here longer than anyone in the Club. “Remembering when” and reminiscing is one of the great joys. It is really a fine thing that, in spite of all the building and progress around the town and the lake — the Belvedere Club has remained the same. We are fortunate to have so many devoted talented members who serve on the Board of Directors and many committees that maintain the activities, arrange the programs and see to it that our standard of membership is the same. The rule that anyone applying for membership from a certain city, must be endorsed by the full membership, and particularly the residents from that person’s home city. It is so fine that many cottages are taken over by the family and another generation continues to enjoy all the wonders of the Club. The youth activities make this procedure continue.

Mt Moerland, our sterling manage[^] keeps everything going smoothly and helps all members with the endless repairs, chores and on-going activities.

Over all these years, I feel grateful for all the history we have made at the Belvedere Club. Our granddaughter, Leland Ingham, came to be with us in July and August starting when she was five

years old. She learned each year to play tennis, golf, skipper a boat, be a good swimmer, camper, etc. These were wonderful years for her and for us. She now has all this in her background. Now she has graduated from the University of Virginia and is going to law school. I hope she will have her Charlevoix friends all ha- life as I have.

Keep the home fires burning. More of the same is needed by future generations.

(Editor's note: this account was received just a few weeks before Mrs. Gardner's death.)

COTTAGE 25

PEGGY CONNETT DISBROW

I spent my first birthday in cottage 103 which is now located on East Lincoln. My grandfather, August Schlafly, bought 101 a bit before the turn of the century. In due course his daughter (my mother) Jessie, married a young lawyer, Bill Connett, and they spent their honeymoon in the present Orr cottage. It seemed a good idea to Grandfather to buy the little red cottage next door for the young couple. Ten years later the idea did not seem quite as good as by then five children crowded the too-small too-close cottage. One of my earliest memories is the sight of 103 rolling very slowly on its wheels down the road toward the west gate. Grandfather had bought 105 for us so no one mourned.

For the next twelve or fourteen years we summered at 105 which is now the Shwab cottage. These years coincided with the Great Depression. I remember many of the cottages remained closed all summer and could have been bought for a song but no one was singing.

On my sixteenth birthday, our grandparents having died, we moved into 101 where we remained until my father retired. He, like my grandfather^ and now like me, did not care for the constant upheavals that children engender. For two or three years he rented the Forker cottage 207, for my sister Nancy and me and our families. Perhaps we were still too close for comfort for he then rented 119, the Goodson cottage for us for the next seven years. At this time my sister and her husband bought No. 43 from Diddy Schade's sister, Ann Flanigan.

For the next few years I returned to 101 to be with my mother. Our children came up only for short visits, but I was looking around for a cottage and looking hard. I had passed No. 25, the Williams cottage, ten thousand times but had never been in it. We heard she had died, but a son and a daughter were not encouraging offers. Finally Charles went to Chicago and visited the Trust Department who was handling Mrs. Williams estate. He struck a deal. It was something of a shock to come upon five dead bats in the living room as we entered. Nevertheless I knew we would be very happy there. And so it has been.

COTTAGE 27 "GREYHAVENS"

BENJAMIN H. BREWSTER

How I Got Run Off the Chicago Club and Ended Up on the Belvedere

In 1885 my grandfather, William B. McIlvaine, of Chicago, joined the newly- established Chicago Club on the north shore of suburban Charlevoix. I still have pictures of my mother, Priscilla McIlvaine (Brewster), toddling around the cottage (probably in diapers) or on the beach.

I personally arrived in Charlevoix during the summer of 1925. Although I didn't see too much of it, I enjoyed it thoroughly, and in that following November I was born.

I came to Charlevoix (North side) every summer until World War II, and then came back for a few years after college. At that time my parents told me that I would



Scramble at the Belvedere Golf Club; left to right: Georgia Heitner, Ben Brewster, Harriet Brewster, Gene Tower, Harold Stoner, Ken Payne, 1988.

have to go and feed myself, and the exigencies of having to work for a living precluded the long indolent summers of yesteryear. Adios to Pine Lake, as it was called then.

In the early 1970's Harriet and I decided to spend the rest of our summers in Charlevoix. We looked all over, starting at the Chicago Club, then Harbor Springs, Weque, and others. The problem was that there was practically nothing available at that time at the Chicago Club except for one or two run down cottages that looked as if the Germans had found a suitable target for their bombers in North Charlevoix. But, they were available, and cheap.

Then my mother said, "Why don't you look over on the Belvedere? There are a lot of grand people there, and there will probably be a lot more cottages for rent or sale in the coming years." And then she applied the hammer lock: "And that way I won't have to invite you to every cocktail party that I have and you won't have to have me to every one that you have, but we can see each other whenever we want!" You see, Mother was Scottish.

Well, she had a bunch of golfing buddies over here and, she laid the arm on a bunch of them to get us OK'd by the powers that be. Records don't indicate now who did the dirty work, but Dick Leatherman, Pete Leland, and Rep Replogle were instrumental.

So in 1974 we rented No. 511 (Orr) and No. 131 (Moore et al); No. 503 (Ben Tate) for 1975-6 and half of 1977; No. 121 (Cunningham) for the balance of that summer; No. 403 (Mark Herschede) for 1978 and 1979. With a few exceptions, we became Channel Cats.

But we longed for a cottage of our own, and we despaired. And at that time Josie and Bill Connett, apparently seeking a better view of the channel, sold us their lovely cottage, and here we are! But there came the problem of who would sponsor us? That became a real problem.

I inveigled Hal Stoner into proposing us. He did so gladly, figuring that he had at last found someone whom he could consistently beat at golf. Rep Replogle was a shirttail relative; he was once married to my mother's cousin. So he sponsored us, but said something like not going to the well too often. Norm Heitner was the other sponsor. To this day he occasionally bangs his head into the wall saying, "How could I have been so stupid?"

But anyhow, we have been in Paradise for fifteen summers and one autumn; we have seen the waters rise and the waters fall; we have seen the heat and the cold, the rain and the droughts; and,

like nature's cycles, people come and people go. The Belvedere is like Lake Charlevoix: it is always the same, yet one can never step into the same water twice. Ever beautiful. Ever changing.

COTTAGE 31

MARIETTE MARTIN GORDON

Summers on the Belvedere began for me in 1940 when my parents, Helen and Earle Martin, rented No. 519 from Mrs. Ray P. Johnson. My husband and I with our four month old daughter Melinda M. Mouquin were invited to spend the month of July. Love for Charlevoix was instantaneous for the Martin family. The next year, my father bought No. 19 from Adele O. Olin (Rand). By 1944 both Helen and Earle were gone and the cottage was left to me and my brothers Joe and Tom. They in turn transferred it to me in 1949.

In 1950, John Knight and I winterized our home (the first to be winterized on the resort). That same year, Johnny defeated Ray Hamilton in the Charlevoix mayoral election, much to the delight of his constituency. I have fond memories of the people of Charlevoix coming to No. 19, some of them in tears, saying, "God bless you, Johnny, you did it."

In 1956, I sold the cottage to Pete and Elise Houston and I was gone from the Belvedere until 1979. While visiting Kathryn and Jonathan Knight in No. 123, I decided I wanted to buy the wonderful little "Pingree cottage" No. 31. Jean and Sam had been good friends — it seemed right that I should live in their "doll's house."

My first evening in the cottage, I attended a lovely party given by Virginia Shwab and Dorothy Rand. Not having seen the members of the Belvedere for many years, I was nervous approaching the gathering. Almost in unison they said, "Welcome home" and I knew that I had, indeed, come home.

COTTAGE 33 DANIEL B. HALES

In repeated appeals from the Club, members have been asked to "set down and write their memoirs of time spent at the Belvedere Club. Tell how you first heard about Belvedere — about cottages you rented or purchased, etc...."

Well, it's true that I am now a member of the Club, but I didn't get here by application, at least not in the beginning. So, for me and some of my contemporaries, let's turn the clock back — way back. I'm now forty-eight. Let's flip the calendar back forty years. Yes, that's before computers, McDonalds, man on the moon, condos, polio vaccine, TV dinners, almost before TV itself. Harry Truman was President of the USA.

My first memory of "Belvedere.." Well, it sure wasn't a memory of a "Club." Club to a four year old means a neat tree hut; the one you leave behind for the summer when your parents pile you into the family car that had "lap robes" in the back for extra protection during Chicago winters. We piled into the car, drove north to Milwaukee, boarded the Ludington Ferry (generic name; actually, the six different ferries had names, *City of This*, *City of That* — all but one were filthy according to my mother with whom at that age (and now) I did not (and do not) argue.

As soon as we "sailed," Mom and Dad assembled the deck chairs, cracked open the cold chest of sandwiches packed earlier at home, and we began the six hour voyage to Ludington. To this day, I can recall my first feeling of being on Lake Michigan. I can still see her vastness, sheer beauty, and mighty power that I saw when I was four. Her seas were as colorful as her skies, and both could be charming blue or hellish grey with tossing seas that would send the freight cars knocking two decks below. That was and is the weather that I like best. I can recall the fresh air, the wonderful, crisp air

and sky and the feeling of open opportunity that lay ahead for me. I had the feeling of unlimited hope and belief I could conquer anything.

I loved the wind and waves so much that I fell asleep by the time we docked in Ludington. When I awoke I was in the back seat of the family car. I remember the sweet smell and mysterious sounds of the night, and the sheet; white wooden, road posts warning of the dangerous curves ahead. I watched the white headlights play upon the gloss white of the warning posts, and then I fell asleep again to the steady cadence of the rubber tires thumping down the road, dreaming of the days ahead in Charlevoix.

The early years at “Charlevoix” (we never called it Belvedere) were great years. I stayed in my grandparents’ “cottage” at 35 which I thought was the neatest on the resort. I didn’t know anyone else that had a cottage painted red and black — just like the colors some kids pick out when they make those neat lace bracelets at camp. And this cottage came with sliding doors, a bath tub with claw feet and a room on the west side with the most comfortable beds in the house. “The boys room” was my room when I was in residence as was the case with my cousins when it was their turn to visit. One evening when I was four or five, I tried to leave it without permission or advance notice. One thing I hated in those days was being put to bed when it was still light out, and I could hear the older kids laughing as they played tag outside and carried on. I figured out how to open the window and undo the screen. Like Peter Pan, I then took flight. Unlike Peter Pan, the laws of gravity caught up with me. Shortly thereafter Rep (Luther Replogle, our neighbor) heard me crying in the cedar bushes four feet below the window where I landed. I can still remember his kindness and laughter in coming to my rescue and carrying me inside. The room had other advantages. I could lie awake in the stillness of a misty, Michigan summer night and listen to Lake Michigan’s fog horn. Soon I would be asleep. And, when I woke up I could smell breakfast cooking in the kitchen. Soon, I would be beckoned to the table by Grandmother’s little bell that she rang to commence breakfast and orchestrate the other courses of the meal.

During my very early days, I spent a lot of time on the beach, probably in Gang. When I was four or five, I ventured into the water with sand bucket in hand. I remember glancing down and seeing a huge, black snake swim slowly by me. It took the next twenty years to find something that I hated more than snakes in life, and liberal politics finally gained first place over snakes. I also spent a lot of fun, rainy days in the Casino building model trains, etc. out of wood (not plastic). I also remember horseback riding and ventures out to the troll bridges on both terraces. Unfortunately, one bridge is now gone, but trolls are still spotted around the other on scary, dark nights!

As I grew older; our cottage became a harbor at night and the place where I spent my evenings. I didn’t spend much time there during the days, but the evenings were the best any kid could have. I loved to play cards, and the card table would come out of the closet (decorated in cottage colors of black with red buttons) and the games commenced. I remember being a fierce competitor, and I took delight in beating my parents and grandparents. My grandmother was always good natured about a loss and humble in victory — my grandfather less so, and my father even less, so I, of course, would gloat over victory and rub it in or throw a snit if I lost. One time my Dad lay for me to get even. We were on our way to Sun Valley by train. I think he read up on Canasta strategy and whomped me three days straight. Lesson one in humility for this guy.

Charlevoix for me was a place full of mystery and family. I loved spending the days with my

grandparents. Others will probably write about the charm of the “flower lady” strolling through the Club selling flowers from her cart, about the excitement of the train whistle beckoning all kids to the terrace to watch the bridge close and train pass, and about the magnificent old Hotel and the wonderful meals and bingo games served and played inside. I used to walk down to the Hotel to buy a paper and a cigar for my grandfather whom I adored. He was a wonderful man who had found his way to the Club through his parents. They had tried Crystal Lake and Walloon, but settled on Belvedere. My mother says he liked it because the Club had paved sidewalks. My grandfather hated to walk in the sand! That would be my grandfather — a very pragmatic man who worked hard in Chicago’s tough west side to develop a coal yard. The thought of leaving a coal yard on hot, humid days to board the train for Charlevoix must have carried him through his days of extremely hard work.

I spent a lot of time with my grandfather. We had a relationship that a man can only have with his grandchild. It was not his duty to raise me, to discipline me or be responsible for the direction of my life. He thought kids had too many advantages and should be working summers like he did. He tried to point out values and virtues to his grandson, mostly by example. I noted with great pride that he founded Boy Scouts for the blind in Chicago. He registered his delight with a smile and laugh when things pleased him. We spent countless hours fishing together; mostly at Ironton where the perch ran big and an occasional bass took the bait. There were many occasions when we fished in the rain or mist on a cool day. He would light his pipe and sit patiently and wait for a bite. After a long spell of quietness he would admonish me — “you’re not holding your mouth right.” The message still escapes me today, but I think it is as funny a comment now as I did then, and I still toss the remark at the kids when we are fishing.

My grandmother was as wonderful as my grandfather and truly a “best friend.” Her name was Jessie, and Grandfather called her Jess. She led a very structured life as my grandfather would have it, and there were times in their lives when he couldn’t understand her and vice versa, — like the time the contractor left the bill for the new bathroom on the dining room table. He wasn’t in favor of the project in the first place. The cottage had enough bathrooms, but women always want another one — a “necessity” that escaped his definition of the word, as he saved to send his kids to college. I saw him tremble as he read the bill. He was not pleased. Before WW III broke out, I invited him on a fishing trip to Ironton, the departure of which commenced immediately. He was so mad he didn’t speak until the bait hit the water

And so when things were a little tense in the cottage, I used to love to joke with my grandmother and make her laugh. She had the best laugh of anyone I know. It was sheer mirth. On several occasions, I could get her crying because she was laughing so hard. When we were in church and the minister made some weird point or engaged in some theological affectation that even she thought was stretched, she was fair game for a grandson’s whisper followed by her intense biting of the lip to enjoin a laugh that I had provoked. Her favorite game was Chinese Checkers, and we played that a couple of times until it got boring and then switched to cards. She was a remarkable woman and grew up in Adrian, Michigan. She used to fascinate her grandchildren with tales of her upbringing. She actually learned some Indian (Chippewa) phrases and taught them to us. Years later, after her death, I was taking one of the kids camping in our pick up truck. Just after we cleared the bridge on our way north, I picked up an Indian hitchhiker and shared with him my Chippewa phrases. He was one

“amazed dude” as the kids now say.

I also remember some spectacular days fishing the Jordan River with my Dad. One of my earliest memories ever is sitting on the bank of the Jordan in tall, sweet grass by the cool water at about mid-day and having a sandwich with my Dad. The scenery was so pretty. And, a brook trout with all of its sparkling spots and scale-free skin is one of God’s works to behold. My Dad loved to fly fish, and I was fascinated by his tackle box. I recall the evenings in the cottage when we unwound all the line to dry before the fireplace. I loved looking at his flies and at the wood plugs he reserved for muskies — now museum pieces, I understand. My Dad and I would also rent a boat from Ward’s with an outboard motor and fish Round Lake. And, we played golf together a game he dearly loved. We also explored together, and he loved to meet people. He took me out to see George Hemingway one day to visit his nursery. My Dad was more impressed with George than with his nephew, Ernie. It seemed like my Dad was a man who was always expanding his horizons. I loved my time with him. He made me feel invincible.

One of my disappointments was the family’s stand against buying a boat. My grandparents were dead against it, believing that water was dangerous and was to be avoided. My parents did not spend enough time in Charlevoix to see the justification for one. My Uncle Homer (Jones) and I spent numerous hours window shopping boats in Petoskey. I was determined however, to find sport on the water. I had just finished reading *The Silent World* by Jacques Costeau, and my mind turned to skin diving. These were the days before diving was popular and equipment was limited.

By accident one day, I found a pair of hardened, rubber flippers on a closet shelf, probably brought home by an uncle from WWII. I remembered an interesting device that I had seen at the hardware — a frog-stabber (four pronged fork). I found an old broom in the cottage, cut the head off, screwed the frog stabber to one end of the broom stick and lashed surgical tubing to the other and took off for the beach with flippers and a pair of newly acquired goggles. I have since been diving in the Caribbean Islands and off southern France. However, nothing can match the memory and excitement of my first plunge into the silent world off the Belvedere swimming pier. I discovered a whole new, wonderful world. I spent the next two days chasing perch and bass, finally bringing several home for breakfast (fish taste best in the morning). On one of my last dives, I felt the presence of a larger prey behind me. I looked up and found the face of what I then believed to be a huge rat staring at me. Men on rockets and in jet planes travel slower than my speed from sea to land! I later learned this was probably a muskrat. These are some of my fond memories of Chapter One at Charlevoix — the sweet, pre-teen days of youth. I loved Charlevoix so much that one summer I hid down the bluff when it was time to go home, hoping to be left behind. My family was not pleased at such an enthusiastic expression of lament because there was a ferry to catch to take us home, and to take me back to school!

As I entered my teen-age years, my grandfather and father died, and I spent less time in Charlevoix. But those two weeks or so a year were always the best two weeks each year. My dear friend and godfather of my oldest son, Ross Mackenzie, and I shared the summer weeks at Charlevoix together. We always hit Captain Ratigan’s book store and bought a bunch of used books which I didn’t read but he did. (At twenty-eight years of age, he became editor of the *Richmond News Leader*— a post he holds today). He spent a lot of time on the dock while I fixed up our “speed boat” (which we still have and is now named the *Sundowner*). We spent time chasing fish and girls and playing cards

back at the cottage. We would laugh in hysterics at my grandfather's intolerance of some of our adolescent habits, such as leaving the toilet seat up and shuffling our feet — two of his pet peeves that grew in stature from misdemeanors to felonies as he grew older. We can still hear him shout, "Gee Ruesome, put the toilet seat down." Or, "Gee Ruesome, pick up your feet."

As the teen-age years grew to a close, a third Chapter opened. I met my wife, Debbie, and we spent a few vacations at 35 Belvedere together. Charlevoix and life took on new dimensions. We fished from the boat, played golf (meeting Mrs. Ransom for the first time when looking for a lost ball about 10 feet from the first tee), took numerous walks, and had some great cook-outs at Bells Bay and at the cottage. One morning, I made Debbie breakfast in the fireplace, using Grandmother's favorite frying pan. I can still hear my grandmother's screams about her now blackened favorite skillet.

After Debbie and I married in 1966, we always took the first three weeks in September for our vacation, and always returned to Charlevoix. The days were warm and the nights were cool and sometimes stormy. I would take long walks through the abandoned Club grounds and return, finding that Deb had made the best home made apple pie that I ever had. Fall was our favorite time of year in Charlevoix in those days. But, those vacations stopped when the kids came, and they had to be in school in September. So, we switched to the traditional summer vacation, and the kids spent their early summers in Charlevoix. I'll never forget taking my oldest son, Dan, to the beach and watching him take to the water. He also loved hanging onto a life line from our boat when we were bobbing around Lake Michigan. Thanks to sage advice from Carl Schumacher, I purchased 33 Belvedere.

As the kids got older, I used Charlevoix as a base camp for Canadian camping trips and other ventures. I tried to take each child on a camping trip once a year. Mandy will probably never forget hiking through brambles at age six with her dad who was lost at the time, nor the time in our favorite pizza joint in the Canadian Sault when the lights went out in a storm, but we saved the evening and day's profits with our Coleman lantern that I brought in from the truck. Nor will Trapper forget fishing at the bottom of a bluff on which we were camped when a record-breaker truly did get away. And some of our best camp-outs were as a family at a nearby, special spot called Christmas clearing. I'll never forget my wife jumping out of her chair one night when we were telling stories around the fire when an owl nailed a rabbit for dinner. The rabbit's last cry was a piercing scream that could be heard all over the North Woods!

It was a wonderful time in all our lives. We also took delight in spending time with Poke Wheeler who had a cabin on the Bells Bay road (now razed by the thoughtless DNR who acquired the property after Poke died). Poke called himself a compass adjuster, and he was, but he was also a respected sailor who had sailed on Lake Michigan and the oceans of the world. Our whole family looked forward to a summer evening at Poke's cabin when stories were told and songs were sung. None of us will ever forget *The Bear Goes Over the Mountain*.

Little did I know as I stood at the rail on the Ludington Ferry making my pilgrimage voyage to Michigan so many years before that the Charlevoix experience would be like the vast body of water before my eyes. As the lake changes to the weather of the day and seasons of the year so does Charlevoix change to the chapters of one's life. And, it is as colorful, as mighty, as restoring and as powerful as that body of water that lies between my two homes.

COTAGE35 "HINO-DE-SO"

MARION JONES HALES

My parents, Homer D. and Jessie W. Jones, were looking for a place where our family might go for a summer vacation. I had two young brothers — Homer and David Jones. They were looking forward to the water and sandy beaches. Father wanted a summer place with sidewalks as well as beaches. His parents said, “Why don’t you try Charlevoix?”

We did. We arrived by boat — the *Manitou* — from Chicago. We were met the next morning at the old dock along Bridge Street by a horse-drawn livery carriage and taken to the Belvedere Hotel.

I became a friend of Eunice Dissette and Mary Jane Carrier. Other friends were the John Webbs from our home town, Oak Park, Illinois. The Webb family had three children — Marion, Betty, and John. They had a cottage on the second terrace and often included me on their picnics, which I loved. We went in their Chris Craft to favorite spots around Lake Charlevoix.

The next summer my parents rented a cottage on the first terrace. The following year the Japanese cottage owned by Mrs. Kitzelman came on the market. Mother and Father had enjoyed evening strolls along the first terrace and loved to walk by the Japanese cottage. Mother had always appreciated it — she loved Japanese decot So when Mrs. Kitzelman died, Mother and Father hopped on a train from Chicago in March, I believe, and alighted in Petoskey where they hired a car to take them to Charlevoix. After viewing the cottage and the view of the lake, they bought Hino-de- so, House of the Rising Sun.

Our family has enjoyed the cottage for many years. Another bathroom was added, a bedroom was enlarged, and the kitchen gready improved.

A Japanese friend whom Dan knew in college said the Japanese name for our cottage would be translated, “House of the Rising Sun,” which is most appropriate. From the bedroom on the north one can enjoy a glorious view of the sun rising over the lake and filling the sky with beauty.

COTTAGE 37

CATHERINE MCKAY SHELTON

After spending thirty-six happy summers in cottage No. 206, we have spent three happy summers in No. 37. We hated to leave our view of the park and all our nice neighbors, but we love our view of the lake and our new neighbors. We bought No. 37 at the end of the summer of 1986, after going through it only once — it was love at first sight!

We had never been in the cottage until after Rep and Lorene were married and had lovely parties. We admired it very much, but had no thought of ever being able to own it. My first memory of it is of Mrs. Rockwell, at an advanced age, rocking on her porch.

In the years since the last Belvedere book was published, our three grandchildren have grown from babies to college age in Belvedere No. 206. I know they will keep on enjoying our old cottage. They all love it here. That is one wonderful thing about Belvedere — children seem always to come back!



Kay and Dick Shelton on the porch of cottage No. 37, 1988.

COTTAGE 39

CHRISTIANA LUTZ RANSOM

When we bought cottage number 39 in 1955 from the Ransom estate, Woody remarked that in years to come people would think we bought it from ourselves. Actually Mr. R. E. Olds' first name was Ransom — no relation whatsoever. Why the estate was named Ransom instead of Olds, I have no idea.

Amazingly enough we only paid \$4,000 for the cottage. It had been vacant for six years and was just a shell with not a stick of furniture in it with the exception of a tiny wicker potty seat. I used it as a planter and later gave it for auction at the Casino.

The interior was not sealed at all (downstairs, that is) except around the bay or tower windows. The first thing we did was to continue the beaver board all around the living and dining rooms and remove the ugly overhead hanging light fixtures. We decided the teen-agers made too much noise so we put up acoustical ceiling in both rooms which was too bad to cover up the beams. A few years later when we winterized the cottage, we had to put the heating ducts in the ceiling too so the tiles covered them. At that time we changed the oil furnace to gas.

Over the years we've made additional improvements to the cottage. Of course, the first thing we did was modernize the kitchen. Later we put the bay window in the breakfast nook, then the carport. We had Rosemary Robinson's husband do the landscape gardening.

One day I came home and found that Woody and Chip had been to Petoskey and bought a whole new set of wicker and bamboo furniture for our side glassed-in porch. I had Me Harold Pearl, an excellent painter come and splatter the floor blue and white to match the color scheme of the new furniture. Then we had to get new white glass curtains of course.

Another time for redecorating occurred when a strange man walked up to us as we were sitting on the open front porch and told us he had some white wicker furniture in his station wagon for sale. Did we want it? We bought it all — two chaises and two arm chairs for \$15! Our next door neighbor, Luther Replogle, had a white wicker table he left out in the yard. He really did not want it and gave it to us. We bought a wicker love seat, another table and four chairs. Now the porch was looking like Belvedere Resort porches should look. After Chip's death in 1975, we acquired two Philippine peacock chairs (one was later stolen off the porch), a wicker rocker and another wicker chair.

One year Chip was fooling around the fireplace behind the TV and noticed the stonework of the fireplace continued around the bay or tower. We removed all the old beaver board and exposed all the lovely stonework. One of the ladies of my Congregational Church Circle said her father-in-law was the stone mason, Mr. Rupert, who built the cottage in 1902 and was said to have selected all the stones because of the mica in them.

We came up one spring and found eight women on ladders scrubbing the stone because our oil burning stove had blown up, and soot was all over everything. The carbon took all the yellow out of the guest room curtains, and the walls had to be repainted. The insurance company said we'd have to estimate the cost of repairing and replacing. It took some doing but our figure was exactly half way between the insurance company's high and low estimates.

My bedroom is in the tower in the front of the cottage. Woody's was over the guest room, and we shared the connecting bath. After Wood and Priscilla had summer jobs or were married, Woody decided he had enough of the back room and wanted a lake view too. So we contacted Ivan Phillips, our friend and contractor, and made Chip's and Wood's rooms across the front into one large room with its own bath.

We made a window into a door in order to go out on the porch roof where Woody hung out the American flag every morning. Chip moved into Priscilla's room over the kitchen and had Rosemary Robinson of Bay View redecorate it in blue and green. He bought himself a beautiful big antique brass bed. We moved Priscilla's maple canopy bed and chest of drawers into Woody's old room. When Wood came for visits, he used the downstairs guest room.

In 1955 when we bought this large cottage and brought all our furniture from Daytona Beach, we also brought our cook and friend for many years, Iona Wright. She always brought a maid with her, and we lived in the lap of luxury. The maid brought my breakfast up to me on a tray. Of course all the help had Thursday and Sunday afternoons off, and they had a great time. There was a club of some sort in Petoskey they all went to. They sometimes met in our maids' rooms over the garage. We could hear the peals of laughter as they played cards and games.

Someone suggested I write about all the international students we've brought up here in the late sixties or early seventies. Iona Wright lost her eyesight due to diabetes, and because Chip felt sorry for his aging parents with no regular help in the summer, he asked a friend, Riley Leonard, to get us a student from Hampden-Sydney College where he had gotten student help for others in the past. A

young Chinese boy from Singapore whose name was Myron Boon applied for the job. He sounded good so we sent for him. He was delightful, a wonderful help. We thought he should see some of the sights while up here and suggested he drive up to the Soo some Sunday afternoon. So he did. What an experience he had. He called us up about 5:00 P.M. one Sunday and said he was on the Canadian side of the Soo, and the American customs officials wouldn't let him back into this country without his papers. We advised him to check into a hotel, and we'd come up the next day to vouch for him.

Woody called a lawyer in Petoskey in case we needed him, and we took Houston Witherspoon with us. We arrived in time for lunch Monday. Myron called someone he knew in Washington who in turn made arrangements with the U. S. Customs to let Myron through. We said we'd follow him to be sure he had no trouble at the gate. Indeed he had no trouble but was treated royally by the gate attendants. Myron knew someone in Washington who really had clout.

When Myron graduated from Hampden-Sydney College, he wanted to go to law school, but the Prime Minister of Singapore said he had to return for military service. Myron wasn't about to do that so went to Australia where he had relatives. After four years there he became a citizen of Australia, returned to the States and attended law school at Georgetown in Washington. He spent his summers with us until he graduated and started his own law office. He would just come get our car in the fall and drive it to North Carolina for us and drive it back up to Michigan in the spring.

I went on the Board of Warren Wilson College and so was able to bring students from there for the summer. First there was David Muclane from Nairobi, Kenya and Tony Early from North Carolina. We enjoyed them so much; we had them for a second summer. David was a runner and entered the marathon Venetian weekend. Wood and Bob Follansbee went to watch the race. David did very well, something like 16 out of 300. Both boys graduated, and Woody died in 1982. I only needed one student so brought up Choon Lin from Panag, Malaysia. He was a freshman so I had him three summers and simply adored him. He went on to graduate school at Indiana State so that summer I had Absom from Bangkok, Thailand. She was adorable and a professional dancer who brought her music on tape plus two beautiful costumes. She would dance for my guests. Once she was asked to dance for the first and second grades of St. Mary's School. Poor thing had no idea how to cook or clean so I was delighted when Choon wanted to come back for the next summer. He decided he needed a Master's in Business as well as in Economics. It was wonderful to have him back for two more summers. He became a real gourmet.

I thought I could never replace him when he returned to Malaysia this year. Well, I was blessed with a wonderful student, Dirk Fonda, from Andrews, North Carolina, an all-A honor student, good company and excellent worker.

They have always enjoyed the Belvedere as has our family over the many years of our summering in this wonderful place.

COTTAGE 41 F. CARL SCHUMACHER

I first saw Charlevoix in the summer of 1928 when our family took a cruise on the *S.S. South America* from Chicago to Buffalo and return. There were a lot of stop-overs en route.

Our first stop out of Chicago was Charlevoix. We arrived after dinner and it was still broad daylight. We were invited to go ashore but were told to be back by 10 P.M. because the captain wanted to go on to Mackinac Island that night and have the ship all tied up there so we could get up early the next morning to start our tour of the island.

It was fun watching the big ship come through the channel and dock at the pier in Round Lake. We then left the ship and walked a couple blocks each way on Bridge Street. We undoubtedly bought some fudge!

In 1934, Mr. and Mrs. Hickey were renting the Balch cottage — now the Mudd's. I was courting Althea and was invited to visit. Althea's brother, Myron, was interested in Melissa McKay who was staying with her mother who had rented No. 117.

Myron and I decided to drive up for a long weekend which was very pleasant and a lot of fun. I met a lot of new people whom I am sure are still on the Belvedere, but I must confess I cannot remember their names.

The park then was nothing but a muddy piece of ground with very little grass. Automobiles were driven on it in front of the west cottages and that made it even messier and more unusable.

The most exciting thing that happened was a blow to my head by a golf club held by Althea. Mr. Hickey, Myron, Althea and I decided to play, although Althea really had not taken up the game at that time. On the 14th tee, I offered some advice which I proceeded to demonstrate by standing behind Althea, holding her arms and making them move through the proper arc. This was also a good excuse to put my arms around her. She over swung and bang! I saw stars when the club hit the top of my head. No permanent injuries!

In 1936 Melissa and Myron were married as were Althea and I. We did not get back to Charlevoix until 1938 when we visited the Hickeys in No. 127 which they had bought. The babies began arriving and in 1941 came World War II. Althea did make some short visits but it was 1946 before I returned again to stay with the Hickeys.

We now had two children — Nancy and Skip — and Althea and I immediately recognized that no house is big enough for two families. We stayed just a short time but before we left asked Mr. Hickey if he would be good enough to see if he could find a cottage for us to buy. He did! Mrs. Currie sold No. 231 which was right across the street — thank goodness — from No. 127.

We were delighted to have it but when we saw it for the first time in 1947 we realized we had much to do. It had a kerosene burning stove — a coal burning hot water heater — one bathroom — no cupboards — one ice box (not an electric refrigerator) — lots of closets but none had doors — just cloth hangings — no paint on a number of walls. Fortunately good old William walked over every morning from the Hickeys to build a fire in the water heater so we would have warm water when we arose.

We didn't have much money but we did find a good used electric refrigerator in Charlevoix which we bought. William and I painted the kitchen walls to cover the blackened wood and brighten the one- window room.

That winter we found a second-hand electric stove in St. Louis and had it shipped up. We also had an electric hot water heater installed which we had to buy new in Charlevoix. That was the only new thing I believe we ever bought for No. 231. So when we arrived in 1947 the house was much more livable. I spent about three or four vacations doing nothing but carpentry work. One summer with the help of a plumber we stole a closet from a first floor bedroom and made it into a bathroom. I built another closet back in the corner of the bedroom.

The living room had a rather large "ell" in one corner. I talked to Mr. Edwards about it and he said it would cost very little for Marvin — remember that capable Belvedere employee who could do

anything? — to get rid of it. This he did and we were surprised when we arrived the next year to find out how much larger the room looked when it was squared off. We had invited a couple from St. Louis to spend Memorial Day weekend with us so the four of us pitched in and painted the new wood. Believe it or not, it matched well with the existing paint.

The porch had some nice wicker furniture which had not been painted for a long time. Althea turned her charm on Diddy Schade and persuaded her to join her in painting everything on the porch. They did a magnificent job! Everything looked brand new!

In 1948, the Belvedere Yacht Club was founded and thanks to the generosity of Belvedere Club members, we had our first fleet of sailboats. Dick Shelton and I joined and together took sailing lessons. I can't remember the name of our teacher but he could not pronounce "jib." It always came out "yib." Dick learned fast and went on to become one of the best sailors winning many of the Wednesday and Saturday races. I tried but I was absolutely no good at reading the winds and was always on the wrong tack. I usually came in last. I remember one race when Althea was crewing for me, and we finally got in just exactly one hour after everyone else was safely tied up. She never sailed with me again. The last time I sailed was with Dick. I was determined to win and whenever he began to ease off I would tighten the jib and yell, "Hold her steady — we are really moving!" All went well until a big puff came along and over we went. No damage — no injuries — just a thorough soaking.

The golf bug which first bit me when I was in school was pushed aside first by sailing — second by my carpentry work in the cottage — and finally by my job at which I had to work hard to earn a living for my family. However, the bug was revived in later summers and I spent a lot of time at the Belvedere Golf Club. Anyone who has seen me play recently probably will not believe that I could zoom around that course regularly in the high 70's. But as I have reached the high 70's in age, my scores have also gone straight up to the point where I am now happy to break 100.

In the early '60's, Myron felt the time had come for some sound estate planning by his father. Me Hickey agreed. He turned No. 127 over to Althea. We gave No. 231 to the five grandchildren — Sissy, Judy, Nancy, Joe and Skip. As Sissy was the eldest it was placed in her name. However, no one moved at that time.

When Mrs. Hickey passed away in 1966, we did move into No. 127 to be with Mn Hickey. Sissy and her family moved to No. 231. When we lost Mr. Hickey in 1970, Althea said she would like very much to be on the first terrace so she could watch Lake Charlevoix. It has always fascinated her. She loves to just sit and watch the constantly changing water patterns as the wind blows this way and that or is still all together. We talked to Mr Moerland who said he would let us know if anything became available.

In August 1972 we had a St. Louis couple here for the Member Guest Tournament at the Golf Club. When my guest and I got home late Saturday afternoon, Althea took me aside and said Mr Moerland had come by earlier and showed her the Roe cottage — No. 41 — which was for sale. She said he had agreed to show it to both of us when I got home. Down we went! On the way, Althea said it had everything we wanted but I should be prepared to be shocked at its interior appearance. That did not bother me because I knew Althea had a great imagination and if a house was well arranged and in sound condition, she had the ability to see how beautiful it could be made with "paint and powder" as she always called it. She had done just exactly that with the last house we owned in St. Louis.

Well! The interior was a shock! The three main theme colors in every room on everything were turquoise green, pink and lavender. Horrible! The rugs were thin, dirty, spotted indoor — outdoor carpeting. The fireplace was just a hole in a wall painted very dark green. I guess it was all best summed up by a friend of Skip's who came for a weekend from Harbor Point and of course wanted to see the new house we had bought. With a perfectly straight face he asked Skipper, "Did your parents see the interior of this house before they bought it?"

The same Saturday we first looked at it, I asked Althea if she thought she could make it into something that she would like and also would be lovely to look at. She said, "Sure!" I told MtMoerland to call Mrs. Roe from No. 41 and tell her we would buy it at her price. She said, "O.K.," and a few days later it was ours.

Althea found the right decorators. We ordered a mantle, andirons and fire screen for the fireplace. We kept all the living room furniture but had it all reupholstered in proper colors. Practically all the other furniture in the house was replaced. All the walls were painted. All the floors were carpeted wall to wall. All new drapes were ordered for all windows.

We then learned that we were about the sixth couple that had looked at the house. Fortunately for us none of the others had Althea's foresight so we were able to buy it. When we arrived the next summer — very anxious of course to see what had been accomplished during the winter — we were greeted by a number of friends who said they had all peeked in and were amazed at what Althea had accomplished. We rushed in and were also just as overwhelmed by the changes. We now had a beautiful home — and right where we wanted it.

And it had everything in it — and then some. Mrs. Roe might not have been the world's best decorator but she certainly knew what a house needed. We have two furnaces — three hot water heaters — two refrigerators — two kitchen stoves with ovens — eight bedrooms — five bathrooms — etc. — etc. It is also the last cottage on the resort, I believe, that has all the necessary equipment so every door and every window is completely boarded up in the winter

One last word about the cottages in which we have lived. The summer after we bought No. 41, Judy and Dick Engelsmann bought No. 127 from Althea. I believe they are completely happy there which makes us happy.

We have now come full circle back to the estate tax problem which started all the cottage transfers in our family over a quarter of a century ago. In 1987 we turned ownership of No. 41 over to our son, F. Carl Schumacher, Jr Althea and I are now just emeritus members of the Belvedere Club.
ALTHEA HICKEY SCHUMACHER

My first glimpse of Charlevoix was in 1931 when, after visiting friends on the Cape, I came to the Hotel where my mother and father had spent the summer In the following years Mother and Daddy rented various cottages and it wasn't until 1937 that they bought cottage No. 127. By then my brother, Myron Hickey, had married Melissa McKay, and I was married to Carl Schumacher

Looking back on the years that followed, I wonder how my mother managed a household such as we presented her with. The Hickeys now had two children, Sissy Chamberlain and Judy Engelsmann and we had one, Nancy Dennis. We also each came equipped with a nurse maid so the third floor of No. 127 was changed from two bedrooms to four Mother and Daddy employed a cook, a maid and William, a colored man who was the joy of our life. If Mother wanted a light some place where there was no plug, it was no problem to William — he just got miles of electric cord and started where

there was a good plug and went behind doors, over doorways, etc. until he reached the correct spot and could then plug in the lamp. If Mother wanted a light in the basement, that was easily solved. William just drilled a hole in the kitchen floor; dropped the cord through and put a light bulb on the bottom.

Melissa and I thought we could help Mother by planning the meals and doing the marketing. It would take us most of the morning to decide on our menu and then we would go shopping. There used to be a Kroger store where we did most of our buying, but the food wasn't appreciated by Anne, the cook. So our marketing lasted only about three days and soon Mother, an early riser, was ordering over the telephone, and William then picked up the groceries, and everyone was happy again.

When the United States declared war in 1941, Carl immediately joined the Navy, and our days in Charlevoix were ended for about five years. The first summer when Carl was at officer's training, Mary Gilbert Flint and I became close friends — her husband, Bob, was also in the Navy.

In 1946 we returned to visit Mother and Daddy for two weeks. Skipper had been born in 1943 so now we were a family of four. After two weeks we realized that no cottage is large enough for two generations so at the end of the summer we bought, sight unseen, cottage No. 231 which had been the Currie cottage. Mrs. McGuire, who was in the Schleman cottage, told us she had moved No. 231 up to be next to the Roemlers (one of their daughters was Skip Kinnaird's mother). We often saw him walking by with his fishing pole over his shoulder prepared for a large catch.

As the years passed the children grew. Skipper, at an early age, decided it would be nice to set up a facility in front of our cabana where people on the beach could buy a soft drink. This was done strictly on the honor system and was not a financial success and also very hard on me as every morning we had to go over to an ice house in town for ice so the soft drinks could cool. Soon there was a guest from the Hotel who spent all his time on the beach who wondered if a sandwich could be bought. So Skip raced home and asked the cook to make some peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. After several days of feeding this unknown man whom Carl and I called "the starving Armenian," our cook became irritated and retired to St. Louis.

In 1950 my father had a heart attack and was in the old hospital so we became well acquainted with it and Doctors Grate and Saltonstall. We are grateful for the present hospital and its staff.

After Gang years and one year of camp, Nancy helped with the Gangs, ending up by looking after the teens for one summer. She and a friend had about twenty-one of the young who were too old for Gang. They kept them busy night as well as day. Skip, when he outgrew the Gangs, went off to camp and was here only at the very end of the summers.

And so the years have passed — old friends gone and new friends being made in just a younger or another generation.

E CARL (SKIP) SCHUMACHER, JR.

My most vivid childhood recollection of Charlevoix is one of massive sunburns. As fair as I was, one full day on the beach had me looking like a lobster, with painful blistering for the next four or five days.

The sunburns, of course, emanated from our desire to absorb the Belvedere in its entirety and as quickly as possible. So, when the sun first rose on our first full day, it was off to the beach and the lake and the subsequent paint. Zinc oxide and I were always early summer friends.

The salad days were really the early fifties, when we eight- year-olds would gratefully unpack our shipped bicycles from their huge cardboard shipping cartons and then gain the freedom to roam.

Roaming ran right up to the 9:30 siren, and would often include dinner at George's Frozen Custard (two hamburgers with mayonnaise, fries, milk shake), that night's movie, popcorn and a cherry Coke at Schroeder and Hovey's. If you played your cards right and started off with a buck, you'd end up with at least a dime left over. Later, of course, poker games at the Hickey's gave you a chance to really make some money.

My most fruitful capitalistic adventure, however; came with my single-handed reopening of the Hotel cabana at the beach. My mother's cook, Margaret, donated the sandwiches and I purchased the sodas (Nestle's orange, no-name grape and, of course, Cokes), hauling all of this down to my improvised luncheon counter by the sand. Ice was a problem, however, until I discovered the Hotel's massive ice machine which solved that problem. The business was a great success, since the market would stand any sort of markup I cared to impose. Financial ruin was averted until mid-November when kindly Mr. Edwards finally forwarded the bill for all that "free" ice.

As my age progressed into double-digits, however, my parents feared the delights of a care-free summer at the Belvedere were too much of a temptation and started packing me off to Camp Dudley in upstate New York to spend my time more profitably. While I enjoyed those eight weeks off immensely, I always looked forward especially to my return to the Belvedere for the final two weeks of the summer. Times were different then, and I somehow always managed to get back for the Cabaret and most of Labor Day weekend.

I returned often to the Belvedere during my high school and college days, and those summers included the normal sort of experimentations most generations have endured. I doubt seriously that ours was the most riotous of groups, but the accusations were made frequently enough to give the charges some credence. Despite these concerns, our elders did give us control of the Cabaret for several years running which produced some of the largest and best parties seen in decades. I don't recall that the shows themselves were particularly inspiring, but by show time most of the participants were normally impervious and by midnight truly bullet proof. The scene of the most notorious after party was my grandfather's boat *The Jo-Be II*, housed then at Brow's Marina, and the briar-patch where myself and my associates had been banished to quiet down the complaints from the Belvedere. Captain Brow himself complained to my father who showed up promptly at nine in the morning to read us the riot act, only to discover the boat and surroundings in pristine, if not sparkling shape, and a modest group of college sophomores just finishing their morning coffee. What he didn't know, but must have suspected, of course, was that we had never gone to bed and had realized around dawn we were in big trouble if anyone visited the shambles. The clean up completed, we simply explained that a few people had come by, Captain Brow had complained about the loudness of Peter, Paul and Mary and we had, of course, sent everyone home promptly.

After college we drifted off into various branches of the military (the Navy was my choice), and then into our various young fledgling careers. No more could we enjoy the leisurely ten weeks of our youth, but more and more were confined to a long weekend now and then. This persisted, unfortunately, through the early eighties and it has only been more recently that one week has been able to expand to two and then to three, and maybe more.

The memories of growing up in Charlevoix are many and, in reality, not much has changed. The friends are lifelong and permanent, and the cosmopolitan community we enjoyed as children still circles around us, even including those who, like Mac and Chenault McClure from Louisville haven't

seen the Belvedere for years. Our children still bolt from the car the minute we park and find their new/old friends and their freedom just as if ten months hadn't intervened. There are grandparents and aunts and uncles and cousins abounding, and the beach and the water and the sand are all still there. The activities are endless and "capture the flag" and "kick the can" still the games of preference.

All seems in perfect order as the new generation takes hold for another spectacular Belvedere summer. Now, if we could just convince Big Pa and Grandma to buy a boat—*Jo-Be III? Althea I?*
ANNA MARIE (ANDY) HILL SCHUMACHER

When I was about twenty, my grandmother told me that summer life in Charlevoix had remained relatively unchanged from her childhood through mine, and it had only been in the past five or so years that the face of northern Michigan had begun to catch up with the century.

I used to love to hear Mackie tell about the journey from Memphis to Charlevoix: first to Chicago on the train, then up Lake Michigan on a steamer, coming right into Round Lake. My children are just as removed from the modes of travel of my childhood. They cannot imagine three days in the car with no air conditioning and no radio. They have a hard time visualizing no interstate highways, when I try to explain what the roads were like for twenty-four hours, Memphis to Charlevoix. But they obviously do not believe me when I tell them that there were no motels. I explain about stopping at four in the afternoon at a hotel, having the entire car unloaded into our several hotel rooms, and dressing for dinner in the hotel dining room. It might as well have been a Conestoga wagon.

I either drove up with my grandmother, which meant that, although she and the chauffeur took turns at the wheel, still it took three days on the road; or with my parents, on the fast track. We would leave Memphis after Papa got off work Friday afternoon, and drive until we arrived in Charlevoix sometime late Saturday afternoon. Papa always wanted to get there while the tennis courts were open, so he could get in on the weekend activities. We drove night and day, only stopping for gas. If you couldn't do it in the car, we didn't do it. Even now, I chafe at the meandering approach to travel, but especially driving to Charlevoix. I have cut the trip by a third by moving to St. Louis, and cruise control, air conditioning, radar detectors, and tape decks have added to my comfort on the road, but I still like to just get in the car and drive, with no stops for picnics or snake farms or wooden shoes in Holland, Michigan.

The single biggest change since my childhood is the traffic. When I was six or seven, I was allowed to ride my bicycle to the movies in town. I've still got the bicycle, but no children have been riding it downtown at night lately, and, if they did, they wouldn't leave it leaning against the back of the theater, the way we always did. The good riders in Gang routinely rode the horses back from Hooker's ring on the north side, across the bridge, to the barn, in the back of what is now Oleson's. Can you imagine what twelve horses coming across the bridge late in the afternoon would do to traffic these days?

Other things we did as a matter of fact:

- Met the train, at the Belvedere station.
- Dressed for dinner at home.
- Had weekly Gang dances at the Casino, with an orchestra.
- Had Bingo games at the Hotel every week, where big money could be won by all.

- Saw cabin cruisers in Round Lake, but hardly any big sailboats.
- Early in the summer, saw black bears crossing the road to take their cubs to drink — this on the road to Petoskey.
- Put oak ice boxes and flat irons out for the trashmen to pick up.

But what I love about Charlevoix are the things that are still the same. My children jump out of the car as soon as we arrive, the same way my brothers and I did, scattering in the direction of their friends. Even the little ones can get wherever they need to go without anyone having to drive them. I liked that as a child, and I appreciate it even more as an adult. I sit at the beach, and watch the children playing the same games they played thirty years ago, with the adults sitting in the same chairs they sat in, many of them wearing the same bathing suits they've worn as long as I can remember, and all I want is to live long enough to be an old lady, making my way down to the beach once or twice a summer. Everyone will be astonished that such an old alligator is coming down from her cottage, and they'll make a fuss over the fact that I can walk at all, and I'll sit down and tell about the time Lulu, the elevator operator at the Belvedere Hotel, wore her two-piece bathing suit to the beach, albeit the servants' side of the pier. Just ask me.

COTTAGE 43

NANCY CONNETT TOWER

Twenty-eight years ago, in 1962, during a cocktail party at the Connett's (then No. 123), Gene shook hands with John Flanigan and agreed to buy their cottage. It was previously owned by Mrs. Russell Allen of St. Louis — Diddy Schade's mother. Thus began many happy summers for our family to the extent that Tory often refers to Belvedere as "Home." In July 1975, much to my horror, Gene announced that he had had enough of corporate life and was going to retire. Our eyes turned to Northern Michigan and our "other" home. We decided that we would sell our home in Hinsdale, Illinois and make Belvedere our home with the intention of spending winters in Florida. We added a garage, furnace, reconstructed the living room and prepared to settle in. We stayed after Labor Day on into November and it was dreary. After unsuccessfully trying to buy a business and integrate into Charlevoix society we decided to shift our main residence to Delray Beach, Florida; there to join Bill and Josie Connett, the McCallums and the Eberts. We have lived there ever since except, of course, for the very special months of June, July, and August at Belvedere.

COTTAGE 45 "GLEN TERRACE"

JANE BOUCHER PAYNE

In the first edition of *The Belvedere Club*, my mother, Ida D'Ooge Boucher, wrote about her memories of the resort from the time she was a small child. The very early years of the Belvedere hold a fascination for all of us, and when I discovered that my grandmother had kept a diary from 1886 until 1936 which included her many summers at Charlevoix, I couldn't wait to read it. Two cousins in California who had visited in Charlevoix as children, Joanna Dailey and Doris D'Ooge Hall, sent all twenty-eight books to me, some of them over 300 pages long. After reading them, I feel as if I have taken a journey back in time.

In 1887 my grandparents, Jennie and Benjamin D'Ooge, bought the Van Vleck cottage (No. 25 Disbrow cottage) at the Charlevoix Summer Resort Association but rented it that year and contracted to have it enlarged and to have a "great Piazza" built.

In 1888 my grandparents went north from their home in Ypsilanti, taking a young woman along to help with baby Ida, my mother. They traveled by train to Grand Rapids and from there on an

overnight sleeper to Boyne Falls. Here is a quote: “We reached Boyne Falls at 5:30 A.M. and had a charming six mile ride in an open stage through the pines to Boyne City. We ate an enormous breakfast at a country inn and then waited until ten o’clock for the boat. It was a pleasant trip down Pine Lake, reaching Charlevoix in time for dinner at the Hotel. The first night we camped in the cottage with borrowed bedding from the Gillespies’ (No. 27 Brewster cottage) next door. In the evening we attended the service at the music hall and sang in the choir. We will take our dinners at



The D'Ooge cottage; front left to right: Benjamin L. D'Ooge, Helen D'Ooge Dailey, Robert G. Dailey, Ida D'Ooge Boucher; in hammock left to right: Jane P. D'Ooge, Josephine Wright D'Ooge, Benjamin D'Ooge, Doris Marie D'Ooge; on porch railing left to right: Robert H. Dailey, Leonard D'Ooge and Samuel Boucher.



D'Ooge cottage, No. 27, on upstairs balcony: Stanton and Leonard (Len); front porch: Helen Smits, Ida D'Ooge Boucher, Jane P. D'Ooge and dog!, circa 1900.

Cook's.” Apparently eating at boarding houses was quite common.

Grandmother tells in detail of the day-by-day activities: the sailing, rowing, picnics, parties, charades, card games, stunts, musicals, the many out of town visitors, and she paints a picture of a wonderful, busy life. She says, “Everything looks beautiful. How I love it all, even the hoarse whistles of the lumber barges. This is what I call an ideal life where we have every comfort, many luxuries and the nicest of friends dropping in at all times of the day.” Some of those good friends have grandchildren, great-grandchildren and even great-great-grandchildren on the resort today (Wares,

Stanleys, Allens, Bemis', etc.).

There was some excitement in the summer of 1889 when my grandfather went sailing with a party of eleven on the *Wenona* owned by Mr Wilcox (No. 226 Mehaffie cottage). A gusty wind came up and the boat capsized. A Mrs. Moore of Saginaw saw it happen and notified the Hotel clerk, who in turn telephoned for a boat to be sent. The *Gordon* and later the tug *Avery* went out. People on the resort looked through binoculars in vain to see what was happening. A newspaper article states, "The Wilcox boat was the one thought to be the unfortunate boat, and in it was a large party of prominent gentlemen. Early in the season this boat had been pronounced unsafe and improperly built. It was claimed that the spars were too large and too heavy and that the boat carried too much sail." Two boys from another large sailboat rowed over and helped until the *Gordon* arrived. The *Wenona* was a foot under water and slowly sinking. Happily all passengers were saved, and among those listed besides Professor B. L. D'Ooge were Mr. E. C. Ware of Chicago and Mt Hallet, owner of the Hallet Hotel.

In August Grandmother wrote, "All of us went to Ironton to see them blast (smelt?) ore. Very interesting with beautiful fireworks."

The next summer, in 1890, my family traveled north to Mackinaw on the steamer *Alpena*, sleeping on the boat, then took the *Grand Rapids* to Charlevoix. The resorters sometimes went on the steamer *Manitou* to Petoskey for shopping, enjoying the auctions, or to Bay View, Wequetonsing and Harbor Springs.

In 1892 there was a regatta and "the lake was covered with boats of every description all rigged out in green and white which are the Charlevoix colors. There were sailing races, and the prize for the ladies' rowing was a pair of pearl opera glasses. After dark there were fireworks and a dance." Another day Grandmother writes, "We all sailed over to the Indian Camp Meeting. The praying was very curious when they all joined in a monotone, the squaws sometimes getting weepy and rather excited. One old girl kneeling before the front bench got very noisy and couldn't wind up her prayer for some time after the rest had finished and started to sing. I sketched quite successfully." She and Jane Stanley (Michael Meyer's and Sarah Meyer Daniels' great grandmother) used to go painting together.

In the summer of 1893, "I've finished a water-color of the cottage with birch trees and a bit of the lake. If anyone thinks it is easy to paint grass flecked with sunshine, let them try it! Ben spent the whole of this lovely morning auditing the accounts of the Association with Me Ware. They cleared about \$5,000 at the Hotel. In the afternoon we took a group sailing, and in the evening we invited Mr. and Mrs. Ware, the Stanleys and the Gillespies (Brewster cottage) for cards and refreshments. It was Mn Ware's 47th birthday."

In 1894 Grandfather was elected vice-president of the Association. This year the family took the night train from Grand Rapids, getting off at our own depot the next morning and finding many friends to greet them. Sunday evenings a great crowd would gather at the station to bid farewell to husbands and fathers who were going back to work. Sometimes when Grandfather was arriving on the morning train for the weekend, and the family overslept, the children would rush down to the station with raincoats over their night clothes. This same summer, my grandmother's sister, Ida Pease, had the log cabin built (No. 31 Gordon cottage) for a cost of \$575. Each morning my grandfather worked in his study writing and correcting proofs for his Latin books, and each afternoon

they would sail on the *Helen* with her fine red sails.

In the fall of 1899, the family (grandmother, grandfather, four children and great Aunt Ida) went to Europe for two years for travel and for my grandfather to get his Ph.D. at the University of Bonn. They met Mn and Mrs. Woodbury Ransom in Delft quite by chance and had a fine visit, remembering that the Ransoms had been at the D'Ooge cottage for an afternoon reception just the year before.

In 1901 Grandmother writes of watching the young people dance at the "hops" at the Hotel and at the Inn, marveling at the jewels and extravagant clothes worn by the ladies at the Inn. She tells of Miss Travis' dancing classes (Uncle Leonard, age ten, objected at first until he got new patent leather shoes), the children's Masquerade, and of a group of ladies doing wood "burning" and carving at Jane Stanley's. She also comments on the heavy smoke from forest fires which caused the land to disappear from view when they sailed on Pine Lake.

