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OCTOBER 2021

WATCHING OVER SHORELINE INTERESTS

VOLUME 23 ISSUE 8

A Great Lakes Sailor

David Connell

Part 5

By Janis Stein

Join in the continuation as our featured sailor details what a typical day looks like for him as first mate on the Joseph H. Thompson.

The galley is located on the tug, as is the pilothouse, steering, and most of the accommodations. Sailors coming from the barge access the tug via a gangway system, or ladder system; there are a few steps up, a platform across, and a few more steps down. It is only in rough weather or at a dock when it's rough that there are a lot of different movements between the two entities, and in the newer tug/barge units, the space is very tight,

as in inches, so it's not like a sailor is walking over a couple feet of water on a gangway.

Each of VanEnkevort's tug/barge units have one cook aboard – some of the smaller tug companies require a deckhand to cook while others take turns – and the cooks are known for their good food, with three meals a day available to the sailors. Groceries are usually obtained once a week, and the cook stocks up on provisions near Alpena at Marine Market, or when going through the Soo Locks, Soo Marine Warehouse is used.

Sailors have varying opinions of what rough weather consists of. If one sailor is uncomfortable and feels like he's in rough weather, then he is, but another



The Joseph H. Thompson is shown here unloading a blend of stone called 304s at dock 3 in Lorain, Ohio. Photo courtesy of David Connell.

sailor might have a higher tolerance or different experiences that make him think differently. Multiple

See **SAILOR** on page 9

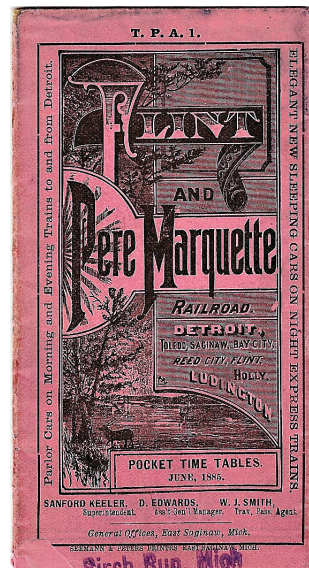
Thumb Rails

The Pere Marquette Historical Society Archives Have a New Home!

By T.J. Gaffney

This month we will discuss the recent announcement of a significant collection of archival materials, partially related to the Pere Marquette/Chesapeake & Ohio/Chessie System Operations in the Thumb of Michigan, finding a permanent home. This collection, owned by the Pere Marquette Historical Society, is an important archive of corporate, municipal, and even personal documents related to the history of the Pere Marquette Railway Company, which operated from 1900–1947, and was arguably the largest and most significant operator of railroad lines in this region.

Since I started as a regular contributing columnist in *The Lakeshore Guardian* almost nine years ago, we have delved into the story of several historic structures and equipment related to the Thumb region. That said,



This extremely rare Flint & Pere Marquette Timetable dates to 1885, and has been stamped for Birch Run, Michigan.

there are other collections related to our region's railroad history, and one of those significant collections recently found a new home. This collection, owned by the Pere Marquette Historical Society, will now be housed in the Plymouth Historical Museum (PHM). An agreement, signed on August 6, 2021, between PHM and the Pere Marquette Historical Society, Inc. (PMHS) will not only bring the PMHS archive to the museum, but better organize, protect, and make available for research this important archive for future generations.

A little historical background may help our readers who may not have followed this column since its inception. The Pere Marquette Railroad Company (PMRR) was formed in 1900 by the merger of numerous Michigan railroads, the most prominent of them being the Flint and Pere Marquette; the Detroit, Grand Rapids, and Western; and the Chicago and West Michigan. During its existence, it

See **RAILS** on page 10



Pictured above is Preston Dorland of Cass City with a massive 10-point buck he shot during the youth hunt. Preston and his dad, Adam, paid attention to the details when preparing to intercept this Michigan bruiser. See Success in the Details on page 15.

Who Am I?

Researching Your Family History Ancestors Who Traveled West



By Grace Grogan

I have been traveling through some historical areas that were explored or navigated in the 1700s and 1800s. It amazes me that people traveled these locations without our modern conveniences of GPS, automobile, telephone, etc.

The bravery and physical endurance of these early settlers is astounding. They provided for themselves and their families while traversing unfamiliar, dangerous territory. In today's society, we cannot even manage to navigate ourselves across our own town or state without a GPS and cell phone.

I share below where you can find records to search if you believe your ancestor may have traveled west on a wagon train. Before we get into research, let's take a look at what skills and challenges these brave souls encountered.

Estimations are that 500,000 people traveled west on the California Trail, Mormon Trail, and Oregon Trail. The first was a party of 60 in 1841, crossing the current

state of Utah. The Overland Trail was traveled by 200 Latter Day Saints between 1847-1868.

To participate required a special wagon that cost about \$400 (equivalent to \$11,000 in 2020). The special wagon was able to handle the additional weight and rough terrain on the journey. It cost a family about \$1,000 (equivalent to \$28,000 in 2020) to complete a crossing.

The wagon body was four feet wide and 10 feet long with a canvas cover waterproofed using linseed oil. The wagon carried the family's food supplies, cooking equipment, water kegs, tools for maintenance and farming, plus other items they would need at their new location. Many families overloaded wagons, then had to leave things along the trail as they moved west.

Recommended food for a family on the journey included 100 lbs. of flour per adult, 70 lbs. of bacon, 30 lbs. of pilot bread or hardtack, plus rice, beans, dried fruit, coffee, sugar, baking soda, and vinegar. Eggs were oiled to help them keep longer, then packed with china and other fragile items into barrels of cornmeal.

The wagons traveled about two miles per hour, 10-15 miles per day. With good weather, the journey from Independence, Missouri, to California or Oregon would take about five months. Most pioneers completed the journey on foot, which was 2,000 miles on the Oregon Trail. The oxen and horses pulled the loaded wagons.

There was no daily laundry; people wore the same clothes every day. For men, this was a long-sleeved flannel shirt, wool undershirt, wool pants, boots, and wide-brimmed hat. Women wore full length, long-

events

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sleeved wool dresses, aprons, wide-brimmed bonnets, and shoes. Children dressed similar to adults. I cannot imagine walking all day, every day, in the summer heat wearing the heavy clothing they did.

The day on the wagon train began about 4 a.m. with


See **ANCESTORS** on page 11



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VOLUME 23 ~ ISSUE 8

"The boisterous sea of liberty is never without a wave."

—Thomas Jefferson

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The Way It Was ...Pheasant Hunting in the Thumb

By Al Eicher

My first experience in pheasant hunting was shortly after World War II in the area of Pigeon. Several eighth-graders in my class at the Berne School, near Pigeon, hunted on their family farm. They used shotguns, and since I was in the sixth grade, I had only a Red Ryder BB gun. My parents said I had to wait a few years for that shotgun, and so, I, with my BB gun, hunted with my dad and his friends. My targets in the hunt were fence posts! Our family dog was Skipper, a Chesapeake Bay retriever, and my uncle Jimmy, who hunted with us, had a pointer. They always got their limit on opening day, as Huron County was the place to hunt in the 1940s and '50s.



Al Eicher hunting in Huron County.



O. P. Chapin's pheasant hatchery at Mud Creek.

Much credit for the great pheasant population was due to the efforts of O. P. Chapin, a wildlife naturalist living near Bay Port in the early 1900s. In 1919, Michigan State University sent him 200 pheasant eggs, which he picked up at the railroad station in Pigeon. He had been experimenting with duck egg hatching and egg substitution with wild ducks in the Mud Creek area. He placed the pheasant eggs in the wild nest and what a surprise the mother duck had when her new hatchlings had a beak instead of a bill! Soon O. P. Chapin was placing birds from his pheasant farm around the area. Gus Neering, a local conservation office in the 1940s, also helped Chapin in the release of the birds (see photo).

In 1951, when I was 16 years old, I bought a 16-gauge automatic shot gun from Paul's Hardware in Pigeon. My high school buddies and I hunted nearly every day after school for most of the 20-day season. We always had pheasant for Sunday dinner, and sometimes the supply of birds from the freezer lasted for the Christmas dinner along with a turkey or goose.

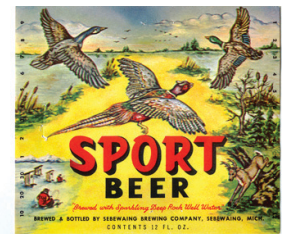


Gus Neering is shown releasing pheasants.

When Soapy Williams was governor, we saw him march in several hometown parades and festivals, and he also came to the Huron County area to do his pheasant hunting. He was often seen in the Sebewaing and Bay Port area during the hunting season. His family and relatives had a summer home at Pointe Aux Barques, which made him very familiar with places and events here in the Thumb. The pheasant was so popular that the Sebewaing Brewing Company used a very colorful drawing of a pheasant on two brands of their brew, Sebewaing Beer and Sport Beer. In 1953, the Sebewaing brewery was producing 35,000 barrels of beer per year.



Governor Williams, his wife, and Sanford Brown, state treasurer.



Sebewaing Beer Company's beer bottle labels.

I can remember getting my first pheasant and how proud I was to bring it home for an addition to our Sunday meal! In recalling those teenage years, while hunting pheasants with my dog Skipper one day in a beet field, I nearly shot my dog! As the bird went up, I aimed, and as I was about to fire, my dog leaped up, high into the air, and caught the bird while in flight in his mouth. I came so close to pulling the trigger. I ran over to Skipper, hugging him, and I was so thankful I hadn't hurt him.

In 1958, living in Bay City with my wife, Kathryn, and working at Channel 5 television, I continued to enjoy the pheasant hunting season. During our lunch hour at the TV station, in Indian Town, we would hunt on the farmland around the TV towers. The noon hour hunts were very successful.

I was once on a hunt with several older friends in South Dakota who knew a farmer that would hunt with us on his farm. We didn't have a dog, but the farmer had a very large black Labrador that was in an enclosed area. The farmer opened the gate, and the dog immediately ran to the cornfield about 100



Al's hunting friends in South Dakota.

See **PHEASANTS** on page 12

Schools of Yesteryear

By Janis Stein

Port Austin No. 2, Fractional - New River School

Part 3

Join in the continuation to learn when some of Huron Township's uppermost sections annexed with Port Austin Township and read preserved reminiscences of New River school days from the early 1900s.

In approximately 1883-1884, a new school was built on the west side of the New River creek though the deed was not recorded for the parcel until 1888, and as indicated on the 1890 and 1904 plat maps, it was located on present-day Hunter Road, one-eighth of a mile east of Kinch Road on the south side of M-25, or one-eighth of a mile east of the southwest corner of the southwest quarter of East Section 32 of Port Austin Township, Huron County.

