

The Bay View Literary Magazine

Generations



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EDITORS' NOTE

We express a sincere gratitude to those who contributed to the 2014 edition of *The Bay View Literary Magazine*. Among Bay View's many legacies, we are grateful for its literary inheritance. Earlier generations of writers provide a reference which informs our views as we seek to create our own identities. This year's theme of *Generations* captures a literary dialogue across time and place—fitting for Bay View's multi-generational community in which similarities as well as differences are championed.

We dedicate this issue of *The Bay View Literary Magazine* to co-founder and co-editor Marilyn Black Lambert (1936-2014). Marilyn was a life-long Bay View cottager, a teacher, an educational leader in Canada, and devoted wife, mother, sister, grandmother and friend.

Please see The Back Page to submit your writing for the 2015 edition.

Scott Drinkall
Marjorie Andress Bayes

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THE FERN

by Jim Irwin

As more and more Bay View summers fall behind me, I increasingly find myself maintaining a mental inventory of how the place has changed, and, more especially, how it has not. For some long-time residents, the images they cherish stretch back to times I only recognize from old postcards and Bay View bulletins yellowed with age. For me, though, the thread of memories is relatively recent, beginning in the early 50s.

For those of us growing up in those years, Bay View mornings--then as today--were spent at Club. Afternoons were spent on the waterfront. Late afternoons, for many of us, were for a long uphill trek home, in my case to the far end of Knapp Avenue.

The start of this journey was an unsupervised dash across the busy highway, which all too often inspired risky games of chicken. The pedestrian overpass had not yet been built. At that time, the steep hill up to Sunset Park was graced by a broad but crumbling cement staircase that long ago took visitors to a grand and elegant hotel that stood where the park is now.

Across the park, Krago's Grocery, now the chapel, was an eagerly awaited opportunity for a popsicle or anything sweet that a dime could buy. From there the route went around the post office and turned towards the campus, passing a lively gathering of old folks bowling and playing shuffleboard. In those days, the Campus Club was the social center of Bay View afternoons. A little further on, if friends were along, we'd settle into one of the green wooden swings and finish our snacks before continuing the climb.

From the campus, any number of routes would lead to home. One summer, when I was about 9, one particular route became a favorite. After a lazy trudge up the hill from Terrace Avenue, I would cross Moss and pass beneath some low evergreens which opened up to the front yard of a stately white cottage with a large, elevated front porch. Invariably the white-haired owner, Mr. Address, would be settled in a rocking chair enjoying the late afternoon view of his garden. The porch overlooked a lush green lawn bordered by meticulously tended beds of irises, lilies, and other plantings. One side of this intimate setting was framed by a sidewalk that curved around the lawn and headed up the hill along Highland.

Whenever I passed through the evergreens I would pause. Shaded by the trees was a soft bed of unusual bright-green ferns that seemed almost luminescent against the dark soil in which they thrived. They had a strange, dreamy look, unlike any other ferns I'd seen. It was easy to imagine they were around when the planet was ruled by dinosaurs. I remarked on them at home and learned they were called maidenhair ferns.

It didn't take long to start wondering how I could take some home. At first, I dismissed the idea. After all, there was the ever-watchful eye of Mr. Andress, who would not be happy with some kid digging up his ferns, and my folks might not be too happy about it, either. As the summer wore on, and July turned to August, my thoughts about filching ferns began to wane.

Then, one tired afternoon when I passed as usual under the evergreens, I was surprised to notice the front porch was unoccupied. Suddenly the opportunity I had once waited for so patiently, and by now nearly forgotten, had quietly arrived. But home and a cool glass of lemonade waited just up the hill, and I was worn out from an afternoon in the water. Besides, how was I going to get any ferns out of the ground?

These thoughts were quickly dispelled, however. I reminded myself this chance would not come again soon. With a burst of urgency, I found a stick, selected a fern that seemed positioned where it would not be missed, and furtively began digging to "liberate" it from its home and friends. It did not give up the ground easily. This hardly seemed possible -- the fern's leaves and stem were so fine and delicate. But soon it was free. Nervously I positioned my beach towel to hide the clump of dirt with its fragile treasure. Abandoning any thoughts of taking more, I hastily made my way up Highland.

My arrival at home was met with the inevitable stream of questions from my folks, who recognized instantly what I'd done. Uncomfortable as it was, the scolding did not last long, and thankfully there were no orders to return the fern. When it was over, I took a trowel into the back yard, carefully picked a shaded spot, cleared away the grasses and weeds, and planted my prize.

As the weeks passed, the fern seemed satisfied with regular watering and looked reasonably healthy by the time Labor Day arrived and we packed up the car and headed south. I tried not to expect much of my pet project, but it didn't stop me from dreaming big. Maybe someday our backyard would be covered with a sprawling bed of maidenhair ferns like Mr. Andress's.

The following year, as the warm days of June arrived in southern Michigan, the school year ended, and we once again headed north. At this time of year, the arrival in Bay View seemed like a rollback to the spring weather that down south had already come and gone. Temperatures clung to the 50s and 60s and were always lower at the back end of Knapp Ave. The only sources of heat in the uninsulated cottage were a fireplace and electric blankets.

Although the backyard beckoned for a visit, I tried to put off any disappointment until the arrival of warmer days, because I thought it would be a miracle if the fern had survived the harsh northern winter. Eventually though, I did go in search of it, and there was no sign of it to be found.

Some weeks later, while playing out back at the edge of the woods, I came upon the fern

entirely by accident. It was so small, I'd either missed it or it had not yet emerged. Now I had nearly stepped on it, but there was no mistake -- I was happily inspecting the maidenhair fern I'd planted the summer before.

In the years that followed, the fern returned every season. To my disappointment, it never quite regained the fullness it had in Mr. Andress's garden, and my dream of a meadow of maidenhair ferns never materialized. Inevitably, there came a time when I left home, went off to college, and eventually moved to California. I returned to Bay View for short visits, but never thought much about the delicate and unusual fern I had once "adopted" as my own. Until recently.

The lush bed of ferns in front of the stately white cottage at the foot of Highland has long been gone. But strolling by there a few summers ago, I suddenly recalled the fern of my dreams. Turning around, I headed back up the hill. There in the backyard, growing right where I'd planted it long ago, the fern was not hard to find. Each summer it still reappears. Fragile and delicate, yet hardy, it has withstood boat trailers, heavy tree-cutting machinery, and trampling by humans for over 50 years – one small, solitary maidenhair fern. We can only guess whether it'll still be around another 50 years from now, and if it is, whether anyone will know its story.

Jim Irwin has been a technical writer and manager in the software industry for over 25 years and currently works at Aspera, an IBM company. Jim has been coming to Bay View since childhood and still owns the cottage his family acquired when they first came to Bay View in 1945. Jim is the son of Joe and Laurie Irwin; Joe Irwin was Dean of the Bay View/Albion Summer College from the mid 1940s to the late 1960s. Now residing in the San Francisco Bay Area, Jim and his wife Mary Jane miss Michigan, but have nevertheless learned how to tolerate winters without snow.



THE BLUE SWEATER

By Beverly K. Brandt

My stepfather, Mark, was a fifty-year-old, eligible bachelor when he married my mom. Tall and blue-eyed, balding but trim, he cut a fine figure in his traditional apparel. His only fault was a tendency to carry the old maxim—"use it up, wear it out, and make it do"—to an extreme. Over the next three decades, my mother enjoyed buying new items of clothing for him whenever the occasion presented itself: Christmas, Valentine's Day, Father's Day, his birthday in September, anytime really when she had an excuse to visit his favorite men's clothier. "Dressing him up" was one of her preferred activities and something that his accountancy background and natural thriftiness discouraged him from doing on his own.

