

**100  
YEARS  
IN  
HORTON BAY  
CHARLEVOIX COUNTY, MICHIGAN  
1876 - 1976**

**BY  
WILLIAM H. OHLE**

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Foreword.....	1
Enter: Dr. Samuel Horton.....	3
Horton Bay.....	6
Lumbering.....	8
Helping Hands.....	11
Gypsy!.....	13
Old Country Origins.....	14
The Fox Family.....	15
The Schneiders.....	19
The Koteskys.....	20
The Whites.....	21
The Sumners.....	22
Horton Bay Houses.....	23
The Horton Bay Store.....	24
Ernest Hemingway.....	27
Worship in Horton Bay.....	29
The Amenities.....	31
School Days.....	32
Summer People.....	37
Kids Chores.....	42
Jim Dilworth's Blacksmith Shop.....	44
"The Lodge".....	45
The Red Fox Inn.....	46
Politics and Taxes and such.....	48
Fun and Play.....	50
The "Windigo".....	53

**100 YEARS  
IN  
HORTON BAY  
CHARLEVOIX COUNTY, MICHIGAN  
1876 - 1976**

**by WILLIAM H. OHLE**

**FOREWORD**

Official records of Bay Township and Horton Bay are thin and scattered at the Township and County levels. Accordingly, much of the following account depends heavily on the recollections of people as old, and a few who are older, than I.

Horton Bay and Bay Township deserve to have it "told the way it was", and I have tried, but time has not permitted my talking to everyone I should have. Also, I did not receive information requested from some of our fine old families. Thus there is the likelihood of fact omission or commission which crosschecking might have helped to avoid.

In any case, I make no excuses, except that I have been on the dead run to gather as much information as I have. There is a lot here that should be in print on Horton Bay's 100th birthday, and very little that should not.

Our community is of age. Horton Bay was established in 1876; Bay Township in 1887. Our first settler arrived in 1856; Charlevoix County was organized in 1869 (and reorganized several times), so we are in venerable company.

William H. Ohle  
Box 2131 Horton Bay  
Boyne City, Michigan 49712

**ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

My thanks for help and information provided by the following Bay residents and other interested people:

Maggie and Jon Hartwell, Kathryn Dilworth, all the Housels, Arvilla and "Dick" Dixon, Lucille and Don Fox, Mabel Fox, Betty Lou Kelts, Mary Crouterfield, Myra and Bill Kurtz, Herb Schneider, Ruth and Ed Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stolt, Arlene and Vard Chellis, John Koteskey, Irene and Harry Smith, Flossie White Dyer, Marian Hartwell, Maxine and Bob Davis, "Skeets" and Marc Nigg, Nellie Griffin, Wes Griffin, Margaret and Roy Barkley, C. Russell Abel, Kenneth VanHoesen, Carl Skornia, Ethel and Ned Chase, Maggie Spura Belknap Stephens, Ron Shamma, Harriet Kilborn and Nancy Fulkerson, Cover by Richard B. White.

My special thanks for help with old pictures to Margaret Barkley, Arvilla Fox Dixon and Mary Crouterfield, also my brother, Dr. E.L. Ohle, Jr.



# THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

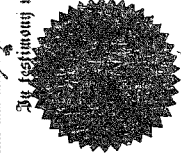
To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

Homestead Certificate No. 2-2

**APPLICATION** *These two lots deposited in the General Land Office of the United States a Certificate of the Register of the Land Office at Chicago, Illinois, whereby it appears that, pursuant to the Act of Congress approved April 10, 1869, "To secure Homesteads to actual Settlers on the Public Domain," and the acts supplemental thereto, the claim of William R. Horton, has been withdrawn and duly consummated, in conformity to law, for the first quarter of section 36, township 36 north, range 10 west, in the 1st District of lands subject to sale at Public Sale, Illinois, containing one hundred and sixty acres.*

according to the Official Plat of the Survey of the said Land, returned to the General Land Office by the Surveyor General.

**Now know ye,** That there is, therefore, granted by the United States unto the said William R. Horton, the tract of Land above described. To have and to hold the said tract of Land, with the appurtenances thereto, unto the said William R. Horton, his heirs and assigns forever.



**In Testimony whereof,** *W. H. Harrison*, President of the United States of America, have caused these letters to be made public, and the Seal of the General Land Office to be hereunto affixed.

Given under my hand, at the City of Washington, the *fourteenth* day of *March*, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and *eighty-six*, and of the Independence of the United States the *seventy-fifth*.

BY THE PRESIDENT, *A. R. Hayes* By *S. S. Lane*, Secretary.  
Recorded, Vol. 12, Page 12. Recorder of the General Land Office.

A "Patent." A Homestead certificate. Honorably discharged Union war Veterans could homestead 160 acre tracts under an 1862 Act of Congress. This quarter section is located at Church and Camp Daggett Roads.

People are forever correcting other people no matter how they pronounce it or spell it.

Which one is correct?

- Horton Bay?
- Hortons Bay?
- or
- Horton's Bay?

"Michigan Place Names", by Walter Romig - publisher, Grosse Point, Michigan, provides an answer, page 273:

"HORTON BAY, Charlevoix County: this village on the north central shore of Pine Lake (now Lake Charlevoix) was given a Post Office on Feb. 27, 1879, with Alonzo J. Stroud as its first postmaster; the name was shortened to Horton Bay on Oct. 12, 1894, the office was closed on Jan. 15, 1910. (GSM 1881; P.O. Archives)."

ENTER  
Dr. Samuel Horton

There is no way to develop the story of Bay Township without telling the story of Horton Bay or vice-versa. From the earliest days it has been so closely tied in with residents of the Township that the centennial of one is the centennial of both, as I see it. And Horton Bay starts its 100th year this summer. Bay Township is eleven years younger than that, having been organized in 1887.

Horton Bay village has always been the seat of township government, the source of cash, cracker-barrel news, staple groceries, the mail and group social life.

As the story goes, Samuel Horton, the first white resident of record in the Horton Bay area, sailed to Pine Lake from Toledo, Ohio, and arrived about the first of August, 1856. There is no record of the size of his vessel, the "Rover", but it must have been quite large because it brought most of his big family and also Mr. John Newman and Mr. Archie Butters who became prominent citizens of Pine River, as Charlevoix was then known.

According to Dr. M.L. Leach of Traverse City, Editor and Publisher of The Grand Traverse Herald and a well-known old-time historian, Mr. Horton had sailed north on Lake Huron and around the tip of the lower peninsula with the intention of proceeding to Grand Rapids where two sons were living.

Being short of provisions, he put in at Pine River. Adverse winds prevented the craft from leaving. It is said that, weary of delay he decided to start on a certain day if the wind was fair; it not he would take it as an indication that Providence had ordered that his home should be beside the waters of Pine Lake.

On the day appointed, the wind was unfavorable, and, accordingly the prow of the "Rover" headed up Pine Lake.

At the Bay that has taken his name, he found a shack apparently abandoned by a Mormon in the waning days of King Strang's influence in the area.

It is believed that this shack was located on what is now the H.G. Harris property; an ancient apple tree and a spring of clear, cold water now mark the spot.

The "Rover" was for many years the largest craft on Pine Lake... "On account of her peculiar build and somewhat dilapidated condition, she was the object of many witicisms, but however unseaworthy she may have been... she carried many a load of staves and hoops from Pine River to the Beaver Islands..."

Mr. Horton was born at Long Point Bay, Canada, in 1800. At the age of twenty-three he went to Ohio where he resided until he came to Horton Bay. Thus, he was fifty-six years old when he took up residence here.

Mrs. Horton, whose maiden name was Sophia Adams, was the mother of thirteen children, of whom seven girls and two sons were living when the family arrived at Horton Bay. Since the two boys were in Grand Rapids, the Hortons apparently brought the seven girls with them when they arrived on the "Rover". Later, one or both of the boys probably moved north to be with them.

Mr. Horton's basic living was apparently partly derived from the use of his boat, but he had another interesting vocation - he had a formula for a remarkable medicine. He had "practiced medicine" in Huron County, Ohio, in a day when MD's were few and far between. "Patent medicines" were the answer to virtually all ailments, and there were dozens of brands on the market.

In the first issue of "The Boyne City Standard" of 1881, you could read eighteen advertisements for different cure-alls. One with a broad claim was "St. Jacob's Oil - The Great German remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, Soreness of the Chest, Sore Throat, Quinzy, Swelling and Sprains, Frosted Feet and Ears, Burns and Scalds, General Body Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, and all other Pains and Aches".

It is easy to laugh at such claims and maybe they were stretched a little. On the other side of the coin, it is a medical fact that "Rawolfia," from ancient India, a potion derived from native roots, is today prescribed by modern doctors for blood pressure relief. Likewise, today's physicians freely prescribe aspirin, yet have no idea how or why it works its wonders.

Dr. Horton's medicine probably originated with his father who was a doctor, according to Myra Leist Kurtz, who is descended from a Horton connection. Up until the last few years there have been inquiries from old timers at Petoskey and Boyne City drug stores for "Original Horton's Tonic - Good For Fevers and Nausea", so it must have had a loyal following in its heyday.

For those who like to mix their own (which is now necessary, because the original is off the market); Myra supplies the formula:

#### ORIGINAL HORTON'S TONIC

Flex Lobelia, ¼ oz.	Blood Root, ½ oz.
Golden Seal, ¼ oz.	Prickly Ash, ½ oz.
	Turkish Rhubarb, ½ oz.
	Alcohol, 1 oz.

(Note: This prescription can be had in all-liquid form omitting alcohol)  
No heckling, please! Just remember that roughly one-half of all the television fare you are exposed to is sponsored by people like the Doan's and the Carter's who

are laughing all the way to the bank! (As a matter of fact, I never consider having a cold without various forms of Vick's around the house.)

Sam Horton was apparently well thought of by his fellow citizens. He was elected as Justice of the Peace, and in the official marriage records of Charlevoix County, there is recorded on page 6, Liber 1, that Sam Horton, Justice of The Peace, officiated at the wedding of William Segar and Mary A. Marshall, July 5, 1869. This was the first recorded marriage to take place in what is now Bay Township. It was only the twenty-second marriage recorded in the entire county.

The following year Mr. Horton officiated at the wedding of his daughter, Amanda Ann and Charles Watkins, August 15, 1870. Another of his daughters, Sophia, and son Oliver Horton were witnesses.

Oliver Horton married Linetta Park September 1, 1878. They bore two daughters, Ruby and Pearl. Pearl was the Grandmother of Wayne Richard Smith, former District Judge for Charlevoix and Emmet Counties and now a member of the Petoskey law firm of Marco, Litzenburger and Smith. Linetta married a second time, to Joseph Shaw. Their daughter Hazel married John Leist in 1908. The Leist family, in addition to a connection with the Horton clan, has long been prominent in political and school affairs in Bay Township, as was Joseph Shaw. Charles Leist was a Supervisor of Bay Township. Tom Leist was Moderator of School District #2.

Samuel Horton's arrival at Horton Bay followed by only a year the Indian Treaty of 1855 which opened much land in this area to homesteaders, including, of course, Indians. There is on the record a wondrous list of the latter who made land selections in neighboring Hays Township, including:

Kay Bay O May Jay, William (which translates into William Greensky), Mo Awbe Benjamin; Naw Waw Day; Ke Zhick, George M.; Pe Taw Baw No Quay; Waw Be Shaw Gun, Augustus; Tay Paw Key Yaw, John; Shaw Wan Day Se, Levi; Shaw Wan Day Se, Isaac and Moses.

There were not many Indian selections in what is now Bay, but one is interesting: Mick Saw Bay, Theresa and Isaac. If you read their family name readily you will discover how Mt. McCauba in Charlevoix acquired its name.

All of which is a little aside from Samuel Horton, but it is a backdrop for the very formative condition of land ownership at the time of his arrival in this neighborhood.

After fourteen years' residence, Mr. Horton got around to homesteading acreage on May 2, 1870. The land included the East ½ and Northwest ¼ of Section 6, and the transaction is recorded on page 510 of Liber 4 in the office of the County Register of Deeds.

Mr. Horton, at age eighty-four was reported to have had seventy-six descendants; children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Whether children were born after his arrival at The Bay seems unlikely, since he was fifty-seven at that time.

The C. Russ Abels live on property once owned by Sam Horton. Over the century or more that this house has been standing it has been home for many families and has been remodeled many times. Irene Van Hoesen Smith wife of Harry Smith of Hayes Township recalls that Grandpa James Van Hoesen, a good Holland Dutchman from St. Johns, New Brunswick lived there and later in "the Stephens

house "just below (which is also known as the "Shaw" House, because Joseph and Linetta Shaw's parents apparently lived there for a time). Another early occupant was Miss Charlotte Krum, who had been a kindergarten teacher in Downer's Grove, Illinois, and who had authored successful children's textbooks. She stayed here with her niece, a Miss Brett.

Miss Krum once rented the house for a summer to William MacHarg, a short story writer for Collier's magazine, and Edwin Balmer, then Editor of Redbook. They spent a summer in it writing "The Indian Drum", a fine tale of Chicago and Lake Michigan which is still to be found at used book sales and is in great demand. Add to the list of people who lived there, Mr. and Mrs. Neumann, maternal grandparents of Irene and her brother Ken. Mr. Neumann never learned to speak English well and was content not to try, but was always friendly, as was Mrs. Neumann, to kids happening by. The Neumanns eventually moved to the "Shaw" House immediately below, which became the "Stephens" house. "Aunt Babe" Stephens lives there now.

Irene is fun to talk with, as she remembers many interesting Horton Bay sidelights. For example, she recalls how, in the early days, the Bewell family who lived on top of the High Street hill, above the present Kurtz and Ralph Leist homes, had a distinct advantage over neighbors when it came to anticipating cash employment at the sawmill on the Bay.

No sooner would a lumber "hooker" start beating its way down Pine Lake from Charlevoix than one or another member of the Bewell family would sight it. Bill and other Bewells would then high-tail it to the dock and be first in line for dock-walloper or deck activity when the two or three-master tied up, ready to "hook" its load for Chicago.

Mrs. Smith also recalls another Smith, "Major" Smith (no relation), who lived still farther up the hill. The "Major" and his wife spurned pork, cream, cheese, etc., it is said. Their religious tenets also dictated that Saturday was their day of rest, instead of Sunday. This resulted in cultivating and harvesting racket wafting into the windows of the Evangelical Church on the hill on Sunday mornings, and somewhat annoyed the worshippers inside.

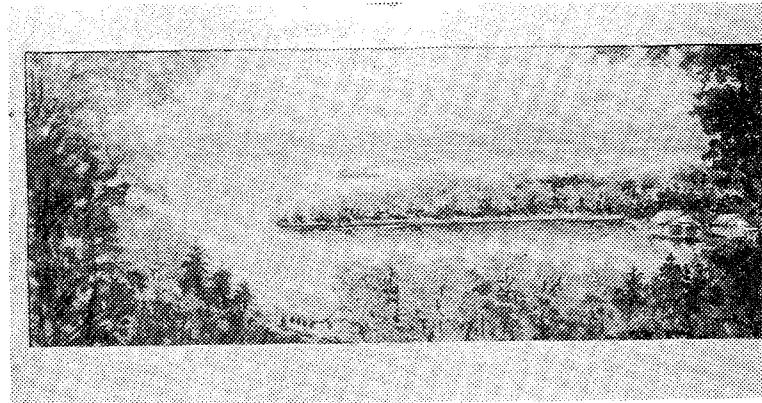
Irene remembers Mrs. "Major" Smith, a short, heavy woman, as being somewhat of a town character with odd clothes and floppy hat adorned with a big feather plume. Such finery was usually in evidence on Sundays when Mrs. "Major" Smith would, in spite of a difference in faith, attend the Methodist Church services.

The "Major" Smiths' eventual whereabouts are unknown to me, and their name disappears from the sketchy records of The Bay rather early. It is said that he was undoubtedly a Civil War veteran, but it is whispered that his title of "Major" was purely honorary; descriptive only of his dignified bearing.

#### HORTON BAY

The period following the Civil War was made to order for ambitious young men - in this area where big pine and hardwood trees were all around.