"The New River creek was about a quarter mile away, everybody ran there every day, and gathered red and yellow thorn apples. Many farmers had oxen and they swung along, their heads low and trace chains clanking.

"During the intervening 50 years, no celebrated peak in the Rocky Mountains ever looked so magnificent to me as the banks of that creek did then, and certainly no experience so breath-taking as when

one rode in a wagon that was driven down through the creek to water the team or to set the tires and nothing on earth more gallant than the prancing teams of 12 year old boys in the binder-twine harness.

"Plenty of water has gone under the New River bridge since, in fact all the water has gone somewhere, there's none left in the creek - there's almost no creek - the cool shadowy pools used for wading, bathing or baptizing - they are only a memory."

Teacher Clara Moran's 1938 history included a listing of teachers in New River's second schoolhouse, along with the year and monthly salary, if known.

"The following are remembered teachers who taught in the present building. Mr. George Newberry, 1884; Mr. Hill; Mr. Shaw; Mr. Defoe; Mr. Levi Willard; Miss Susan Sparling, 1886; Miss Belle Symons, present Mrs. Frank Kinch; Mr. Lenard Maddaugh; Mr. Wilber Bowerman; Mr. William Sparling; Mr. John McCarty, 1906, \$45; Miss Olive Clark, 1906, \$40; Miss Ester Everingham, 1907, \$40; Mr. John Burns, 1908, \$45; Miss



New River Students - Circa Early 1900s

Front row: Arthur Thompson, Holly Copeland, Francis Kincade, Charles Wressel, John Kincade, Mary Leadke, Margaret Hunter, Lizzie Perdue, Marie Hunter, Lizzie Hunter, Wesley Kincade, Charlotte Perdue, John McGeachy, Nelly Wressel, Laura Van Tassel, Lilia Emerson, Maud Hunter. Back row: Teacher William Sparling, Clara Foster, Maggie McIntyre, Anna McDonald, Cora Thompson, Maymie Hunter, Anthony Kincade, Cecil McDonald, Tony Wressel, Aggie McGeachy, Tillie Chesney, Willie Hunter, Grace Emerson, Frank Kilpatrick, Gertie Emerson, Jenny Chesney, Euphemia McIntyre.

In approximately the 1950s, The Huron News ran this photo with the following caption. "The accompanying picture of New River school, which is now known as Port Austin No. 3, was taken 50 years ago, by a Mr. Thos. Johnstone, whose home is now known as the P. O. Golden farm, south of New River cemetery. Mr. Johnstone was a good carpenter and judging by the expression on the faces must have been a good photographer too, the photo is the courtesy of his daughter, Gertrude Johnstone Rapply, of Port Austin."

Photo courtesy of the Bad Axe Historical Society, originating from Bill Jackson, a relative of Gertrude Johnstone Rapply.

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See **SCHOOLS** on page 5

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SCHOOLS from page 4

Mattie Kennedy, 1909, \$48; Miss Olive Clark, 1912–1914, \$50; Miss Grace Sampson, 1915, \$40; Mrs. Grace Alton [Miss Sampson got married.], 1916, \$47; Miss Mabel Walrod, 1917, \$59.70; Mrs. Mabel Cook [Miss Walrod got married.], 1918, \$59.70; and Mr. Jack Francis, 1918–1919, \$59.70.”

At some point, Section Nos. 30, 31, 32, 33, and 34 of Huron Township annexed with Port Austin Township. The 1875, 1890, and 1904 plat maps all show these sections as part of Huron Township. According to the Annual Statistical Reports on file at the Huron Intermediate School District for the 1904–1905 and 1905–1906 school years, New River was still part of Huron Township. According to the Huron County School Directory for the 1909–1910 school year, Huron No. 2, also known as New River School, no longer existed; however, Port Austin Township began reporting New River School as Port Austin No. 2, Fractional. Therefore, New River School, and likely the annexation of the above-mentioned sections, became part of Port Austin Township after July 1906, and before the fall of 1909 when the School Directory was published.

According to the Annual Statistical Report for Huron No. 2 for the year ending July 10, 1905, 68 children between the ages of five and 20 lived within the district, and of these, 56 were enrolled at New River School, along with two nonresident students; the students had a 71 percent attendance rate for the year. A total of 30 children between the ages of 14 and 18 resided within the district, and 18 of these were enrolled in school. W. Harold McCarty taught nine months of school during the 1904–1905 school year, and he earned \$396 for his work. The school district spent \$7.15 for 18 library books, bringing the total on the shelves to 53 volumes. According to the report, New River School had a flag, dictionary, globe, maps, and all other supplies as required by law. Two students graduated from the eighth grade at year’s end.

The value of “school property” equaled \$800. The district had no debt, and \$100 was listed as the “Amount due the district from all sources as near as known.” In addition to the teacher’s salary and the investment to expand the library selection, other expenses included \$52.50 for fuel; \$3.25, insurance; \$18, officers’ salary; and \$53.81 for other incidentals. In addition to the traditional subjects, the teacher also taught physiology and hygiene. The 1905 report was signed by director Alfred Thompson of Grindstone City and approved by moderator Hugh McIntyre and treasurer William Foster, also of Grindstone City.

According to the Annual Statistical Report for the 1905–1906 school year, W. Harold McCarty returned to teach nine months of school and likely enjoyed the pay increase in his salary of \$405. According to the school census, 57 children between the ages of five and 20 lived within the district, and of these, 46 students were enrolled at New River with an 82 percent attendance rate. Of the 57 children in the district, 13 students were between the ages of 14 and 18, and of those 13, 12

—An excerpt from the 1919 Annual Statistical Report. Courtesy of the Huron Intermediate School District.

SCHOOL CENSUS of District No. 2 Frl. of the Township of Port Austin, County of Huron, State of Michigan, for the school year ending July 14, 1919, as taken by Carl W. Tinsey in a house to house canvass, during the fifteen days prior to June 1.

Carl W. Tinsey above named, being duly sworn, says following is a correct list, as taken by him, of the names and ages of all children belonging to District No. 2 Frl. aforesaid, five years of age and under twenty years, together with the name and address of parent or guardian, and that said census was taken in a house to house canvass during the fifteen days prior to June 1, 1919.

Subscribed and sworn to this 1st day of June, 1919. (Signed) Carl W. Tinsey
Before me Ira O. Trumbull, Notary Public

(The census list must be sworn to, to entitle the district to public money.)

READ THESE NOTES

1. Consult Instruction Form 45 “How to take the School Census.”
2. If the district is fractional, write the names of the children in *each township separately under the name of the township*, beginning with that township in which the schoolhouse is situated. A separate statement must be made to the clerks of the several townships in which the district is in part situated, *giving the number of children* five years of age and under twenty residing in that part of the district lying within their respective townships. If possible make your list alphabetical.
3. If there is not space on this page sufficient to contain the names of all the children in the district, write the remainder upon the blanks 2a, provided for this purpose. If these blanks have not been furnished you, apply to your commissioner.
4. **The ages of the children must be given as they are on May 31, 1919.** If a child removes from the district during the fifteen days preceding June 1, he should be enrolled in the district in which he is resident May 31, 1919.
5. Place opposite the names of pupils enrolled in 7th or 8th grade, in the column provided, the number of grade in which they are enrolled during the year ending July 14, 1919.

NAME OF CHILD	AGE	NAME OF PARENT OR LEGAL GUARDIAN	NAME OF CHILD	AGE	NAME OF PARENT OR LEGAL GUARDIAN
1. Darius R. Tinsey	13	Carl W. Tinsey	18. Sherman Kilpatrick	11	James Kilpatrick
2. Ruth L. Tinsey	11	" "	19. Murel Kilpatrick	6	" "
3. Willard E. Tinsey	8	" "	20. Olive Berry	18	Joe Berry
4. Gordon Golden	9	P. O. Golden	21. Earnest Berry	17	" "
5. William P. Wade	15	William Foster, stepfather	22. Ester Berry	15	" "
6. James M. Kilpatrick	17	Frank Kilpatrick	23. Cathern Berry	7	" "
7. Angus H. Kilpatrick	15	" "	24. Edward Latham	16	Verner Latham
8. John O. Kilpatrick	13	" "	25. Lavern Latham	10	" "
9. William L. Kilpatrick	10	" "	26. Ellen Foster	15	Geo. Foster
10. Ralph H. Kilpatrick	7	" "	27. Annie Foster	13	" "
11. Jean S. Kinch	18	Frank Kinch	28. John Foster	11	" "
12. Mildred S. Kinch	15	" "	29. Eva Foster	9	" "
13. Jeanette Kinch	13	" "	30. Duncan McGeachy	18	Andrew McGeachy
14. Charlotte Kinch	11	" "	31. Ernest McGeachy	14	" "
15. Annabel Kilpatrick	19	James Kilpatrick	32. Archie McGeachy	7	" "
16. Clarence Kilpatrick	18	" "	33. Isabella McVety	12	" "
17. Essie Kilpatrick	16	" "	34. Harry D. Haist	14	Henry Haist

Author’s Note: *Some of the above names look like they are spelled incorrectly by today’s standards, but the names were listed as spelled on the report. However, difficulty in deciphering a century-old document did exist; some name transcription errors may have occurred as a result.*

attended school. Mr. McCarty taught Arithmetic, Civil Government, Geography, Grammar, Orthography, Physiology, Reading, and U.S. History. New River did not produce any eighth-grade graduates at the end of the year, nor were any students pursuing studies above the eighth grade. Director P. O. Golden signed the report, which was audited by moderator James Kilpatrick and treasurer William Foster. (Author’s note: The teachers’ names listed on the 1938 history did not match the Annual Statistical Reports for 1905 and 1906.)

Statistical reports were missing for 1907 and 1908; however, part of a document for the school year ending July 13, 1908, for “School District No. Two Frac, Townships of Pt. Austin & Huron” signed by Percy O. Golden stated there were no blind children in the school district.

The Annual Statistical Report for the year ending July 12, 1909, showed John J. Burns taught nine months of school to 38 students, seven of whom were between the ages of 14 and 18. Mr. Burns earned \$405 for the year, or \$45 per month, and the students’ attendance was a bit lacking at just 54 percent. The value of the school property remained the same at \$800, and the library had a total of 78 volumes; however, the district no longer possessed a dictionary.