In 1903 some of the family took the boat *Pilgrim* to East Jordan to visit the large lumber camp and mill. They had dinner in the camp at long tables covered with green oilcloth then went by train to the mill and saw the men slice up huge logs like cheese into beams, boards, lath and shingles.

In the fall of 1904, the D'Ooges made plans for a new cottage to be built on to parts of the old one, and in 1905 were able to move in. Mr. Cameron built it for \$2,000. They also had a man cut down and trim trees so they could see the lake.

There was a "great day for Charlevoix" in 1906 because of the grand picnic opening of the sugar beet factory (where Irish Marina is now). Throngs of country people were in town and Indians were on every comer

For two years the D'Ooge cottage was rented. In 1907 my grandparents went east where Grandfather was working on a new Latin grammar at Harvard, and in 1908 they went to Europe. Back to Charlevoix in 1909 for the usual "wonderful, lazy summer." In 1912 Grandfather bought the Mackinaw *Argo* (shades of the classical Jason's *Argo*) from Roy Ranger with an engine in order to be independent of the wind. Some of the people had automobiles, and Grandmother writes, "It was a rousing annual meeting. There is great feeling about having autos on the grounds. Many wanted to exclude them altogether grocery deliveries and all. It was finally voted to admit them and to regulate them."

Mother's beau, Sam Boucher visited Charlevoix for the first time that summer of 1912. They took him all over the resort, sailed and had a musical evening at the cottage with twenty-two singing and visiting. Ida played the piano and sang while Sam accompanied on the mandolin. He had played the mandolin with the Harvard Glee Club. This same summer, Steve Chamberlain (No. 131 Kuhn cottage) saw a picture of the *Argo* in a store in St. Louis and gave it to Bastian Smits (No. 137 Schrock cottage) who had it enlarged and gave it to my grandfather It is in the first Belvedere book.

In 1913 my grandfather bought the Grandy farm beyond Oyster Bay on the road to Boyne City, consisting of 100 acres including shore property. It was an investment and was to be run by my Uncle Leonard, but was also a source of fresh fruits and vegetables. That summer my parents, Sam and Ida Boucher; were married and came to the D'Ooge cottage for their honeymoon. Later in the summer, Helen D'Ooge was married to Bob Dailey at the cottage, the ceremony being conducted by the Reverend Bastian Smits in the presence of sixty friends. There were many picnics and parties in honor of the bride to be.

During the war years (World War I), the ladies met for refreshments and worked on their Red Cross knitting. This was the time I was brought to Charlevoix as a baby. I remember little things as I grew older, such things as tradespeople coming to the door selling Indian birch bark boxes covered with porcupine quill designs, and embroidered linens. Flowers were sold at the door, and one day in answer to a knock at the door my grandmother called out, "Do you have long stems?" A meek voice answered, "No, not very." It was Bastian Smits.

In 1929 my grandparents decided to sell the cottage since they were spending summers on the east coast where my grandfather was writing more Latin books at Harvard, or were in Europe. None of the children wanted the cottage as it was so large, and that was when my father bought a smaller one on the second terrace in the woods (No. 135 Kelley cottage). It was called "Hessy Castle" because it had been owned by Miss Hess and had a battlement-shaped roof line. Inside there was an antique table painted sky blue, and on the top in quavering handwriting, Miss Hess had written, "Some d____ fool has painted this solid rosewood table. I hope some day someone will remove the paint." Well, we bought the cottage, we did remove the paint, and we remodeled the roof line. We were there for twenty-three years, moving to No. 45 on the first terrace in 1952, when the Payne children were arriving and we outgrew the smaller cottage. Grandfather's farm was leased for a girls' camp (Camp Carefree) for several years and then was sold. Aunt Ida's log cabin cottage was sold in 1909.

Fond memories include the family picnics at Fisherman's Island, many families with members of all ages contributing to the menus — just as my grandparents did. At these beach picnics, Esther McLaughlin Donahue (No. 27 Brewster cottage) would cook whitefish in a large pan over an open fire, and, after roasting marshmallows, we would all gather around a roaring fire to sing and tell stories. Martha and Jim Broadhead would often sing folk songs to the accompaniment of Jim's guitar. Now, a generation later, the young people can sing along with my son Chris and his wife Ginger as Chris plays his guitar and they both sing. My birthday is the same as Dr Bob Schrock Sr's, and every year we celebrated at one of these wonderful picnics, all gifts being accompanied by original poetry. I wish I had kept some of those marvelous, hilarious rhymes!

I have summered in Charlevoix every year except 1964-1966 when we lived in Nigeria, West Africa. Ken was helping to develop a land grant university and was Dean of Agriculture. The site of the University of Nigeria is located seven degrees north of the equator and during these two years, the temperature was never lower than seventy degrees Fahrenheit. By the end of our assignment, we were dreaming of snow and blizzards and decided to break with tradition and come to No. 45 Belvedere during the winter. Accordingly, the family spent Christmas of 1967 in an idyllic Michigan winter environment. We strung popcorn and cranberries for Christmas tree decorations (didn't go as far as candles on the tree) and relished the skiing, snow-shoeing, sledding, and clean, cold air. Thanks to the Bouchers' having sided the house with insulated shingles and having had Frank Novotny install a gas furnace in the basement, and with a roaring fire in the fireplace, we thoroughly enjoyed a tremendous blizzard during our stay.

Several years later, John Fox was a guest during February. This time the temperature dropped below the capacity of our heat- wrapping to keep the water and sewer pipes from freezing (thirty degrees below zero). It was an experience for all of us to be forced to ration water supplies from plastic jugs and from melted snow and to utilize non-conventional bathroom facilities. After two days

on the slopes, John, in desperation, took a trip over to visit Brad Schade, who was at his parents' cottage, in order to take a shower! We had a great time in spite of it all.

During these years, Marny, Bill and Chris progressed from the Schrocks' small punt boat *Red Bells*, through a sailfish, to Chris' inboard-outboard. The opportunity to grow up with the Gangs has greatly enriched their lives, most importantly by the lasting friendships, but also by the exposure to and training in tennis, golf, water sports, sailing, archery, etc. which will be of lifelong benefit.

Marny assisted Joan Nelson with the Girls' Gang for two years, and Chris and Ginger gained valuable experience as Gang leaders between 1971 and 1975. They take pride in seeing many of their former "Gangsters" now raising splendid families of their own.

A few years after we had moved to our present cottage, Jim Bemis mentioned that it had been moved and pulled on logs up the terrace to its present location. But no one seemed to know where it was originally. Then one day, as I was looking through pictures in the Belvedere archives, I found a small snapshot of a sailboat in the channel with cottages in the background. On the back was written, "C. S. Bailey cottage before it was moved." And sure enough, there, where the Herschede cottage now stands, was our big old house. Then I found a year book from the 1890's with it pictured in that very spot. Just when it was moved, we don't know, but I suspect it was in 1909 when lot No. 45 was first leased to Virginia Bailey.

Not too long ago we were looking at a photograph of our cottage taken about forty years ago by the previous owners, the Severens sisters. Ginger spotted a very indistinct "Glen Terrace" under the eaves of the front porch. We had not known No. 45 had a name, but since we think this is a very appropriate one, we are carrying on with tradition and have adopted it.

The Paynes will continue to enjoy the wonderful Belvedere Club just as my grandparents did. My grandmother titled a poem by Whittier,

CHARLEVOIX

Goodbye to pain and care! I take Mine ease today.

Here where the sunny waters break,

And ripples this keen breeze, I shake All burdens from the heart,

All weary thoughts away.

And, as Andrew McLaughlin (No. 27 Brewster cottage) said, "It seems queer that when we come up here expecting to do nothing, we can't find time to do it!"

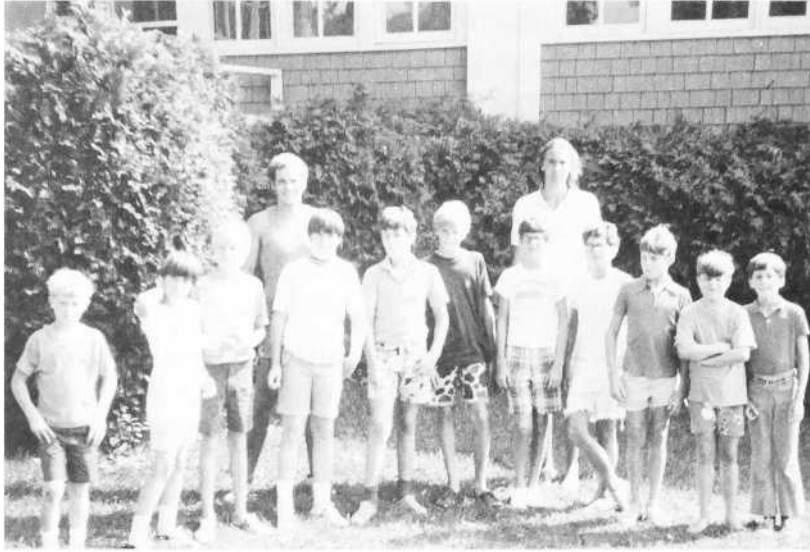
As a young child I was in the Girls' Gang when Mary Jane Carrier and her sister Katherine were the leaders. Our activities were much the same as the ones for the Gangs today, except I remember receiving colored beads for special achievements that we all highly prized. Spending summers at No. 135 (the Kelley cottage) on the upper terrace, my good friends were immediate neighbors: Joanne Disette Zinn (Perkins cottage), Mary Ann Bicknell Robinson (the Boyle cottage) and Eleanor Skiles (the Selby cottage). We would often row over to the beach near Schade's point where there were no cottages, with a picnic lunch, and spend the day swimming and sunning.

In 1962, the highlight of the summer was being in the Mothers' Sailing Group when Commodore Houston Witherspoon consented to teach about twenty of us the art of sailing. The names of the sailors are listed in the first Belvedere book. We started out with chalk-board lessons in the Yacht Club, and, after Houston thought we were ready, we donned our specially designed sailing hats, rigged the boats under the Commodore's watchful eye, and sailed out into Lake Charlevoix to face the

elements. Houston wove in and out among us in an outboard, shouting directions through a megaphone. Thanks to his good instructions, no one tipped over, and we even had some races. I am surprised he didn't have a nervous collapse before the summer was over! The timid members of the group excelled in letting go of the main sheets when they thought the boats were heeling over a *little* too far! At the end of the summer, we presented Houston with a handsome clock decorated with colorful signal flags which hangs on a wall in his cottage to this day.

Some of the members of that sailing class put on a skit in the 1988 Cabaret with Houston again at the chalk-board. We ended up with an original song about the trials and tribulations of the "Mothers' Sailing Group."

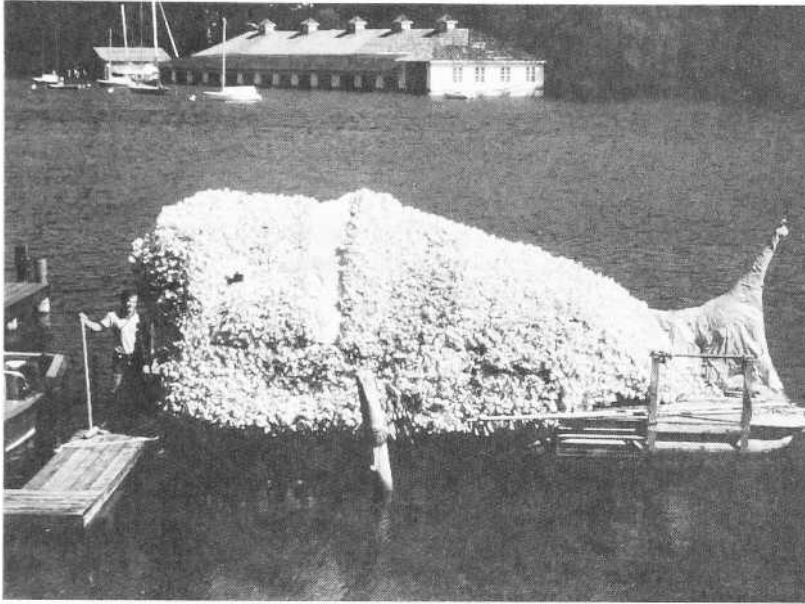
In the '60's and '70's, play on the tennis courts became pretty competitive. Some of us who enjoyed the sport, but were not quite so serious about it, started playing together and called ourselves "the Merry Mild Mothers." Joanie Meyer, Keith Morris, Rosemary Selby, Dulie Ware and I, and anyone else who would play with us, had many good times. One year, much to our dismay, the tennis pro, Earl Clark, included us in the tournament — in our own flight, of course. We started playing in the afternoon, planning on finishing up in time to shower and get gussied up for the Schade's cocktail party which was being held in a huge tent on the upper terrace. It got to be 5:00, then 6:00, then 6:30, and we could see people walking by on the way to the party, craning their necks to see us and wondering what the "Merry Milds" were doing racing around the court so late in the day. Finally, about 7:00 we finished up, winners were declared, and we made it to the party.



Boys Gang; front left to right: Scott Hall, Leslie Leatherman, Bill Congdon, Bobby Leatherman, Jim Kinnaird, John MacCarthy, Steve Reese, Spencer Reese, Howard Hall, George Shwab, IV, Sandy Rogers; back left to right: Chris Payne, Bill McDonald, 1972.



Girls Gang; front left to right: Anne Schuler, Ginger Payne; back left to right: Diana Whitehead, Susie Reese, Talbot MacCarthy, Cappy Wilson, Anne McDonnell, Katie Orr, Melissa Chamberlain, Pam Lincoln, Christy Kinnaird, 1972.



Girls and Boys Gang entry in Venetian night boat parade, 1975.



Venetian night games in the park, 1985.

CHRISTOPHER T. PAYNE

My earliest memory of the Belvedere would be a sunny summer afternoon in 1955 out in the front yard of No. 45 with my mother, She pointed to a boy playing at the house across the gully and said, "There's Peter Flanigan. You played with him a lot last year, remember? Why don't you go see him?" I didn't have any recollection of ever having seen that person before, but she led me over to him and he seemed to remember me. I was three years old and he was four. We had a great time playing that day and all through our Gang years. We frequently would do things with Richie Holloran. It was a great shock to us when Richie died in about 1965.

The 1950's and the early 1960's were wonderful years at the Belvedere. We had fun fishing with

bamboo poles off the channel walls, or off the pier. One year there was a perch run in the lake, and you could catch a perch with virtually any type of bait. If you had no bait, you could drop your line and chances were fairly good that you could catch a perch with no bait at all. Besides fishing, there were many other things that we loved to do. We would ride our bikes across the rustic bridge and hear the sound of the tires going across the wooden boards. The bridge presented a special challenge to those of us who were still learning to ride bikes, due to the curves and the benches along the way. We also enjoyed hunting for crayfish along the pier by tying a piece of meat to a string and dangling it in the rocks. When the crayfish would pinch the meat we would pull them out of the rocks and scoop them up with a net. Catching tadpoles in the pond under the railroad tracks was another challenge we enjoyed, and there were always monarch butterfly caterpillars to be found in July.

One year, my father had learned how to make a "David" sling. This was composed of a small piece of canvas or leather with two long strings attached. By placing a stone in the pocket, swinging the sling in one large loop and releasing one string, the rock could be thrown with quite a good deal of power. We spent one summer practicing for distance as well as accuracy. One time we were at Fisherman's Island beach with Chipper Ransom. Dad was showing Chipper how to use the sling and instructed all of us to stand approximately twenty yards straight behind Chipper, as that was the safest place. Once we were all ready, Chipper took the sling and spun it about three or four times before preparing to let the rock go. The rock slipped out and flew straight back and hit my father in the jaw. No damage was done, and we learned that it was preferable to stand at ninety degrees to the flight path rather than directly behind.

Another favorite activity of kids on the Belvedere was to ride bikes to the Hotel to buy candy. One of the favorite treats was called "jumbo sticks," which were waxed tubes filled with sweetened syrup. One time, Chipper Ransom had a falling out with a number of the kids, and went to the candy counter and bought all of the remaining jumbo sticks (several boxes). This got the attention of the rest of the kids for a short time, but they soon made up with Chipper and enjoyed getting together with him thereafter; as he always provided a supply of the jumbo sticks.

In the late '50's my parents and grandmother brought a green and white 1955 Chevy to Charlevoix. They eventually began leaving that car up there for summer use, and it is still in use at No. 45. During the years when Ginger and I led Gang, the car was used for frequent activities and was fondly referred to as the "Green Bomb."

When I was growing up, it seemed as though our Gangs were huge. Twenty to thirty kids in one Gang was not uncommon. This was probably due to the presence of so many families at the Hotel. Gang, back then, was not all that different from what it is now. We used to play many games of capture the flag, and had lessons in golf, tennis, swimming, and sailing. Sailing was a big part of our week with both lessons and races. One year (probably 1961), the Boys' Gang took the sailboats (the Rockets) on an overnight to Bisbee's Point. We had a wonderful sail to that point and anchored the boats off shore. During the night, a strong wind came up and began smashing the boats onto the rocks on shore. We ended up having to be towed back to the Belvedere the next morning, and it was shortly thereafter that new boats (the Hawks) were purchased.

In 1964, Jonathan Heitner and I were the only twelve year olds in Boys' Gang for most of the summer. That was the year of the low water levels. There were sandbars and marshy areas along the shoreline of the lake that, in previous years, had been underwater. A grown man could walk around

the end of the pier in the water without the water going over his head. There was a good five-foot drop from the top of the pier to the water level. With the high water levels that we experienced a couple of years ago, with the water at or slightly over the top of the pier, its hard to believe that the water was ever that low.

All through my Gang years and through high school, one of our buddies was Bob Ware. In the summer of 1967, Bob, John Fox, and I spent most of the summer water- skiing using John Fox's boat. There were evenings that all of the teen-agers would gather at the ski dock for barbecued hamburgers and unlimited skiing. Those were wonderful evenings. It was a great shock and loss when Bob died a couple of years later.

In 1968 I was the assistant Boys' Gang leaden The leader was John Thompson and the Girls' Gang leaders were Janet Kuhn and Carol McKay. The very first day of Gang the only boys that showed up were Steve and Spencer Reese. The Gang rarely got above ten boys that year, but we managed to have a good time.

Later that fall, I met Ginger in high school. She first visited the Belvedere over Labor Day weekend in 1969, and then came up for two weeks in 1970. That was the year that we made our first appearance singing together at the Cabaret, after much encouragement from George McKay.

The draft for Vietnam became an issue for a number of us in 1970 or 1971. A lottery was held, with each birthday receiving a number from 1 to 365. The lower the number, the more likely you were to be drafted. A group of us had arranged to meet at the ski dock the morning after the lottery. It turned out to be a special day for all of us, as none of us had gotten a low number. It became a morning of great skiing and great celebration.

In 1971, I was showing Ginger how we used to catch crayfish when Josie Connett came walking along the pier. She commented that she had a wonderful recipe for crayfish bisque. We decided to call her bluff, and brought her about a dozen crayfish in a bucket. She called the next morning and said that she was sorry, but that she had looked up the recipe and needed about fifty crayfish. We told her not to worry, and that evening brought her about fifty more. We poured them all in her bathtub. What a sight! Josie spent the entire next day cleaning crayfish and preparing the bisque. That evening, we had an elegant appetizer on her porch, of crayfish bisque and a platter of stuffed crayfish heads. Josie didn't eat. She said she couldn't bear to even look at the stuff any more.

In 1973, John Fox came up with the idea of dressing up for a proper game of croquet on the Hotel green. Blue blazers, white pants and white bucks (if you had them) were the appropriate attire for the men, and John had a few extra straw boaters to loan out. The ladies were to wear long dresses. We did this on several enjoyable occasions, and usually proceeded down Belvedere Avenue to the Grey Gables for dinner afterwards.

Ginger and I led the Boys' and Girls' Gangs from 1971 through 1975. The numbers of kids in those years were also low compared to the days when I was in Gang. As a result, we usually joined the Boys' and Girls' Gangs together to provide enough kids to have good activities. In looking back at the years that Ginger and I led Gang, we are extremely thankful that there were never any real serious injuries among the kids. The worst injuries that we can recall were when Julie Mannion broke her toe while she was playing soccer barefooted, and Flip Chamberlain was bitten on the thigh by a horse during horseback riding. There were several instances that could have resulted in serious injury, and we are very

thankful that we all came through them in one piece.

One such incident occurred when the Boys' and Girls' Gangs were going over to Schade's Point for a swim in their pool. It was a nice day and we decided to take the sailboats to the Point. On the way home, Ginger and Anne Schuler were in one boat with a group of girls and I was with a group in another boat. We decided to sail around the lake a little while to let the kids sail the boats. A thin line of dark clouds appeared from the west, and we decided to head back to the channel. We were not terribly concerned because there was bright blue sky on either side of this narrow band of clouds. We weren't smart enough to recognize a line squall. When the squall hit us, the wind went from about fifteen miles per hour to seventy miles per hour. We released the sheets on the boats, but the boats capsized and turtled just from the wind blowing on the luffing sails. Ginger got caught in the main sheet just as her boat went over and had to be assisted to get to the surface. All of the kids were fine and we waited out the storm in a two-foot sea, clinging to the bottoms of the boats which were now facing the sky. All of the kids had lifejackets, and it turned out to be a very memorable experience. Mike Meyer was the sailing instructor, and he headed out to find us as soon as the wind hit the channel. He was also foresighted enough to notify the Coast Guard before he left, knowing well that there would be trouble. Mike and the Coast Guard arrived within about twenty minutes of the time we went over. They implemented the rescue without incident. The only real unfortunate part of the adventure was that someone at the resort had seen the boats blow over, and rumor spread that some of the Gang members had drowned. We arrived back at the sailing docks and were surprised to see a number of mothers and grandmothers with very drawn faces waiting for us.

On an overnight at Bisbee's Point, we were water-skiing, using an old blue and white inboard boat that the Millions had recently purchased. It was referred to as the "Torpedo," and had cockpits fore and aft of a covered engine compartment. Steve Million was driving and I was in the forward cockpit with him. I believe Glenn Mueller and Spencer Reese were with us. One of them was skiing and the other was in the rear cockpit. As Steve was circling around to drop off the skier, he angled away from shore and slowed the boat for the skier to drop. As the boat slowed, the reverse drag on the propeller pulled the shaft out of its housing and somehow threw the boat into reverse. The combination of the reversing propeller, while we were in the middle of the turn, caused the rear of the boat to skid around so that the boat was at ninety degrees to the direction we were moving. This resulted in the boat tipping totally on its side and throwing most of us into the water. The boat teetered on its edge, and I am convinced that had it been an open hull, it would have filled with water and sunk or capsized. Luckily, the boat settled back down in an upright position. Steve had managed to hang onto the steering wheel and was able to reach in and shut off the throtde. Once again, no one was injured and this turned out to be quite an adventure.

In 1972, we decided to take the Boys' and Girls' Gangs on a combined overnight to Grayling to visit the Fred Bear Museum and to order new archery equipment. We were able to order the equipment, but that night we had a terrible rain storm for which we were not prepared. The girls spent most of the night in the cars and the boys were forced to find whatever cover they could, either underneath cars or in the outhouses. We finally bailed out and got the kids home about 6:00 in the morning. After that, we always took a tarp and made a shelter so that we would not have to abandon an overnight again. During that evening, prior to the storm, the different groups of kids were preparing dinner Sandy Rogers had a can of corn that he wanted to warm for his group. He placed the

can of corn in the fire, but neglected to open it first. We were all alerted by the explosion that resulted, and raced to the source of the sound to find a very bewildered Sandy. Once again, we were very fortunate that no one was injured, although a few sleeping bags caught some coals from the fire.

On an overnight in the Jordan Valley, we had had a very successful time and we were preparing to leave when we noticed that Ted Perkins was walking over the area where we had built our fire the night before. We suggested that there still might be some live coals in the ashes and that Ted might want to stand in a different location. He picked up one foot to look at the bottom of his shoe and the sole was severely melted and deformed.

Discipline was a problem from time to time with the kids, ranging from bad language to unacceptable behavior. Bad language was usually handled with washing the mouth out with soap, and unacceptable behavior was treated by whatever action seemed appropriate at the time. One year, after a number of repeat offenses, we decided to tie a rope around Sandy Rogers' belt and hang him from a tree until he was willing to listen to reason. I can't remember if this was very effective, but it certainly got Sandy's attention and provided amusement for the rest of the Gang.

One year we constructed a water balloon catapult from surgical tubing and a tin can. We decided to see how far we could shoot a balloon, and most of the kids decided to run to the other end of the casino field to provide moving targets. We began shooting the balloons farther and farther down the field until we were going most of the entire length. Then one balloon, shot at maximum velocity, hit Drew Leakas square in the face and knocked him off his feet. He had been running an evasive maneuver and forgot to watch for the oncoming balloon. There were a few minutes where he thought that this was not very amusing, but he quickly recovered.

In 1974, the Boys' and Girls' Gangs were on an overnight in the Jordan Valley. Brad Schade and Lucy McDonald were leading the Gangs with Ginger and me, and John Fox was along to provide assistance on the overnight. We had erected our shelter; and were getting the kids down for the night, when someone said they heard an animal running through the woods. It had been threatening rain, so we put all of the kids under the shelter while we went to investigate the sound. Soon, we could all hear the sound of something running on the dry leaves through the woods. What was strange, was that it would circle around in the woods and then come towards the fire. We could see nothing with our flashlights. We decided to use the car headlights to try to find whatever it was. Some of us sat on top of the car (with clubs in hand) while others were inside ready to turn on the headlights on cue. Soon the sound of the beast started coming towards us and we yelled to turn on the headlights. At the sound of our voices, the creature turned and ran back into the woods before the lights came on. We waited for a little while longer, with the lights off, and soon it came towards us again. This time, the lights came on when the sound was directly in front of the car and the sound stopped instantly. We were astounded that we could see nothing. We crept towards where the sound had come from, and soon we saw some slight movement in the leaves. It turned out to be a pair of toads that were hopping in an alternate, leap frog, rhythm that provided a sound like an animal on the dry leaves. We all had a good laugh at this one.

In 1975, it had been many years since the Belvedere had placed an entry in the Venetian Boat Parade. We decided that the Boys' and Girls' Gangs should put together an entry. The Schlemans very graciously provided us with a barge to use for the float. They also provided us materials, let us work at their warehouse on the lake, and also provided a cruiser to tow the finished float. We erected

a whale on the barge, made of wooden framing and chicken wire stuffed with blue paper towels. The mouth would open and close, and water would shoot from a blow hole on top. The caption read, *"Have a Whale of a Time in Charlevoix"* and this was hung on the tow boat. The weather did not look good the night before the parade, so the float was moved to the Mudd's boathouse for the night, and the remainder of the paper towels were stuffed. The whale was large enough so that all of the Gang members could ride inside and operate the mouth and the spray. It was a lot of effort, but we won first prize.

Over the years, we were very fortunate to work with other very good Gang leaders. Chris worked with Bill McDonald, Brad Schade, and Doug Kuhn. Ginger worked with Sunny Ware, Anne Schuler, Lucy McDonald and two sisters who were cousins of the Millions. Those were wonderful summers, as they all are on the Belvedere. We hope that the kids enjoyed them as much as we did.

Some other highlights of summers over the years have been sails with the Witherspoons on the *Algonquin*. Some of the best were in the evening when there was a bright moon. On one such evening, a group of us returned from a sail in Lake Charlevoix about midnight. As we were climbing the stairs from the sailing docks, we heard an inboard motorboat start up, quickly back out of the boathouse, and then accelerate to full throttle out of the channel into Lake Charlevoix. We learned the following morning that Chipper Ransom had been killed in an accident in an outboard motorboat the night before. We wondered if someone had gotten the word that there was trouble and was rushing to the rescue that evening when we heard the boat leave the channel. Chipper's death hit everyone hard and cast a pall on the resort for the rest of the summer.

A regular event that continues to provide fond memories of Charlevoix is a picnic at Fisherman's Island. It is fun to realize that our families have been enjoying picnics on the same beach for many generations. Where our ancestors used to plank whitefish by the fire, some resort to fried chicken-in-a-bucket these days, while others still hold out and prefer to build a fire and at least cook hamburgers. The beach tends to be more crowded these days, and there are more rules and regulations, but we are very thankful that we still have the opportunity to enjoy that place. In the early 1970's, that whole area had been platted for real estate development. One October when we saw the stakes and the flags and the new road that had been put in, Ginger and I went over to the Schade's house and, with the help of Brad and his mother and father, typed a letter to Action Line in the *Detroit Free Press*. We never knew if our letter had any effect or not, but that land was later purchased by the State to be retained as a park. We were greatly relieved that we would not lose this picnic spot which has been enjoyed by so many generations of Belvedere members.

When I was growing up at the Belvedere, I considered my friends there to be "summer friends," with my real friends being the ones at home and with whom I spent most of the year. After high school, my "real friends" scattered to go to different colleges, and then scattered further after college. Many of my "summer friends" still return to the Belvedere. It makes visits to Charlevoix special when you have friends that you have known for so long.

COTTAGE 47 MILDRED M. KUHN

Forever new — that is the category into which one falls if one marries into the Belvedere Club as contrasted to being bom in. George A. Kuhn, Jr, my husband, is a bona fide "bom in." He remembers visits with his parents to his maternal grandmother's cottage, No. 131 (Frances Boesch Metzger, Mrs. Albert Elbracht Metzger). Later ownership of No. 131 passed to his parents, the George A. Kuhn,

Seniors. Even I, as a teen-ager, visited his grandmother, having been invited over from Leland, Michigan. The contrast between Leland and the Belvedere was not favorable to the latter to my undiscerning eye — all these sidewalks, street lights, paved roads — entirely too civilized. Now I sing a different tune.

Previous to World War II George remembers “Bud” (Leland) Bisbee, Stewart Retherford, the Lortz twins, Ben Tate, Jimmy Ori; and Gordon Ware — also a date with Shirley Hollingsworth (now Simpson) of the “Blue Bell.” He had awaited his turn all summer, and when finally the evening came, he rented a rowboat — romantically to slip around Round Lake and Lost Riven The boat sank, unromantically, and Shirley’s golden curls were momentarily dismantled. That, as I understand it, was their last date.

After the war, we married and started visiting George’s parents at No. 131. A growing family (Maggie, Janet, and Douglas) made the availability of the cottage next door attractive (No. 135, formerly Bouchers, prior to that, “Hessy Castle”). We added a sleeping porch to the upstairs in front, a bedroom and bath on the ground floor in back. At that time, 1954,¹ began to spend longer than a week or ten days here — two weeks gradually expanded to six, even seven, although young men in those days were allowed their two weeks and that was all. Our circle of friends enlarged commensurately as we participated wholeheartedly in all the activities of the resort — tennis, water sports, beaching, picnicking — later golf, committee and Board work.

When No. 47 (Bagbys’) became available in 1960, we moved our active bunch to that larger headquarters. Again we added on — a front upstairs bedroom, a back bedroom (upstairs), and a bath. A little later we enclosed part of the wrap-around porch to add to the living room. Incidentally, one of the many artifacts displayed is a Belvedere Golf Club Winner’s cup won by A. E. Metzger in 1920. Another artifact of interest is the coffee table at our young people’s cottage, No. 131. It is the bench which stood at the old tennis court in the woods, heavily carved with initials.

Tennis was one of the more convivial sports. We still talk of Diddy Schade’s “convent curve” taught to her as a student by the nuns at the Sacred Heart Convent in St. Louis. We played a lot and laughed a lot. About this time we embarked as sailing students under Houston Witherspoon’s watchful eye. We were not very apt pupils, but we enjoyed. He was Patience Personified. We tried mightily to get everybody up on water skis — again some more gracefully than others, but we had fun with our failures. We braved the Jordan River in rented canoes, savoring wet sandwiches, (Ziploc bags having not yet been invented). We beached, we swam, we played golf, and on occasion, baseball.

Now that we are Senior Citizens, our circle of friends has enlarged as we spend more time at our beloved Belvedere. We miss those among us who are gone, but we still play a lot, laugh a lot, and have a lot of fun.

COTTAGE 49

W. STEWART AND ELAINE H. RETHERFORD

In 1919 William Bell Stewart and Jessie Henderson Stewart bought Lot No. 6 and joined the Belvedere Club. They lived in Muncie, Indiana, and motored or took the train to Charlevoix. The family included: Jane Stewart Retherford, her husband Clarence Lee Retherford, children Marjory and Stewart, and Marjory Stewart. That year they rented the cottage which is now the Ransoms. The house on No. 6 lot was built, and in 1921 they spent their first summer there. In 1922 Marjory Stewart was married to William Collard Acklin at No. 6 Belvedere Club.

W. S. Retherford remembers being in the Gang with Dwight Thomson, Ben Tate, Courtland Carrier, George McKay and Howard McGregor and the leaders were Austin "Pete" Leland and Charlie Fox. They dug World War I type trenches on the beach and had a war with paper bags filled with water. Then W. S. Retherford was in the night-crawler business. Logan Thomson ordered 100 dozen and when "Henry" and I came up with 10 dozen, Mother Jane called a halt, as the late night activity was long beyond my curfew.

William Bell Stewart died in 1927 at No. 6. My father and I both had tuberculosis and were bed-ridden until his death in 1930 at No. 6 Belvedere Club. Upon my recovery I was given the smallest Chris-Craft speed boat (15-1/2 feet) by my grandmother Jessie H. Stewart. Holly Hollingsworth gave me instructions on operation and safety.

Marjory and I had front row seats for the Railroad Station fire! Everyone was on the roofs of their cottages with hoses.

Logan Thomson took the entire cast of the 1937 Cabaret out on the *Sylvia* for a picnic and party which lasted most of the night. We all played Leland Bisbee's tuba and he came down with polio the next day. This threw all parents into a panic which resulted in a rash of wild preventative measures — one of which was the "hot soda enema."

We had many experiences in the pre-war era and our late teens. Most of these happenings will never be recorded in print, but are probably mild by today's standards. Our group, at this age, included John Mithoefer, Carleton Baumgartner, George Bisbee, George McKay, Howard McGregor, Ben Tate, Harvey Hewitt, Tom Talman, and of course, the Olin girls, Sally Green, Shirley Hollingsworth, Marge Dixon, Jane Pike, and a constant flow of house guests and visitors at the Hotel.

Meanwhile Mother's crowd: Thomsons, Shwabs, Bisbees, Fetters, Acklins, Traers, Hollingsworths, Kinseys — were enjoying cruises on the *Sylvia*, and many beach picnics, which were held in great style with ample help and proper attire.

My time at the Belvedere decreased with age and the advent of summer jobs and the approaching war, but some time was spent there except for 1942-44. In the fall of 1941 we had a house party, chaperoned by Jane Retherford, and my date was Elaine Higgins, who made her first appearance at the Belvedere Club and started a new era.

Stewart has turned this over to me (Elaine), and I will try to tell more of the story. We were married in Phoenix, Arizona May 3, 1943, two days after my 21st birthday, because my Dad said, "Not until you are 21." Stewart was in the Air Corps so visits to the Belvedere were sketchy until he returned from England in 1945. Then we rented a cabin down the South Arm for two weeks. Between there and the Belvedere Club, we "partied."

Stew took a job in Oneida, New York and daughter I've was born there in 1946. Lynn, our second daughter, came in Toledo, Ohio in 1947 and daughter Jessie in 1949. There were many short trips to

the Belvedere No. 6 during these years and much fun with G. G. Stewart, Mother Jane, Marge and Bob Rowe and all those “little ones.” By then Marge and Bob had Janie and Shelly.

Mother Jane said, “Enough,” so the Rowes rented No. 11 and we rented No. 13, the Fox cottage. This was 1950 and I’ll never forget the rainiest summer ever. We never had a dry anything all that summer. Of course Stew and Bob were only there on weekends. We would cross the Ironton Ferry on Sunday night so they could catch the “Red-Eye” from Gaylord to Toledo, and back on Friday night.

In 1951 we bought some frontage and a few acres down the South Arm of Lake Charlevoix. This was one of the places where the *Sylvia* and Mother Jane’s crowd picnicked a few years back. It was a big decision to leave the resort, but the Board let us be members by renting a lot somewhere in the back of the Belvedere Club. Also we kept an open slip in the Bayou and remained members of the Yacht Club.

We moved into the cabin at “Bull Creek” in 1952 and then added on in 1954 and ’55. W. S. Retherford, Jr. was born on July 3, 1957 so we were late arriving that year. All three girls were going to “Gangs” at the Belvedere Club, Stewart was playing tennis at the Club every morning, and I was sent to the Belvedere Golf Club. Many fun parties — beach, etc. — were held at Bull Creek. Sheltons, Towers, Tates, McKays, Mudds, Kuhns, Wares, Disbrows, Schades, were among our crowd. The girls went to camps and volunteered at the Charlevoix Hospital, and we put a lot of mileage on our cars and boats. Boats — we always had boats!! How else could we go to the Belvedere Club for cocktails?

In 1967 we lost Mother Jane Retherford, Marjory Retherford Rowe, and William Stewart Retherford, Jr.

In 1969 the Flanigans decided to sell No. 49 and we bought it and returned to the Belvedere Club. We rebuilt No. 49 and have lived there every summer since. I went up in the winter while it was being rebuilt, and will never forget trying to walk the front terrace in the snow. I stayed at the Lodge, and there was a terrific ice-sculpture in the circle there. We did go back in the fall several years to play golf with the Towers, Kuhns and Bisbees and to enjoy the fall colors and the grouse hunting. I painted water-colors and was a part of the Waterfront Art Fair for twenty years or more.

We have both been involved with the Golf Club since our return to the resort. We hope to enjoy many more years at the Belvedere Club.

COTTAGE 101 JOHN W. MCDUGALL, JR.

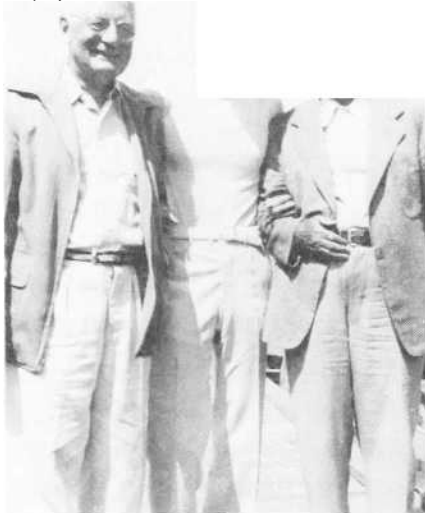
In the summer of ’54 when I was fifteen, my family came to Charlevoix for several weeks and stayed at the Belvedere Hotel. My friend, Peter Houston, III, included me in the many social functions in and around the Belvedere Club. There were canoe trips on the Jordan, golf, tennis, bingo, shuffle board, putting contests on the green in front of the Hotel, touch football in the park and regular sailboat races in the Club boats twice a week. Some of those I remember include Janie Rowe, Michael Ann Mullen, Bobby Schrock, Bill Schleman, Woody Ransom and his sister, Purr, Kitty Fadlin and Mike McDonnell. We went to Walloon and sailed in an Interclub race representing the Belvedere. We went to the drive-in movies out near the Argonne. My brother, Wylie and Brad Reed, a house guest of the Houstons, went with Nancy Schumacher and Judy Hickey to Harbor Point for an Interclub tennis tournament and brought back all the prizes. In short, it seemed to the McDougalls we had found the most fun spot anywhere, the Belvedere Club.

Not until many years later, 1975, did I take the opportunity to return with Sally, my bride of one year. We were house guests of George and Em Crook, along with

Jeffrey and Varina Buntin. The Crooks rented the Sherer cottage (No. 202) that summer and it was a packed house and much fun. The following summer, the Crooks rented the Cunningham cottage (No. 121) and invited the Buntins and us back. By the next summer the Crooks had bought cottage No. 502 and Sally and I became what must have appeared to some as “House guests for Life.” The Buntins were renting another cottage at this point and bringing Betty and Bren Finucane, Jeffrey’s sister and brother-in-law. My stay was usually a long week with Sally staying on a bit longer. Sally, picked up the nickname “Helga, the help” as she so cheerfully pitched in and volunteered for any and all odd jobs, obviously interested in being a good house guest. I’ll never forget when one older lady, not knowing Em and Sally well, called Em and asked if Sally had a free night to help on a party she was planning.

In 1985 we rented the Bill Eberts’ cottage (No. 111). Then we rented the Meyers’ cottage (No. 122) the next summer. This felt almost like staying in a delightfully quaint museum. I’ve never seen so much fascinating memorabilia and we loved the phrase over the fireplace, “I was happy here, and I love to return.”

By the summer of ’87, we were the proud owners of cottage No. 101, which had previously belonged to Mrs. Frank “Pearl” Rand from St. Louis. The side porch, overlooking the tennis courts had been enclosed many years previously to make an extra bedroom. We opened it back up and added the gazebo, also known as a “Belvedere.” We’ve spent many enjoyable hours there watching tennis and continue to extend an open invitation to one and all to share this vantage point and our enjoyment of the “Belvedere” and the Belvedere Club.



Bob Schrock, George Shwab and John Bagby, 1949.



George Shwab, Jr. and his children, Betty B. and George, III, 1944.



Girls Gang; standing left to right: Jean ?, Gangleader Susan Flint, Purr Ransom, Michael Ann Mullen, unknown, Ellen Flint, unknown; seated left to right: Patsy Carney, Janie Rowe, Shelly Rowe, Betty B. Shwab, circa 1950.

COTTAGE 105 GEORGE A. SHWAB, III

When asked how my sister, Betty B., and I first heard about the Belvedere Club, we would have to say, "We were born there," certainly figuratively if not literally. By the time we came along in 1937 and 1938, members of the Shwab family stemming from our great grandfather Victor Emmanuel Shwab, had been attending the Belvedere Club in the summers since the early 1900's. I don't remember it, of course, but I have been told I first came to the Belvedere in the summer of 1937 at age six months and my sister Betty B., came in the summer of 1939 as she was born mid-summer of 1938. In those early years, we would mostly stay in the 107 cottage with our grandparents, George and Deane Shwab, and a nurse. Alfred Bolyjack, who had been with my grandparents for many years, also helped take care of us as did Jesse, our cook.

By the time we were old enough to remember very much, World War II had started and many of the young adult men including my father George A. Shwab, Jr., who was in the Coast Guard, did not spend as much time at the Belvedere as they had previously. Dad loved boats and I have vague recollections of his Northern Michigan sailboat as well as his racing speed boats. He must have had these before World War II, because I do not have any recollection of them when I was older after the war.

As soon as Betty B. and I were old enough, we began to participate in the day camp called "The Gang." Bud Kohler was the boys Gang leader I remember and the activities we participated in were pretty similar to the activities the Gangs participate in today. We spent a lot of time on the beach which at that time was the exact reverse of what it is now wherein the cabanas were over on the south side of the pier where the Kiddy Koop is now. Activities the Gang participated in were the overnights and there was always a story to tell, such as the night one Gang member wet his sleeping bag and his tent mate raised all manner of heck about it. Another night some strange beast, probably a dog, collapsed one of the tents and then went inside it causing great confusion in the camp. Generally, each overnight had a different story, but the common thread was that all participants stayed up too late and arrived home absolutely exhausted, probably to the joy of their parents who did not have to deal with them because they slept for the next day or so.

We all participated in dancing lessons and the youth dances, much as today except the dancing leader at that time was Miss Travis who lived in the cottage now occupied by Houston Witherspoon. I remember her as a very old lady who had been a dancing teacher for many years and used to control, if you could call it that, the children in the dancing classes through the use of her castanets which she would clap loudly to get attention.

By the time Betty B. and I reached our early teens, our parents felt we should experience a summer camp environment and for several years we went to summer camp with short visits to the Belvedere before or after the typical two month camping session.

In the later '40's, my father, George A. Shwab, Jr, felt there was a need for a sailing yacht club at the Belvedere. Prior to the war, there had been a great deal of sailing interest in the Charlevoix area, but most of this had waned after WWII and the big Northern Michigan boats they used at that time had mostly been sold. He, along with a number of other families on the resort, including the Wares, the Witherspools, and several others, arranged to acquire eight A. R. True Rockets, the round bottom woodhulled sloop which was used for sailing training and racing at the Club for almost twenty years. In the earlier years, my sister, Betty B., and I crewed for Dad, not without some consternation as he

would occasionally let us know in a loud voice when we didn't move quickly enough or correctly in the boat. Later, both Betty B. and I became proficient sailors in our own right and enjoyed the competitive racing and active sailing program that existed at the Belvedere during those years. During those teen-age years, Betty B. also became extremely good at the game of tennis, winning tournaments both at the Belvedere and in our hometown, Nashville. Also during those years, I did a great deal of fishing with my grandfather, George A. Shwab, Sr. He loved to fish the Jordan River for trout; however; I was too young to participate with him, but he also loved to fish for bass at Lake 26 and usually he would take me on those trips. He, Alfred and myself would go out to the lake and rent a boat from the keeper of the landing. We would attach an electric trolling motor, which Alfred would operate, while we worked the banks, my grandfather with his fly rod and black and white popping bug, and I typically trolling a large wooden plug. In those days, Lake 26 was an extremely productive lake and I don't ever remember going out there and not catching fish. In addition to bass, it also had some very large blue gill and my grandfather and I would sit over a special spot and catch them in large quantities.

In our later teen-age years, we graduated from the traditional bicycle (for transportation) to the automobile, which opened up new horizons for us, including the ability to get to Bells Bay and play commandos with flashlights at night, having dates and going to the movies with a date in downtown Charlevoix and the drive-in outside of

Petoskey. The Belvedere Club has always had an extremely active social life for both adults and children. Although everyone ages as each year goes by, it seems to me the Belvedere Club is not unlike Brigadoon that awakes each summer for about two months, then sleeps for the next ten. Most of the people, both adult and children, return each summer so we are able to spend time with many friends whom we have known at the Belvedere for over forty-five years.

I was married to Barbara A. Lydick in May of 1959 shortly before graduation from Purdue University in Lafayette, Indiana. We stayed in Lafayette that summer while I finished a couple of classes then drove to the Belvedere Club for a week or ten days before we left to follow the north route to California for two years of graduate school. Those two years in California stretched into sixteen; however, even at that substantial distance there were only a couple of years out of the sixteen that my wife, Babs, and I didn't get back to the Belvedere. Our first child, Barbara Deane Shwab, celebrated her first birthday at the Belvedere in July 1961 and our son, George A. Shwab IV, made his first trip when he was just over six months old in the summer of 1963. Thus, the cycle continued as it had for many families at the Belvedere.

In the mid '60's, I renewed my acquaintance with Charlie Kinnaird and his wife, Susan. I had known Charlie, or "Skip" as he was known then, in the '40's; however; because of the difference in our ages at the time, we had not known each other well then. Then he left the Belvedere and had not returned until the mid '60's when we renewed our acquaintance, based on a strong interest in fishing, and became extremely close friends. In the mid '60's, if you hit it just right while the old railroad bridge was still there, it was a regular event to be able to pull two and one-half to three and one-half pound small-mouth bass out of the water on the drop-off on the Lake Charlevoix side of the bridge. We spent many hours in the '60's sitting on the drop-off catching those wonderful fish with live night crawlers. We also heard there was good small-mouth fishing on the islands around Beaver Island. Although we did not have a boat that could go from Charlevoix to Beaver, we contrived to get there the only way we could which was on the Beaver Island Ferry. For two or three years, we would

take Charlie's outboard motor and our fishing gear, life preservers, and climb aboard the Beaver Island Ferry that left at around 6:00 P.M. from Charlevoix and ride the two hours across Lake Michigan while we ate a picnic suppet Once there, we got a room in the dilapidated King Strang Hotel and rented a fourteen-foot aluminum boat. At dawn the next morning we made the run across three miles of open water to Garden Island. We would fish all morning and then return to Charlevoix on the Ferry which left Beaver Island approximately 2:00 P.M. that afternoon. In those days the fishing was superb and we always caught fish, very large fish in plentiful amounts.

During this time, we became friends with Bob Million and in 1971 the three of us bought the *Polish Navy I*; she was a ten-year-old Chris Craft Constellation with a wood hull of thirty-six feet. Of course, the reason for the acquisition was to be able to get to Beaver Island and the surrounding islands to fish and certainly she was used for this purpose. In actuality, during our stays in Charlevoix with the three families involved, the twin engines rarely cooled off on her as she was also used in Lake Charlevoix for fishing, picnicking, swimming, as well as cocktail cruises.

In 1968, I was asked to serve as the Commodore of the Belvedere Yacht Club to succeed Houston Witherspoon who had been the Commodore for many years, after he had succeeded my father, George Shwab, Jr. I was very honored to be asked to serve in this position, particularly as the Yacht Club had now sold the old A. R. True Rockets and had acquired Grumman Hawks, a much faster fiberglass boat. Thus, between the fishing, trips to Beaver, and the Yacht Club activities as well as the normal on-going social activities, the years of the '70's were very busy for us. Our trips to Belvedere became more frequent when we moved back to Nashville in 1975 which made the trip considerably shorter than it had been from California.

By the early '80's, Kinnaird, Million and I decided it was time after ten years or so to upgrade the *Polish Navy*. The bass fishing around Beaver Island had deteriorated; however, the lake trout and salmon fishing between North and South Points in the Bay had become extremely good so we sold the *Polish Navy I*, not without a certain amount of regret, and acquired *The Happiness* alias *Polish Navy II* and set it up for fishing for lake trout and salmon.

Our daughter, Barbara Deane Shwab, was married in the summer of 1983 to George Douglas Vermilya, Jr., her college sweetheart. They attended the College of William and Mary in Virginia for graduate studies and subsequently moved to Lynchburg, Virginia to live. On May 29, 1986, their daughter, Emily Catherine Shwab Vermilya, was born in Lynchburg and arrived at the Belvedere in early August when she was slightly over two months old, making her the sixth generation of Shwabs to summer at the Belvedere. Her brother; George Douglas Vermilya, III, was born in June 1988 and will spend his first summer at the Belvedere in 1989 continuing the tradition that was started so many years ago.

COTTAGE 117

MELISSA (SISSY) HICKEY CHAMBERLAIN

Thinking back over the many happy years growing up at the Belvedere, so many memories flood my mind from funny, laughable childhood memories which include my parents and sister and brother plus many happy times with my close "summer friends." Many of these are still special to me today, and we have had the joy of watching our own children grow up — so yet another generation goes on.

Until I was eleven we spent the summers at my grandparents' cottage No. 127, as did my aunt and uncle, the Schumachers and their two children. Off and on my eccentric great aunt Zelle, my

grandmother Hickey's sister was there from Chicago, plus four servants and the chauffeur. That meant that including the two Hickey seniors, the five of us, four Schumachers, four servants plus the chauffeur, Grandma and Grandpa Hickey housed a total of sixteen people every summer. I'm sure that in 1948 when my parents bought No. 117 Belvedere everyone was most relieved, especially my grandparents.

My sister Judy Hickey Engelsmann, now owns No. 127 and is raising her family there. I'm sure they will enjoy it as much as we did.

In Book I, many stories were told about the years at No. 127 so I'm going to move along as briefly as possible to tell of the years at No. 117 and beyond.

In the early days our group was made up of Talbot Leland MacCarthy, Ann Avery Kelley, Julie Cudlip Whitman, Rosemary Cartwright, Annie Sherer Paddock, Susan Moss Reese, with the later addition of Maryann Placio Pflagler, Lee Placio, Martin Ludington, Carl Lueckenbach, Jamie Taylor, etc. The boys in our young years who were part of the group were Charlie Fox, "Butch" Mullen, Andy Donahue, Fred Avery, Donny Morrow, Doug Burke, and Mike O'Donnell. We went everywhere together, and how lovely and simple our lives were, but how naughty we really thought we were. We would all walk to town to the 7:15 movie which got out at 9:00 and we had to be back on the resort by no later than 9:30. I remember one night the group was chased home from town by two Indians. My, we were frightened and how fast we ran, I'm sure giggling with excitement all the way.

My, there are so many memories my mind is overflowing: my first kiss on the old rustic bridge, (I'll never tell by whom), smoking cigarettes in the woods behind the Sherer cottage, painting classes at Joanie Frantz Meyer's, sneaking out at night to return home later, thinking no one knew I had been anywhere but sleeping soundly, to find the doors locked, (we never locked our doors in those days). I know my father loved it when he found me sleeping on the front porch in the morning!

The Belvedere Hotel was the center of activity with the candy counter in the lobby. There was Bingo two times a week, and buffet dinners Thursday and Sunday nights (the helps' days off). I remember the wonderful ice sculptures on the buffet tables. Our family always gathered for these dinners. One Thursday or Sunday night Aunt Althea walked into the dining room with a gadget on her head that made it look like she had an arrow shot through her head. This caused much laughter and commotion all through the dining room. My first drink was a champagne cocktail fixed for me in 1956 by Buzz the bartender in the Bamboo Room which was right off the Hotel lobby.

In 1960 the big decision was made to tear down the Hotel due to the continuously rising costs of insurance, etc. My father was head of the Board of Trustees when this was decided. My grandmother Hickey never really forgave my father for tearing down "her Hotel." Who could ever forget the "social director" of the Hotel, Mrs. Dykes? She organized all Club functions at the Hotel from Bingo to volunteered home movies. The tearing down of the Hotel was certainly the end of an era.

It was around this same time that Mr. Ed Edwards decided to retire and Lee Moerland and his family came into our lives at the Belvedere (hired by my father in 1960). As I recall, Pauline who had been Mr Edwards' secretary — a "be-all," "do- all" person — stayed on, thus making the transition easier. The Edwards remained friends of the Belvedere until the end of their lives. Pauline retired after twenty-five years. Beverly was trained and to this day oversees, (is Mr Moerland's right arm) the running of the Club office.

When I was a teen-ager at the Belvedere I think our group was really the last where the boys didn't have to have "summer jobs."

We had great fun putting on the Belvedere Invitational Tennis Tournament from 1952 to 1958. Bill Helms was our tennis pro in those days in the summer. In the winter he was the tennis coach at University of Michigan. Thus we had great tournaments. The weekend included a cocktail party hosted on Friday nights by D.D. and Louise Walker, Saturday night dinner and dancing at the Casino, and Sunday the final rounds of tennis were played. Many close friends were made since Club members housed the players for the weekend — much fun for all!!

From 1951 to 1958 Charlie Fox, Andy Donahue and the rest of the group ran the Cabaret — nothing was impossible! Susan Moss Reese was "pop the puppet," hanging from ropes in the middle of the Casino. We did *Singing in the Rain* with troughs on either side of the stage. Of course, it rained on one side and not the other, but the show went on in spite of complications. What fun we all had!

I would just like to close by saying this is my fifty-second summer at the Belvedere. I thank those in the past generations of my family for giving me a chance to be part of this wonderful place. And I remind my children, Melissa and Philip, how lucky they are and never to forget that Charlevoix (the Belvedere) is not just a place to be — it is a state of mind. Please don't ever let it go!

COTTAGE 119

MOLLY GOODSON MCCLELLAND

When my parents were young, before they knew each other, they came to the Belvedere as guests of the Hickeys and McKays. Years later, married and settled, they returned, again as houseguests of the Hickeys-McKays, now Myron and Melissa Hickey. They loved it, and for several years rented the Leland cottage. Then Myron Hickey told my father that No. 119 was for sale. As Mother had said she did not want the responsibility of a cottage, he did not tell her of the purchase until they were walking into an auditorium to see a school play. By the second act, she had changed her mind and was mentally redecorating.

Cottage 119 had belonged to Mrs. Wallace of the Wallace Stove Company of Kalamazoo, Michigan. In the kitchen is the old outlet for the woodburning stove. The cottage had been rented for many years and moving in was an adventure. There were a dozen nut cups, sherry glasses, champagne glasses, etc. (we still have them), but no mattresses. Things have been updated through the years, but most of the furniture is original, and on one sheet is clearly written in indelible ink, "1913."

Many years later I was living in San Francisco and was spending a few days visiting my parents at No. 119. Judy and Dick Engelsmann were having a house party next door in the Hickey cottage. One of their guests was Geoff McClelland from Chicago, formerly from St. Louis. We had not met before, but as he needed someone to paddle bow on a Jordan River trip, I agreed to fill in. We turned over twice. We were married the following May and spent our honeymoon here. On our first morning we were awakened at 7 A.M. by two small Cunningham girls who wanted to meet Geoff Goodson.

Our son first came to the Belvedere when he was six weeks old, our daughter before she was born. They are continuing the Gang tradition of swimming, sailing, tennis, "capture the flag" and rainy overnights.