By the early 1870's a great deal of the timber in southern Michigan had already been harvested. The terrible fires of the dry fall of 1871 had left Chicago and other cities in need of seemingly unlimited board feet of lumber. An atmosphere of peace



Without the Point, there would be no Bay! Copy of Watercolor, painted about 1917, by Rudolph Dahlgreen.

and prosperity, of rebuilding and healing pervaded the American scene.

Uncle Sam and the thirty-plus year old State of Michigan were eager to populate the northern wilderness and were making homesteading relatively easy.

Too, Early land speculators in eastern United States and in Europe were painting inviting pictures of the joys of land ownership and freedom from religious persecution available in Michigan's northland. The railroad was poking north.

Thus the stage was set for two young brothers-in-law from Berea, Ohio, bored with civilian life after spending most of their teens in the army. They pooled their meager resources and headed north to Charlevoix County. How they happened to come to Horton Bay is not known, but the destination may well have been inspired by some campfire conversation with a Michigan soldier-boy, by a promotional ad, or just accident. Mr. Stroud's service disability may have been a factor. It was common in those days for doctors to recommend pure northwoods air as a cure for whatever ailed a patient.

At any rate, Alonzo Stroud put his savings into portable sawmill equipment. His brother-in-law, William Ohle, put \$250 into land. (It bought clear title to the Southeast ¼ of Section 6, which is just about Horton Bay, all of it.) Ohle also homesteaded the N.E. ¼ of Section 29, on Church Rd.

A contemporary account says of Horton Bay, ".....a village was sprung up here, the beginning of which was a mill built in 1876" (That's our reason for declaring this year to be the start of Horton Bay's Centennial year).

The H.R. Page volume, "The Traverse Region", Chicago, 1884, page 181 says

that ".....quite a trade in wood and bark is carried on. The Bay is exceptionally beautiful, and the settlement is upon one of the finest village sites to be found anywhere."

The Page Company book goes on to say: "In company with William Ohle Mr. Stroud put up at Horton Bay a mill which he brought from Ohio."

Two years later Ohle sold one-half of his section 6 property at Horton Bay to his brother-in-law for \$750. Ohle then devoted his attention to buying and selling real estate and construction of houses and commercial buildings in the area. He apparently built houses on "spec", since there is ample evidence that his family lived for brief periods in several different Horton Bay houses.

After building the sawmill at the foot of the Lake Street hill (the first of two saw mills in the same location), Ohle built the store, the two inns (Shaw's, on the corner of High Street and the Charlevoix Road, which is long since gone, and the one, which after almost fifty years of existence as a "hotel" and four-family residence, became the Red Fox Inn.

He also built the "Ohle house", now occupied by Mr. and Mr "Vard" Chellis. Between the Ohle and Chellis occupancies it was the home of "Aunt Mary" West, widow of Isaac West, and later of Mr. and Mrs. Vollie Fox. When owned by the Ohles and the Wests, the property included the land occupied by the Township Hall and the Durkee residences.

Ohle also built the "Stroud House" across the street from the Red Fox Inn, and the "James Dilworth house," known to a generation of summer people as "Pinehurst"; now the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ira "Bob" Davis.

James Dilworth was a first-rate blacksmith who had immigrated from Canada by way of Berea, Ohio. The usefulness of a man good at this trade in a lumbering community is obvious. Dilworth was a success from the start, both as Stroud's partner when Mr. Ohle sold out, and later at his trade, to which he devoted himself exclusively a couple of years later.

### LUMBERING

The mill at Horton Bay was one of many such operations around Pine and Bear Lakes. All of them were important to their immediate neighborhoods since they accounted for practically all the cash in their areas.

In winter, farm hands and farm owners became lumberjacks, working for \$1.00 a day and "found", or \$2.00 a day and "find yourself" (meaning finding eating and sleeping quarters on your own). "Dock-wallopers", who loaded finished lumber on "hookers" were paid 30 cents an hour. Workers on the boats did a bit better, 40 cents an hour. These wages may seem pitifully low, but they were competitive in this north country.

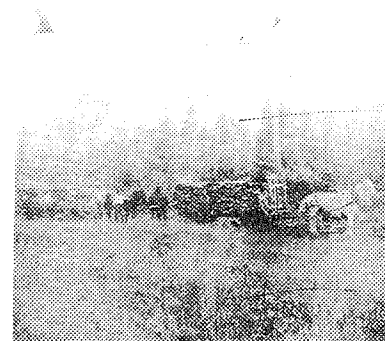
Don Fox says that settlers were paid, for the very best timber, \$3.00 per thousand board feet as it stood on their land. (They burned most of the rest of their timber to get rid of it). Then the logs had to be hauled to the mill, sawn into lumber, loaded at the dock and shipped, often on a speculative basis, to the big cities. Operators were very much at the mercy of "the market". (My father once told me that during the depression of 1893, Number One White Pine sold for \$1.00 a thousand board feet on the dock at Boyne City).



Stroud's Mill foot of Lake road at Horton Bay about 1885.



Barking Hemlock with a "Spud."



Bay township's only railroad, "The Tramway."



Safety First, Tramway X-ing.

Lumbering proved a "bonus" to homesteaders in several ways. Sale of the timber standing on your "eighty" or "one-sixty" (the latter, if you were an honorably discharged Union Veteran) provided a substantial "grubstake" for a new arrival and working in the woods provided cash income through the cold weather part of the year when little farm work could be accomplished. Both ways it provided cash, a scarce commodity on the frontier. It is no wonder that able-bodied males were usually in the woods if not in school, in winter.

There were six products that resulted from the tree harvest around Pine Lake. Hemlock bark for tanning leather was in demand at the tannery in Boyne City. It was usually stripped from the giant logs two or three weeks after they were felled,

with the help of iron "spuds". Lumber, primarily Hemlock and White Pine were used locally for building material, but the choicest was usually shipped to Chicago.

Course hardwood was in demand - in quantity - to feed the blast furnaces in Boyne City and Ironton. Cedar was used to make shingles which were packed by hand, splinters notwithstanding, for local use and the Chicago trade. Wood alcohol was rendered at the big chemical plant in Boyne City. Barrel staves were fashioned in a factory in Boyne City.

Herb Schneider and John Koteskey can tell you that there frequently were several boats riding at anchor in The Bay at a time, waiting their turn at Stroud & Dilworth's dock, or Grunde's, or Olds docks a few hundred yards down the lake toward Boyne City. There was also a primitive dock made from the side timbers of an old "Hooker", Ken VanHoesen reminds me. This was located on "The Point", and was used mostly for loading "thirty-two inch" wood, and "four-foot" hardwood to stoke the pig-iron and chemical plant furnaces in Boyne City. According to John Koteskey, this was "Downer's dock".

There was still another general-purpose dock at the foot of Sumner Road.

A special feature of Horton Bay and Walloon Lake lumbering operations was a unique horse-drawn "Tramway" railroad. Its track meandered along the shallow valleys beside Sumner Road between Bear Lake and Pine Lake to move logs and finished lumber to Pine Lake docks and their access to Lake Michigan. On Bear Lake (Walloon), Olds and 'Heinie' Grunde's lumber operations and later Harper's were located on present Camp Michigania property.

Wes Barkley and his sister, Nellie Griffin, have lively recall of incidents connected with these companies and the Tramway.

Big draft horses pulled cars of logs or lumber up that first steep hill slanting away from Bear Lake. Once on top, a car would be attached to several more that had arrived earlier at the summit, and the "train" would then be turned over to relays of teams belonging to farmers along the way for the four-mile trip to Pine Lake, mostly downhill.

There were as many as twelve trips per day on a regular schedule so the teams could be ready when the Tramway train showed up from the last "station". Herb Schneider worked on one of the relays for a time.

The competitive nature of the business increased its dangers and led to tragedy at times. Most of us are familiar with the saga of the big driver who went to his death over on Deadman's Hill at the headwaters of the Jordan the day before he was to be married. There was no parallel experience here, but injuries and death although unreported, probably did occur. Wes Barkley, with colorful exaggeration says, "Bear Lake is full of horses....they'd keep taking the shortcut with heavy sleighs across the ice in early spring, and often the sleighs would fall through."

He tells about a specially rigged harness that was developed so there would be a better chance of freeing the frantic horses even though the sleigh might be lost.

Wes Griffin remembers an incident involving the tipping-over of the cookhouse smokestack at Grunde's Mill. Nobody would say who was responsible for the prank, but for a long time afterward, three local boys were known as "Smokestack Foggy," "Guywire Bill," and "Arsenic Hank." (The origin of the latter nickname is a mystery, but the first two may have had special meaning for Mr. Grunde!)

When a Tramway train arrived at Pine Lake it was unloaded at Old's dock or Grunde's, for transfer to waiting hookers. Stroud & Dilworth's operation depended heavily on logs delivered by way of numerous woodland trails still in evidence in the woods around The Bay, and along a "Skid" road, regularly iced in winter by George and Bert Van Hoesen and others. It ran parallel to Horton Creek, Ken VanHoesen recalls.

The constant coming and going of sail and steam vessels to Horton Bay and other locations on Pine Lake must have been a colorful sight. Everyone living within some distance of The Bay and Lake was in on the show, too, since the easy-to-harvest trees along the shore were the first to be cut.

Operators of the mills were rugged men. Stroud had been a Wagon-master with the Army of The Cumberland in the last of three enlistments (the first two he was retrieved by his parents as our underage runaway). He therefore knew men and horses. His mill produced 35,000 board feet of lumber a day. Olds was an army veteran, too.

Neither of these bosses was well-liked by the miserably poor men who worked so hard under them, for so little pay. It is universal that the "have-nots" of this world depend upon, but never love the "haves" and lumbering followed this rule. Respect is a different matter. People knew that he was doing his level best.

When he saw that lumbering was about over, he disposed of his sawmills (Two of them by this time), dammed up Horton Creek for power where the water wheel is now, and built a cider mill. Farther up the creek he built a grist mill. Both operated until about 1917.

He and Jim Dilworth also built a warehouse on the dock for potato storage, and a beanhouse for storing beans next to the dock. For many years there was a Fairbanks-Morse "drive-on scale" at the top of the Lake road, so farmers could "weigh-in" their loads of potatoes and beans on the way down the hill, and "weigh-out" on the way up to determine the worth of their load. (Wes Barkley remembers that from their high ground on the family farm on the Old Horton Bay Road they could spot the potato-boat coming. This was a signal to work all night, because freshly-dug potatoes brought 50 cents a bushel more than those that had been stored).

Stroud again took over the Horton Bay store for a time, and then financed another one for Conrad Schneider. He secured a Post Office for Horton Bay and was its first postmaster. Together with his old friend and partner, Jim Dilworth, he laid out a village (Horton Bay Village, Unrecorded), developed his farm, located between Horton Creek and Pincherry Road across from present Horton Bay Club property.

These measures did not replace the roaring lumber boom, but did help during the transition to a farming economy.

#### HELPING HANDS

Horton Bay old-timers agree that in the early years of the Township "people always helped each other".

Don Fox sees nothing surprising in this. "If they didn't stop to help their neighbor in the winter-time, the neighbor might freeze to death, and since it might happen to you next time, your inclination was to lend a hand!"



"Besides", Don adds, "by blood, marriage or shirt-tail practically all Bay Township families are related, at least once. Don't forget that it was hard to get around before the automobile, and in the horse and buggy days you couldn't travel very far for a date."

Looking into that, I found that Don was indeed right. For example, The Skornias are related to the Kritchers, and the Johnchecks, by marriage. Other Kritchers married a Nemetz, a Crouterfield, a Weller and a Willis, all of them early Bay Township residents. Similarly, other Johnchecks married, among Bay residents, a Hunt and a Voelker. A Voelker also married a Hunt. So did a Spura. There were six lovely daughters in the Spura family. Besides Mr. Hunt, this added a West, a Fox, a Belknap, a Cox and a Harris to the widening clan. They did their bit, too. As an example, Vollie Fox, who married Lizzie Spura had a sister who married a Brecheisen. Mr. Brecheisen's sister married a Starmer who had a brother who married a White. Flossie White married a Dyer. Another Dyer married a Lake and a Lake married a Sumner and another, a Voelker. The Crouterfields, besides the Kritcher connection mentioned above, are related to the Koteskey family by marriage, and to the Erfourths and the Barkleys. The Bradleys are related to the Wests and Allens, and the Bewell family.

Since Fannie Bewell, who was born in 1874, was the first white child born in what is now Bay Township, you might say it all started with the Bewell family.

At any rate, to get back to the original point, a lot of people in Bay Township are related to a lot of people in Bay Township, and the long paragraph above only scratches the surface!

The basic point is that people around here get along unusually well, for a variety of reasons.

This works out to everyone's advantage and always has. Does my neighbor need my help when her baby is born? Does a new house in Bay need an extra pair of hands to help "raise the roof"? I must remember to go over to Joe's place next Tuesday - the threshers will be there. Does the town need a new watering trough - and my help in building it? Is the ice thick enough for us to lay in enough for everybody?

It was the pioneer way of life. You helped others and they helped you; a practical application of the golden rule.

Bay Township and Horton Bay, like all other neighborhoods under the sun has had its share of jealousies, feuds and even crime but the odds are that today, too, if any local gets in trouble, own fault or not, a helping hand will be there. Most big cities could learn that way of life to advantage.

Now and then a dividend results from helping a neighbor.

Arvilla Fox Dixon cites an example:

It seems that her uncle Merton Fox, worked for the store in Horton Bay as a youngster. He realized one day that he had over-charged a customer, Conrad Schneider, for his purchases a few hours before. After a conscience-stricken afternoon, Mert closed up the store and walked to Schneider's farm home a couple of miles away to repay him.

Several years later, Godfrey (Guff) Von Platen of Boyne City, who ranked as a successful timber operator with W.H. White and Cobbs & Mitchell, and had had

some of his holdings in Bay Township, decided to leave for the Upper Peninsula, since the trees here were about gone. He needed a bright young man of good character to help him set up the new business.

He asked his old friend Con Schneider, by now the owner of the Horton Bay store to recommend someone. Schneider suggested Mert Fox. That's the end of the story, except that it is a pleasure to report that Mert became wealthy as partner in the Fox - Von Platen Lumber Company, a highly successful Iron Mountain firm. Let that be your inspiration to follow the golden rule!

Usually Bay helpfulness was expressed in lesser ways. Arvilla Dixon recalls that one reason pioneer people were so cruelly poor was that they would - and frequently did - give away everything but the shirt off their back to anyone who needed help.

"Grandma Spura", says Arvilla, "was an easy mark for anyone who was hungry". (That's a fine reputation to have when you have a husband who can barely speak English, five kids, 40 acres of submarginal sand as a farm, no more trees to sell and the sawmill is out of business!)

Grandpa Spura had been a shoemaker in the old country, but there weren't enough feet in the neighborhood to provide steady work. Never mind, kill a chicken, get some Rutabaga or kohlrabi from the root-cellar (the "Michigan Basement"), open a jar of pickles and wild strawberry jam and a loaf of homemade bread so we can feed the stranger.

When Indians came to the door, single file, carrying their sweet-grass and quill baskets, over their shoulder in sheets, they were welcome, too.

#### GYPSY!

Visitors who were not welcome came in covered wagons once or twice a summer. Their colorful, horsedrawn living quarters were full of grown gypsies, numerous big and little gypsies, bejewelled and bespangled and gaily dressed in red and yellow and green and blue. The wagons were decked out with drying laundry hanging on the side, water barrels, tinware dangling, hand tools, small "steamer" trunks, and camping gear.

When the wagons arrived in Horton Bay the horses would be stopped with loud "whoas", and gypsies would spill out en masse to get their work done. This consisted of ample-skirted, dark-complected lady gypsies knocking on doors to tell fortunes; the men, it was said, to steal chickens, and the children to beg for coins and food.

Every door in Horton Bay would be locked and no local children were to be seen until the gypsies had trended down the road. After all, people in Horton Bay, many of them, hailed from Romany, or their parents had, and therefore knew that gypsies steal little children along with every chicken or other loose item they can lay their hands on. Once in a while, of course, a local lady would give way to temptation and cross a gypsy lady's palm with silver to have her hand read. What better way to learn of events just around the corner, such as life, a death or a marriage?

Later, the caravans consisted of several ancient touring cars, but the routine was the same. I never knew what the fuss was about, and none of my friends disappeared, but the panic when the swarthy visitors came was very real.