Along with the teacher’s salary, another big expenditure included \$205 listed under the “buildings” account. (This amount did not fall under “repairs on buildings,” but it is unclear as to what, if any, new construction occurred. Perhaps the money was used

See **SCHOOLS** on page 7

The Doctor's Corner

The Vaccinated vs. the Unwashed



By Dr. Timothy Grondin

The federal government and the powers that control them are using the vaccine issue to pit us against each other. As Lincoln said, "A nation divided cannot stand."

We are getting a constant stream of information claiming that we must attack these variants by getting each and every one of us vaccinated, and so the Biden administration proposed mandated vaccines for all government employees and for all companies with 100 employees or more. They are forcing employers to demand their employees get vaccinated or lose their jobs. When you have a merger between government and corporations, that's called fascism, folks. Welcome to the New World Order.

So far, many corporations are willing to comply. But here's the science behind the vaccines that you're not hearing on the nightly news. This is a direct reprint from Janci Lindsay, Ph.D., who is the managing director of toxicology and molecular biology at Toxicology Support Services. She said, "Just to be clear scientifically, it is the vaccinated, NOT the unvaccinated, spreading the mutant variants. This is from inoculating during the pandemic with a poor

neutralizing 'vaccine.' This is what has happened with numerous other 'leaky' (non-neutralizing) vaccines. The classic example of this is Marek's disease in chickens. I warned the CDC of this in April of this year. Other scientists warned the CDC as well as similar scientific entities world-wide, months earlier. Yet here we are. So please spare me the propaganda that the unvaccinated are the ones 'causing' this because they are not, and there is a clearly defined mechanistic pathway for how the vaccinated are creating the mutants. The solution would be to STOP vaccinating with these terrible GT's and start treating everyone at high risk and those not at high risk who are symptomatic with cheap, safe, and effective hydroxychloroquine and ivermectin until the virus is driven out. This would stop the binding, replication, and transmission of the virus as well as ameliorate some pathogenic processes due to the spike in the vaxxed. Oh, and it would cost virtually nothing... And therein lies the problem."

Big Pharma wants their money! And the government wants even more control. They're working together now. Don't let them pit you against each other. Be kind to each other.

Yours in health,
Dr. Grondin

If you have any questions or suggestions for future topics, feel free to email Dr. Grondin at docgrondin@docgrondin.com, or call his office at 810-984-3344.

Dr. Timothy Grondin started his career as a medic (corpsman) in the Navy where he examined, diagnosed, and treated people for minor illnesses under the direction of an M.D. When Grondin left the military, he became a nurse and worked on the medical/surgical ward at Pontiac Osteopathic Hospital for a number of years. Though he began taking pre-med courses at Oakland University, Grondin changed his mind, choosing to become a chiropractor instead. Grondin graduated from Palmer College of Chiropractic in 1988 and has been in practice in Port Huron since 1989.

DISCLAIMER: The information provided here is intended for educational purposes only. It is not meant to either directly or indirectly diagnose, give medical advice, or prescribe treatment. Please consult with your physician or other licensed healthcare professional for medical diagnosis and treatment.

smile awhile

It's a Dog-Eat-Dog World

Three handsome male dogs are walking down the street when they see a beautiful, enticing, female poodle.

Three male dogs fall all over themselves in an effort to be the one to reach her first. Scrambling, snarling at each other as they run, they arrive in front of her at exactly the same moment.

Acutely aware of her charms and her obvious effect on the three suitors, she decides to be kind and tells them, "The first one who can use the words 'liver' and 'cheese' together in an imaginative, intelligent sentence can go out with me." She smiles sweetly at each.

The sturdy, muscular black lab speaks up quickly and says, "I love liver and cheese."

"Oh, how childish," said the poodle. "That shows no imagination or intelligence whatsoever." She turns to the tall, shiny golden retriever.

"Um, I HATE liver and cheese," blurts out the golden retriever.

"My, my," said the poodle. "I guess it's hopeless. That's just as dumb as the lab's sentence."

She then turns to the last of the three dogs and says, "How about you, little guy?"

The last of the three, tiny in stature, but big in fame and finesse, is the Taco Bell chihuahua. He gives her a smile, a sly wink, and slowly turns to the golden retriever and the lab and says:

"Liver alone. Cheese mine!"

An eight-year-old girl went to the office with her father on "Take Your Kid to Work Day."

As they were walking around the office, the young girl started crying and getting very cranky. Her father asked what was wrong with her.

As the staff gathered 'round, she sobbed loudly: "Daddy, where are all the clowns that you said you worked with?"

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SCHOOLS from page 5

to build a woodshed or outhouses.) Additional dollars were spent on the following expenditures: \$4, insurance; \$9.25, furniture and apparatus (desks, stove, book-case, organ, etc.); \$18, officers' salaries; \$25.58, fuel; \$10, janitor; \$7.41 (for items such as brooms, chalk, pails, towels, shovel, soap, census, etc.); and \$3.50 for "water supply or well." The three-man school board consisted of directory Percy O. Golden, moderator James Kilpatrick, and treasurer George Stewart; Percy O. Golden was listed as the director for the ensuing year.

Miss Mattie B. Kennedy signed the teacher's contract for the 1909-1910 school year; she taught 10 months of school to 38 students and earned \$480 over the course of the year. Eight of her 38 students were between the ages of 14 and 18, and the student body had an 80 percent attendance rate. Expenses for the year included \$93.71 for building repairs, and \$120.12 allocated for general purposes, which was defined as including "transportation of pupils; insurance; indemnity bonds; furniture and apparatus; officers' salaries; interest on loans; unusual expenses, such as law suits, rent, tuition; fuel; janitor; cleaning of school house; incidentals, such as brooms, chalk, towels, soap; census; appendages, such as globe, maps, dictionary; free text books; water supply or well; record and account books; care and grading of grounds; building of fences, outhouses." The school board remained the same.

The 1905 and 1906 reports listed this school in Huron Township. The 1909 year-end report listed this school district as No. 2 Fractional "of the Township of Pt. Austin & Huron." Beginning with the 1910 year-end report as with those years following, this school was listed as being in the "Township of Port Austin."

According to the Annual Statistical Report for the 1910-1911 school year, Beatrice C. Melick taught 10 months of school and earned \$400. A total of 53 children between the ages of five and 20 lived within the district's boundaries, and of these, 31 students - 21 boys and 10 girls - were enrolled with only a 47 percent attendance rate. Seventeen children between the ages of 14 and 18 resided in the district, with six of these attending New River School. The district did not invest in any new library books, but it did, a dictionary, and the school board remained the same with the exception of Pat McKeever, who replaced George Stewart as treasurer.

Emerson C. Shaver taught nine months of school to 40 students during the 1911-1912 school year. Of these children, four were nonresidents; one student living within the district was studying in the seventh grade, and three, the eighth grade. A total of 48 children between the ages of five and 20 lived within the district, and of these, 18 were between the ages of 14 and 18; of those 18, nine were enrolled at New River. The students' percentage of attendance equaled 77.5. The district invested \$19.72 in 20 library books, bringing

the total number of volumes on the shelf to 98. The Annual Statistical Report listed the subjects taught and the authors of the textbooks from which they were studying. Subjects with textbooks included Arithmetic, Civil Government, Grammar, Penmanship, Physiology, Reading, and U.S. History. Music and Drawing were also taught; however, rather than the name of a textbook author, that line item read, "By the teacher." At year's end, one student graduated from the eighth grade. The expenditures, in part, for the year included the teacher's salary of \$450 and \$193.29 spent for general purposes. The school board remained the same.

Be sure to look for the continuation next month to learn about the teachers who taught at New River during the early decades of the twentieth century.

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Guardians of Freedom

Saluting Those Who Served

Gerald "Jake" Cleary in the U.S. Army Part 2

By Janis Stein

Join us as our featured veteran shares memories of his Army days in post-war Korea, where Jake realizes two of his best buddies would be playing on the baseball team.

On one occasion, Jake was standing alongside his battery commander looking at the tracking machine and the radar machine, and they could see the enemy planes and Allied planes. The enemy planes crossed the line, and Jake witnessed the colonel yelling at the enemy to turn back because the next order that he would have to give was, "Fire"! All at once, the North Koreans turned back across the line and into their own air space because they could see the Allied planes were coming. The war was supposed to be over, and while the order to shoot never came, the threat that it could have been very real.

The island became home – if one could call it that – to 30 GIs, and every American soldier was responsible for training two Republic of Korea (ROK) soldiers, also known as the ROK Army; ROK soldiers, 60 in all, had been transferred to this outfit, and the Americans were supposed to train these South Koreans.

Shortly after arriving on the island, the captain came around and told Jake and his comrades that they had no church and no Mass, but the Catholics were welcome to visit his hut at 10 o'clock every Sunday morning when he would lead the rosary. Jake and four others took him up on the offer and met weekly to pray. At Christmastime, the captain invited these five Catholics to meet at his hut at 11 p.m., and they would spend time in prayer, which would serve as a replacement for their typical midnight Mass. After praying the rosary, the men wished their captain a Merry Christmas as



Jake Cleary on an island in the Yellow Sea, March 1956.

they were about to leave. The captain, though, called the men back. He reached down, picked up a bottle, and the men enjoyed a Christmas drink on the captain.

Working in communications, Jake had been exempt from guard duty because, as a telephone man, he was on a 24-hour call. On one occasion, however, when they were short on help, Jake had to pull guard duty. All of his lines were in, but Jake was told if anything happened, they'd find someone to replace him, so he could return to his regular job and make any additional needed line repairs.

On the island, also known as "the rock," there was a big hill, and halfway down to the sea, the Army had quad-50 machine gun nests. A small motor and a battery were required to run the unit. Theft by the South Koreans became a real problem; they would steal the motors and batteries to create motorboats. When Jake went on guard duty, his chief told him to make sure the Koreans did not steal anything because they had already stolen a motor three nights earlier. On this particular night, the moon shone brightly. All had been quiet. The tide was coming in at about 1:30 a.m., and under the light of the moon, Jake could see Koreans out in the shallow water picking up fish and octopus. Jake also noticed two Koreans in a little rowboat heading straight for him.