Once when I was in town for the summer, she asked me to do a little shopping for her. She'd been ill and didn't have the energy to drive to downtown Petoskey to run errands. I'd arrived a week after Father's Day, which we decided to celebrate belatedly once we were all together. In preparation, Mom gave me a list of things to purchase for Mark, ranging from a card, to socks and pajamas, handkerchiefs, undershirts, and lastly a baby-blue sweater "to match his eyes," as she put it.

I walked into the small men's clothier that was the "go to" destination for any purchase intended for Mark's pleasure and enjoyment. This natty shop had a "men's club" feeling about it, with well-worn leather chairs gathered around a Victorian fireplace mantle, a broad oak checkout counter laden with tissue paper and crisp shopping bags, plaid carpeting, "guy stuff" hung on the walls—deer heads, snow shoes, brass hunting horns, a vintage suitcase or two— and various stands and shelving units to hold an array of clothing and accessories.

As the shop attendant said "Good afternoon," I nodded a quick hello and walked over to the wall on my left that defined the eastern side of the store. It held cubbyholes from top to bottom and side to side, filled with every sort of sweater imaginable. Arranged by type, and fiber, and size, it was an enticing display.

We had in mind a lightweight cotton sweater with a V-neck of a pale sky blue, perfect for summers in the North woods, or winters in the Arizona desert. As I surveyed the cubbyholes, and began pulling out various sweaters to examine more closely, the genial shop attendant approached me, saying, "Can I help you find anything?"

"Yes," I replied. "My mother and I are planning a sort of delayed Father's Day celebration, and one of the items on our list is a sweater. We have something like this in mind," I explained, holding up an example in the wrong hue, "only in baby-blue. By any chance, do you have what we're looking for?"

"Well," he replied taking the sweater out of my hands, folding it neatly, and returning it to its slot, "Mark wears a medium size, so you're looking in the wrong location."

"Pardon me?" I said, incredulously.

"As I was explaining, your dad wears a medium size. You're looking at the largest sweaters. He'd swim in that one. So, let's look over here instead."

Still amazed that this seeming stranger not only knew my step-dad, but also connected me with him, I asked, "How did you know I'm Mark's step-daughter?"

"Oh," he replied casually, "I've seen you around here before. And, your mom has been buying clothes here for Mark since the late 80s. Plus, I've known him for years, through Rotary."

At that, we found the ideal sweater, and he wrapped it up. I left the shop with a smile on my face while experiencing a sense of wonderment.

My nine-month university teaching position in Arizona allows me to travel anywhere in the world during my summer breaks. "So why," my colleagues frequently ask, "do you keep returning to that funny little town with the strange name in the North woods? What's so compelling?"

"It's not hard to explain," I reply with a knowing look, "it's my home. There's something comforting about returning to a place that you've been visiting for 40 years, and where everybody knows you, and knows your parents, and remembers the business that you started, and the church that you attend."

"It might not suit everybody, but it satisfies me just fine," I continue. "There's comfort in the familiar. In the end, I guess that home is where the shopkeepers, for better or for worse, already know your father's size when you walk in the door."

Beverly Brandt is a professor emerita in The Design School at Arizona State University. The author of numerous books and articles, she writes regularly on American design history, theory, and criticism. She recently attended the 2014 Bear River Writers' Conference. Her memoir, "Bloom Where You Are Planted," is featured in the latest issue of the Bear River Review.



THE FORTRESS THAT IS MOTHERHOOD

By Tanya Drinkall

Mothers are the protectors of innocence, the fixers of all problems, and the last line of defense against the world. We read books, devour articles, and pick the brains of other, seemingly more capable, women.

When the news headlines, television, and discussion groups were all abuzz with new and distressing information about concussions, you can be certain that mothers everywhere were adjusting their radars.

Not me. It was the one thing I didn't pay attention to. After all, isn't that something that mothers worry about when they are tucking their sons' heads into helmets, kissing those protruding cheeks, and taking their places on the cold bleachers? Surely, with two daughters, this was one less thing for me to worry about. I felt a little smug as I checked in on them; Charlotte digging through her art supplies to create yet another fridge-worthy masterpiece, and Sophia concentrating like Socrates on a pile of pink Lego's. Yes. Concussions were the

least of my worries.

In the pace of just a few days, I crumpled under the melting power of Sophia's wide, pleading eyes and agreed to her "dying" need for gymnastics lessons.

The day of her first class came quickly. As she was removing layer after layer to find her leotard, I found myself staring down a Concussion Form. I was to sign off on three pages of information concerning the dangers of how to recognize and how to treat a concussion. I entered that trance that I am now certain a deer enters when she looks up to see the sudden approach of headlights. Paragraphs of information started with the phrase "We are sure you are aware of the dangers of concussion..." No! I wasn't! I hadn't read up on it! I hadn't even listened to the discussion panels! Like a frightened animal, my eyes darted about the room. The other mothers were so calm. How could they be so calm?! If I distracted her with ice cream, perhaps we could still make a clean break for the safety of home.

By this time, my little Sophia was already sitting primly on her mat, watching her instructor's movements with wonderment. She was hooked. There was no turning back.

In the weeks that followed, I watched as muscles were strengthened, posture was corrected, and confidence grew. I heard new phrases, "Head down, hands out, spine straight. Break into a bridge....Slowly!" Over and over it went. I even watched in amused sympathy as other women, new students at their sides, stared bewilderedly at the dreaded Concussion Form. I had evolved.

At home, every open space was commandeered for a training ground as she practiced...head down, hands out, spine straight.

Time marched on. Gymnastics was now just part of the weekly routine. We were busy focusing on other things. Like on this particular morning, the girls were each receiving elaborate braids for a dinner party. Sophia was perched on the bathroom counter, studying the hair accessories, while her sister waited patiently at my knees as her braid took form. From the corner of my eye, I could see that Sophia was reaching for something. Her small, dimpled hand was outstretched, and soon she was too.

Reaching...reeaaacchhinggg...for the elusive pink ribbon that hung so enticingly from the opposite wall. The gears of motherhood began to turn slowly, and I opened my mouth to utter a warning. It was too late. Her small form tilted and then lunged, precious head-first toward the floor. Grab her! My arms screamed. Run to her! My legs protested. Get to the floor first! My entire body seized. A million solutions, and not a fraction of movement. The seconds that followed stretched into millennia. I could hear the beating wings of my nightmares as my entire body remained frozen in indecision.

And then, in movements of absolute fluidity, her little arms stretched before her. Head down, hands out, spine straight. With the grace of a practiced athlete, Sophia proceeded to break slowly into a bridge and lower perfectly to the floor. Muscle memory had taken over her limbs.

Movement came to me now as I rushed to her side. Her eyes were wide, her breaths were quick, and her face was flushed. She looked about the room, puzzled. "What happened?" She managed to ask, as she tucked herself into my embrace. Charlotte, quickly recovering from the shock of the scene, yelled in absolute joy, "YOU. WERE. AWESOME!"

To this day, Sophia remembers nothing of how she caught her fall, but I will never forget. I look to her gymnastics instructor not as a breach in my carefully positioned fortress of defenses, but as one of the towers. Standing before my daughter, she is teaching her to build her own fortress.