COTTAGE 121

MARCUSE. CUNNINGHAM, JR.

Marc Cunningham first came to the Belvedere Club in 1961. Although not continuously visiting the Club each summer after the initial visit, he did rent twice in the '60's cottage No. 119, (the Goodson's), for his family which included daughters Sarah, Libby, Mary Ellen and Susie.

He purchased cottage No. 121, next door to the Goodsons in August 1972. After renting his own cottage for part of the summer; Marc and his wife Christine and children including sons Marc and Rob enjoy coming to Charlevoix no matter what the season.

Because of its great location, climate and facilities for all ages, Marc considers it a great family retreat. Whether it's polar bear/skinny dips in the fall, snowmobiling or cross-country skiing on the resort grounds, the Cunninghams have great times. Not to be forgotten are warm fires, popcorn and Irish coffee after skiing during Christmas and New Year's, nor hitting the tennis ball at the courts in warmer weather.

COTTAGE 123 JONATHANJ. KNIGHT

Technically, my roots in the Belvedere Club go back to the Knight family of Kalamazoo, but in modern times to my grandparents, Helen and Earle Martin of Sioux City, who purchased No. 19 in 1941. Their great friend was my godmother Jane Retherford. I guess my children (Shelley, Wendy, Tom, Willy and Emily) would therefore be fifth generation.

My earliest memories include the clop-clop sound and visions of the horse-drawn vegetable wagon that served the resort, but which must have been retired by the mid to late 1940's. Born in August of 1943, I must have been three or four at the time. No. 19 was the first cottage to be winterized (1948), so my sister Melinda (Nini), my brother Tommy and I were among the first children of the resort to experience winter on the Belvedere. We could almost stand upright in the tunnels that we dug in the snow. We would go down to the beach in front of the cabanas and scrape off the snow on the frozen lake for ice skating. (John Knight didn't want any "hot house tomatoes" so we got plenty of exercise in the great outdoors). We always looked forward to the warm weather of spring time, with the carpenters, painters and groundskeepers making ready for the summer influx.

My childhood playmates still connected with the Belvedere include Bill Fox, Skip Schumacher, Joe Hickey, Steve Schleman, Ted Bemis, Jim Witherspoon, Adele Braun Dilschneider, Andy Hill Schumacher, Louise Houston Rolwing, Dail Mudd Loyd and Mary Luisa Mullen Hartley. (I use the term "playmate" loosely, as we saw the girls at Gang and, if we had to, dance with them at the urging of Miss Travis.)

Some of us spent more than a little time reading comic books at Bill Fox's house, or spending what seemed like weeks making model airplanes only to blow them up with fireworks on make believe battle fields at the beach. I admit to a fascination with matches and fireworks at the age of eight or nine, and on one occasion nearly burned down the boathouses. George Braun had emptied gasoline from his outboard engine in the water that rested behind the boathouses (lake levels were high that year) and my curiosity prompted me to throw a lighted match on the surface. Of course the gasoline burst into flames; Mrs. Ware came screaming down the hill followed by what seemed to me the rest of the resort, and I was scared to death by the whole scene. George and I acted calmly, however, and attempted to douse the fire with water from a hose, which only spread the flames. Thank God the little bit of gasoline burned out before the boathouses ignited and all was well. I never admitted, however; that it was I who had thrown the match, and George took the heat because he

was older and “should have known better.” My mother sold No. 19 in 1956, so in my teen years I had to be content mooching off friends. We had some of the wildest parties, or “stands” as we called them, but I had best not go into any details in order to protect the guilty and avoid litigation.

In 1967 Sissy Chamberlain invited us to rent her cottage, and the call of the Belvedere again took hold. No. 123 was acquired shortly thereafter: The late sixties saw the best and worst of world events, and I recall while in residence watching on television both the Democratic convention in Chicago and the landing of Neil Armstrong on the moon. That same year (1968) we agonized over the North Koreans’ incarceration of Skip Schumacher, who was an officer on the *Pueblo*. Fortunately, Skip and his crew were released in December.

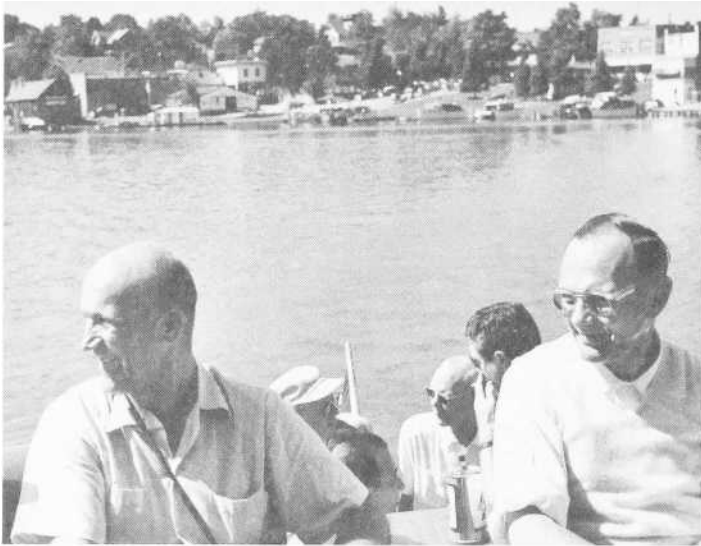
In a lighter vein, the beginning of the 1970’s saw the end of motorcycles on Club grounds. I must admit to guilt in this issue, as No. 123 usually saw three or four of these screamers parked in front of the house, and they were ridden at all hours of the day and night. Some of the late night parties on our porch surely disturbed the neighboring light sleepers, and I can still hear Uncle Bud’s (Alexander) laugh echoing through the night. I recall that a shoe was once thrown from a nameless window at Charlie Fox as he left the porch to find his way home at a wee hour. Age must be catching up, because the evenings seem much quieter today.

I met my wife Kathryn through her college roommate, Anne Schuler; a Gang leader and friend of the Schleman’s who was dating my brother Tommy. Kathy tried golf for the first time at the Mullen’s Monkey Tournament, and to this day can’t understand why we don’t play that way all the time. The Golf Club seemed to be a center of activity for a number of years, and the various tournaments and Calcuttas were great fun.

After an absence of twenty three years, my mother; Mariette Gordon, came up for a visit with us in 1979. She fell in love with the resort again and purchased No. 31. It’s strange how the Belvedere Club won’t let go! It seems to be the one constant in our lives that we count on, and hopefully our children will grow to treasure the friendships they make here and will one day add their fond remembrances in writing to a future edition of the Belvedere Archives.



High water year at the Belvedere Yacht Club, 1986.



On board *The Gander* in Round Lake, left to right: unknown, Pete Leland, Johnnie DiCicco, Bud Cudlip, Art Mullen and Bill Cudlip, 1950's.

COTTAGE 124 "THEEVERARD"
JULIE CUDLIP WHITMAN

I really don't remember my early years on the Belvedere, but around age four or five, the memories begin, and they are crowded.

In the 1940's, No. 124 was a full cottage then with three generations in it. My great aunt, Tante Wilson, my grandmother Mimi and grandpa Louis Sherwood, my parents, Betty-Boo and Bud Cudlip, and brothers Jack and Bobby plus two maids.

Cooking was done on a coal and wood stove. I remember jumping out of bed (one with a white iron headboard), dressing in shorts and sneakers and heading downstairs, smelling wood smoke and fresh coffee as I went to breakfast. Taking a sack lunch, I got on my bike named Trusty, and was gone

for the day. I don't know what all I did, but it took me all day to do it.

One afternoon in the garage of the Ransom's cottage — now Mannions' — Woody and Purr Ransom, Michael Ann and Butch Mullen, Donnie Morrow and I were climbing around on the rafters. Either Woody or Purr fell and broke an arm. Mrs. Ransom put an end to the entertainment. Sometime after, I broke my wrist trying to tightrope walk on the iron railings by the tennis courts. Talbot Leland pushed my bike home for me.

Another incident from my early years occurred when I was about three years old, so I've been told, when Jane Rowe Nocirini and I were on the beach. We each wanted a drink of water from the fountain, but Janie wouldn't let me go first so I bit her! So goes the tale.

Who could forget Hooker's Stables — the riding, the glorious riding on the dunes! Alone or in a group, I treasured it as I treasure the freedom of riding to this day. I was on top of the world the day Mr. Hooker let me ride one horse and lead THREE horses through Charlevoix and across the old wooden bridge to daytime stabling on the north side of town.

Consider our teen years — kids didn't seem to work summers much in the 1950's. One summer I think we had a gang of about ninety teens — a very active group. We hung around the Hotel a lot; Sissy Hickey flirting with the bellboys by the glass-top candy counter in the lobby, and evenings of bingo with Mrs. Dykes trying to maintain control.

We weren't the only ones dallying, though. My grandmother, Mimi, and Harold Smith were observed sitting in rocking chairs on the front porch of the Hotel holding hands.

Climbing Mt. McSauba in or out of Gang was fun, but what became fantastic as a teen-ager was the game of "Commandos." Played much like "Capture the Flag," it was held at night on the dunes near Fisherman's Island. We teens, and there were a lot of us, divided into two teams. A kerchief was placed on a bush on top of each of two dunes about two hundred feet apart. The object was to steal the other team's kerchief. Weapons were flashlights. If you got "shot" you had to go to the "dead pile" where there was a convenient keg of beer.

One night, dressed in my brother's navy sweater, I captured the flag, and triumphant, started down the dune. I could hear shouts, "Hey! We won! Who did it? Darn! It's a girl!" Sweet victory for me.

When I was seven or eight, because of Mimi and a full cottage, we rented the present Mullen cottage at the end of the resort. Of course, the curving rustic bridge was still there, and I remember the careful way I negotiated it, being fairly new at riding my bike.

The ravine beneath and beyond the bridge was haunted at night, you know, for the "troxes" from the "troll bridge" camped there. Only in the daytime could I go sit on my "elbow" — a wonderfully curved tree branch.

Also at that time there was a night watchman named Frank. Just about the time my dinner was over would be the time he'd go down to the beach to close and check the cabanas. Most times, I'd join him. There were side benches on each cabana then, and Frank would have to roll up the awnings. As he did each one, I would grab the horizontal bar and swing from bar to bar and bench to bench as he went along. Such a simple time then, but I guess it always is that way when you're a child.

Memories, childhood, LIFE do not come in perfectly rendered sentences or ordered time spans, SO —

I can't remember when the railroad stop at the Belvedere Station was closed, but I do know I was there the evening Daddy arrived. The usual pennies and nickels were on the track, and I was anticipating his arrival, when some lady, perhaps thinking I was too eager, yanked me back and nearly upset us both. I'm still mad at her.

The beach ladies today either bring their own lunches, order from the Casino, or whatever, and are for the most dressed in bathing suits. However, when my grandmother, Mimi Sherwood came to the beach, it was in an ankle-length luncheon gown, complete with gloves and hat! With her might be Mrs. Eberts and Mrs. McGregor.

The event was the weekly Hotel Luncheon Buffet, complete with a carved ice swan, chefs and waiters in white jackets.

It was quite a lifestyle then, with people and MOUNDS of luggage and trunks, coming by boat, train or auto to spend the whole summer.

More odd bits of reminiscence — Wimpy's hamburgers in Petoskey, Vemor's ginger ale in upside down funnel-shaped waxed cartons, luaus at the Little Harbor Club, inter-lake sailing races with the Northern Michigans, the drive-in movies!

I remember one evening at the Golf Club my mother was introducing Sissy Chamberlain to a house guest. Sissy was wearing a rather low-cut dress. Mother said, looking pointedly at Sissy's chest, "And this is Julie's bosom buddy" and then went into gales of giggles. Actually it was pretty funny.

In later "married with kids" years we rented. When Will was one and Peter, Jr. six, we rented the Schrock cottage which was delightful and so well equipped. Our next door neighbor; Flo O'Brien, would tell me that she and Will were the first up in the morning and he'd stand up in his crib, pat the screen and wave at her.

Next we had the Mannion cottage, deceptively large, with its marvelous cedar hedge. Will had a tall flag on his bike and Boozie (Mother) and I could always see him coming by the flapping flag just topping the hedge.

Several years later we rented the Mehaffie cottage. Being on the park was a wonderful experience. Kids playing, bocce ball in the evening — lots of activity. Perhaps a litde too much, when Peter; Jr. and Andy Leakas turned the music up FULL in the car a litde too late (or early) one morning.

There's too much to put to paper. Others will remember and relate of the Casino, the cabarets, Miss Travis, beach picnics, tennis and golf tournaments — all the wonderful activities afforded us on the Belvedere. The Belvedere is friends, friends, special friends, many of whom I regret I haven't had the time or space to mention. Joys, triumphs, tragedies, all of it, come, go, remain, and the friends are there to sustain and comfort you, play, dance and sing with you.

I feel that one of the most unique features of life on the Belvedere is the marvelous interplay of the generations. Here you are friends and acquaintances of not only your own peer group but of entire families. It's such fun to learn histories from the parents and grandparents and to look for and find family resemblances in the younger faces. Belvedere Club is not just a resort; it's a tradition. It's a warm wonderful community of the summer whose flavor lingers in the soul and spirit 'til —JOY(!) — summer comes again.

COTTAGE 127

RICHARD G. AND JUDITH HICKEY ENGELSMANN

Charlevoix and the Belvedere Club have always been very special to me, so when the opportunity

came in 1972 to buy what had been my grandparents' cottage from my aunt and uncle, the Schumachers, Dick and I jumped at the chance (or should I say thought it over carefully and after much deliberation, decided to make the big step). Dick had been to Charlevoix several times and his father, growing up had always gone to Port Huron; so Michigan was in his blood, too.

The first several years we had the cottage we did not go up much, but as we began having our four children, Peter, Alex, and twins Abby and Kenny, we started using it one month every summer. Our children, of course, love the Belvedere as much as we do and already have many wonderful memories.

Growing up, spending summers — and I mean all summer: June, July and August — at the Belvedere was wonderful! My first memories are of staying in No. 127, visiting Grandma and Grandpa Hickey, when I was about four or five. That is why I love our cottage so much — it reminds me of my grandparents. They were the most wonderful, loving, generous, funny, fun-loving people. I can still see Grandpa Hickey sitting in his chair in the living room, reading the newspaper with his eyes shaded by what looked like a gambler's green visor. Both Grandma and Grandpa always had plenty of time to stop whatever they were doing to visit with you. Times seemed much slower then.

Not only did I have paternal grandparents in Michigan, but my mother's mother, Olive Meyer McKay, also went to Charlevoix. My grandmother, Nana, as we called her, met her husband, John McKay, from Cleveland, at the Belvedere. When Mother was growing up, she went to Charlevoix every summer. My parents, however, oddly enough met in St. Louis.

In the '40's and '50's, the Belvedere seemed much more rural and informal to me, or else it is just that I was smaller and it seemed larger. I hate to admit it, but I still remember the Ice Man hauling in a big block of ice and with great effort, using giant metal tongs, hoisting it into the wooden ice box on Grandma and Grandpa's back porch. I also remember the flower lady and the vegetable man, who happened to be dating our Gang leader. They both sold door-to-door. We lived on our bicycles, which we pretended were horses, and in the days of the Gene Autry and Roy Rogers westerns we named them accordingly: Thunder, Trigger and Paint. We even painted their names on our back fenders, which wasn't very smart because Mr. Edwards could always tell who was causing trouble.

We also rode the real thing at Hookers' paddock on the North side. On special days, we got to ride them back to town across the old draw bridge. Riding on the beaches was always a challenge. I remember one horrible time when I was about nine, and my horse rolled on the beach with me on his back, stepping on my chest and leaving the clear mark of a horseshoe for weeks.

We went to the Frozen Custard weekly, to the movies for 14 cents (when we weren't trying to sneak through the exit for free), to the popcorn stand next to the movie where the old man who owned the stand fixed each bag with the same slow, repetitive ritual, which drove me crazy when all I wanted to do was to get that popcorn and into that movie. Worth the wait though — the best popcorn in the world — I can still taste it today and every time I get popcorn at a movie, I am disappointed that it isn't as good. We went on overnights with the Gangs, played Commandos at Fisherman's, sailed (the biggest treat was to sail with Mr. Ware), swam, played in the halls and on the porches of the old Hotel (flushing cherrybombs down the toilets — great for the old pipes), had family dinners at the old Hotel, complete with carved ice sculptures on the buffet table and Aunt Althea wearing an arrow through her head, and, of course, laughed a lot and had a wonderful time. We, as a family, had many wonderful picnics on Grandma and Grandpa Hickey's boat, *The Jo-Be*,

always with fried chicken, potato salad, deviled eggs, sliced tomatoes and lots of family jokes.

I had a terrific group of friends every summer — Nancy Schumacher Dennis (my cousin), Georgia Mudd Britt, Ruthie Holloran Moore, Gretchen Dieffenbach, Susan Flint, Nini Knight, Carroll Disbrow, Heather Brodhead, Char Connett Scoular, the Bagby boys, Joe Hickey (my brother), Bill Fox, Mark Holloran, John Hichew, Alec Forester and his Louisville friends, George Braun, Charlie Valier, Bill and Steve Schleman and many other interesting people scattered through for a summer here and there, like Cobby Gibson and Warren Weber (my first date). Also, there were a lot of friends from St. Louis, like Libby Hall McDonnell, Muffy Hensley McPheeters, Frances Cordonnier McKennan and Cy Williamson Metcalfe (a teen-age Gang Leader). We used to bicycle to Loeb's Farm, break into the deserted farm buildings and go through old papers, imagining that we were Nancy Drews. Some summers we fought and some summers we got along.

Since we have been up there with our own children, we have had many wonderful times in Dick's boat, trips to the Landing, beach parties at Fisherman's Island, float trips, long sunset hours on the Belvedere Beach, good times with wonderful friends, parents, aunts and uncles. Also, we have spent several Christmas vacations skiing, both cross country and downhill. Our kids really learned to ski in Michigan. So now our memories in the Northwoods include winter.

Charlevoix is home to us. Since my grandparents met there, I probably have Michigan to thank for my very existence. I certainly have it to thank for many wonderful times (many more than I can mention here), with my family and friends, present and past.

COTTAGE 129

ROSEMARY ALLEN MUELLER SELBY

Rosemary A. Allen married Dr. Richard R Mueller in 1945 and she continued a long-standing tradition from her own family of spending some time each summer in Charlevoix. Her grandfather, Oscar M. Allen was one of the founding fathers of the Belvedere Resort and owned the "Blue Bell" cottage. Her father Glenn S. Allen, Sr. owned cottage No. 504 next to the Blue Bell. Cottage 504 overlooks one of the most beautiful views of the channel; the Belvedere Yacht Club with the sailing boats, dock, and beautiful clear water Behind the cottage are the tennis courts. We were told that Oscar M. Allen donated some of the land for the present tennis courts.

The Allen family tradition dates back to the 1920's. The Allen children, Glenn, Barbara Allen (Bock), and Jollie attended Gang (Rosemary was too young), and the dancing classes. Their favorite memories of Gang were like ours — the horseback riding, swimming, craft projects, picnics, and treasure hunts. Back then treasure hunts were underneath the Rustic Bridge where you took your chances with poison ivy. The Allen family often went to Charlevoix in the late summers and stayed through early fall so some of the Allen children attended school there. Barbara Allen (Bock) reports the leaves were absolutely beautiful as were the beechnut berries.

Many were the family outings with the Robin R. Wares back then. Both families would go hiking, swimming, sailing on the *Frolic*, and on picnics to Two Mile Point. It was also fun and a challenge to go walking to Fisherman's Island — more possible then than now. There were many card games played around the dining room table with the Wares, Dottie Dixon, Dac Fraser and friends. Occasionally, the bravest went diving off the dock in the channel. Barbara and Glenn Allen report that the water was so cold they would turn around in mid-air just to get back more quickly; they could barely breathe.

There is another story of something that happened at No. 129 when I was active on the Junior Activities Committee. We were having one of the famous scavenger-treasure hunts for the teen-agers. The final and important clue was a slip of paper on which we had drawn just a picture of a storm warning flag. Son Glenn and another teen-ager thought that we meant the storm flag that was on the pier at Lake Michigan Beach — the Coast Guard station. They went to Lake Michigan and hauled the flag down and came back to No. 129 Belvedere. They were so excited that they jumped up and down on our kitchen table screaming that they had won the hunt. George McKay and I were horrified and told them to take it back immediately — don't get caught — and, just leave it there. The clue was actually Gale Storm who was then a lifeguard at the Belvedere Beach, and they were supposed to find her and bring her to the cottage! My brother Glenn, my mother, Joanie Meyer, Keith Morris, myself, and the McKays were at my cottage chaperoning the activities. We still have the kitchen table — very sturdy, but now with a new top!

CAROL MUELLER WHITWORTH

Going to Charlevoix each summer was a memorable experience of many happy activities, so different from our city-type routines. Tucked in between all the exhilarating events of each day were the games we played with our many Belvedere friends — all kinds of games!

Playing “Murder” used to be fun and was just scary enough to keep everyone interested. Dottie Dixon from St. Louis was part of that fun, as well as Dac Fraser. Another family memory was when Jollie Allen carried a bike to the top of Mt. McSauba just to prove he could do it. The Allens also used to go walking at Bliss Farm north of Petoskey. The owner was a poet and it was fun visiting with his family.

By the '50's the four Allen children (Jollie, Glenn, Rosemary and Barbara) had big families of their own. As the oldest of Rosemary's six children, I can remember the trip from Cleveland taking two days (now it takes just seven hours). It was fun seeing all the deer and playing games in the car. Once in Charlevoix, it only took a day or two and all of us would be completely sunburned, and my sister, Phyllis, still has some scars to prove it.

I also remember waking up each morning in the Allen cottage to the sound of tennis balls being batted back and forth. It was a “call to duty,” as the men who swept the courts (then clay courts) used to let us kids sweep the lines for them after they had watered the clay and rolled it out. This was an important job! Shortly after this, at least one of my uncles, either Glenn or Jollie Allen would appear for tennis, and I can remember wishing that someday I would be able to play as well.

After my rounds at the tennis courts, I would check out what was happening at the boat docks. Often I would help roll out sails for the Rockets so they would be ready for the day's private lessons and Gang. Brad Perkins and Jim Witherspoon were down shortly to begin lessons. Later I was to get a few lessons myself, but on one particularly windy morning I managed to fill the Rocket to the rail. We had to be towed back and were bailing for what seemed like hours.

My grandfather, Glenn Allen, Sr. used to send at least one of us children to the Belvedere Hotel to pick up his daily paper, a couple cigars and purchase other necessities. This, too, was quite a thrill as he let us keep the bands from his cigars and he often paid us five cents which was good for a candy. We then were able to watch him blow smoke rings and we were allowed to put our fingers through the holes. Then the challenge of beating him at Cribbage or Casino began. We spent long hours playing cards with him and watching the boats drift in and out through Round Lake. I'm quite sure I

learned all my math skills in this way.

By 9:00 A.M., we had to be ready for Gang. I loved making lanyards with my friends and playing “Capture the Flag.” We always wandered down to Lake Charlevoix for swimming lessons with Jan or Bill in the most freezing water I can ever remember. How we ever learned to swim in sixty-five degree waters is beyond me! The mark of really growing up came when you could swim the buoys.

Afternoons were times for trips to Lake Michigan, sailing or horseback riding lessons. Over the years I developed quite a love for sailing and it was fun to crew for such famous personalities as Houston Witherspoon or Larry Perkins.

Over the two-hour lunch break from Gang it was fun to go put pennies on the railroad tracks or catch polliwogs underneath the trestles. We actually had a few successes raising them to frogs. Skunk hunts were also popular in our family and there was more than one summer when we had skunks living right underneath the house. Other times we would go fishing by the boat docks and catch our famous six-inch fish.

Weekend trips to Petoskey were always fun. I can remember buying the Mexican jumping beans, and skipping stones on Lake Michigan. Occasional dinners at the Belvedere Hotel were also a special treat because the men with violins would come to our table and play our favorite songs for us. Later these special dinners were replaced by dinners at the Weathervane and fancy desserts like Baked Alaska.

And at least once a summer we ventured to Mackinac Island and rode bicycles around the Island, tasted lots of fudge, and toured the fort there. The ferry ride was especially exciting because you had to leave your cars on the mainland, and you knew when you arrived that there would be no cars, only horses and bicycles.

Friday nights there were often Gang performances at the Casino followed by trips to the A&W or Dairy Queen. And then there was the big Cabaret at the end of each summer with all kinds of wonderful skits and songs. The Casino was also the greatest place for lunch with yummy fries, cheeseburgers and shakes. Once I even won \$20.00 in a bingo game at the Casino which was quite a gold mine at the time.

Other favorite family traditions included picnics at Fisherman’s Island where we played “Duck, Duck, Goose,” roasted hot dogs and marshmallows, assembled s’mores, collected Petoskey stones and sang around the campfires. By the ’50’s the Petoskey stones we were finding were the size of quarters. My grandfather had Petoskey stones the size of bricks!! We also loved to watch the shooting stars and see the Northern lights.

There were also the famous canoe rides down the Jordan River where buckets of cold water were poured on those daring to come in last. We learned to be quite clever and developed sneak attack tactics of our own.

Many were the races up Mt. McSauba which kept all of us in shape. Sunday night specials included driving to Petoskey for Wimpy burgers and then watching the beautiful Lake Michigan sunsets or playing on the playgrounds at Lake Michigan beach. And then there were late night swims no matter what the weather was like, with my aunt Barbara and cousins — Charlevoix veterans, and champions of ice water: It became a matter of pride and strength to be one of the ones who dared to go in.

Evenings could also be fun if there was a bat flying around, and havoc would ensue as the adults

and kids chased it with tennis rackets. Screams could be heard for miles, I'm sure.

There were also bike rides over the "Rusty" (Rustic) Bridge. It was fun to listen to the sounds of the tires as they rolled over each board. And each July we could look forward to Venetian night with the colorful boat parade. My brother; Dick, even sang in the Camp Charlevoix choir there one year "Jeffs" at Schroeder and Hovey's (now Dockside), were an annual treat. This tradition even dated back to when Barbara and Rosemary were kids and ate one right before dinner one evening. It was quite a trick to eat dinner after that!

But as the years went by and our family grew to six children, it became necessary for us to get a cottage of our own. All the other families had grown too, and at times there could be as many as four families with children at the Allen's totaling twenty- three people! Getting us to go to sleep at night was just about impossible, and my grandmother; Annette Allen, is to be admired for handling that many children and still inviting us all back each year.

So, in 1959 my mother purchased our present cottage, No. 129, up on the second terrace near the Perkins cottage. It has a lovely screened porch which keeps us free from mosquitoes. The hammock there, is a great place to read and relax. There is a big fireplace and always plenty of firewood so we keep a fire going in the cool mornings and after those cold swims in the lake. The home has had much remodeling over the years and becomes more and more comfortable with each passing year. It is also the home of our beloved Sailfish which originally had a blue polka-dotted sail and which we called the *Teaser II*. Many were the Sailfish wars and races out on the lake.

Our relationship with the Perkins and the Witherspoons grew stronger and many were the lovely boat rides out on both Lake Charlevoix and Lake Michigan in their beautiful boats, the *Allegro* and the *Bangalore*. Julia Perkins and Bettie Witherspoon were two of my best friends and it was fun being crew to their older brothers, Brad and Jim, who were so clearly the masters of the lake. We also maintained our strong relationship with the Wares and the Peters and had regular picnics to Fisherman's Island. The Paynes also became good friends.

Five years later, I was a Gang leader myself. I loved the experience of working with young children and we had fun singing and going on trips. My mother, Rosemary Allen Mueller, always thoroughly involved herself in the Gang performances, helping us win prizes for *Tan Shoes and Pink Shoelaces*, the *Jolly Green Giant*, and the Mothers' Sailboat racing class. She inspired us girls all to become Gang leaders in high school so Shirley and Phyllis led Gangs in the years that followed. My mother also worked hard in Junior Activities.

Now history seems to be repeating itself as we six Mueller children have grown and have families of our own. If all of us showed up at No. 129 at the same time there would be thirty people in the cottage! We have found it best to alternate months when we are there and go in families of two or three at a time. But two of my brothers are considering buying cottages of their own now so we can all be there more.

Being on the Belvedere was like a paradise for kids. As the summers drew to a close we would all lament going back home and having to go back to school. We would try to make every second last. It always smelled so good there and felt so safe. Now we see our own children experiencing it the same way. Dick's children were chasing a "kitty" only to discover it was a skunk, and Glenn's children were busy "working" at the tennis courts picking up balls. Shirley's and Rudy's children enjoy the picnics and ours love the tennis lessons and trips to Mackinac and Petoskey. Truly, the Belvedere is a

very special place for all of us and gives us a place to look forward to each year
COTTAGE 131
MARGARET KUHN MOORE

We can remember George and Margaret Kuhn coming up at the beginning of May and staying through October even though No. 131 was not winterized. Although separated by many miles, the Moores from New Hampshire (Maggie, Joe, Jeffrey, Janet), the Malones from Colorado (Janet, Pat, Ivan and Billy), and the Kuhns from Indiana (Doug, Donna, Megan and Amy) continue to make the annual trek to the North woods to renew old friendships, make new ones and take advantage of one of nature's grand designs.

Wonderful memories continue to be made by the families of No. 131, one of the earliest cottages to be built. Plans drawn and invoices for materials paid in 1914 are still in existence in the cottage. We're sure that A. E. Metzger would be pleased to know that the fifth generation (far flung as they are) is now using the cottage and looking at the same Charlevoix waters that he would travel two days to see.

Having spent the summer in Michigan since birth, Maggie, Janet and Doug (children of Mil and George Kuhn), have lived at No. 135 ("Hessy Castle"), No. 47, and now back to No. 131. Progressing through Gangs and various summer jobs, we have always returned to the Belvedere. Doug recalls a memorable moment during Gang, when a pitch-in picnic aboard the Rockets turned into multiple ship wrecks on Bisbee Point. Cohorts included Hilty Fraser, Mike O'Brien, Ricky Bender, among others.

Janet remembers swimming to Two Mile Point with Jim Peters in stormy weather Doug and Father George followed them in their boat *The Bug*. They nearly became beached themselves on the rocks at Schade's Point.

Maggie's favorite thoughts are of lots of beautiful evenings water-skiing 'til sundown, great picnics on Sunset Point and on Fisherman's Island, and general "hanging out" with friends. Her memories also include thoughts of grandparents George and Margaret, affectionately known to all of their grandchildren as "Gucky" and "Granny." They enjoyed afternoon cruises to Horton Bay aboard the *Magda*, reading on the patio, or listening to their favorite operas in the living room. The octogenarians were easily recognized on the resort or downtown in their 1964 red Ford Mustang. This is the same automobile you may see today driven by grandchildren and greatgrandchildren. The Kuhns also had a tradition of lighting a 20-inch bronze replica of a lighthouse they kept on the fireplace mantle to celebrate special occasions or to welcome newcomers. Granny would ceremoniously plug in the lighthouse which then flashed a beacon of light. It was symbolic of the warm welcome which characterized the Kuhn's hospitality.

There are certainly lots more memories to be made in this roomy, ageless "home away from home."



Fred Avery and Terry Shwab, 1949.
Charlie Fox and Ann Avery at Belvedere beach, 1938.



A luncheon party at No. 5 Belvedere, left to right: Heather Brodhead, Joan Titzel, Barbara Clark (in front), Mary Stella Moss, Talbot Leland, Sissy Hickey, Ann Avery, Clover Brodhead, 1941.

COTTAGE 135 "HESSYCASTLE"
ANN AVERY KELLEY

My grandparents, William N. and Elizabeth R. Bemis, first summered at the Belvedere in 1908. I'll never know how they discovered Charlevoix, but they must have liked what they found; they never left. That first year they rented the then-turreted cottage called "Breezy Point," now the Bisbee cottage, No.517. In 1909 they bought the Bardeen cottage, the "Phoenix," on the first terrace and had it moved by a horse team to Alice Street where it stands, just outside the grounds, altered but recognizable today.

In 1910 my grandparents built No. 5 intending to have it centered on lots No. 5 and No. 6. They had the plans, hired a builder and sent the seasoned lumber from Arkansas. (My grandfather was a lumberman from Arkansas. The interior of No. 5 is paneled in Southern Larch). They left Charlevoix for the winter and returned in the spring of 1910 to find the cottage not centered on two lots, but standing entirely on lot No. 5. They kept lot No. 6 vacant until 1919 when they sold the property to W. B. Stewart. My grandfather died in 1935.

My earliest summers were spent with my grandmother and all of her family in No. 5. My grandmother; known to her friends as "Dixie," was Southern to the core. A portrait of Robert E. Lee hanging on her bedroom wall may have been the most natural thing in the world, but to me, a young Yankee from Michigan, that picture always made an impression.

Of my grandmother's friends, I recall most Mrs. Tramel in No. 21, Mrs. Fox in No. 9 and Mrs. Lund in No. 7. Always pillars of propriety, they and all the Belvedere women of that generation, or so it seemed to me, were beautifully dressed from morning to night. My memory of corsets and linen dresses is vivid.

The porch at No. 5 has a magnificent view, but, as a child I was more taken with a wonderful canvas swing suspended from the ceiling and loaded with pillows that made a grand place for naps. My good friend, Talbot Leland, and I used to stand on the swing, pumping it from side to side, to see how high we could make it go.

My brother and I had a marvelous nursemaid, Lillian Tukalo, a native American who resided in Charlevoix. I also remember with affection a maid of the Stewarts next door who sat behind their cottage under a tree to read to Janie and Shelly Rowe. I rarely missed a reading the summer she read *The Wizard of Oz*.

The Clarks to the north of us were also a big part of my Charlevoix world. I adored the red-capped gnomes that Mrs. Clark had in her front garden. There was a remarkable four-seat merry-go-round in the back yard that had horses' heads on which to hold. Playing with Barbara Clark was always a treat; she had a table and a tea set in her room and a window bench filled with stuffed animals, toys and dolls.

Climbing the maple tree in front of No. 5 was just as much fun for my generation as it continued to be for a later generation of Reese children in No. 6.

The major Club event for children had to be the Children's Masquerade, the one party for children held in the Casino. Although we dressed in costume it was a far more formal event then. After weeks of drill by Miss Calla Travis we gave recitals for anxious parents and grandparents. By far the best part, as I recall, was the Grand March—we all loved that Decorum was stressed and encouraged, if not adhered to.

We gathered tadpoles behind where the cabanas are now. The cabanas then were located on the south side of the pier Besides boasting front porches many cabanas sported murals of sailboats, bubbles and the like. We loved the clay on the lake bottom and spent endless hours making objects and baking them in the sun.

Childhood at the Belvedere was brightened by memorable birthday parties, flattening pennies on the railroad track, visits from the “pony man” who came often to let us ride and a fascinating organ grinder and monkey who came for many years to delight the Belvedere children. Evenings we spent in the park, until curfew, playing kick-the-can. My other chums in those early years included Susan Moss, Sissy Hickey, Clover Brodhead (who lived with her grandmother, Mrs. Mithoefer, in No. 220), Charlie Fox and Donnie Morrow.

My grandmother died in 1948 and for a few years her cottage was estate property. In 1951 my parents rented No. 309, the Robinson cottage (now the Douglass cottage). That same year my parents bought No. 5 from the estate. I remember the many hours my mother spent painting and decorating to put her own special stamp on the place.

By then I was a teen-ager. My friends still included Susan, Sissy and Talbot, but our circle had enlarged to include Annie Sherer, Betsy Replogle, Rosemary Cartwright, Marilyn Hichew, Julie Cudlip and Susie Schleman. Besides Charlie, Donnie and my brother Fred, the boys now included Butch Mullen, Andy Donahue and Bobby Schrock. There were always assorted and wonderful house guests, as well.

One of my teen-age memories is an event we fondly knew as “the girls’ overnight.” The first year Marilyn Hichew, Sissy Hickey, Susan Reese and I drove to a camp site on the other side of the South Arm, taking the Ironton Ferry to get there. During the night a terrible rainstorm came upon us. We were in a disgusting old tent that leaked like a sieve, and everywhere we happened to touch the tent, it would leak even faster. Bedraggled, we pulled up stakes, broke camp and, of course, arrived at the Ironton Ferry long before morning operations had begun. After sitting in the car for hours we finally got across only to arrive at the cottage before anyone in the family was up. We spent the early morning hours curled up on the front porch, damp and cold. It was some time before we could drum up enough enthusiasm to try again.

A year or two later we did try again! Marilyn, Rosemary Cartwright and I camped on Loeb’s Point having arrived by outboard motorboat so that our retreat could be more graceful. Settled in and preparing our campfire cookout we were “raided” by Fred, Donnie Morrow and Ron Beuket At last, “the girls’ overnight” was a success.

As teen-agers our favorite pastimes included cards, music and conversation. We spent countless hours in the Club boats at Regattas and just sailing for fun; afternoons were spent on the beach. Juilleret’s Coffee Cup was a favored spot with its lunch counter and juke box. There were dances at the Casino on Thursday and Saturday nights with the Johnny DiCicco Trio, and there were always beach parties at Fisherman’s Island. Best of all we gathered to listen to Andy Donahue play his guitar.

In August of 1955 I spent a day sailing from Mackinac Island to Charlevoix aboard the *Capri*, a boat that belonged to Doug Burke from Oyster Bay. My mother; in her usual fashion, not having heard from us for thirty minutes, assumed we were shipwrecked or lost at sea and notified the Coast Guard. I remember how mortified I was when we entered the channel to be hailed by the Coast Guard with the words, “Ann Avery, call home.” That same evening I met Don Kelley on the porch of

the Schleman cottage, "Recreation." Marriage in 1956 took me away from the Belvedere Club.

In 1961, thinking that the Kelleys would remain on the West Coast forever, my parents sold No. 5 to the Taylors. There were tears.

Living in Grand Rapids we were able to return on occasion as happy house guests or daytime visitors and we rented both the Schrock and Clark cottages.

We bought the Mike Ware cottage, No. 135, in 1984 and only wish we had returned sooner: The Belvedere has changed greatly, but the magic of the place and the people is still as it has always been. We echo the words carved by Mike Meyer's grandfather on the fireplace lintel in their cottage: "I was happy here and I love to return."



Boys Gang; sitting left to right: Terry Shwab, Mark Holloran, Bob Schrock, Dave Bagby, George Braun, Dave Forker, John Bagby; standing left to right: Pete Houston, Gangleader Dick Fischel, Don Morrow, Charlie Valier, Woody Ransom, Butch Mullen, 1949.



Boys Gang; left to right: George Braun, Mark Holloran, Pete Houston, Dave Forker, Steve Sherer, John Bagby, Skip Schumacher?, Bob Schrock, Terry Shwab, Woody Ransom, Dave Bagby, Charlie Valier, 1949.

COTTAGE 137 ROBERT D. SCHROCK, JR.

The Robert D. Schrock family now of cottage No. 137 came as renters to the Belvedere Club in

the summer of 1940 at the urging of Jane Payne's father, Sam Boucher. He was then Chancellor at the University of Nebraska in Lincoln, a history professor turned administrator. Dr. Schrock was chairman of the Department of Orthopaedic Surgery at the Medical School in Omaha. They had toiled together many hours over the troubles of higher education. They must have thought it far better to toil on the golf course at the Belvedere where Sam's wife Ida had spent her childhood summers.

The first summer, the Schrocks, Betty, Bob and two year old Bobby, rented the Woodbury cottage, now an empty lot between Dac Fraser's cottage No. 115 and the Bill Eberts' cottage No. 111. In 1941 they stayed in the Stanley cottage No. 122, now the Meyers'. These were the years when the pony man would come by with his distinctive cry of "Pony Man — Pony Man." For a fee he would put little ones on his Shetland pony and lead him around the park. He was a daily event right through the summer of 1942.

In 1942, the Schrocks stayed in the Beachs' cottage No. 222, now the Dieffenbachs' and in 1943 and 1944 in the Boucher cottage No. 135, now owned by Ann and Don Kelley. These were the war years. It was a long trip by train on the Rock Island from Omaha and the Pere Marquette from Chicago. But the train stopped at the platform next to the Casino in those days, and there were always plenty of people from the cottages and from the Belvedere Hotel to greet it. Getting away from the heat of the Nebraska summers was a great relief for a mother and her small child. Dr. Schrock spent the first and last parts of the summer with his young family. He was a World War I surgeon and spent World War II as a very busy consultant. He had completed his terms as president of the American Academy of Orthopaedic Surgeons and the American Board of Orthopaedic Surgery.

The summers of 1942 and 1943 were spent fishing with Mr. Dissette on the channel by the boat houses, watching the Great Lakes cruise ship *North American* dock in Round Lake, and enjoying the Belvedere beach. The summer of 1945 saw Bobby learn to ride a rented bicycle on the back road behind the Boucher cottage. Flat bottom punts were a center of beach activity. The '40's were years of many warm and happy times around campfires on Michigan beach at Fisherman's Island, Bell's Bay and Mt. McSauba. The songs were the old songs and the songs of the Weavers. The singers were the Donahues, the Frantzes, the Bouchers and Paynes, the Clements, the Schrocks and others. The Fourth of July was spent building magnificent castles and blowing them up with properly placed cherry bombs, lighted with matches dispensed one at a time by a firmly cautious Dr. Schrock. He loved the explosions as much as anyone! The rockets, Roman candles, and fountains all came after dark. The snakes had been used up much earlier, within days of the arrival in the mail of the box from Banner Fireworks Company.

In 1947 the Schrocks purchased cottage 137 from Professor Dow of Ann Arbor. A professor of law had been replaced by a professor in medicine but the tradition of the back road as Professional Row was preserved. Professor Boucher was in 135 and Professor Skiles of Ophthalmology at Michigan in 129. The following year the Schrocks purchased an electric refrigerator thereby freeing the family from the tyranny of the ice delivery!

Bud Kohler's Boys Gang was in full swing in 1948. A former Marine and football player from Alma College, Bud kept that challenging Gang well in line including the Bagby twins, John and David, Butch Mullen, Don Morrow, Terry Shwab, Peter Houston, Charlie Fox, Fred Avery, Woody Ransom, Andy Donahue, Dick Clement, David Forker and Charlie Valier. The popular boat was the

flat bottom, twelve-foot Foster Boat, made at the boat works on the shore just south of the Club grounds. Powered by a 3-1/2 horse power motor, it seemed particularly swift. Apple fights in the Bayou with apples from Gordon Ware's trees were an inventive result. The outboard motor, steered from the stern in those days, would be strapped hard to one side so as to circle tightly. The skipper, his hands freed, could throw apples at his opponent. When out of ammunition he would wield an oar and bat away the missiles thrown at him! Sam Sherer, Don Morrow, Dick Clement and others were masters at this midcentury watery joust.

The sailboats in the '50's were the life-boat-like Rockets, a fleet developed under the watchful eye of Commodore George Shwab, Jr. Sailors like Robin Ware, Bob Schleman, Woody Ransom, Bill and Houston Witherspoon, Mike, Bob, and Jack Ware, young Gordon Ware and others, gave many afternoons to be advisors in the twice weekly Gang races. Their promotion of this program gave a whole generation a good start in sailing. A trophy for Gang races was established by Robin Ware in 1949.

Soon thereafter a varsity trophy for teen-agers and the Witherspoon senior trophy, provided incentives for what became a daily racing program under the new commodore, Houston Witherspoon. Teams sailed in an interclub racing series that included the Belvedere, Harbor Point, Walloon Lake, Burt Lake and Crooked Lake.

The fifties saw Dr. Schrock spending more and more time in Charlevoix. Betty and Bob along with Chris and Woody Ransom and others saw to it that the teen-age years of their children on the Belvedere were free but within limits. A quiet conference each summer set a curfew agreeable to all parents. Their children were never quite sure why their individual times to be "in" were so uniform each year!

Young Bob took on the sailing instructor's job in the summer of 1955 before his senior year at Exeten Hotel guests still made up a large percentage of his customers at that time. He was Boys Gang leader in 1956 and 1957 and again in 1959, 1960 and 1961; through his years at Princeton and Cornell Medical, his father's alma mater. These were heady days in the Gang with large numbers of boys and many good things to do. Co-education remained for a future generation.

Dr. Schrock became ill in the summer of 1960 and died in the Charlevoix Hospital that August. Though small of stature, he had been a giant of a man in his field of orthopaedic surgery. In a quieter way he left his mark on the Belvedere as well. As chairman of the Youth Activities Committee in the early 1950's he oversaw the expansion of the Gangs to include the Little Gang and the Intermediate Gang. He made many trips to interview prospective Gang Leaders. He stepped in as President of the Club with John Bagby's unexpected death and served yet another term in the turbulent times of Hotel troubles. His eloquent plea at an annual meeting in the midfifties galvanized the opposition that voted down a resolution for demolition of the Belvedere Hotel. But the problems became increasingly clear in subsequent years so that in the weeks just before he died a similar resolution was carried with his blessing.

The sixties and seventies saw Betty Schrock spending much longer summers in the cottage, arriving early in June and staying late into September with the Ransoms, Lucille Mehaffie, the Reploggles, Houston Witherspoon and others who found the quiet of early and late as enchanting as the bustle of high season. The eighties found her in failing health but still, with a driver to take her the 800 miles from Omaha with one overnight stop. She was in residence at No. 137 through the

summer of 1985, a full forty-five years of continuous summers on the Belvedere. She died in December 1987 soon after her 86th birthday.

Bob married Carolyn Gorthy of Scarsdale, New York in May 1964. They spent two days of their trip west at No. 137 but then missed the next few summers during Bob's internship and first years of residency in Seatle. Since that time they have spent at least a week or two every year with Suzanne and young Bob on the Belvedere. Now living in a suburb of Rochester, New York, theirs is a relatively easy trip across Canada to Upper Michigan. Suzanne is a lab assistant at John Hopkins Medical School. Young Bob is a graduate student in biochemistry at Vanderbilt. Carolyn is a church musician and Dean of the Rochester Chapter of the American Guild of Organists. Bob is a practicing orthopaedic surgeon and president of the local chapter of the Arthritis Foundation. He is on the clinical faculty at the University of Rochester.

COTTAGE 139 ELIZABETH R. BOYLE

We are relative newcomers to Charlevoix having spent only fifteen or sixteen consecutive summers here in recent years. However, I feel semi-qualified to speak since I first came to this happy place in about 1917 with my family. We rented the Bemis cottage No. 509, across from the Hotel that summer. Since I was very small I have only a few recollections of that visit, but indelible ones, mostly associated with food.

First, I remember a little shop — like a pop stand — just outside the Belvedere Club gates. It was run by a pock-marked young man named Scratchy. He sold among other items, small white candy hearts imprinted with the words "I love you" in red letters. I could hardly bear to eat them they were so beautiful. The other gastronomical treats in my memory are the dozens of large, green stuffed olives we children consumed while waiting for dinner to be served on those special occasions when we dined at the Hotel. Even more delicious were the hot biscuits that came up on the "dumb waiter" into the dining room at meal times, at the Bemis cottage. It was equipped with this ingenious small elevator — operated manually with ropes — to transfer food from the kitchen in the basement, to the dining room on the first floor. What an exciting moment it was to watch, with hungry anticipation, a fragrant feast rise, in fits and starts, from the lower regions. I will never forget it, or the urgent desire to ride on the dumb waiter, which was strictly forbidden. I wonder if any other cottage was equipped with such a fascinating convenience.

Other memories include the excitement of retrieving the pennies and nickels — which we had carefully placed on the railroad tracks — after the train had smashed them flat. What we did with them I can't recall but I'm sure I wished that I had saved them to buy more romantic candy hearts.

Another favorite pastime for the children was somersaulting down the hillside from the Hotel porch to Ferry Avenue. An "older girl" — possibly eight or ten — named Marguerite Ferguson from St. Louis, could roll all the way down without break in pace or limb. I will never forget her attractive, be-ruffled pantaloons.

One more memory of those early days is of the fancy perambulators. I recall peeping over the side of the fanciest of them all and meeting the smiling gaze of a baby in a handsome bonnet. He was later identified as Frank Marmaduke Norfleet of Memphis, cousin of the Rands, Norfleets and Johnsons of St. Louis.

And now for the very happy, recent years. We rented first one cottage and then another, for about twelve years, and each had its own special charm. For two years, we enjoyed being on the park

with a constant show right outside our windows. Isn't it fun to see what the children and the neighbors are up to at all hours? The very comfortable Cunningham house and the bright attractively decorated Eberts cottage were our homes those years.

The Meyer and the Moore cottages offered special aesthetic perks — the Meyer with its old records and books, beautiful art work and china and interesting memorabilia, and the Moore with equally fascinating books and records plus attractive old china and luxurious down comforters that must have been handed down by grand — or great — grandmother Kuhn. We loved browsing among all these treasures. Another treasure-trove is the McCallum's house which is full of interesting paintings, some done by the talented owner herself. Here we enjoyed the great advantage of two porches with beautiful views, one on Lake Charlevoix and the other on Round Lake, and cool breezes from Lake Michigan. We also enjoyed the advantage of being free loaders here! And speaking of free loading, I must mention the delightful Mannion house where, one summer, I visited my cousin Beth Jordan (now Bayard's sister-in-law Beth Boyle). I called it "the three bears house" because it seemed straight out of a German fairy tale with its quaint architecture and fanciful furnishings.

We finally ended our renting days in that prime location, the front terrace. There are not many finer, more delightful experiences than breakfasting on blueberries and cream — during pre-cholesterol days — while gazing at one of the most beautiful views in the world from the porch of the charming Tower cottage, or from the wonderful McDonnell veranda — the longest on the Belvedere, thus sharing honors with that of the Grand Hotel at Mackinac Island. We stayed chez McDonnell for a number of years. I would have been happy to stay there the rest of my summers but Bayard was anxious to have a place of our own, and now I wouldn't trade No. 139 for all the tea in China. They say that all home owners think that their cottage is the best and we have joined their ranks. Ours — along with all of yours, I'm sure — is the most convenient, comfortable, cozy, coolest, quietest, most charming house we have ever lived in and we love it. Bayard compares it to an English pub so it suits him admirably.

During these years we've had great excursions around this lovely countryside: trips to Mackinac Island where we were delighted to see the metamorphosis of this charming island and the Grand Hotel once again living up to its name and dripping in flowers; shorter trips to "Glorie Be" the beautiful flower farm on Horton Bay Road; and to the Moss' farm to pick wild flowers; dinners in the earlier days at the Red Fox Inn that were unequaled in gastronomical delight; lunches on the terrace at the ivy-covered club house on Deer Lake at Boyne Mountain golf course; and at the Landings at Ironton. There sitting on the deck we watched the boats and the ducks come in while feasting on crisp, spicy tacos and basking in the sun.

When we are back in Memphis, and the pace gets too fast, we remember the peaceful times rocking and swinging on our flowery porch, visiting with friends and neighbors, walking through the beech woods when the wild flowers are in bloom, watching the sailboats on the lake, and all the other joys of summer time in this lovely place, and we are restored by the memories of these blissful, simple pleasures.

COTTAGE 141

BLAIR PERKINS GRUMMAN

The Perkins family's first visits to Charlevoix, Michigan, were by boat, a 43-foot, 1929 Alden schooner named *Allegro*. Charlevoix was a major provisioning stop on the way to the North Channel,

and the primary memory was of the shuffleboard courts by the public docks.

In 1957, unrepairable leaks in the second floor plumbing of the Perkins home in Evanston, Illinois, necessitated major bathroom remodeling. Since the water had to be shut off for approximately two months, we decided to move out and thus discovered the Belvedere Club, which was well-situated for sailors and had operational plumbing.

That first summer, we rented 139 Belvedere, the Webb cottage. The oldest Perkins offspring, Dwight, was recently married and had started his two-year term in the U. S. Navy. Blair had just finished her junior year in college and was planning to marry David Grumman, also starting his Navy tour, the following summer, so she spent her time at Charlevoix learning to cook. Most spectacular and memorable were her efforts at bread baking, an effort she has since abandoned.

Brad and Julia were too old for Gang and so imported their own friends and cousins as tennis, sailing and swimming partners. They took tennis lessons with Bill Helms, lifesaving with Joan Nelson and Jan Krulik and raced — and tipped over — more than one of the Rockets.

The summer was such a success that, in spite of the fact that there were functional bathrooms in Evanston once more, the Perkins returned to Charlevoix and rented 139 Belvedere for another summer. Again the house was filled with cousins and friends of all ages and descriptions. There were more tennis lessons and sailboat races, games of kick-the-can, beach picnics at Bell's Bay on Lake Michigan, dramatic productions written and performed and the wonderful long discussions over dinner. That summer, we returned to Evanston with jars of Belvedere beach sand and Charlevoix lake water to help make our memories last through the rest of the year.

Convinced that this was the place for cousins, children and grandchildren to gather; Midge and Larry Perkins bought the house next door, and beginning with the summer of 1959, the Perkins family gathered at 141 Belvedere.

Brad grew up to be Sailing Instructor and then Boys' Gang leader. His high school and college friends, Doug Allderdice and Ed Biddle, followed him as Gang leader. Julia was also Sailing Instructor, and cousin Harriet Walker was a Gang leader for the Little Gangs. The house was always full of sisters, cousins, aunts and friends spending long mornings over coffee on the front porch and long evenings over dinner on the side dining porch.

The younger generation was always in charge of dinner clean-up, where unimagined efficiency techniques were used to wash dishes. The present younger generation has expressed it as, "It doesn't have to be clean to look clean." Eventually, Aunt

Eleanor Perkins purchased a dishwasher to save the extended family members from potential epidemics.

In 1961, the first of Larry and Midge's grandchildren arrived, but Roy Grumman would not make his first visit to Charlevoix until the following summer. He came with playpens and cribs and high chairs and mosquito netting and all the other usual baby equipment.

Trips to the beach now involved strollers and a trail of lotions and equipment that made us look like "the traveling slum" moving slowly from the second terrace to the beach. The next eleven grandchildren (two more Grummans, three Dwight Perkinses, three Brad Perkinses and three Califanos) added not only more bodies but more plastic boats, shovels and pails to the daily pilgrimage.

There were, of course, summers when everyone made it to Charlevoix, and there were summers when no one could get there. The Grummans had settled in Evanston, but the Dwight Perkins lived outside of Boston when they were not in Japan, Malaysia or Korea studying Asian economics. The Brad Perkins were in New

York, and the Califanos settled in Rhode Island. An attempt to find an eastern version of the Belvedere failed, and so the four families drive, fly and sail to Michigan whenever possible.



Larry Perkins' schooner *Allegro*, 1959.

Use of *Allegro* for cruising (and even some racing) thrived in the '60's and early '70's, with an "all-gorilla" crew accompanying skipper Larry without fail every Independence Day and Labor Day weekend on a non-stop, straight-through passage between Chicago and Charlevoix. In those days, *Allegro's* summer berth was in Round Lake at either Hamilton's Shipyard (now replaced by condominiums) or a Belvedere boat slip. Charlevoix was a fine jumping-off point and crew rendezvous port for ever bigger and better cruises to points east and north, which now included Lake Superior and Georgian Bay. (It also was a fine quitting point for a weary crew when the occasional Mackinac Race failed to favor the 16-ton craft with gale force winds from "abaft abeam.")

For some family members, Charlevoix provided an arena for intense athletic competition as well. Dwight and David, from the earliest years, found their skills virtually equal in tennis, badminton, golf and small boat racing — and when both were there, they never failed to see who could best the other. They remain at it to this day, proficiency diminished and belt lines increased somewhat with age, but still evenly matched.

As the young grew, they joined the fray — with occasional humiliating defeats administered to their elders in several sports: Julia and Brad in the Hawks; Caleb, Cornelia and Eleanor in tennis; and Roy (plus just about anyone else under 25) in badminton. Though the ranks of the golfers stayed small, Grandpa Larry, at age 78, took up the game and now plays regularly with wife Joyce — or joins Dwight, David and sometimes Brad on the scenic Belvedere course.

And some new sports have appeared on the premises — though non-competitive in the Charlevoix setting, with Rachel Perkins practicing soccer goal-tending, sister Judith her lacrosse stick-work, Gabe Califano his angling techniques and with newlyweds Roy and Susanne trying to improve their round-the-lake cycling times.

Most memorable are the summers when the various families overlap and 141 is filled with cousins playing badminton, Charlevoix Monopoly, Pictionary, filling the tennis courts and sailboats and making ritualistic visits to the DQ and Murdick's Fudge.