Jake had a carbine with two 30-round clips. He had one in it and one in his pocket. From below, the two Koreans could see Jake when he walked around the number one canon, but when he got down to the other one, they would not be able to see him. Jake figured

by the time he walked another round on his route, the thieves would have already made their move. Soldiers were supposed to walk on guard duty. As soon as Jake got to the place where he could not be seen, he pulled the rifle off and put that clip in his pocket as well. And then he ran and came up right behind the unsuspecting thieves. One of the South Koreans had been standing up and ready to step out of

the rowboat. Both just stared at Jake. He didn't say a word. Rather, he pulled the rifle off of his shoulder, grabbed it, and the resulting click-click noise sounded like he'd loaded it up. Jake never saw South Koreans move quite so fast, and

boy did they go! The two would-be thieves paddled that rowboat as if their very lives depended on it! When Jake's replacement came out, he told him what had taken place. Jake said he would see him at breakfast and wanted to know if anything happened after he left. At breakfast, Jake received the news that the rest of the night had been extremely quiet!

Jake was stationed on the island from November of 1955 until June of 1956. During the winter, one of Jake's buddies, a soldier named Tom whose job was that of the mailman, told him that he couldn't wait until spring. The winter weather in Korea was similar to Michigan, and Jake agreed that spring couldn't come soon enough. Jake asked Tom what he would be doing in the spring, and his buddy replied that he was going

to play baseball. Jake thought he was kidding because he couldn't imagine where anyone would play ball in a place like Korea with everything blown apart. Tom repeated again that he was supposed to play baseball, and that's all he said. One day in the spring of the year, Jake went to get his mail, and Tom shook hands with him and said he would see him around. Jake asked where he was going, and Tom replied, "spring training." To add a little more envy, Tom told Jake that another of their buddies, Nickelson, would be playing ball, too. Apparently, Tom had played in the minor leagues, Nickelson

had been a big college player, and it was all set up. Jake hadn't even considered that there was an Army ball team, and here, two of his best buddies were not only leaving the island behind, their jobs were to play baseball!

About the same time, at headquarters, the colonel's driver was preparing to go home, and the colonel needed a driver. Jake didn't really want to drive the colonel around, but he wanted to stay on that island even less. Jake signed the paper, and within a few days, he caught the supply boat to go in for an interview. After the interview, he returned to the island for a few days, and finally his captain told him to pack his gear in time to catch the supply boat that day. The colonel had picked Jake to be his driver.

Be sure to look for the continuation next month to learn whether Jake's experience playing baseball with farm boys in a Sanilac County league will be enough to compete with professional and minor league players...

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Jake Cleary, on the left, standing next to their radar, which detected the planes in the sky.

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SAILOR from page 1

weather reporting systems are reviewed when it comes to determining whether the *Thompson* should wait out a storm or press on, but there's usually one app or website that, based on results, is a bit more trusted than another – and oftentimes, all of the predictions are different. They are similar in nature, but usually it comes down to timing on weather events. Because the *Thompson* is a tug/barge unit and because of the age of the vessel, the decision made usually errs on the side of caution – not so much in the summer, but once late fall hits and the season is heading toward winter and the icing, which that weather brings with it, care is taken because every sailor just wants to make it home in one piece.

At the beginning of the season, David's average day starts at 5:30 a.m. when his alarm goes off so that he can report for duty at 6 a.m. He usually doesn't allow himself enough time to sit down for breakfast, so if the captain comes up to the pilothouse later, he may take a quick break to grab something to eat. If he eats a big breakfast, he tends to go for a lighter lunch after his shift ends at noon. After lunch David heads to his room for a couple-hour nap before he heads to the *Thompson's* gym to work out and lift weights. The gym is located on the forward end of the barge, and the equipment was purchased by the sailors who use it. On the *Thompson*, there are three or four guys that get together for a few

hours a day and work out – and in the meantime, they also try to solve the world's problems!

Sailors on board the *Thompson* take care of their own laundry. The tug has two washers and two dryers, and the barge has one of each. When David first started sailing, some of the boats offered laundry service. When the ship arrived at the Soo Locks, the laundry could be dropped off, but it was mainly the bedding, and there was a porter on board that took care of it. Sailors were responsible for their personal items, as they are now.

After an afternoon nap and a workout at the gym, David returns to work at 6 p.m. until his shift ends at midnight. By the end of his shift, David is pretty drained, so he usually turns on his satellite TV, with an unlimited number of channels, and drifts off to sleep until the alarm rings and it's time to start a new day. At the beginning of a 30-day hitch, David sets his alarm for 5:30 a.m. – but by the end of 30 days,

it doesn't go off until 5:55 a.m.! Fortunately, it's a short walk to work!

Before Covid-19 hit, David enjoyed spending some time visiting with the other guys and even sitting down to play cards. Sailors faced challenges just like everyone else during the pandemic, and the company even shut down crew changes for a while so that sailors were stuck on their boat. The company didn't want to bring anyone new on the boat, and out of a cautionary sense, it got to

the point where sailors staggered their eating times, so only three or four sailors were allowed in the galley at a time. During the height of the pandemic, sailors were expected to be working or in their rooms, and socializing was kept to a minimum. For the sailors on board the *Thompson*, the pandemic took away a lot of their day-to-day fun, but in the same sense, no one contracted the virus. Much like everyone's lives were affected, the pandemic forced the creation of many new and different protocols and paperwork.

In 2018, VTB purchased a tug from a company in Florida that would become known as the *Laura L. VanEnkevort*. Built in 1994, the *Laura L.* was originally constructed for saltwater service, and VTB invested what it needed to in order to refit the tug to make it serviceable on the Great Lakes. Though the *Laura L.* would have a little less speed on the open water of the lakes, she would more than make up for it in terms of maneuverability at the docks.

In September of 2019, the retrofit and upgrade on the *Laura L.* were in its final stages. David was off on his normal rotation when VTB asked him if he wanted to go down to Florida and bring the new tug back to Michigan as part of a crew of six. David agreed and flew down to Tampa, where the crew assembled and conducted some sea trials in Florida before driving the tug all the way around Florida, up the Atlantic Ocean all the way to Montreal, and through the staggered eight-lock St. Lawrence Seaway, which brought tug and crew to Lake Ontario. The *Laura L.* then steamed her way across Lake Ontario and eventually through the seven-lock Welland Canal before entering Lake Erie en route to Toledo.

Be sure to look for the continuation next month to learn about the pairing of the Joseph H. Thompson and the Laura L. VanEnkevort.

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The Laura L. VanEnkevort is pictured doing some light tug engine testing at Drummond Island, Michigan. Photo courtesy of David Connell.

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RAILS from page 1

came under the control of several other railroads at one time or another, including the Baltimore & Ohio and the Erie. Over the years, the Chesapeake & Ohio gained more and more control over the PMRR, until on June 6, 1947, the PMRR was formally merged into the Chesapeake & Ohio. The Pere Marquette operated over trackage stretching from Buffalo, New York, to Chicago, and from Bay View (Petoskey), Michigan, to Toledo, Ohio, with trackage in Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, and Ontario. In addition to its rail operations, the PMRR also operated railway car ferries on the Detroit and St. Clair rivers, and a fleet of car ferries from Ludington across Lake Michigan to Milwaukee, Kewaunee, and Manitowoc, Wisconsin. Nearly all of the trackage CSX operates in Michigan today, and much of that currently operated by Genesee & Wyoming railroads, Huron & Eastern, Marquette Rail, and Saginaw Valley Railway was originally operated by the PMRR.

Pere Marquette Historical Society was founded in 1995 as a means of collecting and disseminating information regarding the Pere Marquette Railroad. PMHS membership is made up of historians, former employees and their relatives, modelers, and railfans. The PMHS's archive was established in 2001 with the



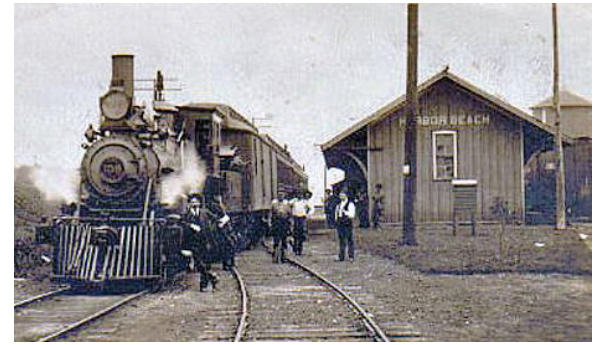
HARLEY KNOWLES.
Courtesy of Grand Rapids Press.
This young man was fireman of the passenger engine which collided with a freight at Salem, and was one of the 20 persons who lost their lives. He was a young man of exemplary habits and his demise is deeply regretted. It was through his fondness for music that Porter's Imperial Orchestra came into existence. Harley's remains rest in Portland cemetery.

donation of several archival collections related to the Pere Marquette Railway, as well as its corporate predecessors and successors from its membership. At that time a formal agreement was set up with the Joint Archives of Holland at Hope College. In 2003, the archive made its first major expansion with the donation of the Henry J. Walhout photographic negative collection. This collection thoroughly documented much of the World War II era on the railroad and has proved to be a priceless resource for authors and researchers ever since.

Other items with the PMHS archival collection include items of a more personal nature, including this newspaper clipping related to an infamous head-on collision that took place between a passenger and a freight train at Salem, Michigan, in 1907.

climate-controlled storage in various locations and somewhat dormant since that time, with limited accessibility to either researchers or the public.

A renewed effort began with a newly elected Board of Directors of PMHS in 2019 to find a permanent home for the archive, an effort which culminated with the agreement with PHM in August 2021. As someone who has been a member of the society since the very beginning, your author was



This photo of the daily train arriving at the Pere Marquette depot in Harbor Beach, Michigan, is an example of the hundreds of photos in the archives of the Pere Marquette Historical Society.

fortunate enough to know several of the founders of the Pere Marquette Historical Society who have since passed. In my opinion, it is wonderful news to know that the society has finally found a home for all the material that those individuals worked so hard to preserve. As the PMHS moves into its twenty-sixth year of existence, the archival collection can begin to look to a much more stable and rewarding future that not only encompasses the heritage of the Pere Marquette itself but encourages the preservation of material from its predecessors, as well as the successor companies that continued to operate its former lines. The fact that there is now a home for that heritage in one of the most important crossroad communities that the Pere Marquette served is a huge win for everyone involved.

Since 1948, the Plymouth Historical Society (also known as the Friends of the Plymouth

See **RAILS** on page 11

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RAILS from page 10

Historical Museum) has operated through the generosity of donors who value the rich fabric of Plymouth's important history. The Friends of the Plymouth Historical Museum, formally the Plymouth Historical Society, is a privately funded membership organization dedicated to preserving, teaching, and presenting history through the operation and support of the Plymouth Historical Museum. The Plymouth Historical Museum features an impressive collection of history including the early pioneers, businesses, railroads, President Lincoln, Civil War, Daisy Air Rifle, World War II and much more.