Tanya Drinkall is a part time registered nurse employed at the Pregnancy Care Center in Petoskey and full time mom to her daughters Charlotte (age 8) and Sophia (age 6). Charlotte and Sophia have been enrolled in the Boys and Girls Club since Tot Lot and are looking forward to Chippies and Fawns this summer. Mark, her husband, grew up in Bay View and is a 4th generation cottager. They enjoy participating in many Bay View activities including club, sailing, Campus Club, Bible studies, bike riding, swimming, and hot dog roasts.



HOMESPUN

By Gerald Faulkner

The first memory of my home was when I was four years old. It stays with me because I had just returned from a short week at my grandparents' home on Long Island. I did not know at the time why my older brother, younger sister and I had been taken from our apartment on the east side of Manhattan. Also, I can't say how my father got us from Long Island back to our home that day, but I can share with you what I saw the day we returned.

It did not matter to us kids that we had just left a large Dutch colonial house and were returning to a sparsely furnished, five-room apartment. We were all excited about going back to our home and the familiar sights of our working-class neighborhood. I remember entering the dimly lit hallway where we would safely play and where we deeply inhaled the aromas of our multi-ethnic building: first Polish, then Italian and also Irish. There may have been other aromas, but I can't remember. Just then, the superintendent of the building was coming up from the basement after stoking the hot water boiler. He started shaking hands with my father. Dad was all aglow and thanked him for his good wishes.

As I recall, he seemed to be a little tired from the long trip and carrying my sister on his shoulders as well as holding my hand. It was at this time that my older brother started to run up the stairs. Not to be out done, I pulled my hand away from Dad's hand and headed up the stairs, too. He reached the apartment first and turned the white porcelain door handle. The door flew open with excitement. Then a few steps in, he paused in silence. As I reached the top of the stairs, he seemed to be frozen in place. I also rushed into the room only to have the same thing happen to me. Sure we were happy to see Mom sitting at one of our two kitchen windows; however, there was something different this time. This time, she was holding something wrapped in a blanket. She told us to come to her and see what she was holding. We warily approached her. She smiled, maybe giggled a little, as she unwrapped the bundle she was holding. She introduced us to our new sister, Joanne. My brother and I didn't know it at the time, but Joanne was destined to become my mother's favorite and with good reason. Fifteen months earlier another daughter named Veronica died at the age of six months. Growing up, I often wondered why I wasn't Number One with Mom. Eventually I figured it out and Joanne and I are very close. It's OK to be Number Two.



IRIS

By Gerald Faulkner

The second decade of my life opened quietly and saw the arrival of someone who would be my first love. She was a young girl who arrived in America from Northern Italy with her parents and her sister. She had a lovely, lovely smile that lit up the classroom and a name that was even lovelier than her smile. She was called "Iris". She was smart, polite and shy. I was so dumb that I did not even know her name was derived from a very graceful flower. Her English was perfect—in fact, better than mine, which was akin to an "East Side Kids" character of an earlier time.

My good fortune got even better when I found myself enrolled with her in the same Confirmation class at the local Italian church in our neighborhood. I remember she always gave the correct answer to the nun's questions, whereas I would struggle to get it just right. Together we learned our Catechism and how to behave at Mass. Being silent was a problem for me but not for her. There was a certain look that she had which I came to realize was very similar to that one of the angels painted on the wall of the church.

Our big day came in May of that year. The church was packed and many of my relatives attended the sacred ceremony. The children lined up two by two and as luck would have it, Iris was my partner. She was dressed all in white and holding a bouquet of pink flowers. Pictures were snapped by our families. My sister still has them.

The next month we graduated from grammar school and junior high school would begin in the fall. Iris chose to study the Spanish language but I chose French. Unbeknownst to me at the time, that meant we would not be in the same class any more, but I did see her from time to time after school. When it was time to go to high school, she chose an all girls school while I went to the local high school. A year or so later, I went to visit her after school but her mom said she had not come home yet. I probably should have waited but I had used up all my courage just going to her home. However, I did see her once more. I was on a bus and she got on with her friends. She did not take note of me but I recognized her. I last saw her when she got off that bus and I strained to catch a glimpse of her as the bus pulled away. I never saw her again. I hope she's happy.



REMINISCE

By Gerald Faulkner

Moving is disruptive; everyone would agree. However, amidst the packing, logistics and unpacking, you find things you had long forgotten. Some items are still useful and some you might be ashamed to admit ever having owned; plaid comes to mind. In addition, you discover stuff you were always going to find a new use for, but never did.

Fortunately, you will find a few things you once loved. They needn't be of great value, such as the ones routinely shown on the Antiques Roadshow. No, these items are much more valuable than those. They are items which gave you great pleasure in your long march from young adulthood to middle age and finally to your golden years. Such a treasure was unearthed by me, not at the home we left last year, but at our new address.

When we first arrived in Georgetown, I did not go looking for it. In fact, it was several months later when my wife asked me to go to into the garage to find something else in one of the still-unpacked boxes. I never found that item. Instead, I found in a box I actually brought to my old house all my old 33-1/3 RPM albums that I had long forgotten about. I gazed down into this cardboard treasure chest and by chance came upon my find. It caused me to reminisce not only about the item itself but also about what was going on in my life back then.

You see at that time I was living in the South Bronx and at a low point in my life. My perennial battle with asthma was taking place with midnight runs to the emergency room at the local hospital and many hours in my doctor's waiting room. Thus, my sophomore year at college was exceedingly difficult and my love life wasn't doing much better. There were many times I thought things would never change. I really needed what used to be called "a pick me up." Who would have thought one would come riding out of the wild Midwest to fill that need.

The unmasked man was a comedian named Bob Newhart. His wholesome sense of humor and self-effacing style contrasted greatly with the likes of Lenny Bruce and others. His humor was creative and subtle and it let your imagination conjure up the images he described. His stories about Abe Lincoln, Khrushchev and even a hapless, high-school driving instructor still bring a smile and a laugh after all these years.

His initial album, "The Button Down Mind of Bob Newhart," was followed up with "The Button-Down Mind Strikes Back." I could not stop laughing then and even now the laughs continued when I recently played the albums.

Several years later, I would watch his TV show with Susanne Pleshette, which, naturally, was called "The Bob Newhart Show." Subsequently, he would be in a few more shows and several movies. Since a person's sense of humor is part of their personality, it is safe to say he affected mine. In fact, my wife says I do well playing Bob to her Susanne.

I always wanted to meet Bob Newhart to tell him how much his humor meant to me over the years, especially after my wife and I moved to Chicago over 26 years ago. You might remember, his first TV show was set in Chicago. Alas, it was not to be. He lives in Las Vegas, I believe. However, I did get to see him in person in a regional theater outside of Chicago some years ago. He still makes me laugh. Thanks, Bob.

Gerald Faulkner graduated from college 50+ years ago. His professional life was spent in Human Resources and his second career was spent in the local school system. Early retirement came 9 years ago, followed by 4 years as a part-time tutor in math. His hobbies are history, politics and, of course, writing. He has been vacationing in the Bay View community for the last 12 years and has been an associate member for the past 8 years. Over the years his love of the Bay View community has grown and he looks forward to being there each year.



DON'T GO OUT IN PUBLIC WEARING A VEST AND PANTS!