The plumbing problems that originally brought the Perkins to Belvedere have moved with them. A full house at 141 has strained the sewer system as well as the hot water heater and kitchen appliances. The house is on its third dishwasher, and newcomers are always instructed on the proper way to “jiggle the handles” and arrange the shower curtain so as not to wash the cottage down the hill.

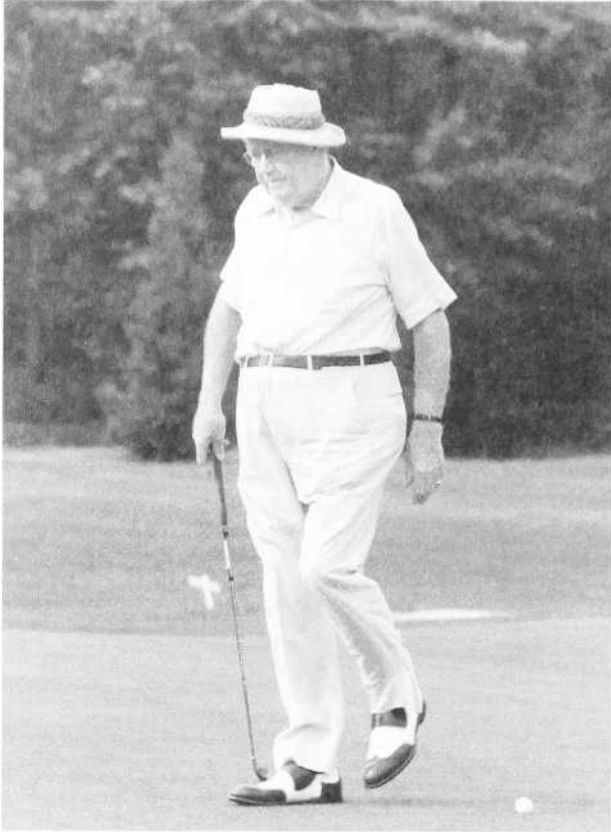
In the summer of 1989, all four families planned to vacation together at Belvedere. The Califanos rented the Schrock cottage at 137 to handle the overflow, and Grandpa and Joyce Perkins moved with an assortment of grandchildren and guests to a condominium overlooking the lake. All but three of the twelve grandchildren visited in between jobs and college, summer school and foreign travel. In two weeks, we did it all: sailboat races, day sails on *AUouez* the Pearson 365 that replaced *Allegro*, tennis, a canoe trip down the Jordan, water skiing, the DQ, Murdick's, the Palace theater a trip to Petoskey, several trips to Traverse City, bike rides, badminton, a few forays on the golf course, our usual pilgrimages to the beach and a memorable picnic on the Belvedere Beach to celebrate Nick and Julia Califano's 20th anniversary. The grandchildren ranged in age from 9 to 28 and drove home their athletic prowess — and youthful energy — by besting their parents in almost every sport. They spent the wee hours imitating their parents, discussing critical television shows and renewing the bonds of shared experiences and feelings. They all voted the 1989 summer “the best ever;” and plans are underway to make the reunion a biennial event.

COTTAGE 143

VIRGINIA WHITEHEAD MILLION

The Million Clan is scattered, but when summer comes it's time to zero in on Charlevoix. The fourth generation has been much in evidence. John and Claude come from Switzerland. Chris, Jennifer, Sarah and Amy — any or all — come from the west coast. Kristin, Alex and Eric make the trek from Arizona. One year when the Gang tennis tournament was delayed by rain, and we had to leave to attend a Whitehead family reunion, Chris and Claude played the boys' finals in Evansville! Chris won in a close match. Dr. Whitehead was one of the linesmen. Five of them were in the Cabaret a couple of years ago.

On one of my recent visits to Evansville, my father and I were reminiscing and started talking about Belvedere. My father provided Mr. B. A. Million with the gasoline stamps during World War II gas rationing days, necessary to drive to Charlevoix to look at cottages. They went to buy one facing the park but decided the privacy of the deep woods was more our style and bought No. 143.



Monkey Tournament's originator:
Art Mullen, 1980's.

Monkey Tournament; Liz Morrow and Exie Mullen,





Monkey Tournament; left to right: Son Pittman, Betty Schrock, Doug Burke, Flo O'Brien, Jeanne Pingree, 1961.



Monkey Tournament; left to right: unknown, Dick Moss, Dac Fraser, Richard Holton, Helen Fox, 1961.



Monkey Tournament; ninth hole putting, 1961.

COTTAGE 145 PATRICIA NAGEL HUGHEY

Many long years ago, before I was born, my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Nagel, rented a home on Park Avenue for the summer. Park Avenue, Charlevoix, Michigan, that is. This was such a happy experience that it continued for almost twenty years. In about 1941 they purchased what was the Warner cottage in the Belvedere Club, No. 145. Apparently the cottage was also used by Miss Caroline Smith, M.D. from Chicago, Illinois, since there are many items of note which she left for our enjoyment.

In 1975 the Hugheys purchased No. 145 from the Nagels and there we are. Hope to be there some time longer

COTTAGE 147

FRANK H. (BUTCH) MULLEN

My parents, Art and Exie Mullen, were looking for a summer place after my grandmother, Mrs. Arthur F. Mullen (Mary T.) sold her farm near Omaha, Nebraska where my sister, Michael Ann, and I had been sent to summer for several years. We lived in Detroit, so my parents visited a number of Michigan resorts: Harbor Beach, Pointe aux Barques, Harbor Point and Wequetonsing among them. They concluded Belvedere would give them the best environment for me and my two sisters. Additionally they knew the Sherers and Cudlips from Detroit and the Schrocks from Omaha who were already at Belvedere. After renting No. 147 in July 1946, my parents bought the cottage in the fall.

I was nine when we first arrived at the Club, Michael Ann was seven, Mary Luisa — three. Until her death in the late '50's, my grandmother was at the Belvedere every summer. My parents spent at least part of each summer since that first year until my mother's death in 1966 and my father's in 1988. In recent years my sons have had short stays at Belvedere. Mark and his wife, Meghan, whom he married in 1988, plan to spend time at the Club in 1990 as does Arthur who will have graduated from college. My sisters' children, Seth and Elfine Hardey, and Zebadee Mullen have also been visitors, although infrequently since they live in London.

I was a member of the boys Gang for my first few years. Our Gang leader was Bud Kohler, a Charlevoix native, recently returned from the Marine Corps and World War II. We had a great time. In June 1949, Bud took Don Morrow, Charlie D'Arcy Fox, John Ware (a friend from Detroit), and me on an extensive trip throughout the Upper Peninsula.

For a number of years after Gang, our group consisted of myself, Don, Charlie, Fred Avery and Andy Donahue. In our later teens, the girls included Ann (Avery) Kelley, Susan (Moss) Reese, Talbot (Leland) MacCarthy, Sue (Schleman) Ring, Annie (Sherer) Paddock, Rosemary Cartwright and Sissy (Hickey) Chamberlain.

Many memories flash back as I recall forty-three years at the Belvedere. I remember Gang years with sailing, camping, tennis and generally goofing around. Later, I remember all of the above activities plus golf, partying, beach parties and playing in the Charlevoix soft ball league. In 1962 my new wife, Ann, and I took charge of the Teenage Gang for one summer. Sherers, Flanigans, Paynes, Douglases, Retherfords, Lelands, Orrs, Mudds and Kuhns were among the large number we had.

More recently our times at the Belvedere have been golf, restaurant touring and just relaxing. Sitting on our front porch looking out to Lake Charlevoix, nothing seems to have changed. Is it the '40's, '50's, '60's, '70's or '80's — I can't always tell. Perhaps it is this timelessness which now strikes me the most about Belvedere.

Mention should be made about the Monkey Golf Tournament my parents began in the 1950's and continued until the most recent in 1987. We plan to continue this event in 1990.

For those unfamiliar with the event, it involves a team of five players (not necessarily golfers). Each player is armed with one golf club and the team hits in rotation regardless of where the ball is located.

The background of this event traces itself to a similar event held at the Omaha Country Club in the '20's and '30's. The specific rules vary from year to year (some years the course was played in reverse). The great appeal of the "Monkey Tournament," is that it allows both golfers and non-golfers to compete together on the golf course — in many cases enjoying cocktails while they compete.

COTTAGE 201

STELLA MOSS ALEXANDER

My father visited the Belvedere before he was married and loved the golf course. I was transported here for the first time at age six months — when we stayed at the Hotel. The following two years my parents rented — No. 210 in 1934 and No. 101 in 1935. 1935 was the big year My parents and the Charles Rayhills bought No. 201 for \$1,700. During the following winter the Rayhills sold their half to my parents. We did not occupy No. 201 in the summer of 1936 as that August my sister, Susan (Reese), was born.

My first real memories of the Belvedere are of my sister's first birthday party. At that time the porch wrapped around both sides of the cottage. The north side was then enclosed to make a bar-card room. The dividing wall between the parlor and sitting room was removed, making one large living room.

I have not missed a summer since 1936. I still recall "Gang years" with Jean and Bill Darling — she was also Calla Travis's assistant dancing instructor and he was the life guard — in those days everyone wore more than one hat. Our days began with dancing school — without fail: "step, step, stop," and "Mickey Mouse's birthday party" stand out.

Bud Alexander and I were married in September 1953. I came up alone in 1954. In 1955 we visited my parents complete with baby Moss III and nurse. When we discovered the second baby was on the way, my father decided another cottage was in order and purchased No. 411 in 1956. The Reeses and Alexanders shared No. 201 for a couple of years and in 1961 the Alexanders became members and assumed financial responsibility.

In the meantime certain modifications had to be made. The first was a washing machine and dryer — due to the abundance of diapers. Richard Alexander arrived in 1956, Tom in 1957, Chipper in 1960 and David in 1965. We also fenced in the back yard — a terrible mistake. The children never spent one minute there! We next removed the wood stove and remodeled the kitchen; this led to re-wiring and replumbing the whole house. The more time we spent here, the more we remodeled. We budgeted so much each year for improvements. In 1974 Bud's mother passed away leaving a 1966 Cadillac in mint condition — Blue Book value \$350. Of course he couldn't sell it so we brought it to Michigan — the problem was, where to keep it, so we built a \$5,000 garage. That's economy!

Our children have grown up here, have made life-long friends here and they all try to plan their vacations to meet in Charlevoix — usually around the Venetian weekend. The summer visitors now also include our grandchildren.

My mother often asks me — "If you had your choice of all the cottages on the resort — which would you choose?" My answer is always the same, "The one in which I live — No. 201."

COTTAGE 202 ANNG. SHERER

I remember one humorous incident at our house. We were having a large dinner party, and Dick Overlay was late in coming. The only chair left was ancient and creaky. When he sat on it, it splintered! He did come to dinner after that but always promptly.

*COTTAGE 203 "FAIRVIEW"
DOROTHY MORSE MUDD*

My grandfather, George Treadway Riddle, rented the present Mehaffie cottage (No. 226) in 1898. He and his family occupied the cottage for three summers, after which he built a cottage off the resort. I spent many happy days at the cottage on Mercer Boulevard. I was never really away from

Belvedere, as my cousins Jane, Arthur Jr., Nan, Freda and Barbara Birge occupied cottage 226, which was then owned by their grandmother Mary Patrick Birge and later transferred to their father Arthur B. Birge, Sr

My cousin Barbara Birge Wiseman and her cousin Mary Jane Carrier McLoughlin, started the Girls Gang, to which we (that is my twin sister Georgia Heitner and I) were asked to join. We had very happy Belvedere Gang days and made many friends: the Connett sisters, the Allen sisters, the Olin sisters, Marjorie Retherford, Jane Simpson, Mary Burton Wallis, Helen Hollingsworth, Fifi Mithoefer and Jane Boucher

At times my sister's and my mode of transportation to Belvedere was to swim the channel from the north side of the trestle to the south side. That is, until it was found out. We were reprimanded. From then on it was bicycles only.

Age twelve in the Girls Gang was a golden year. I recall sitting at the end of the swimming pier with Marge Retherford Rowe, Nancy Connett Tower and my sister, Georgia Morse Heitner. As we gazed across "Pine Lake" we saw four trees standing straight and in a row. "There we are," we said in unison, "Four trees strong and straight. Twelve is the best age of all." We have joked about and enjoyed the "Tree Sorority" for many years. Around 1959, because we all loved Elaine Retherford, we wanted to include her in the "Tree Group." She happily accepted. The initiation took place at the Retherford's cottage on Lake Charlevoix. We presented Elaine with a very small pine tree. When she moved from "Bull Creek" to their present cottage No. 49, she dug up the tree and planted it in their present front yard. The tree has flourished. No one can miss it if going that way — so healthy and bushy, it will cover the sidewalk in not too many years. "We thought that we would never be, something that looked just like a tree." It has been such fun.

I was introduced to my would-be husband, Dayton Mudd on Belvedere beach in 1936. He with two Walloon Lake friends had come over to call on some Belvedere girls. Being from St. Louis as I was, our seeing one another continued well past summertime.

We were married in 1939. Then came the war and starting a family. Our visits to Michigan between '39 and '49 found us at the Mudd cottage in Walloon or a visit with my mother, Clara Riddle Morse, at the old cottage on Mercer Boulevard or at the Belvedere Hotel.

It was during the summer of '49 when I thought we needed a roof of our own. I called Dayton and said I had found cottage 210 on Belvedere Club. He agreed, but did dislike pulling up stakes at his beloved Walloon. We settled in at No. 210 and our family grew. Our small cottage at times was bursting at the seams.

Dayton found the wonderful big water, fell in love with it, and bought a boat *Xtabay*, ten years later we had a larger boat We have enjoyed wonderful cruises on the *Dolphin* to Superior; North Channel, Georgian Bay and in 1967 all the way to Montreal.

Our own children enjoyed the Gangs. Daughters and sons of my Gang contemporaries were now their friends. That is what is so beautiful about Belvedere. Friends made here are life-long.

As time went on our daughters married and had their own families. Cottage 210 was not expanding with the population growth, so in May, 1974 we purchased cottage 203 on the hill overlooking the tennis courts, which has bustled with activity ever since.

There are so many happy memories of Belvedere beach picnics, swimming, boating, golf events,

cabarets, masquerades — everything. We shall always look forward to coming back to Belvedere, in Charlevoix the Beautiful.

COTTAGE 204 CHARLES E. VALIER

My family first came to the Belvedere in the summer of 1918. My grandfather, Charles E. Valier, rented cottage No. 209 from Mrs. R. W. Martin, the mother of William McChesney Martin, the former head of the Federal Reserve Bank. My father, Charles E. Valier, Jr. was twelve at the time and the oldest of three Valier children (Charles, Biron and Rosebud (Robin)). My grandparents continued to rent cottage No. 209 annually until 1923 when the cottage was purchased from the Martins. My father met my mother, Musa Lewis, on the Belvedere during the summer of 1937. They were married that year, and I was born June 5, 1940 in time to spend my first summer in Michigan.

I came up with my parents, my sister, Susan Valier Mulligan, and my nurse Sue. My first memories are of going to Gang with Bobbie Schrock, the Bagby twins, Woody Ransom, Pete Houston, Judy Hickey Engelsmann, Nancy Schumacher Dennis, Ruthie Holloran Moore and Georgia Mudd Britt. In those days (the late '40's and early '50's) the Belvedere Hotel was still standing, and the candy store was just inside the Belvedere Avenue entrance. Thursdays were bingo nights in the Hotel Solarium and if I was lucky enough to get \$1.00 from my grandmother Rose Allen Valier, I happily spent the evening in the Hotel dining room hoping for my numbers to come up. I only remember winning once — \$12.00; that kept me in licorice for the rest of the summer. After the war, I came up by train, leaving St. Louis in the afternoon and arriving in Chicago in the evening. Our sleeping car would sit on the tracks for a long time in Chicago, and then a jolt would alert me that our car was being shunted to the train for Michigan, and I could go to sleep knowing that I would be in Charlevoix in the morning. In those days, our telephone was on a party line with the Mudds.

During the summer of 1950, Butch Mullen lent me a small Foster boat with a seven and one-half horsepower Evinrude engine. Crab apples were in great supply that summer, and a favorite sport was to load a supply in our boats and have a crab apple war on the Lake. As luck would have it, one day I maneuvered too close to an opponent who rammed "my" boat amidships on the port side. For weeks, I hung a towel over the damaged side desperately trying to scrape \$10.00 together to have the boat repaired so I could return it to Butch in the same condition it was given to me. My source of income was the \$1.00 per week my grandfather paid me to clean the bird bath daily, and start the fire in our potbelly stove in the kitchen. Since the only source of hot water in our cottage was this stove, I had to get up early to get the fire going. Using wadded paper and kindling, I would start the fire and then feed coal into it which would, with little replenishment, burn all day. Our refrigerator was an "ice box" on the back porch. The iceman would come around periodically in a horse-drawn wagon loaded with blocks of ice that would be put in the back of the ice box. The flower lady and knife sharpener also came around in horse-drawn wagons. It is hard to believe that when our Air Force was just coming into the jet age, we in Charlevoix were just coming out of the horse and buggy era. Just outside the back gate of the Club there was an open field with an oval dirt track. An older gentleman who lived there (now a subdivision) had a surrey and a trotter that he drove around the track day after day. This was in the era when trotting races were still popular and that was the closest I ever got to trotters. When he died, the property was sold and a subdivision built.

In the back of the fourth row near the McKay cottage (now his daughter's, Bethy Hall) there was a large water tower that provided water for the Club. In violation of strict admonitions of my grandparents, many evenings were spent sneaking away and climbing up the water tower. The other favorite pastime was the "rustic bridge" which spanned the ravine at the south end of the second row. It was the scene of many bicycle races and climbs since it was built like scaffolding. During the early 1950's, we experienced a period of high water levels similar to that experienced in the mid to late 1980's. As a result, water had accumulated behind the boathouses and planks had to be used to get in the boathouses.

George Braun had an outboard motor boat named the *Robert E. Leak*. One day, I was down at his boathouse (the last one next to the slips in the bayou). George was working on his outboard motor and had poured gasoline out of it in the water behind the boathouses. Unfortunately, Jonathan ("Whitey") Knight came by at that time with a box of kitchen matches in his hand and a trail of burnt out matches behind him. I watched in horror as "Whitey" struck another match and casually threw it in the water. Instandy, there was an explosion and a huge sheet of flames shot twenty feet in the air completely engulfing the boathouses from the slips to the sailboat docks. The black smoke that ensued raised the alarm, and the town whisde began blowing for the volunteer fire department. But just as quickly, the flames diminished and the black smoke blew away. Miraculously, the boathouses escaped unscathed. I never found out from "Whitey" whether he did as well.

The cabanas in the late 1940's were located on the south side of the swimming dock. During the period of high water; it was decided to move them over to the other side where they are now located. Of course, when the high water came in the '80's, there was talk of moving them back again. As children, we never understood the rationale for the move since the "old" beach was larger and lampreys inhabited the side of the "new" beach. Consequently, the children remained on the south side, as is the custom now, because of our fear of lampreys (subsequently destroyed by the salmon released by the St. Lawrence Seaway). The design of the cabanas had come from my grandfather who wintered in Palm Beach and maintained that, based on the Florida design, they had to have enough room to be able to allow four people to play bridge inside. When I renovated my cabana in 1989, I threw out that concept, decided I was tired of taking cold showers and going to the Casino for cold drinks and a sandwich, and equipped it with a sink, hot and cold water, a refrigerator, a simplified dressing room, storage for towels and a counter for food and drink preparation. Hopefully, the cabanas which have fallen into disuse will now see a revival.

As a child, I last came to the Belvedere in the summer of 1962 after just graduating from Yale and before "vacationing" with the Marine Corps at Paris Island, South Carolina. It was to be my last summer with my grandfather who died within the year I do not believe I ever saw my grandfather without a coat, and it came as a complete shock to me that he had found humorous an incident that had occurred two summers before in 1960. My Yale roommate, David Scharf, and another friend, Dick Helmholtz, then at Princeton had come up with me for a week. Some of my St. Louis classmates from Country Day were also in Charlevoix then, including Jim Clarkson and Warren Boeschstein. They had been sleeping on Joe Hickey's grandfather's boat with Joe's permission and without Mr Hickey's knowledge or permission. One morning, they had overslept and Mr Hickey had decided to go out on his boat early. Their departure was hasty. Consequently, my friends were without any place to stay and came to me for help. Since I had two houseguests, I did not see how I could ask my

grandparents if we could have five more, but under pressure I agreed that they could stay one night if they came after midnight and left by 6:00 A.M. That night, they all came in through the window of the downstairs bedroom with their sleeping bags and sneaked upstairs to my bedroom where they promptly went to sleep on the floor. At 4:00 A.M., the wind blew up and it began to rain. My grandfather was up instantly going through the house closing all the windows (a trait I seemed to have inherited). All I could do was to put my head under my pillow and pray. Nothing was ever said to me by my grandparents, but I knew that I was in trouble. It was not until the summer of 1962 that my father told me that my grandfather had found tripping over “all those bodies” at 4:00 A.M. quite humorous.

I returned to Charlevoix in the summer of 1967 with my first wife who was about to give birth to my oldest daughter, Michelle. This was to be my grandmother’s last summer in Charlevoix as her faculties were beginning to fail her — she would give us money to go to the “GG” at night. Mrs. Charles Sommer was staying with her, and it was a delightful time waiting for Michelle to be born. My cousin, Robert Valier, was also there and we spent many happy hours sailing the Club’s Sailfish. Unfortunately, my grandmother went into a nursing home within a year, and Robert died of cancer before I ever got to spend much time with him again.

I returned to Michigan in the summer of 1969 and rented the Mithoefer cottage (No. 220) for the month of August. By then, I had graduated from law school and had been elected to my second term in the Missouri legislature. Michelle was almost two. One week our houseguests were Weldon and Barbie Rogers, who rented the cottage the following summer and then bought it the year after that. Barbie is still a Belvedere resident (Mrs. William Claggett) although the Teasdales now own the Mithoefer cottage.

Since the summer of 1969, I have spent every summer in Charlevoix at my cottage (No. 204) which I purchased before the summer of 1970. All four of my children (Michelle, Nicky, Chris and Stephanie) and my three stepchildren (John Gore, Charles Ribaldo and Andrew Ribaldo) have spent many joyous summers in Michigan.

During the summer of 1971, Michelle and Nicky spent two weeks with me as a single parent. Michelle and Anthony Clarkson (the son of Jim Clarkson and the Hickey boat incident), were with a babysitter, but Nicky would go to the tennis courts with me in her “porta-crib” piled with stuffed animals. Invariably, in the middle of an important point a cry would ring out from “Nick” who had managed to throw all her stuffed animals out of the “porta crib” and wanted attention. Our evenings were spent at Dairy Queen plying them with chocolate dip cones. Dairy Queen’s predecessor had been the Frozen Custard stand at the corner of Bridge Street and Belvedere Avenue, now an attorney’s office. Michelle and Nicky went on to Gang as I had, but it was Stephanie’s overnight that stands out. Stephanie during the summer of 1984 was in Big Gang and was about to go on her first overnight to Beaver Island. I had to return to St. Louis on business on short notice the night before. Stephanie had dinner next door with McKay Baur, but returned to our cottage because she wanted to sleep in her bed in the pink room that she shared with Nicky. The next morning, I got a tearful call from her. She had overslept and missed the boat to Beaver Island. I called Lee Moerland right away and discovered that the plane with the mail for Beaver Island was about to leave and that for \$7.00 Stephanie could get a ride. She beat Gang to Beaver Island, had a great overnight, but got seasick on the boat ride back the next day.

One of the most delightful parts of our summers in Charlevoix has been our float trips down the Jordan River which is fortunately part of our nation's scenic waterways. Its unspoiled wilderness, the coolness of the forest and the peacefulness of its ice cold waters is one of the great experiences we look forward to each year. Surely, Hemingway had the Jordan in mind when he wrote *Big Two-Hearted River*. My goal has been to navigate it without getting wet; my children's goal has been to see how wet they can get!

During the summer of 1989, we took a family float trip with the Engelsemanns, McClellands, Nelsons and Colliers from Graves' Crossing. As usual, the children succeeded in capsizing their canoes, but the parents made it through without mishap. As we were waiting for all the children to finish, those who had already put in began jumping off the bridge; unfortunately, Stephanie, who had been doing it for years, hit a rock and broke her ankle necessitating a quick trip to the Charlevoix Hospital, a large cast and the end to a field hockey season that hadn't even begun though she and Emily Hickey had been practicing in the park regularly.

My wife, Patsy, first came up to Charlevoix in 1986. Her introduction to the cottage was to find a bat in our bedroom which had to be chased out with a tennis racquet. She has presided over the transformation of our cottage and has grown to love the Belvedere. During the summer of 1989, she took over for the boat safety instructor and provided the instruction for the boating license for Andrew and Stephanie. The first time I took Patsy and Liz Teasdale for a sailing lesson in one of the Hawks, we turned over, so she isn't the sailing enthusiast as Stephanie and I.

During the 1970's when I was Counsel to Governor (now Senator) Bond and Police Commissioner in St. Louis, many friends from Missouri government came to visit. They have gone on to distinguished careers in our federal government: John Deardourff, media consultant to President Ford; Bob Teeter, President Bush's pollster; Al Sikes, Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission; and Alan Woods, Special Assistant to President Nixon, Deputy Secretary of Defense under President Ford, Deputy Foreign Trade Representative under President Reagan and Director of the Agency for International Development under Presidents Reagan and Bush. Alan unfortunately died of cancer last year at an early age. We had served together in the Governor's office during Governor Bond's first term frequently arguing about policy, but remaining friends. Just before he died, I returned to Washington for one last visit in General Marshall's old office, which was affectionately known as the "basketball court," and talked of the time when Al Sikes, an accomplished fisherman, had organized a fishing trip for us on Lake Michigan. We chartered *My Fran* from Ward's and spent the day trolling for lake trout. Millicent, Wood's wife, and I made the only catches of the entire day — two seven-pound lake trout. Of course, neither one of us knew much about fishing. The next day, Sikes lost all his fishing gear when his canoe capsized on the Jordan River.

Bingo was the only game that I won until 1987 when the Club decided to tear down the old boathouses. Anyone interested in a new boathouse was to let the Club know and a lottery was to be held as some of the owners of the old boathouses did not want to buy their boathouse over again. I submitted my name in September expecting a five year wait, but in December I learned I had "won" the lottery and could now pay for a new boathouse.

As I finish this monograph, my thoughts turn to the preparations for this summer — getting Bellinger's to put my boat in the water, the gas hooked up, the painter to finish the porch, Doug to

finish the cabana...

COTTAGE 207 ELIZABETH N. FORKER

I remember Dave telling me that the front part of No. 207, consisting of the present living and dining rooms, and the four bedrooms upstairs, was brought in over the snow about 1900. The kitchen, pantry and baths upstairs were added, plus the third floor and sleeping porch. He told me he had arrived in a laundry basket, with his parents and two sisters, Augusta and Mary, the summer of 1904. Other than a summer or two at Eaton's ranch, Dave spent his summers at the Belvedere, growing up with Eleanor Simpson On; Florence Leland Gardner; Doris O'Neil Geilfus and Woody Ransom.

I remember coming up one October for a week of what we called "The Little Season" to find the Hotel in the process of being dismantled and torn down. Dave bought one of the Bell Hop's uniforms and I purchased the old ice tongs and several of the water carafes, along with two pictures of the golf course.

I remember being out in Round Lake in the Belvedere row boat fishing for perch in October, during a Saturday of the Michigan-Yale football game (approximately 1945). There must have been at least thirty boats anchored and likewise fishing. We would call from one to another to find out the score, which would be relayed back to us from one of the larger boats with a radio.

At that time we had no way of heating the cottage, other than the living room fireplace, a kerosene heater in the middle of the room, and a blanket hung at the top of the front stairs. We were, fortunately, young and hardy! The Brodheads and the Barnards were here at the same time, so we sat on our side terrace (aptly named the Martini Terrace), wearing blue jeans and polo coats, listening to the World Series on the radio each day.

I remember Dottie Leland (now Follansbee), and Helen Fox arrived the same summer of 1937 — all three of us young brides with small children. We would play Majong on the beach (obviously the fore-runner to the bridge games now played there each afternoon) and have been life-long closest friends ever since. In those days the Neff's operated what is now the Wharfside, a wonderful grocery store with a charge and delivery service. They never seemed to know us apart, and our bills were always confused, likewise with the plumber and the painter!

I remember the old clay tennis courts — and Dave and Charlie Upson raising the money to build the present courts. Proc Wright was the tennis pro. Every morning there was a gallery and much fun — I think Dick Moss and big Leland Bisbee were our greatest gallery supporters.

I remember the children's dances at the Casino with Miss Calla Travis — never once were either Peggy or David picked to lead the Grand March — obviously she had her favorites, and they didn't include the Forker family.

I remember in 1987 I had a dinner at the Golf Club to celebrate the 150th year of the State of Michigan, my 75th birthday, and my 50th summer at the Belvedere. I told everyone there would be no toasts, but I hoped everyone would feel inclined to reminisce some fun experiences. How sad I didn't have the foresight to have a tape recorder!

My two grandchildren, Chip and Margo Smith, are fourth generation residents and to my great delight, love the Belvedere as much as Peggy and I do. Hopefully, in due time, their progeny will share our love of the Belvedere.

COTTAGE 208 "LAKEVIEW"

IRENE MCDONNELL HILL

My mother, Irene Bond McDonnell, spent her summers as a child at the Belvedere from about 1903 to 1921. But it took a lot longer before Daddy would go. It took Mother better than twenty-five years to persuade him he would like it

I came twice as a child. We started coming every summer about 1949. We stayed in "Recreation," the Schleman's cottage for about three years. Then my father; J. W. McDonnell, bought No. 29 in 1953 and we stayed there until Gene and I purchased No. 208 in 1973.



Irene and Gene Hill's grandchildren in front of cottage 208, back row left to right: Irene Allen, Joanna and Maryan Hill; front row left to right: John Schumacher; Michael, McNeal, Richmond, and Paul Hill, 1987.



Is this the *Magda* owned by George S. Kuhn or the *Xtabay* owned by Dayton H. Mudd, circa 1956?



Darcie Mudd Loughlin, Dail Mudd Loyd, Georgia Mudd Britt, 1980

COTTAGE 210 DAYTON H. MUDD

I first came to the Belvedere in 1936 when a friend, Dick Fairback, and I came over from Walloon Lake to visit the Connett girls. We stopped by their cottage and were told they were at the Belvedere beach. We headed down there and found the Connetts, Louise Alin, Marge Retherford, Button Wallace and the Morse twins sunbathing on the south edge of the beach where the cabanas were at that time. I remember the cabanas as having awnings supported by two braces and two benches facing each other and attached to the cabana entrance.

I thought Dotty Morse was cute and full of fun so we went on a dinner date to Petoskey and saw a wrestling match featuring Jimmy Landois, the ex-world champion. We continued to date that summer going to Club Manitou (Slim's) in Harbor Springs for dinner and dancing (but no gambling), to Walloon Lake for sailing and water skiing behind the *Great Daymon*, and then back in St. Louis.

Dotty and I married in 1939 and began dividing vacation time between Walloon Lake and Mercer Boulevard. We often were invited by friends from the Belvedere to dinner at the Hotel or to their cottages.

By 1949 our family had grown as had my sister's and brother's, and Dotty felt it was time to buy our own cottage. We purchased No. 210 Belvedere, but because I had spent my summers at my family home in Walloon I was not too happy with the arrangement. By 1954 I was enjoying my time there at No. 210, cruising the lakes on the *Xtabay* and playing golf and tennis.

I remember one time on the courts when George McKay and Bill Helms, the pro, played against Clarkson Carpenter and me. The afternoon and match wore on as the score climbed higher and higher. We played through a drizzle but finally called it quits at games 22-21 because of approaching darkness. By that time we were hungry and since our wives were not around we were on our own. Bill said he knew where he could get steaks, proceeded to get the key for the Belvedere Hotel meat locker and procured several steaks. I had some champagne at No. 210 so the four of us went up to the cottage and cooked the steaks in the fireplace for a delicious meal, (or so we thought)!

I also remember Bill Helms in another incident at the Hotel where he stayed during the summer. It seems one time he was visited by two Belvedere girls in his room while he was taking a bath!

I have many, many memories of Michigan, some of Walloon, some of Mercer Boulevard and some of the Belvedere, more than fifty years of trips, events, parties, friends and family. As I have watched my children and grandchildren return year after year; accumulating their own memories, I have to admit Dotty made the right decision.

COTTAGE 211 CHARLES R. KINNAIRD

Did you know that the dictionary definitions of the word "belvedere" are "pleasing vista" and "beautiful view?" Susan and I rented at Belvedere in the 1963, 1964 and 1965 seasons and then bought No. 211 in March, 1966.

My grandparents had come to Belvedere every summer since 1910, and I spent at least part and usually all of every summer from 1932 through 1946 at No. 233. My grandmother died in 1946; my grandfather could not bear to come to Belvedere without her and sold the cottage. During the next seventeen years — four prep school, four college, four military service, three law school and two being sweated as a beginning lawyer — I never set foot in Charlevoix; and except for running into Bobby Leatherman once during Navy flight training, neither would I encounter anyone from

Belvedere. Then, returning from a house party in Harbor Springs, some impulse caused me to take a detour to the childhood and ancestral haunts. The rest followed.

Several thoughts occur in putting pen to paper for this brief memoir. One is rejection of any analogy between that seventeen year gap and the experience of Rip Van Winkle. Poor Rip found everything different; Brigadoon is metaphorically closer to the mark. The Hotel and the Rustic Bridge were gone; so were Calla Travis and her castanets; and Lee Moerland had replaced that scourge of mischievous youth, Edward Edwards. Otherwise, faces and surroundings seemed not to have changed much. It says something (although I'm not smart enough to figure out exactly what) that I could have been absent from Belvedere for seventeen years — formative years when the educational and Korean war experiences were undergone, girls were dated and one of them married, a career planned and launched, the first child is born — and still come back to Belvedere with the feeling of scarcely having missed a beat. It also says something (and I think I do know what) that the fond childhood memories of my first fourteen years were not an idealization of something that never really existed, evaporated by the reality of re-encounter after maturity. No, scarcely a disappointment in a carload. We at Belvedere have something special; it is the sense of continuity that cements the residence of our “pleasing vista,” and favorably distinguishes that vista from other vistas which are physically at least as attractive. I hope we never lose it.

COTTAGE 212 “CRO’NEST”
EVELYN W. PETERS

Elisha Clark Ware and his wife, Minnie A. Ware (nee Hanna), with their three small sons; Ralph age six, Walter age three, and Robert Rea age six months, arrived in Charlevoix the summer of 1883 via the lake steamer, *Champlain*, from Chicago, Illinois. Their doctor Lyman Ware, (Elisha's brother), felt that a lake cruise would be beneficial for the health of young Robert who was suffering from asthma.

They found a cottage for rent on the grounds of the Charlevoix Summer Resort owned by James L. Sebring of Kalamazoo, Michigan which they rented. The next year they rented it again and on September 1885 put a down payment on the cottage on lot No. 54. The final payment was made before May 1, 1886. In 1901 Elisha bought the cottage on lot No. 62 from Mrs. Nancy Potter of Emporia, Kansas. Prior to Nancy Potter, this cottage was owned by Mrs. C. Bams. This cottage was moved off the lot leaving cottage No. 212 on an “L” shaped lot. The cottage ownership was changed to Minnie A. Ware in about 1904 when the original cottage was torn down and the front part of the present cottage was built. Elizabeth Dickerson was a house guest of Robert in 1904 along with friends Amos Allen and Bertha Bonner — who became Peg Ware Allen's in-laws. Cottage No. 206 was purchased in the name of Robert R. Ware in October 1909, the fall before Robert and Elizabeth Dickerson were married.

The Charlton cottage on the channel was the meeting place for many. It is where Ralph and Walter tied up on their return from a cruise to North Bay, Canada in 1912. Elvira Charlton had a house party and one of the guests was Ruth Scott who later married Walter Ware (June 3, 1913). This cottage later belonged to Kate Charlton Steere and another generation of the Ware family used to meet there and go on picnics with all the Steere family. This is when I first knew Jane Boucher (Payne).

When Bob was a year old, Mother and Dad took a trip up the Jordan River with Roy Ranger on his inboard/outboard motor boat. The men had to push the logs under the boat as they went up

stream. They camped out on shore and caught fish for breakfast. Roy knew all the wild flowers and where to find them. Mother spoke of seeing lady slippers among other flowers. Mother and Dad had a very enjoyable time.

In 1917 we stayed in cottage 206 and the Walter Ware's were with Grandma in 212. We have a picture taken in the park in front of 206 with Ruth Ranges our baby sitte^ and Walter Scott Ware, Gordon's brother who died a year later.

When we were young the family would take the *Manitou*, the *Puritan* and later it was the *North* or *South American* that sailed from Navy pier in Chicago to Charlevoix, stopping at various ports along the Michigan shore. The car was on board as well as all the family and it was a pleasant trip. The roads were poor at this time and to drive would take two days. Later the boat went from Chicago to Muskegon and we would drive the rest of the way. Sometimes we would stop at Beulah for a whitefish dinner. When we drove all the way from Chicago we dreaded the trip around the bottom of the lake with all the winding two lane roads through the dime area and through Gary, Indiana. The traffic was bumper to bumper in that area. Sometimes we stopped at the Warm Friend Tavern in Holland for a meal and later it was at the Wooden Shoe Factory.

Grandma Ware had the first telephone on the upper terrace. It was number 401. We would receive calls for other cottagers and have to call them to the phone.

I can remember going calling with Grandma Ware. She would be dressed in hat and gloves with a pouch purse hanging from her wrist by a draw string. You always went out with calling cards in your purse. When we were young, you were expected to dress up every afternoon.

Grandma Ware and I shared a room at the cottage and one cold morning, I backed into the kerosene heater when I was getting dressed. Bob and I remember that episode!!!

When we were young, it was a treat to ride to Charlevoix on the Pere Marquette Railroad, Resort Special, which was an overnight trip. We would have dinner on board and arrive at the Belvedere station about 7:15 A.M. the next day. It was fun to be met at the station or to greet friends coming north. Bob remembers an early trip on the train with Grandma Ware. I went up one year with Gladys Grey (Dieffenbach). In those days we always had trunks that were sent up Railway Express and delivered to the cottage.

Allie Moore had the *Golden Rule*, a square rigger he had built in Detroit and sailed to Charlevoix. He started a day camp for boys, taking them on board for the day and teaching them about sailing. I think the charge was \$1.00 a day. One year; as a treat, he allowed the boys to spend the night on board. He had also had a day for the girls before our family had arrived in Charlevoix so I was allowed to stay the night the boys were on board, sleeping outside the Moore's cabin. The next day Allie put a life preserver on me and let me "swim" around the boat on the end of a pike pole. My earliest recollection of Girl's Gang was when Mary Trigg Waller and friend were the leaders. A big treat was driving to the store at Bay Shore for a candy ban

The young children all took dancing lessons from Calla Travis as had Dad and his contemporaries. We would have a masquerade the second week of August and the following week would be the Cabaret. The children's masquerade was early in the evening and the adults enjoyed the fun later. The Arthur Birge family was a favorite of ours. Bob used to be with Edna and Art while Jane and I were nearer of an age. One masquerade Jane and I were dressed in white crepe paper costumes made to look like pop com balls. A group from Chicago Club and some from Sequanota joined in the fun, coming in costume as surprise groups. We always looked forward to their spirited addition.

The Ware family divided the summer into two periods, one family going north as soon as school was out in June. The other family went up August first and stayed until Labor Day. In those years, school resumed the day after Labor Day. Grandma Ware used to go north in May and stay until October She would stay at the Hallet Hotel until it was warm enough at the cottage. The Walter Ware family usually went up in June and the Robert Ware family in August. The Ralph Ware family would alternate with the others but in later years preferred to go up in September. Uncle “Bud” Walter loved to fish and sail. June was a better time for him.

After the cottage was enlarged in 1930, Dad bought a box trailer to haul some of our trunks. With four children, Mother, Dad, a maid and often a friend, we filled the trailer with luggage. Dad owned a seven passenger Buick and with young children, he would put a board across the jump seats so that we could all have a place to sit.

As young teen-agers, before we had a sailboat, we would gather friends, take a picnic, and our swim suits and go to Fisherman’s Island or up the Old Trail for a day of fun. As the sun set we enjoyed a camp fire, roasted marshmallows and sang songs. Watching the stars appear^ we occasionally saw Northern lights and shooting stars.

In 1934 Dad took us to the boat show in Chicago. There was just one sailboat in the show that year — a twenty-five-foot seven-inch Matthews sailer. It was all wood and had a broad beam. The Ware Brothers decided it was an ideal boat on which the children could learn to sail. For many years the *Frolic* was on the lakes two and three times a day. We enjoyed picnics down the lake, swam from the boat and always had friends with us. Sometimes the Freyhofs would take their boat too and we enjoyed joint picnics. We had the *Frolic* until the spring of 1964 when Dad could no longer sail alone and the children were unable to take long vacations.

One year I was invited to go to Bliss Farm for a picnic with the Allen family. My family was leaving for Chicago that day but Dad gave me permission to stay over and return to Chicago by train that night on the Resort Special. What a treat that was for a fifteen year old — a memorable ending to a happy time in Charlevoix and the beginning of many years of lasting friendships between our families.

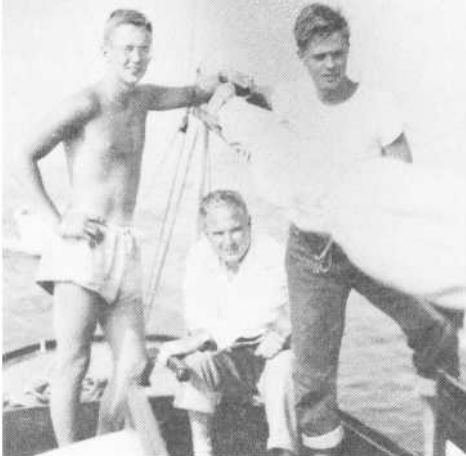
The cottage is now being enjoyed by great-grandchildren of Elisha Clark Ware as well as his grandchildren. Although the families have spread out over the country, we all love “Cro’ Nest” or No. 212. Ralph Ware’s daughter Nancy lives in Lajolla, California; Walter Ware’s daughter Peg lives in Livingston, Montana and his son in St. Charles, Illinois (Gordon owns No. 407). Robert Ware’s son Robert, Jr. lives in River Forest, Illinois, daughter Evelyn lives in Oak Park, Illinois, son Jack is now deceased and son Ralph lives in San Antonio, Texas. Robert, Evelyn and Ralph (“Mike”) share the original Ware cottage on the Belvedere along with their children and grandchildren.



Robin (Robert) Ware on the *Frolic*, taking down the Belvedere burgee, circa 1960.



H.C. Ware disembarking from Jack Ward's *Piff Paff* at Belvedere bayou, 1900.



Mike Ware, Luther Replogle and Bemis Avery on board Replogle's sloop the *Wench*, enroute to Mackinac Island, 1944.



Jacqueline Edel (Dac Fraser), on board the *Frolic* wrapped in oilskins while waiting for her clothes to dry.
Peggy Ware in background, 1940.

RALPH G (MIKE) WARE

I first came to the Belvedere in 1925, my family having preceded me by about forty years. The Wares first came in 1883. Number 212 was known as "Cro'Nest."

Elisha and Minnie A. Ware were the earliest arrivals to the resort Their three children were; Ralph who eventually went to California, Walter (Buddy) whose family purchased 407 in 1941 and my father, Robert (Robin).

Because the cottage became crowded — there were four of us plus our children in the next generation: Jack, Robert Jr, Evelyn and myself — I purchased and occupied cottage 135 from 1960 until 1985.

My most remembered activities from the past are sailing, especially on my father's boat *Frolic*, and having picnics on the Jordan River and Fisherman's Island.

EARLY LEGAL DOCUMENT FOR PURCHASE OF COTTAGE 212

Article of Agreement, made this twentieth day of August in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five between

— James L. Sebring and Julia E. Sebring his wife, of Kalamazoo, Michigan of the first part, and

— Elisha C. Ware of Chicago, Illinois of the second part in the manner following:

The said parties of the first part, in consideration of the sum of five hundred and fifty (\$550) dollars to be as hereinafter specified, duly paid, hereby agree — to sell unto the said parties of the second part their lease for at that certain piece or parcel of land lying and being situated in the Village of Charlevoix, County of Antrim and State of Michigan, and more particularly known, and described as Lot number fifty-four (54) on the grounds of the Charlevoix Summer Resort including the cottage located on said Lot and all Carpets, Bedsteads, Bedsprings and Mattresses owned by the parties of the first part and now in said Cottage.

Said sum of five hundred and fifty (\$550) dollars the party of the second part hereby agrees to pay to the parties of the first part, as follows:

Seventy-five (\$75) dollars on delivery of this Contract, two hundred (\$200) dollars on or before October first, 1885 and two hundred and seventy-five (\$275) dollars on or before May first, 1886 with interest at seven percent from September first, 1885 on all sums unpaid. All payments to be due and payable at Kalamazoo, Michigan.



Belvedere Tennis Courts, showing Houston Witherspoon (foreground, forehand) with friends, 1946.



An afternoon committee meeting, left to right: Charles Taylor, Bill Connett, Bud Alexander and Houston Witherspoon, 1984.

COTTAGE 213

J. HOUSTON WITHERSPOON

My first recollection of the Belvedere Club was in about 1907 when my grandfather, Mn James M. Houston, rented a suite of rooms on the second floor of the Belvedere Hotel to accommodate the Matthews and the Witherspoons, and him and Grandmother Mrs. Matthews and Mrs. Witherspoon (my mother), were his daughters. The second floor rooms were on the east side toward the south end of the Hotel. The Ouhbackers always had the very end south room and ours were just north of that, overlooking Lake Charlevoix, which was then Pine Lake.

We were at the Belvedere for several years prior to 1907, but I really do not recall what went on except for one incident about ice cream, which I remember vividly. In the huge dining room of the Belvedere Hotel each family was assigned a table where we always sat for all meals. The waitresses were college girls and each waited on a certain group of tables. The menu for dinner always had three desserts — one kind of cake, one kind of pie, and one flavor of ice cream. Mother had given our waitress a standing order always to bring me the ice cream and if I wished, a half portion of one of the other desserts. This particular evening chocolate cake was on the menu so because of my love for chocolate being about the same as ice cream, I ordered a small piece of cake. When it came, I tasted the ice cream, and much to my amazement, I did not like it. The world at that moment for me was almost starting to come to an end because it was the first time I had ever tasted a flavor of ice cream that I did not like. With tears in my eyes I asked Mother what kind of ice cream it was. At her first taste she was elated as to how good it was and we had never had that flavor up here before. “It’s coffee ice cream,” she said. Mother was a great coffee drinker Now I can appreciate her being elated over the coffee ice cream. I did not eat it and left with tears in my eyes — no out-loud crying. I can remember years later Mother saying, “Wouldn’t you like a little coffee?” and I would always say, “No thanks.” I think it is probably why I have never been a coffee drinker. For seventy years or more I

have eaten coffee ice cream, but still it is not one of my big favorites.

A big year was 1907 when Mother gave me a very good tennis racket for which I was very pleased, and proud to own such a racket I spent all of my time on the courts. I would go over in the morning and watch die older people play because then, as now, kids had to give way to adult players in the mornings and at that time there were only two courts. In the afternoons I would try to get someone — anyone to play with me.

In 1910, Grandfather heard that the first cottage just south of the Hotel, number one, would be up for rent next summer He made arrangements to rent it for all of July and August in 1911. There was not all the formality you have to go through today to rent a cottage. The years passed, Grandfather kept renting it and we all used it.

After a number of years a third tennis court was added and more of the red sand clay was shipped up by train from down state. When the first two courts were made, they used this red sand clay. The ground was leveled off and about three inches was raked over and rolled smooth. This same process was used for the third court. It made a nice surface to play on but when we had two days of heavy rain it would take about two days of bright sun to dry so they could be rolled and playable again. After a number of years the other two courts were added one at a time. Then years later the Rubico surface was put on top of all five courts and rolled smooth. Back in 1907 to 1914 where the tennis shack and grass plot are today, west of the courts, there was a rose and flower garden that went with cottage No. 101 at the top of the hill. There were wooden stairs all the way down the hill from the cottage level. The cottage was rented to Mr. Rosenbaum, an elderly gentleman who always wore a Prince Albert coat, and strutted around in a very pompous fashion. Well, there was a high chicken wire fence all along the west side (where the edge of the grass is at present) which was supposed to keep the tennis balls from going over in the garden; but you know tennis balls, somehow or other, every now and then one would get over, and if Mr. Rosenbaum caught a player retrieving a ball from the garden all “H” broke loose. He was surely a pain in the neck to the tennis players. I think after his death, Mrs. Rosenbaum acquired a cottage down on the first terrace where the Kuhns are today.

After Grandfather rented the cottage for a few years, we all liked it so much he wanted to buy it He found out it was in the Bishop estate and the heirs were fighting in probate court. It took until 1918 to be settled. The cottage was then on the market, so Grandfather bought it, but he did not want the books to show he had bought it. He wanted it put right in the name of either of his daughters, Mrs. Witherspoon or Mrs. Matthews. But the Trustees at that time would not put a cottage in a woman’s name when it was a purchase by a new family. Grandfather was furious. At the end of the summer he said, “Just hold everything and we will talk about it next year” The next year, 1919, the Trustees were just as adamant so Grandfather said, “Transfer it to Leonard Matthews, Jr.,” which was done, and we all continued to use and enjoy it. During the next six or seven years there were several additions and alterations which Grandfather had done. He died in the cottage in August 1928.

It was in the spring of 1918 that I had my appendix removed and because, for several years prior to that, I had had attacks of what they called, at that time, “auto-intoxication,” they decided to make a large incision and examine everything. When I awoke I was covered with six to eight inches of wide adhesive tape that went all the way around and over-lapped in the back. I had to lie absolutely still on my back and not even raise my head. This lasted for about four days and then I was allowed to

move around slowly. Two weeks after I got out of the hospital we left for Charlevoix. Dr. Tupper, St. Louis' leading surgeon, then ordered me to sit on the porch all summer and read — which was a crushing blow, as I had wanted to live on the tennis courts.

Shortly after our arrival in Charlevoix, Len Matthews (my uncle), and Will Bemis planned a fishing trip on the Jordan River. They were going in Will's Pierce-Arrow touring car, fish in the morning, then have a lunch of fried trout, more fishing in the afternoon, then home. They asked if I would like to go along and read in the car. I jumped with glee. Brook trout were caught, we had a grand lunch, then more reading. When it came time to go home we had to ascend a little sand hill. The car lost traction and began to sink in the sand. About two hundred feet away, at the edge of the forest, were many large ferns. It was decided we must pull ferns and put a good layer on the sand for traction. I pitched in and pulled many, many huge armfuls. When we were ready to try again, Uncle Len and I pushed the car as hard as we could while Will drove and we finally made it. As I got in the car and stretched out on the back seat, the pain in my tummy became so severe I could hardly stand it. It felt like the incision would burst open. When home I stretched out on the couch and Mother called Dr. Armstrong who came to the cottage immediately, examined me thoroughly, then announced, "You have done the very best thing that could be done; you have broken up many adhesions that were forming and if you hadn't done it you might have had to have another operation next winter to cut them loose. Now, please do not sit around all day. Take a walk mornings and afternoons, and in a day or so, get over on the courts and play a little easy tennis each day." What a life saver for me! Dr. Armstrong was the greatest, way ahead of his day in medical knowledge, even ahead of St. Louis' best.

Talking about transportation, I have not seen any mention of the *Pottawatomie*. It was a covered launch about eighteen feet long with an engine in the middle of the boat with a wooden box-type covering. The seats were wooden benches along the sides. The launch ran from a pier at the foot of Clinton Street (downtown) to a dock at the end of our boathouses — where the Bisbee slip for the *Gele B* is today. It then went around to a dock in Lake Charlevoix (Pine Lake then) in front of the railroad station. I think it attempted to cater to the Chicago Club and Belvedere people. I believe it ran on a so-called schedule for only three or four years and then gave up.

About 1908 to 1912 I used to love to follow the ice wagon and eat little slivers of ice as the ice man made his rounds to put fairly large hunks of ice in the ice boxes of most cottages. These ice boxes were fairly large and heavy, four and a half to five feet tall, about three to four feet wide and twenty to twenty-five inches deep. The top, bottom and sides were double-walled, insulated usually with cork. There were usually four compartments, two below and two above. Each had its thick, double-walled, insulated door that closed quite tightly. The large hunks of ice were usually accommodated in the upper left compartment. It had to have a metal bottom that slanted to a back corner where a pipe drained the melting ice into a good-sized shallow pan. It would have to be removed and the water dumped each day. The better homes had this pipe connected to the sewer line so that no one would have to bother with this chore.

The only source of ice was from the frozen lake. When Lake Charlevoix froze over so that the ice a fair way from the shore froze to twelve to eighteen inches thick, large chunks were sawed out and hauled on sleds to ice sheds. These were barn-like buildings with dirt floors where the chunks were stored and covered heavily with sawdust. This insulated the ice so that it would last through most of

the summer,

In the early teens the Martin family was in cottage No. 209. Bill Martin, Jr was several years my junior but he was an avid tennis player so I played with him quite a bit and coached him as best I could. He developed rapidly over the years and became a first rate player. The Martins left Belvedere but Bill continued to play and so did I. In the early '20's when the National Clay Court Tennis Tournament was held at the Skokie Country Club on the north side of Chicago, Bill called me, (the Martins also lived in St. Louis), and suggested we enter as a team in the National Clay Court doubles. I jumped at the idea. We went up on the old Chicago and Alton Railroad. We stayed at the old Edgewater Beach Hotel — as the Tournament Committee provided auto service from there to Skokie each day for the players. We had a great time, but met one of the finalist teams early in the draw. My friend Bill is Mr. William McChesney Martin, Jr who was with A. G. Edwards & Co., Stock and Bond Brokers in St. Louis. Later he was sent to New York to be their floor trader on the New York Stock Exchange. Several years later he was elected to be the first paid president of the New York Stock Exchange. Years later he was chosen to be chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank system in Washington, D.C., which he served for many years. His father, Mr. William McChesney Martin, was a St. Louis attorney who was elected to be the first Governor, (now president) of the St Louis District Federal Reserve Bank when the Reserve Bank system was started.

In the thirties, my wife and I moved to Los Angeles and Laguna Beach so I did not set foot on Belvedere soil from 1932 to the late 1940's, many years too many. When cottage No. 213, the Travis' cottage was for sale I made arrangements to buy it in January 1955. I retired and have been spending about five months, May 15 to October 15 each year at the Club ever since.

I was commodore of the Belvedere Yacht Club from 1951 to 1968 — and ran six races a week (Gang races Mondays and Fridays), (varsity — teen-age group — Tuesdays and Thursdays), and the (senior races Wednesdays and Saturdays). I won eighty percent of the senior races between 1951 and 1957. In 1958 I personally stopped racing for the benefit of the Yacht Club but continued to run the races.

I am on the tennis courts only once in a while now, but I am on the golf course almost every day and enjoy being active. Thanks be to the Lord Jesus Christ for making it possible for me to enjoy good active health.



Belvedere Club families having a picnic at Fisherman's Island, 1980.



The Hall clan at Belvedere beach; left to right: Sarah, Jamie, Bethy and Todd, 1987.
Mary McClelland and Todd Hall on the porch of No. 215, 1988.

COTTAGE 215 MARYBETH MCKAY HALL

It's hard to know where to begin. My grandmother, Olive McKay ("Nana" to her grandchildren) rented for fifty years or so then finally bought our little cottage in 1953. The summer when I was ten (1958), I remember taking a nice long train ride from St. Louis to Petoskey where Charles, the chauffeur; was dutifully waiting for us. Spending the night on a train, and then waking up in Charlevoix was a dream come true for me. But, I think my sister, Carol, who was nearly eight that summer was so angry with me and jealous that she has never quite forgiven me for the two train trips, and one in the car (all with Nana), which landed me in Charlevoix one whole month before she was to arrive with our parents and little brother, Rick. I remember going to the dining car with Nana (on our first trip together) and one of the cars we passed through contained dozens of little girls, all around ten years old, who were having a great time as the pillows went sailing through the air. They were all en route to camp. One of the conductors grabbed me by the sleeve and said loudly, "Where do you think you're going, little lady? You know you're not allowed to leave this car tonight!" I had two thoughts: I found this situation to be hysterically funny, and I was scared to death. Nana quickly intervened, and we continued to the dining car.