"We are excited to welcome this wonderful addition to the PHM archive," said PHM Executive Director Liz Kerstens. "Plymouth was a hub for PMRR as both north-south and east-west tracks crossed here. Once the collection is processed, researchers will be able to delve into the rich railroad history of Plymouth and Michigan."

The Plymouth Historical Museum is located at 155 S. Main Street in Plymouth. Hours are 1-4 p.m. on Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. The PHM archive is currently available by appointment only on Saturday and Sunday. The PMHS archive will take time to process, so please call 734-455-8940, ext. 3, before making the trip. For more information, visit <http://plymouthhistory.org/our-history/collections-research/>.

Stay tuned for next month's article, where we discuss the process of moving this valuable collection into its new home!

Gaffney is owner of Streamline Historic Services, and the author of *Port Huron, 1880-1960*. Images of Rail: *Rails Around the Thumb*, published by Arcadia Publishing, is also receiving accolades. Learn about the important contributions railroads made to the Thumb area; copies of *Rails Around the Thumb* are available through the author at 2747 Military Street, Port Huron, Michigan, 48060. Books are also available through Arcadia Publishing at www.arcadiapublishing.com.



Prior to its recent move to Plymouth, the Pere Marquette Historical Society had not been able to acquire more object-based historical items, such as this former train bulletin board from the depot at Elkton, Michigan. It is hoped that going forward, items such as this might be added to the collection as well.

ANCESTORS from page 2

breakfast. While women prepared the food, the men would round up their livestock. Breakfast was eaten, dishes done, and everything packed away and ready to move by 7 a.m. There was a "nooning" break for lunch and rest. The day ended when the wagon master decided on a good location to say the night. This did not mean rest or a solid night of sleep.

Wagons were rounded into a circle for protection and as a corral for livestock. Livestock had to be unhitched and cared for while women fixed the evening meal. Men might hunt for meat while women and children would search for wild berries, etc.

Some families had small tents to sleep in, others slept on the ground, and some, inside their wagons. Men were grouped into shifts as night watchmen. No adult male received a solid night's sleep during the journey.

Traveling on a wagon train was dangerous. There was the risk of falling off a horse or mule, accidental discharge of firearms, drowning at river crossings, and the risk of runaway or overturned wagons. Wagon trains navigated steep ascents and descents over rocky terrain. Those who became ill from dysentery, measles, smallpox, mumps, influenza, cholera, mountain fever, and scurvy usually did not survive the disease. Bodies were buried along the trail.

If your ancestor was a wagon master, they had a tremendous amount of responsibility. The success of the trip and survival of participants depended on the wagon master's skill. They had to be familiar with the trail and knowledgeable about the terrain, including where it was safe for the wagons to go.

Other skills included fighting to fend off attacks, care of sick and injured animals, mechanics to repair broken wagons, hunting to supplement food supplies, and medical and dental knowledge. They had to read the

weather and determine if a storm was coming that would make travel dangerous. They needed skills to negotiate disputes between landowners, Native Americans, outlaws, and disagreements among members of the wagon train.

If you have relatives who journeyed west, you can search for them in the FamilySearch.org collection of pioneer records, which includes:

- Illinois Hancock County Nauvoo Community Project 1839-1846
- Mormon Migration Database 1840-1932
- United States Mormon Battalion Pension Applications 1846-1923
- Utah Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel Database 1847-1868
- Utah Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah 1847-1868
- Utah George Edward Anderson Photo Collection 1860-1928
- Utah Missionary Department Missionary Registers 1860-1937
- Utah Territorial Militia Records 1849-1877
- Utah Territorial Case Files of the U.S. District Courts 1870-1896

There are also Wiki pages on their website that include:

- California Trail Settlers and Records
- Mormon Trail Settlers and Records
- Oregon Trail Settlers and Records

Learning about the endurance of those who traveled west by wagon train will leave you with amazement at their skills and endurance in making this journey. Once they reached their destination, their work really began as they located a plot of land, built a home, barn, fencing, planting crops, etc. – far more intense than what any of us consider hard physical labor these days.

Grace Grogan is a freelance writer and a member of Detroit Working Writers.

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PHEASANTS from page 3

feet away. Suddenly, 10 pheasants went up, and none of us had shells in our guns – it happened so fast. When the farmer caught the dog, he told us he hadn't had the dog out for any training. He then connected a logging chain to the dog's collar to slow the dog down. In about 20 minutes of hunting in the field, the dog had slowed down, and the chain was removed. We shot about 18 pheasants that day!

While living in Bay City, a new neighbor moved in next door who was a state policeman. When I heard he was a pheasant and duck hunter, I asked him to go hunting on opening day. We drove to Pigeon to find the town was full of cars with hunters getting ready for the 10 a.m. start time. I had other plans! Just behind my mother's house was a cornfield, and I told my policeman friend that was where we would start. We started at exactly 10 a.m., the official time to start. We heard a few distant gunshots, and the hunt was on. Within two minutes our hunt was all over...we had walked into the field without a dog, and pheasants went up in every direction. I couldn't believe the number of birds going up at one time. We had our limit in two minutes. I was disappointed it ended so quickly and suggested we go

out to the Fin and Feather club near Bay Port to hunt ducks. I had only six or seven decoys and again no dog, but by early afternoon, we had a few ducks to add to the hunting day.

When I tell my hunting stories, usually in the barber shop, younger people want to know what has changed? First of all, there are very few pheasants in the area. You will see more deer during the pheasant hunting season than birds. Years ago, we never saw deer in Huron County. What has changed? Farmers had fences with high grass around the fields, which offered the birds cover when flying from field to field. It was common to see shocks of corn and wheat in the stubble fields. In general, there was more cover. Plus, we didn't have many foxes and coyotes to invade the nest of eggs.

There was a TV sportsman in the 1950s called Morten Neff, who, on one of his "Michigan Outdoors" TV shows, announced that pheasant hunting would be the best that year in the Pigeon and Sebawaing area. On opening day that year, we had a traffic gridlock in Pigeon, and it was probably that way in Sebawaing. Every hotel room was filled with hunters. The fields were full of hunters. The restaurants had waiting lines of hunters. Due to this crowded condition, one hunter, identified as being "from the city," shot the gun stock off another adjacent hunter's gun as the shooter was aiming at a rabbit running between them. Fortunately, the hunter was near the hospital and not seriously injured. Pheasant hunting was once a great sport in the Thumb region...and That's the Way It Was.

Al and Dave Eicher provide television production services to corporations, ad agencies, and nonprofit organizations. They also create Michigan town histories and offer lecture services on a variety of Michigan History Events. You may contact them at 248-333-2010; email: info@program-source.com; website: www.program-source.com.



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By Captain Ron Burkhard

Join in the conclusion about a Pointe aux Barques lighthouse keeper with a most colorful past.

"The Canadians captured fifty-two men they charged with being Patriot Hunters. Five were executed on the spot at the orders of Colonel Price while the others were taken to London, Ontario, where they were tried for piracy and treason by a military court. All but one of the prisoners were convicted and sentenced to death. Six of them were hanged, thirteen were deported to the U.S., and a few were pardoned for giving evidence against their fellow Patriots while eighteen, including Chauncey Sheldon, were ordered to be transported to Van Dieman's Land, now known as Tasmania, where the British government maintained a penal colony.

"The men sentenced to transportation were sent by canal barge to Quebec City where they were joined by sixty Patriots caught in other raids, fifty-eight French-Canadian political prisoners, and 140 British soldiers and their families. All, plus the crew, were stuffed into *H.M.S. Buffalo*, an aging frigate of the Royal Navy converted into transport duty. The *Buffalo* left Quebec on October 1, 1839, stopped in Rio de Janeiro to pick up supplies, crossed the Atlantic, rounded the Cape of Good Hope into the Indian Ocean, sailed south of Australia, and arrived in Hobart, the capital of Van Dieman's Land, on February 12, 1840. One of the Patriots died on the voyage, and all suffered from seasickness, rotten food, cockroaches, fleas, and lice.

"In Van Dieman's Land, the Patriots were used as unpaid laborers, working under whip-wielding overseers to build and repair roads in the island's interior. The work, living conditions, and discipline were all harsh, but Mr. Sheldon, now fifty-four, managed to survive in relatively good shape. In October 1842, when he had been on the island for more than two years, he was given a 'ticket of leave' that allowed him to find paid work although that also meant he had to find his own food and shelter. Were it not for the help from fellow Masons on the island, he might have starved. In December 1844, along with many of the Patriots, he received a full pardon from Queen Victoria. The pardon did not, however, include a ticket home. He and the others had to wait another two months before a captain of an American whaler, the *Steiglitz*, agreed to take them to Honolulu if they joined the crew.

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See **KEEPER** on page 13

KEEPER from page 12

“The *Steiglitz* left Hobart on January 29, 1845, two weeks after Chauncey Sheldon’s fifty-ninth birthday and almost five years after they arrived on the island. The ship cruised the South Pacific looking for whales, stopped at Roratura and Tahiti for provisions, and reached Honolulu on April 27, 1845. The Patriots were warmly welcomed by the local American population, but they found that, because of the season, there were not many ships leaving Hawaii for the United States. Finally, in September 1845, Captain Hugh Page, of the sloop of war U.S.S. *Levant*, who had served in Michigan during the War of 1812, agreed to take Mr. Sheldon to Mazatlan, Mexico. The *Levant* arrived there in November 1845, and from there, Mr. Sheldon made his way to Havana and then to New York where he arrived on the bark *Mudara* on February 4, 1846.

“Chauncey Sheldon was soon back with his family in Macomb County, more than seven years after leaving for Detroit to sell his wheat. His children had gone on with their lives, and by 1850 he was living in a rooming-house in Shelby Township, Macomb County, where he might have remained had not Franklin Pierce been elected U.S. President in 1852 with the support of another veteran of the Patriot Hunter’s Battle for Windsor, John Harmon, now a prominent Detroit politician. President Pierce appointed Harmon the Collector of Customs at Detroit, an office that included the power to name the keepers at the Pointe aux Barques Lighthouse. Harmon offered the post to Mr. Sheldon who accepted and took up his duties on June 24, 1853. He served until September 26, 1857, when he retired, aged 69. The 1860 census found him living in Ray Township, Macomb County, and he apparently died a few months later.”