By Carl Wiltse

My wife, Pamela Bayes, and I have been living in Scotland for nearly nine years now, and yet occasionally we hear an expression that—in context—makes no sense. Or we say something which we think has a definition that makes perfect sense. Then we find out that in the U.K. the phrase or word has a completely different meaning—sometimes with somewhat embarrassing results. Below I present for your edification and amusement several vignettes (none of which ever actually happened) of how these differences in culture—whilst always in the English language—can cause misunderstandings.

It was a warm summer afternoon, and I went outside for a wee while with just my pants on. When I mentioned this to my British friend, she was shocked. In the U.K. 'pants' are underwear. Trousers is what I should have said.

On another fine summer day, the kids were getting restless, although it was nearly time for lunch. My British friend told them to go outside and play on the pavement. I was shocked, since our house was on a busy thoroughfare. Then I discovered that pavement is what we Yankees call sidewalk.

I have a particularly beautiful friend, one of the local shop owners. I spoke with a British friend about that woman's beauty, and he nodded his head and said 'yes, she's very homely'. I was confused by this contradictory comment until I found out that 'homely' simply means friendly or one who makes people feel welcome in her home.

It rarely snows in our part of Scotland, but one day we woke up to 3 inches of snow on the ground. The neighbour kids asked their parents if they could take the sledge out to play with. I was confused what they would want with a sledge until I found out that over here a sledge is what we call a sled.

I'm no city planner, but I had an idea for improving traffic flow in the center of our town. I worked up an elaborate plan and presented it to several friends. Their most common comment was 'You know, this scheme might just work.' I was insulted at the insinuation until I found out that scheme simply means a systematic plan for addressing an issue. There is no pejorative intent at all.

A British friend (yes, I have a lot of friends) had just arrived home after a three-week holiday in the Scottish Highlands. He commented that they had encountered numerous diversions on their holiday. I was pleased to hear that they were able to go off and see so much beautiful scenery until I found out that a 'diversion' is what we call a detour.

It was exam time in the local school and several students commented that they were busy revising for their tests. Revising? Changing their textbooks? Changing their class notes? No; 'revising' means to study and prepare for an exam. Perhaps they're revising their opinion of the course as they revise for the test!

The local council does not act quickly on anything. Granted, whatever they do will be criticised by one side or another. So I wasn't surprised to hear that a motion had been tabled on a recent issue. Then I found out that to table a motion actually means to present it and move it forward—nearly the opposite of the way we use the phrase.

I did a foolish thing recently. I had just sharpened a knife, and—of course—I wanted to see how sharp it was. Well, it was so sharp that just lightly touching the blade drew blood. My

friend who had lent me the sharpener remarked that I should put a plaster on my finger. I was confused. It wasn't such a cut that a plaster cast would be needed. Then I found out that a plaster is what we call a band aid.

We were to go out to a nice restaurant. Nice, but not what you would call fancy or formal. I remarked that I'd just wear a vest (meaning I would eschew a sport coat). When I related my plan to a friend, she remarked that I had better dress up more than that. Then I found out that a vest is what they call an undershirt. What we call a vest is a waistcoat.

Of course, as Americans communicate more with British folks, both sides of the Atlantic are learning each other's languages. We know that in Britain, chips are fries. But as most of the American fast food companies are now in the U.K., they are offering fries. By the way, potato chips are called crisps. A jumper is not a dress under which you wear a blouse. A jumper in the U.K. is a sweater. And 'wind', although it is used meteorologically, also refers to flatulence.

It's been said that our two countries are separated by a common language. Sometimes we need a translator!

Carl Wiltse and wife Pamela Bayes were active members of Bay View until they moved to Scotland in 2005. Their Bay View roots go back to 1950 when Pamela's family first summered here. Carl has kept a connection to Bay View by conducting the annual Bay View Week of Handbells in August. They are now both active in musical and community activities in southwest Scotland.



SHINING STAR AND YURY UNICORN, AND HOW UNICORNS LEARNED TO FLY

By Albert Reynolds

You may recall from last year's issue of the Bay View Literary Magazine that Shining Star is a magical horse who will live with a girl named Shannon during the year Shannon is five years old. After that, Shannon must return the horse to Mr. Merryweather, who will find another five-year-old for Shining Star to live with. Shannon and Shining Star can talk to each other. When Shining Star eats a pear from a special pear tree at the top of a pear orchard on a hill next to Shannon's house, the white star on her forehead changes into a brilliant aqua color, golden wings appear on her sides, and she can fly. One day each month Shining Star flies Shannon to Fairyland. Shannon hangs on to Shining Star's mane so that she never falls off when they are flying. The fairies in Fairyland are only six inches tall and they live in a honeysuckle bush between a forest and a large meadow. Here is what happened on their latest trip to Fairyland, or actually what happened between Shining Star and a unicorn named Yury.

When they landed in fairyland, Shannon and Shining Star were immediately greeted by her fairy friends. Shannon said to Shining Star, "I'm going to play with the fairies in the honeysuckle and you let me know when it's time to fly back home." Shining Star replied,

"I'll be sure to do that. You have fun."

While Shannon was visiting the fairies, Shining Star always waited for her outside in the meadow. She was not by herself, however, when she was waiting. Shining Star had a friend in Fairyland. Her friend was a unicorn. His name was Yury Unicorn.

A unicorn is an animal about the size of a pony that looks just like a horse except for one thing. A unicorn has one long horn in the middle of its forehead. Unicorns are very graceful animals and are loved by anyone who has ever known one. You may not have seen a unicorn before, but a lot of unicorns live in Fairyland and the fairies ride them all the time.

Yury Unicorn made friends with Shining Star the first time Shining Star ever came to Fairyland. Yury was all white except for his forehead and his face. Yury's forehead and face were purple. Yury's eyes were light blue and his nose was pink. His horn was almost as long as he was tall and the horn was white except near the end, where it was blue, the same color as his eyes. His mane and tail were both golden, just like Shining Star's were when she came to Fairyland.

Even though you may not have ever seen a unicorn, everyone knows that unicorns can fly. However, unicorns could not always fly. Let me tell you how unicorns learned to fly.

Yury Unicorn saw that Shining Star could fly, and he wanted to learn how to fly too. So on this visit, while Shannon was playing with the fairies, Yury said to Shining Star, "I wish I could fly like you. Can you teach me to fly?" "Sure," answered Shining Star. "I'll teach you the next time I come to Fairyland with Shannon."

So this is what happened on Shining Star's and Shannon's next visit to Fairyland.

When it was time for Shannon's next trip to fairyland, Shining Star said to Shannon, "Tomorrow is our day for another trip to Fairyland and this time I want you to bring along a large paper bag." "OK," replied Shannon. So the next morning she got a large paper bag from her mother and she took it with her when she climbed up onto Shining Star. At the top of the hill where the pear orchard was, Shining Star didn't just eat one of the magic pears. Before she ate a pear, she picked enough magic pears from the special pear tree to fill Shannon's entire paper bag with pears. Then Shining Star told Shannon, "Now you hold on tight to this bag of pears. We're going to take them with us to Fairyland." "What are we going to do with them?," asked Shannon. "You'll see when we get there," replied Shining Star. Shannon held the bag of pears in one hand and held on tightly to Shining Star's mane with her other hand. After that, Shining Star ate a magic pear right off the special tree, and off they flew to Fairyland.