My grandmother died in 1962. The cottage was then transferred to my father, George McKay. My parents always had house guests — more than enough at the same time. The summer when I was seventeen, I was kicked out, along with my cousin Mimi Eagleton. We were sent across the park where we camped out at the Goodson's cottage. There was a room behind the kitchen with its own entrance from outside. It was great fun to come in so late at night.

Being a teen-ager at the Belvedere Club could be a whole lot of fun then (and I'm sure it still is!). I remember going to the Club Ponytail near Harbor Springs to see the Beach Boys when I was sixteen. There were other famous rock groups who played there, but I can't remember who they were now. I remember beach picnics with bonfires near Fisherman's Island and Mt. McSauba — one on top of the big sand dune. I remember water-skiing home from Fisherman's Island without stopping — ooh — sore legs tomorrow! I remember my father being called, "Mr Belvedere." I remember the baseball games he organized, and the Cabarets — they were his favorites. Teen-age Gang was a hit when I was thirteen with Nancy Schumacher and Cy Williamson, and Butch and Ann Mullen when I was fourteen. We had such a very large group, maybe we were too hard on the Gang leaders. Teen-age Gang was over after two years. Then my father arranged impromptu scavenger hunts each summer which were a lot of fun.

For me, being a Gang leader gave me two of the most memorable and fun summers of my life (so far!).

At eighteen, Shirley Mueller Baas and I took care of the Little Gang, ages four and five at that time — playing on the beach all day, helping small children build sand castles, learning to swim, learning to get along with each other and learning to jump on the trampoline! It was rewarding, relaxing and a great way to get a great suntan! We went to the Petoskey fair and the zoo in Traverse City.

Darcie Mudd Loughlin and I were the Intermediate Gang leaders the summer I was twenty and she was twenty-two. The five and six year olds loved canoe rides, horseback riding, climbing up Mt. McSauba, swimming in the big waves in Lake Michigan, and of course, overnights! Also, hot chocolate up at the cottage on cold, rainy days. And that summer we went to Mackinac Island with

the Little Gang (that was a long but fun day).

I made up my mind then to do some kind of work with children in the future. Right now, I'm finishing up my degree in early childhood special education. You never know what an impact a few months on the beach, living at the Belvedere Club and playing in the summertime can have on your future.

When my brother Rick McKay was six years old, he climbed up the side of our house via the big tall ugly TV antenna next to the chimney. My son, Todd beat Rick by a year. When Todd was five, he climbed to the top of the tower. When we finally found out this wonderful news, we had it taken down.

Todd is ten now and his best Charlevoix friend for the past few years has been Mary McClelland, who is also ten. Two summers ago, late in August when most people had already gone home, Jamie, Todd and Sarah Hall; Mary and Mac McClelland; Abby, Kenny and Alex Engelsmann; and Clare and John Loughlin were at the tennis courts one afternoon. A spur-of-the-moment decision was made to have a wedding. John Loughlin was the priest who married Todd and Mary. Oh — a sad sign of the times. The marriage did not last very long — maybe five minutes. It was then followed by a quick divorce. Alex Engelsmann was the presiding judge. Clare Loughlin was Mary's attorney. Todd chose Kenny Engelsmann as his lawyer. Alex granted a speedy divorce — much to Todd's relief as he was getting tired of the teasing. (I'm sure Mary was too!)

Our son Jamie, who is twelve, has a very different favorite memory. One breezy day when he was six, the Intermediate Gang took out the little sailboats which were kept at the beach. As the boats were all sent by the wind over towards the channel, it became very rough and, as the wind kicked up even more, the kids started crying and screaming. Jamie said he just knew their boat was going to turn over. He and Frank Crump were very, very scared. Each boat only held two little children. But, they didn't cry — and this is what he's most proud of. Their boat did turn over; as did all but two. He said once they were in the water; it wasn't scary anymore. It was the anticipation of the worst that caused the fear and he still likes sailing and goes out in our sailfish all the time.

Sarah is seven and probably too young for memoirs, but she loves Gang and always has. She does remember driving from Denver; where we lived for eleven years, to Charlevoix (a grueling two full-days trip), spending the night in a motel, and spying McDonald's signs on the highway.

My husband, John Moss Hall, Jr., was an occasional visitor to the Fox cottage at the Belvedere Club when he was a teen-ager before I knew him. His sister, Libby McDonnell, also came here a few summers as a house guest of my cousin, Judy Hickey Engelsmann. John's grandparents stayed at the old Belvedere Hotel many times when he was a child and they were friends of my grandmother.

This summer (1989) driving home towards the end of August, Sarah asked a rather poignant question, "Mom, who's going to get the cottage when we're all grown-up?"

(NUMBER 217) "LOEB'S POINT"

WILBERT C. AND FLORENCE (DIDDY) ALLEN SCHADE

I guess Diddy and I didn't think of our cottage as appropriate to a collection of the histories of those on the Club grounds, but I suppose it's a part of the Belvedere story.

I believe you have all the information about cottages No. 43 and No. 29. No. 43 was owned by Florence York Allen at the time of her death in 1953, and was transferred in 1954 to Ann Allen Flanigan. In that same year, No. 29 ("the York cottage"), owned by the F. B. York estate, was sold to

Irene and Walter McDonnell.

In 1951 Diddy and I moved from Alton, Illinois to New Haven, Connecticut, making Charlevoix summers uncomfortably far away. However, in 1954 we moved to Muncie, Indiana, an easy reach, and we were able to rent the Fox cottage, No. 9, for 1955-57.

Incidentally, it was at this cottage in 1955 that Brad Schade broke his arm in a fall from an upstairs window. Potter Orr fell from a tree the following day, and both went around several weeks in arm casts.

In the meantime a situation developed which required consideration by the Trustees. The Stewart Retherfords built a cottage on Lake Charlevoix half way to East Jordan, and we bought property on Two Mile Point. We began construction of a cottage there in August of 1957 and occupied it in 1958. The Board discussed the propriety of Club membership in this situation and decided that it was acceptable.

COTTAGE 219 BENJAMIN R DOUGLASS

The Ben Douglass family's introduction to the Belvedere Club was by way of three summers' sojourns at the Belvedere Hotel in the early nineteen-forties. Longstanding Belvedere Club members, Coleman and Marjorie Bagby, had recommended it highly for the beauties of its location, the benefits of its climate, and its fine beach facilities. They were our sponsors for membership. We also were acquainted with the Luther Replogles, the Homer Jones, the Burton Hales, and the Robin Wares, all friends from Oak Park, Illinois.

The first cottage we rented was number 231, about 1944. Then when the Skiles cottage, number 129, was offered for sale, we purchased it in 1947 and enjoyed it every summer thereafter until 1958, when we bought the Robinson cottage number 309. This roomy house fulfilled the needs of our family and guests until 1980, when we realized that accumulating children-in-law and five grandchildren were straining 309's capacity. The solution to the problem was to turn cottage 309 over completely to our young families' use and to build another cottage for ourselves, number 219, which we have been happily occupying every summer since 1983.

COTTAGE 220

KENNETH F. AND ELIZABETH TEASDALE

Having tried a driving trip through California, a summer cottage perched alone above Lake Michigan in Crystal Lake, a cottage in the Assembly in Crystal that frowned upon martinis on our front porch, cabins in the Wisconsin Lakes (even a camper one year), and visiting relatives and friends in their various lovely summer homes, we would listen longingly to Margie and Eddie Mannion's tales of the Belvedere: the tennis, golf, lakes, cocktail parties and, most importantly, "Gang." So, in 1979 when Margie mentioned they were going to rent their cottage in Belvedere that August we leapt at it and on the first Sunday in August piled in our station wagon with Caroline (age fourteen), Doug (almost twelve), Cindy (age two) and a babysitter.

We didn't know a soul, but Margie had told us to send the kids and sitter to the Casino for dinner and we should go to the Grey Gables for whitefish. We returned after a wonderful dinner to find thirteen kids Doug's and Caroline's ages in the living room; and they were occupied and happy the rest of the summer! There was a whole pack of kids whom we used to call the "Locusts" — they would descend upon your cottage, eat everything in sight; then hop on their bikes and take off for the next well-stocked kitchen. What a wonderful time they had and, of course, we were free to make lots

of fun friends under the gracious guidance of Sissy Chamberlain and the Engelsmanns.

In 1980 and 1982 we happily spent August in the Claggetts', 1982 and 1983 back in Mannions', 1984 in Jonathan Knight's and we were elated in 1985 to be able to purchase No. 220 from Bill and Barbie Claggett. This is our fifth summer in the cottage. We've added a master bedroom with some wonderful "Sue and Russ Bolt tiles"; and thanks to Frank Boyd a pretty garden is blooming; we've made a lot of marvelous friends and now have a new pack of locusts with Cindy who is almost thirteen.

We look forward to many more summers of "beer on the beach," Bells Bay beach picnics, Erik's great tennis clinics, Cabarets, luncheons in the Casino, Mick Smith's pictures, glads at "Glorie Be," speeding down to the Landing in the boat for lunch, Bonnie's flowers, Mrs. Chamberlain's jam, dinners at the Walloon Lake Inn, whitefish, hummers, fudge, and, most importantly the conviviality of "Grown Up Gang."

COTTAGE 226 LUCILLE MEHAFFIE

One pleasant spring morning, in the mid 1940's, Woody Ransom suggested that it would be a good day for the Ransoms and the Mehaffies to drive up to Charlevoix. We agreed, so off we went. When we arrived at the Club's entrance, I was amazed to see the name "Belvedere." I felt as though I were dreaming. It is an important word to me, as it is the name of our seventeenth century plantation in southern Maryland, where I have spent over half of my life. We settled into the Hotel happily. After a couple of days passed and we had met some of Woody's friends, I felt as though the Charlevoix Belvedere had a certain warmth and charm that raised my spirits.

We returned on several occasions and stayed at the Hotel. When evenings came, some of the guests would sit out on the steps to watch the Northern Lights. It was a most fascinating experience for all of us.

In 1945, Christiana and Woody bought their first cottage. We were happy to visit them and pleased to meet new friends. We were invited to delightful parties, many of which still remain warmly in my memories.

As the years passed, our daughter, Margaret, and her husband, David Forker Reid, moved back to Cincinnati from California. Since they were nearer to Charlevoix, we decided to rent a cottage and have them and our grandchildren come up for a long visit. We were fortunate to have the McDonald cottage (No. 15). The children, Elizabeth and David, Jr, were delighted to join the "Gang" and be a part of the summer program. Our son-in-law being a part of the Forker family felt a certain welcome. His grandmother Forker had brought him to the cottage as a tiny boy. His mother spent her summers at the cottage in her youth. She knew much about the earlier days at the Belvedere.

On the afternoon of October 6, I left the McDonald cottage and went to be with Christiana and Woody at the Ransom cottage. When the morning of October 7 came, Woody said there had been a severe snow storm during the night, so I should not drive to Kalamazoo. I looked out the window and realized that it would not be an easy drive; but October 7 was our wedding anniversary, and I had to be with my husband — so off I went. Staying on the road was a bit difficult as there was ice under the snow. The trees were filled with big balls of snow. With the sun shining on the whole scene, it was beautiful. I had to photograph it all, although plowing through deep snow, without boots, was a bit tricky. However, I made it to Cadillac, and all was clear to Kalamazoo.

Our summer at the cottage made us realize that it would be wise to have our own cottage.

Fortunately, I met Louise Stanley. We had much to talk about being mutual friends of several members of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. One day she told me that she would like to sell her cottage. Being acquainted with the cottage, it made it easy to come to a decision. Thus, we became members of the Belvedere Club. Fred had a small cottage built for our help, and, when summer came, we all — that included Margaret and the grandchildren, Elizabeth and David, Jr. — moved in. The happiness the children experienced through the next years still lingers in their memories. Houston Witherspoon was so dear to them. He allowed them to wander over the area where he kept all the wonders he had brought from far off places. He let them choose a couple of things to take home a few times. Houston was very special to them — and still is.

Another dear person to them was Mrs. Ware. They called her “Grandma Ware” at her request. At some time during the summer she made a special peach ice cream. She would call the children over for a dish of the delicious dessert. A true joy to them!

Later, the Casino became of special interest to me. Many of us worked hard to keep it neat and tidy. Phil Chamberlain and Elizabeth Reid were always on hand when needed during the period when I was chairman.

The Thursday night dinners were of pleasure to many members. We set up chairs in the front room for people to enjoy a program following the dinner. Often it was a slide show of far off lands. Of course, there was an occasional “gala” with an orchestra and dancing, etc. The so-called “Las Vegas” night was the men’s idea and turned out to be great fun. There were several gambling games — paid with paper dollars. It was more fun than a circus.

The “Lobster Scalds” were quite interesting affairs. We had problems getting proper lobsters, but always managed. Of course, I couldn’t be there being allergic to all seafood.

A group of us had a birthday club. It was great. We celebrated various birthdays at a luncheon, often at the Golf Club, but usually at one of the homes, with the warmth of friendship. Today, many of us still remember our friends’ birthdays, but usually it is just with a welcome phone call. Some of our most enjoyable evenings occurred when we chartered one of the passenger buses that ran from Grand Rapids up through the area to Petoskey. We made reservations for special plays in Traverse City. The Casino pantry produced delicious box dinners and the men produced certain cocktails. Tables could be raised between the seats, so the dinners could be comfortably enjoyed. After dinner it was often possible to have a card game before arriving in Traverse City. It was a wonderful, pleasant and safe tout

Margaret was with us much of the summer. Hugh F., Jr. and his wife, Connie, came up occasionally with their children: Betsy, Amy, Fred and George. Connie’s mother is a cousin of Dac Fraser. She and I often took care of the darling two-year-old “Dac,” when her mother fled to Kalamazoo from Paris with her children during World War I. Dac’s English was limited to “I wov ooh.” Translated it meant “I love you.” It still means much to us.

As our granddaughter Elizabeth grew oldei; she became most enchanted with sailing. Jim Witherspoon helped her learn the secrets of being helpful on board. I am sure that she was most grateful for his kindness. She must have learned a lot — she won several Silver Cups!

David Reid was fortunate to be able to come up for a weekend a few times. He was a seat-mate of Bill Schade, when Bill flew his plane up to Charlevoix. We all were so grateful to Bill.

It would be wonderful if we could relive some of those unusual happy bygone days. However,

many of us are thankful still to be able to be with our dear old friends at the Belvedere Club.

COTTAGE 230 FLORA E. STONER

In 1940, we planned to spend our vacation in Northport, Michigan with a couple from Detroit. The inn was a lovely place but it was dull. The manager realizing that we wanted a livelier vacation suggested the Belvedere Hotel. He even phoned and secured reservations for us. It was a happy choice. Harold and his friend played golf and his wife and I shopped. The Hotel had lots of charm and the food was good. Everyone seemed to know each other and we were definitely the “outsiders.” One night during dinner Harold’s friend turned to him and said, “These girls are pretty lucky to be able to come on a vacation with their bosses.” After that the atmosphere was noticeably cooler.

In 1951 we thought of Charlevoix and found through Mr Edwards that we could rent No. 511, the Orr cottage. By that time we had two children, David and Laura Jane. The cottage was just right for us. My mother came to stay with us and brought a nursemaid for Laura Jane. The neighbors were most friendly. The Hollencamps lived nearby and the Schlemans were next door to them. Dr. and Mrs. Freyhof lived on the other side and welcomed us warmly. The only one who was not glad to see us was Potter Orr who could not understand why we were in his grandmother’s cottage.

The following summer we were back in the Orr cottage, but to our dismay we were not permitted to rent it for the third year. Mr. Edwards suggested No. 11, the Heaton cottage which had not been modernized at that time. What a comedown that was. A big old stove in the dining room heated the entire cottage. The dining room curtains had cobwebs and there were none at all in the living room. A new bathroom on the second floor seemed quite modern, but the medicine cabinet with lights attached had been incorrectly wired. Every time I used it I got a mild shock.

That summer I took Laura Jane to the beach myself. I made many new friends and enjoyed all of them. Harold was hard at work at home except for the occasional weekend when he would take the sleeper from Cincinnati to Petoskey where I would meet him.

The following year; to make up for our unhappy time in No. 11, Mr. Edwards suggested No. 311, the Jordan cottage which had been decorated by Chris Ransom — it was delightful. This was the beginning of many happy summers at No. 311. The rule of three rentals in the same place did not seem to apply. We had great cookouts and parties in the side garden. Laura Jane’s birthday is in August and we always had a party for her. One year it rained on the big day but everyone crowded inside the cottage and had a good time anyway.

Occasionally, we spent vacations in New England, Florida, California and Vancouver, B. C. to visit my sister, but Charlevoix always drew us back. Finally in 1972 after looking at a few cottages which were for sale, we asked if we could build our own. The Trustees agreed, specifying that the cottage must blend with what was already there. We had plans drawn which we hoped would be acceptable and would accommodate our family. By the spring of 1973, we moved in. The contractor was pouring the walk at the back door. Laura Jane drew the initials of David’s children, Diane and Rob, in the wet cement. Then she added initials for her son Jack and being pregnant at the time, she put a question mark at the end. That turned out to be Jeff Stevens.

Now after fifteen happy years, the cottage is in Laura Jane’s name and we hope that she and David will always enjoy it. Charlevoix is in our blood and the Belvedere is a great place to be every year

COTTAGE 231

CAROL WALKER KENNYZEHRT

My memories all fade with the exception of one. I was sixteen, and unknown to me there was a large decision being made on whether to rebuild the boathouses or not (sound familiar?). There was a group opposed (headed by Mr. Hickey), and a group for (headed by my father). Mind you, I was totally unaware of any of this. Well, I was trying to dock *The Betsy* in the boathouse, but the current was too fast and was pushing my boat with great speed. I panicked and decided the way to stop the boat was to turn off the motor! The *The Betsy* kept on going through the back of the boathouse and came to rest right where Mr. Hickey and his group were standing examining the boathouses. In tears I ran up the hill to confess to my father I walked in the kitchen and told him my sad tale of woe. “You WHAT!?” he said. There was a dead silence and then he started to laugh — needless to say the boathouses were all repaired. (My accident had caused a domino effect on all the connecting boathouses and they were all thrown out of kilter). That was the first year I came to Charlevoix — the rest of the stories I remember I better not tell.

COTTAGE 233

R UTH HOLLORAN MOORE

My father was the first in our family to discover the Belvedere Club. As a young bachelor, he and his friends visited the Club. Evidently, many fond memories remained, because years later we returned as a family, and the Belvedere became our summer home.

That was forty-three years ago. We rented No. 233 for two summers and then became a part of the extraordinary family on the Belvedere. Many endearing friendships still exist, since my childhood days in Gang. My children, as the third generation, now enjoy the same love and bonding for the Belvedere Club.

COTTAGE 311

MARGARETK. AND EDWARD J. MANNION

Our introduction to the Belvedere Club came one evening in 1969 while we were dining at Busch’s Grove, die Grey Gables of St. Louis. There we encountered Sissy and Phil Chamberlain, and after dinner and over Golden Cadillacs, we began discussing summer plans. We had no plans at that point and immediately were told about the Belvedere Club, the Gangs for our four children, the sports activities, the fabulous people and the wonderful weather. We evidenced an interest and Sissy said, “I will call Lee Moerland tomorrow,” which she did. Suddenly, we had plans to go up to Charlevoix!

That summer, we rented Charles Valier’s cottage. It rained steadily for two weeks. The last day of our stay, Eddie and Bobby Leatherman won the tennis tournament, (which may have had a great deal to do with our return, as it was necessary to defend our crown).

The second year, we rented the Sherer cottage and had absolutely perfect weather, but lost the tennis tournament. Two cottages came up for sale that fall, and we bid on the Jordan cottage, sight unseen. Happily, we soon found ourselves the proud owners of number 311. The children, as Sissy said they would, adored the Gangs. Julie was at various times a Gang leader, Teddy and Maggi worked at the Casino, and Mark worked at Bogg’s Bakery in town. All loved the Belvedere Club.

The summers have flown by and we can’t imagine where they have gone, but we do know that they have been the best of our lives. Now we have the same mission of preserving the Belvedere Club that we saw in Sissy twenty years ago. Merci!

COTTAGE 401 JEANNE A. HATER

The Belvedere roots of the Hater family begin just prior to World War II when my husband's parents, Viola and Harry Hater, vacationed for a number of summers at the grand old Belvedere Hotel. In the summer of 1944, the Soper cottage was purchased in the name of Viola M. Hater. The cottage history is documented in detail in the 1969 edition of *The Belvedere Club* memoirs under the name of Elizabeth

Stevenson Ives. Some of my own memories of this early period include: the fresh, multi-colored gladiolus lavished throughout the cottage, Viola entertaining her lively guests on the piano, Grady (her chauffeur) cleaning the perch from the last excursion of the *Olie H.*, and grandchildren scampering into the kitchen to grab handfuls of Mozelle Butler's freshly baked cookies. As a side note, when Belvedere Drive was resurfaced a few years ago, we were saddened by the removal of the old carriage step which originally served the ladies who traveled by horse-drawn vehicles.

Upon Viola Hater's death in 1968, her second son, Bob, purchased the cottage. For Bob, the Belvedere Club and Charlevoix were "heaven on earth." He thoroughly enjoyed his boats, the *Jeanne H.* and the *Honey*, and the renewed lake trout fishing activity. He also took great pleasure in his daily golf rounds and his evening jaunts to the G.G. to "get a paper" Our children also enjoyed participating in Gang activities, although our visits were usually rather brief. Dianne and her friend, Sylvia "Sliver" Herschede, were quite a pair stopping off at the old Hotel for five-cent Hershey bars. Today, Dianne and her husband and four children live year-round in Charlevoix. Bobby remembers waking up early each day to watch the Moss family chauffeur, Woody, wash the big, black Cadillac. Sue reminds me of her friendships with the Ware girls and her childhood "crush" on their brother, Keith. Jeanne recalls her frustration with learning how to ski and eventually switching to an early version of a zip-sled.

In 1967, my daughter Sue, was introduced to Rick Meyer by Grady, who to this day is proud of his "cupid role." That summer the George F. Meyer family was rediscovering the Belvedere while renting the Mark Herschede cottage. It was love at first sight according to the children, and they were married the following year Rick is the fourth generation of the Meyers to summer at the Belvedere.

As all of our children grew older and married, the arrival of eleven grandchildren inevitably shifted our focus back to the same Belvedere activities that our children once enjoyed — the last minute scramble for a masquerade costume, reuniting with old friends at Gang, long days of skiing and tubing and the treasured tennis games with Grandpa. With many more hands and feet to accommodate, my energies have been spent renovating and redecorating the cottage.

No. 401 Belvedere has never been quite the same since Bob's death in 1979, although I still anxiously await "heading north" every summer. In many ways, my friendships in the Belvedere have deepened and become more special. Over die years, I find myself agreeing with Bob — Charlevoix and the Belvedere are "heaven on earth."

COTTAGE 402 DONALD L. WHITEHEAD

We first came to Belvedere as a family in 1951, our first year of marriage. At that time we were guests of Virginia and Bob Million. It was a wonderful time, and we loved the area. We continued to come almost every year until 1971 when we purchased 402 from the B. A. Millions.

Our children, Mark, Diane and Suzanne, now adults, have many fond memories of Belvedere and come back as often as possible.

COTTAGE 403 "CEDAR CREST"
MARK P. HERSCHEDE

I married Jane Thomson whose family have had the cottage since 1922, and that did it Ownership of 403 naturally followed.

COTTAGE 404 VARINA BUNTIN

For many years, we took vacations with George and Em Crook. And for many years, George kept telling us we should go to Charlevoix — that we would love it. Finally in 1974, we arrived in Charlevoix. George was right. We did love it and we have been back every summer since.

Our first year, we rented Mrs. Mehaffie's cottage with the Crooks and another Nashville couple, the Brooks. We arrived with three toddlers, three maids and all three of us wives were pregnant. We thought that children were not allowed on the cabana side of the beach where everyone sat. So every day, we dutifully went down to the Kiddy Koop beach and sat by ourselves. We barely met anyone except Mike Meyer, who as a teen-ager, would bicycle by and stop to visit on the porch.

The next summer, we returned with the Crooks and rented Mrs. Sherer's guest cottage. The John McDougalls came too, but stayed at the Charlevoix Inn. Sally and I went down to the tennis courts the first morning and had the great fortune of getting a game with Mike Ware and Gene Hill. They introduced us to so many people that we decided to have a party. This was the first time to serve the famous Nashville tomato sandwiches which we garnished with watercress Sally had procured from the banks of the Jordan River on a canoe trip the day before.

The summer of 1976, we all stayed at the Cunningham cottage — two McDougalls, four Crooks (Catherine & George), four Buntins (Jeffrey & Frazer) and two baby sitters. Remembering our successful party of the summer before, we decided to have another. After listening to the plans for food and flowers getting more and more elaborate, Jeffrey complained we were getting entirely too fancy. The afternoon of the "do," he announced he was making his own hors-d'oeuvres. Em was not terribly pleased as she was slaving away on sausage pinwheels and knew Jeffrey couldn't be trusted. He carefully cut out rounds of bread, spread them with peanut butter and garnished each one with a peanut. After digging around in the pantry, he produced a cake plate on a stand which he used as a tray and placed in a prominent spot on the porch. Jeffrey's hors-d'oeuvres drew a wide range of comments and some rave reviews. But, the "piece de resistance" of the evening were again the tomato sandwiches. Everyone stayed very late. Grandpa Leakas had gotten a gin game going, John Dennis did a Bob Newhart impression that was better than Bob Newhart, and Sissy Chamberlain announced every ten minutes for at least an hour that she was leaving as soon as she had one more tomato sandwich.

Jeffrey and I went back to Mrs. Sherer's the following summer and then on to the Blue Bell for all the fun and unexpected treats that only the Blue Bell can offer

The next three summers, we rented the Engelsmann's cottage in July. Looking back on those summers seems to be a blur of costumes for the children's masquerade, beach picnics, tennis and golf games, canoe trips, long, lazy hours on the beach, the children putting pennies on the railroad tracks for the trains to run over; and only being in the cottage long enough to change clothes and grab a minimum amount of sleep.

Of course, there are some outstanding memories such as an impromptu hat party that began at the Mannion's, proceeded to a water-balloon attack on the Crooks', moved on to the G.G. and ended

around 3 A.M. with Jeffrey leading a forced march through the Belvedere as the troops whistled "*Bridge over the River Kwai.*"

Another special memory was the Train Party we hosted with the Crooks. Far more creative guests and those with well-stocked attics came in costumes, and we boarded the train for a ride down memory lane when everyone arrived in Charlevoix by train. We ended up in Petoskey sharing a picnic dinner and returned home savoring our final ride on the Pere Marquette.

At the end of every July, we would leave Charlevoix bewildered that the Engelsmanns would choose to rent their cottage rather than come themselves and terrified that they would realize their mistake. That was when we knew we wanted to own our own cottage. It turned out that we wanted to be part of the Belvedere so much that in 1981, we bought 404 practically sight unseen. We couldn't remember exactly what color it was, could barely remember what the outside looked like and had never even been inside. But, that leap of faith was one of the best decisions we have ever made.

We only had to make a few minor adjustments to make 404 our own. The problem of the street light was one of the first. Being country folks, we weren't used to sleeping with street lights. It didn't take too many nights of light pouring in our bedroom window before Jeffrey came up with a solution, with the help of a teen-age friend and a ladder. One night when all was fairly quiet (we all know it's never totally quiet on the Belvedere), Jeffrey climbed up and sprayed our half of the street light black. After sufficient drying time, he climbed back up and sprayed the black paint white. Voila. No more light in the bedroom and no one the wiser.

We had not been at 404 too long before Jeffrey arrived with the backfiring, smoke-spewing "Welfare" Cadillac complete with a Dixie horn. That's when our neighbor, Bud Alexander, lined his lawn with railroad ties.

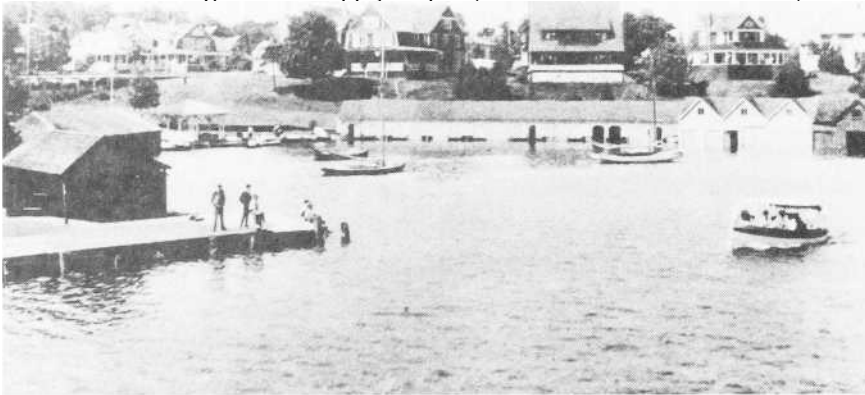
The "Welfare" Cadillac was soon followed by the joint purchase of the *Summertime*, our 36' Cabot sailboat, with the John McDougalls. The *Summertime* has brought us the many pleasures of nighttime sailing, water-balloon warfare, sailing all the way to Boyne City on one tack, Lake Michigan overnights and a never-ending place for John and Jeffrey to puttee,

Of course, life at 404 has included another party — the Alexander, Buntin, Crook hoe-down complete with a Tennessee Bluegrass Band, a country supper and dancin' in the street

Through our years at the Belvedere, we have come to know the deep roots of many generations that so many Belvedere families have. Realizing what "Johnny- Come-Latelies" we are has made Jeffrey's election to the presidency last year a special honor. Our sixteen years is short compared to so many other Belvedere families but long enough for us to be totally committed to continuing the unique tradition of the Belvedere. There truly is no place like it.



Holly Hollingsworth and Buddy (Walter) Ware admiring a lake trout, 1940's.
Frolic owned by Gordon Ware's grandfather in its slip alongside the Belvedere channel, in front of present day Connetts'. Note Lighthouse Supply Depot (now the Coast Guard station), 1912.



Belvedere Bayou and cottages; current owners left to right: Jollie Allen, George Crook, Helen Moss, non-existent today, Gordon Ware, Jane Payne (before moved to first terrace), Mark Herschede. Note elevated boardwalk behind bayou's summer house, 1910.



Charl on cottage (present site of Connett's No. 515): Gordon Ware's parents; Walter, seated nearest steps and Ruth, looking at camera, and his uncle, Ralph Ware, seated far left, circa 1912.



Three generations of Wares; left to right: Minnie Ware, Ruth Ware, Gordon and Peggy Ware in front, 1924.



A birthday party which included Marge Retherford Rowe (second from left), Gordon Ware (in background wearing sailor suit), his sister Peggy in front of him and Dac Fraser (shorter girl with bangs). Cottages 3, 5 and 6 are in background, 1923.

COTTAGE 407 GORDON K. WARE

Elisha Clark Ware and his wife Minnie A. Ware came to the Belvedere Club in 1883 for the summer. They sought relief successfully for her hay fever. In 1885 they purchased the cottage No. 45 on the site of Jane Payne's present cottage. In 1905 they sold the cottage and bought rights to the cottage on No. 62 lot. It is now the current Robert Ware cottage at 212 Belvedere. They abandoned the first terrace to get rid of the coal smoke and dust as well as the noise of the nightly trains. The freight stopped at Belvedere in order to blow their whistles to awaken a sleeping bridge tender. Sometimes they blew their whistles many, many times.

My early recollections of Belvedere Club include the two-day car trips from Chicago with overnight stops at the Warm Friend Tavern in Holland. Before that it was the overnight steamship *Alabama* to Muskegon and the twenty flat tires before we made Belvedere Club. We shared the Ware cottage with the Robert Ware family. We had it in June and July. They had it in August. My father Walter Ware bought our own cottage No. 407 in 1937 and transferred it to me in 1941.

It seems to me we knew many Charlevoix people in those days when I was growing up — Dave Eckinger, for his fish market and horse and wagon delivery of the steamer trunks which came via railway express—Joe Howard, the harbor master; had a story to tell all the time — Mr. White with his black and white bus always drove us to the movies and back for fifteen cents — Sam, Ray and Bobby were three generations at Hamilton Boat Yard who served our motor sailers *Frolic* and *R-Buddy*.

We had a great group of young people our age; Jim, Bill and Tom Talman, George and Bud Bisbee, George McKay, Stew Retherford, George Kuhn, Howard McGregor; Dwight and Sally Curry, Puddy and Louise Olin, Sally Green, Ben Tate, Bub, Kay, and Martha Steere.

From 1932 to 1936 the fishing was excellent. I fished with my sister; Peggy, and my father. We would catch an average of four lake trout in the morning on Lake Michigan and three steelhead trout on Lake Charlevoix in the afternoon. I will always remember that Bud Bisbee went with us one day and caught a thirteen pound lake trout. He sold it to Dave Eckinger for eight cents a pound.

Every Sunday morning we would play baseball with the Jewish boys from the North side on a field next to Kochs. As I remember, Bud Bisbee was our catcher, Howard McGregor our pitcher, Jim Talman first base, Bill Talman second base, George McKay shortstop, George Bisbee third base, I played left field, Doug Cameron center field and various people played right field. We had some great softball games.

In 1935 my family became concerned about the alcoholic consumption of our group and sent Peg and myself to a Montana dude ranch for three summers.

All Wares are sailors and I was certainly no exception. Elisha Ware took ladies sailing on his sailboat *The Sylph*. Buddy Ware, my father, took Club members sailing on his sailboats *The Frolic* and *R-Buddy*. He taught me how to sail both sailboats. My own sailing has been confined to the Club boats. Dick Shelton and I spent considerable time chasing Houston Witherspoon around Lake Charlevoix. Houston was an excellent sailor although Dick and I would occasionally beat him.

In the 1970's and early 1980's I had the unique privilege of serving on the Board of Trustees and being president several times. I am convinced the staying power and strength of Belvedere Club lies in its excellent membership. Everyone has always risen to the occasion when needed and the long-lasting friendships are the glue that holds it all together. Dulie and I are blessed by four children who love the place as much as we do.

COTTAGE 411 HELEN B. MOSS

Our daughter and husband, Stella and Bud Alexander visited us in the summer of '55 with our first grandchild, and the cottage started getting smaller. When we learned a second grandchild was on the way, Dick decided it was time for some modifications. The Fristoe cottage was on the market and we decided to purchase it. After many structural and decorating changes we moved into it the summer of '56. Our daughter Susan was still with us until she and Carlos Reese were married in 1958.

I think our family is the largest one on the resort (three cottages and three families), and we all enjoy being together for the summer on the Belvedere.

I am looking forward to the summer of 1990.

COTTAGE 502
GEORGE W. AND EMILYK. CROOK

As a child George spent several summers at Douglas, Michigan and had grown up loving the area. In 1958 and 1959 he came to the Belvedere Club to visit his life-long friend Peter Houston III, arriving in Charlevoix on the train from Chicago at the old Belvedere station. Since that time he had always wanted to return to the Belvedere. In the summer of 1974 under the sponsorship of the Houstons and the Shwabs we rented the Mehaffie cottage for two weeks along with Varina and Jeffrey Buntin and another couple from Nashville. The three couples arrived with three babies and three babysitters. It was quite a house full, but we were all young and energetic! Even though we did not meet many people that summer we had a wonderful time and rapidly made plans to return.

The summer of 1975 we rented the Sherer cottage for two weeks once again with the Buntins. Katherine Crook and young Jeffrey Buntin as well as two babysitters accompanied us. George Crook, Jr. and Frazer Buntin, infants at the time, were left in Nashville. Sally and John McDougall who had married the previous summer were our "houseguests" but due to lack of space had to sleep at The Lodge motel in town. This summer we all began to "branch out" and were soon participating in many of the activities the Belvedere Club had to offer. We hosted our first cocktail party on Mrs. Sherer's deck.

In the summer of 1976 we were fortunate enough to rent a larger house that would accommodate all our children and guests. This time we were in the Cunningham cottage for the month of July. The group that summer included the Crooks, the Buntins, the McDougalls, four children and two babysitters. Everyone speculated whether George, Jr. and Frazer Buntin had been adopted since it was our third summer here but their first appearance. This rumor was soon dispelled! It was this summer that we had our memorable cocktail party where peanut butter and jelly canapes as well as tomato sandwiches made quite a hit with all our new-found Belvedere friends. The party lasted well into the evening which we later learned wasn't "done" at the Belvedere Club.

In the winter of 1977 George Shwab, III called and alerted us to the fact that the D. D. Walker cottage No. 502 and accompanying boat slip were coming on the market. After receiving our renter's notice of the sale, we flew to Charlevoix in early March. There were five feet of snow on the ground but the Club men had dug a path into the cottage. Lee Moerland had borrowed a snowmobile for George to ride down the hill to Round Lake to see the boat slip and attached shop. Having never operated one before he went shooting off the hill by Gordon Ware's and almost ended up in the lake! All of these maneuvers were complicated by the fact that George had broken his ankle in November and was still on crutches.

We loved the cottage and submitted a bid before we left. Then the waiting began. Would our bid be accepted? Would we be approved? At long last Mr. Moerland called with the news that we would be the new owners of 502 Belvedere Club.

The Crook family has remained happily ensconced here since the summer of 1977. Our children have grown from toddlers into teen-agers, and we have all made many new friends. We have shared the cool evenings, the magnificent blue waters and the many memorable experiences that make the Belvedere Club such a special part of our lives.

COTTAGE 504 "THE MERRILL"
JOLLIEN. ALLEN

I suppose, to start the Memories of Belvedere Club, I should begin with getting there. The trip by

car was always exciting — Dad doing the driving and Mother[^] also in the front seat, practically riding backwards in an endeavor to keep us children quiet. I can remember Dad actually measuring the distance traveled by the un-smoked portion of his cigar. We children started looking for the water tower at Charlevoix about the time we were in Cadillac. It was to one's esteem to see the tower first. I don't know how Mother and Dad held up on the eight-to-nine hour trip. The most important thing to us children was to be "first" in Charlevoix. Without fail, as the car approached the city limits, a foot would be pushed under the front seat or an arm extended ahead as far as it could reach. It's a wonder that Mom and Dad didn't have all four of us in the front seat or on the hood of the car!

It must have been the effects of the deep blue-green water, the blue sky, and the white birch trees backed by the green pines that was the magic of the North. There was no question that one felt better, slept better, and could breathe better. Ask my brother Glenn, who has always had a difficult time with summer hay-fever.

Sleep was often interrupted by night rains. How well I remember the yelps when the roof on the sleeping porch would start leaking. What a scramble would ensue to try to move beds where they would be "in the clear" and the placing of pots and pans to catch the water. When quiet returned, sleep returned lulled by the plink-plunk-plang of the water dripping into the pots and pans. If it rained in the daytime, I remember there would be nine of us kids sitting around the dining room table playing a "mean" game of "Old Maid," or "I Doubt It" or "Michigan." As I recall there was Bob Ware, Evelyn Ware, Gwendolyn Miller, Dwight Thomson, Dac Osborn, and the Allens; Glenn, Barbara, Rosemary and myself. Mother always had milk or hot chocolate ready and home-made cookies baked just right on the wood-burning kitchen stove.

There were some escapades performed by Dwight, Glenn and myself but I will let Glenn tell you about them for I'm sure I didn't think of them — or did I?

When just a youngster, I remember taking my red wagon to the top of the hill on the west side of the tennis courts. There I would climb aboard and come "roaring" down on the sidewalk. The increasing tempo of the sounds of the cracks passing under the wheels was a thrill, and to steer a straight line over the ever-changing slants of the sidewalk a "Barney Oldfield" test. However, the biggest challenge was stopping before skidding onto Belvedere Avenue. I never asked how many shoes I ruined. To double the fun both Glenn and I would come down together! It is a wonder the wagon held up. The rustic bridge across the ravine posed another challenge. It was "see how far you can go." Speed was obtained by pushing with your foot to the start of the bridge plus the slight downward slope of the sidewalk. The "thunder" of the wheels on the wood deck and one curve after another made the run exhilarating. And I wonder why Mom's and Dad's hair turned gray. The board-walk along the shore of then Pine Lake was my jungle adventure. "Snake" grass was shown to me and as a result I was "never off the board-walk."

As I think back there are so many pleasant memories. I remember the old turning bridge downtown where below it was the best place to net minnows for fishing; the time when drop-line fishing off the Club dock in the bayou could reap a pail full of large perch in no time at all. Then there were the trains. Often the train whistle would mean "run as fast as you can" to the Belvedere Station to put a penny or crossed common pins on the rail before the engine arrived. The weight of the engine would flatten the pins into miniature scissors and the penny to twice its original size.

One year our family stayed North until late November. We were at the Blue Bell cottage at that

time. What a place for ghosts and goblins on Halloween! As I recall they were all over the place. Even the bats were present! Being in Charlevoix that late, we children went to school there. All I can remember about it was waiting for the end of the day so I could go outside to bang the erasers together to rid them of chalk dust. That particular year, it was driving up to Charlevoix on very dusty roads and returning in a snow storm. We made it to Manton the first day.

But despite the problems of the trip such as breakdowns, dusty roads, and travel time, I always looked forward to Charlevoix next year

GLENN S. ALLEN, JR.

Belvedere and the Allens —112 Years Together

I first came to Charlevoix in the summer of 1917. Of course, I don't remember it as I was only age three. My parents, Glenn S. Allen, Sr. and Annette Allen brought me north because I suffered from hay fever and we could stay at the "Blue Bell," the big cottage overlooking the bayou, built by my grandfather Oscar (O.M.) Allen. Grandfather had come from Kalamazoo to Charlevoix in 1878 where he and several other men of vision incorporated the Belvedere Summer Home Association, the forerunner of the present Belvedere Club. In 1905 grandfather purchased the smaller cottage west of the Blue Bell owned by David Merrill, now known as 504 Belvedere. He also owned boathouse No. 1 where he moored a big mahogany row boat with red velvet upholstery. Dad told me that his father and mother used the boat to row out to Lake Michigan and watch the sunset. It was the custom then for cottagers at Belvedere to row out to watch the sun go down. I never knew my grandfather, O. M., because he died in 1912, but he was a key figure in the formative years of Belvedere.

My earliest personal memory of Belvedere was sitting on the floor of the Blue Bell porch rolling a ball back and forth with my mother; going with her to a store downtown where she bought me a toy sailboat and a box of Cracker Jacks with a prize inside. I also recall the harp in the living room of the Blue Bell. It belonged to my father's sister, Fannie Hollingsworth. Now and then Aunt Fannie would play it and we all had to remain quiet.

I remember that early on we moved into 504, where Dad made a large addition upstairs. He added a rectangular shaped sleeping porch with two double beds and two single beds. The whole family slept out there. Often we would be awakened by the soft "ping-pong" sound of tennis balls bouncing on the courts behind the cottage. Sometimes too, we would be awakened by a bat which had strayed into the house. Brother Jollie would terrorize my sisters and mother by rattling a paper at night to make sounds like a bat flying about.

Just making the 236 mile trip from Kalamazoo to Charlevoix was a major undertaking in those days. Dad would drive as far as Cadillac where we would stay overnight at the Northland Inn. One year when we remained at the cottage until early November, we were caught in a snowstorm while driving back to Kalamazoo. The car skidded and nosed into a deep ditch. We stayed that night in a small hotel in Manton.

These were the years of the Boys' Gang. Our leader was Bob, a student at the University of Michigan. He would take us on to the north end of Pine Lake (it wasn't called Lake Charlevoix then) where we would swim in the buff. To get there we had to walk across the bridge being careful no train was coming. Once my brother Jollie, the youngest of the Gang, missed his step and fell between the railroad ties. Had not Dwight Thomson and I grabbed his arms, he would have fallen through.

There were softball games in the ball park under the water tank and boxing matches with

overstuffed boxing gloves in the overhead shelter at the boathouse dock. I recall boxing George Shwab in the championship match. When he hit me in the nose I couldn't stop sneezing and the fight ended. The Gang was preparing to go fishing off the east end of the boathouse when word came that President Harding had died. Gang was dismissed. The date was August 2, 1923; I was 9 years old.

These were the years too, when Mother insisted that my sister Barbara, Jollie and I attend Calla Travis' Dancing School. Class was held at the Hotel because the Casino had not yet been built. It was there that I recall dancing with a lovely little girl named Jane Boucher (now Jane Payne). I never dreamed that someday her first cousin, Virginia Verdier, would be my wife.

My father liked to remain on at the cottage when everyone left after Labor Day. He enrolled us in the grade school downtown which we attended until about the first snowfall in November. Weekends father would drive us to Harbor Springs and then on up the winding gravel road to Bliss Farms just south of Cross Village. Mother enjoyed the gorgeous October tree colors and Dad liked to hunt partridge along the way. Whenever he spotted a partridge he would stop the car, get out with his shotgun and blast away. Trouble is — he never hit one!

There was mischief in us at times. I confess this incident. Our cousin, Helen Hollingsworth, who lived next door in the Blue Bell had just returned from summer camp whose rules required her name be affixed to all her clothing. One of her undershirts chanced to come into possession of me and my brother Jollie. Late one August night — in 1928 or so — Jollie, I and Dwight Thomson “snuck” down to the Belvedere Hotel. No one was on the porch or about. Quickly we attached Helen's undershirt to the towering Hotel flag pole, pulled the undershirt to the top of the pole, and made certain that the down rope was left unconnected. In this way the shirt could not be lowered without first lowering the flagpole itself. We then proceeded south on the sidewalk fronting the lower terrace cottages. At each overhead light post, Dwight and I would hoist Jollie up so that he could loosen the light bulb above. Working in this manner we soon turned out all the lights on the lower terrace. We then reversed our directions and crossing the Rustic Bridge turned off all the overhead lights on the second terrace.

Attracted by the vanishing lights, the Belvedere night watchman followed the trail of disappearing lights catching up with us just as Jollie and I were saying goodnight to Dwight who took off to his parents' cottage. The next morning the watchman reported the incident to Warden Ed Edwards who reported the offense to my father. Guess who paid the cost of lowering the Hotel flagpole?

By the 1930's the roads were sufficiently improved so that we could make the trek in one day. Pine Lake was now Lake Charlevoix, there was a Casino, and ice in the refrigerator didn't come in big chunks cut out of the South Arm. But the big depression struck our family hard and we no longer could afford the June to October summers at 504. Dad rented the cottage until mid-August when we would all move to Charlevoix for the remainder of the summer. Although we spent fewer days at Belvedere than we had before, the friendships grew stronger. These were the summers when the Allen siblings met the Robin Ware family, Jacqueline (“Dae”) Edell, the Freyhof family, Joan Frantz, Gwenn Miller (Wexstaff). We picnicked together at Fisherman's Island and Mt. McSauba; we sailed in the moonlight evenings on Skipper Ware's *Frolic*; we drove to Harbor Springs to enjoy a “Velvet” or “Jeff” at Juilleret's; we actually enjoyed dancing at the newly built Casino; and some of us commenced dating and some met their spouses-to-be.

I particularly recall one such instance. Evelyn Ware had a house guest named Wallace Peters. One cloudy Saturday morning Evelyn, Wallace and I decided to canoe on the Jordan River from Graves Crossing to East Jordan, a distance of some 15 miles. Wallace took the bow and I the stern, leaving Evelyn to sit in the middle of the canoe. About halfway it turned cold and began raining. Poor Lynn had to just sit there and bail with a little tin can we found along the river bank. That night we all went to a movie in Charlevoix and Lynn suffered an asthma attack.

During the war our family spent little time at Belvedere. Jollie was a meteorologist for Pan American Airways at Trinidad and I was a first lieutenant in General Patton's 3rd Army in Europe. But when the war ended and Jollie and I returned home the Allen family returned to 504 in style. The kitchen was totally remodeled, the cast iron wood burning stove was replaced with an electric stove, the front door was replaced with a large picture window which overlooked the channel and a new entrance constructed at the west end of the porch. My sister, Rosemary Mueller, purchased a cottage on the second terrace and I, who had opened my own law firm and had been elected Vice-Mayor of Kalamazoo, would rent a cottage at Belvedere for two weeks or so each August. In 1952 Virginia and I rented the Leland cottage where we held a big party at which our guests saw on TV the Republicans nominate Dwight Eisenhower for President. You see, the Democrats had nominated Adlai Stevenson. It was the Leland cottage which Adlai's family rented from 1901-1913 and it was Jane Payne's mother who taught Adlai how to swim.

In March 1953, D. D. Walker telephoned me from St. Louis inquiring whether I would agree to serve as attorney for the Belvedere Club. He explained that part of my salary would be a rent-free cottage for two weeks in August. I happily accepted the offer and represented the Club in this capacity until 1961 when I was elected a delegate to the Michigan Constitutional Convention. My last major legal assignment was preparing the contract for the demolition of the Belvedere Hotel. The decision to tear down the Hotel had been made earlier by a vote of all cottage owners at a meeting held in the Casino in July 1960. Dad and Mother instructed me to vote "no" which I did. But the vote was strongly "yes" and thus it was that with sad heart I prepared the contract and oversaw the demolition of that elegant landmark. For further insights on this event see my daughter Susan's writing "A Vision Beyond the Wrecking Ball."

Father died two years later in September at age 94. He had spent July-August at the cottage. Mother died in 1985 at age 95. The cottage then was acquired by Jollie.

In 1973 I purchased the old schoolhouse at Susan Lake which from 1948-1960 was Maria's Restaurant. Meanwhile, my sister, Rosemary Mueller Selby and the Mueller children made full use of her upper terrace cottage. One hundred twelve years have passed since O. M. Allen came to Charlevoix and incorporated the Belvedere Club. Two of the Allens are still at Belvedere and I am not far away at Susan Lake. I call it "Belvedere North." And all of us, including my sister Barbara in California, agree with Susan that at Belvedere "there are moments when it all comes together, and the hope that there will be more — even the wrecking ball can't take that away."

COTTAGE SOS "THE BOUDEMAN"
ROBERT D. MCCALLUM

Because of our girls we first came to the Belvedere Club in 1955. They were attending a camp in Wisconsin and we went to see them. We decided to drive around Lake Michigan on the way home, and Dick Leatherman suggested we stop at the Belvedere Hotel for a couple of days.

We again stayed at the Hotel in 1957, then rented No. 505 in 1959 and No. 139 in 1961. The following year we bought No. 505. We liked it very much even though it was in terrible shape at that time.

The reasons for choosing the Belvedere Club and for staying (now watching our grandchildren participate in the activities) remain the same — excellent golf, good tennis and sailing. It is a fine place for children and the very nice people contribute to our enjoyment of the Club.

COTTAGE 506 "BLUE BELL"
ANN W. LEAKAS

Bill and I and the five children had spent three or four summers at Walloon Lake beginning in 1963. We stayed at Harrington's Marina for two summers for two weeks and then we moved over to Hoffman's Point for the next two years. Bill had recently hired Steve Schleman to work at Hayden-Stone and when Steve heard we would be at Walloon for two weeks, he invited Bill over to play tennis at Belvedere. When Bill came home that afternoon he was so excited. "We're in the wrong place," he said, "You should see the Belvedere — tennis courts, boats and lots of kids everywhere." That was the key — "kids." Our children spent the time on Walloon playing only with each other just as they did at home and the idea that there would be other children to play with really excited me too.

The next day I got a sitter and Bill and I went to Charlevoix and through the stone gates into the Belvedere Club. We met Steve and got the keys to the old "Blue Bell" cottage which had been for sale for several years. We walked up the saggy front steps and into HEAVEN. Oh, it was run down, dusty, painted totally gray from stem to stern but it was definitely HEAVEN. There were plenty of bedrooms for our mob of kids and Bill had tennis courts and sailboats out each door. We were fortunate to be able to rent the "Blue Bell" the next summer for two weeks. We arrived the night of the 4th of July party at the Casino. Of course we knew no one and we were exhausted from the trip. The kids were fascinated exploring every inch of the cottage while Bill and I poured a drink, listened to the music pouring out of the Casino and watching all the people dressed in their party best. After a little while we all decided to explore further so we took the kids down to the beach. The night was warm and the water was so clean. The cabanas were all shut up for the night but their colorful awnings bid us welcome. Bill told the kids we would have backward crab races so he drew the starting line and then the finish line with his toe. Unfortunately he broke his toe doing it, how, we never knew. So we ventured on to the playground area of the beach and the kids thought it would be much more fun if the slide were closer to the water, then they could slide in. Bill obviously agreed because he thought with his herculean strength he could single-handedly move this steel slide alone and proceeded to give it a shove. It broke or came apart and fell down. Boy, now we were in trouble. We had been on the premises of the Club for maybe an hour and had one broken toe and worse, one broken slide. We were sure they would ask us to leave, so consider this a written confession twenty years late. Yes, we broke the slide the summer of 1969.

It is now twenty years later and oh what memories we have. Sallie the skeleton is no longer in her closet, the interior of the cottage is no longer gray, although I must admit I decorated it twenty years ago straight from Penney's and Sears' catalogues and have not changed a thing since then. We had much advice not to buy the "Blue Bell" as "it surely was going to fall down at any minute" which it has not. Come to think of it, the only reason we bought it was because Weldon Rogers was beginning to make noises that he was going to buy it and not No. 220. We made short work of that.

Our children are starting to get married and have families of their own and hopefully the memories will continue for years to come.

COTTAGE 507"THE MOORE"

ALBERTA W.HOLLENCAMP AND MARCIA HOLLENCAMP HOLTON

The Francis J. Hollencamp Family became interested in the Belvedere Club after spending four weeks in a four-room suite at the south end of the first floor of the Belvedere Hotel. Our Uncle H. H. Hollencamp and family had rented several cottages between 1937 and 1943 and upon his recommendation we spent the month of August, 1940, at the Belvedere Club.

Our daughter Marcia was one year old; she and her nurse had their meals served in the Children's Dining Room. At that time children were not allowed in the Hotel Main Dining Room.

We were very impressed and fell in love with the Belvedere Club. When we learned that the James Corbett cottage across the street was for sale, we promptly purchased it, and our summers began with cottage 507.

With the cottage, there were both boathouse and garage. We found the boathouse too narrow for our motor cruiser and purchased an adjoining slip, which, by removing the dividing partition, has served adequately through the years. The garagp was built for yesteryear's model auto such as the Model-T Ford, too narrow for modern large, wide autos.

We love the five-trunk birch tree clump north of our sun-porch window. The birch tree is probably older than the cottage; the lofty branches have had to be braced against the vigorous blastings of winter's north winds.

As the summers went by Marcia, now Marcia Holton, and family spent their vacations in Charlevoix. Each of their children Kathryn, Amy, Richard III and Holly learned to walk in the living room of cottage 507. They enjoy sailing, horseback riding, boating, water skiing, golf and tennis.

There are many, many more memories of happy summers on the Belvedere resort



The *Susann* owned by Bob Schleman, docked in Round Lake, 1953.



Bill Schleman and Pete Houston rigging No. 3, the best of the Rockets, 1955.

COTTAGE 508 "RECREATION"

VIRGINIA M. SCHLEMAN

In the summer of 1939 Bob Schleman skippered his schooner *Black Hawk* into Charlevoix harbor with four guests aboard (all men). He fell in love with the area and could not wait to return. As a boy his father would bring him to Northern Michigan fishing. His family summered in Sturgis, Michigan but his one desire was to return to the Northern part of the State.

In 1946 after sailing in the Port Huron to Mackinac race aboard his twelve meter *Nyala* (setting an overall record time), we cruised the Georgian Bay area and then back to Harbor Springs where we looked for property to buy. Not being satisfied with the harbor we sailed on to Charlevoix. Our youngsters, Bill, Steve and Susann were in camp at "Fairwood" and "Four Way" on Torch Lake. There seemingly was no need to hurry so we sailed Lake Charlevoix from shore to shore finally settling in Oyster Bay, sending the captain by dinghy to Neff's and Dutcher's on Round Lake for supplies. We were so pleased we hated to depart. The day before we decided to leave we docked the *Nyala* on Round Lake. Dressing (below deck) to go ashore for dinner we heard a voice call, "Is there a Bob Schleman aboard?" Bob went topside to find Fran and Alberta Hollencamp on the dock. They were kind enough to invite us to their cottage in the Belvedere Club. That did it! When we heard of all the advantages for a family, we were sold.