Two local people didn't panic on such occasions. Grandpa Spura sat right

through all the confusion, perched in his favorite rocker on the front porch with his pipe in his mouth; his neighbor Mr. Crouterfield, from across the street, with him, comfortable in the other rocker; neither would talk, but they were solidly contented, and unperturbed. Tough as pioneer life was, life here was better than it had been in Breslau, and there was no longer anything to be afraid of.

#### OLD COUNTRY ORIGINS

The Prohaska family, which moved to Horton Bay in 1925, is not one of the oldest in Bay Township, but their old-country saga, as recorded by Mr. Carl Prohaska and told to me by Mrs. Ed Chamberlain, Mr. Prohaska's daughter, is not only typical of this area, but also suggests the origin of many Bay neighbors.



Typical Horton Bay pioneer, Anthony, head of the Barkley clan, about 1895.

"Our forefathers were Protestants in Bohemia - now Czecho-Slovakia. Due to the persecution of Protestants at the time of John Huss, and in the following centuries, in 1768 about 120 families of Protestant faith fled from Bohemia into Germany.....Frederick the Great, then King of Prussia.....was concerned about these people.....and made provision that a village be outlined and each family was given a parcel of land consisting of about twenty acres.....Frederick sent an army of soldiers to help with building log houses and clearing the land.....In 1870 a new Church was built, The Evangelical Reformed Church".

"The names of the settlers included: Prohaska, Podrazki, Koteskey, Spura, Kratochvil (Crouterfield?), Krisci (Kritcher?), Utkal, Struzeletz (Sterzik?), Nowak, Krasa, Swoboda.....Janetzek (Johnacheck)".

"The people.....were grateful and became loyal citizens of Germany.....Father

was married to Karoline Novak, who is my mother; a sister to August Skornia, from Muench-Hausen. A village was erected two miles apart from Friedrichs-gratz. This village was erected about the same time for Protestant refugees from Poland. The settlers called this village "Minihaus", and from there came the Skornias and the Nimitz (Nemetz?).

"In 1919.....we moved to Linden, near Breslau (Silesia).....on the River Oder".

"Four years later I went to Czechoslovakia.....and settled on a property near Prague and was married to Beatrix Swoboda.....A year later we left.....for the United States.....and came to be with my brother Emil in Grand Rapids in 1925.....In 1927 we moved to the place near Horton Bay.....which is known as Hillside Farm (formerly the Franklin Coleman and Stephens farm)....four girls were born, Betty, in Grand Rapids, Ruth, Dorothy, and Jean on this place which we all love so much, where we all worked, played and shared joys and sorrows.....Our beginning was as hard as any beginners but by faith, courage and the family tithes of love....."

In addition to the fact that so many of the names are family names in Bay Township, this personal account also reflects the deep religious faith that led to their coming here in the first place, and plays such a major part in Bay living. Ancient family and neighbor-ties, dating back a quarter of a thousand years or more in the old country is another reason why people here tend to get along well. You get well acquainted after while!

#### THE FOX FAMILY

Among the many large families of Bay Township the Fox family stands out prominently. James Fox, born in 1854, came to Horton Bay from England via New York State. He married Mary Farmer and they had seven children, including five boys and two girls.

James was one of the few fatalities recorded in this Township. He was thrown from his buggy taking the turn too fast in front of Charlie Skornia's house (now McCraney's), and later died as a result of injuries.

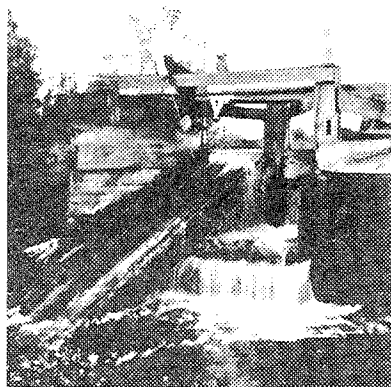
I have described in part the career of Merton, one of James' five sons, but a few more words about Bay Township's most successful businessman are in order. Mert was big and heavy set, according to his sister-in-law Mabel Fox, and learned basic lumbering the hard way loading boats at the Horton Bay docks. He also drove oxen on the family farm, clearing it of logs and stumps, "and", adds Don Fox, his nephew, of "shin-tangle," which was the word for roots and underbrush. "All this stuff had to be cleared our before land could be cultivated. His sister Alice helped at this, too," Don continued, "and it was back-breaking work". Alice married John Brecheisen, a family that has long been part of the Bay Township scene.

Vollie, one of Mert's brothers, and his wife Lizzie Spura Fox once owned and operated the Horton Bay Store, but their chief claim to fame was their "Red Fox Inn", about which, more later.

The Foxes lived in the Inn, which was, literally, an inn from the start and a frequent stopping place on the hot and dusty road from Charlevoix to Boyne City (3½ hours from the one by horse and buggy and about 2¼ from the other).

"Drummers" must have regarded it as an oasis on the way from little

Charlevoix to big, bustling and successful Boyne City. It was built for the accommodation of "jacks", in the lumbering days, by William Ohle, Mr. Stroud's carpenter-brother-in-law. Later it was owned by Mr. Stoody (according to Mary Crouterfield).



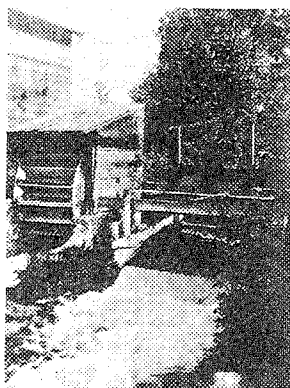
The Grist Mill

Later the inn became a sort of apartment house with two "apartments" upstairs and two down. The upstairs accommodations were reached by means of a stairway in the center of the front porch, and also by stairs at the rear, as at present.

Mary Koteskey Crouterfield recalls that she and husband Charles once lived in the first floor apartment on the side nearest the store, and later the one just above it. The Bewells lived in the building too, on the first floor, east. Miles Norton also lived in the building. Norton was Mrs. Stroud's brother.

Vollie Fox deserves space in the Reader's Digest Column "The Most Unforgettable Person I Have Met". So does Frank Fox.

One of Don Fox's family recollections is the occasion in 1904, when, according to family legend his father, Frank, and Vollie decided to "go west" to South Dakota



The Cider Mill

and become cowboys. Since the World's Columbian Exposition, a sort of Maverick World's Fair, was in progress in St. Louis, the two decided to take it in on their way west, although the map shows St. Louis to be a bit out of the way.

Says Don, "Vollie never could hang on to money. He liked to spend it. Frank, my dad, always saved his." This was born out on the trip, as Vollie discovered new-fangled "slot machines" on a river boat at St. Louis, and lost practically all his money.

Eventually, on Frank's money, the two reached the heart of South Dakota, and found a way to replace their funds. They were engaged to break broncos on a ranch. Cowboys! But as the saddle sores increased, the romance decreased, and soon the Fox brothers headed for home.

Frugal Frank concluded that he could turn the aborted trip to advantage by taking broncos home to sell. Accordingly, he bought a freight car load of choice steeds. Part of the deal with the railroad included space in the caboose for a chaperone for the horses. One chaperone. This made Vollie, in effect, a stowaway, and in short order, a railroad detective caught up with the irregularity and threw Vollie off the train, broke and hungry, in the middle of nowhere.

"Vollie later recounted," says Don, "that walking along the ties for several days to the next town, he 'saw a lot more meal times than meals.'"

Frank later brought in more than sixty carloads of wild broncos to this part of the country. Many of them were pastured and broken on land known then as the "seven hills", where Ron Shamma's Rolly Hill farm and Dorothy and John Moeschke's homes are located.

The five Fox brothers got along well with one another. Mert took Ned north when he became well-established at Iron Mountain, Vollie and Lester once owned The Store - "The Fox Brothers" - together. Lester bought Vollie's interest and Vollie put the money into seed potatoes, but there was an early frost and Vollie's potatoes were ruined, a set-back which Vollie viewed calmly.

For many years Fox family reunions were held in "The Grove", next to the Red Fox Inn, with as many as fifty-three "small fry" cousins in attendance. The horse-shoe competition featured at those occasions was something to behold. The Fox brothers were wizards at the game and anything but "ringers" hardly counted. They usually wound up vying with each other after polishing off all descendants.

Vollie had real style. He believed in doing things. If a Barn Dance or a Hay Ride or a Shivarree were in order, Vollie was the organizer and ring-leader. He knew the name of every fish in Horton Creek, and liked to be near them whenever possible. He bought "the old Call place" up the creek, so he could use its dilapidated farmhouse as a personal fishing headquarters.

Many times during the summer he would organize stag song fests staged at the Call place on the spur of a moonlight moment rallying the best voices for miles around and the Horton Creek valley would echo the harmony of fine barber-shop. The piece de resistance in the evening; always boiled trout, prepared with salt, pepper, boiled potatoes and onions in a double-boiler over an open fire would taste so good you couldn't believe it.

Later, Vollie exchanged the Call property for some acreage nearer the Charlevoix Road. An abandoned sugaring shack served as headquarters for many a song session, usually but not always stag. Invitations to these functions were as rare and treasured as a bid to a state dinner at The White House. Happily, this tradition is carried on by the brothers Litzenburger.

Frank Fox, like brother Merton, married a Horton Bay school teacher. Her name was Gertrude Scroggie, one of three Scroggie sister teachers in Bay Township's schools at various times. The Frank Foxes first farmed the 160 at Camp Daggett and Church Roads that had originally been homesteaded by William Ohle (presumably for its timber, because the Ohles never lived there). Later they moved to the original James Fox farm north of Reycraft road.

Frank liked to recall his horse trading adventures in later life, which became for a time a partnership with brother Lester. (Wesley Griffin recalls that his father purchased an especially lively horse from Frank Fox. Wes and the horse declared their first few encounters in the family corral pretty much of a draw, but of course the horse was finally "broken" to the saddle.

Lester Fox's wife was Mabel Ramsby Fox; everybody liked them both. When he was an owner of the Horton Bay Store, first in partnership with Vollie, and later with wife Mabel, Lester lived just across the road in the house now occupied by the Marc Nigg family.

After successfully operating the Store for a few years, Lester took a job with The Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company, when it originated the highly successful "store-door" delivery of their line of cheese products, which were delivered to Lester in Charlevoix, arriving from Chicago by boat.

Lester operated under a franchise granted by J.L. Kraft, as an independent businessman. J.L. was not a big man but had a theory that big-framed salesmen had a better chance to make sales to the trade than little men, and good-natured Lester fitted the size requirements handsomely.

When Kraft eventually decided to buy up store-door franchises early distributors profited handsomely, including Lester. Unfortunately the timing coincided with the Florida real-estate boom - and bust, and there went Lester's substantial savings. He and Mabel returned to Boyne City and started the Fox Variety Store there. This has prospered ever since, and is now greatly expanded under the ownership of Don Fox, Mabel's nephew, and his wife Lucille.

Incidentally, The Store in Horton Bay was for briefly years operated by Don and Lucille, and prior to that by her father Atwood Sheaffer.

Mabel Fox is a special person. A senior citizen who now spends much of the year in Florida, she doesn't talk like one when reminiscing about Horton Bay and Bay Township. She sounds like an enthusiastic schoolgirl!

"Horton Creek notes", Mabel starts out: "At one time this stream was one of the finest Speckled Trout streams anywhere." A childhood memory is of going to spend the day (by horse and buggy with her parents), with Mr. and Mrs. "Pappy Knapp", whose home was back on the hill off Carpenter Road.

Pappy had returned that morning from Horton Creek with enough trout to fill a fourteen quart dishpan two-thirds full of beautiful fish. In those days all natives

needed the fish from Horton Creek for food. And only the natives were experienced sufficiently to know where each underwater log and each fishing hole was located.

"Two experts were Vollie and my husband Lester who used the longest bamboo poles they could find, and the line was as long as the pole. I well remember the swish of their lines as they'd cast over a favorite fishing hole in late evening after we had enjoyed a picnic snack sitting on a log beside the Creek!!

"In the Horton Creek swamp we'd find the fragrant Trailing Arbutus, Wintergreen berries and the beautiful Lady Slippers - the "Pink Moccasin" ones first, next the smaller yellow ones."

"Even earlier in the season and further back from the creek in the woodsy hills, we would find, as today, the delicious Morel mushrooms". My brother-in-law, Merton Fox called them "manna from heaven". At just the right season, the Fox brothers loved to indulge together in a great platter of Speckled Trout and big helpings of Morels".

"In summer we roamed the higher hills picking wild blackberries, and a little later we'd go camping on recently cutover ground to pick huckleberries several days at a time. They supplied the fruit for jam and jellies for winter."

"After the old water wheel from Stroud's cider mill was rescued by Vollie from the creek (near the present Craton house) and he had built a little dam out of field stone, there was a deep hole just below, where Lester could always catch a trout, often while I was lying on the bank, watching." That waterwheel was really a work of art. Vollie was responsible for so many of the touches that made "The Point" attractive in the old days. He really enjoyed his year around job of taking care of the Point.

#### THE SCHNEIDERS

Herb Schneider, who enjoys morning coffee sessions at the Horton Bay Store quite often, is a pioneer Bay resident. He lives in Boyne City now, but recalls with great affection his youth in Horton Bay. His memory is remarkable, and since he was born in 1887 his contributions to this account were substantial.

His Dad, who purchased Isaac West's 120 acres on the East side of Sumner Road and also the "Willis Place" adjoining, along the Boyne City Road, owned the first binding machine in Charlevoix County and it was of course in great demand at harvest time. Herb, as a boy, frequently operated the marvelous work-saving machine. The work was more than a little dangerous, and Herb recalls that August Stolt once had a painful accident helping to operate the new-fangled device, and was badly cut up, but happily recovered.

Herb believes that his Uncle Chris Schneider, who owned a 40 next to August Skornia, and the elder John Leist, were the owners of the first two farm steam engines in Bay Township. Having personally followed the harvesting operation behind one of these on George Van Hoesen's field just west of Horton Creek on several occasions, I can report that the slapping power belts, the whirling governor and the grand snorting racket produced by the fiery workengine were a joy and a privilege for a little boy.

Naturally, the machines progressed from farm to farm during harvest season, and so did the farmers from all over the Township, who helped in order to be helped next day, or the day after that. Wives participated by laying out a noon-time

meal that left no one hungry. This part of harvest activity was a gang operation, too, and was usually staged outdoors, in the cool of a grove of trees.

Herb's father's place had running through it what we called "Dyer Creek", because it rose from a bubbling spring in a low swampy area on the nearby "Dyer Place". Herb calls it "Willis Creek", and he should have priority, having been there before I was. He knows it well, because he remembers catching suckers in it in the spring.

I fished it for Brook Trout long after Herb's boyhood days, with Raymond Fox (Vollie's son). There are Brook Trout there to this day, but not a single "keeper", I think.

The Stolt family has "always" lived in the "North Bay" area. That is, on the opposite side of the Township from the Schneiders, on and near Stolt Road. William Stolt came to Bay Township in 1879, so the family will soon be organizing its own centennial occasion. They came from Germany, near Berlin; first to Detroit and then, by boat, to Petoskey.

The family tradition is that after a couple of years in Petoskey, the Stolt's literally walked from Petoskey to their 120 acre spread which they had purchased on what is now Stolt Road, west of the Horton Bay Road. Their first dwelling was a log cabin which they built in a clearing deep in the Hemlock and Pine forest.

Their neighbors, the Hunts, came from Hessel, in Germany, as did the Voelkers. Henry Voelker, a minister, came first and was of course a big help in starting the Evangelical Church in North Bay, which was the first congregation in Bay Township.

Soon the Willises and Bathkes arrived to settle land.

Bay Shore, which was close to the Stolt home (and was for a few years located in what is now Bay Township), was the source of staples and hardware necessities. Bay Shore was a much larger community in those days than it is now.

Today the David Stolt family works the original Stolt farm. The Robert Stolt's are on Camp Daggett Road, not far from the Charles Koteskey's farm (Mrs. Stolt's parents).

#### THE KOTESKEYS

John Koteskey, at 93, is easily the patriarch of Horton Bay. He knows a great deal about pioneer days in Bay Township since he was "brought up" here. He was born on Camp Daggett Road on what was known as "Hick's place", later John Sterzyk's 40, which is located between the John Willis', John Johnacheck and Charles Schneider farms.