When they got to Fairyland, Shannon laid the bag of pears on the ground next to Shining Star and went inside the honeysuckle bush where the fairies lived and had another wonderful visit with the fairies. Outside, Shining Star called to Yury Unicorn, and Yury came running to

see what Shining Star had in the paper bag on the ground beside her.

Shining Star said, "Yury, today I'm going to teach you how to fly." Shining Star took out one of the pears from the bag, and said, "These are magic pears from a special pear tree. Normally when I'm at home with Shannon, I'm like all the other horses. I don't have any wings so I cannot fly. The way I fly is that, whenever I eat one of the pears from that special tree, wings appear on my sides and I can fly. I have brought you a bag full of these magic pears, and if you eat one of them, you will grow wings and be able to fly too." Then Shining Star let Yury know that, at the end of the day, the wings would disappear, just as Shining Star's wings disappeared whenever she and Shannon returned to the pear orchard.

So Yury Unicorn ate one of the special pears, and, sure enough, magnificent wings appeared on his sides and a bright white star appeared on his forehead, just barely above his eyes. Now you remember that Shining Star's wings were gold. Yury's wings were exactly like Shining Star's except that Yury's wings were silver since he was a unicorn instead of a horse. Then Shining Star said to Yury, "Now jump into the air and you'll be able to fly."

But Yury said, "I'm scared, Shining Star. What if I can't fly, or what if I get just a little way up in the air and then fall down?" Shining Star said, "Oh, you'll be able to fly all right. But the first time you try, I will fly just below you so, if anything goes wrong, I will be there to catch you."

So Yury felt better and, even though he was still a little scared, he jumped up into the air—and, sure enough, he could fly! "Look, Shining Star, I can fly!" he shouted. Shining Star smiled and jumped up into the air too, and the two of them had a wonderful time flying all over Fairyland.

Since Yury's wings would disappear at the end of the day, Yury would have to eat another pear whenever he wanted to fly again. This is the reason that Shining Star brought a large bag of pears for Yury.

Now, naturally, Yury wondered what would happen after he had eaten all of the pears in the bag. He was afraid that he would never be able to fly again. So Shining Star said to Yury, "Break open one of the pears and tell me what you see inside the pear." Yury did this, and he said to Shining Star, "I see some small black seeds in the middle of the pear." Then Shining Star said, "Good. If we plant one of these seeds in the ground, a pear tree will grow from it, and magic pears will grow on the tree. Then you can eat pears off this special pear tree any day that you want to fly."

Then Shining Star said, "There are just enough pears in the bag to last you until the special pear tree can grow up and begin producing its own magic pears." Trees can grow much faster in Fairyland than they can grow where we live, so Shining Star knew that Yury would not have to wait long for the tree to begin producing magic pears.

Yury and Shining Star didn't want to plant the pear tree too close to the honeysuckle bush because they were afraid the fairies would eat all the pears. So they flew way off into the meadow where they planted the pear seed.

Yury knew the other unicorns would want to fly when they saw Yury flying. So Yury let them know that there would be enough magic pears on the pear tree for all the unicorns to eat the pears so that all of them could fly.

And that is why unicorns can fly.

When you see pictures of unicorns, you don't usually see any wings on them. That's because the wings disappear at the end of each day. But they really can fly whenever they eat a magic pear from the pear tree that Yury Unicorn and Shining Star planted from a seed from a magic pear that Shannon and Shining Star brought to Fairyland.

Albert Reynolds is a Professor Emeritus of Nuclear Engineering at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. He was a member of the Department of Nuclear Engineering (1968-1996), serving for a time as department chair. He grew up in Sewanee, Tennessee, was educated at MIT, and spent nine years in California in General Electric's nuclear energy business. He married Helen Buck, also of Sewanee, who spent the first twenty summers of her life with her grandmother in Bay View. Al and Helen have owned a cottage in Bay View since 1999. They have three children and three grandchildren, who visit them frequently in Bay View. Al began making up Shining Star stories for their granddaughter Shannon when she was five years old.



SELECTED POEMS

By Hannah Rees

HANDS

His strong, gentle hands
reach out and take mine
as we walk along the street

Hands that cradled our children and grandchildren,
tossed them high in the air
and held them tight, so "they'd never get away!"

When he'd let them go with a flourish, they'd shout,
"Do it again, Grandpa!"

Hands that carry our heavy bags and boxes as we travel

Hands that have hung wallpaper, fixed leaky pipes,
shoveled snow, cleaned gutters

Hands that make salads and "Joy of Cooking" fudge

Hands that have baptized babies,
blessed weddings and held those bereaved

Hands that have gripped the steering wheel for thousands of miles

But best of all

Hands that say "I love you" with a gentle touch,
that makes me feel all is well.

MORNING GLORY QUILT

Morning glories intertwine
climbing up my coverlet,
pink, blue and lavender
bless my sleep with beauty.

Each flower appliqued
with my mother's loving fingers
for her newborn child's
distant wedding.

Year after year she stitched
as she filled my life
with happy times and adventures -
raised with fears, she made my life secure.

She taught me that:
"no one will ever know in 100 years
what I got on an upcoming test,"
and that the lonely can always use a smile or a listening ear.

Slowly the morning glories took shape
peeking through bright green leaves
on a white counterpane -
my wedding present!

Started almost 80 years ago,
it's still on my bed -
a reminder of her enduring love and care -
protecting me as I sleep.

Hannah M. Rees visited her great-aunt, Alma Reynolds, in Bay View in the 1940s, and has enjoyed many summers here ever since. She married Gerald Rees 57 years ago. Since her retirement from 31 years of teaching grade school and his from the ministry and counseling, they have been having fun traveling and doing various volunteer projects. They have two daughters and five grandsons.



WINTER SHADOWS

By Beverly Ragland, Ed.D.

Trees, absent of leaves
bare branches reaching high
squirrels racing, the summit, clouds, and sky.

Free entertainment
through window panes
the beauty hard to explain.

To capture the scene
an artist or photographer—
ultimately, being our memory.

Blessed by nature's gifts,
bestowed from God
and I said
Amen.



BAY VIEW POEMS

By Robin Pettersen

Composed in the 2013 Education Department poetry class taught by Marla Houghtelling. The Haiku and Tanka poems were inspired by the sounds and view sitting outside between Loud and Vernor Halls. "Sorry" is just for fun.

HAIKU (free of exact number restrictions)

hot breeze filtering
through leaves,
soprano's voice

air blaring
round sound bursts
french horn

nauseous slurring
up, down
vocal warm-up

TANKA

shimmering leaves,
sun top
shade bottom,
outer self
inner self

jagged wind rushes;
a lull,
everything softer.
my racing heart
eases.

long arms of willows,
drooping.
love,
that has no effect,
lethargy.

SORRY

all the chocolate, gone
self-indulgence, wrong
you must suffer today
sorry, for my sneaky way
resist its call?
not at all, not at all.

Robin Pettersen retired from the University of Wisconsin–Whitewater Theatre/Dance department in 2011. She continues choreographing and giving composition workshops in the University setting. Robin grew up in Bay View, worked for the Recreation Department through her college years, volunteered and worked for the Theatre Arts (Performing Arts) area and is currently on the Education Committee.



SELECTED POEMS

By Jean Liberty Pickett

HER SMILE MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE

I come to the end of my rope,
wishing it was the end,
and wake up tired, dizzy,
But there is a little light—
Twilight awakens me
to eat a bit,
to nourish my body.
That isn't enough.