Cottage 505 was for rent, so the following year Bob asked his mother sister (Mrs. H. Darrow) and her children to rent 505. Bob again sailed the Port Huron/Mackinac race. I met the *Nyala* on Mackinac Island and sailed with Bob and our three children back to Charlevoix. Bill, Steve and Susann fell in love with the Belvedere Club. Bob was told 505 (now the McCallum cottage) was for sale next door to the Hollencamp's. Ed Edwards was Warden then and after Fran Hollencamp and Bud Cudlip signed for Bob, we owned 505. We used 505 for about eight years before selling to Florence Gardnen. Since the Hotel traffic in 1952 was such, our cars were constantly in jeopardy. We decided to look for another place. Cottage 508 "Recreation" was for sale and it seemed to have what our family needed most — large yard for our young — tennis courts to the rear and the Yacht Club to

the front overlooking the busy beautiful channel. During this time we rented "Recreation" to the Truman Walkers, Irene and Mac McDonnell, and the Harry Kramers. Bill and Steven spent the summer of 1957 at sailing camp at Tabor Academy on Cape Cod. Susann became a Gang leader under Nancy Bagby's supervision. Bob bought the Allen boat house (just out of the Club) next door to the Hater cottage. It was large enough to house the *Nyala* and the *Susann*.

The *Susann* (named for our daughter) was 90 feet long and carried a crew of four — captain, cook, sailor and steward. The *Susann* became our favorite way of entertaining — day runs to Harbor Springs; luncheon trips on Lake Charlevoix. Our young took their friends to Beaver Island several times and had picnic luncheons aboard.

We built an apartment on the street side of the boat house — three bedrooms, a large living room, kitchen and two baths. Down several steps into the rear of the apartment were quarters for the crew. On Venetian night we would serve picnic suppers in the boat house for friends, later moving to the long dock lined with chairs to watch the parade of boats. We used the boat house for two years while 508 was completely renovated. Since work could only be done between late September and until early June, it took two years to complete the work on 508 — new wiring, plumbing, a complete new kitchen to replace the former lean to, porches, and a new fireplace in what had been a downstairs bedroom which opened up the living room. We moved into 508 in 1956 completely finished. Susann spent that summer in Europe. Then Bill and Steven took the same trip for the summer of 1958. These were the only summers they were not here.

In 1952 Bob was elected to the Club's Board of Trustees and asked to take over the responsibility of the Hotel and Casino. Many changes were made at the Casino. My fondest memories are of Johnny DiCicco's group playing in the Bamboo Room of the Hotel, also three nights a week (Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday) at the Casino. Bob and I tried never to miss a dance. Other memories — the bingo games — the beautiful garden along the tennis courts for fresh flowers cut daily for the Hotel — the marvelous ice sculpture Speck made for the dining room (he was the head chef) — the news counter where Almeda candy could be purchased, (I was never without a box) — the Michigan beach parties where Bob's jeep (fixed as a chuck wagon), carried all the food and drinks, (we painted a large old fashioned wash tub, filled it with ice and all the sodas) — the fires and the wonderful food Speck prepared for the young, Bob grilling the hamburgers — then we would sing—the fire burning low and the perfect sun sets.

The mayor and several city fathers called on Bob one day while we still lived in 505 and asked him if he could move a business up here as so many people needed work and could not subsist on summer employment alone. A year later Bob bought the Foster Boat Works and moved his fiberglass plant called Streameze to Charlevoix from South Bend, Indiana. The building was three stories. Fiberglass was a brand new business. First, fishing rods were made, then bows and arrows. Both local men and women worked at Streameze — over 300 at one time. Bob bought the old Inn garage on the North side where the wood working was done for arrows. Several of the best men from South Bend were sent to Charlevoix to run the two plants. We had a Lockheed Electra plane which Bob flew up to Charlevoix as often as possible to watch the progress of Streameze. We would stay in the boat house on these trips and many times spend a week or so with our three — Bill, Steven and Susann — skiing over the Christmas holidays.

Bob retired in 1956 and we have spent so many falls and early springs here enjoying the

wonderful friendships of members who could stay late and come early.

We have had the pleasure of having all eight of our grandchildren here with us from the time they were infants in the pram which I had sent from Marshall Field's to Charlevoix when our first grandchild Mary Tamerin Ring was born. She is Susann S. Ring's oldest. Susann has four — Tam, John R. Jr., Christopher (an accomplished pianist) and Gaelen. Bill is the father of Michael and Sarah. Steven has Samantha (Samm) and Robert E. (Arby or R.E.) as the Gang call him. R.E. is our youngest and has never missed being here for the entire summer for all of his ten years. Sarah Schleman spent 1986 and 1987 as a Gang leader. Who knows, perhaps one day we may have another great grandson or great granddaughter who love the Belvedere Club so much they too will want to spend summers here. The Best Memories —

- being with the Averys (Beamie and Fred).
- watching the ice being cut on Lake Charlevoix with Irene Bisbee Collins.
- fishing in the fall off the sailing dock with Irene and having her Captain Bill Bergmann baiting the hooks to catch smelt.
- spending evenings with Betty and Robin Ware spinning tales of the early years here.
 - crewing for Robin in the afternoon races.
 - late afternoon cruises aboard the *Gele B* to see the sunset with Irene.
 - the birthday girls — Chris Ransom, Dac Fraser, Ruthie Ware, Liz Clark, Dulie Ware and myself. We each have a silver box with our names engraved to remember.
 - the wonderful parties the Cudlips gave.
- the Monkey Tournament the Mullens had each summer at the Golf Club.
- the trips to Beaver Island aboard the *Susann* with all the young of our Susann's group — Ann Avery Kelley, Susan Moss Reese, Sissy Hickey Chamberlain, Julie Cudlip Whitman.
- the romances that started on the porch of "Recreation:" Ann Avery and Don Kelley (Don was a counselor at Camp Charlevoix), Susan Moss and Carlos Reese, Sissy Hickey and Philip Chamberlain, Frank (Butch) Mullen and Ann Cunningham, Susann Schleman and John Ring. Our Susann was in Ann and Susan's weddings and all three of the girls were in Susann's in South Bend.
- the happy evenings spent with Dick and Helen Moss playing Gin Rummy after a long afternoon walk on a crisp fall day having tea laced with rum with DE and Ida Boucher.
 - the wonderful pleasure of having all our grandchildren with us each summer
 - the tea parties for our grandchildren and their friends.
 - treasure hunts for the Gangs.
- an old wooden box shaped as a pirate's chest filled with pennies buried in the sand at the beach. Once the children missed finding the chest and in desperation we borrowed a metal detector (I forgot where I buried the chest). The detector did the work and the loot was distributed to all.
- the loving care Mr Moerland has given each of us and the thoughtfulness of Bev Smith are all things we cannot buy.

Here it is 1990 and time to turn my thoughts to the new Belvedere Club book. Since I did not write my thoughts for the first book, my family encouraged me to do this.

COTTAGE 509 JANE SIMPSON BEMIS

I am of the third of the five generations of my family which have enjoyed the beauty and

pleasures of the Belvedere Club. My grandparents, Anne and Frank Simpson, first came to Charlevoix, a refuge for grandmother's asthma, in 1910 and rented No. 519, now the Orgill cottage. They took all their meals at the Hotel and enjoyed the food and the congenial company so much that Grandmother and her five children became summer residents of the Belvedere Hotel for the next eight years.

In 1919 my grandfather bought No. 511, now the Orr cottage. Their only son, Harold T. Simpson, my father, had married Marita Gale; their eldest daughter, Laura, had married Peter Thomson (older brother of Logan Thomson who bought No. 403 in 1922); and their second daughter Delle had married Bill Ernst. Frank Simpson, my brother, and I, Anne and Laura Gamble Thomson and Delle Ernst were the only members of the third generation at that time. During the '20's Aunt Eleanor married Ted Orr and Aunt Fran married Charlie Upson, and our numbers began growing.

As Aunt Eleanor Orr said, "We were all stashed into this cottage like a can of sardines." Little did we of the third generation care. We had our own beach. Next door was the Casino for dancing school, parties and indoor games on rainy days. Across the street was the Hotel with chewing gum and candy bars readily available; but best of all we had "the haunted house."

The Parmelee cottage, No. 517 (now the Bisbee cottage), had been unoccupied for many years and had been allowed to deteriorate badly. We called it the haunted house and spent many hours scaring ourselves and exploring every nook and cranny, with the exception of the tower. One day Jim Talman dared me to go up in the tower with him. I went, Jim leading the way. Just as I stuck my head into the tower, Jim gave a mighty yell and disappeared from view. I crawled to the hole through which Jim had disappeared and to my horror saw Jim lying on his back, his entire torso covered with blood. The blood turned out to be mercurochrome, an open bottle of which Jim had concealed in his shirt, but I abruptly lost interest in the thrills and chills of the haunted house.

In 1939 Aunt Fran and Uncle Charlie Upson bought the Steere's cottage, No. 515; and in 1941 my parents, Harold and Marita Simpson, bought No. 509, next door to Grandmother's cottage (No. 511, now the Orr cottage). Thus began the great "cottage connection." Actually the seed had been planted in 1929 when my future sister-in-law Hannah Bemis (No. 5, now the Taylor cottage) married Joe Morris, Sr (No. 201, now the Alexander cottage). In 1941 my cousin Delle Ernst married Jack Taylor (No. 125, now the Tomkinson cottage) and in 1942 my brother Frank Simpson married Shirley Hollingsworth (Blue Bell cottage No. 506, now the Leakas cottage). Shirley was only eighteen but the U.S.A. had entered the war, and Frank was in the Marine Corps so Shirley insisted that they be married before he went overseas.

The war years brought many changes. The beautiful yacht *Sylvia* went to war; and gas rationing put a crimp on power boats, so many Club members turned to sailing.

The beach was full morning and afternoon, and there were always members patiently waiting their turn for a tennis court. The Hotel was a real blessing. The food was superb, and the chef served a delicious buffet lunch at the Hotel cabana once a week. Twice a week there was Bingo in the lounge after dinner.

My most vivid memories of the war years are of scrubbing diapers by hand on a scrub board; Mary Stella Moss, aged twelve, coming over most mornings in 1942 to push Ted to the beach in the large wicker perambulator that came with the cottage; lovely afternoons sailing with Uncle Charlie and evenings of bridge with Melissa Hickey, Althea Schumacher and Betty Carpenter.

After the war ended, the cottage connection really got underway. Aunt Adelaide Bullock bought No. 505 (now the McCallum cottage) in 1945; nephew Joe Morris, Jr, married Keith Freyhof (No. 513) in 1946, and cousin Jim Orr married Kate Leatherman (No. 519) in 1947. Cousin Laura Robinson shocked the resort by building a “modern” cottage in 1948. It now belongs to Ben Douglass (No. 309). My sister-in-law Elizabeth Avery bought No. 5 from the Bemis estate in 1951, and in 1952 nephew Jim Morris married Lois Donahue (No. 27). By 1952 my children had cousins in ten cottages, two on the first terrace, two on the second, three on Belvedere Avenue and three on the circle.

But all that has changed. For one reason or another those families began drifting away and now Ann Avery Kelley, the Orrs and “Aunt Keith” Morris are the only kin outside of our immediate family who still reside at the Belvedere Club.

My children, Ted, Harold, Andy and Marita Jane, the fourth generation of the Simpson clan, experienced much the same things that Frank and I experienced. When old enough they went to Gang and took dancing lessons from Calla Travis, they went horse-back riding, which we were not privileged to do, and eventually water-skiing became the top priority in their daily activities. By the time Andy and Marita became teen-agers there was a teen-age Gang, which the parents thought was great, but it only lasted four years, 1960-1963. In 1964 Andy was a Gang leader, the first one from our family to serve as such, but there were more to follow.

The fifth generation arrived in two shifts. By 1971, Ted and Linda Bemis had produced Jimmy, Nancy and Andy, while Harold presented us with Lara and Harold, Jr., (Chip). Eight years passed before the second shift began arriving. Andy and Melanie Bemis had Mandy and Betsy while Marita and Angelo Parrish had Col I is and Katie.

The fifth generation were usually together for several weeks in the summer as their parents planned overlapping vacations. However, No. 509 could not contain all those children, grandchildren and their elders too, so Mother, Jim and I moved to The Lodge when the young descended upon us.

As the second shift grew in numbers, I began mumbling about a second cottage; but that was promptly voted down “as the whole point of Belvedere is to be together as a family.” In desperation I added three bedrooms, two baths, and an addition to the dining room. I was just in time as Lara had found a way to be in Charlevoix all sum- met She applied for a job as Gang leader and was accepted. Two years later Chip and Andy followed suit

Although in this year of 1989, the cottage connection has shrunk to only four (Kelley, Orr, Morris, Bemis) there are many more people involved for this fifth generation as there is now a conglomerate of grandmother, uncles, aunts, and cousins all under one roof.

COTTAGE 513

MARY KEITH FREYHOF MORRIS

I came to the Belvedere Club as a small child in 1929 with my parents, Dr. and Mrs. William L. Freyhof, and my sister Betty. That first summer we rented Mrs. Bess Tate’s cottage on the park (No. 208). In succeeding years we rented the Forker cottage, the Charlton (later Upson-Cartwright), the Moorehead (later Tate No. 503), and finally in 1938 the Richardson cottage No. 513. At the end of the 1939 season, my parents bought No. 513 and remodeled it the following winter

We chose the Belvedere Club because of its beauty and climate and the presence of friends such as the Orrs, Upsons, Simpsons, Tates, Forkers and Thomsons. I also met my future husband, Joseph G. Morris, Jr, at Belvedere. His grandmother and later his father, had owned No. 201 and his step-mother was Hannah Bemis Morris.

Among activities from the past, I remember dancing classes with Miss Calla Travis, dinners at the Hotel, moonlight sailing on Mr Robert Ware's *Frolic* and a few exciting trips on the Logan Thomson's yacht *Sylvia* where we children were permitted to take pontoon bicycles to shore.

After our marriage in 1946, Joe and I continued to vacation at Belvedere as did our three children. When my parents died in 1963, I inherited No. 513 and it was transferred to me in 1965. At present it is fun to see my grandchildren enjoying Gang as my own children did.



Fun at the golf scramble; left to right: Don Kelley, Bill Claggett, Bill Connett and Gene Hill, 1988.



The coal boat *Sumatra* coming through the channel. That year she knocked out the south end of the trestle, making the bridge inoperable, 1946.

COTTAGE 515

JOSEPHINE FUSZ CONNETT

We bought our first cottage sight unseen and unplanned. Myron and Melissa Hickey (he was then President of the Belvedere) had invited us to their house on Geyer Road, in St. Louis, for dinner but when we arrived, they refused to serve anything until we agreed to purchase No. 123 from John Hichew. We held out for an hour and a half until they convinced us it was the way to go and we've never been sorry; that was in 1960.

After peeking around houses and through the trees to see the lake, when No. 27 came on the market a call to Lee Moerland to say we wanted it was held up till I had seen it. So, in January I flew

up in weather twenty degrees below zero to look and take pictures, which was not possible as the camera froze, so Bill owned another cottage he had never seen. As our family grew, our cottage became too small for grandchildren, baby sitters and help. We wanted to find a cottage for housing them. We tried first for Chip Ransom's cottage in the park, but this went to Bill Eberts. As the only other cottage for sale at the time was No. 515, we did go through and put in a bid the day we left for St. Louis. The next night Lee called at 11:45 to tell us we had become its new owners. That was 1978. It's a different world here and perfect for our needs. The convenient boat house one door away, fishing for our children and a large group of pre-teens in our circle have made this cottage a heaven on earth and we know how lucky we are.

Max and William Scoulat, Lillian (Bill and Judy's daughter), Jodie and Charring who belong to Squire and Rose, are fifth generation Belvedereites, and we have shared our grandchildren's life here. There's a saying "this keeps you young" — wonder why both of us have so much snow white hair!

Bill grew up on the Belvedere in his mother's cottage No. 103 — now tom down, and we spent our honeymoon in her second cottage No. 105 — now the Shwabs'. Charring and David Scoular honeymooned in No. 123, while Bill and Judy enjoyed No. 27 as did Squire and Rose, deciding that tho' the season was wrong, all the marriages were still hanging in there, and they wanted to go with the percentages.

Many memories come to mind — happy, sad, and some not to mention. The Indians camped on our front lawn with nets across the channel when they were protesting their fishing rights' reversal. The Coast Guard ship *Mesquite* lodged with prop end on our dock and bow jammed into the station side; we lost a lot of beach that day but gained a delightful poem written by the crew. The *Myron C. Taylor*, all 560 feet of her, crashed into our sea wall. Novice sailors finally walked their boats in along the sea wall after a losing battle with wind and current. The old railroad bridge turnabout broke down in closed position with all boats trying to get to the opposite side while the tender took off for Grand Rapids for a broken part to fit it. We had many unexpected guests that day.

Celebrating our 50th wedding anniversary was a wonderful surprise toast — a reenactment of our ceremony. Em and George Crook were the bride and groom — Rick Tomkinson a preacher of unknown ideology — Sheila his wife a wonderful organist — Bud Alexander the father of the bride, while Stella was the director Carol Kenny was the mother of the bride with Sissy Chamberlain the groom's mother Bridesmaids were Susan Reese, Emily Crawford, Ann Kelley, with groomsmen — Carlos Reese, Bill Claggett best man, and Bill Leakas, whose wife Ann came as the press taking notes and pictures. Barbie Claggett had the outfits — she and Don Kelley wrote the scripts and songs with Don making all the floral pieces. Julie Whitman and a number of others formed the guests. The channel was full of boats who thought it was the real thing and all of us had a wonderful time.

It's been great; thanks, Myron.

COTTAGE 517 "BREEZY POINT"
LELAND S. BISBEE, JR.

The Bisbee family headed by Leland S. Bisbee purchased No. 517 Belvedere Club in October 1932 from the estate of Horatio F. Parmelee, who built the cottage. After spending time in a bidding duel with another prospective buyer, the senior Bisbee sent in one more bid of \$3,500.00 to the Board. Accepted or denied, it would be the final bid! The Board of Hickey, Clark, Fox and others accepted the bid.

Because of the haggling over the price, Leland Bisbee decided he wanted to have nothing else to

do with the Board, nor did he want them to take advantage of his being a lawyer and serve on any committees, so he put the cottage in his wife's name, Irene Bisbee. Eventually though, Bisbee was put on the "sprinkler committee" to activate him.

The cottage was officially called "Breezy Point" and was one of the first on the resort, built back around 1878. Unofficially the house was known as the haunted house of the Belvedere. Jane Simpson Bemis recalls how scary and dilapidated the old building was, and the children thought surely that ghosts lived in the place, as it had been unoccupied for years. Early in the cottage's history there was a cupola on the top in which Parmelee put a kerosene lantern. For several years it was the official lighthouse of Charlevoix before the Lake Michigan lighthouse was built. Leland Bisbee, Jr. remembers the lantern which, at a later time, was on a post outside the cottage. It disappeared one Halloween night.

The first fall of Bisbee's ownership he was entertaining house guests from Gibson Refrigeration Company when a fire in the fireplace caught the chimney on fire. Luckily, no extensive damage was done before the volunteer fire department was able to put out the fire. This past fall, 1988, when Bisbee, Jr. was having a bedroom suite added on downstairs, the charred wood from the fire was discovered. Not knowing the cause or time of the damage, the workmen tore down the existing wall and the fireplace was rebuilt with a liner placed in the chimney. The new bedroom suite on the first floor includes a complete new bath plus a new powder room and a large bay window overlooking the channel. Hans Wiemer was the architect and Jack Stebe the builder. It is winterized so the cottage now can be used all year.

The only other major changes made were in 1933 with a complete remodeling of the cottage and addition of the upstairs and downstairs porches by Bisbee, Sr. and in 1986 the deck by Bisbee, Jr taking full advantage of the breezy point

Leland Bisbee, Sr. died in the fall of 1949 and Irene married Doc Collins in 1957. Prior to this, the cottage was put in the name of Leland S. Bisbee, Jr. Doc died in 1982 and Irene Bisbee Collins died in 1988.

Boats have always been a part of the Bisbees' life on the Belvedere. A nineteen-foot Chris Craft utility boat began the tradition of naming the boats *Gele B*. The name is derived from the two sons of Leland Bisbee, George and Leland, the "B" standing for the last name. In 1937 a twenty-five-foot cruiser purchased from Chris Smith of Chris Craft replaced the first vessel. Then a twenty-seven-footer soon followed until the war years when the Bisbees owned a thirty-three-foot boat. The *Gele B V* was thirty-nine feet. The *Gele B VI* was forty-two feet, and at present a fifty-two-footer, registered in the name of Clark E. Bisbee, holds the title *Gele B VII*, purchased in 1964. Bill Bergmann has operated the boats for fifty-two years and is semi-retired, although he is active in keeping a watchful eye over the yacht.

The original boat house, owned by the Bisbees, is now the Charles Taylor boat house. As the boats got bigger, more space was needed and the present slip was purchased from Ginny Schleman. The present *Gele B* has a little speed boat "sister" that is twenty-two feet in length.

As a youngster, Leland S. Bisbee, Jr. remembers attending church specials which were held several times each summer. Although Methodist, his mother attended the Congregational Church where well-known speakers often spoke to the summer and year-round residents. One such speaker, well-remembered by Bisbee, was a well-known Jewish rabbi who quipped that the reason pork

wasn't eaten by those long ago was due to the lack of Hormel Hams!

Around 1936 Bisbee, Jr, was a member of the Belvedere baseball team and would often play the Northside besides Petoskey and East Jordan teams. Many Sundays a vicious game would ensue against the Northside with Howard McGregor as pitches Tom Darling, another pitchei; Gordon Ware, fielder; Leland as catcher and George as shortstop. Bill, Jim and Tom Talman were also on the team as well as George McKay, who participated in keeping spirits high. The games held at the Inn Baseball Park also had a Charlevoix resident playing for Belvedere, supposedly because of his lack of fondness for the Northside. Eddie, the cop who played first base for the team, was a great teammate during the games, but off the field strictly a policeman on a motorcycle. Polio ended Lee Bisbee's baseball days in 1937. It also put a damper on the resort season that year

Many of the people from the past remembered by Bisbee, Jr. were his parents' friends such as George A. Shwab who continuously would bring down "the last bottle" of Cascade whiskey to share. He obviously had a room full of last bottles. Charlie Upson lived next door in what is now the Connett cottage.

Buddy Ware, Gordon Ware's father, taught the boys a lot about boats and how to tie knots even though he had only one arm. The Hollingsworths, who owned the Blue Bell, were other good friends. In fact it was they who invited Irene and Leland Bisbee to the Belvedere around 1928-29 to look into the Club as a summer residence.

Other names from the past were Dr. Freyhof, Mary Keith Morris' father; who would go with Bisbee, Sc to Gattie and Koch across the channel to have a "good time" (Mrs. Freyhof was not always pleased with the activity of those two old friends) and Dick Moss, who would have a great time on the golf course. There were also the Simpsons, John Olin, Louise Walker's father; John Knight who later became the mayor of Charlevoix, and the Tates. Another gentleman, Logan Thomson of Champion Paper;

was the owner of the *Sylvia*. He advised his friends the Bisbees, to keep their boat size down to thirty-three feet because after that length it just cost too much money to run!

Leland Bisbee, Jt also remembers the men playing bridge on the porch for a dollar a point and Sally Frantz painting in water-color the first picture of the cottage in 1933.

A favorite of his parents was George Kuhn, St Dt Dow of the chemical company came up as did R. E. Olds. Bisbee, Jt remembers die time when selling \$25 war bonds during World War II, the older gentleman pulled out from his leather pouch \$18.75 to buy one bond. He really had bought his quota.

Another name from the past is Senator Barry Goldwater. Because of his background he could not court Peggy Johnson, who stayed in what is now the Orgill's cottage. Bisbee, St helped with this situation by asking Goldwater to visit him; he'd stay and talk for thirty seconds or so and then go off to visit Peggy. Barry and Peggy were married for over fifty years.

Another remembrance was of Bisbee, St taking some of Kochs' croupiers out on the *Gele B* for a cruise and drinks. After having a good time they would be asked what was the best game to play. Craps was considered an honest game, but the croupiers could regulate the outcome of the roulette wheel. They would survey the stakes and throw the ball away from the area of the wheel with the heaviest betting. It was said that back in those days Thomson played with \$100 chips.

Bisbee, Jt also remembers the scavenger hunts the children would have. Since ice cubes were often on the list of items, the children would head for the Bisbees because they were the first to have

a Spartan ice cube machine. Not to be forgotten was the candy lady from Almeda's who came and sold the candies for fifty cents a pound. The senior Bisbee usually purchased ten pounds of the delicious homemade goodies.

Leland S. Bisbee, Jr.'s wife, Margaret Bisbee, passed away in February 1989 and the current "owners" besides Leland are Patrice B. Nye, Leland S. Bisbee, III, Clark E. Bisbee, Margaret B. Hermann and Constance I. Bisbee.



The *Thomas Friant* providing steamer service between Harbor Springs, Petoskey, Charlevoix and East Jordan. Picture taken near north end of boathouses along channel. Note brass band on bow and Chicago Club in background, circa 1887.



"Breezy Point," cottage No. 517, complete with cupola, on the channel before concrete break waters. Also visible, cottage No. 519 and Belvedere Hotel, early 1900's.

COTTAGE 519" THE ANCHORAGE"
IRENE LEATHERMAN ORGILL

My maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Morrow, chose to come to the Belvedere in the late 1890's to escape the heat at home. My mother Irene Morrow, and her brothers spent summers there for many years staying in the Hotel, then renting the cottage the Schlemans live in now. My grandparents both died when my mother was a teen-ager and she did not return to the Belvedere until after she married. She brought my father Dick Leatherman, to the Belvedere and he fell in love with it. They stayed at the Hotel and rented cottages 39,101 and 519, which they bought in the early 1940's.

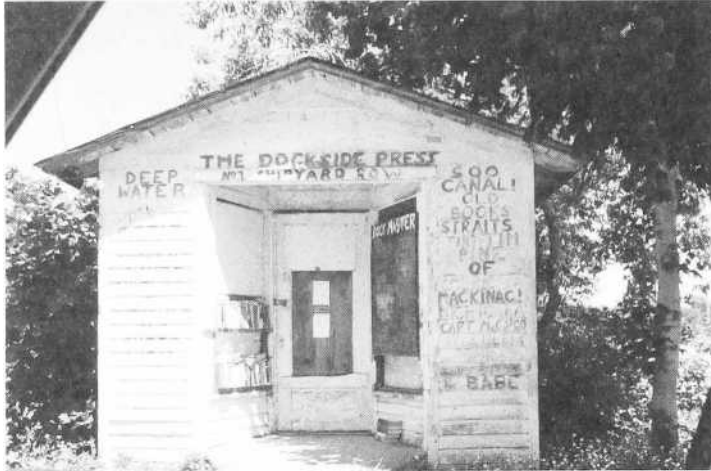
Around that time, my father, my uncle Louis Morrow, and their friend Charlie Upson, bought a very fine Northern Michigan class sailboat. My father knew nothing of sailing; my uncle claimed to know everything about sailing; and Mr. Upson really was a capable sailor. However, the rigors of owning a boat overwhelmed the "partnership," and the boat was gone within a year. Perhaps prophetically, the sailboat was named *Here Today— Gone Tomorrow*.

My parents next purchase of a boat proved to be more successful. In or around 1946 they bought a Chris Craft speed boat which was named *The Rebels*. This boat was greedily enjoyed by all the Leathermans and still remains in the family, now being owned by some of my parents' grandchildren.

I remember being in cottage 519 in the summer of 1945. I was at home with my mother one August afternoon. All at once we began to hear lots of commotion and noise coming from town. Mother grabbed my hand, and we rushed into town to the sound of church bells ringing, firecrackers popping and sirens blaring. It was VJ Day, and the war was finally over! The town was jammed with happy cheering people. What a great memory!

Another memory is of a time in the mid 1950's when my brother Bobby had a house party with four or five of his friends. They organized a group of young people for a new game to be played after dark. It was a more complicated version of "Capture the Flag" and was done with flashlights. That day, in preparation for the game, Schroeder and Hovey (the drug store, then), was bought out of flashlights. All the teen-agers had a great evening; the game of "Commandos" was born and has been played by the Gang for years now. The only loser was Schroeder and Hovey who ordered a large supply of flashlights which were not needed until the next year.

I grew up in No. 519 along with my sister, Kate Leatherman Orr, and my brothers, Bobby and Richard. Later when married, my husband Joe, and our girls, Irene and Adelle, and I spent every summer with my parents until the family became too big. Then we rented cottages 131, 208,202, 506 and 511. After my parents' death, cottage 519 became mine. Now another generation is enjoying the summers of the Belvedere.



William Ratigan's Dock-side Press on Belvedere Avenue, razed in 1987.
The *S.S. North American* at the city docks, 1949.



CHAPTER 2
OTHER BELVEDERE MEMORIES



Belvedere Hotel and Casino, 1940's.

CECILIA HOLLINGSWORTH CHADBOURNE Memories of the Blue Bell Cottage (written in August, 1967)

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

The trip to Chicago was brief, an overnight at the Palmer House or the Saratoga and the morning, over the Rush Street bridge to the dock and the *Manitou*. A noble ship she was, and we children knew her from stem to stern.

We were always greeted cordially by Chief Engineer Collins, Mr. Donnelly the dining room steward and then — surely the greatest honor — a personal greeting from Captain William Finucan himself. No ship had decks so spotless white, brass works so gleaming, meals so good and berths so comfortable. Nor was there ever water so blue or air so delicious as when she headed north for Charlevoix.

We were always up early and on deck for the first sight of the Charlevoix shore, Two Mile Point, then the entrance to the channel, light house on one side, Life Saving Station (later the Coast Guard) on the other. Remember the beautiful flowers and lawn in front of Doctor LeFevre's house up on the terrace just above the channel? I can still feel the delightful shiver at the deep blast of the *Manitou's* whistle as she signaled for the bridge to open. So broad she was, there were only a few yards to spare on each side as she steamed through the channel and into Round Lake. So long she was that sometimes she needed the sturdy tug *Taylor's* help to turn her and bring her up to her berth at Wilbur's dock at the foot of Clinton. Once or twice — surely historic events — she sailed straight through Round Lake, out the upper channel into Pine Lake (now Lake Charlevoix), turned and came back and up to the dock unaided.

When we tied up at the dock the horse-drawn buses and drays were always waiting to carry passengers, baggage and freight to Charlevoix village and the resorts on both sides of Round and Pine Lake.

On the upper terrace in the woods was our first little casino or dance hall. Very soon after our arrival our parents always arranged with Mrs. Foster for dancing lessons. She helped us feel the importance of social amenities through what she termed correct ballroom conduct.

It was Mrs. Foster who first taught the little girls the Highland Fling and the Skirt Dances, the boys the jigs and Sailors Hornpipes. When the "new" Casino in the Belvedere Annex was built, Miss Calla Travis and her sister Maude, from Grand Rapids, took over the instruction Mrs. Foster had begun. Miss Travis stressed the importance, as had Mrs. Foster, and value of courtesy in general, little acts of consideration for others. This, specifically, meant being kind to the newcomers. Even as little girls we learned from Calla more about coordination of body and limbs, a good preparation for ballet. "Balance your body with your arms, third fingers and thumbs together, heads up, straight back, and smile!"

Twice a week, on Monday and Thursday night there was dancing at Belvedere. The children danced till eight. Then the older grade school group could join the adults and teen-agers till nine, when they in turn departed, presumably leaving the floor clear for the young and older grown-ups.

As I write, I am becoming increasingly conscious of an influence, a personality that dominates these scenes of my childhood — my maternal grandfather, Oscar Monroe Allen. Without him there would have been, for us, no Charlevoix. He took great pride in his position as a charter member of the Charlevoix Summer Home Association, the administrative body of the Belvedere Resort. A tender thought here for history. “Belvedere” is not an uncommon place name. However, very few, I believe, know why this Belvedere was so named. Early in their married life, Oscar and Hannah Allen lost a beloved little daughter in infancy. The baby’s name was “Belva Dear.”

The Hotel Belvedere, owned and operated by the CSHA was more than a hotel; it was a club house, post office, dance casino, dining room, parlor and lounge, the very center of all our social activities. Guests known or vouched for by the association members and cottage owners were accepted. Owners could, with the approval of the association, allow friends to occupy their cottages for the summer.

The Hotel Belvedere was indeed a fascinating place. We children who lived in cottages used to envy, perversely, the life of the Hotel child. Think of it! No beds to make, no dishes to wash, every meal an exciting adventure in the big dining room, bell boys to run errands, and, from the feminine point of view, the luxury (?) of staying dressed up in good clothes most of the time. Incredible!

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

In connection with dancing, we were fortunate indeed to have, for many seasons Charley Fischer’s five piece orchestra from Kalamazoo. He and his brother; Bert, the pianist were playing at the Belvedere when the first Oldsmobiles came on the market. They popularized the song *Come Away with Me, Lucille, in My Merry Oldsmobile*. They gave away lapel pins shaped like litde Olds.

An exciting event was the arrival of the Hompe yacht *Doloma* from Grand Rapids. Usually in July she steamed in from Lake Michigan, through Round Lake, the bayou and the channel, and dropped anchor a few hundred feet off the swimming dock in Pine Lake. Eager as we were to go out to greet her, the Hompe girls, Dorothy, Lorraine and Marjorie (name of yacht — the two first letters in the girls’ names) were even more eager to come ashore and up to die Blue Bell to see what was going on, and to report in. Moored as she was within easy swimming distance from the shore, the *Doloma* was the center of interest and activity during the swimming hour. Now, this swimming hour on Pine Lake, circa three P.M. was a tradition, a ritual observed by everyone, swimmers and spectators alike. Only illness or pressing business elsewhere kept the Hollingsworth children away. On dance nights the girls left early; long Hair; which even under a cap got wet, took a long time to dry. This hair-drying “do” as I remember; took on a distincdy romantic flavor sometimes.

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

Always, from the very beginning, especially true during my mother's youth, boating ranked first among all the sports, something for everyone. My recollections of these very early days include so much about boats — big boats, little boats, row boats, canoes, little catboats, punkin' seeds, beautiful sailing yachts. I remember being taken out in our rowboat through Round Lake, the channel and into Lake Michigan to watch the sun go down. This boat held six, quite wide in beam, but beautifully fashioned, carpet in the bottom, padded seats, nickel-plated oarlocks and fittings, a rudder operated by ropes in the stem seat, and two sets of oars. When the sun set in a cloudless sky and we could watch the great orange red globe as it slowly sank into the lake, we stayed till it was completely gone. When there were clouds however, it was even harder to leave because of the gorgeous colors.

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

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

Tennis, however weather permitting, was usually the first thing on the agenda for all who didn't have serious activities and responsibilities. Tournaments attracted many top notch players, and competition was keen. By ten o'clock the courts were full, also the spectator's benches. I do remember that the younger players were given consideration so long as they really played instead of romping. The back porch of the Blue Bell looked out on the courts, and we had grand stand seats.

When the storms came and the waves on Lake Michigan grew huge and foam-crested, breaking over the pier, sending spray up to the light in the lighthouse at the mouth of the channel, we put on warm clothes (mine was a bright woolen plaid trimmed in red silk ruffles), and walked the two miles to town and out onto the pier. The men in the Life Saving Station (later the Coast Guard), kept close watch lest some ship should go ashore and need assistance. At one time they were trying out the breeches buoy, a device now perfected and used for bringing ashore in a sling seat passengers from a ship in distress off shore. A shot, with rope attached was fired from shore to the deck of the ship and the passengers, one by one were hauled ashore. It so happened that one day the use of this device was

to be demonstrated for the public. The deck of the ship was a platform erected at the water's edge, the passenger to sit in the canvas sling, legs hanging free, to be hauled to the supposed shore. I volunteered as the passenger climbed to the "deck," sat in the breeches buoy and was on my thrilling way to safety, when the shore platform collapsed, dunking me, not in water, but on the hard sand. Much applause from the audience and much embarrassment for the crew.

On Sunday, again weather permitting, we walked or rode in a horse-drawn bus driven by Mn Williams, a big jolly man who smoked big black cigars, to the village for church and then Sunday school. Me Burns, the superintendent, welcomed us warmly; I remember we children felt saddened and yet fascinated by the black patch he wore over one eye.

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

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

I know our debt to the Charlevoix residents is great, our debt and that of all Belvedere. A special part of the account of the Blue Bell life in particular would surely be devoted to Mrs. Phillips who, every summer manicured, shined up and made beautifully clean the whole cottage for our home coming. Loyal Mrs. Brown fed us as no one in our childhood memory ever did. Then Maggie Glasgow and her husband were Mama's trusted standbys in many an emergency. They were caretakers for the Loeb estate, a gorgeous spread of gardens, stone mansions, purebred horses and cattle, on the shore of Pine Lake, toward Ironton. Maggie considered the family a fine one, which suffered cruelly under the shame brought on by their son's crime.

We hold in special loving memory John A. Johnson, born in 1836 and died in 1937, one hundred and one years of truly Christian living and service. He was a bugler in a Tennessee outfit, fighting for the Confederacy. He pulled up stakes and started north on foot. He was employed by the lumber mills on Round Lake, now the Charlevoix Lumber Company. Mr. E.J. Hiller still has the old payroll record showing that John A. Johnson received \$1.00 per day, or less. Grandpa Johnson, as we children fondly called him, hauled the lumber to build one of the first big cottages at Belvedere, the Blue Bell. When it was completed he assumed the job as caretaker, and so remained until his ninety-ninth year. He cared for and loved four generations of our family who were in residence at the Blue Bell while he was alive. He planted and knew the age of every tree on the property. Truly he could not be left

out of any history of Belvedere. He was there when it was founded by Oscar M. Allen.

Remember when:

— We all went by “dummy” and carry-all to the little lake up north of Petoskey— Wy Yugamug, where the Sioux Indians were acting their pageant, *The Song of Hiawatha* in the beautiful natural setting of lake, woods and island?

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

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

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

— Fishing at Charlevoix? Yes, we caught bass and perch from the docks and piers and bridges, but the real fisherman favored the small inland lakes within easy reach from Charlevoix. Let me interpolate here: my uncle and aunt, dedicated fishermen, used to leave their two sons with us, much to our delight, while they went to Walloon and other lakes. To my feminine mind, the best fish came from the fish wharves in Round Lake. The fish tugs brought in the netted whitefish from Lake Michigan and shipped them, packed in ice via the lake boats to the markets in Chicago and Milwaukee.

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

— And who could forget Grandma Vosburg and her white horse, the buggy loaded with vegetables and big ripe red “rozzburries” from her farm on Barnard Road? “All-oo” she’d call, in her wheezy deep voice, “Anybody home?” Always we’d gather round to have our fortunes told as she read them in the tea leaves.

— Does anyone at Belvedere remember or believe that there was a little river, an overhead rustic bridge and boathouses too, between the Pere Marquette railroad and the swimming beach? That’s where the pollywogs were.

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

— There were a number of ways to get from Belvedere to the Inn, one of the most exciting being via trestle. Strangely, no one ever seemed to worry about getting back; somehow we always did. Anyway, here was a favorite. You start from the Belvedere station, walk the trestle to the bridge, timing your arrival to when the bridge was turned to let the “dummy” — already on its way from the Inn station — cross to the Belvedere side. If you didn’t make the bridge before the “dummy” did —

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

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

— One of our favorite jaunts was a trip with Mr. Francis in his boat, *The Olympia*. He used to take us and our young friends up to Holy Island, a delightful woodsy little spot in the south arm of Pine Lake. In those days Holy Island was uninhabited and the water was deep enough on the northerly side for the boats to land. The 5.5. *Pilgrim*, later renamed *Hum* used to stop from time to time at the Island. History tells us that the Mormons from Beaver Island, “King Strang's” domain, had built a shrine there — we saw remnants of it — which was abandoned when they moved away.

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

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

First, the *Teaser*, a sloop, owned by my uncles, and the *Dream*, a skimming dish. These won

trophies in the regattas. Then the two rowboats, described earlier, very much part of the Hollingsworth children's fun. They were the *Fanny May*, my mother's name, and the *Lillah Belle*, my aunt's name. The best remembered, and, I think, the best loved of the human propelled craft was the canoe, the *Gerald*, built by the Beauvais Brothers Boat and Canoe Company at Charlevoix. She was built by Mr. Mercer and Roy Ranger about 1900. Some years before Roy's death, about three years ago, he told my brother Gerald that this canoe, still in Gerald's possession, still in shape and seaworthy in 1967, was the oldest boat still seaworthy in the Charlevoix area. Her frame is oak, planking basswood, rails maple and front and stern deck ash. She still has the same old double paddle.

Now we enter the modern age — that of power propulsion. First was the *Blue Bell*, a naphtha launch. You started it up with an old fashioned kitchen match, the burning heat in turn heated the naphtha which gave the push to the wheel. Of course, it regularly set fire to the awning, your coat or something, but it did go and we felt very elegant. My brother tells me there is one just like it in the Ford Museum at Greenfield Village, Dearborn, Michigan.

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

But the *Holly-Hoo* now, there was a boat! A 26-foot Chris Craft, she was a beauty. We used to go out to meet incoming ships when they were nearing the channel and to our shame, we must admit — gave the pilots nervous angry moments, crossing their bows. The latest is the *Golly-Hoo*, a 26-foot surf boat, United States Coast Guard, rebuilt and still seaworthy in 1967.

And we should mention a few of the great sailors we knew so well: Sam Bailey, his sloop the *Henrietta* and his two sailor daughters, Henrietta and Clara. The Wares: Ralph, Hobbie, Bud and their sloop, the *Frolic*. Birdie Balch and his sloop.

To list others briefly, whose boats were a delight to see: Dallas Boudeman — the *Jane* (naphtha); C.M. Christy — *Virginia* (gas boat); James Disette — *Go Devil* (gas boat); B.L D'Ooge — (sailing rowboat); Thomas Fekete — *Thomas L. Fekete*; Tramel — *Vencedor*; Don Osborne — *Wop*; Mullhauser — *Damphino*.

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

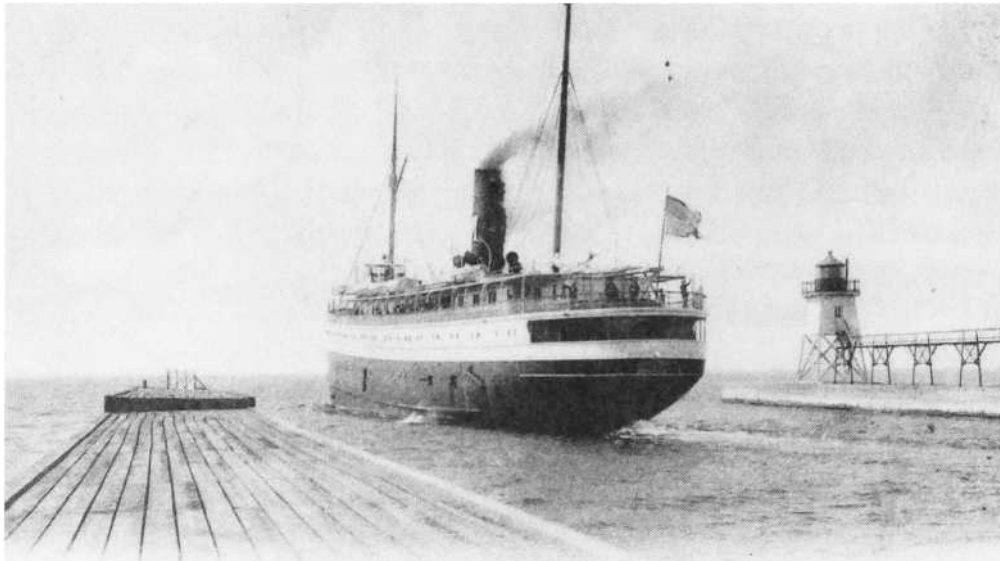
Just now a letter came from my brother Gerald with a few more treasures of memory and also one concrete one — a check made out to Harrison Bedford for groceries, dated September 15, 1900 and signed with my mother's beautiful fine signature. Groceries! When I think what it must have

cost, even in those days, to feed that horde of hungry youngsters! We didn't know then, but we know now. Gerald asked me if I remembered the big porches, the rocking chairs, the hammocks, the beautiful luxuriant vines that made such a sanctuary of the front porches of the Blue Bell. Do I? Never shall I forget those moments when, at a dance I saw there was a blank space on my program, a dance — awful thought — I didn't have "taken." That was when I ran the short distance, three cottages away, to the Blue Bell and took refuge there in the porch, safe from pitying eyes. Concealed by the vines I waited, listening, while the music played for that untaken dance. Then, when it began again, I rushed back to the Casino, arriving breathless and innocent, to greet my partner who waited on the Casino porch for me. Plenty of hammocks there were in the Blue Bell, with hooks in almost every room — bedrooms too. And by actual count there are still twenty-five rocking chairs, single and double in that cottage.

There can be no end to memories like these, each one bringing with it another even more precious. Perhaps as time goes on, those of our younger generation will wish to add bits from their own lives. That would surely be delightful!



The *S.S. Manitou* came to Charlevoix Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Note lighthouse on north pier, 1908.



Schooner *Rosa Belle*, made famous by former Charlevoix resident Sara Teasdale (great aunt of Ken Teasdale) in one of her poems, being towed by tug *James H. Martin* in Lake Charlevoix, 1890's.

SUSAN MESTON MCGOVERN The Belvedere and Nanna

For six days of June/July 1987, I "did" Charlevoix, for a reunion with my memories. It was a remarkable time.

After checking in at Nanny's Old Place, Me Lee Moerland was my first "must." (The Chamber of Commerce had told me so). He was a darling, and seemed interested in my amazing data — that I had stayed at the Belvedere Hotel for twelve full summers encompassing the 1920's. I also divulged that it had been 57-58 years since I'd been to Charlevoix. I was able to buy *The Belvedere Club*, a book printed in 1968, a compilation of memoirs of so many people I recall.

Mr. Moerland is very much an asset to the Club, and he was of great assistance to me. He allowed me to go anywhere, to take pictures, and even to attend the opening luncheon at the Casino on July 3rd. (I did pay). Thus, for the first time, I set my course in Charlevoix—without Nanna.

Yes, most of the old-timers remember Nanna (Catherine Curtis). I'll never forget! But I must give her her due. She came to take care of my upbringing, as Mother had rejected the idea. I was, at our

introduction, two weeks old.

Nanna had come to St. Louis to live in retirement with her two maiden-lady sisters. She had been governess to the Taft children when Mr. Taft was Governor of the Philippines, before he became our U.S. President. Born in 1863 in the middle of the Civil War, her last place of employment had been Chicago. She regaled me often, with her thirteen crossings of the Atlantic. Leaving England had been her first.

I must say, the obvious and hectic shadowing of me was constant, for whatever reason. Very young, I had to be malleable and, as I had no allies, I was resigned.

It was in the writing room of the Hotel that I found “space.” Though Nanna was ever present, I could escape by hiding under one of the white wicker desks. To this day, I can conjure this keen escape. The desks were a haven, a respite! Except for this, I recall no family nor events; only Nanna, constantly Nanna with her devotion, her sense of responsibility, and, ah! yes, her sincerity, of course.

Another escape I enjoyed was rolling down the hill of the Bemis cottage, near the Belvedere Hotel. To roll down solo was a great experience — with others, a delight!

Each morning at breakfast, Nanna would order extra bacon, to be lodged in a roll. She would place this in a large linen napkin, and then she would lean down, upper torso a-wiggle, and put the package down her stocking — for future reference. (This was no mean feat, as she always wore an ankle-length, heavily starched white uniform). I knew what would come later; and was shy and embarrassed at the prospect

After a walk to the beach on the board walk, I headed for the pier, always in my green rubber shoes. There I would enjoy the water under the supervision of “Captain” Kibbee, until Nanna decided I had been in the water “too long.” I never knew how long that was, as the time varied.

Overcome by her persistence, I would retreat to the beach. Now the bacon sandwich was produced, which I “must eat now, as you are hungry.” Besides, to wait any longer would “spoil my lunch,” which it did anyway. With her back to the people, the reverse wiggle would start, as Nanna would hoist the crackly, starched uniform so as to retrieve the sandwich, which by now, was lodged at her ankle.

In due time, we would return to the Hotel. Along the way, there were fascinating weeds that were jointed, and could be pulled apart in sections. Also, in the weeds, were two wooden fishing houses. They resembled out-houses, but with a hole in the floor, down which the bait, hook and line would go. There were runners on the bottom for easy mobility on the winter frozen Pine Lake. Imagine a man fishing in a house!

The Belvedere days and environs were limited. We walked — and walked — past the boat houses, past the Hallett House, on to Fessenden’s Drug Store (now Dockside Pharmacy). There were the “velvets,” so Nanna insisted, using the adjective that meant perfection to ice cream producers. (I found out from Mr. Williams that the name, in Charlevoix, had always been “Jeff.” I probably have a few of those calories left from last summer, but it was a joy to have the ice cream hand mixed with the malt and mysterious sauces. Large straws and intense sucking almost defeated my stamina, but I did it last summer as I had years ago.

On occasion we went farther once to see a visiting pirate prison ship; then on to a frequent stop — the last shop on the left, right next to the bascule bridge, which was then a turning one. I was spellbound by the shop, which sold oriental rugs and has since been replaced by an art shop. Upon

request, the owner would produce a blackened, mummified cloth imprinted with the foot of an Egyptian Princess. Interest in archaeology blossomed from those visits.

Then, back to the Hotel, which was “home” for so many summers. In the lobby, there was an alluring nickel-a-play game called “Hoot Mon.” One could help the golfer get his ball in the hole, but there were a few obstacles. This was a hard, nightly challenge, followed by the next part of the ritual — a Nesde bar just before bed.

One night in 1927 the nearby boat houses burned. People were running about, getting their dentures, and pulling their dresser scarves with one jerk, to put their contents into a trunk. Nanna refused to leave, saying “the dear child needs her sleep.” She did put my shoes on me, just in case. We were the only two in the deserted Hotel, and I knew nothing until the next morning. Thank God for another day!

Our room had a connecting bath with a high wooden toilet tank with a long chain, and the hot plate on which Nanna cooked green beans and carrots “so the child will get more vegetables.” I can smell them still, but I doubt anyone else knew of this arrangement. The Hotel food was delicious and always a treat Who could forget the white fish, with parsley and lemon? (I ate white fish last summer at each meal, except breakfast).

After dinner, we retired to the lobby to enjoy the lovely chamber music, which I adored. Once, Alec Templeton (unsighted) was there, wearing a crisp linen suit. I stood by his piano to watch him play.

Across the road, an orchestra played at the Casino. It was led by Byron Dalrymple, on whom I had a huge “crush.” In an attic box, I still have a yellowed photograph of him, taken on the Hotel veranda.

Miss Travis, Diddy Allen Schade, Ann Allen Flanigan and Martha Steere (from Winnetka), were good friends. Martha and I, under Nanna’s tutelage, once tried to make a dress but I don’t remember the outcome.

The Rustic Bridge, with its peeling bark, held a fascination for me, as did the two large yachts — Mr. Olds’ *Reo* and Mr. Thomson’s *Sylvia*. Dwight Thomson’s name recurs in memory, but I don’t know why.

Until last year I knew nothing of the “Gangs” and their delicious activities. I was never allowed to join.

In the evenings we went to the railroad station to welcome the trains coming over the trestle. Pennies and Nanna’s large hairpins were drafted for train wheel flattening. The hairpins were envied so I shared.

Tommy Loeb’s name was used to coax me, early in the summer, to welcome our trips up north. He used to come to the beach by bike or boat. I saw him last summer, the day before I left Charlevoix. He was still dear, gentle and amusing.

His family had a beautiful horse and dairy farm. The houses and buildings were of native stone, and the farm buildings resembled medieval castles. The Loeb’s famous soft cheddar cheese, called “Grand Leader,” was shipped across the country in the 1920’s. I remember a man, standing in rubber hip boots, to “rake” a large pool of liquid cheese. This was one of the early steps in the processing. The Loeb grandchildren still go up to the estate but it is no longer a working farm.

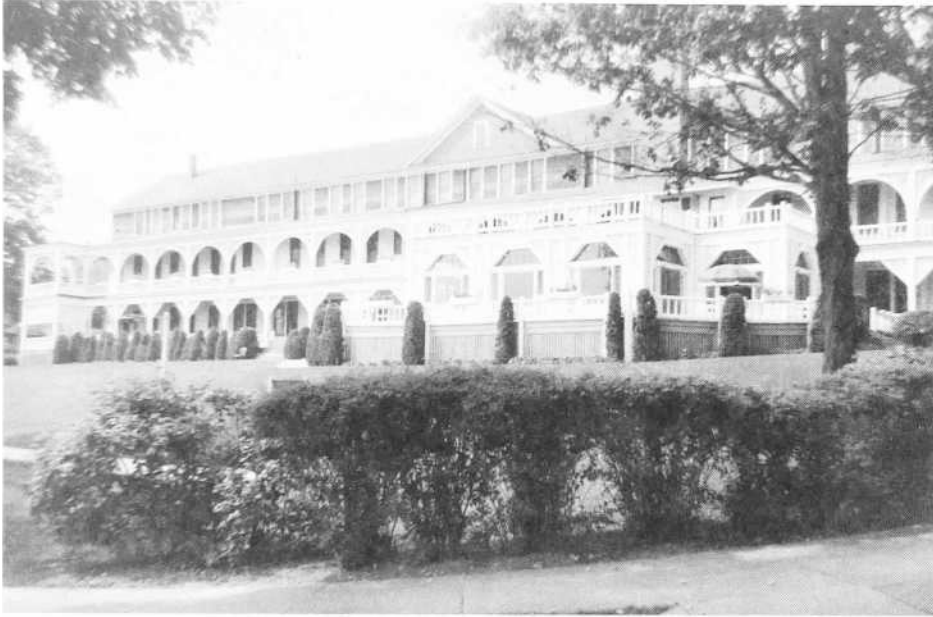
Now I must brag! After many delicate tries, to no avail, I finally savored my first- ever, heady

success. At will, I could separate the outer skin from the leaves, and blow them up! FROG-BELLIES! Since my vocabulary has improved, I now know them as *sedum purpurium*/*sedum telephium*.

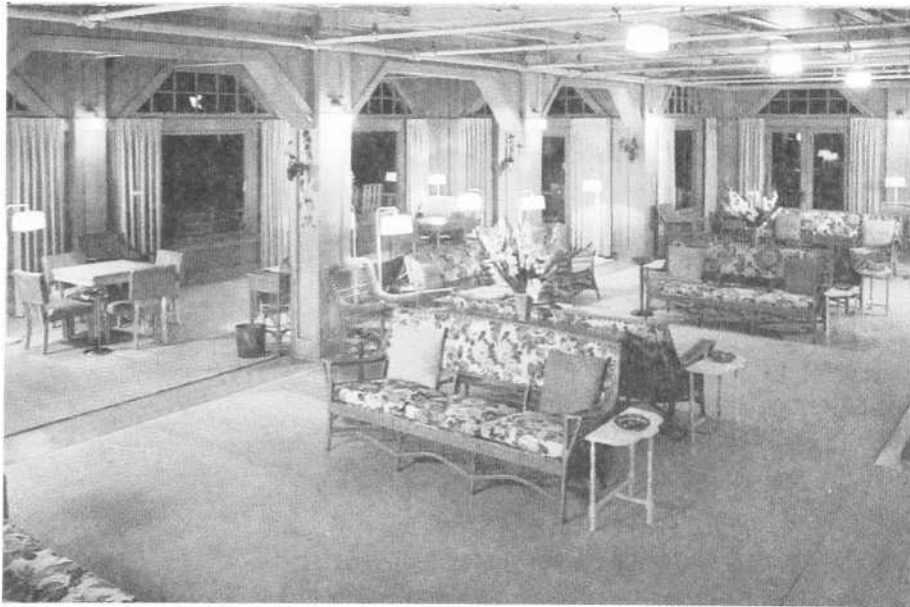
Only two years ago, I realized why I had never known *Peter Rabbit*, *Cinderella* and other childhood stories. Nanna never read to me, and I, of course, knew not the difference. She must have had cataracts, an incurable ailment way back then.

As is so often true, my early memories are scattered, but this is the way I remember Charlevoix in the 1920's. I truly grieved when I learned that the Belvedere Hotel had been razed. It would have been great to retrace my steps on the porches and in the gardens.