The Koteskey family included three other boys and four girls. Brothers Charles, Will and Ed were all ministers, and sister Martha married a minister. Harold, John's son, who now owns John's farm is a minister. This property was the land originally homesteaded by "Major" Smith, and farmed briefly by Wesley Dilworth prior to John's acquiring it.

Sister Mary is just 90, and in perfect health; like John, she lives half the year in Horton Bay. Naturally the family is very proud of their record of service to the community. John is particularly happy to talk about the hemlock logs he and his father cut on the Hartley White farm and on the "old Boyne City Road"; this was cut into lumber at the Stroud mill for construction of what is now the Horton Bay United Methodist Church. (Incidentally, the Old Horton Bay Road was, in the late

ninties, the only road to Boyne City.)

John tells how his brother Charles worked for \$15.00 a month farming the Stroud farm, located between Horton Creek and the Pincherry Road, opposite Van Hoesen Road. (With Sundays off, that amounts to about 50 cents a day!) John's father worked in Stroud's mill for \$1.50 a day around 1890. Presumably rates had gone up by then, and what he was doing was skilled mill work. John can't recall any boats larger than three-masters loading in the Bay, but, like Herb Schneider, can very well remember that the reward for "dock-wallopers" loading boats was 30 cents per hour.

John for years was a Justice of the Peace, and was also a fixture on the school board. As a "J.P." he officiated at the wedding ceremony of Mr. and Mrs. Philo Sumner, on the Sumner farm overlooking Walloon Lake. John recalls with a chuckle:

"After I had declared them man and wife, there was an awkward pause, so I turned to the new Mrs. Sumner and said 'You can kiss him now!' She looked at Philo, blushed, and said, 'Oh, no you don't!'"

Once John ran for Township Clerk after Joseph Shaw had held that position something like 17 years. John won, and after the election, Joe asked John if it was legal for him to be Clerk since that meant he would be his own boss as Director of the School Board.

"It hadn't occurred to me, Joe, but I guess you're right," replied John.

"I should have resigned," John says, "but I didn't want to put the Township to the trouble of a new election or cause a lot of fuss. He never said anything about it and neither did I, but the next time around I turned the Clerk's job back to him."

John is justly proud of the fact that by running a close watch on expenditures, the Horton Bay School was one of only two school districts in the entire county that didn't go into debt during the depression.

"We had to bargain with applicants for the teacher's job on a competitive basis" he confesses, "But it did keep the cost down a little".

A special crisis popped up in Horton Bay in the mid-forties, when the schoolhouse burned down. For two years it was necessary to hold school sessions in the Township Hall.

John scouted around and found that the old "East Bay" Schoolhouse on Camp Sherwood Road near Walloon Lake was to be sold because that school district had already consolidated with Boyne City's school system and so was not being used. John discussed the matter with the Horton Bay Board, and it was decided to submit a bid of \$775.25. This bid held. John then arranged to have the schoolhouse transplanted to Horton Bay by truck for \$400 (a rare bargain for a big engineering job). The building remains today, although the Horton Bay School has long since consolidated. It is leased to the Church as its Parish House.

#### THE WHITES

Hartley White came from Portland, Michigan, in 1876, the year Horton Bay started moving ahead as a village, but he went first to Petoskey, where he met his future wife, Ida Gaumer, at Petoskey High School. They both finished eleventh grade (which was the basis of good-natured arguments for years as to which had the most education). Ida taught at the one-room school on Resort Pike before they



were married.

Preferring country life to the city, the Whites came to The Bay looking for land and A.J. Ramsby, who was Mabel Fox's father, showed them the forty acres of real estate across from the Horton Bay School, and they bought it, later adding another "forty".

The White's youngest daughter, Flossie White Dyer, born June 10, 1897, recalls family stories of her parents arrival at their "new" home (an abandoned cabin) with all their possessions, in a single wagon load. These included a lumber wagon, a team of horses, one bed, one cookstove and one rocking chair! It is probable that their abode, like that of Sam Horton, was a Mormon leftover.

Flossie, who is sharp in humor and recall, relates that Hartley, like so many other Bay Township pioneers, not only cleared his place and farmed it, but worked all winter hauling logs near Epsilon, in Emmet County. Money was scarce in their house, too. Flossie recalls the red letter day when she was given a dime by her father, before he went "over east" to gather huckleberries; her first dime. With her mother's permission to buy anything she wanted, she went through a careful selection process at Conrad Schneider's Store, and remembers with affection the big sackfull, all of one kind, that she got for her dime.

Asked what life was like for a little girl in Horton Bay in the early nineteen hundreds, Flossie said, with some pride, "We didn't play very much. We worked!" One job she had for several years was janitor of the Horton Bay School across the road from the sturdy white house her father built. For \$2.00, later \$3.00 per month, Flossie swept the floors, brought in the wood, and started the fire each day at 7:00 a.m. Her father taught her how to bank the fire at night so the coals could be used to set off the kindling next day. This was important, because kerosene ("coal oil") was too dear to waste, and matches, too.

Hartley lived to be ninety-three, and died in 1954. His wife died in 1931.

Flossie married Heston Dyer in 1918, and the couple had four daughters, one of whom is Mrs. "Vard" Chellis, and I am glad they are living in the original "Ohle house" next to the Town Hall.

Ask Flossie to tell you about the time, in the Union Sunday School days at Horton Bay School when her mother, who was at the time Superintendent, called on Mr. Stroud to lead the group in prayer, only to find that he had disappeared (in shyness and embarrassment), under a school seat!

#### THE SUMNERS

Philo Sumner's grandfather traded a farm he owned in southern Michigan for land on Walloon Lake, and arrived by G.R.&I. train in Boyne Falls on May 3, 1883, when there were three feet of snow on the ground. Sumner acreage has been on Sumner Road ever since. Philo's dad's place, the Warren Sumner farm, was located on a hill above Dr. Hemingway's farm which bordered Walloon Lake. Warren farmed the Hemingway farm, and Philo remembers many events in connection with that farm operation when he was a boy, including haying. This accomplished two things; it cleaned up the Doctor's farm and it filled the Warren Sumner barn with hay.

Ed and Orville Page (who were known around the Township as "Page 3" and "Page 1"), used to work for the Sumners on both farms.

As a boy, Philo got to the old East Bay school by walking a mile through the "Thomason" property, which was originally Heinie Grunde's and then Olds' and then Harper's property. It occupied roughly a square mile and has gone through several recent camp incarnations (Camp Sherwood and Camp Huntington. It is now Camp Michigania, a playground for University of Michigan alumni.

Philo remembers the old Tramway, and family recollections of it. His dad owned a pair of oxen which performed "Tramway" duty like a team of horses, except that they were slower and stronger.

Philo's brother is the only Sumner now on Sumner Road (on the original Ed Leist farm), but the Philo Sumners are occasionally sought out by writers and others who hear that Philo's dad once tended Hemingway's "Longmeadow" farm which the doctor purchased in 1913.

#### HORTON BAY HOUSES

Mary Crouterfield, John Koteksy's sister, agrees with John when he states that all the houses standing in Horton Bay except the Chamberlain house next to the store, and the new Bucky Harris home located where Samuel Horton and his family first took over an abandoned Mormon shack, are older than she or John and they are in their nineties.

While few records are available, the recollections of the Koteskeys and other people assure us that our unspoiled little community is indeed in its centennial year.

Of the Red Fox Inn, Mary says: Originally it was a hotel. Charlie and I stayed there for some time and lived in various apartments in it."

"The Nortons lived there, too (Mrs. Stroud's brother); Alonzo Stroud owned it first, then Mr. Stoodly".

Also, says Mary "The Stroud & Dilworth firm became Stroud & Cunningham" (No doubt when Mr. Dilworth decided to operate his blacksmith and wagon shop, and engage in the real estate business with his friend Mr. Stroud. Mr. Cunningham was a friend of Mr. Stroud and lived in Boyne City.

"The Grove" (next to the Red Fox inn) "was a place where many community picnics and reunions were held. It was a little park for all the people!"

"The house on the opposite side of the Grove from the Red Fox Inn was built by Mr. Ohle for his family." (The Ohles lived there until the late 1880's. When my father and sister had completed their schooling in the Horton Bay school and were ready for High School, they moved to Petoskey. The Chellis family lives in the house now, and has greatly modernized it inside and improved its outside appearance also.)

Mary continues, "The Hervins were the first family that I can remember who lived in the house just east of the Parsonage," (but they were not the first: An old abstract shows that the land was originally homesteaded by Mr. Horton who sold the lot to Mr. Boynton, who presumably built, or more likely, had the house built for him; Boynton sold it to James Fox in 1883; five years later, Fox sold it to Olivia Carlslein who sold it to Rudolph W. Dahlgreen who sold it in 1925 to John and 'grandma' Hinderer who sold it to Lester Fox who sold it to Ben and Maggie Belknap. Marian Hartwell has owned it more recently and she sold it to her son Jon

Hartwell who has recently sold it to the Marc Nigg family. And I hope that's all accurate! It illustrates how hard it is to trace house occupancy around here. It is typical of Horton Bay).

According to Mary, "Mrs. Hervin and Mrs. Stroud were pals, but I don't remember what Mr. Hervin did. Probably he worked in the mill.

The Houghlins lived where the Leists now live and operate 'Ralph's Gardens'. They were pillars of the Methodist Church. Once, the Bewells lived up on that hill. They were Methodists, too!"

Mrs. Wesley Dilworth says that the "Wee House" was originally much closer to the Stroud House on the corner. In fact, it was the Stroud's woodshed, and she and Wesley moved and improved it so it could be used as a dwelling.

The house on the corner, across from the Red Fox Inn, was the Stroud house and the only other residents, except for Mrs. Stroud's brother, and occasional visitors including relatives, have been the Dilworths, the Niggs, the present owners, Jon and Margaret Hartwell and their families.

It is clear that Mr. Stroud had employed his brother-in-law, William Ohle, to build a "company store", which is the present Horton Bay General Store, to supply the burgeoning new mill town. Mr. Stroud is listed as the owner through 1894. Then apparently because of the pressure of his political career, Stroud sold the store operation to Mr. Sly of Bay Shore, a relative of Homer Sly, founder of the Elk Cement & Lime Company. The store was managed by a Mr. Atwood who probably lived in the building.

Mr. Sly owned the store about five years. Meanwhile Conrad Schneider indicated to Mr. Stroud that he would be interested in starting a grocery store, and Stroud and several friends underwrote the building and stocking of "Schneider's Store". This is the building now known as the Bay Township Hall.

At this time there was ample "room" for two stores, but Mr. Schneider soon attracted the lion's share of the trade, and in 1900 bought out the Sly business. He sold the smaller store a few years later to Del Ford.

#### THE HORTON BAY STORE

An especially happy picture of Horton Bay life in my childhood was the way "the store" was the focal point of the whole community, and I am sure it had always been so.

Horton Bay was never large enough to support a local newspaper, and the way everyone learned what was going on was to hitch up the buggy Saturday night and spend an hour or so at the store.

In those days the store was longer than it is now, because the "quiet hour" quarters in the rear had not been built, and the one-room sales area went all the way to the back. Groceries were on the shelves at the left, and candy and tobacco in cases fronted with glass just to the left as you entered the store, with dry goods on the right side.

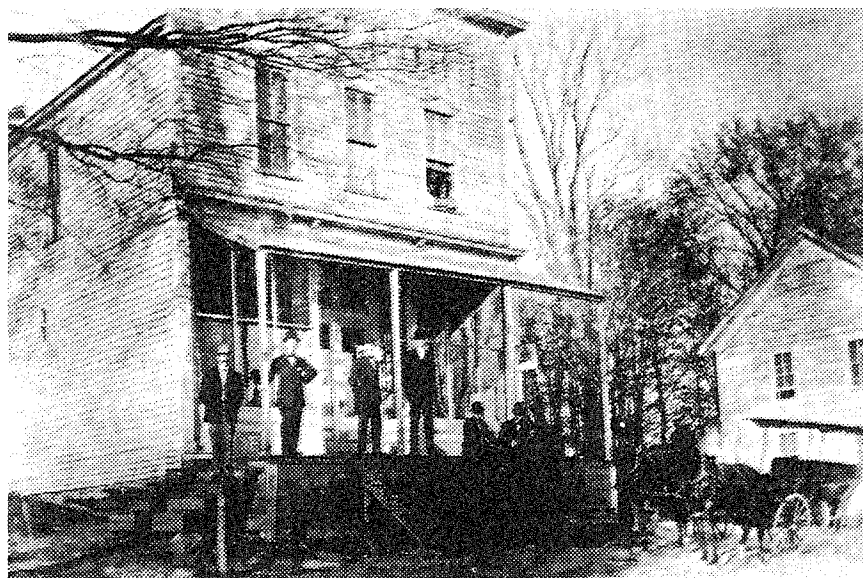
In the display cases there were licorice twists and jawbreakers and gum and such, cigars and corncob pipes, big twists of chewing tobacco ("Climax, The Grand Old Chew"), and a special cutter handy to whack off pieces of it; cigarette papers and packages of Bull Durham and Prince Albert for those who preferred to "roll their own," and a couple of brands of "tailor makes," including "Camels"

and "Luckies" for those who preferred them.

Next, on the same side were more feet of counter space. A big spool of string stood on it. The string fed up through a wire loop attached to the ceiling and dangled back down for easy access when packages were to be wrapped. There was a long roll of "butcher-wrap" on a spool just below the counter to wrap products such as wedges cut with a huge knife from the "wheel" of mouse cheese kept under a glass cover on the counter.

Next in line was a big red coffee-grinder, because vacuum-packed coffee had not been invented. Then there was the Babcock butterfat tester, used as a basis for paying farmers for bulk milk, since the store acted as a collection station for a local dairy. Kids liked to wind up the tester to high speed, which was tolerated but not liked by the storekeeper.

Behind the counter were bins of dried peas and rice and sugar and other staples. In back was the cooler for meat and other perishables. (It is still there.) In front of



The Horton Bay Store.

the counter was a small keg with dill pickles swimming in brine, and another, of bulk crackers. Toward the rear of the room was a large barrel of vinegar with a wooden hand pump stuck in the top to dispense vinegar into a quart measuring pitcher for transfer to your own container.

Slab bacon hung on a hook head-high (sliced bacon had not been invented), and throughout the store hung long, wiggly strands of fly-paper, dangling from the ceiling like so much spaghetti, well-populated with dead and dying flies, so

prevalent in the horsey days. Salt blocks were stacked on the floor and canned goods lined the shelves.

The other side of the store was the dry goods section, featuring overalls, thread, bandana handkerchiefs, work socks and work shoes, big straw hats and basic fishing tackle. Horse collars and other harness items hung overhead on a wall hanger, and buggy whips stood butt down on an ingenious oversize lazy-susan style display rack. If you wanted a bamboo fishing pole for bass or speckled trout fishing, you paid fifty cents and took your choice from a selection stacked next to the second floor steps behind the store.

In the middle of the store, a third of the way back, stood a pot-bellied iron stove, and around it were a number of captains' chairs which got plenty of use. The stove was not, of course fired in summer except very early or late in the season, but the Saturday night contingent sat around it anyway, talking over events of national and local interest. If there was an overflow crowd which occurred when anything important was coming on, like the First World War, or a hot election, late comers perched on the counter, swinging their feet and chiming in when so inclined.

The ladies never intruded on this weekly conference, but busied themselves shopping, passing the time of evening on the high front porch, or visiting around the Bay with Lizzie Fox, Mrs. Stroud, Aunt Betty and Kathryn Dilworth senior and junior, and Mrs. Mary West.

The store was a social center in days when travel was difficult. It was as necessary and useful in its way as the neighborhood churches, the Lodge activities such as the Maccabees and Odd Fellows and the Eagles, and the GAR, which was a close-knit group for many years after the Civil War. (The Maccabees met upstairs in the store for some years, and the Odd Fellows and Veterans in "the Ford Store" (Schneiders Old Store). Later, when better transportation was available, local Horton Bay groups affiliated in Boyne City.