I cry and wish
Yesterday had been better;
less hectic,
less cloudy and stormy,
less an internal storm.
Something beyond imagination
would go wrong,
That I would commit,
In someone's mind
Almost an unpardonable sin.

As if the whole world
 would collapse
 over a small misjudgment
of time and place.

Then after a noisy crowd diminishes,
 and the wrath subsides,
An elderly guest
 dressed in a pink sweater
 with shiny silver threads,
 smiles.
Her smile makes all the difference.

ERUPTING FROM WINTER COCOONS

On Saturday night radio
A song I heard
That never seemed to end
Without a real melody,
Without my recognition;
Not Bach, Beethoven, or Brahms,
The three big B's

But I didn't really care.
The nothingness it created
Brought no tears this time;
Just a feeling
Like coming out of a cocoon
From stormy wintry weather
That matched the pangs of my sad soul

But today the barren earth is greener;
The struggling plants are erupting;
Neighbors are raking yards.
Then a little voice calls from across the street,
"Hello Jean. Hello Jean."

I manage to cross.
"Have you been here all winter?" I ask.
(The blinds closed against winter's icy fingers)
"Oh yes", is the answer.

"I love pink, I love purple,"
The dancing child says about her dress.
"My favorite colors too,
I love pink, I love purple," I relate.

Whether four or eighty-eight,
We have erupted from our cocoons
Like beautiful butterflies
On a long awaited spring day.

OUT OF MY WINDOW

Out of my window I see
a little brown squirrel
Just welcoming me.
Whether sun or rain
He's always there,
Lifting my spirits
From deep despair.

The violets blooming by the tree
Are a spring sight to see.
Their colors violet and white
Mingle with forsythia bright.

I don't need another thing
To make my heart want to sing;
Not a voice, not a sound
Or even a soul around.

TEAR DOWN THIS OLD GARDEN SWING? *(featuring granddaughter Bethany Drier)*

Grandma, "May I go out to swing?"
I hear my teenage granddaughter ask.
Amazed, my answer was "yes;"
For just yesterday I looked
at the old garden swing
with wonderment.
"shall I tear it down?"

Its old weather-beaten lumbar
with a graying crossbar
 holding discolored chains
 and crooked wooden seat,
Just didn't seem to blend
 with the gleaming green
 of the spring bamboo shoots.

The once sturdy supports
 held a baby swing
When Grandpa pushed toddler "Be"
 with flowing blonde tresses,
 high in the sky.
In time a new board was in place
 for a growing girl
 to push herself
 high in the sky.

Now for my teenage granddaughter
 the old garden swing
 is just a
 to be alone
 to think a little
 to swing a little
Among the spring bamboo shoots.

The old garden swing
 is still a vital fixture
 to reconsider.

Jean Liberty Pickett has written poems since childhood. One of these is included in her forthcoming book Mostly Poems. Included also are poems printed in previous The Bay View Literary Magazine 2001-2004, 2010-2013 and this issue of 2014. Petoskey News Review has included several poems in Ode to Poetry, 2013-2014. Jean is an associate member of Bay View. Her family enjoyed a cottage here for twenty five years. She resides now mostly in Petoskey, Michigan.



EVELYN AND HER LUMBER BARON HUSBAND

By Suzanne Ternan

Bay View's beautiful Evelyn Hall was built during the great Michigan lumbering era of the late 1800s. More money was made in Michigan lumbering than all of the gold mined during the Gold Rush days. Evelyn Hall was built in 1890 at the peak of the lumbering era. There were more millionaires in Manistee, Michigan than any city in the United States and Evelyn's husband, Richard G. Peters, was one of the millionaires.

Michigan's woods were alive with sound of saws, falling white pines, horses straining to take their loads of logs to the river to wait for the rushing waters of spring thaw or onto a narrow gauge railroad and off to the saw mills.

In town, there were sounds of saw mills, sounds of operating salt wells, logging trains chugging with their heavy loads and boats sounding horns as they left the harbor to deliver their cargos of green gold.

These were the sounds of the great industries of Manistee, Michigan. The great lumber baron Richard Gould Peters was more responsible for the industrial development and the economy in this part of the state than any other lumberman in the late 1800s.

Richard Gould Peters was born July 2, 1832 in Delaware County, New York, where his parents owned a small farm. When he was fifteen his mother died and he went to live with his grandparents in Tully, New York. As many young people did in that era, he attended school in the winter and worked on their farm during the rest of the year.

Leaving his grandparents' farm, he worked several years as a toll road gate keeper, and then in his father's hotel in Cincinnati. Later he toiled on a farm owned by his cousin in Monroe County, Michigan.

In 1850 Peters took a job with the Michigan Southern Railroad Company in the engineering department and soon was put in charge of a division of the company. He was then promoted as assistant engineer, a position which he held for five years. In 1855, he moved northward, where he took charge of the lumber and mill interests of the late Charles Mears at Big Point Au Sable.

In the spring of 1858, Peters married Evelyn Tibbits, a childhood friend who was attending Oberlin College, in Ohio. Evelyn was the daughter of a wealthy Lenawee County farmer, who believed that education was as important for women as it was for men. Evelyn was promptly

expelled from Oberlin, since married students were not allowed on their campus.

Peters returned with Evelyn to Big Point Au Sable lumber camp. He soon was manager of this operation so they probably lived in the finest house in the camp, which was only a crude one or two room unfinished cabin. It was primitive living at best.

This logging community might have had ten women, likely with little education or the former social status that Evelyn enjoyed. The nearest library, large store and church were in Grand Rapids 70 miles away. With four to five months of ice closing navigation on Lake Michigan, the lumber camp was completely isolated for much of the year.

In 1863, the Peters moved to Ludington where Mr. Peters took charge of the lumbering interest of James Ludington. There was still little socializing even though the community was somewhat larger. While in Ludington, Peters bought a small tract of government land and began his own lumbering operation.

In 1866, the Peters moved to Manistee to a community that was ten times larger than any other area where they had lived. By then Mr. Peters was making enough money so they could live in one of the better homes in this community.

Soon Peters teamed up with two Milwaukee investors and purchased large tracks of pine lands on the Manistee River, two saw mills and a large portion of the city of Manistee for the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The partnership lasted two years.

Then Peters working alone acquired more land with the desirable white pine than any of the other men in the lumbering business. It was estimated that Mr. Peters' timber holdings in Michigan and Wisconsin covered 150,000 acres with an additional 100,000 acres in Alabama and the Carolinas. It was estimated that 60,000,000 feet of pine was cut each season.

Besides lumber, there were men in Manistee that thought there might be salt in the Manistee area, as geologists were beginning to look for salt areas in Michigan. Many geologists firmly believed that salt could be found in Michigan and could be developed into an extensive industry. In 1838 the Michigan legislature appropriated \$3,000 for the purpose of enabling Dr. Douglas Houghton, state geologist, to sink experimental wells in hopes of discovery of salt in profitable quantities. Wells were dug around the state with little or no success.

In the survey of 1878, another state geologist traveled to Manistee and expressed his opinion that there was a large vein of salt under the Manistee area. Many wells were sunk with some success but lasting only a short time and then abandoned.

Peters purchased forty acres of land on Manistee Lake, a mill at East Lake and two large tracts of land twenty eight miles south of Manistee containing 130,000,000 feet of pine. On that land the R. G. Peters Company sunk their first well in 1882 and soon expanded to five wells

filling 3,000 barrels in a day. Peters Company had the largest vacuum pan in the world and used this process exclusively. In 1898 R. G. Peters produced 212,024 barrels of salt. Of the ten companies in Manistee his nearest competitor produced only 100,975 barrels of salt that year.