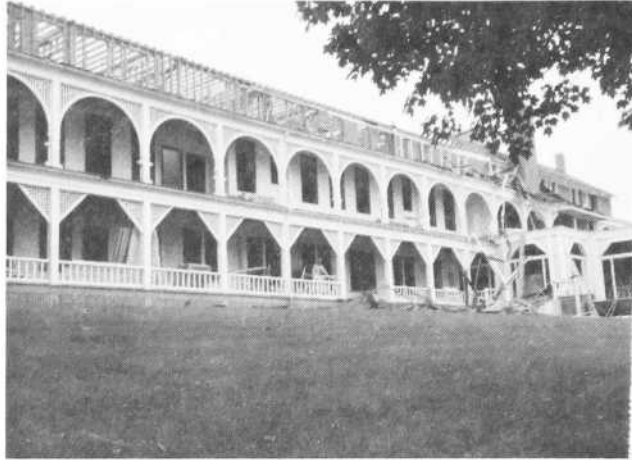
I will be 70 on August 9, 1987. Too bad I can't arrange a party at the Casino with poppers, hats and all the fixin's. Thank you so much, Mr. Moerland, for being the catalyst and so integral a part of my 1987 trip.



Belvedere Hotel in 1960.



Solarium lounge of Belvedere Hotel, late 1950's.
Demise of the Belvedere Hotel, September, 1960.



Where have all the bathtubs gone? The Belvedere Hotel, September, 1960.



And the walls came tumbling down, September, 1960.

SUSAN ALLEN

A Vision Beyond the Wrecking Ball

On the corner where Belvedere Avenue dead-ends into Ferry Avenue once stood the Belvedere Hotel, a grand old rambling structure of wood and lattice-work that went the way of most white elephants when they failed to turn a buck. It surrendered to the wrecking ball in 1960. All that remains of it is a large green expanse bordered by petunias in the summer and memories by anyone over thirty-five who ever visited it.

Though the summer Hotel was on the downslide when I was a child in the fifties, the sagging roof, rippled porches and frayed carpets made but a small impression on me then.

What did impress me was the vastness of the building — a place to sneak off to and explore with my sister — secret visits with maids and kitchen help on their breaks, running up and down the long porches, and eating what then seemed like the finest meal on earth with my entire family in the dining room. Grandmother always wore her finest and acted like a lady. We were told to follow suit, with considerably less success.

So when I was eleven and my father, Glen Allen, Jr., announced that the Hotel was to be torn down, the news hit me like a bolt of lightning. It made no sense. Wasn't this the place where I won at BINGO once (the only time in my life), a building that always seemed filled with people enjoying themselves at meals, cards, or just sitting for hours on the porch being absorbed in the fleeting beauty of a Michigan summer day? But you see, then I did not know about business deals and profit-and-loss statements, the power of bulldozers.

My memories of the Belvedere Hotel have blended with nearly all remembrances of those long ago summers, the boundaries between them lost. But emerging from them is a crystal-clear perception containing many images, scents and sounds. There is the smell of mustiness and perfume, petunias and freshly-cut grass; the sound of china plates and dinner music, shoes scraping over painted wooden porches, rocking chairs and the gentle, polite inquiries of waiters. And the presence of my family, together in a peaceful unit sharing a meal.

Strongest of all is the feeling that there was magic there because we were at Belvedere and it was summer and this was as good as it would get. Even in my child's mind I sensed this, simultaneously grieving because soon we would have to let go of the moment and go forward through time, yet rejoicing that for now we were a part of it.

Since those years I've learned that even then there were problems behind the finest summer setting, that even the best day at Belvedere is not perfect. But that doesn't put a single dent in my memory of the Belvedere Hotel and its special message to me that there are moments when it all comes together, and the hope there will be more.

Even the wrecking ball can't take that away.

ANN ALLEN FLANIGAN

It has been said that I was literally almost born at the Belvedere Club. Mother fell down the steps in the cottage and Dr. Armstrong thought my arrival was imminent. As I was in no hurry to be born, I waited until our family had returned to St. Louis.

My family consisted of my mother, Florence York Allen, and father, William Russell Allen, two older brothers, York and Russell, and my sister Diddy, whose shadow I became. We spent part of every summer with my grandmother, Mary L. York, a long-time resident, at her lovely cottage on the first terrace (No. 29). After a few years my mother bought cottage No. 43, and we stayed there.

I remember John and his white bus, the flower girls who came by the cottage every morning with their lovely bouquets, Me Schneider's fresh vegetable wagon, the milk man and ice man, the marvelous thick milk shakes and "Jeffs" the slot machines at Fessenden's, the movie theatre and the organ grinder with his monkey on his annual visit.

I remember with great pleasure, the Gangs, the horse-back riding at Hooker's, the continual tennis games with Diddy, the Olin sisters and Sallie Anne Currie, our constant companions. There were delicious meals at the Hotel followed by Bingo games, the children's dances at the Casino, led by Miss Travis, the drives to Petoskey and the enchanting shops there (Bleazby's was always our first stop). There were trains then which went in front of our cottage twice a day, and it was fun to go to the station, put pennies on the tracks and meet the train, or else wave to the engineer as it passed. The boats on the lake in front of the cottage were always a joy to see, as well as the sun dancing on the water. It was a marvelous place to spend our childhood summers!

After I married John Flanigan in 1946 we continued to come, and John thought Charlevoix was heaven on earth. He loved the people and the golf and the beauty of the place. After my mother's death we bought her cottage No. 43. Our seven children, John Jc, Philip, Peter, Missy, Annie, David and Chris, spent many summers there and loved all the activities of the Gangs. In 1964, due to the increases in our family, we moved to a larger cottage No. 49 and remained there through 1970.

After almost fifty summers at the Belvedere I thought we should sell the cottage and visit other parts of the world and other countries abroad which we have done.

My sister, Diddy Allen Schade, and her husband Bill have continued to come to Charlevoix with their children and grandchildren and live in their beautiful home at Loeb's Point.

Our son Peter, with his darling wife Beth, have just purchased cottage No. 109. Peter will be a fourth generation cottage owner, and their son Drew, will be the fifth generation of our family at the resort!

It is truly a wonderful place to spend the summer especially with children. John and I are so pleased that a part of our family will continue there.

BARBARA CLARK LARIMORE

I was three months old when I first came to Charlevoix. Although I remember nothing of my first few years and the Belvedere, my grandparents, Lulu and Vernon Clark, told me I just loved it This must have been true, because here I still come every summer five decades later,

My grandparents built No. 3 Belvedere Club which was our summer home until 1980 when my brother sold it to Louise Walker My earliest memories are of July and August birthday parties, rides on Mr Pony Man's ponies, the wooden horse merry-go- round in our back yard, the dancing classes at the Casino, especially the castanets and the grand march (I don't think I have touched my toes since), and the wonderful slides on Lake Michigan beach.

I can remember the wonderful Hotel which I thought was like a castle, the Bingo games and the maids night-out buffets. My grandfather used to send me to the Hotel for the paper which always came with a pack of Planters peanuts — I was probably ten before I realized the paper and peanuts were an arrangement with the Hotel and did not come together as a packaged item — best paper in the world! I can remember the buffets served at the Club Cabana by the Hotel. The cabanas were on the other side when I was young, each with a porch on the front. Bridge was played at tables with real chairs on the porches after luncheon had been served.

I remember how excited I was the first time I was allowed to take a horse from Hooker's Stable

(behind Oleson's), across the bridge to the riding ring on the north side and what fun it was to ride the Michigan beach. I especially remember the day Julie Whitman and I were on horses at the top of Mt. McSauba — I was terrified, frozen to the saddle, when I looked down the dune — absolutely positive the horse could never make it, that we would roll head over heels if we tried. Julie was just as positive that the horses knew what to do and down she went. My horse followed naturally so I closed my eyes and hung on for dear life. We of course made it — no problem!

Joe's first time at the Belvedere was when Wendy was 1-1/2 years old — he was quite skeptical that any place could be as fantastic as I had described it to him. It took about two hours and he was hooked. Joanne, our middle daughter, took her first steps in front of No. 3 cabana. Barbie was a month old when she first arrived at Belvedere. None of them would consider going anywhere else in July or August. Over the past thirty years we have rented a cottage or stayed at No. 3 with my Aunt Elizabeth. Our first rental was No. 220. We have also stayed at No. 311, No. 231, No. 209 and No. 121 and since 1981 at No. 403.

Aunt Elizabeth is a whole 'nother story — what a wonderful delightful character she was. Half the fun of being in Charlevoix for the girls was listening to her stories about the Belvedere Club and the stories about her. One of the funniest and most typical story I remember happened in the seventies. I had gone with Aunt Elizabeth to the Post Office in the "Fleetwood" of course — we were standing at the counter buying stamps when a long-haired young man arrived on his motorcycle and walked up to the window next to Aunt Elizabeth. He was clad in a pair of black boots, period. Everyone was gasping and wide eyed with shock except for Aunt Elizabeth. When she turned around to see what the commotion was all about, she took one look, looked him straight in the eye and said, "My dear; you simply must have a talk with your tailor," and then she sailed right out the door. I've never laughed so hard in my life.

I think what I love most about the Belvedere is, as my parents and grandparents realized too, I'm sure, that the friends I had as a child are still my friends today, and their children and our children are friends carrying on the tradition. The Belvedere is unique — probably one of a very few left — the old ways blend with the new which makes it strong — memories and tradition are its strength. It's a family within a family — all the generations enjoy it together — each one important for its contributions to the present and to the future.

I. LEEMOERLAND,
BELVEDERE CLUB WARDEN
And In Conclusion (1960—19??)

Belvedere Club and Belvedere Golf Club — terrific associations to be involved with. Over the past thirty-one years they have provided bread, board and challenge with a liberal smattering of education thrown in. Every day is a new day and never fails with a new experience.

There has been sadness felt deeply at the demise of a member acquaintance, more so when in residence and a wrenching sadness at the violent taking of a Club member or family member. Surprising as it may seem, the Club is seen as one large family, some members closer than others, but yet that protective web or invisible bond is there. You are there to defend, encourage, chastise and always to protect, improve and upgrade the facility, programs, activities of the moment. It always has been and continues to be a daily challenge to look forward to. You pace yourself through the off season, build to a heady high for two months pre-season, go through a very compressed eleven weeks of diverse activity to come suddenly up short the day after Labor Day and realize it's all over for

another year, even the shouting. That's the most difficult time — getting the mind and body tuned back down — and that exercise takes anywhere from fifteen days to a month to normalize. No regrets or sympathy sought — that's the way the ball game is played. Very seldom a strike out, an occasional homei; but by and large singles, doubles and once in awhile a pass.

The years have been filled with momentous activity and to detail them in chronological order would take weeks of thumbing through the fourteen volumes of recorded data, *Belve-News*, clippings, bulletins and garnered memorabilia along with recall from the far cobweb corners of the mind. I'm sure it would make a hefty book dull/interesting — that would probably depend on the reader: It has been thirty-one years, each with some high point of happenings or activity, each one building on the previous. You wonder how can last year be topped, but it always is.

Moving through the years, not necessarily in order, a person starts with the Belvedere Hotel — a grand imposing structure and to the passing observer, a focal point on which to let one's imagination fly. Controversial in the members' minds, it's worth waning; at a special membership convening August of 1960, you agreed, by majority, it should come down. Bidding process brought Rubin Schultz of Saginaw to the fore with \$5,250 for the Club in his hot hand for the privilege of selling off the furnishings and equipment, and demolishing the structure. Rubin was a wheeler-dealer and off he went with a grand sale. Folks from far and wide came along with members to buy — linens, wicker, china, floors, ceilings, bath fixtures — you name it. Thirty- one years later you can still spot some around the Club's summer homes. Rubin, hiring mostly local roustabouts, went at the demolishing in earnest. From his wrecking experience in the Saginaw area to make way for the 1-75 expressway, he had visions of prime-select materials in the Belvedere due to its close proximity to the timber source. Carefully they went at bringing down the Hotel only to find after getting into it, that the building materials weren't worth salvaging. At that point if it had not been for a \$20,000 performance bond, he would have walked off the job and left the mess for someone else. Off Rubin went for three chain saws and they literally sawed the building down in truckable-size pieces to haul to a burn south of town. Come spring, foundation removal and site clean up was all that was left. One Sunday morning about 6:30 sun-up, I awoke to the roar of a bulldozer Looking out the window, I saw Rubin hustling back and forth excavating a hole along side a huge concrete footing for the house elevator, his plan being to bury the big block (specifications called for footing and foundation materials to be removed from the site). I'm sure he thought, out of sight, out of mind. I dressed hurriedly, went out and stood alongside the hole. Rubin stopped the dozer, got off, walked over to his truck and drove away. Come Monday morning, his crew with crane and dozer tumbled the gigantic block on a heavy lowboy trailer and off the elevator foundation went to a swale in front of what is now Foster Boat Works Condominiums. The Hotel was down and site cleared late spring of 1961. Through this tumultuous period, the heavy guiding hands of three Trustees come to mind — Myron Hickey, Samuel Pingree and D. D. Walken

Those first two years were survived by yours truly with the help of Dr Martin and some super powerful pills. Take a couple late evening and crawl off to bed in a hurry or you might collapse before hitting the sheets.

About this time we had been keeping you members posted on Club happenings by a bulletin that accompanied the monthly statements. In one, we suggested it could become a regular communication — every so often and possibly should have a mast head. Mr Gerry Hollingsworth (No. 506 "Blue

Bell”), an old codger, responded with the suggestion “Belve-News.” Later this was recognized by the Board as an official

vehide of communicating with the membership — thirty years and still going strong!

A late season ritual through most of this time span was an impromptu afternoon visit with Mr. Joe Gardner of No. 21. About this time of season, the pace slackened and he mellowed in the vista off his front porch. One remark he made has always stuck in my mind. This was probably in the President Lyndon Johnson era when there was a hue and cry of wealth distribution. Me Gardner commented, they could take ten individuals, give them \$1,000 each of his money and within a year he would have it all back — a point well-made — education first, then wealth.

I remember back in 1975, accompanying the grieving father, Woodbury Ransom, to Raspberry Bay, North side of Lake Charlevoix, and watching as searchers passed back and forth on the water looking for his son’s body — the result of a tragic boating accident.

I recall from the depths of my mind the Venetian weekend finale evening when amidst all the aerial fire works I received a call to go to No. 212. I found Robin (Robert R.) Ware peacefully reclined in his chair. He had told his wife Elizabeth, he was tired, sat in his favorite chair, and met his Maker We called in Dr. Martin to substantiate the fact.

Thirty-one years of history spins through the floppy disks of my mind. The sad, comical, serious and mundane flash across the screen so fast, it’s difficult to stop and have full recall.

Back in the ’60’s, Mr. Lawrence Perkins had a mellow old sailing schooner, *Allegro*. On a windy Sunday afternoon with current running strong, he returned from an exhilarating sail, making for his berth in the Bayou out on the end. Problems developed — a line was made fast to a piling and efforts were made to warp the boat into it’s slip by motor and brute force. In the process, the line grew taut. About that time I happened to be in the wrong place. The line slipped off an intermediate piling, caught me mid-section and unceremoniously cast all 220 pounds of me (at that time), out into the Bayou. Man, did I move, hardly getting wet!

The Railroad abandonment and Club’s reclaiming the right of way was an exercise in patience, pugnaciousness, and perseverance. It was time-consuming and demanded that all the “t’s” be crossed and “i’s” dotted. The fathers of the Club back in the late 1800’s had grand foresight to set up the railroad right-of-way in the fashion they did and the Board members of the late ’70’s, early ’80’s had the perseverance to follow through on reclamation when it was brought to their attention of the possible abandonment. The C&O Railroad played games, the City played games, Northern Michigan Railway (now defunct) played games, but in the ninth inning, the Club prevailed. The team players for the Club were William Connett, F. Carl Schumacher, Fitch Williams (sharp legal counsel of Miller, Canfield, Paddock and Stone out of Traverse City) and myself. It was a vital exercise that paid off for the betterment of the Club.

On an early Sunday morning, one of the members marched down to the office in his P.J.’s, robe and slippers to, as they say “clean my clock.” Saturday night (early Sunday) his kids (now adults) were having a house party and the noise got out of hand. The night watchman’s pleading was to no avail. One member better than a block away roused me out of bed via phone and demanded peace and tranquillity. I proceeded to the residence with one of the night watch shadowing, broke up the party and returned to bed. The next morning the father learned of the happening and objected to the warden’s interference. The Trustees backed the warden, the happening was forgotten, and a mutual

respect developed.

I remember one Fall when I noticed a strange car traversing the avenue in front of the office and parked here and there at various times. Occasionally the driver had binoculars in hand, and this piqued my curiosity. Recording the car license number, I learned through the Sheriff's office that it was a rental car out of the Traverse City airport, leased out to a detective agency in a far-off city. Putting two and two together and checking with a member in residence, the bottom line was I probably stumbled into a marital problem. With the member's departure, the strange car disappeared.

Oh, so many recollections flash by. Every year of the thirty-one filled with them, more than enough to write a book and sequel maybe someday!

They have been good years in my opinion, provided sufficient bread and board, educated two children — Tim and Karri — to their personal maximum and satisfaction of parents. The personal education of the Assistant Secretary-Treasurer and Warden goes on however in the waning stages of a post-doctoral exercise.

Many suns have risen and set. A few more risings and settings are in the offing. It's been a satisfying challenge!

Mum/



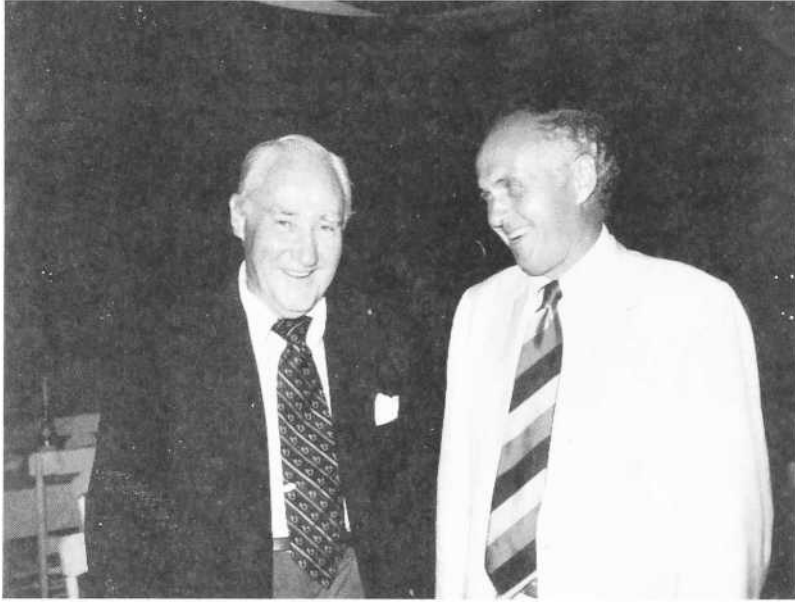
Lee Moerland, Belvedere Warden, and his effervescent secretary Bcv Smith, offseason 1990.



Bob and Virginia McCallum at the Belvedere Golf Club, 1968.
Helen Moss and Ginny Shwab enjoying a cook out at Belvedere beach, 1967.



Mike Ware and Norman Heitner at the Casino, 1968.
1974.
Dick Leatherman and Ken Payne at Cabaret,



CHAPTER 3 PLACES, PEOPLE, AND EVENTS



Sailfish, Sunfish Regatta, Belvedere beach, 1969.
S if'



High water on the south side of Belvedere beach. It was good for some Charlevoixans, 1986.

THE BEACH
VIRGINIA WHITEHEAD MILLION

Gone with the Hotel are the lovely luncheon-at-the-beach days described by Elizabeth Clark. Today we have to brown bag it from the Casino, McDonald's or our own kitchens — from chic to utilitarian!

Because of the very high water in 1952 all of the south cabanas were moved to the higher north side — adjacent to the Club cabana. The water went down. The Kiddie Koop came into being with the help of Larry Perkins' expertise. Play equipment was relocated — sand hauled in and “Voila!” the south beach became the children's beach — the hub of their activities.

The north beach is now for adults of all ages. There is an appropriate spot for everyone. Avid readers can find a quiet place and not be bothered. The “tanner is better” groups find chairs which can be rearranged according to interesting gossip, social plans, or other timely topics. If today is the day to “do backs” or a nap is needed, just spread a towel and “lay the body down.” If you're looking for a bridge game there is always a cut-in game in progress.

One of the few men who came to the beach with any degree of regularity was Marge Rowe's husband, Bob. After listening to Marge and other ladies complain bitterly about having to walk into the water over a jillion sharp stones, he, at the beginning of each season, cleared a path into swimming depth to save the ladies' feet and their dispositions too. Every summer you can hear someone muttering, “I wish Bobby Rowe were here!” Incidentally, the beach is still used for swimming.

One of the most beautiful sights on Lake Charlevoix is a regatta. The Charlevoix Yacht Club with its rainbow-colored sails is a spectacular sight as they race on Wednesday evenings. First terrace cottagers plan parties with that view in mind.

That doesn't have much to do with our beach, but our beach does have boats. A small fleet of Sailfish and Sunfish is “anchored” at the extreme north end of the beach. We have had several Sailfish regattas and beach picnics which were very successful.

Canoes are still kept under the old willow tree for use by the Gangs or adults. The sailing “bathtubs” are beached by the Kiddie Koop to be used by Little Gang.

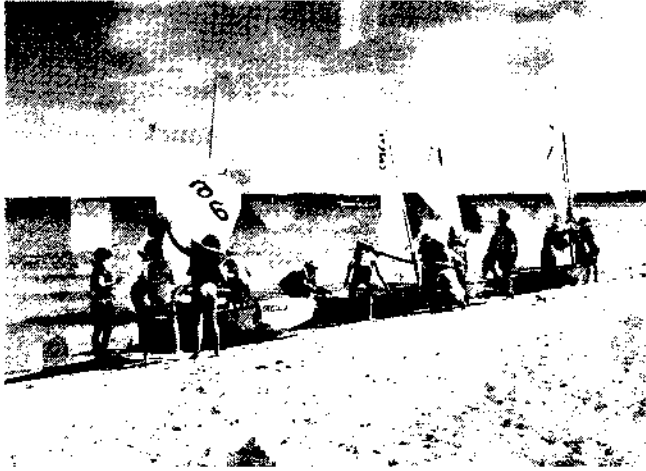
Charlevoix is one of the few towns that does not have a fireworks display on the Fourth of July. Therefore, Dayton Mudd, on numerous occasions, has brought fireworks from St. Louis. Large pieces are mounted on the pier — handled by our young adults. Roman candles, sparklers, fountains, etc. are on the south beach for Gang-age children supervised by Gang leaders. Often there is a beach cookout for the children — campfire, hotdogs, marshmallows. One very humid night I will always remember Smoke from the fireworks and the campfire was hanging in the air and drifting back down to the beach in such a swirly haze that even with the light reflecting through it, you could hardly recognize your children three feet away! Very eerie — like a scene from Dante's *Inferno*. The kids loved it.

The last high water peak —1987 — almost wiped out the north beach including some of the sidewalk in front of some of the cabanas. We had serious thoughts about raising cabana row up to the old railroad bed. Fortunately, the water went down instead of up (as predicted), and we once more have a beach.

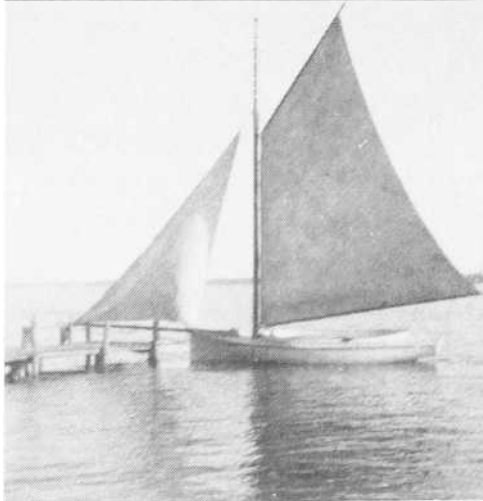
Inspired by the falling water, cabana owners are doing some serious renovating. Soon we will be

so elegant that we won't recognize our beach. Occasionally our gaze will stray toward the pier Oh, my! — but that's a subject for the next re-write!

One of my sons remarked, after an absence of fifteen years, that going to the beach was like walking into a time warp. "The same people were sitting in the same places, in the same suits, doing the same things." That's not entirely true — there are many new suits and some new faces! But that's what Belvedere is about — doing the things you like to do with friends whom you enjoy.



Belvedere Gang rigging prams, 1987.





View from Belvedere Hotel of steamer *Champlain* on way to Boyne City and two “cowbanas” on Belvedere Beach, circa 1885.

Gaff-rigged sloop at Belvedere beach, circa 1900.

No condominiums nor marinas in sight! 1940's.



Hotel Cabana on north side of pier, circa 1940.

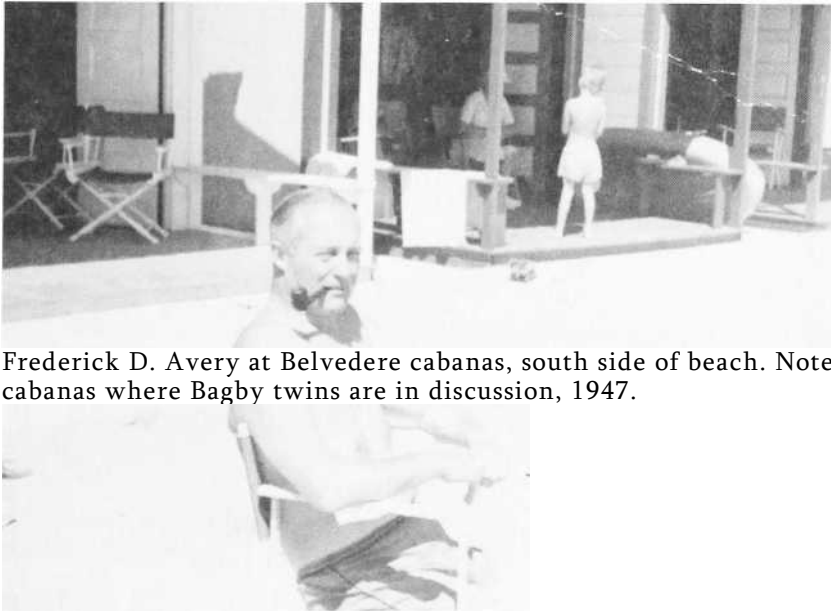


Cabanas located on south side of pier, circa 1940.





“The Family,” left to right: Elizabeth Clark, Mrs. George Tramel, Dorothy Bemis, William N. Bemis, Hannah Bemis (Morris), “Dixie Bemis,” Elizabeth Bemis (Avery), circa 1913.



Frederick D. Avery at Belvedere cabanas, south side of beach. Note benches on either side of cabanas where Bagby twins are in discussion, 1947.

Lifeguards

Janet Krulik

.Stephen Bourgoin

.Mark Bourgoin

.Mark Bourgoin, Janet Shields

.Gail DeWildt, Georgia Lusk, Janet Krulik

.Charles Curtis, Denis Ar villa

.Glenn Collins, Gail DeWildt

.Gail DeWildt, Paul Belding

.Kathryn Lieberman, Sharon Rosenburgh

.Lisa Wasoski, Glenda Reedy

.Tori Alger, Glenda Reedy

.Tori Alger; Philip Christ, Terri Morris

.Tori Alger; Ellen Downey

.Tori Alger; Georgia Lusk

.Georgia Lusk, Craig Askins

.Craig Askins, Julia Rogers

.Lynne Hawkins, Linda Briedenstein

.Craig Askins, Lynne Hawkins

.Lynne Hawkins, Melissa Chamberlain

.Lynne Hawkins, Dave Seelye

.Patti Cook, Marybeth Tims

.Patti Loper, Mark Morgan

.Patti Loper, Marybeth Tims

.Patti Loper, Theresa Walgus, Anna Loughlin, Jamie Hales, Kendall Campaigne

.Katie Vickers, Jamie Hales, Anna Loughlin, Kendall Campaigne

.Heather Sarkozy, Alison Sarkozy, Katie Vickers, Jeffrey Buntin, Katherine Crook



Alberta Hollencamp, Chris Ransom and Purr Ransom on ladder painting fireplace at the Casino, circa 1950.

1954 Cabaret, left to right: Irene Leatherman, Mary Ann Placio, Julie Cudlip, Michael Ann Mullen, Marilyn Hichew, Sissy Hickey, Susie Moss, Ann Avery.



Doing the "Bunny Hop," left to right: Gretchen Dieffenbach, Ellen McCarthy, John Bagby, Carol Disbrow, George Braun, Georgia Mudd, Mark Holloran, Judy Hickey, Steve Schleman, Nancy Schumacher, 1954.



The Gangs performing "Thom Rosa" at the Tuesday night dances, circa 1954.

CASINO
CHRISTIANA LUTZ RANSOM

The Casino was a big old unattractive bamy place. I was Casino chairman for six years. We, the committee, had fabulous parties to raise money to refurbish the Casino. My committee was Dac Fraser, Lu and Fred Mehaffie, Betty Herschede, Betty Schrock, the Schlemans and Hollencamps. We had fashion shows, auctions, gambling, etc. Once we had a bazaar with fishing for little prizes for children and other games. For gambling night we made horses heads attached to broom sticks for the horse-racing. It took all summer preparing for the parties.

One Casino party we had everyone dress up as their favorite fictional character. I dressed in a white sheet, put eyeshadow on my cheeks and rouge on my eyelids, wore a wild blond wig with a wedding veil depicting the half-demented disappointed bride in Dickens' *Great Expectations*.

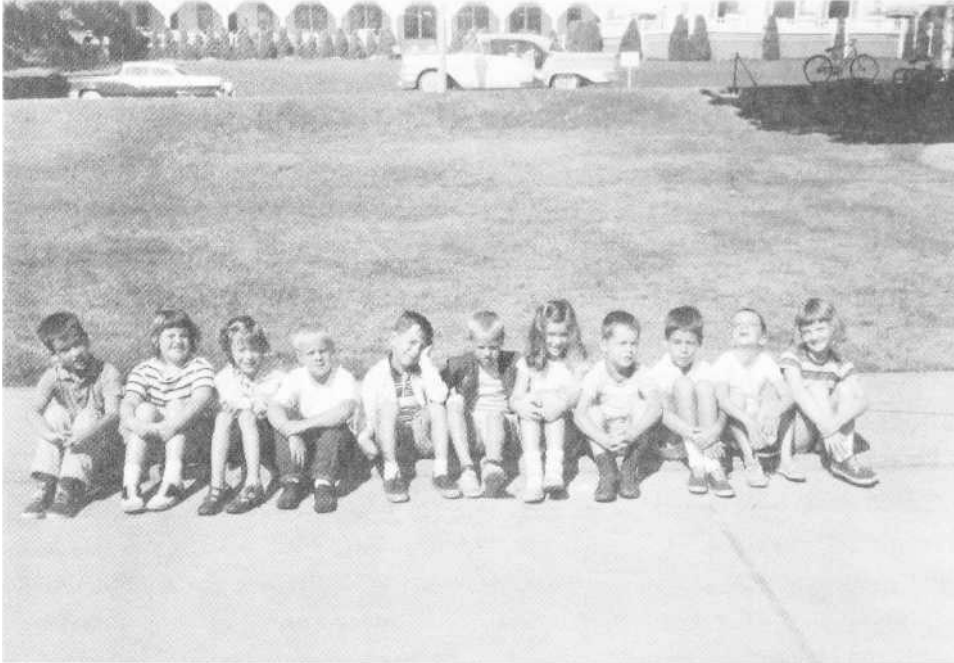
Another year we dressed as our favorite island. I wore a beautiful dress made for me in the Philippines. I even had shoes and jewelry from the island. One man wore a sign that said "no man is an island." I think I won first prize that year.

With the money we raised we enclosed the open porch. Bob Schleman had his factory cut down the high-backed old fashioned chairs, and we painted them antique white under the guidance of Ginny Schleman. We painted the tables a lovely cherry red. A little print ruffle was made to go over the windows, and a bar was built. Jack Fraser called it the Trestle Room as it overlooked the railroad trestle. Everything looked bright and cheerful.

Dac Fraser was in charge of the lounge and selected a lovely printed fabric for two couches. She bought an old round dining room table and had it cut down to cocktail table size and painted white. Then we bought some bamboo lounge chairs and end tables, lamps, and mats for the floor. We girls stood on ladders and painted the fireplace white. We got an enlarged photograph of the light house at Lake Michigan Channel — all looked lovely.

We decided we needed a snack bar: So we built a kitchen and furnished it, mostly by Fred and Lucille Mehaffie's family business of restaurant supplies (the Wiggington Company of Kalamazoo). People say we put George's Sidewalk Cafe out of business. (It was on Round Lake at Belvedere Avenue and Bridge Street where all our children **hung out for snacks**.) **The Casino snack bar was open only on Thursday and Sunday evenings for supper and everyday for lunches.**

It has been twenty years or so, and the new committee has redecorated the whole Casino, and I must say it looks lovely — even the Trestle Room, though the trestle is gone and there arc no more trains. It is peaceful and enjoyable for adults. Before it was noisy and busy, so that not many adults went down except for special parties. Now it's better operated with the children in their own dining room at the north end of the Casino and lovely Friday night dinners only for adults.



Intermediate Gang; left to right: Ted Orr, Jessie Retherford, Sunnie Ware, Dick Leatherman, Hiltv Fraser, Dayton Mudd, unknown, Peter Flanigan, Dougal McDonnell, Ricnie Holloran?, Carol McKay, circa 1957.



Gang Masquerade, circa 1973.



Little Gang, left to right: Irene Allen, Fraser Buntin, Varina Buntin, Kim Alexander, Lettie Alexander, Gabriel Califano, William Scoular, Paul Vodra, 1981.

SALLYH. MCDOUGALL

With the removal of the old Hotel in 1960, the Casino became the social center of the Belvedere Club. Its interior was fairly drab up to that time since its major use was for the Gang. They ate lunch and went there during inclement weather. Recently, every few years, improvements to the decorations have been implemented to the point that it is now quite attractive. Window boxes, large white planters, a new canopy and new planting have all been added around the front entrance. In 1987 the lounge area was refurbished and Don Kelley put together the old pictures of the cottages that now line these walls.

In years past the old railroad bridge was an interesting structure providing a challenge as it opened and closed to the boat traffic. Because it had become more dilapidated, it was removed in 1986. The magnificent view of Lake Charlevoix from the first terrace was now exposed to the lake side of the Casino. It was decided in 1989 to add a deck along that side of the building with colorful

umbrellas and tables to take advantage of this view at lunch and at the sunset hours.

The Casino continues to serve the Gang for the annual Children's Dance, the Children's Masquerade, and the awards presentations for July and August.

Eighty to one hundred attend the monthly Bingo parties with "build your own tacos" cuisine. Bridge every Wednesday is an ongoing activity and the monthly Renters Cocktail Party is also well attended. Friday night dinners have become a regular function with piano music.

In 1988 Pat Patrick's band came from Nashville for the 4th of July festivities and 160 members and guests dined and kicked up their heels to his music. The Cabaret continues to climax the season with a never-ending show of amazing talent.

The Casino over the last years has been guided by Em Crook, Sue Kinnaird, Sally McDougall and now Susan Reese.



Cabaret, left to right: Florence Gardner, Dotty Leland, Dotty Mudd, Virginia Schleman, Molly Goodson, 1960's.



Cabaret, identifiable in photo left to right: Shirley Mueller, Bethy McKay, Gene Hill, George McKay, Irene Leland, Charlie Taylor, 1964.



Cabaret, "Don't Lock Us In," left to right: Adele Braun, Shelly Rowe, Sally Fitzgerald, Gracie Church, Betsy Goodson, Holly Herschede, Dail Mudd, 1962.



Cabaret, 1985.

Cabaret, front row left to right: Skip Schumacher, Nancy Schumacher Dennis, Bethy McKay Hall, Susan Wedemeyer, Barbara Clark Larimore, Florence Clark Hall, Howard Hall, Libby McDonnell, Geoff McClelland; back row: John Hall, Liz and Ken Teasdale, Charlie Valier, Susan Meier, Denny Wedemeyer, 1985.



Cabaret, 1973.



Cabaret, left to right: Elaine Retherford, Jane Payne, Dulie Ware, Nancy Tower, Georgia Heitner, Houston Witherspoon, Dotty Mudd, Peggy Disbrow reenacting the mothers' sailing class of 1964 in 1988.

CABARET
CHARLES D'ARCYFOX

The summer of '54 was the summer before my first year at Brown, and my first year to run the Cabaret, two events I was looking forward to with both anticipation and trepidation. Andy Donahue and I had discussed the theme during Christmas vacation and I had decided that a science fiction story line was something unique and worth trying. The idea of a rocket ship from outer space crashing down on the Belvedere was too hard for us to resist. Arriving at the Belvedere in late June were most of my team. Ann Avery (now Ann Kelley), her brother Fred, if he wasn't taken out of the picture by his annual bout with poison ivy, Andy Donahue, lead guitarist and musical directory Don Morrow, Butch (Frank) Mullen, Sissy Hickey Chamberlain, Susan Moss Reese, and Julie Cudlip Whitman comprised the core team.

It's hard to describe to someone who has not spent a teen-age summer on the Belvedere how beautiful the feeling of the blue sky is, or how the scent of the air, the touch of the water and above all, the smell and feel of the Casino in the late afternoon is as the sun is going down over the tennis courts and it's rehearsal time. The Casino is warm, sometimes even hot, and an amorphous sense of drying paint on the sets fills the mind with the idea that it's going to be a great show. Johnny DiCicco comes down to help with the music, an era before the advent of "Breezy." Sissy and Susan work with the chorus line as they try to get their well-tanned legs in concert with each other and the music. Plans for an evening beach party at Fisherman's Island go on simultaneously with the practicing of our opening lines. Warren Wilson, from the Chicago Club, with trench coat buttoned to the top, walks across the stage with beer in hand, trying to look like Bogart and succeeding, at last, on the performance night. Work proceeds on the "great surprise" of the Cabaret, the rocket ship crashing into the Casino's roof. The tail section of the rocket is to project OUT OF THE ROOF at a point just above the stage, which was then located at the northern end of the Casino, with the crashed nose on the stage for the opening number. These plans are almost thwarted by a last minute objection from Bob Schleman, then Chairman of the Casino Committee and guardian of adult wisdom, who pointed out that nailing supports on the roof would, more than likely cause the roof to leak. Don Morrow was dispatched to procure some roofing tar and the show went on, one more crisis overcome.

When rehearsals were done and there were no beach parties to attend, we usually repaired to the "back room" at the Avery's cottage (now the Charles Taylor's). Regulars at this famous gathering spot were me, Fred Avery, Ann Avery Kelley, Butch Mullen, Don Morrow, Andy Donahue — folk singer in residence — Sissy Hickey Chamberlain, Julie Cudlip Whitman, Susan Moss Reese, Warren Wilson (Chicago Club), Marilyn Hichew, Martin Ludington, and Annie Sherer Paddock. And no gathering was complete without the sage advice and counsel of Fred and Ann's mother, Mrs. Avery. Her advice was judicious, well-timed and followed about as well as any other adults' words, given the teen-age state of mind of our group. The other star of the "back room" was Andy's repertoire of folk songs and his love of singing. He knew all of the Tom Lehrer songs (then the hottest item on college campuses), the Weaver's songs, and one of my favorites "*The Tale of Gnderfella, the Bavaging Reauty*," a marvelous spoonerism of Cinderella. Andy's favorite line, delivered with great gusto was, "She dropped her slass glipper and the Pounce Princed upon it!" While we solved most of the world's problems with ease, we had a hard time helping Sissy Hickey keep her various boy friends straight and, at times, separate from her parent's knowledge. Back to the easier task of running the Cabaret. The "back room" was also the spot where we rewrote popular songs for the Cabaret. We turned "*Home on the Range*" into a

lonely lament for lost spacemen, done by Andy and his brother Jerry in the Cabaret. As the summer of '54 ran down and the Cabaret night approached, the meetings at the Casino and in the Avery's "back room" grew longer and longer until they took the whole of our waking lives.

At last everything is ready and the golf and tennis awards are over and the show is on! The excitement back stage, the first act is on and then over, the rocket has landed and the invader (played by Fred Avery's friend and house guest, Ron Buecker), is subdued by the lonesome spaceman, Andy Donahue. Act follows act down to the chorus line where it all comes together as Susan Moss Reese, Julie Cudlip Whitman, Sissy Hickey Chamberlain, Irene Leatherman Orgill, Judy Hickey Engelsmann, Marilyn Hichew, Mary Ann Placio Pflager and Ann Avery Kelley put on a glorious finish to a wonderful summer and a Cabaret that even my predecessor and Cabaret mentor, Jimmy Ingham, would have liked.



Max Gennett, greenskeeper for the Belvedere Golf Club since 1964.
Monkey Tournament; left to right: George Kuhn, Jeffrey Buntin, John Hughey, Chip Alexander,
Susan Reese, 1980's.

BELVEDERE GOLF CLUB F. CARL SCHUMACHER

After I had accepted the assignment of writing this article covering the twenty- two year period of 1969 to 1990 — I realized my mind was a blank. How was I going to put down something that happened twenty years ago when I can't even remember what happened twenty minutes ago? I immediately thought of the one person who has always helped me out of more than one jam — Lee Moerland! I knew he had in his safe the minutes of all the Board meetings of the Belvedere Golf Club neatly typed, properly signed and carefully bound in books. So I went down to see Lee with my fingers crossed. I told him my problem and asked if by any chance did he have copies of the minutes which I might borrow for the winter? "Of course," he replied. "I'll get them for you right now. What years did you say you want?" In five minutes he was back with a four-inch high stack of legal size paper typed on both sides. And off I trotted with my necessary source material!

Golf Course

Without the course there would be no Golf Club and that would be the end of this article. But we

do have a very good course which is getting better every year

In the sixties, Mr. Woodbury Ransom brought up a friend of his from Chicago, Mr. Raymond Didier, who was a good golf course architect. He made a number of good points:

—Me William Watson who built the course had picked exactly the right location.

—He had taken full advantage of the beautiful terrain with its slopes and hills.

—He made full use of the water on the course for four or five good water hazards.

—He had built Scottish type fairways with slight almost imperceptible ups and downs which eliminate perfectly flat lies. He stressed we should always play the ball as it lies.

—The greens have just the right undulations to make for good pin placements.

The only criticism he leveled against the course was the fact that it was a 1927 type course. It needed modernization. Narrow the fairways. Build up a good rough. Fill in with grass about a dozen badly placed sand traps and put in fifteen new bunkers that really present a challenge to players. Speed up the greens. Plant lots of trees. Those points became our goals as funds became available during the next twenty-one years. We have accomplished everything Me Didier recommended.

Modernization, however is an ongoing process which meant we had to continue to make additions to Mr. Didier's suggestions. We have widened and lengthened most of the tees. We now have equipment to keep tees level. On every tee we have a post holding a ball washes trash receptacle and a plaque with the number and length of the hole. We have good sand of proper depth in our bunkers and use a motorized trap rake to smooth the sand at least once a day. After Mr. Didier was here, the Dutch elm disease hit us hard and we lost over 200 elm trees. But we succeeded in replacing them with other hardy varieties and also an additional 100 trees where we felt they were needed. I wish I could be here about fifty years from now when all of those trees are fully grown! We have tiled all the low places on the course to drain off unwanted water. We have paths for carts at almost every tee to save the grass. We now have equipment to keep the rough at proper levels — next to fairway for five feet at 1-1/2 inches — next thirteen feet at 2- 1/2 inches, and finally 5-1/2 inches for the balance.

In 1981 the well at the Club House went dry — fortunately before the season opened! We had to go down about fifty feet further for water. The Health Department reported the water tested well and was probably the best drinking water available.

Our only other well — a 3-inch-wide one — which helped the sprinkling water supply was only producing about half the usual flow because of the dry weather, Further examination showed the pump in this well was not operating properly. With the Club House well drying up it was very possible the sprinkler well just did not get the same water supply as before. Charlevoix city water was checked. Charlevoix would love to furnish us with water but the cost would be prohibitive because it is properly purified for drinking which we do not need for sprinkling. So the Board decided we would get a new pump on die 3-inch well which should enable it to deliver 150 gallons per minute. Also dig two new 6-inch wells. Our Board asked the members to buy ten-year promissory notes paying 5-1/2% interest. They cooperated magnificently and the issue was over subscribed. We started paying them off in 1983 and all were redeemed by 1988 — four years before maturity!

Memberships
As there will be reference in this article to memberships, I want to clarify this for you. We now have five different classes of Memberships:

1. Regular — owner or renter of Belvedere Club cottage. A renter may continue his membership as long as he rents or purchases a cottage on the Belvedere or Chicago Club grounds. If he decides to spend his summers elsewhere, his membership lapses. If he decides to spend his summers in the Charlevoix area but not on the Belvedere or Chicago Club grounds he must become a Special member.
2. Associate — owner or renter of Chicago Club cottage.
3. Special — a person spending his summers in the Charlevoix area but not on Belvedere Club or Chicago Club grounds and who does not work within a seventy- five-mile radius of Charlevoix.
4. Junior — son, daughter and/or spouse of Regular or Associate members of the Belvedere Golf Club and who are thirty-two years of age or younger and who are in residence at the Belvedere or Chicago Club.
5. Social — a person who is an owner or renter of a Belvedere Club or Chicago Club cottage.

All classes must be proposed by a Regular member of the Belvedere Golf Club. Regular and Special members must also be sponsored by two Regular members of the Belvedere Golf Club. Associate and Junior members may be sponsored either by Regular or Associate members of the Belvedere Golf Club. Social members need only a proposer — no sponsors. All classes are permitted to use Club House facilities. All classes except Social may use the golf course without paying any daily fees.

Finances

I made reference above that we made necessary improvements to the course when we had the funds. In 1969, we had few members compared with today and the public did not patronize us as they do today. Golf just wasn't as popular twenty years ago as it is now. Our only income then was members dues and daily fees paid by the public. Belvedere Club owns the grounds and buildings which they maintain. Ray Kipke and his wife were caddy master and managers of the golf shop. They bought at wholesale all the merchandise in the golf shop from golf tees to golf clubs, clothes, balls, etc. They sold everything at retail and the profit was all theirs. They owned practice balls for the driving range. These they rented out and all fees went to them. They owned all the golf and pull carts. Again, the rental fees were theirs. After Ray resigned, Bob Wallace took over and he made all the money. He did hire and pay Jake White as Caddy Master and manager of the golf shop. Still nothing for the Club. Bob McCall was our golf pro. He gave lessons and kept all the fees. Mrs. Ross, then Mrs. Blissett and finally Mrs. Wheat handled all the dining and catering services. They kept the profits — nothing for the Club.

After Bob McCall passed away in 1977, we had Perry Smith as our golf instructor. He was followed by Bob Ross in 1983. In 1985, Joel Hirsch, formerly of Bay View, became our golf teacher. All of these made their money only from lessons but we had to give each a guarantee if he didn't make as much as he expected to make from lessons. Again — not only nothing for the Club — but we had to pay out a lot of money to meet the guarantees. This in effect meant we had no income nor control over the lucrative profits from all the miscellaneous operations.

In 1979 we began to take over. We did not renew Mr. Wallace's contract. He sold his golf carts to someone — not us — but we did buy his merchandise. We put Chum White on our payroll plus his four boy staff. We bought thirty-six new E-Z-Go electric carts. We borrowed the money from the bank. We paid it off in about five years! That will give you some idea of the profits we had been

forced to pass up for so many years. Another example. In 1967 we had to put in a new sprinkler system. We sold ten-year promissory notes to our members to pay for it. In 1977 there were still \$17,000 unpaid so we had to ask the holders to give us a five year extension because it would take that long for us to raise the money to redeem the notes.

We had raised our fees in the seventies because we needed money to pay off our debts and do what we could to improve the golf course. In the eighties we raised them for the same reason plus one more very important reason. Sounds silly, but we wanted to discourage play on our course! Golf had become THE game and Belvedere had become so well known that we just had too many players. That meant slow play and unhappy members.

1969	1980	1990
\$150.00	\$500.00	\$1,000.00
\$150.00	\$500.00	\$1,500.00
\$8.00	\$10.00	\$45.00
\$4.50	\$6.00	\$12.00

Regular member initiation fee Associate member initiation fee Daily Tickets — Mon.-Thun-l 8-holes

Caddy Fees — 18-holes

To show you how the fees have gone up, here are some for 1969,1980 and 1990:

Golf Activities

Member Guest Tournaments. I can't remember when we started these, but they were very popular. They were run as Calcuttas so the Club picked up a little money which went into a special fund to fix up the Club House. Interest began to lag in the late seventies and the Board decided that 1980 would be the last year.

Nine-hole scrambles are still our most popular events and we get tremendous turnouts. Sixty or so players each putting up \$5 for prize money. Members of the winning team go home with \$40 to \$50 each! We have two in July and two in August. All are invited to stay for a cocktail party and light supper in the Club House — for a small charge — and the majority of players do stay.

Ladies' Day — Tuesdays. First tee is reserved from 8:30 A.M. to 9:00 A.M. for the players. They usually wind up together for lunch. Splendid day!

Men's Day — Thursdays. Men meet at the Club House for lunch. They play with handicaps and the golf pro puts teams together so all have about the same total handicap. We usually have six to eight foursomes. Each player puts up \$5 for prize money and the winners go home happy!

Caddie Tournament. Bob Follansbee suggested in 1982 we have a tournament for the caddies and golf shop crew. It was enthusiastically received and the finals are played the middle of August. Members are invited to follow the match and they see some very good golf as the finalists batde for the Follansbee Trophy.

Annual Belvedere Golf Club Championship Tournament. Those eligible to play are Belvedere Golf Club Regular, Associate, Junior and Special members and spouses plus Belvedere Club rental members and their spouses.

Michigan Amateur Golf Tournament

We were privileged to host this prestigious event for twenty-seven years. It was always played the third week in June. No doubt about it — this gave us excellent publicity. I don't think there is a good golfer in Michigan who has not played the Belvedere course. It is sponsored by the Golf Association of Michigan. We entertained the GAM officers and directors at a welcoming dinner at

the Club House the Sunday night before the tourney got under way. There are now sectional qualifying rounds on seven courses around the state and about 140 men come to Charlevoix for final qualifying for the 64 places. Tourney actually gets under way on Wednesday morning and by Thursday evening there are only sixteen players left because they play 18 holes each morning and afternoon. These sixteen plus the GAM officers and directors, local dignitaries, former champions, and our Board members are all invited to the Sweet Sixteen Dinner. Very Pleasant. Final round is played on Saturday afternoon usually before a crowd of hundreds of people.

In the late eighties, we were told by the GAM that the pressure was getting terrific from the Board members each of whom wanted the tournament played at his home club. We had the tourney in 1988, but then we were told 1989 would be the beginning of a rotation system under which every club that wanted the tournament would have an opportunity. They promised to keep us in the rotation so we could expect to have it every five years or so. However, we do not think they handled it in a sportsman like way and a great deal of unpleasantness arose. We are sorry to lose it — we had fun — they helped us improve our course, but finally our Board voted unanimously to reject their offer.

Handicapping Our Course

Great golfer Tom Watson occasionally plays Belvedere with his father who has a summer home on Walloon Lake. Tom has always publicly praised Belvedere and says it is high on his list of favorite courses. This statement has appeared in the press more than once. So we were surprised to read in a newspaper that Tom Watson said he just played a good round of golf at Belvedere but lost \$10 to his father because the course is badly handicapped.

We perked up our ears at that! At that time there were no sectional qualifying rounds for the Michigan Amateur so we had something like 400 golfers appearing in Charlevoix to see who gets the 64 places. We asked the GAM to send us all the score cards for all the players in the two 18-hole qualifying rounds. This gave us some 800 hole by hole scores. We carefully charted them by holes, added up the total on each hole and divided that by the number of players to arrive at an average score for each hole. Interestingly enough, the toughest hole on the course turned out to be No. 4. It is a par three and the best amateur golfers in Michigan had an average score of 3.9 strokes! Of course we could not use a par three for the first handicap hole.

Working from those figures we came up with new handicaps for many of the holes. We had our golf pro and our best golfers examine the new schedule. After their approval we then sent it to the GAM where their Handicapping Committee looked it over. When we had final approval we printed up new score cards with the new handicaps.

The next time Tom Watson came over, we asked him for his opinion and he agreed the course was now properly handicapped. As he put it — “If I lose again to my Dad, it will be my fault!”
Golf Professional

I've already mentioned the men who had served as our golf instructors through the years up to 1987. After a lot of serious searching, interviewing, etc., we finally picked Mr. David Poquette. He was then twenty-four years old — graduated from Michigan State University with a major in accounting — attends PGA golf school in Florida — assistant golf pro in the winter at Atlantis Golf Club in Florida which is close to the PGA school. The next year he would be a licensed Class A PGA golf professional. There is no higher rank. He was recommended to us by our present golf pro, Joel Hirsch, under whom Poquette started to work as a caddy at Bay View.

Poquette has fit in well and is liked by everyone. We were concerned we would only have him for about a year or so. He said, “No. This is exactly the setup I like and exactly what I have been

seeking. I shall spend my summers with you. Then down to Florida for the winter.” So far — so good!

Caddies

Believe it or not, there are several members and public players who would rather walk with a caddy, than ride around in a cart. So we have to have a supply of young men to carry bags. They are not too easy to come by but the Board hit on a plan that is working well. The golf pro selects the best five boys he can find — boys who like golf — boys who want to learn more about the game. The pro promises them he will give them help with their game and also teach them how to be good caddies. He also tells them they will be able to play in the Caddy Tournament. Also if they do a good job they can work up to being on the golf shop staff with good pay for summer work for students. Finally, they also will be eligible for an Evans Scholarship for college.

Association Memberships

In 1980 we decided to apply for membership in the U.S. Golf Association and the Golf Association of Michigan. We were accepted and have membership plaques hanging on the Club House walls. Both send us bulletins from time to time on every aspect of operating a golf club. We are also plugged into the GAM handicapping system where computers give us current handicaps for all members every three weeks.

We are also members of the Michigan Turf Grass Foundation. They have no dues structure. We are asked to contribute \$1 per year for each of our members. This Association was started by our Ken Payne and Michigan State University to give all course superintendents in Michigan answers to every question they may have about the various grasses on the courses.

Golf Carts

As mentioned above, we started our fleet in 1979 with thirty-six E-Z-Go electric carts. We have picked up odds and ends and also bought other new ones so our current number is forty-two. These completely fill our golf cart storage building. We needed more carts in 1988 so we bought five Yamaha gas carts. They need not be kept in a building because there are no batteries to be charged. At night we chain them together; pull out part of the starting mechanism and chain them to posts at the south end of the golf shop where they are under cover. They all have tops and are therefore much in demand during the hot months.

We worked out a chart to replace these forty-two carts starting in 1988 with the purchase of fourteen new ones and trading in fourteen 1979 models. The plan will give us carts no older than ten years and by 2007 we will have to buy only four new carts per year to maintain the fleet.

However, in 1989, four carts reached the point where they would cost more to repair than they were worth so we traded them in on four new E-Z-Go electrics. We are prepared to do this as we go along so we will always have forty-two well-functioning carts. But the replacement schedule will still give us guidance to guarantee a good fleet at a minimum cost.

Club House

There are five ladies who deserve the credit for keeping our Club House attractive and the dining service excellent. They are: Mrs. D. D. Walker, Mrs. M. Moss Alexander Mrs. George A. Kuhn, Jr., Mrs. Wilbert C. Schade and Mrs. Benjamin H. Brewster

In 1970, the attractive lamps outside the front door were placed there in a memory of Mr. Gordon L. Geilfus who had served the Club so long and so well until his death in 1969.

In 1979, the Board decided no more cash would be accepted in the dining room. All classes of membership, including the new Social members, may sign tickets. The office will submit bills monthly including a 15% gratuity on all charges.

In 1982 Wednesday night dinners were introduced and were very well patronized. In 1983 Mrs. Blissett departed after many years of faithful service, and Mrs. John Curtis agreed to become the concessionaire for food service. In 1984 Mrs. Curtis left, and Mr. Tom Warth took her place. In 1985 Mrs. Wheat, who had worked for Mr. Warth, took over on her own.

In 1987, Mrs. Brewster was allotted \$10,000 by the Board to refurbish the lounge from floor to ceiling. Later she asked and was given permission to buy new rugs for the dining room and have ceiling fans installed in both the lounge and dining room.

In 1988, the Boards of both Clubs met to see if some better arrangement could be set up for evening meals so both the Belvedere Golf Club and the Belvedere Club Casino would benefit. Mr Claggett agreed to send out a questionnaire to all members asking them to tell the Board exactly what kind of dinner service they want.