My great appreciation and many thanks go to

Mr. Chardavoyné for supplying and researching the information on Keeper Chauncey Sheldon. This information about a Pointe aux Barques lighthouse keeper was previously unknown to lighthouse historians. Mr. David G. Chardavoyné is an attorney and professor of law who lives in Farmington Hills, Michigan. Mr. Chardavoyné is the author of *A Hanging in Detroit*, a history of Michigan’s abolition of capital punishment, which was named a 2004 Michigan Notable Book by the Library of Michigan Foundation. He also contributed a chapter to *The History of Michigan Law*, winner of the 2006 State History Award of the Historical Society of Michigan.

The research I had done for my book on this lighthouse did not yield much information on Keeper Chauncey Sheldon, so Mr. Chardavoyné added much to the lighthouse’s historical record. What I did find were a few government records and one letter pertaining to Sheldon. He first appeared on a page listing lighthouse keepers in Michigan. He is shown as keeper at Pointe aux Barques starting on June 24, 1853, and earning \$350 a year. He is shown on another page of lightkeepers as Keeper Chauncey Sheldon, earning \$350 year, appointed on June 24, 1853, and leaving on September 26, 1857. This page contained information last dated in late 1868.

After Sheldon’s departure date – I cannot tell if he resigned or was removed – there seemed to be some dispute between his leaving and the new keeper (Amgrad Granger) arriving. A letter dated December 24, 1857, from Naval Secretary Commander Thornton A. Jenkins follows.

“Sir, Your letter of the 18th instant with enclosed letter from the keeper of Pt. aux Barques Lt. House, is received. I have to report that you will say, in writing to the keeper, that he is responsible for all property belonging to the Government at the site of the Point

aux Barques Lt. house and that if the late keeper has left the property there against his wishes, he should give him written notice without delay to remove it, and have the letter delivered by a reliable witness and then if he does not remove them, take charge of the house if necessary and use it. The late keeper has no authority to use either the land or buildings at the Light House site.”

Did Sheldon leave his belongings at the lighthouse, or was he still using the dwellings? It seems the matter was resolved, and there was no more mention made of it.

Finally, Sheldon’s name appeared in a letter from the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury to the U.S. House of Representatives under Executive Document 101 of the 35th Congress, session 1, dated April 9, 1858. It concerned lighthouse expenses for the 1857 year: “There is a claim of \$8, of Chauncey Sheldon, late keeper of the Pointe aux Barques Lighthouse, for board of laborers. Payment was refused, because the oil accounts of the claimant were not satisfactory.”

This would appear to be money Sheldon wanted for feeding the laborers who were building the new 1857 lighthouse. However, it appears he was not trustworthy enough to be believed, and he was not paid. Was this one of the reasons for his possible removal? The “oil accounts” refer to the lard or whale oil burned in the lighthouse tower or in daily use by the keeper. He had to take delivery of oil delivered by ship, check the quality of it, determine in the amount paid for was actually delivered, and keep daily records of oil burned and balance that against the remaining oil in stores. Any discrepancy in the oil account was strictly dealt with. Had the oil been stolen, or was a simple mistake made by the keeper? An unacceptable explanation could result in dismissal.

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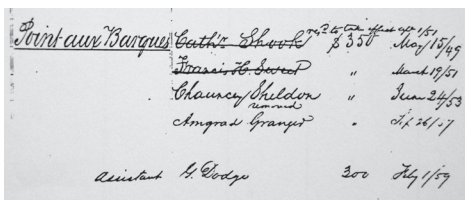
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KEEPER from page 13



This Lighthouse Service Record page listed Chauncey Sheldon as keeper at the Pointe aux Barques Lighthouse, earning \$350 a year, and being appointed on June 24, 1853.

During Sheldon's time, there was not a life-saving station next door. He was required to offer assistance to shipwreck victims. I have made scuba dives on many shipwrecks that occurred in sight of the Pointe aux Barques Lighthouse. Some of them were in shallow water, and some, in deep water, like the side paddle-wheel steamer *Detroit*. It sank in 1854 in over 200 feet of water northeast of the lighthouse. Since the lighthouse keeper did not have a logbook at this time, I have no record of what Sheldon did, or did not do. The life-saving station just south of the lighthouse, and its records, did not start until 1876. I have no access to local newspapers for the year 1854.

After writing books on the Pointe aux Barques Lighthouse and Life-Saving Stations, I realized a recurring connection between the lighthouse and life-saving crews.



The lintel stone over the tower door with the 1857 build date.

Many of them were Masons. I read that fact many times while researching their biographies and had also visited many of their graves and found the Masonic symbol on their tombstones. I believe the Masons had a lot of influence over who worked at these stations. The fact that Sheldon was a Mason most likely saved his life when he was a prisoner in Tasmania.

A 1973 nomination form for the National Register of Historic Places, under Michigan, for the Pointe aux Barques lighthouse stated, "The Pointe Aux Barques lighthouse consists of a white conical tower with attached brick dwelling. Some of the original [1847] lighthouse may remain, but the present tower was 'rebuilt' in 1857. Above the door between the lightkeeper's house and the signal tower, the date '1857' appears, although the date was probably added in 1908 when this section was built.

1908 is also the date of the construction of the attached lightkeeper's dwelling... On March 3, 1847, the U.S. congress appropriated \$5,000 for the construction of a lighthouse at lower Pointe Aux Barques...The following year Alanson Sweet, Luzene Ransom, and Morgan Shinn were contracted to 'rebuild' the lighthouse. It was completed by 1857. Possibly the original structure had been entirely destroyed, but it seems more likely that general renovation and heightening of the tower were intended. Sweet, Ransom, and Shinn received the contracts for three other Michigan lighthouses at the same time, so routine improvements may have been the actual job when 'rebuilding' was discussed...It is uncertain if any of the original (1847) lighthouse remains in the

present 'rebuilt' (1857) lighthouse..."

The above information was among the first I looked at after forming the Pointe aux Barques Lighthouse Society in 2002. I now know it contained a lot of misinformation that has been corrected on the Michigan's Historic Places website. I have a copy of the original 1847 building contract for the lighthouse. The builders were David Chandler, Thomas M. Perry, and David Shook. This lighthouse tower lasted 10 years. It was not rebuilt one year later (although the separate 1847 keeper's dwelling was repaired in 1849 due to a substantial fire).

I can document that in 1857 a new lighthouse was built separate from the 1847 lighthouse. I initiated an archeological dig with Western Michigan University in 2003, and during that dig, the original site of the 1847 tower was found about 75 feet south of the present tower. While digging near the present 1908 assistant keeper's dwelling, I found what the archeologist determined was the northeast corner of the separate 1847 keeper's dwelling. This structure did burn in 1849 but was rebuilt and used until 1857. The date on the lintel stone above the door was put there in 1857.

My research shows that Sweet, Ransom, and Shinn built several lighthouses on Lakes Superior and Michigan. I cannot find conclusive proof they built a lighthouse on Lake Huron. I have found a contract for them building at Pointe aux Barques, but I contest this contract because of several errors in it.

Thanks to the many volunteers in the lighthouse society who, working with Huron County, have made many improvements to the present dwellings. Much new information has been found during research to disprove a lot of previously published errors—such as the nomination form. Keeper Sheldon would have witnessed the 1857 construction and may have been responsible for approving some of the work.

Captain Ron Burkhard is the author of The Pointe aux Barques Lighthouse: A Comprehensive History Written by a Native Son. If you would like to order your signed copy of this 438-page hardcover book, you may send a check for \$40 (\$30, plus \$10 shipping) to Ron Burkhard, 8957 Bach Rd., Gagetown, MI 48735. To learn more about this book or to schedule an interview with the author, you may contact the author by phone at 231-313-7085, or send him an email at jmburkhard542@outlook.com.

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MEAT

Success in the Details

By Ryan Walker

This year's youth hunt seemed to come upon our hunting community like a hard ground ball to third base. It was on us before we knew it, so we had to accelerate our yearly preparation for hunting season. Normally, our extended hunting family begins fall preparations in the middle of August. This year family commitments, fishing trips, and work responsibilities seemed to eat up the first three weeks in August. As the end of the summer months approached, we realized we needed to get ready for the upcoming whitetail deer season. This year's youth hunt in Michigan was moved to September 11 and 12, which meant less time to refurbish and refresh our hunting locales. As always, we made sure our youth hunters' firearms of choice were sighted in and in proper working order before we set to work on the other necessary tasks.

Even though we were slightly rushed, I felt as though we had done an adequate job clearing horns from our hunting shacks and stands. In addition, the shooting lanes seemed cleared and trails trimmed to and from said stands. Anticipation ran high the night before the youth hunt opener, and my youngest son

and I both slept well knowing we were set for the weekend, or so we thought. After double-checking our gear, we left our cabin porch in the pitch dark, two flashlight beams showing us the way to the trail that would escort us to our hunting shack. It was half-way down the trail that we realized I had forgotten to check the entire trail for brush blocking our progress. Sure enough, we faced an impenetrable wall of autumn olive bushes that were armed with thorns.

Somewhere on the other side of the vegetation barrier was the last half of the groomed trail. We decided to try to maneuver through the prickly passage. After three steps into the labyrinth, my flashlight batteries decided to die. Yep, I had forgotten to check the batteries in my flashlight. Luckily, my son changed the batteries in his flashlight a few days before our adventure. Five steps into the hedge of horror I realized we couldn't go any further without injury or impalement. We had to backtrack our way to an alternate path, which cost us some valuable time and sweat output.

Daylight was still not upon us, so we had time to

settle into our shack. Once seated, we realized I didn't, in fact, remove all the hornet nests as previously believed. It's a good thing the bill of my orange baseball hat also served as a hornet flyswatter. Insect crisis averted, we settled in, ready for a beautiful Michigan sunrise. That was until the horde of ants in our seat cushions decided to wake up and pay us a visit. A quick pat down accompanied by a healthy shake sent the picnic pinchers scurrying for other parts of our woods.

The sunrise was beautiful, as usual, but the light did illuminate the dead branch from a small tree that filled half of our shooting window. No big deal, my son reached out and snapped the

obstacles out of the way to give us a clear view. It could have been at that moment, or later as we were leaving, that led to his inquisitive question, "Dad, what are these bumps on my hand?" Apparently, one of the plants he grabbed had "leaves of three." As I lamented our run of troubles, I muttered something about missing a few details. In his infinite fifth-grade



This dead tree branch obstructed the author and his son's view from their hunting shack.

See **SUCCESS** on page 16

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SUCCESS from page 15

wisdom, he said, "Guess you should have made a list, Dad."