About 1873 the Peters bought a palatial Victorian home on a whole city block surrounded by a decorative fence. The landscape was lavish. Mr. Peters invented gates that would automatically open from the weight of horses and carriages on the bridge approaching the gates. The purchase price was \$20,000. It had seventeen rooms, twelve foot ceilings, plastered walls and ornate ceilings and woodwork. The rooms were big and cheery and the house had both a winter and summer kitchen. The Peters added Oriental rugs and elegant period furniture.

In 1875 wood shingles became another important industry in Manistee. Peters built a shingle mill on the Manistee River and produced about 30,000 shingles a day. At first the shingles were made a full thickness and were much in demand. Later they were made thinner - about the thickness of a sheet of paper. Soon orders stopped and the mill closed.

The R. G. Peters Company operated its own line of vessels on Lake Michigan, carrying salt and lumber to markets. The company also owned valuable dock properties in Benton Harbor and built the country's second narrow gauge railroad which made the shipping of logs much easier.

In Manistee, Evelyn met educated women in her social standing and she entertained lavishly. She had elegant dinner parties of six to seven courses. She had several sets of very fine china with dishes enough to serve twenty four. (The dishes and furniture can be seen in the Manistee Historical Museum.) Evelyn's home was the center for many women's gatherings. During the winter season there was time for woman's clubs, reading clubs, quilting circles, debating groups along with dinner parties and dances.

Evelyn was very involved in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She was president of the Manistee W.C.T.U. a director of the Chicago National Temperance Hospital and an officer of the national W.C.T.U.

In Manistee, Mr. Peters built a Union Hall for the W.C.T.U. meetings which burned down within a year. Without hesitation, Mr. Peters immediately rebuilt another Union Hall for the organization.

In 1887, even though Evelyn Tibbits Peters had been asked as a student to leave Oberlin College, the college did not hesitate to approach Mr. Peters to underwrite the construction of a new classroom building. Peters gave \$50,000 and Captain Bradley, a steamship owner, gave \$20,000. Peters's name appears on the building and the third floor auditorium was named after Bradley.

Peters Hall is the Richardson Romanesque revival style. The interior of the building is dominated by a central court with a working fireplace and a grand stairway. The first and second classrooms surround the court. The third floor contains a large auditorium and balcony. An observatory and an outdoor deck are on the fourth floor.

Starting in about 1911 there was a move to demolish Peters Hall to give the campus a more symmetrical look. Demolishing the building was contemplated off and on for about 80 years. About 1990 Oberlin decided to restore the building at a cost of \$4.5 million dollars. Peters Hall was rededicated in 1997 with updated codes for the building. The look of the exterior and interior of the Hall remain the same except the auditorium is now a language learning center.

As the Peters did not have any children, Evelyn became very involved with the temperance movement and with helping girls. She provided money for many young girls to further their education. To please his wife, Mr. Peters built Evelyn Industrial Home for wayward girls south of Manistee.

Because of Evelyn's interest in the temperance movement, she was approached by the state W.C.T.U. to provide a building for summer meetings of the W.C.T.U. on the Bay View Campgrounds near Petoskey, Michigan. In 1890 Mr. Peters gave \$4,300 to have Evelyn Hall built in her honor. This 3½ story asymmetrical Victorian was built in three months using white pine from the Oden, Michigan lumber mill. The W.C.T.U occupied Evelyn Hall until about 1918 when it became a women's summer dorm.

Many women leaders of the suffrage movement spoke in Evelyn Hall. Classes were also given to improve women's lives. Irma Rombauer took her first cooking class in Evelyn Hall and then wrote a cookbook, "The Joy of Cooking," while summering in Bay View. Her famous cookbook is still available in an updated version.

Evelyn Hall was dedicated on July 24, 1890 with five hundred members of the W. C. T. U. assembled. Evelyn Peters never saw the building as she was experiencing ill health and Frances Willard, national president of W.C.T.U., who had visited Bay View the two summers before, was unable to attend.

In July of 1998 Evelyn Hall was rededicated after updated renovations were done at a cost of approximately \$350,000. Evelyn Hall is considered one of the finest examples of Queen Anne architecture in the United States.

Peters and Mr. Caskey, owner of the Grand Hotel, were partners in the Oden Lumber Mill northeast of Bay View. This mill supplied lumber for the building of Evelyn Hall and the Grand Hotel. In August of 1892 the lumber company burned to the ground leaving 75 men out of work. Over 2,000,000 feet of hardwood lumber and the entire plant on eight acres was

destroyed at a loss estimated at \$75,000 to \$100,000.

Evelyn was very active in the Congregational Church. Evelyn Peters died February, 1897. Upon her death, her husband gave a very large Tiffany window to the Manistee Congregational Church in her memory.

Richard Gould Peters was once the biggest individual owner of timber lands in Michigan and known as the King among Lumbermen. He was the pioneer lumber and salt manufacturer, who made two fortunes and lost them both through investing too heavily in too many ventures. Both times he paid off his creditors in a few years.

Peters was president of the R. G. Peters Salt and Lumber Company, of the Manistee and Luther Railroad, of the Peters Lumber and Shingle Company of Benton Harbor, and president and stockholder of the Manistee National Bank. He also was partners in at least twelve other lumber and salt companies, director of the Grand Rapids Fifth National Bank, interested in a refrigerator factory in Michigan City, Indiana, Mayor of Manistee, owner of the largest tract of pine stumps, owner of several railroad tracks, part owner of the Manistee Furniture Manufacturing Company, involved in a wholesale grocery company in Grand Rapids, a silver mine in Canada and the Michigan Club. He was a Republican and a member of the Manistee Congregational Church.

Peters died April 1, 1927 in Manistee at 95. On his death bed, he was planning another fortune using a recently granted patent concerning a new style cover for vats.

Suzanne Ternan is an Albion College graduate and former kindergarten and first grade teacher. She visited Bay View during Albion College summers and always wanted to return. She and her husband have been cottage owners since 1975, buying their present cottage, Turn Inn, in 1985.



HEMINGWAY'S BAY VIEW

By Mary Jane Doerr

Journalist Trumbull White was returning from Cuba where he had covered the Spanish-American War when Ernest Hemingway was born in Chicago in 1899. About this same time Ralph Connable Jr. was moving his Lake Superior fishing operation to Upper Minnesota.

White and Connable were just the kind of dogged adventurers that Hemingway liked but their influence on the great author is unrecognized. Carlos Baker referred to White as "a journalist of some renown" who advised young Hemingway to "write what he knew."¹ Connable is

¹Carlos Baker, Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story, Page 44.

considered the wealthy, upscale head of F. W. Woolworth's of Canada who spent his time playing golf (he was the Canadian amateur champion) and introduced Hemingway to the Toronto Star. End of story.

The lives of these two free spirited opportunists who changed the life of America's greatest novelist were bold and daring. White covered not only the Cuban crises but the Russo-Japanese conflict as well. He reported on major disasters like the San Francisco Earthquake and by some estimates wrote as many of 47 books. A hand on the country's pulse, he was the founding editor of *The Red Book Magazine*, *Adventure Magazine*, *The Blue Book*, and an editor of *Appleton's Magazine*, *Boy's Life*, and *Everybody's Magazine*. He was also at one time a managing editor of the *Chicago Daily News*. Today, his books are being reprinted.