At various times through the years the store sometimes changed hands, and all members of my family were curious to see "who was running it" when we returned from St. Louis each June. After Mr. Stroud ran it, and Mr. Atwood and Conrad Schneider; Lester, Vollie and Don Fox, Charlie Friend, Ray Cyr, Atwood Sheaffer, the Balknaps, the Sears, the Robinsons, Bob Schmoltdt, Vern Grams, and no doubt quite a few others have tried their hand. Some were successful, but none has ever done as well as Harriett Housel, the present owner. It is likely, too, that none has worked as hard as she.

Today the stove is gone, but once again the Horton Bay Store is a gathering place, where local people and summer people come to shop and trade news and just to socialize, perched on a stool at the coffee counter, presided over by Harriett and George and Betty Housel and Juanita Miller.

Another rallying time for Township adults, different from the one at the store, was Wednesday night prayer meeting, once a weekly feature at both churches. Most went to the Evangelical Church but a few favored the Methodist Church next to the store.

In its last days of activity, the latter was ministered alternately, on Sundays only, and not every Sunday at that, by Methodist and Presbyterian

"circuit-riders." I distinctly remember one Presbyterian clergyman named Merrill, I believe. He was the most enthusiastic fisherman I ever met.

It was his habit to arrive in Horton Bay late Saturday afternoon and rally my father and Vollie Fox. The three would disappear in a cloud of dust in our Model T touring car, about sunset, in the direction of the Call place, a third of the way to the headwaters of Horton Creek, decked out in waders, straw hats and Citronella, their long cane poles wagging behind. They would return late, usually with creels well laden with some rainbows but mostly brook trout.

The Ohles attended the Methodist Church on scheduled Sundays but, even when his fishing friend was in the pulpit, Vollie never showed up, claiming that his close rapport with the dominee on Saturday exempted him from duty on a hard wooden pew on Sunday morning!

#### ERNEST HEMINGWAY

The most celebrated ceremony held at the forlorn little Methodist Church, and perhaps the only solid reason to regret its passing, was the first of the many weddings of Ernest Hemingway who married lovely Hadley Richardson of St. Louis there on a fine September day in 1921.

All the townspeople were invited and most attended. The Ohle family was there because Washington University, in St. Louis, where my father taught started late that year, and we were family friends of the Ushers, Hadley's aunt and uncle, with whom she had lived in St. Louis. Dr. Usher was also a professor at Washington U.

Kenny and Stub VanHoesen and Harold Harris and I were there, and I think Howard Crouterfield, giggling and irreverent ten year olds (four of us, that is Stub was a little older).

Mr. Rudolph Dahlgreen, who lived across the road from the church, was a very good amateur artist and had been commissioned by Bay people to do a watercolor of the church as a community gift to the bride and groom. Everyone contributed a share of the picture and framing costs. Sunny Hemingway does not recall the painting and has no idea where it might be. I doubt that Hadley Hemingway in the long run was much attached to it, especially after she later married Paul Scott Mowrer, the famous Chicago journalist.

As it turned out Sunny did not attend the wedding, as punishment for some transgression. Neither did Marjorie or her mother. Bill Horne, who had been Ernest's ambulance buddy in Italy, Jock Pentecost and "Howie" Jenkins and Carl Edgar (The Odgar), from Chicago were in the wedding party. After the ceremony, John Koteskey drove the bride and groom across Sumner Road to Walloon Lake.

As a boy, and for a summer after "the war" Ernest frequently availed himself of the open-handed hospitality of James and Mrs. Dilworth, making himself at home in "Pinehurst" at frequent intervals. He and Wesley Dilworth had been childhood friends, and the Senior Dilworths had been close friends of Ernest's parents, which is how his Horton Bay sojournings started. All the others listed above were summer Horton Bayites who were close cronies of Ernest in Chicago as well as Horton Bay.

Ernest would often leave the summer menages owned by his parents on either side of Walloon Lake and hike the four miles across Sumner Road to Horton Bay for days at a time. He also spent a winter after his return from Italy in Petoskey trying desperately to write - and sell what he had written.



Ernest loved to fish for the big Rainbow Trout that abounded in The Bay. He and his friends spent many nights camping under the stars on the Point, fishing with set lines.

The bait was always a skinned perch of medium size, caught for the purpose. The procedure was for Ernest or a friend to take the line in their teeth, swim out a hundred feet or so and let the white body of the perch hooked through the middle drift to the bottom. Rainbow trout are night prowlers and like to swallow a skinned perch at a gulp, so there was almost always fish for breakfast.

Big rainbow were close to the surface in the daytime, and very lively. You could count on them, once hooked, to break water two or three times in efforts to throw the hook, which occasionally happened. But, if you had set it well, the trout would bend a rod double as he tugged to get free. If he didn't break your line he would tire in a few minutes and reluctantly come to the boat. Ernest caught many fish in this way, too.

I remember that it was Joe Shaw who showed Dad and me how to troll for the big ones. Joe, owned the only gasoline "launch" then in Horton Bay. The first time we went trolling, late one afternoon, he rigged a handline with a big shiny spoon embellished with a gob of nightcrawlers on the treble hook at the business end. (I doubt that anyone in Horton Bay in 1920, except Ernest Hemingway and his city pals, had such fancy gear as a steel rod and reel).

The action we got from a four- pound trout that day brought Dad and me back hundreds of times for encores over the years. Some people prefer Bass fishing, and we did much of that, too. But for real excitement trout is best, and I am sure Ernest would have agreed.

More and more people come to Horton Bay to inquire about Ernest Hemingway's habits and haunts. The Hemingway legend is growing.

I was only about one-half his age just after World War I, but I remember him well. He was always the center of his small coterie of friends at The Bay, which, I suppose, was a sign of a strong personality, but also, of his sophistication born of youthful overseas war experience. He was usually "on stage" to summarize any discussion.

You and I may wonder at his insensitivity in regard to his friends; after all, "Liz," and "Jim" and "Marge" and "her mother" and "The Odgar" and the lovely "Kate" were real people and he could readily have substituted other names.

On the other hand, such indelicacy has a habit of coming home to roost, and anyone looking for revenge could easily settle for A. E. Hotchner's recitation of Hemingway experiences and utterances when the famous author was no longer himself.

While he always had to run the show and had weaknesses like every other human, the description of him by a person I know well and who knew him well is probably deeply perceptive: "Ernest Hemingway was a dear, kind man!"

My own point of view is that I'll listen to derogatory criticism of Ernest Hemingway only by people who can write a better story than "The Old Man and The Sea".

I regret the absence of my favorite spring on the road to the lake at Horton Bay the more because Hemingway described it so aptly; in "Summer People":

"Halfway down the gravel road was a spring. The water came up in a tile sunk beside the road, lipping over the cracked edge of the tile and flowing away through the close-growing mint into the swamp. In the dark Nick put his arm down into the spring but could not hold it there because of the cold. He felt the featherings of the sand spouting up from the spring cones at the bottom against his fingers."

That little spring is gone now. For years and years it slaked the thirst of hard-working Bay Township lumberjacks by the dozens, and delighted everyone who came upon it and paused to use the friendly tin cup that always hung next to it on a forked stick. The spring was on the true roadway, and the road had to be straightened, it really did. But a lot of us miss it.

The Methodist Church has long since been demolished, which was a merciful exodus because it never really "got off the ground" as a happy place of worship, and was a stark symbol of failure standing alone and empty. There is nothing worse than an abandoned church.

In the long run, the Horton Bay Methodist Church was a monument to the inability of the "bosses" to copy the shining success of the "workers"; the vindication of the latter and a just reward for their long journey from Old World religious oppression to the Promised Land of Horton Bay. An American Saga.

#### WORSHIP IN HORTON BAY

First religious services in Bay Township trace to the organization of the North Bay Sunday School in 1878. What was first known as The Bear Lake Church at North Bay Community on Church Road was built in 1880 during the pastorate of Reverend H. Voelker.

According to Mrs. Mary Crouterfield, the first services in Horton Bay consisted of a Union Sunday School which at first embraced all interested members of the community. It met in the Horton Bay schoolhouse.

Soon, the majority of the group, who were Lutherans, decided to conduct separate services more in keeping with Lutheran traditions. These were held in the Horton Bay store which was not operating at the time. The Methodist minority continued to hold services in the schoolhouse.

The present Horton Bay Church, according to Mary, was one of the fruits of a six-weeks revival which she well remembers, when seventy-four or seventy-five local people, young and old, including herself, joined the Evangelical group. The present building, erected through the personal labor of many of the members, was finished, as recorded on the bell in the steeple, in 1898, and has been healthy and happy ever since. In fact, it was handsomely enlarged in 1973.

The Methodists remained a very small congregation but, encouraged by the successful efforts of the Evangelical group, managed to build the little house of worship that was next to the store. However, its congregation did not grow and eventually the remnants of the congregation joined with the Methodist Church in Boyne City.

In 1946 the Church of the United Brethren in Christ merged with the Evangelical United Brethren Church and became known as the Evangelical United Brethren Church. The merged group is now designated the United Methodist Church.

Charter members of the Horton Bay Church included Mr. and Mrs. Hartley

## THE AMENITIES

White, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Koteskey, Mrs. Ben West, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coleman (Rede) Koteskey, Mrs. Mary Crouterfield. North Bay charter members included Mr. and Mrs. Charles Karcher, Mr. and Mrs. John Brecheisen, John Stooddy, Conrad Voelker, William Greshaw, Paul Johncheck and Martin Friend.

### The ministers of the Horton Bay-North Bay Circuit:

1899-1900 W.H. Davidson	1926-1927 G.G. Davis
1900-1901 W.C. Long	1927-1931 R.C. Miller
1901-1902 S.C. Croff	1931-1936 M.R. Jewell
1902-1906 C.H. Howe	1936-1940 O.M. Bailey
1906-1907 S. McDonald	1940-1942 C.B. Wilson
1907-1908 W. Gamertsfelder	1942-1944 H.F. Bailey
1908-1911 E.A. Perone	1944-1948 H.A. Brannan
1911-1914 B.E. Belknap	1948-1951 C. Sanders
1914-1915 E. Willard	1951-1953 C. Fiedler
1915-1917 G.G. Heximer	1953-1956 E. Pritchard
1917-1918 C.A. Strait	1956-1959 K. Somers
1918-1919 C.B. Greenman	1960-1962 R. Grant
1919-1920 O.Y. Schneider	1962-1964 C. Croff
1920-1921 G.H. Simpson	1964-1965 E. Koteskey (H.B.)
1921-1922 C. Meyer	1964-1965 L. Chamberlain (N.B.)
1922-1923 W. Gottesleben	1965-1966 L. Dimos
1923-1925 E. Pritchard	1966-1968 D. Silvas
1925-1926 H.J. Rhines	1968-1975 S. Walton

The Horton Bay United Methodist Church is justly proud of the large number of ministers and others who have gone to their posts from its portals over the years:

### MINISTERS:

Philip Howe (deceased)  
Charles Koteskey (deceased)  
William Koteskey (deceased)  
Harold Koteskey (Flint)  
Kurt Kobernick (Arizona)  
George Belknap (Rockford)†  
Curtiss Cruff  
Leslie Smith

### MINISTER'S WIVES:

Martha Koteskey Chamberlain  
Eula Pritchard  
Lola Brecheisen Koteskey  
Anna West Nelson  
Edna Abbott Koteskey  
Rede White Koteskey  
Ruby Abbott Koteskey  
Lois Long  
Hilda Johncheck

### OTHER CHRISTIAN SERVICES:

Ronald Koteskey, Jr. D.D. (Asbury)  
Loren Brecheisen (Owosso)

†Arvilla Fox Dixon reminds me that George Belknap and his wife Peggy were missionaries to Africa in 1941, and were taken prisoners enroute to their post on the famous vessel Zamzam. All turned out well!

Appetite for modern comforts could be detected very early on this frontier. An example was the urge for telephone service.

A paid "notice" in the Boyne City "Standard" of July 8, 1881, called for public help in getting a new line started: "G.E. Bain will connect Boyne Falls and Boyne City by telephone providing the above-mentioned towns will raise \$100.00 to aid in the enterprise."

Apparently, Mr. Bain had no success on that occasion because he repeated his plea six months later.

Mrs. Lei Johnson, Manager of the Bell office in Petoskey, has given me a brief "History of the Telephone Exchange at Boyne City" which indicates that service to Boyne City from Boyne Falls was provided in 1886, and in 1887, from Boyne City to Horton Bay.

In the early days and for some years, every windstorm would tangle the lines between some of the poles. It was necessary to free the lines to reduce static that sputtered in the old hand-cranked home instruments even when all was well.

A local person, in return for a free phone at his home and a small retainer, was hired to keep the lines in repair, and untangled. John Kotesky says that he was the first such employee in the Horton Bay area, and that after the store, he was the first "subscriber" at The Bay. One of his jobs was to collect long distance fees.

When I was a child, Bert Van Hoesen had the assignment and his approach to his job was inventive and colorful. Ed Page ("Page 3"), lived at Bert's house adjoining the Point. When trouble occurred, the two men would spring into action. Ed would chauffeur Bert's Model "T" touring car, and Bert, with climbing spikes strapped to his feet, would ride in the rear. Their wire disentangling equipment was a very long cane fishing pole. With Ed driving and Bert reaching up with the pole, the team could untangle a lot of telephone wire in a hurry, often without either of them getting out of the car.

In more serious cases, such as a severed wire, Bert would shinny up the pole with his spikes and a heavy leather strap to help him "mountain climb" to the trouble spot.

The Horton Bay front porch evening contingent, always present after supper, liked to speculate as to where the trouble might be, as Ed and Bert chugged by, gracing front and back seats respectively; the cane pole in side racks, at the ready.

Electrical power came to Horton Bay officially, April 4, 1938, when Paul Skornia officially recorded the 56 "yes" to 10 "no" on a Township public proposition "to grant a franchise to The Top O'Michigan Rural Electric Co., for the purpose of constructing, maintaining and operating in the public streets, highways, alleys and other public places in the Township of Bay, County of Charlevoix, Michigan, all needful and proper Poles, Towers, Mains, Wires, Pipes, Conduits and other apparatus requisite for the transmission and distribution of electricity."

This, of course, spelled the doom of kerosene stoves and lamps and even Delco Systems, and the introduction to Township residents of all those magic appliances known only to city people.

Spirit and enthusiasm was high and everyone had a feeling of participation in "belonging" to this share-and-share-alike Co-op. Many, not yet ready to build on their land, paid money to "join" just to help the good cause along!

### SCHOOL DAYS

Along with Church activities, school was a very important facet of all burgeoning communities. Shared by almost everyone, school, too, is always a unifying community activity.

There were three schools in Bay Township, "North Bay," on Church Road, which was District Number 1; "Horton Bay," which was District Number 2; and "East Bay" (sometimes known as Lakeside), District Number 3. The latter stood at the southeast corner at the intersection of Camp Sherwood and Zenith Heights Roads, across from the original Skornia farmhouse.

For some reason, there are no school records in Charlevoix County prior to 1902. However, since everyone who will read these pages went to school after that date, perhaps the omission before 1902 does not matter too much.

The unsung heroines (and occasionally, heroes) of a rural countryside area of the old days were those intrepid young singles in their teens and early twenties who lived a lonely existence, often far from home, boarding with strangers who often as not appointed themselves chaperones for the young teachers along with the board and room she paid for.

The pay was poor, the tools were inadequate and the schoolroom was overcrowded.

In District Number 1 in 1902, C.H. Miller was the teacher for four months at North Bay, for which he received \$160.00. Miss Ruby North finished the term, serving for three months for \$90.00. Total teacher compensation for the year was thus \$250.00. At the time, there were thirty-seven "legal voters" (adult males) in that school district; and there were forty-one male students, and thirty-seven female. The sworn valuation of all school property was \$1100.00.

Textbooks used, and their authors were:

Geography - "Natural"

Civil Gov't - Peterson

Grammar - Metcalf

Orthography - Herington

Penmanship - Harper's

Physiology - Appleton

Reading - Baldwin's

U.S. History - McMaster's

The school Director was H.H. Starmer, Moderator, Fred Van Amburg, Treasurer, John C. Karcher.

Total expenditures for the school year, including the teachers' salaries amounted to \$463.57 (\$5.95 per student).

The students, all in one room, of course, ranged in age from six to nineteen years old.