At the end of the 1988 season the Board asked Mrs. Wheat to return in 1989. She said she wanted to serve us but she so thoroughly disliked keeping books, arranging for insurance, handling necessary government reports, etc., that she asked if she might become an employee on a salary and have the office do all the paper work. She would continue to select and buy all the food, etc. Mrs. Brewster and Mr. Ware worked out a contract for 1989 which Mrs. Wheat accepted. It provides that the Club and Mrs. Wheat will share equally in any profits or losses. This marks the end of independent contractors at the Golf Club. Every operation of the Belvedere Golf Club is now in the hands of salaried employees. This gives the Board absolute control.

Mrs. Wheat had made up a list of everything that is wrong with the kitchen. She showed us those things and also pointed out many of them were unsanitary and would not be approved by the Health Department. She also had drawn up a sketch showing a proper arrangement that would not only be sanitary but would provide working space to prepare at least 100 to 120 dinners.

Mr. Ware talked with Mr. Brown who is the local representative of the Sysco Company. After visiting our kitchen, making some measurements and doing a little scratching, he said Mrs. Wheat was right. There is plenty of room for a kitchen that could put out up to 120 dinners. The total cost of redoing the kitchen would be no more than \$40,000 including a walk-in freezer room.

Guest Cards For Children

In 1982, the Board approved a Guest Card procedure which entitles the holder to Club House privileges. There is no charge for the cards. They are issued for a two week period to children of all classes of members. The father applies at the office for the card and agrees in writing to pay all bills signed by the child to whom the card is issued. This same child may have a card for only three two week periods each summer.

Making Belvedere Golf Club Private In July And August

In 1984, Belvedere Gub President Bill Connett asked to meet with our Board which was quickly arranged. He said he wanted to discuss the possibility of Belvedere Golf Club going private. Belvedere Club is willing to sell the golf course and buildings to a private golf club. There would be no objection if we ourselves wanted to make it private.

A meeting was held with officers of the Golf Club and Belvedere Club. The group decided with just the limited information at hand that no sound decision could be made. The feeling was rather general that at this time it was not financially possible. Maybe it could have been done five years ago or perhaps five years from now.

In 1988, our Finance Committee recommended a study committee be appointed with members of both Clubs to study and plan the future of the Belvedere Golf Club. This would include a study of the feasibility of making Belvedere Golf Club private during July and August.

Belvedere Club President George Crook did appoint a seven member committee which was called the Long Range Planning Committee. At the first meeting of the committee in 1989, discussion was held on the possibility of making Belvedere Golf Club private during July and August. This was done when we realized there are now three new clubs functioning within a twenty mile radius of Charlevoix, plus three more that are now under construction. A check revealed that they not only are using lower fees than ours, but are also offering full amenities — locker room, bar, dining room and in some cases swimming and tennis. The committee appointed a Feasibility Committee with Mr. Kuhn as chairman to determine what would have to be done to our facilities in order to keep our dues no more than one third of the dues of private golf clubs in Florida and Arizona. At this point the committee is not yet ready to make any recommendations, but it did ask the Board's permission to continue to study. Permission granted.

The Board recommended we make the same report to the Board of Belvedere Club. This was done, and it, too, recommended we move further with our study.

Mn Ware mentioned at the Annual Meeting that the study was under way and a special meeting of all Belvedere Club members was being called for August 16,1989 to report where we had progressed in our thinking, but not make any recommendation that we adopt the plan nor call for any vote.

Golf Club Presidents

1969-72

Mr. Woodbury Ransom

1973-76

Mr. P. D. Houston, Jc

1977-78

Mr. Biron A. Valicr

1979-81

Mr. F. Carl Schumacher

1982-85

Mr. Eugene C. Tower

1986-87

Mr. F. Carl Schumacher



Where did the ball go? Monkey Tournament; left to right: Molly McClelland, Geoff McClelland, Bud Alexander, Bayard Boyle, Bob Ross, George Kuhn, 1980's.

1988-

Mr. Gordon K. Ware

TENNIS ON THE BELVEDERE BARBARA C. CLAGGETT

One of the best things about life on the Belvedere is how little it changes, and this is particularly true on the tennis courts. The five clay courts still look great and continue to be the scene of excitement and thrills every summer. Since the publication of the last Belvedere book only the names have changed, and some of those sound suspiciously familiar.

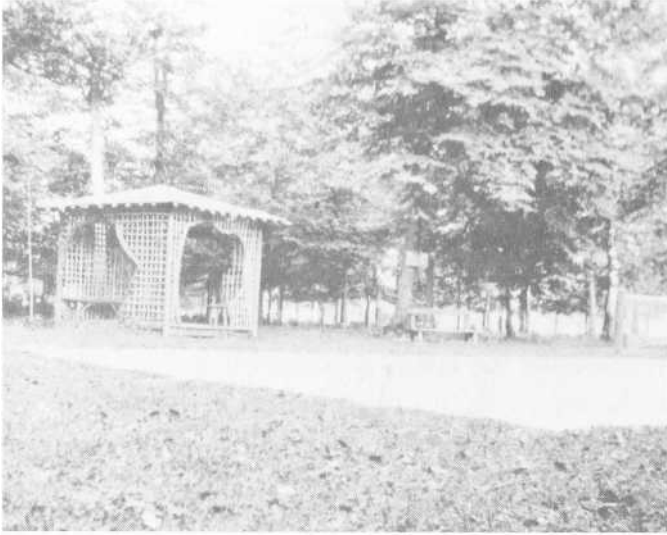
Big Amy Ware and Mil Kuhn dominated the ladies doubles for so long that we decided to split them up so someone else would have a chance to win. We decided to draw for partners but Amy won again in a memorable match with Joanie Meyer as her partner. Young Amy carried on the family tradition with victories over everyone. It was always great to watch any of the Holton kids, who are grandchildren of the Hollencamps, play whenever they were in residence, and Bill and I had the thrill of watching Amy Holton play on center court at Wimbledon.

But we always have plenty of great amateurs. Tory Tower Folliard beat us all at tennis even before she beat us all at golf. Lately we've been running one day tournaments and the ladies winners are usually Varina Buntin, Sheila Tomkinson or Sally McDougall. Sally was a houseguest for years before they bought on the Belvedere and thanks to the "no squatters" rule, some of the rest of us were able to take home the silver occasionally.

On the men's side, Dick Shelton and Houston Witherspoon are still out there representing the finest traditions of Belvedere tennis. In the past twenty years we've watched the Leakas boys and the Mannion men, Ed, Mark and Teddy win consistently. Moss Alexander's tennis gets better every year; as does Chris Payne's, and Curtis Schade comes back occasionally to remind everyone of what a great player he is. Peter and Beth Flanigan have just bought a cottage on tennis hill so I'm sure they'll

continue winning tournaments. And the Schrocks and the Muellers always give everyone a great game.

For the past two summers the Leathermans have reassumed their inherited and deserved positions as stars of the tennis court, and the fun of sitting on the hill watching the matches has increased since the McDougalls built their gazebo. Their hospitality and that of the Shwabs is another tradition that continues on the Belvedere.



Entrance to tennis courts was through an old turnstile. Cottage No. 3 in background, Frederick D. Avery and Ann Avery, 1938.

“The Monkey Cage” — the old tennis courts located behind No. 135 and No. 137, built at the same time as the rustic bridge; circa 1900.



Site of the tennis courts in 1895.







“The Mild Mothers” tennis group, left to right: Ioan Frantz Meyer, Jane Boucner Payne, Rosemary Allen Selby, Keith Freyhof Morris, 1976.
Tennis court in full swing weekend morning, 1987.





Big Gang future tennis champs; front row left to right: Winston Crawford, Hunter Campaigne, Cindy Teasdale, Joanna Hill, Ivan Wood; second row left to right: Varina Buntin, Clare Loughlin, Lainey Bleakney, Lindsey Tomkinson, Tom Knight; back row left to right: Samantha Schleman, Shelby Nye, Gail Bleakney, 1985.



Erik Lundteigen, tennis pro, instructing the Little Gang, 1987.

DOROTHYMUDD LOUGHLIN

An important part of the tennis court scene is the “pro.” Those who grew up with Bill Helms (1952-1958) and Earl Clark (1961-1969) are now watching their children learn from Erik Lundteigen, who has been the “pro” since 1981. He had been Chuck Wright’s assistant in the late ’70’s. (Other “pros” who have come and gone since 1970 are: Earl Schroeder, Jim Rosenburgh, Bill McGowan, Richard Walthall, Craig Sandvig, Peter Simpson and Tom Todd.) Erik not only teaches Litde, Intermediate and Big Gangs, and gives private lessons, he also has instituted the Junior Excellence Program for the teen-age group, conducts clinics twice a week, and helps organize round robin tournaments and tennis mixers. His enthusiasm is greatly appreciated.

Thick-soled, air-cushioned tennis shoes, over-sized graphic and ceramic rackets, splashes of color on shirts and dresses, and yellow, orange, even pink tennis balls are some of the notable changes on the tennis courts in the past twenty years. So, too, are the hours at the courts.

Back in the ’60’s the courts were closed about 5:00 P.M. Now youngsters can play after dinner until 7:30 P.M. when the automatic sprinkler system shoots out streams of water to dampen the courts. The system, installed in 1973, is an efficient means of watering the courts, requiring only spot supervision except for those times when one of the sprinkler heads does not rotate. The next day the early players always know which head is “on the fritz” by the glutinous mass at the base line.

A sturdier fence was also installed in 1973 to replace the flimsy chicken wire back stop of old. The tennis shack and grounds underwent renovation and beautification, complete with petunia planters, in the mid 1980’s. Also, steps were added to the west side. No longer do the youngsters walk down the sidewalk, climb over the green railing, step on to the large roller and jump down to the ground as in earlier times.

That roller was massive and it was amazing to watch Tom Demeroukas, the stocky Greek who worked at the Belvedere until 1971, easily push it across the courts by himself. After his death two or three men were employed to do his job. A smaller roller was acquired in 1987 and now, weighted down with cement, it is pulled by a golf cart each morning. Time has changed some of the procedures, but those who live near the courts can still hear the soft thump, thump....thump....thump, thump of the roller crossing the tapes.





Jim Witherspoon advising the Gangs on how to rig the new Hawk sailboats. Note low water level in 1963. Teenage Gang; back row: Unknown, Alice Langenberg, Irene Leland, Butch and Ann Mullen, Jay Paradis, Taylor Simpson; middle row: Philip Flanigan, Bethy McKay, Sudi Ware, unknown; front row: **Mike O'Brien**, Clark Bisbee, Jessie Retherford, Christy Paradis, Darcie Mudd, 1962.



Sliding down the hill near the tennis courts, left to right: Billy Wood, Ivan Wood and Clare Loughlin, 1983.



Some Belvedere Gangsters; front row left to right: Maryan Hill, Mandy Hales, unknown, Andrew Dubuque; middle row left to right: Ed Kinnaird, John Loughlin, Abby Engelsmann, Sarah Reese, Jeffrey Buntin; back row left to right: Margo Smith, unknown, Anna Loughlin, Melissa Chamberlain, Keith Kinnaird, 1981.



The Gang on wheels; left to right: Max Scouler, John Killgore, Sloan Frazer, Will Whitman, unknown, Mike Schleman, 1970's.



Intermediate Gang ready for water follies with leaders Dan Buday, Marie Buday and Dorothy Britt, 1984.

GANG LEADERS

1966 Carol Clark, Bethy McKay, Shirley Mueller Mike O'Brien, Connie Saltonstall, Lydia Sherer, John Thompson, Sudie Ware

1967 Gordon Baggett, Mary Jean Campbell, Carol Clark, Gene Hill, Louise Houston, Darde Mudd, Shirley Mueller, Ann Phillips, Connie Saltonstall, Lydia Sherer, Janice Sundberg, Tory Tower

1968 Moss Alexander, Susan Alward, Janet Kuhn, Frances McDonald, Bethy McKay, Darcie Mudd, Shirley Mueller; Marie O'Brien, Chris Payne, John Thompson, Tory Tower

1969 Moss Alexander, Susan Alward, Frances McDonald, Jessie Retherford, Lydia Sherer; Barry Still, Tory Tower

1970 Lucy McDonald, Phyllis Mueller, J. Woodward Roe, Jr, Sally Schade, AnneSchuler, Tory

Tower; Sunnie Ware

- 1971 Lisa Hermann, Janet Kuhn, Constance Layne, Frances McDonald, Lucy McDonald, Carol McKay, Chris Payne, David Shepard, Tory Tower; Sunnie Ware, Ginger Williams, Eleanor Webbe
- 1972 Connie Bisbee, Jane Cassedy, Susan Lane, Camille Leatherman, Bill McDonald, Lucy McDonald, Chris Payne, Sally Schade, Anne Schuler, Ginger Williams
- 1973 Jane Cassedy, Bill McDonald, Lucy McDonald, Faith McDonnell, Chris Payne, Sally Schade, Anne Schuler; Ginger Williams
- 1974 Wanda Bingham, Susan Lewis, Lucy McDonald, Susan Partenheimer, Chris Payne, Ginger Payne, Brad Schade, Sally Schade
- 1975 Linda Charlesworth, Pamela Kenney, Doug Kuhn, Susan Lewis, Julie Mannion, Marcia Miller; Sharon Miller; Chris Payne, Ginger Payne
- 1976 Jayne Agler; Linda Charlesworth, Doug Kuhn, Julie Mannion, Sarah Meyer; Sharon Miller; Luda Million, Stephen Reese
- 1977 Linda Charlesworth, Carolyn Claggett, Susan Claggett, Bob Kenny, Wendy Larimore, Sarah Meyer, Stephen Reese, Dee Shwab, Jane Ware
- 1978 Melissa Chamberlain, Kathleen Hogan, Bob Kenny, Julie Mannion, Sarah Meyer; Katie Orr; Helen Kemp Passano, Susie Reese, Stephen Reese
- 1979 Melissa Chamberlain, Susan Claggett, Chris Gaddis, Bob Kenny, Pam Lincoln, Denny Morgridge, Katie Orr; Jennifer Ransom
- 1980 Barbara Cady, Melissa Chamberlain, Carolyn Claggett, Kathleen Hogan, Bob Kenny, Kathy Kenny, Leigh Knepp, Sandy Rogers
- 1981 Marie Buday, Melissa Chamberlain, Tori Fishes Bob Kenny, Lisa Neubauec, Stephanie Rammacher, Shelly Reese
- 1982 Jim Alger, Marie Buday, Melissa Chamberlain, Patti Cook, Tony Earley, Sloan Frazer, Beth Kenny, Lisa Neubauer, Jamie Raum, Shelly Reese, Darlene Smalley, Wendy Taussig, Caroline Teasdale
- 1983 Dorothy Britt, Dan Buday, Marie Buday, Sherri Cook, Sloan Frazer Renee Friess, Beth Kenny, Barbie Larimore, Mimi Orr, Jennifer Rand, Shelly Reese, Jeff Trimper, Amy Ware
- 1984 Dorothy Britt, Dan Buday, Marie Buday, Sherri Cook, Sloan Frazer Mimi Ore, Shelly Reese, Jeff Trimper, Amy Ware, Susan Wyler
- 1985 Dorothy Britt, Sherri Greene, Mimi Orr; Shelly Reese, Jeff Trimper; Mark Trimper; Amy Ware, Susan Wyler
- 1986 Lara Bemis, Dorothy Britt, Marie Buday, Shelly Crain, Sandy Millet; Mimi Orr; Stewart Sarkozy, Mark Trimper; Laura Willis, Susan Wyler
- 1987 Lara Bemis, Cyndi Boss, Marie Buday, Lenore Erber, Mandy Hales, Anne Rueger, Stewart Sarkozy, Sarah Schleman, Laura Willis, Marvin Witthoeft, Susan Wyler
- 1988 Andy Bemis, Chip Bemis, Lara Bemis, Cyndi Boss, Mandy Hales, Susan Miller; Anne Rueger, Kristen Sarkozy, Stewart Sarkozy, Sarah Schleman, Laura Willis
- 1989 Andy Bemis, Chip Bemis, Lara Bemis, Cyndi Boss, Kristin Bisbee, Frieda Demmas, Lisa Macko, Susan Miller; Kristen Sarkozy, Stewart Sarkozy, Laura Willis
- 1990 Andy Bemis, Chip Bemis, Kristin Bisbee, Kendall Campaigne, Joanna Hill, Anna Loughlin, Lisa Macko, Susan Miller, Stewart Sarkozy, Margo Smith, Mike Stargardt, Amy Tomkinson, J.R.

Tomkinson, Laura Willis



“Waiting for the morning train” at the Belvedere Station, left to right: Florus Barber, Benjamin L. D’Ooge, Emerson Price and Bastion Smits, circa 1910.



The first year for the Rockets, 1947.

RAILROAD
WILLIAM C. CONNETT, IV

I was working against the railroad from 1980-83 to secure the removal of the railroad from the Belvedere property. As a result the Archives Committee asked me to record my recollections of the beginnings to the end of the railroad so far as the Belvedere was involved.

In May of 1891, David B. Merrill, President of the Charlevoix Summer Resort (predecessor to the Belvedere Club), executed an easement to the Chicago & Northern Michigan Railroad (predecessor to the Pere Marquette then the C&O Railroad), 100 feet wide from the channel to the southern boundary of the property for the sole purpose of construction and operating a railroad. As it turned out 92 years later the Club was extremely fortunate for his foresight.

None of those involved in the 1980-83 negotiations were aware, before September of 1983, that in 1888 the Village of Charlevoix issued \$25,000 of its bonds to pay for the construction of the bridge and turntable for the railroad. These bonds were paid off by the City of Charlevoix in 1944. The railroad actually began operating in 1893.

My mother, Jessie Schlafly Connett, was brought to the Belvedere as a young girl by her father, August Schlafly in 1898 via the railroad. It continued to operate until 1983. My first appearance on the Belvedere came in 1920 at the age of eight. We arrived one morning in June on the overnight train from Chicago and were deposited at the Belvedere station. Remnants of this station, i.e. the old turn-around area and concrete loading platform, still exist. Anyway we were met by horse drawn wagons which carried our trunks up to No. 103 (no longer existing).

Over the years one of the pastimes of the young was to meet the 7:11 P.M. passenger train passing through from Petoskey to Chicago. We used to place pennies on the tracks and it was a contest to see how large a penny could be mashed.

Anyway, the railroad, as most of them did, from time to time went through corporate changes — the Pere Marquette in 1919, then when it went bankrupt in 1933 it was taken over by the C&O. One of the Directors of the C&O, Mr. Stephens of Wequetonsing, told me that the C&O was given the Pere Marquette line for nothing if it would just agree to run it.

The C&O ran the road for years. First the passenger trains were discontinued and then the freight traffic became less and less. I can remember in the 1970's when the 2:00 P.M. freight train north would have only one, two, or at the most three freight cars.

The inevitable finally happened and in 1979 the C&O announced that it planned to abandon the line from Traverse City to Petoskey. This began a long series of hearings, protests and suggestions of how to save the line. People and organizations from all over the area tried to stir up support for ways and means to take over and operate the line. This petition to abandon, after endless hearings before the Interstate Commerce Commission, was finally granted in 1982. It was then up to the C&O to post notice 90 days of the date when they would in fact cease service.

In the meantime we on the Belvedere were quiet as a mouse but were trying to keep tabs on what was going on — Chamber of Commerce for Charlevoix — City Administration — all redoubled their efforts to find a way to keep the line open.

It was apparent that it would be an expensive undertaking to take down the trestle and bridge. The Corps of Engineers and the Coast Guard entered the picture and said the bridge and trestle would have to be removed clear down to the bottom of the lake as these structures would clearly be a navigational hazard.

These rail line abandonments were going on all over Michigan and there had sprung up a new railroad line called the Michigan Northern. This line contacted the cement plant in Charlevoix and proposed to take over the line from the cement plant to Petoskey based upon the shipments from the plant. They proposed to the C&O that they buy the line from Charlevoix to Petoskey and in fact, gave the C&O a check for \$500 which the C&O tentatively accepted.

We were then in the position of seeing the solvent C&O get off the hook from having to take down the bridge and trestle with a very shaky corporation assuming the responsibility. We visualized that the new operator, Michigan Northern, could not continue to operate. Investigation at the cement plant brought forth the fact that 95% of its traffic was by boat and that probably four or five carloads a month would be about all they would be shipping by rail.

This brought the situation to a head and we instituted a quiet title suit in the Circuit Court of Charlevoix County against the C&O Railroad in the spring of 1983. After several months of negotiation, the C&O caved in and signed an agreement in August of 1983, quieting title to the Belvedere right-of-way to the Belvedere and recognizing that the operation of the railroad had ceased and that the easement over our property had collapsed, that the Belvedere owned the property free of the easement.

This same agreement provided for the C&O to remove the tracks, the trestle, and the bridge at their expense.

We all relaxed for the first time in three years — too soon — for in September of 1983, the City of Charlevoix filed suit against the C&O Railroad seeking to restrain the railroad from tearing down the bridge and turn-table on the grounds that the City had paid for the erection of the bridge when it was constructed and when the railroad abandoned the line, the City was the owner. Prior to the suit by the City, none of us who were involved in these negotiations had any idea the City had paid for the bridge. Scuttlebutt was that the City would give a concession to operate a restaurant on the bridge.

However, after consideration we contacted the Coast Guard Regional office in Cleveland and they cooperated by advising the City that they did not care who the owner was, that with the railroad not operating the bridge and trestle were navigational hazards and would have to come down.

This took the wind out of the City's sail for not long thereafter they dismissed their suit and the bridge and trestle were down by the spring of 1984 at a cost to the C&O Railroad of \$180,000, and a cost to the Belvedere Club of \$18,026 for legal fees and related expenses.

In all the uncertainties during this period, our warden, I[^]e Moerland, was of great assistance in keeping us apprised of the moves and thoughts of some of our neighbors' activities in trying to stop the removal of the bridge.

Thus ended a serious threat to the Belvedere. We hope it rests in peace. It probably will unless some crazy governmental agency decides to use eminent domain and condemn a right-of-way for an alternate road and bridge through Charlevoix — we hope this never happens. Who knows what the next 100 years will bring?

YACHT CLUB JAMES T. WITHERSPOON

In late 1947 the Yacht Club was organized by George Shwab, Jr, and the Club purchased a fleet of eighteen-foot sailboats, "Rockets," built in Massachusetts by A.R. True. The Chicago Club also purchased three Rockets at this time. The Yacht Club held its first annual meeting August 21, 1948. There were forty members. Annual dues were \$25. The "Rockets" were the predecessors of die current fleet of "Hawks." The name "Rocket" was a complete misnomer, for these boats were about as slow and clunky as a sailboat could be. Nevertheless, they taught a generation of kids, and adults too, quite a bit about sailing. The Rockets had a huge mainsail with a boom that reached way out over the taffrail. The mainsheet did not come with the benefit of a jam cleat so the skipper had to hang on for dear life to the sheet and tiller; too, since the Rockets carried a massive weather helm. There were no jam cleats for the jib sheets either; and to make matters worse, the jib sheets were of a course hemp that was very hard on the hands. Enterprising crew sometimes would tuck the jib sheet under the centerboard cleat to relieve some of the strain. The Rockets had very little side decking at their widest beam. On windy days the optimal way to sail them was to put the rail just as close to the water as you dared.

Ken Krulik tended the Rockets for the Yacht Club during the late '40's and '50's. He worked in the John Cross Fishery the rest of the year and had a wealth of information on nautical matters. He had been all over Northern Lake Michigan on the John Cross fish tugs and seemed to know every shoal and nuance of the lake intimately. He told fascinating stories about his experiences on the fish tugs. One November he spent three days hove-to in the lee of South Fox Island during a Northwest blow. Ken knew how to tie just about every knot in the book and could turn an eyesplice in a line in seconds. The Rockets, being wood, required constant maintenance. Ken was right on top of the situation. He always had the paint and varnish ready to touch up any dings in the brightwork, and he did an amazing amount of repairs in replacing rotten seat slats, coamings and planking.

One of the most difficult challenges in sailing the Rockets was tacking in the channel. There was a lot less boat traffic then, but the currents, the fluky winds, the narrow gap at the railroad bridge, and the overhanging trees on Park Island made it challenging sailing. The Rockets were not nearly as nimble as the Hawks, so if there



Belvedere Yacht Club sailors rigging the Rockets for a race, 1950.



Belvedere Yacht Club, 1948.

was a current against you, it was especially arduous. This challenge had a salubrious effect, however: it made better sailors.

In the 1950's the lamprey population was devastating the fishing in the Great Lakes. I remember seeing as many as five lampreys clinging to the rudder of a Rocket when it returned to the dock after an afternoon's sail.

Several incidents deserve mention. One day in the mid 1950's as the fleet of Rockets was sailing out the channel for a race, the railroad bridge happened to be closed for the afternoon freight. One skipper (who shall remain nameless) seeing that the train had just crossed, and knowing that the bridge would soon be opening, sailed merrily down the channel with a fresh following wind. The bridge was not that quick to open, though, and when it finally began to swing, she realized to her

horror that it was swinging open *clockwise* rather than counterclockwise as she expected! By this time her boat was deep into the swiftly closing “V” between the bridge and the support pilings; the giant “scissors” snapped the Rocket’s mast right off, just 6 feet above the deck.

In 1962 the Yacht Club made the decision to purchase new boats to replace the Rockets, which by this time were in need of constant repair. There was much discussion concerning the kind of boat to purchase. At one time the Club was considering the “Flying Dutchman.” Larry Perkins and Bill Witherspoon were sent on a scouting mission to Harbor Springs to test sail one of these, with *thoroughly* embarrassing wet results. Needless to say, that idea was quickly put to rest. Ultimately, the “Hawks,” made by Pearson, were selected and were ordered through Bob Schleman, who was a dealer. The “Hawks” first year in service was 1963. They offered a lot livelier sailing than the barge-like “Rockets.”

One memorable day was during a Gang sailing outing about 1974 when Mike Meyer was the sailing instructor. A line squall built up quickly in the northwest and came through like a freight train when the fleet of sailboats was still out near Two Mile Point. It was chaos for a few moments, as Mike furiously tried his best to keep everyone safe and sound; I have been told the kids learned a few choice new words that day.

Incidents with the Coast Guard are a continuing part of the saga of the Belvedere Yacht Club. The Coast Guard, for whose presence we are indeed grateful, nevertheless, has been guilty of some brainless gaffes. The first year we had the Hawks one of the Chicago Club Hawks (they had five) turned turtle in Lake Charlevoix. The Coast Guard went to their rescue, and, not succeeding in righting the boat (admittedly an arduous job), they proceeded to tow it (upside down!) into shallow water where it



Belvedere Yacht Club’s Pina Colada Regatta, August 1989.



Commodore Jim Witherspoon and Mike Meyer trying to convince the U.S. Coast Guard that sailboats need to tack in the channel, 1989.

A sporty race after rounding Raspberry Bay Buoy, 1989.

would be easier to right. Little did they realize that this boat had a *mast* which snapped, of course, when it hit the bottom as they approached the beach!

On another occasion, Dave Grumman turtled a Hawk in front of the Belvedere (yes, it happens even to the best of sailors sometimes!). He and his crew were able to right it just as the Coast Guard arrived and handed Dave the end of a hose to a massive pump that promised to bail the boat in just seconds. When the pump was turned on, though, it was set up backwards, and a whoosh of water swamped them once again!

Then there is the constant “Battle of the Channel” between the Coast Guard and the Hawks tacking in from Lake Charlevoix, which came to a head in the summer of ’89 when Mike Meyer tacked too close in front of a power boat.

Over the years there has been an illustrious group of Belvedere skippers who have enjoyed racing each other in the Rockets and the Hawks. In this category, I remember in particular Bob Schrock, George Shwab, an assortment from the Perkins clan — Brad, Julia, Dwight, Dave Grumman, and Nick Califano; also Peter Heilman, Dave Scoular, Charlie Valiev Chris Payne, Jane Witherspoon, and Mike Meyer

The early 1950’s were the Yacht Club’s golden years. Races were held six days a week — two days for Gang, two days for teen-agers, and two days for seniors (over 21). Sailing was very popular and typically, all boats were used for each race. In those years the Yacht Club maintained its own set of buoys, which were located off the Belvedere swimming pier, off the train station, at Raspberry Bay, at Two Mile point, and off the old Sugar Beet factory (now Irish’s). These buoys were actually old fish stake buoys, probably obtained from John Cross.

Racing popularity diminished gradually in the 1960’s. Since then a small contingent of sailors has kept racing alive at the Belvedere, but it is a rare event when all the boats are used. This is ironic. The Belvedere, without a doubt, is located at one of the most attractive sites for sailing in the country. Its location is far superior to Harbor Springs where sailing fanaticism runs extremely high.

Races were sailed starting off the Belvedere pier and going in either a clockwise or counterclockwise direction around the buoys depending on the wind. Either the Station buoy or the Sugar Beet Buoy was omitted, so that there usually would be a tack on the final leg from either Raspberry Bay or Two Mile Point back to the Belvedere pier

The Yacht Club has had several tenders for managing races over the years. In the early 1950’s the Club used the services of a boat donated for the purpose — sometimes it was the Bagby’s 26-foot cruiser *Marjorie*, but more often than not it was the



George Tramel's sloop *Vencedor*, winner of the 1907 Mackinac race, wrecked on Fisherman's Island shoals in 1911.



The first boathouses at the Belvedere Club, 1883.

Madcap, a 25-foot launch owned by Bob Schleman, I think. About 1953, the Yacht Club acquired its own boat for this purpose — a standard 14-foot Foster Boat outboard. This boat lasted until about 1961 when it was retired and replaced by an aluminum outboard. About 1968, Bud Alexander donated funds for the purchase of a fiberglass outboard that did yeoman service for the next twenty years. The most recent tender, a blue fiberglass Hobie outboard, was acquired in 1987.

For many years, the Yacht Club used a 10-gauge cannon to start its races and to bang home the winning boat at the finish line. The kick from this cannon is awesome and has caused a few anxious moments. It has always been good practice to tie the cannon down before firing. Once that was forgotten, and it jumped right out of the boat and sank. Another time it was set up on the seat of the Club's 14-foot Foster outboard, but not on its box, which was the usual practice. This put the barrel of the cannon below the gunwale of the boat. Even though it was loaded only with a blank, when it was

fired, it blasted a gaping four-inch-diameter hole right through the plywood side of the boat!

Handsome individual trophies have been awarded to race winners since the Yacht Club was established. In addition to individual trophies for each race, large permanent trophies were donated to the Club to be inscribed with the name of the sailor having the best performance over the course of a season. The Walter Ware trophy was to be awarded to the Gang winner. The John D. Ware trophy was to be awarded to the Senior division winner. Beginning in 1953, the John D. Ware trophy was to be awarded to the newly created Varsity (teen-age) division winner and the J. Houston Witherspoon trophy was established to be awarded to the Senior Division winner. In some years there has not been sufficient racing activity to award these seasonal trophies.

In addition to these trophies, the George Shwab, Jr. Memorial trophy was established in 1958 to honor the first commodore of the Yacht Club, and to be awarded to the Gang member who exhibits the most enthusiasm, improvement, and skill in sailing as determined by the Gang leaders and sailing instructor. All these trophies inscribed with the names of the winners are displayed permanently in the Yacht Club room.

One day about 1970 while rummaging through the lockers in the old Yacht Club room I discovered an ancient cotton bunting pennant about five feet long. In big, bold letters it said "Chicago-Mackinac Race Winner 1907." I only can surmise how the Belvedere Yacht Club came to possess this treasure. The *Vencedor* was a huge sloop that won the 1907 Mackinac Race; she was owned by the Tramel family, who also owned cottage No. 21 on the Belvedere from 1917 to 1950. The Belvedere archives contains several magnificent pictures of the *Vencedor*. Probably, when the Tramels sold their cottage, they decided to give this pennant to the recently formed Belvedere Yacht Club. For some reason, this pennant got stuffed in a corner of a locker and was not "re-discovered" until twenty some odd years later. For several years this pennant graced the east wall of the Yacht Club room, above the window — a reminder of the glorious early history of sailing at the Belvedere and a stimulus to budding sailors. Regrettably, this pennant has disappeared, so now only this story remains for posterity. Also regrettably, just four years after she had won the Mackinac Race, the *Vencedor* met her own fate in the 1911 race, an ordeal of such fearsome winds that a new time record was set — not to be eclipsed for seventy years. The hapless *Vencedor* was driven onto the shoals at Fisherman Island. I remember hearing Robin Ware tell that she sailed herself off the rocks a few days later, only to sink for good off South Point near the bell buoy.

The high water years have caused havoc for the Yacht Club. In 1953, the Yacht Club room and sail room were flooded, as was the floor of the summerhouse. Then, in 1984-86, the high water returned and flooded the premises once again.

The boathouses were re-built in the winter of 1987-88. After much soul-searching and consideration of the pros and cons, the Boathouses and Docks Committee, chaired by Rick Tomkinson, recommended to the boathouse owners that reconstruction was the best way to solve the boathouse problem. Some owners decided to sell their rights, some traded boathouse sites with each other, and others bought into the new boathouses. The reconstruction was done over the winter months, so the boathouses would be ready for use the next summer; there were still a lot of loose ends to take care of during the summer of 1988, but the transformation was amazing as is well-documented in a series of Lee Moerland photographs and regular reports to boathouse owners. The new boathouses were designed with a slightly higher foundation than the old boathouses so that even

if the waters were to return to their record height, the facilities would not be in danger.

Commodores

1947-	52	George A. Shwab, Jc
1953-		68 J. Houston Witherspoon
1969-	78	George A. Shwab III
1979-83		George W. Crook
1984		Benjamin H. Brewster
1985-88		William T. Leakas
1989-		James T. Witherspoon

Sailing Instructors

1948-	50	Captain Fred Arlen
1953		Andy Donahue
1954-	55	BobSchrock
1956-57		Jim Witherspoon
1958-60		Brad Perkins
1961-62		Julia Perkins
1964-65		Doug Johnson
1966		Barry Still
1967		Tom Damton
1968		Dave Darnton
1969		Chip Curtis
1970-	71	Glenn Collins
1972-75		Mike Meyer
1976-78		Spencer Reese and Jim Eberts
1979-80		Jim Kaiser
1981-83		John Osterberg
1984		Dirk VanDyke
1985		MattLandon
1986		Stuart Sarkozy
1987-90		Scott Rea

CHAPTER 4 PRESIDENTS AND COTTAGES



The first terrace in foreground and east side of park in background (1885).



Belvedere Bayou (1890's).

THE PRESIDENTS

1969..... Robert D. McCallum
1970-71..... Charles M. Taylor
1972-73..... Gordon K. Ware
1974 F. Carl Schumacher
1975 Gordon K. Ware
1976 F. Carl Schumacher
1977-78..... Robert D. McCallum
1979-80..... Carlos Reese
1981-82..... Gordon K. Ware
1983-84..... William C. Connett, IV
1985..... George W. Crook
1986-87..... William C. Connett, IV
1988-89..... George W. Crook



First cottage on the Belvedere — northeast view — present owner Bill Eberts, cottage No. 111, 1900's.

1990- Jeffrey W. Buntin

THE COTTAGES

No. 1 "SUNRISE"

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 Transferred to William Witherspoon in 1952 Transferred to James T. Witherspoon in 1987

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 Transferred to Elizabeth Clark in 1957 Sold to Louise O. Walker in 1980 Transferred to Adele B. Dilschneider in 1984

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 1951 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 Transferred to Dorothy Leland in 1976 Transferred to Dorothy Leland Follansbee in 1982

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 "*CHEZREYNARD*"

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 December 1946 Transferred to Helen D. Fox in 1982 Transferred to John R. Fox in 1989

No. 15 "*CLAYGATE-BY-THE-SEA*"

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 Sold to Barbara C. Claggett in 1985

No. 19 "*SANSSOUCI*"

Owned by W. H. Holden prior to 1892 Transferred to J. P. Tirrill in 1908 Transferred to Mrs. C. H. Haberkom 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 Transferred to Jane F. Eberts in 1985

No. 25

Owned by B. L. D'Ooge prior to 1892 N1/2 of 102 sold to J. C. Birge in 1904 N 1/2 of 102 transferred to Mary P. Birge in 1924 101 — S1/2 102 transferred to W. E. Hitchcock in 1929 N 1/2 of 102 transferred to W. H. McGregor in 1931 101 — S1/2 of 102 sold to M. Estella Hitchcock in 1932 101 — S1/2 of 102 sold to Dorothy E. Williams in 1945 N 1/2 of 102 transferred to Alice McGregor in 1936 N1/2 of 102 transferred to Adele Eberts in 1951 N 1/2 of 102 transferred to Jerome W. Eberts in 1951 Sold to Charles W. Disbrow in 1972 Transferred to Peggy Disbrow in 1975

No. 27 "*GREYHAVENS*"

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, HI in 1967 Sold to
Benjamin H. Brewster in 1979

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 Transferred to Irene B. McDonnell in 1977
Transferred to Michael McDonnell in 1980

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
Sold to Elsie B. Valier in 1972
Sold to Mariette M. Gordon in 1979

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 Sold to Roscoe C. Rider in 1971 Sold to Marion J.
Hales in 1978 Sold to Daniel B. Hales in 1980

No. 35 "HINO-DE-SO"

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 Transferred to Burton W. Hales, Jc in
1989

No. 37

Leased by Association to Mrs. Horence 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 LI. Replogle in 1943 Transferred to Elizabeth R. Gebhard in 1984
Sold to Richard D. Shelton in 1986

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 Sold to F. Carl Schumacher in 1972
Transferred to F. Carl Schumacher Jr. in 1987

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 Eugene C. Tower in 1964

No. 45 "GLEN TERRACE"

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 Marjorie M. Bagby in 1954 Sold to Mildred M. Kuhn in 1960

No. 49

Leased by Association to A. G. Danforth in 1902 Transferred to Charles 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 Sold to W. Stewart Retherford in 1970

No. 51

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 Transferred to Jessie C.

Disbrow in 1971 Sold to Dorothy B. Rand in 1977 Sold to Sally H. McDougall in 1986

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

Transferred to Virginia B. Shwab in 1969

Transferred to George A. Shwab, III in 1990

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 Transferred to George A.

Shwab, III in 1969 Transferred to Elizabeth S. Stephen in 1990

No. 109

Owned by E W. Wilcox 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 Transferred to

Doris O'Neil Geilfus Dohrmann in 1972 Sold to Peter A. Flanigan in 1990

No. III "WOODBINE"

Owned by Sebring prior to 1892 Sold to Mary F. Stevens in 1924 Sold to Woodbury Ransom in 1972

Transferred to Charles A. Ransom in 1973 Transferred to Woodbury Ransom in 1976 Sold to

Frederick W. Eberts in 1977

No. 113

Owned by Edward Woodbury prior to 1892 Transferred to Mary L. Woodbury in 1914 Transferred to Katherine W. Adand in 1940 Transferred to Mary F. Stevens and razed 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 Transferred to Melissa M. Hickey in 1982 Transferred to Joseph F. Hickey, II in 1990

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 Transferred to Mary S. Goodson in 1985

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

Sold to Frank C. Rand, III in 1969

Sold to Marcus E. Cunningham, Jr in 1971

No. 122

Owned by Mrs. Sarah Mahon in 1892 Transferred to Jane C. Stanley in 1926 Transferred to Sarah S. Frantz in 1942 Transferred to Joan Frantz Meyer in 1971 Transferred to Michael R. Meyer in 1983

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 Sold to Jonathan J. Knight in 1968

No. 124 "THE EVERARD"

Owned by H. H. Everard prior to 1892

Transferred to Jessie P. Tyler in 1901

Sold to E. W. Price in 1903-1908, rebuilt 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

Transferred to Julie C. Whitman in 1975

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

Sold to J. Richard Tomkinson in 1985

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 Transferred to Althea H. Schumacher in 1972 Sold to Judith H. Engelsmann in 1973

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

Transferred to Rosemary A. Mueller Selby in 1990

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. Kuhn in 1949 Transferred to

George A. Kuhn, Jr, in 1962 Transferred to Margaret K. Moore in 1974

No. 135 "HESSY CASTLE"

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

Sold to Donald E. Kelley in 1984

No. 137

Leased by Association to S. B. Tobey in 1892 Transferred to Bastian Smits in 1899 Transferred to Earle W. Dow in 1918 Sold to Elizabeth W. Schrock in 1946 Transferred to Robert D. Schrock, Jr. in 1968

No. 139

Leased by Association to Florris A. Barbour in 1892 Transferred to Mrs. C. G. Barbour prior to 1904

Transferred to Jerome R 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 Transferred to Florence O. O'Brien in 1980 Sold

to S. Richard Leatherman, Jr in 1983 Sold to J. Bayard Boyle in 1985

No. 141

Leased by Association to James 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 Transferred to David L. Grumman in 1972

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 Transferred to Virginia W. Million in 1970

No. 145

Leased by Association to Mrs. George L Warner in 1908 Changed to Elizabeth S. Warner prior to

1915 Transferred to Caroline E Smith in 1934 Sold to Doris J. Nagel in 1946 Transferred to Patricia N.

Hughey in 1974

No. 147

Leased by Association to Mrs. E. A. Fielder in 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

Transferred to J. A. Mullen in 1982 Transferred to Frank H. Mullen in 1990

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 Transferred to Ann G. Sherer in 1982

No. 203 "FAIRVIEW"

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 Sold to Dorothy M. Mudd in 1974

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 Dt Alex M. Forrester in 1959

Sold to Charles E. Valier in 1970

No. 205 "ABBOTSFORD"

Owned by Robert S. Abbott in 1892

Transferred to Ellen C. Ward in 1897

Transferred to Sara W. Gillette in 1909

Transferred to Roselle W. Hilton (niece) in 1916

Purchased by the Club in 1936-37 for park and street purpose

No. 206 "THEBIXBY"

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

Transferred to Andrew N. Baur in 1986 Transferred to Catherine S. Bollinger in 1990

No. 207

Owned by H. B. Osborn in 1894 Transferred to Annie McClure Forker in 1909 Transferred to David M. Forker in 1941 Transferred to Elizabeth N. Forker in 1981

No. 208 "LAKEVIEW"

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 Sold to J. Walter McDonnell in 1973 Transferred to Irene M. Hill in 1973 Transferred to M. Eugene Hill, Jr in 1988

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 Transferred to Biron A. Valier in 1970 Sold to Elizabeth G. Pittman in 1972 Transferred to Thomas G. Austin in 1987

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. VanWormer in 1903 Transferred to F. W. Brown in 1907 Transferred to Mrs. William G. Caldwell in 1909 Transferred to Ralph R. Caldwell in 1941 Transferred to Mrs. Ralph R. Caldwell in 1961 Sold to Charles R. Kinnaird in 1966

No. 212 "CRO'NEST"

Sold by James L. Sebring to Elisha C. Ware in 1885 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 Marde E. Travis prior to 1892 Transferred to J. M. Travis prior to 1904 Transferred to Marde E. Travis prior to 1915 Transferred to Calla Travis in 1930 Sold to J. 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. Harmon 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 Me George McKay in 1959 Transferred to Marybeth M. Hall in 1984

No. 217

Leased by Association to Wilbert C. Schade in 1958 (no cottage) No. 219

Leased by Association to Elizabeth P. Douglass in 1981 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 Sold to M. Weldon Rogers, III in 1971 Transferred to Barbara C. Rogers in 1976 Transferred to Barbara C. Rogers Claggett in 1978 Sold to Kenneth F. Teasdale in 1985

No. 222 "FALLULAH"

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 Transferred to Lucille Mehaffie in 1982

No. 230

Leased by Association to Harold B. Stoner in 1972 Transferred to Laura Jane Stevens in 1985

No. 231

Leased to William 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 Transferred to Melissa H. Chamberlain in 1984 Sold to Carol W. Kenny in 1986 Transferred to Carol W. Zehrt in 1990

No. 233

Leased to Charles O. Roemler in 1910 Sold to Mark R. Holloran in 1949 Transferred to Ruth H. Moore in 1988

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. Douglass in 1958
Transferred to Benjamin P. Douglass in 1982

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
Sold to Edward J. Mannion in 1974

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 Transferred to Robert E. Hater in 1970
Transferred to Jeanne A. Hater in 1974

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 Sold to Donald L Whitehead in 1972

No. 403 "CEDAR CREST"

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 Transferred to Mark P. Herschede in 1974 Transferred to Mark P. Herschede, Jc in 1990

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 Sold to Jeffrey W. Buntin in 1981

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. R

Foley in 1900 Transferred to A. B. Scarborough in 1919 Transferred to Jean S. McMahon in 1930 Sold to D. D. Walker in 1945 Sold to George W. Crook in 1977

No. 503 "THE WEST"

Leased to Miss Sara W. Gillette in 1901 Transferred to Ellen C. Ward in 1909 Transferred to Dt E 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. 504 "THE MERRILL"

Owned by David B. Merrill prior to 1892 Transferred to Ida L Merrill in 1900 Transferred to O. M. Allen, Sr. in 1905 Transferred to Glenn S. Allen, St in 1957 Transferred to Annette B. Allen in 1963 Transferred to JollieN. Allen in 1986

No. 505 "THE BOUDEMAM"

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, Jn 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 "BLUE BELL"

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 Sold to William T. Leakas in 1971

No. 507 "THE MOORE "

Owned by Sarah C. Moore prior to 1892 Transferred to Ella W. Moore in 1902 Transferred to Thomas L Kekete in 1902 Transferred to James C. Corbet prior to 1915 Sold to Alberta W. Hollencamp in 1940 Transferred to Marcia H. Holton in 1987

No. 508 "RECREATION"

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 Transferred to Jane S. Bemis in 1972 Transferred to Marita Bemis Parrish in 1990

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 Transferred to James P. Orr in 1971 Transferred to J. Potter Orr in 1985

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

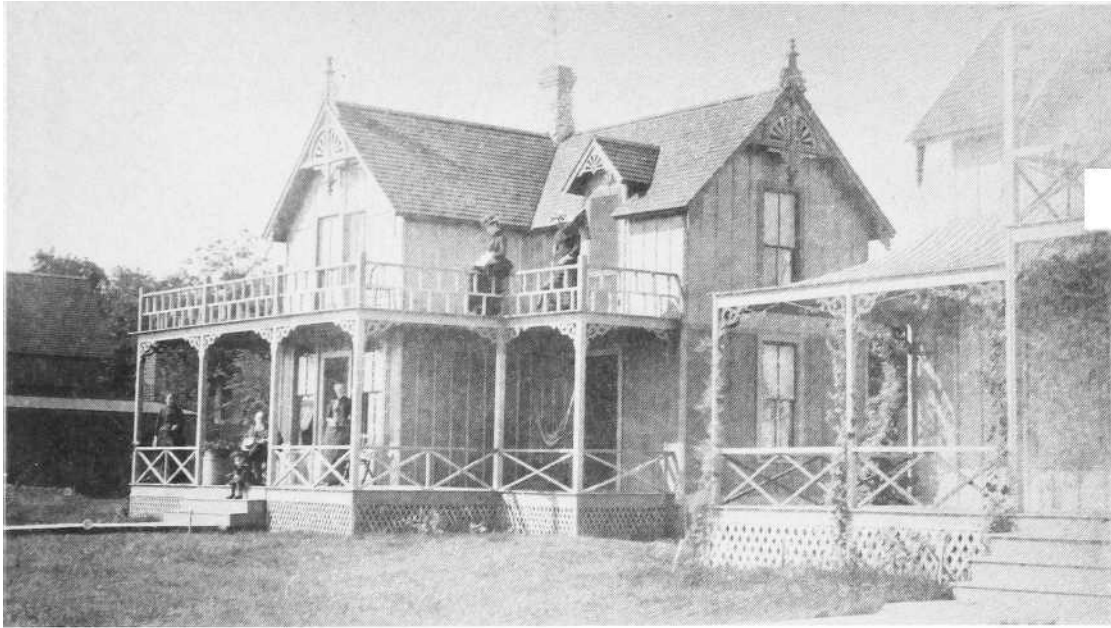
Katherine C. Steere in 1929 Sold to Charles H. Upson in 1938 Transferred to Frances S. Upson in 1946
Transferred to Frances S. Cartwright in 1947 Transferred to Thomas M. Upson in 1976 Sold to
William C. Connett, IV in 1978

No. 517 *"BREEZY POINT"*

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 Transferred
to Leland S. Bisbee, III in 1990

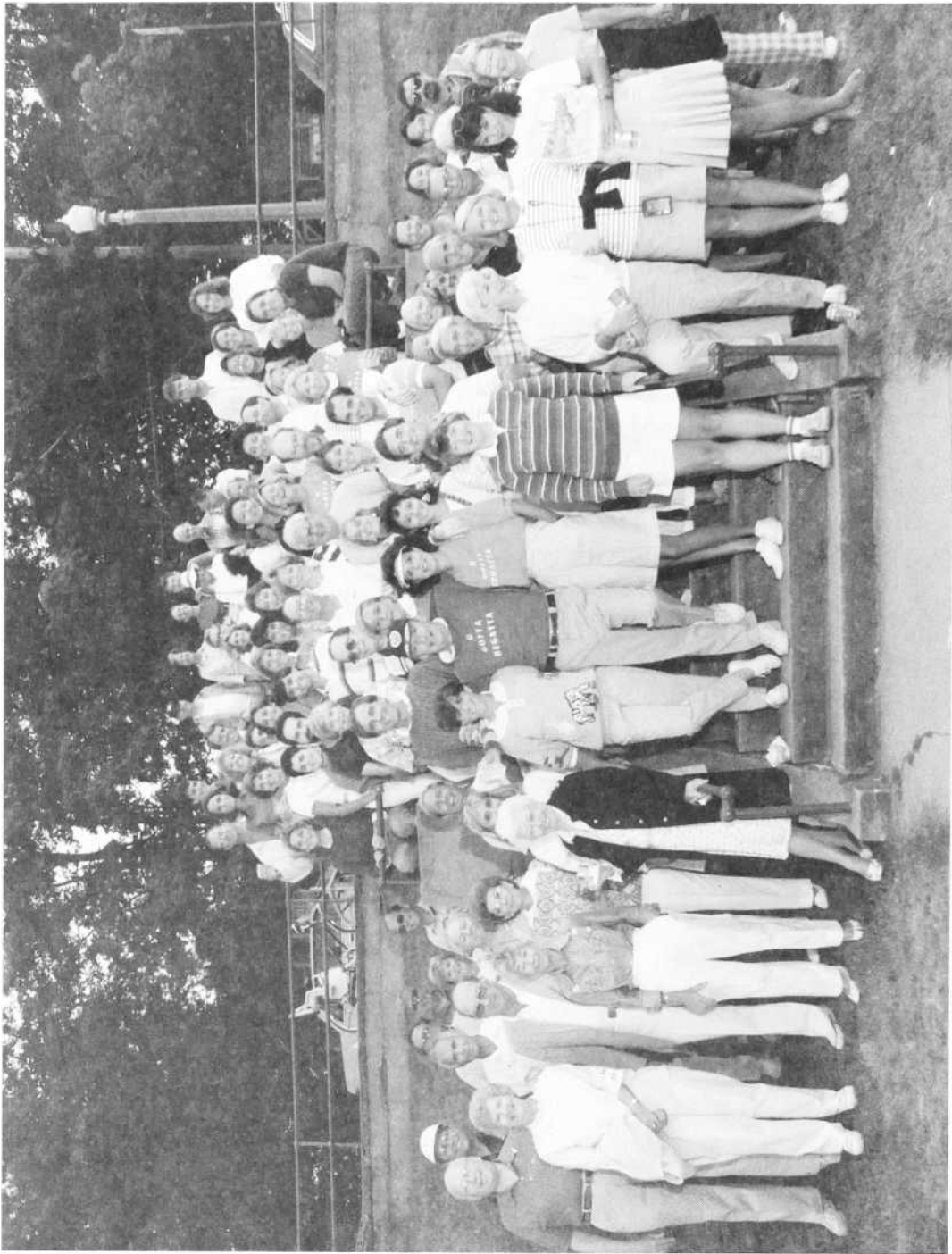
No. 519 *"THE ANCHORAGE"*

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
Transferred to Irene M. Leatherman in 1978 Transferred to Irene L. Orgill in 1983



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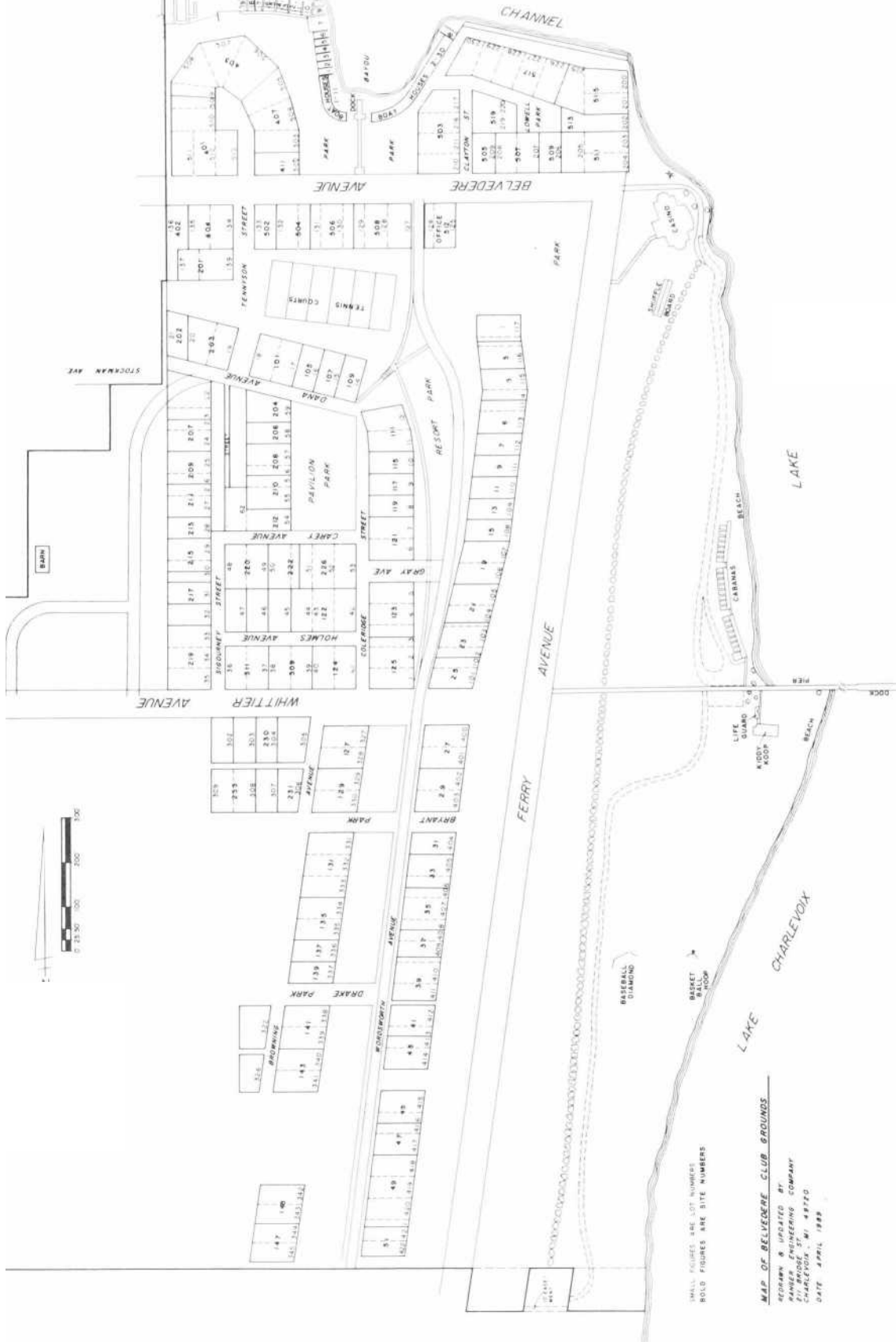
Heaton Cottage, No. 11, with Cottage No. 15 on left, and Cottage No. 9 on right, prior to 1880.



U-Gotta Regatta enthusiasts, 1987.



U-Gotta Regatta younger enthusiasts, 1987.



SMALL FIGURES ARE LOT NUMBERS
 BOLD FIGURES ARE SITE NUMBERS

MAP OF BELVEDERE CLUB GROUNDS
 REDRAWN & UPDATED BY
 HANSEN ENGINEERING COMPANY
 CHARLEVUOX, WI 48720
 DATE APRIL 1988

CHARLEVOIX