You know what? He was right. I missed some details in my preseason deer hunting preparation due to not being organized. As I regroup for archery and firearm deer season, I will definitely add the following details to my list. One, change the batteries in all our flashlights. Two, walk the entire length of the trails that lead to and from our stands. Three, double check all shacks and stands for bees, ants, and any other creepy crawlies that might leave a mark in the dark. Four, be sure all shooting lanes offer clear lines of sight. Finally, spray or safely remove any poison ivy climbing up our stands.

Even though he didn't put his tag on a deer during the youth hunt, we both had a blast making memories in the outdoors. Plus, we learned some valuable lessons about preparing for the adventure of whitetail deer hunting. In this case, success was in the details. The entire weekend provided small, detailed moments that a father and son will cherish for the rest of their days.



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Peril in Purdyville

Part 2

By Janis Stein

Join in the continuation as Oscar Purdy moves his family into their newly built log cabin and talk turns to building a sawmill on Cooper's Creek, the mouth of which was located at today's Wagener Park in Huron County.

Lewis and I made our way through the dense forest, following the creek as we went. It didn't take long to determine we'd build our cabin inland away from the lake but alongside the creek. We continued our westerly walk, always using the creek as a guide, as we assessed the rest of the land. Before the morning was over, we located the best place to build a water-powered sawmill before trekking back to the cabin site to determine how many trees we'd need to cut to make enough room to build. As luck would have it, enough of the trees we'd be felling were of uniform size, just what was needed to properly construct a log cabin. We chose a spot that had fewer trees than other areas because that meant less stumps to dig out. There was so much to do, but that didn't intimidate Lewis. On the contrary, he was already pitching his ideas. We'd need to go into White Rock to see about purchasing oxen or horses for the stump removal once the trees were down.

Over the next few weeks, Lewis and I worked from sunup till sundown. On the day we went into White Rock, we stopped at the Thomson Bros. store

for supplies. While there, we met our closest neighbor to south, Lucas Snyder, who lived just two miles from us, and he said he'd kindly loan us his team of oxen and even come to help when it was time to put the logs in place. I couldn't believe this man's kindness and asked how we could reciprocate. He said he had his mind on building a proper barn next year and would need some manpower. We took our conversation outside, and Lewis told him we had plans to build a sawmill as soon as the cabin was done. Before we knew it, our Mr. Snyder shook hands with the both of us, stating that he'd like to buy the sawed lumber from us, rather than the mill at White Rock, because it would save him two miles per trip altogether, coming and going. Perhaps he could help us build the sawmill, too, he said, in exchange for some of the lumber.

And so began our days at Cooper's Creek, neighbor helping neighbor.

Mr. Snyder was as good as his word, and the following day, he meandered over to check our progress, and he even made a few helpful suggestions. Within the week, thanks to his oxen, we dug out the stumps and prepared the logs for the cabin. The cabin went up a log at a time, and we filled the space between the logs with sticks of wood, called chinks. The chinks, both inside and out, were then lightly covered with a clay mortar to properly seal the wall. Mr. Snyder questioned whether we planned on going with a dirt floor for now or building a floor. When I asked for his opinion, he asked after my family and how many of us there were. I was leaning toward the dirt floor, just to save time to get my family indoors quicker, but Mr. Snyder said with all three of us at it, the job wouldn't take long and then it would be done. He suspected it would be mighty hard to get back to that task, what with everything else that needed to be done.

Once the walls were up, the clapboard roof came next, and before long we were splitting logs, with the split side facing up, to create our cabin floor. Over the course of the next few days, I could not believe how quickly things progressed. Lewis cut a six-foot space out of the logs on the east side of the room for a fireplace. He then built up three of the sides with logs, then lined them with stone that the girls had gathered and hauled to the site two days prior. Mr. Snyder worked on the flue; the upper part of the chimney was

See YARNS on page 17

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made from small split sticks close to three feet long. The chimney stuck up just over the roof, and I had the honors of giving it a clay-plaster finish. The following day, Lewis worked on cutting an opening on the west side of the cabin for a doorway. Building the door of clapboards, with crosspieces of pine to secure it all, came next. Mr. Snyder had great skill in building, and I learned a good deal from him as we went. He made the wooden hinges for the door and a latch as well.

At last, it was time to move in. Mr. Snyder came with us and helped us carry all of our possessions, meager though they were, to what quickly felt like home. I took the baby from Jane, and I opened the door while gesturing for my wife to lead the way as I wanted her to be the first to enter. She'd seen the outside of the cabin already when she helped the girls gather stones for the fireplace, but she'd yet to step foot inside.

I couldn't account for her tears. She'd shed so many over the years, but I just didn't expect it, didn't see it coming. Not now. This should have been a happy day, but here she was, crying so hard she could barely catch her breath. Mr. Snyder looked more than a little uncomfortable, his weight shifting from foot to foot, his eyes darting toward the door, effectively blocked by Lewis and my daughters. If there had been a second door, I've no doubt Mr. Snyder would have been out it.

I asked Jane what was wrong. Bewildered is what I was. When she finally caught her breath, she sat right down on the floor and kept running her

hands over the boards. She looked up with the biggest smile and such love for me in her eyes that it made my heart catch. It was then she was finally able to explain that her tears were happy ones – because of the floor, she kept saying. Finally, I asked her, what about the floor? It's a real floor, not dirt, she sputtered, and the tears started up all over again. She said she hadn't anticipated a wooden floor. She'd be able to let Margaret crawl around without getting filthy. I reached for her hand as she stood up, and I confessed that the wooden floor was all thanks to Mr. Snyder, who promptly turned three shades of red while securing my wife's undying gratitude!

I felt so much better with the women-folk safely inside. Jane and Amy went right to work, unloading our trunk that Lewis and Mr. Snyder had previously hauled from our campsite. Before long, there were dishes in the cupboard and supplies in the pantry. Lucinda and Harriet clasped hands, and 'round and 'round they danced! Mr. Snyder had already excused himself; he and Lewis were outside sawing wood to build our table and chairs. Any other needed work inside, like additional shelving, would wait until winter.

I cannot tell you what a blessing Mr. Snyder was. Such a good, honest man and always ready to lend a hand. He and Lewis developed a fast friendship, and the pair worked so well together it was almost as if they'd been doing so for years, each anticipating what the other would do. Both were excited to start working on the sawmill. They were constantly together, heads bent, scratching designs in the sand. Over the

See **YARNS** on page 18

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YARNS from page 17

next few weeks, Mr. Snyder worked long hours with us. We took advantage of the natural slope of the land as it fell away toward the lake and built a small dam to harness the power of the water in Cooper's Creek. I had to special-order the saw blades for the mill, and while we waited for that shipment, we set to work on building what we could. I marveled at my son. He had paid attention to every detail at the mill where he worked in Royal Oak, and that experience benefited us greatly. Before the snow flew, we'd have a good start on a stack of lumber for Mr. Snyder's barn.

We were blessed with a mild winter, and we had plenty to eat. Jane always had a pot of stew over the fireplace, or so it seemed to Mr. Snyder, who said he could smell my wife's cooking clear over to his place! He shared many a noontime meal with us that first year, and it was on more than one occasion that I saw him stealing looks at Amy. My daughter, though, seemed oblivious, which was fine with me. Our bachelor neighbor already felt like a son to me, but there was plenty of time.

In 1850, Lewis and I helped build Mr. Snyder's barn with the lumber we made at our mill. The barn raising was something to behold, and Jane and my daughters helped put on the meal and feed the men. We met many neighbors who were spread out miles around; good people they were, too, and not for the first time did I thank God for our good fortune. Jane, too, who finally had the opportunity to socialize with a few of the women in our region, told me she was well-pleased with having made some acquaintances. For the first time in a very long time, Jane looked truly happy.

During the next few years, Lewis and I worked at clearing more land – lumbering in the winter and

sawing boards when the water flowed again. Once we had a few acres cleared, we cultivated it and tried our hand at farming to bring in a little more money, or at the very least grow feed for the cattle we'd accumulated. Lewis, though, preferred the smell of sawdust over dirt, and word spread, thanks to Mr. Snyder's barn raising, that the Purdy Mill offered a fair price and quality workmanship. We needn't worry either that we were taking business away from the mill owners at White Rock below us or Rock Falls above us; so much timber was being harvested, every mill was busy.

Our daughter, Libbie, and her husband, Theodore Burley, had yet to make a visit, and we all missed them dearly. Many days my wife made the five-mile walk to White Rock to post a letter to her eldest; many a day she also made the walk to see if we had any mail from Libbie, but those letters were few and far between. It irritated my wife that she passed the stagecoach on her way – it even went right by our place – but the driver would not stop; the stage had designated stops for its passengers as well as specific mail-drop destinations, and weary stagecoach travelers riding over dusty roads did not want to be bothered and have their trip delayed by pedestrians looking for a wished-for letter. Jane was sharing her frustration one night over supper when an idea popped into my mind. Without a second thought, I pulled my wife off her chair and twirled her around the cabin to the tune of our young daughters' squeals of delight. What on earth had gotten into me, my wife wondered aloud.

Perhaps, I said, we could build a hotel. It would be perfect for all the lumbermen who needed lodging, and the stage did pass right by our place. How many times had we already put up one of the lumbermen passing through or who was working nearby? Our small barn had seen its share of guests in the past year. After the timber was harvested and the area became more inhabited inland, our hotel would offer clean rooms and good food for visitors who came in on the stage. My poor wife looked bewildered as I laid out my ramshackle plans. I hadn't given it any thought before, but it *was* a good idea. Plus, I told my wife with a wink and smile that we could look into what paperwork would need to be filed to become a daily mail stop for the stage!

I wrote a letter myself the next day to my son-in-law, Theodore, asking if he would come and help me build the hotel that spring and summer. Lewis

Clear, Cold Night

By Allison Stein

She wraps her chilly hands in the fringes of an old scarf,
the periwinkle blue fabric soft on her blistered skin.
In the hospital, she wanted badly to count the stars, clusters

of warm white light against a heavy velvet sky. Now she
hears again the hum of cicadas, the gentle crunch of autumn
leaves tousled by the wind, the thud of something in her

heart. She wonders whether half the stars she counts have
burned out, if the patterns of warm white light are visible only
because of the time it takes light and stars to travel. And

she laughs at the absurdity of it all—stars dying,
astronomers drawing lines between them to make a picture,
earthlings giving names to the cold, dead stars.