They were: Enola and Vene Kahler; Floyd Miller; Geneva and Grace Starmer; Ray, Alma and Nora Karcher; Mabel, Clarence and Wilford Sterzik; Ray and Merle Stooddy; Lenoa Priebe; Ernest, Clyde and Emmet Gibson; Pearl, Frank,

Ned and Lester Fox; Otto, Will, Albert, Louis, Fred and Paul Bathke; Arthur, Floyd, Charlie and Johnnie Kunkle; Emma and Sylvia Brauer; Ambrose Fromm; Floyd and Nina Kahler; John, Martha, Josie and Otto Stolt; Emma, Paul, Mary, Joseph, Albert, Henry, Jennie, Martha, John and Aaron Johncheck; Caroline, Bertha, Bessie and Charlie Koteskey; Ollie and Edna VanAmburg; Odessa, Nellie, Charlie, Fred and Gardner Friend; Tessa, Lafe and Maud Alderman; Mary, Eddie, Anna and Frank Leist; Florence, Edwin, Mary, Ida, Adeline, Laura and Jessie Voelker.

IN DISTRICT NUMBER 2, the Horton Bay School, things were much the same. For eight months Miss Margaret Munson received \$280.00 for teaching (and controlling) forty-eight girl and twenty-four boy students. There were 50 "legal votes" in the District. In addition to the same textbooks, this school also had "a dictionary, globe, maps and other equipment required by law." Total budget for the school year was \$476.42 (\$6.62 per child). School property was worth \$800.00. Director was A.J. Stroud; Moderator, Joseph Shaw and Treasurer, J.S. Dilworth.

The student roster included: Claude, Fred and Essie Chew; Orville Cox; Charles Smith; Elmer and Mabel Fineout; Richard, Blanche, Gertie, Mabel and Elva Coleman; Willie, Eddie, Mary, Anna and Lizzie Koteskey; Willie, Paul, Mary, Sophia, Lizzie and Nellie Crouterfield; Clarence, Rede, Eva and Flossie White; Wesley Dilworth; Herbert, Arthur and Goldie Schneider; Milo and Hazel Shaw; Ray and Myrtie Call; Ellen, Leigh and Glenn Smith; William, Frank, Mary and Ina Lake; Samuel, Alice, Maude, Zoe, Eva, Sadie, Esther and Ruth Knapp; Freddie, Emma, Marie and Eda Leisner; Ernest and Freddie Erfourth; Ethel Barkley; Rose Davis; Ellen, Ethel and Nina Dyer; Maggie, Anna and Edna West; Mary, Lizzie and Maggie Spura and Mabel and Gladys Howe.

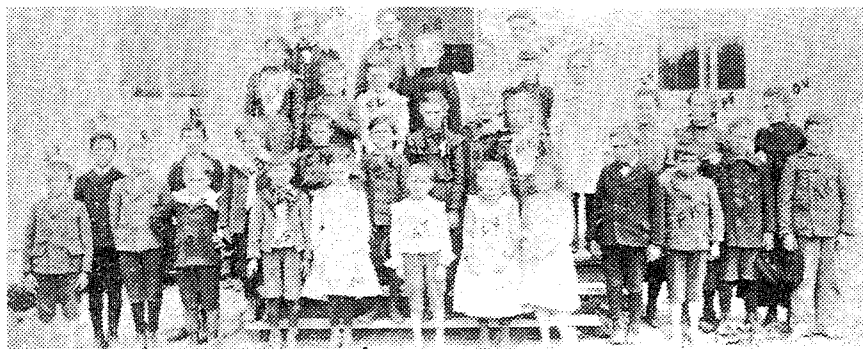
DISTRICT NUMBER 3, Lakeside, was a bit smaller. There were, in 1902, "about 30 legal voters" in the district. The value of school property was \$800.00; there were thirty-one boys and twenty-five girls; total fifty-six pupils. Ona B. Flashman received \$196.00 for seven months as teacher, and the total years' school budget was \$375.94 (\$6.72 per child).

Only sixteen family names were on the student roster, so most of the families were big ones.

Pupils were: Nellie Hunt; Fannie, Sophia, Eddie and Frank Johncheck; Lizzie, Emma, Jamie, Elmer, Josie and Willie Kritcher; Lillie, John, Daniel and Vearn Washburn; Mary, Nina, Henry, Oscar, Clyde, Frank, Albert, Anna, Bertha, Emma, Edith and Paul Robinson; Edna, Jay and L.G. Hewitt; Lizzie, John, Alfred, Anna and Harold Schneider; Mary Sterzik; Effie, Eva, Christine, Nellie, Mabel and Leslie Barkley; Eliza, Lillie, Daisy, Irvin, Oscar and James Bates; John and Charles Taylor; Charles and Albert Nemetz; John, Tom and Joe Willis; Guy Sumner, Myrton and Virgil Chew.

District Director, in 1902 was C.J. Harper; Moderator, W.A. Barkley, and Treasurer, John Willis.

It is interesting to see so many of today's Township names on school rosters of over seventy years ago. It is proof that the pioneer families' descendants like Bay as much as their ancestors did, and it is a lot easier to escape your surroundings than it once was, and still, they stay.



North Bay School

Front Row: Joe Johnnecheck, Clarence Sterzik, Ray Karcher, Otto Bathke, Wilford Sterzik, (?) Albert Johnnecheck, Laura Voelker, (?) Albert Bathke, Floyd Kunkle, Lester Fox, Arthur Kunkle.

Second Row: Charles Sterzik, Ambrose Fromm, Leslie Bathke, Charles Kunkle, Ed Leist, Jessie Voelker, Charles Koteskey, Bessie Koteskey, Edna VanAmberg, Pearl Fox, Olive VanAmberg.

Third Row: Bertha Koteskey, Ray Stooddy, Ed Leist, Alma Karcher, (?).

Fourth Row: Will Bathke, Ned Fox, Alma Bathke, (?).

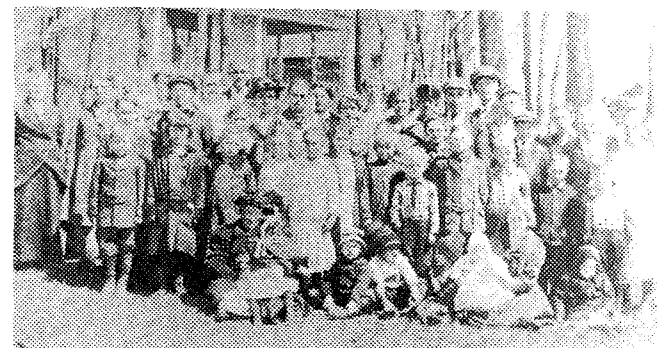


East Bay School

Front Row: Edith Skornia, Sarah Taylor, Lavinina Kritcher, Emma Skornia, Bertha Skornia.

Middle Row: Bill Kritcher, Charles Nemetz, Fred Nemetz, Jennie Kritcher, Harry Schneider, Joe Willis, L.E. Hewitt.

Back Row: Paul Skornia, John Willis, Fred Schneider, Charlie Taylor, Teacher, Lillie Taintor, Tom Willis, Joe Kritcher.



Horton Bay School

I see Raymond Fox and Kenny Van Hoesen. Who else?

John Koteskey, who served on the schoolboard in Horton Bay for many years says that the occasional hiring of men teachers was done purposely because they were better able to handle the occasional rowdies who came along.

In answer to a question as to how discipline could possibly be maintained in a single small room occupied by as many as seventy-five pupils up to nineteen years of age, Mary Crouterfield said "the school was crowded of course, with two children to a desk, but there were always several older pupils, mostly girls, who planned to teach later, and they were drafted to help with classes of little ones in the beginning grades. Also, you must remember that a teacher was authorized and expected to maintain discipline. There is nothing like a rap on the knuckles with a ruler to bring back peace and quiet if things start to get out of hand!"

There was an occasional very special bonus for the hard and financially starved school marm; at least four teachers at the Horton Bay School found their life partners during a school term. These were Miss Chloe McCartney, daughter of a Charlevoix Minister, who married Merton Fox, Miss Gertrude Scroggie, who married Frank Fox, Miss Kathryn Kennedy, who married Wesley Dilworth, and Alta Vogg, who married Charlie Friend, who once owned the Horton Bay Store.

These occurrences were rare, and the job being hard, only occasionally did a young lady stay with the job more than a year or two.

By the early twenties the school population was thinning. Many second and third generation families were seeking temporary employment in the booming big cities, and families were smaller. By 1925, at the rounding of Bay Township's first half-century, the pupil roster was:

#### NORTH BAY:

Ruth Bathke; Fred Bauer; Dwight, Howard and Cecil Dell; Donovan Fox; Ralph Ford; Doris Fletcher; Dortha, Helen, Ivan and Arden Hott; Floyd, and Bernice Holcomb; Ruth Kunkle; Evelyn Koteskey, Gertrude, Frederic, Esther and Raymond Priebe; Bessie, Elinor, and Winifred Sutton; Marie and Fred Stolt; Harriett, Lebia and Mildred Voelker; Marjorie and Marian VanAmberg; Leonard McCune.

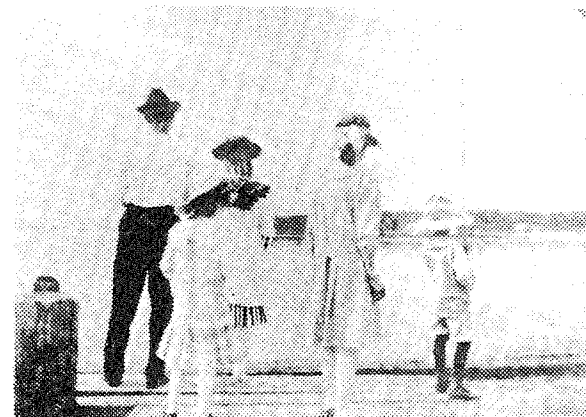


stylized social formality that wealthy Charlevoix summer life had become over the years.



1931 plenty of Bass in Horton Bay.

They were very welcome in Horton Bay, especially to Vollie Fox and his family. Vollie became custodian of the Point, and there never was a better "marriage." He knew instinctively what "the Pointers" wanted, and they understood what a jewel they had in him. For more than a dozen years, Vollie provided them with a paradise that I am sure they will never forget. In return, they made the Red Fox Inn possible. When Vollie could no longer carry on, his shoes were more than filled



1918 Family fishing from the Stroud & Dilworth dock, Prof. Ohle, Cousin Marge, Self, Sister Anna Margaret, Cousin Georgianna.

starting about 1933 by Maurice "Dick" Dixon, Vollie's son-in-law, who is another natural-born host; Dick can do anything, indoors or out.

There were other regular visitors, most of whom were paying guests of Jim and Elizabeth Dilworth's "Pinehurst," and "Shangri-la," which was a resort later enlarged and otherwise improved by Wesley and Kathryn Dilworth. These people stayed for various periods of time, sometimes a month or more - whole families of them. "Dad" would commute from Chicago or Cincinnati or Detroit or wherever, and mother and the kids would stay for their scheduled time, enjoying the matchless Dilworth hospitality.

Elizabeth Bewell Dilworth was an extraordinary hostess, and the people who were guests well remember her niceties. Regulars included the E.G. Chase family of Chicago, (Mr. Chase ran the Chicago advertising office of the Curtis Publishing Company's "Country Gentleman," long the leading "farm paper" in the United States); The Malcolm McHargs, (he was Director of Advertising for the McCall Corporation); the Edwin Balmers, (he was both an author and the Publisher of Redbook Magazine. On several occasions he gladly offered suggestions and encouragement when young Ernest Hemingway sought his advice); the McCauley family, (he was President of Packard Motor Car Company in its heyday); the Thurston Merrill family, several generations of them, (founders of the Merrill Drug Company in Cincinnati); the Dittmans of Cincinnati; the Eugene Davis family, ("Gyp" was Advertising Director of The Chicago Office of Curtis Publishing Company and a high-school friend of Ernest Hemingway); and many more.

Mrs. Dilworth's table was something special and before long she was hosting farm-style chicken dinners for parties from Charlevoix. They showed up in



increasing numbers as the years rolled along, both by boat and by automobile. Of course, the settlement on the Point served to increase this business. It was Jim and "Aunty Beth" who sold the Point to the Goldman family of St. Louis early in the twenties. The Goldmans had been important in Cotton since the Civil War, and it was their enthusiasm and energy (not to mention money) that made the Point the showplace it was, a far cry from the wild camping site of Ernest Hemingway and his friends a short few years before.

Whether the big change in the Point had anything to do with the fact, I don't know, but Ernest never returned to Horton Bay after his first marriage. The probability is that he just grew too busy with his writing. He probably would have thought the changes on the Point ruined the place. His mother, and Aunty Beth Dilworth remained close friends and summer companions for many years and learned to paint together.

All the rest of the people I knew and know think quite the opposite—that the Bay keeps getting better with each change in its "lifestyle," including the one represented by the Horton Bay Club.

In the old days, the "Pointers" usually came from Charlevoix in their yacht; "The Boss," which is still afloat in Charlevoix under another name and owner. Arthur Ranger was boss of "The Boss," and no boat ever had such spit and polish care. Art, who was a year around employee of the Goldman family, was a favorite of everyone in Horton Bay, and he met and shortly thereafter married Viola West, who was working at the Red Fox Inn. Viola was a niece of Lizzie Fox.

The other type of resorter at Horton Bay, was the "cottager," and there were three families of them -

One was a doctor from Chicago, named Charles, who, with his wife, two nephews, "Y.K." and Bill Smith, and a niece, Kate Smith, summered here for quite a while. Dr. Charles bought the Stroud farm, probably in the "mid-nineteens," and built a spacious frame country place, with a broad porch all around it, located a few hundred feet from Pincherry Road, and a hundred yards or so from the Charlevoix Road, on property now owned by Ken VanHoesen.

Mabel Fox remembers that her husband Lester met the Pennsylvania train from Chicago each June to bring "the Doctor" and "Aunty Charles" from Petoskey to their summer place. Once, returning them to Petoskey in the fall, for the trip to Chicago, Lester's car, a gorgeous brass-trimmed Ford, had several blow-outs enroute to Petoskey and nearly missed the train. Luckily, he was able, with the liquid adhesive everyone carried for emergencies, to fix the tubes in time, and Dr. and Mrs. Charles "made" the train.

In addition to thinking that Dr. and Mrs. Charles were nice people, old-timers, (including me), well remember Aunty Charles driving, early in the evening, in her buggy to the Horton Bay Store to purchase a few supplies; then with a nod to the porch contingent (mostly men), with a flick of the whip and a businesslike chuk-chuk to her horse, she'd wheel around and head back to her summer place.

Why they came here, or stopped coming, is unknown to me.

"Y.K." Smith was editor of the "Cooperative Commonwealth" on which Ernest Hemingway cut a few of his writing eyeteeth. What Bill Smith did, I never have

known. Kate was a lovely, John Held Jr. type, with high cheekbones, healthy color and a flashing challenge in her young woman's look at you. Kate shot straight, (and was kind to little boys on the dock who wanted to ride on the sailboat,).

The reason this has importance is that the "Charles Place," and "Bill," and "Kate" figure in several of the "Nick Adams" stories. So did "Marge," and "Her mother," who were nice people too.

Another family usually summering here was the Glenn Harris family. They bought property near the picturesque Charlevoix Road horse trough, which Joe Shaw contributed to the village (and its four-footed friends). Glenn Harris married Mary Spura, who died a year ago after fighting the State of Michigan for a driver's license at age 90 (she won). Glenn could pitch horseshoes at least as well as his in-laws, the Fox brothers, and was happy to prove it. His children, Harold and Chuck and daughter "Teeter" were summer pals of mine.

The third "cottage" family was the Ohle family.

Actually, the Ohles were a reincarnation, descending from William Ohle, Alonzo Stroud's original lumber-mill partner already described.

After leaving the brief partnership, William Ohle found plenty of carpentry to be done in the burgeoning little village, and also engaged in real estate transactions. (The latter were not very profitable, it can be assumed. I have a copy of a deed to Roy Barkley's father from my grandfather for their 40 at the corner of Boyne City and West Roads in the amount of \$300).

In 1912 Uncle Lon gave dad the little lot we occupy now. Our family had been coming "north" for the summer for two years, by train, at that point. The thought, and a very happy one, was that we might build a summer home, and that quickly followed.

We stayed on the second floor of the Township Hall the following summer, and on the second floor of the old Red Fox Inn in June, July and August of 1914 while the cottage was built. Bert VanHoesen took time from his full time job of farmer and his part-time job as telephone lineman to help him with the roof. By the end of the summer we were all set, in a place where nothing much could possibly go wrong. We had no electricity, no running water; but we had a good fireplace, coal-oil lamps and stove, and outside plumbing.

In the very early days my sister Anna Margaret and I looked forward to the train ride north, changing trains in Chicago to catch the Pennsylvania to Petoskey. We were then driven to Horton Bay in the Bump & McCabe Hardware Company "Red Devil," a Model "T" ½-ton delivery truck. This was an annual courtesy and easy to arrange because Sidney Bump was dad's sister.

After World War I, we drove north in our second-hand Model "T" touring car, complete with carbide lamps and side curtains. Today a trip from St. Louis is a one day affair if the police aren't looking, but our first junket required four and one-half days, due mostly to blow-outs and a burned-out connecting rod. Most roads were mud (Illinois), or sand (Michigan), with only occasional stretches of brick or cement. Often the paved part of the road was eight or ten feet wide which worked out because there were not many cars on the road.

Without exception, roads went down the main street of towns, with three or four right-angle turns necessary to get past the County Building or Town Hall

depending on what size metropolis you happened to be going through. Usually, toward evening we'd start assessing the "tourists" signs on houses on the outskirts of a little town for a place to stay for the night. \$1.00 a person was a fairly standard assessment though it was usually a bit higher in larger towns. Often this included breakfast.

There were seemingly endless miles of sand on old M-11 which was in the embryo stage of becoming a road (eventually U.S. 31). Finally the straining and craning would begin to be the first to glimpse Pine Lake. Once past Charlevoix the tension mounted and "Gypsy" seemed to run faster. Past D'Ooge's barn, past the Halsteads', past Crouterfield's, Auntie Charles', then Bert VanHoesen's, across the "crick," turn right past George VanHoesen's, the watering trough and the Store, with horn blowing and chickens running for cover and friends shouting their annual welcome.

### KID'S CHORES

My first order of business after helping sweep out the cottage, was always to check up on Raymond Fox and his sisters, Arvilla and Marian, summer buddies of long standing. This was accomplished by walking straight up the hill in back of the cottage, under a still-growing purple lilac bush, past Mr. Stroud's barn and the rear of his old home (long the Wesley Dilworth's and now John and Margaret Hartwell's).

As I'd pass their well-pump and the woodshed that later became "The Wee House," I'd pay my respects to Wesley's dog "Joke" and say "howdy" to Kathryn and Wesley if they were on hand; then cross the road to Fox's.

I knew that path well because my sister, Anna Margaret and I regularly lugged pails-full of water down it to our cottage before we had our own well drilled. A pail full of water must weigh around fifteen pounds and was a heavy load for a couple of kids.

If Raymond was at home we'd spend a few minutes catching up on news of the past winter. In a day or two we'd be in stride.

For our type of vacationer there was quite a lot of hard work to keep life running smoothly. In the absence of city amenities, things needed doing that are hard to imagine today. Chores was the word for them, and at our house, mother saw that they came before play. Twice a week, for example, it was my job to replenish the ice in our old-fashioned, charcoal-insulated ice box.

Up the hill to Wesley Dilworth's I'd go, borrow the old-fashioned wooden wheelbarrow and wheel it to the ice-house in back of the store. Then I'd climb the rungs of a permanent ladder six or eight feet above the ground, depending on what time of summer it was, and dig down through the moist, sweet-smelling sawdust for a big cake of ice.

I'd break the cake free from its neighbors, drag it with tongs to the doorway and tumble it to the ground. Then it was heave and tug to get the heavy cake on the barrow, and wheel it precariously down the hill to our house. Next step was to wash it carefully of sawdust using a dipper so I wouldn't waste water, and finally, I'd hoist the slippery chunk by rope and pulley to the ice-chamber at the top of the ice box. If I was lucky, and had measured just right, the ice would clunk down as it was

supposed to.

At least once a week it was also my assignment to purchase a couple of gallons of coal oil at the store, and replenish the supply in all the lamps in the house. Part of that job was cleaning the lamp-black out of the chimneys which was easy to do with wadded-up newspaper. Filling the oil stove was a must, too. Mother could become very upset when the plaguey stove ran out of fuel when she was in the midst of cooking a meal.

The weekly clothes-washing was the hardest job, and the whole family participated, taking turns scrubbing (in an old-fashioned wash-tub and corrugated scrub-board with a bar of yellow Fels-Naptha soap). A copper boiler was hard at work on the oil stove, boiling stains and grime out of overalls and other work garments. Everything needed rinsing a couple of times in the cold and very hard water. Clothes were "wrung out" by hand by twisting them as tightly as possible. This was a two-person job, especially with sheets.

The clothes were hung on clotheslines to dry, fastened with wooden clothes pins, and the line was propped up with a pole at critical intervals. Once in a while the pole would slip, dumping clean laundry on the ground and that called for rinsing all over again. Occasionally it would rain on the clean wash, in which case you merely let the clothes stay out until the sun returned to do what it was supposed to do in the first place.

Soft water was a boon in hard-water country, and all sorts of contraptions were devised to trap rain-water during downpours. We had special wooden V-shaped drains hanging from the edge of the roof, and a barrel to catch the runoff. If everything timed out just right, the soft water came in handy when the next clothes-washing day arrived.

Sweeping out the cottage, making beds and such were daily duties as they are today. We also had to tend the fireplace ashes, do dishes, bury garbage, etc., etc., but mother had a way of making it all more fun than work. Swimming, fishing, hiking and all the other pleasant facets of Horton Bay life were the reward.

Mother and my sister, of course, did all the cooking on that merciless oil stove and thus bore the brunt of "vacation" life. It was the stove, I think, that made the return trip to St. Louis especially attractive to mother each year. But Horton Bay was a great place to let growing children run.

There was no end of things to do in Horton Bay; at least for a growing city boy. At night, a frequent diversion was the hide-and-seek game that took place next to the store. A big sugar-maple that stood between it and the Red Fox Inn served as home-base for the game. It also supported several RFD mail boxes, including ours, and a sign that reminded everyone that it was "6.7 miles to the First National Bank of Boyne City;" (the sign was still there through the depression, long after the bank had gone out of business).

There was always variety in Hide-and-Seek because, in addition to the sizeable barns belonging to the Store and the Foxes, there were usually quite a few buggies and their patient horses anchored around, and later marvelous congregations of big automobiles from Charlevoix, whose owners and chauffeurs were enjoying dinner at the Red Fox Inn. It was nothing to see Locomobiles, Hispano-Suizas, Pierce-Arrows, and Stearns-Knights, along with monstrous Packards and



Cadillacs, in the driveway. This complicated the game but also made it a new one each evening. It also added a slight element of danger in getting back to base, but I can't recall any real disasters.

Horton Bay was a real change from my winter surroundings in St. Louis of course, including vast difference in size, a northern perspective rather than a southern outlook, which St. Louis had in those days.

### JIM DILWORTH'S BLACKSMITH SHOP



Jim Dilworth's Blacksmith Shop  
Shod, and ready to go!

One of the neighborhood features that young fry never tired of watching in action was the Dilworth Blacksmith Shop. Jim was a master when it came to shoeing or fashioning a replacement rim for a buggy wheel or making a pair of andirons or ice tongs for a cottager.

Jim Dilworth was good to kids. Often he would let us pump the bellows to heat a horseshoe white hot for shaping to fit a hoof, with Dobbin waiting patiently and understandingly, unafraid of the clang clang of hammer on anvil, or the flying sparks.

When he wasn't busy he'd let us make finger rings out of soft horseshoe nails. Don Fox tells me he made one for every boy and girl graduating from the Horton Bay School. I'm sure there were plenty of blacksmith shops in St. Louis but I never saw one.

Jim was a quiet man. Originally a Canadian, he had come north from Berea,

Ohio with his friends; he had been a partner with Mr. Stroud after Mr. Ohle had, but I think he was happiest of all being his own boss, at a trade he liked and had mastered.

His wife, Elizabeth Bewell Dilworth was a member of one of Bay Township's earliest families. She was "Auntie Beth" to lots of people. After raising her only child, Wesley, she founded the first of the three great Horton Bay restaurants.

Auntie Beth's establishment has been described. Kathryn Dilworth, her daughter-in-law likes to tell how she and Lizzie Fox often volunteered to help her (to see "how she did it," of course). When Mrs. Dilworth senior withdrew from active business, Kathryn decided to take over. Kathryn and Wesley were living in the old Stroud home on the corner, and they developed Kathryn's "Waffle Shop" on the ground floor.

It was an instant success, and became "The Dilworth Lodge."

### "THE LODGE"

"Kathryn was always a perfectionist," says Mrs. E.G. Chase, who brought her family to The Bay for many years. Husband "Ned" would commute weekends from Chicago via "The Puritan" or "Manitou" or on the Pere Marquette train until his long vacation time finally arrived. His boyhood home had been Norwood, the isolated little village in the southwest corner of Charlevoix County, so his enthusiasm for The Bay and its countryside is understandable.

Mrs. Chase continued: "Kathryn's tablesettings were a picture. She had hired young women from a domestic science school. One girl would take care of flower arrangements for the tables, another, just salads, and so on. The food was out of this world; cole slaw, homemade rolls, and ice cream, and chicken supreme and of course, the fabulous tomato pudding."

The ice cream is well remembered by Mrs. Dilworth's son Jim, now Senior Engineer and Area Manager of Boyne Highlands, because, he says, in reference to the Dilworth Lodge, "My job, from eleven years old, was freezing homemade ice cream. I would make from four to six quarts at noon and six to twelve quarts in the evening (for dinner parties). The ice cream maker was a round wooden container with a crank in one side. I would sit on top of it and turn the crank for twenty or thirty minutes. The key to Horton Bay ice cream was a lot of crushed ice, plenty of rock salt, and cranking as fast as possible. The reward was licking the paddles. I used to eat half of the almonds before they got into the ice cream (of course, mother planned on this and supplied twice as many as the recipe called for)."

Tomato pudding was introduced to the United States, in Horton Bay, by Kathryn Dilworth. Kathryn says the recipe was based on the suggestion of a Walloon Lake resorter named Mrs. Sweet, who frequently ate at the Dilworth's. One day she suggested to Kathryn that an English side dish she had run into in the English countryside used by the British as a changeoff from Yorkshire pudding was especially delicious. The problem was that she could not remember the exact recipe.

Kathryn agreed to experiment with several possible variations, slightly changing the concoction each night. Mrs. Sweet, after several evenings, pronounced the dish for that evening the exact dish she had so enjoyed in England.

Kathryn has given us permission to present it here, as it appeared in the

attractive book "My Tomato Pudding and Other Favorite Recipes" published over her name by her son, James Dilworth in November, 1968.

#### "TOMATO PUDDING"

"This is the original tomato pudding recipe and it is best made with Hunt's Tomato Puree:

Heat to the boiling point:

10½ oz. can Hunt's Tomato Puree

¾ cup light brown sugar

In a quart casserole, place 9 -1" cubes of homestyle bread. Trim off the crust. Heat ½ c. butter and pour over the bread. Prick with a fork until all bread is saturated.

Bake in an uncovered casserole at 400 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes until some of the edges of the bread are toasted.

Don't overbake."

That sparkling recipe book is long out of print. It contains thirty-six recipes. It should be re-issued, we keep telling Jim. Tomato Pudding is a standout because of its fame, but that's just one man's opinion. All the recipes are very big.

Everyone who worked at the Dilworth Lodge in its heyday agrees that it was a happy ship. Wesley and Kathryn were a great management team. Wesley, on the side, ran the Co-op in Boyne City, and afterward F.W. Dilworth & Sons International Harvester dealership. Later, Wesley and Kathryn bought the Wolverine Hotel in Boyne and converted it into the gracious Dilworth Hotel. The hotel has changed hands several times since, but still carries the Dilworth name.

Maxine Dilworth Davis, Kathryn's eldest daughter, not only was enormous help to her parents in all these enterprises, but also learned more than most people ever do about the art of cooking. Jim's twin sister Jo and brother Bob also did their share. A great team!

#### THE RED FOX INN

The third great restaurant, the Red Fox Inn was started when Vollie Fox brought his employer and friends home from the Point after a day of fishing. The meal was fried chicken and it so impressed the visitors that Vollie's boss and his wife literally talked Lizzie into starting her famous business which was in continuous existence more than a half-century.

For Christmas the first year, the Goldmans sent the familiar wooden Red Fox to the Foxes as a gift, and it has graced the Inn all this time.

There was something special about Lizzie's fried chicken, and the art was passed on to Marian and by her to her son Richard, whom we all mourn. People, who probably number in the thousands regret the passing of that famous business.

From the start, the Red Fox Inn grew rapidly, and soon Lizzie found herself in the mail-order pickle and preserve business, too. In the early days, everything served in the Inn was made "from scratch," and it became fashionable at tables all around mid-America to serve Red Fox Inn delicacies. Making them grew to be a very big share of Inn business.

Vollie, of course, was caught up in this amazingly successful sideline. In addition to his standard Inn duties, harvesting and shucking "yellow Bantam," buying tender young chickens, making ice cream and a dozen other things, he was now into

the preparation of raw materials for the mail-order trade.

Faced with scrubbing innumerable cucumbers for pickle-making, his fertile imagination went to work. He pressed into service the family Maytag which proved to be a spectacular time and labor saver. This is only one example of his creativity, others included his paying the likes of me 5 cents a hundred for potato bugs. Vollie's ideas filled a rich role in Red Fox Inn success.



Vollie Fox, Unofficial Mayor of Horton Bay.

### POLITICS AND TAXES AND SUCH

Bay Township for many years has been blessed with able political leadership, and a list of officers through the last few decades would be appropriate, but the records are missing. Presently, Carl Skornia is Supervisor, and also assessor. Paul E. Chamberlain is Clerk and Robert Stolt, Treasurer. Bert Hawkins and Reuben Weinberg are Trustees.

Ira "Bob" Davis has long represented Bay and Evangeline Townships on the County Commission and has served two terms as board Chairman.

The political climate can be quiet or violent; it is volatile. Politics in Charlevoix County have been turbulent since the earliest days. In the 1880s it was difficult to determine at any given time where the County seat was located! According to a 1905 account:

"The four towns figuring as centers in which the business affairs of the county were administered and transacted were. . . Charlevoix, East Jordan, Bay Springs and Boyne City. Each in turn had the honor of being temporarily the County Seat" (As a matter of fact, in the late '80s there was a general election to determine whether or not a fifth community, Boyne Falls should be the County Seat.) The proposition was defeated, although the presence of a shiny new railroad argued in favor of such a switch. It was finally decided (1885) that the County Seat should be established in Boyne City, to which point the sheriff was instructed to move the County records and other effects from East Jordan (whence they had been moved from Charlevoix a short time before).

"In the latter place, this officer found the doors of the temporary Court House closed and locked, and he forced his way in, demolishing the door of the Register's office. The citizens of the town were assembled and determined to effectually resent the removal of the county property to the rival town. Then they threatened to throw the sheriff into the lake if he persisted in his purpose. . ."

Continues Mr. Bowen: "The treasurer and Register of Deeds moved their offices to Bay Springs as a sort of compromise, the following year. But at the October 1886 session (of the Board of Supervisors), eight Supervisors met at Bay Springs, eight at Boyne City, a mile apart."

Finally Oscar Upright, Supervisor of Charlevoix, "went over to Boyne City," and Boyne became the County Seat, for a time. In 1897, Charlevoix again became the County Seat, as the result of a deal whereby Bear Lake, Springvale and Resort Townships, which had been a part of Evangeline Township in Charlevoix County, were "given" to Emmet County. Charlevoix County, in return received the Beaver Islands, which had been a part of King Strang's Manitou County for more than forty years.

Got the picture?

It must have taken considerable patience and courage to hold office in those turbulent days, and apparently Mr. Stroud had what it took to represent his area.