Allison Stein is the author of three poetry books. She blogs about her journey as a writer and writing consultant at www.allisonsteinconsulting.com.

and I would never get it roughed in before winter, and Mr. Snyder had plenty of his own work to do; plus, he came by less and less it seemed. Weeks ago, he asked me for Amy's hand, and I happily gave him my blessing. I did not want to humiliate him further by asking, but I suspected Amy declined. That's the only thing I could figure, and I did not want to put him in the awkward position of seeing Amy every day if she had rejected his proposal. Plus, it had been far too long since we'd seen Theodore and Libbie, and we'd met only one of our grandchildren. Libbie's baby Jane had been born in Royal Oak the year before we left, but we had yet to meet Libbie's other three children who came after we settled at Cooper's Creek.

As soon as my letter to the Burleys was sent, Lewis and I went to work, making plans and sawing boards.

See YARNS on page 19

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YARNS from page 18

Whether or not Theodore would bring his family to join us made no matter though I would prefer they came. Once the idea of the Purdy Hotel popped into my mind, no amount of talk could dissuade me. Not that my wife opposed, mind you, but everything was happening very fast. Libbie must have barely shown Theo my letter, and she posted her reply.

Jane had sent Amy that day into White Rock for the mail, and Amy, red-faced and puffing, must have run the whole distance on her return. Jane, in turn, came running to the mill just then, waving her arms, and I thought for sure some godawful thing had befallen our youngest daughter. But once more since we arrived, Jane's tears were happy ones. Theodore accepted my invitation to come! As a matter of fact, Libbie explained in her letter, they had been planning to surprise us. Theo decided it was time to move nearby. He'd eventually settle north of us, or so was his plan, perhaps on the other side of Sand Beach, the letter explained, but until then Libbie and her family would stay with us until the hotel construction was completed! It would be crowded to be sure, but my wife and I would have all our children under one roof for the first time in far too long!

Lewis and I sailed to the dock at White Rock to meet my daughter's family when they were scheduled to arrive at shore, dropped off via a yawl boat. Jane wanted desperately to go, too, but there just wouldn't be enough room on our Mackinaw boat for all of us on the return trip, and I needed Lewis' sailing expertise, plus his strength and able hands to help transfer their belongings. Jane understood, of course, and busied herself baking bread and pies, along with all of Libbie's favorites. There was much to get ready at home.

My boat was indeed full after we took the Burleys aboard, and everyone began talking at once as we set sail for the Purdyville settlement, or so we heard it was being called by a few. Jane and the rest of my daughters were on the shoreline waving riotously as we approached home. What a welcoming sight! Theo, Libbie, and their four little ones – Jane, at age seven; Malden, five; Matilda, four; and Amelia, almost one – fit right in with our clan, but it made for a very full house. Our own little Margaret was six by then, and she was so excited to have children close in age with whom to play that all would have a hard time closing

their eyes this night! It did my heart good to see my wife so happy, and truly we all were.

We worked harder than ever that year. The mill, small though it was, had turned a profit almost from the start, and I spared no expense on the Purdy Hotel, which we built close to the road and across from our homestead. Theo, Lewis, and I spent hour after hour planning and building. The pillars out front and the carved detail on the ornamental balustrade perhaps looked extravagant out in the middle of our wilderness – but we were bent on taming it. When we opened for business in 1854, it didn't take long for word to spread. The hotel was a large, two-story frame building, with living quarters on the ground floor for my family, plus a bar and a dance hall. The sleeping rooms on the second floor were soon filled with lumbermen from the surrounding lumber camps, and they happily spent their paycheck on Jane's hearty meals and drinks at the bar. Jane got her wish, too, and the Purdy Hotel became a daily stop for mail on the stagecoach running from Port Huron to Port Austin!

I bought a piano, much anticipated by Amy, who learned to play when we lived in Royal Oak. The dance hall was a source of great entertainment for all of us. Lewis manned the bar and kept one eye on Amy, lest the lumberjacks get any ideas. To see her fingers glide across those keys was a sight to behold, and eventually, she even started singing, which gave the lumbermen the courage to do the same. That first winter, every Saturday night we held a dance with a 25-cent admission, and there was usually standing room only. Everyone had a grand time – except for the occasional complaints from a few men who were actually trying to sleep upstairs. I certainly couldn't do away with the Saturday night dances, nor could I let a complaint go unattended. Mr. Snyder happened to be present when one of the lumbermen complained of the noise, and it was Mr. Snyder's idea that saved the day – he suggested we line the walls of the dance hall with empty bottles to absorb some of the noise. To my surprise, it worked, or at least it muffled the sound enough to keep everyone happy!

I poured a round of whiskey on the house for Mr. Snyder and the now-satisfied-but-sleepy lumberman. I couldn't help but see Mr. Snyder's attention turn toward Amy at the piano. So lost was he in his thoughts, he didn't seem to hear me when I asked if he wanted another round after it was just the two of us standing at the end of the bar. I did not have words to

acknowledge the pain in his eyes for what never came to be for him and Amy, but I squeezed his shoulder to let him know I at least understood.

I hadn't expected to almost run out of whiskey quite as quickly as I did. The stock was running low, and I needed to make a run across Lake Huron to load up with enough Canadian whiskey to get me through the winter. Lewis came with me – my boat was too big to man alone – but I felt good about going, knowing that Theo remained. After the hotel was built, Theo, Libbie, and their brood moved into our old cabin, and it was so wonderful having them nearby. Theo broke the news last week that they'd spend the winter with us, but in the spring, they'd be striking out further north to secure their own homestead. But for now, Theo could keep an eye on things while Lewis and I set sail for Goderich, Ontario.

Winter would soon be upon us, and while my son and I were experienced sailors, we knew how fickle Lake Huron could be. I had the luxury of waiting until the weather was favorable to pick the best days for travel, and on a Wednesday morning in early fall, we set sail across the lake, bound for Canada. As soon as we arrived, we did not dally, and our large order of various whiskeys was promptly loaded in our Mackinaw boat. Most of the lumbermen who rented rooms at the Purdy Hotel were of Canadian descent, and Lewis thought it hysterical when they complained of our weak American whiskey when they were actually drinking their favored brands! Before we knew it, we were heading back home, the round-trip made in just two days.

Be sure to look for the continuation next month when Lake Huron shoreline settlements battle the 1864 fire. Had the Burleys and the Purdys only known what was right around the corner in 1871...

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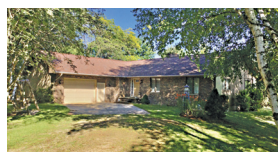
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Custom-built ranch with walkout basement on a wooded 8.28 acres. Only an eighth of a mile from Lake Huron, this secluded and private home features open concept living. The living room features a brick fireplace and views of the wooded backyard. The dining area has a doorwall that leads you to a two-tier deck and views of the well-groomed yard. This home has four heat sources: solar panels, corn stove, natural wood fireplace, and a forced-air oil furnace. There is a 32' x 40' garage, plus two other outbuildings, a kid's play house, and lots of wildlife.

018-21-0015 - **\$399,000**

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Quiet 2.04 acres in the village of Carsonville. The exterior of this manufactured home has been completely updated. Newer energy-efficient windows, much of the interior has been drywalled and is ready for final touches. The new buyers will receive a \$5,000 flooring allowance to replace the carpeting and linoleum in the kitchen to their liking. A new metal roof was put on in 2019 and a tankless water heater added in 2015.

018-21-0017 - **\$119,900**



This beautiful brick building has been an icon in Forester for many years. It is currently being renovated and needs to be completed. The downstairs floor plan includes 3 bedrooms, 1 bath, kitchen, and living room with an open floor plan. Upstairs area could be a 1-bedroom studio apartment with a separate outside entrance. You can get a peek at Lake Huron and the private fenced in back yard from the upper deck. There is also a 24' x 32' pole barn and a 10' x 14' utility shed. You are just steps away from a beach access. Possible income property.

018-21-0016 - **\$179,000**



Custom-built 3-bedroom, 3-bath home in the village of Deckerville. Features include: finished basement with kitchen and bath, large area for family or recreational room, 2.5 attached, insulated garage, open concept dining and living room, new windows, fresh paint, 2 storage sheds (one has heat and electric), on-demand generator, and beautifully maintained yard with mature trees. The location is perfect and the price is right! Give me a call today! All offers will be considered.

018-21-0007 - **\$144,900**



Historical building with 1,500 sq. ft. of open floor upstairs and down. The wide open staircase makes for easy access to the basement. There is a 30' x 30' addition on the back of the building and a 30' x 50' newer garage plus 2 additional lots included. The building has a new roof on the front part and all the materials to do the back roof. Many new improvements have been made and some need to be completed. Endless commercial possibilities or make it your own private residence. Walking distance to the beach, restaurant, and water park.

018-21-0009 - **\$124,900**



Prime property in Port Sanilac overlooking Harbor Park and Lake Huron! This property is zoned residential/commercial and has 2 buildings on it being sold "as is." Sewer and city water are available. *Note: Information listed is for the main home on Lake Street. The 2nd home's measurements are approx. 1,000 sq. ft., has a living rm., family rm., kitchen, bath, bedroom, and cleaning sink station. There is only one property ID # for both homes, but property may be split.

018-20-0016 - **\$184,900**



This well-kept cottage has had a lot of love and hard work put into it. New decks, paint, flooring, and retaining wall. There are two bedrooms on the main floor and a loft bedroom; 2 sun decks are built into the steps that lead to Lake Huron. This cottage is move-in ready and has a 15' x 19' garage to hold all of your beach toys. Don't miss out on this one!

018-18-0031 - **\$229,900**



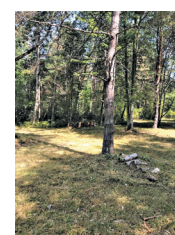
Mary's Diner in Port Sanilac has been around for several decades and has served generation after generation. It serves breakfast, lunch, and dinner, but is best known for its breakfast. The kitchen equipment, coolers, and freezers are all included in this sale. Parking in the back. There is also a 1-bedroom apartment above the diner for extra revenue. Don't miss out on this little gem.

018-20-0025 - **\$150,000**



Prime piece of real estate in the village of Port Sanilac. This 2.2 acres is the perfect investment property. There are multiple possibilities, housing units, offices, you decide; multi-residential or commercial. Lot size is 300' x 320'. A survey is available.

018-21-0004 - **\$154,900**



Wooded 6-acre parcel that's loaded with wildlife. Some trails have been cut out; there are deer blinds, a pond, and electricity on site just waiting for its next owner to appreciate this beautiful piece of property. There's also plenty of space to build a home or leave it as is and just enjoy! The survey is from 1985, so the dimensions are a bit difficult to read. The driveway easement width is 30' x 584.82'. Once you reach the end of the driveway, then the 6 acres open up to approximately 328' x 735'.

018-21-0019 - **\$59,900**