"First elected Supervisor of Evangeline Township in 1876, he served seven or eight years. . . when Bay Township was created, in 1887, he was elected Supervisor for three consecutive terms. Later he was elected Sheriff of Charlevoix County, and on leaving that office, was made a Probate Judge (he held this position for two terms of four years each). In 1904 Judge Stroud was nominated (and elected, to two

four year terms), to the Michigan General Assembly."

Mr. Stroud passed away in July, 1912. His physician was "Dr. Hemingway of Walloon Lake."

Mixed in with the haphazard records of Bay Township are some interesting fragments that tell us a good deal about our early citizens. For example, voter turnout was surprisingly good. In 1892, the first year for which we have a record and the fifth year of Bay as a separate political unit, eighty-three voters journeyed to Horton Bay to cast a ballot.

Voters on that occasion (note: men only), were Herman Bathke, Nelson Knapp, Joseph Jackson, William Lake, Joseph Thomas, Wm. Hervin, William Joe, Caleb Lutes, George Page ("Page 2"), Kimball Page, Hartley White, Paul Crouterfield, John Bewell, Henry C. Helligle, E.C. Chew, H.V. Chew, William Leismer, John Joe, Oscar Dorrance, Albert Parks, Guizot Sumner, Henry Smith, Henry Leismer, Godfrey Brower, Alonzo J. Stroud, William Gunshaw, Frank Barkley, William Keller, James Dilworth, James Barkley, George Long, John Ferris, Fred VanAmberg, Edward R. Boynton, Walter Kahler, Hiram Starmer, W.W. Bayne, Nelson Knapp, William Brecheisen, Louis Brecheisen, Rinaldo Knapp, Samuel Long, James Fox, Fred Hollenbeck, John Johncheck, John Sterzik, Paul Johncheck, William Kritcher, Sr., Joseph Shaw, Abner Hewitt, Isaac West, William H. Smith, James Fernside, John Dyer, John Kahler, Henry U. Dyer, Charles Sterzik, William Kritcher, Jr., Frank Dyer, Warren Atwood, Joseph Spura, Isaac Willis, Benjamin West, Charles Koteskey, Frederick Priebe, Isaac Hunt, John Hoag, Jacob Miller, John Karcher, Jacob Kahler, Adam Behler, Justus Voelker, Abraham Barkley, Thomas Stroud, Christian Schneider, August Skornia, Frank M. Davis, John Leist, Wm. Stolt, Franklin Coleman, Warren Willis, Edward Starmer, Henry Fernside.

#### Results:

Alonzo Stroud was elected Supervisor over Henry Helligle, 67-15.

John Ferris was elected Clerk, unopposed.

Herman Bathke was elected Treasurer over Hiram Starmer, 61-22.

John Karcher was elected School Inspector over Justus Voelker, 69-14.

James Fox was elected over Adam Beheer as Commissioner of Highways, 59-23.

George Long beat Fred VanAmberg for Justice of the Peace, 51-31.

Thomas Stroud, Henry U. Dyer, Frank Coleman, Hiram Starmer, were all elected Constables.

William H. Smith and Adam Behler were named to the Board of Review.

Edward Starmer, Justus Voelker, S.S. Hewitt, Hartley White, Christian Schneider and Abraham Barkley were named Overseers of Highways.

The "Certificate of Election" was signed by John Ferris, Clerk.

Alonzo Stroud was Chairman, John Ferris and Fred VanAmberg were clerks; E.R. Boynton, George Long, James Dilworth and Fred Hollenbeck were Gate Keepers.

Records of Township proceedings are meager, but there is an occasional fragment that provides insight. In 1906, according to a musty formal record authorized by Joseph Shaw, "Legal Custodian of the Party Enrollment Book of the

Township of Bay, County of Charlevoix", records that Party affiliation was as follows: Republicans, 83; Prohibition Party, 34; Democrats, 2; Independants, 3.

#### TAXES

Turning to taxes, we note, in Volume 1, Issue # 34 of the Standard for October 28, 1881, that the total Charlevoix County Tax estimate presented to the Charlevoix County Board of Commissioners by the "Committee on Apportionment" was \$7392.34. Of this, just under two-thirds was allocated to County tax, and a bit more than one-third to state tax.

Of this total, Evangeline (which included present Bay, Evangeline, Springvale, Melrose and part of Hayes), was estimated to be \$452.12 for County purposes, and \$260.27 for State. What eventually happened to this proposal is not known, but it is gratifying to note that Chairman Stroud voted against this outrageous levy proposal.

In 1895, the first year for which there are Bay Township tax records available, Edward Starmer, Wm. Weller and Wm. H. Smith, who were members of the Board of Review, signed a formal statement to William Harris, Chairman of the County Board of Supervisors, that the valuation of real estate in Bay Township was \$67,541, and of Personal Property, \$780.55.

The Bay Township Board was instructed by the Clerk of the County Board of Supervisors to raise, in Bay, \$429.31 for County purposes, and \$319.24 for the State, \$350 for the Township, \$100 for a special Highway Tax, \$44 for dog tax, and the following school taxes: \$96 for District #1, \$300 for District # 2, and \$200 for District # 3.

This heavy burden resulted in a tax bill to the County's biggest landowner, The Harper Lumber Co., who owned more than 370 acres (Camp Michigania), paying \$57.65 in real and personal taxes. Mr. Stroud was a close runner-up, paying \$54.65 on his 139+ acres, including his home and land in Horton Bay and his farm (later the Dr. Charles acreage) of 80 acres.

Today, Bay Township's valuation is roughly one thousand times what the entire county was "worth" in 1881; it is easy to conclude that government and its "services" are becoming expensive in this modern era.

There were about one hundred and eighty different tax-payers in Bay Township, sharing Bay's \$1500 tax burden; well under \$10 each in 1895, on the average. Today, almost eighty years later, more than six hundred different tax-payers share taxes on a \$7,000,000+ valuation! Such is progress.

#### FUN AND PLAY

As Bay Township's Horton Bay starts its second century, we are indeed fortunate to have as our speaker W. Richard Smith, a prominent Petoskey attorney, and great great grandson of Samuel Horton who was the first settler of record in this community, 120 years ago.

We appreciate his coming to share the start of our Centennial year.

As nearly all old settlers can recall, the last time we had a fourth of July parade in Horton Bay was in the early 20s, when Horton Bay was not yet a half-century old.

But, if you dig around a little, you learn that Horton Bay was long famous for rousing entertainment on the glorious 4th.

In the June 23, 1882 Boyne City "Standard," in a column entitled, "Chit-Chat," the following notice appeared:

"There is to be a fourth of July celebration at Horton Bay, and Boyne City folks are invited to participate. Posters are in circulation describing its attractive features, among which is a 'pyrotechnic display in the evening.' As we understand, it the word means 'making fireworks,' and if Horton Bayites have stolen that 'heathen Chinese art,' we'll be going down (to Horton Bay to see it) too."

And a week later, just before the big event, the paper reported:

"Will A. Norton, our popular County Prosecuting Attorney will deliver the oration at the grand celebration to be held at Horton Bay on the fourth."

Unfortunately, the report of the celebration is lost to history, because later issues of the "Standard" are missing, but the evidence is clear that Horton Bay knew how to play as well as work. Herb Schneider recalls a horse race a few years later when his horse "topsy" won over six other entries, racing from George VanHoesen's to the Grove.

The most recent 4th of July parade was staged about fifty years ago.

Several mothers, including mine and Lizzie Fox and Alta Friend and Kathryn Dilworth, with dad and Wesley Dilworth and Vollie Fox helping, organized the parade which started half-way between George VanHoesen's house at the "Charlevoix corners" and wound up at the Red Fox Inn, with, of course, a brief stop at the Store for ice cream cones, available only on this very special occasion.

There were fifty or sixty men, women, and children and horses and dogs participating. Of course, this meant that there were practically no spectators since everyone was marching. Arvilla Fox Dixon remembers that she and her sister Marian and my sister Anna Margaret and a couple of others about their age pushed doll buggies, all festooned with red, white and blue crepe paper.

Kathryn, Arvilla, and Don Fox all recall Vollie and Lester and Wesley staging a wild man of Borneo act. The details and exact personnel differ in regard to details, but either Wesley or Vollie wound up with a whack on the head.

Late in the afternoon, the older young men of the community, like Stub VanHoesen and Clair Bartholomew and Milo Shaw and several others proceeded to the Horton Bay dock. Earlier, a couple of them had cut and peeled a medium-sized tree, greased it well, and nailed it to the boards of the dock, and attached a \$5.00 bill to the far end.

The object, for each contestant in turn, was to retrieve the money. This was of course impossible until the grease wore completely away, but the whole town enjoyed the series of failures.

After dark, in accordance with ritual, fireworks took center-stage, and skyrockets and Roman Candles mingled with the sound of firecrackers and with flashes of color and echoes from similar celebrations all around Pine Lake.

Other years, in lieu of a parade, a 4th of July paradewould be omitted and a baseball game would be substituted, for which there were endless practice sessions in the field back of the school. Players would be recruited from all around about the middle of June, and a challenge would be issued to a similarly minded

sand-lot group in Boyne City, the big game to be on July 4th. It was a serious matter.

On the appointed day, we would pile into several trucks with whatever simple gear we had, and proceed to a field near the Boyne City cemetery, where our opponents were warming up; a highly professional looking group. However, they, like we, lacked such equipment as real bases, baseball shoes, etc.

## Outdoors

By KENDRICK KIMBALL

One of Michigan's strangest and best trout fishing spots—and extremely difficult to negotiate—is Horton Creek, a mile and a half above its mouth on the north side of Lake Charlevoix.

Near its mouth the creek is ordinary trout water, but upstream it flows sluggishly through a morass and is bounded by lily pads, saw grass and quaking bog. Snakes, snapping turtles and swarms of mosquitoes infest the swamp, but the brook trout there are big and husky.

Natives have developed a peculiar but successful angling technique. Bearing long cane poles, they fish at night, leaping from hummock to hummock to get within plunking distance of the deep holes. A misstep would result in a plunge into bottomless ooze.

"For some reason or other the brook trout bite best at night," said Gregg Smith, Boyne City angler. "Another puzzler lies in the fact that the best bait is salted minnows. Some of the trout go better than 16 inches."

Boat anglers in the swampy area usually are unsuccessful. They find navigation so difficult they scare the fish with the commotion they make with oars, paddles and poles.

Vollie, because of partial lameness inherited from a childhood seige of meningitis, could not play on the team and was always the umpire. He delighted in his role, calling balls and strikes with all the fervor of a big-leaguer. His trademark was a round Bull Durham tobacco tag which invariably hung from his left shirt pocket on these occasions. Another way you could distinguish from afar that Vollie was the umpire was his position behind the pitcher instead of behind the plate. One of the equipment shortages of both teams was that neither possessed a face mask or chest protector. Vollie, being a prudent man, would acknowledge the irregularity of his procedure but maintained he could tell a strike from a ball at fifty paces any old day. It was all right with both teams, and the city boys were too good for us anyway.

The lake, of course, provided an important "highway" in the days before roads were improved. There were many passenger boats plying Pine Lake on schedule to and from Boyne City, Charlevoix, and East Jordan and Horton Bay was either a regular or a "flag" stop for them all. They made better time than horse and buggy.

An ad in the Boyne City paper, headlined: "Charlevoix, Boyne City, South Arm (East Jordan), and all points on Pine Lake" - "The Steamers Gazelle and Nellie Booth will, during the season 1881 form a semi-daily line between Charlevoix and Boyne City, and Charlevoix and South Arm, leaving Charlevoix at 6:30 a.m. and 2:00 p.m.; arriving at Boyne City and South Arm at 8:30 a.m. and 4:00 p.m., connecting at Boyne City with morning and evening stage at Boyne Falls, and the trains both ways (G.R.&I.) Connections with the Boyne and Jordan Rivers and all other famous trout streams of this region."

Excursions were quite often planned by enterprising boat operators on special occasions. In the Boyne City Standard of July 1, 1881, announced that the steamer "City of New York" would leave Boyne City, August 7 at 5:30 a.m., steam to Bay View for the day, and return the same evening. Fare, 75 cents." It was always practical on such occasions to have them call at Horton Bay for a paying passenger or two.

Bay Township's Walloon Lake shoreline was the scene of several young persons camps in the 'twenties. There was Camp Sherwood for boys, and Camp Huntington for girls where Camp Michigania, owned by University of Michigan Alumni, is now. Camp Hilltop is still operated as a private camp for both boys and girls. None of these is really a practical consideration for local people. Camp Daggett, in the northeast corner of our township richly fills that void, and has been a big local success since 1925.

## THE WINDIGO

In an account of pioneer life in the north woods, there should be some recognition of the pre-historic residents of the area - not "the indians," at least not the ones who were here when the pioneers arrived early in the last century, but the ones who came here just after the last glacier receded, some twelve to twenty-five thousand years ago. The stone-age types.

I am sorry to say that I can only touch on that subject, however, for the simple reason that in Bay Township the only shards and shreds of evidence of stone-age indian life to be found at all are confined to the small and lovely stretch of land jutting out into Walloon Lake known as "Eagle Island."

There, according to Charles Breithaupt, Michigan State University diggers have indeed found axe-heads and primitive arrow-heads in some quantity. In fact, a small collection was scheduled to be returned to Eagle Island after the scientists had finished cataloguing and carbon dating them. So far they haven't arrived at their place of beginning, but Mr. Breithaupt is still hopeful. He thinks a few tools and weapons of Bay's earliest residents should be around for us all to admire; and I agree.

Meanwhile, the question is, why did the indians of the early days avoid the Lake Charlevoix shore of our handsome township? One possible answer is enough to raise the hair.

It seems that, according to hoary indian legend, the "Windigo" lived here.

According to Webster, the Windigo is "an evil spirit, a devil, one of a fabulous tribe of cannibals."

The famous local chief, Andrew J. Blackbird, describes the "Windigo" as follows:

"... Ottawas and Chippewas called these supernatural beings 'Paw - gwa - tchaw - nish - naw - boy' which is, strictly 'wild roaming supernatural being.' And he continues:

"Pine River Country, in Charlevoix County, Michigan, when this country was all wild, especially near Pine Lake, was once considered as the most famous resort of these unnatural beings. I was conversing with one of the first white settlers. . . who settled near the place now called Boyne City. . . he told me that many times they had been frightened, particularly during the nights, by hearing what sounded like human footsteps around outside of their cabin; and their dog would be terrified, crouching at the door, snarling and growling, and sometimes fearfully barking. When daylight came, the old man could go out in order to discover what it was or if he could track down anything around his cabin, but he never could discover a track of any kind. These remarkable, mischievous, audible, fanciful, appalling apprehensions were of very frequent occurrence before any other inhabitants or settlers came near his place; but now they do not have such apprehensions since many settlers came."

That is o.k. for him to say, but I am not so sure the bogey is gone. I am mature; an adult. I am a disbeliever in the power of most evil spirits. I leave poltergeists and little people to others. I am not afraid of the dark. Yet many a time, while fishing Horton Bay on a perfectly still night, or walking up the hill past the dark pines and Hemlocks to my home, I have sensed a silent but disquieting presence, invisible but definite.

I believe in the Windigo, but I do not wish to influence you. I suggest that you test the existence of this apparition, or spirit at your next moonlight marshmallow roast on the beach at Lake Charlevoix. A few ghost stories will set the stage, and you may not sense the Windigo at all.

But just remember what I now repeat. No prehistoric indian relics have been found on the north shore of Pine Lake from Boyne City to Charlevoix, obviously because no prudent aborigine would risk teepee living in the bailiwick of a cannibalistic spook!

Is there proof of his existence? Well, something or somebody must have been responsible for shaping Pine Lake in the spitting image of a Praying Mantis. . . and caused the water level of Lake Charlevoix, Lake Michigan and Lake Huron (all one lake, really) to rise and fall six and one-half feet from time to time (that's 45,000 square miles of surface; you compute the gallons!). . . and makes Pine River at Charlevoix flow the wrong way a good part of the time.

Did I say Pine Lake? Before that it was Lake Mormon. And before that, Long Lake, and before that Green Lake, and before that, Lake Pun-A-Pun.

For that matter, Walloon Lake was Bear Lake within the memory of some of our residents, and the indians knew it as Muqua Lake (indian for bear).

File the Windigo with your Grimms' and Hans Anderson fairy tales if you wish. But keep looking over your shoulder!