Ralph Connable Jr. of Petoskey was the son of a businessman. His mother, a fine organist, was fluent in Odawa and five other languages with a working knowledge of seven more. She spent time in the Indian camps around Petoskey helping Odawa women. Ralph Jr, who was kicked out of Albion College, worked on his father's commercial fishing fleet hauling whitefish in the 1880s until Lake Michigan was fished out. He then ran the boats in Lake Superior from Grand Marais until 1897 when he moved the operation to Crane Lake in the upper Minnesota wilderness. There he lived among the criminals and Indians with his wife Harriet, also of Petoskey, and baby daughter Dorothy.² Both the White and Connable families owned cottages in the Bay View.

H.R. Stoneback, the eminent Hemingway scholar and now president of the Hemingway Society, addressed the 2012 International Hemingway Conference in Bay View. In his keynote address, he captured the essence of the community's progressive nature citing the names of Indians, Jews, suffragists, and numerous black groups on the Bay View roster—indicating new respect for the leadership of the Methodist movement in American history.

The Bay View campground was literally a hotbed of ultra-liberals (even by today's standards) and teetotaling Bible thumping conservatives. Wilson's Vice President Thomas R. Marshall summered every year in Petoskey along with Teddy Roosevelt's Vice President Charles Fairbanks who had family in Bay View. In 1916, Republicans Fairbanks and Hughes nearly won the White House away from Democrats Wilson and Marshall. Even the Anti-Saloon League had its representatives on the grounds.

White taught journalism at the Bay View Summer University in 1895 and may have influenced the Hemingway family to purchase a lot in Henry Bacon's addition to Illinois Park on Walloon Lake (Bear Lake) in 1898. Grace Hall Hemingway was interested in the women's movement and would have been aware that sixteen of Chicago's internationally famous women leaders such as Jane Addams and Frances Willard were featured Bay View speakers.

²Ralph Connable. *Stepping Stones of Some Connables, 1870 to 1937*. Bentley Library, University of Michigan. Digitized by Google.

While Hemingway was growing up summering in Northern Michigan, Laredo Taft, Helen Keller, William Jennings Bryan, Booker T. Washington, Vice President Thomas R. Marshall were just a few of the eclectic group of celebrities on the Bay View platform – along with the Williams Jubilee Singers (1914), the Fisk Jubilee Singers (1915), and the Dixie Jubilee Singers (1917). Madame Schumann-Heink, the great German contralto, was in Bay View twice (1910 and 1913). It is hard to imagine that an accomplished vocalist like Grace Hall Hemingway would have missed her. Opera lover Ernest would have been just as interested.³

In 1917, Ernest's sister Marcelline spent the summer with the Whites when Trumbull White took over the directorship of the Bay View Assembly. She joined the Bay View Orchestra as a violist, playing next to Herbert Butler of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Howard Barlow, America's first great conductor, led that orchestra and the concertmaster was Leon Marx who was also the concertmaster of the Chicago Opera Orchestra. Dorothy McVittie (later Mrs. Stanley Kresge) and Ruth Kresge were in the chorus. Dudleigh Vernor, composer of *The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi*, was the orchestral pianist.

Ernest must have taken the opportunity to show war correspondent White his stories seeking advice. Realizing his talent, White told him to pursue writing. The next thing Hemingway did was to march off to Italy and World War I. Trumbull White had quit college to take a writing position in Chicago and this might have influenced Hemingway.⁴

Marcelline met Sterling Sanford that summer. He was the grandnephew of John M. Hall, former director of the Bay View Assembly (1887-1914).⁵ When Sanford was orphaned as a small child in the 1890s, his great uncle Hall supported him financially and Sterling spent summers in Bay View. Through his inheritance, Sterling earned an engineering degree from the University of Michigan. Marcelline and Sterling were smitten with each other and later married. Sanford believed that Hall was a distant relative of Marcelline's mother, Grace Hall Hemingway. Ernest considered Marcelline to be rich as Sanford inherited money from the Hall estate. Sanford paid Dr. Hemingway's funeral expenses in 1928. That was one of the last times Sterling and Marcelline saw her brother.⁶

All of the Hemingway women were in Bay View at some time. Ernest's aunt Grace Hemingway traveled the US giving story presentations to children at summer assemblies. In the winter, she went into city schools and worked with underprivileged children. She taught stories to

³Hemingway attended the opera when he was in Chicago.

⁴In a 1930 Petoskey Evening News article June 26, 1930, White addressed the local Kiwanis Club about the many great writers that once lived in and around Petoskey. Hemingway topped his list, even ahead of author and Editor Edwin Balmer, whom Hemingway also consulted here in Northern Michigan. Hemingway visited White in New York before he left Italy. (*The Letters of Ernest Hemingway, 1907-1922*. Edited by Sandra Spanier and Robert W. Trogdon, Page 101.)

⁵Marcelline Hemingway Sanford. At *The Hemingways*, Page 152.

⁶The Graphic, July 11, 1985.

children at Epworth Hall in 1909. Ernest's mother Grace Hall Hemingway studied painting at Loud Hall⁷ In the early 1950s, his sister Madelaine, a fine harpist, performed at Bay View.

When Ernest returned from World War I in 1919, he chose to recuperate in Petoskey. His cottage at Walloon Lake, Windemere, was not winterized so he rented a room in Petoskey. He talked Petoskey's mayor and Bay View groundskeeper Charles Ditto into allowing him to stay in the heated room in the southeast corner of Evelyn Hall, the building where the women's groups met. It had a wood burning stove, a lavatory, a bed and windows.⁸

He liked the two boarding houses called "The Florence" since he stayed at both of them at times when he didn't stay in the Evelyn Hall room. Later that fall, Ernest threw a party at the newly renovated Ramsdell cottage three doors down from the Florence cottages.⁹ In the spring of 1918, four cottages along that row burned and Dr. Ramsdell rebuilt his summer home. Ernest met the lovely and very athletic Irene (Goldstein) Gordon at the party or she was his date and an admirable relationship developed. (Several decades later he returned to Petoskey to see her.) Irene was a very stately, beautiful lady with a "Princess Grace" look about her. People in Petoskey loved her because she kept her clothing store open through the winter months when the other stores closed.¹⁰

That fall, Hemingway also connected with the Connables. Ralph Jr. landed the top position at F. W. Woolworth in Canada in 1912. He was working for the Chicago Seibert family, Seibert Good Co. The Petoskey Seibert family built the wooden structures on the Bay View grounds and numerous Petoskey buildings. Records are sketchy but there is some evidence that Methodists F. W. Woolworth and Seymour Knox briefly owned property in Bay View. In Chicago, Seibert, Knox, and Woolworth joined forces to form F.W. Woolworth Company. Thus young Ralph got the Canadian job and ended up taking Hemingway to Toronto along with his friend Dutch Pailthorp.¹¹

Ernest made lots of friends in Northern Michigan. Captain Jim Gamble's family summered at Harbor Point. Harold Loeb had family who built the Loeb estate on Lake Charlevoix where Ernest's Uncle George worked.¹² In Bay View, his contemporaries included formidable individuals like Dorothy Connable (who aided the fight in World War I), Irene Gordon (who ran her own business and could beat Ernest at tennis), Marion Rombauer (who helped her mother make *The Joy of Cooking* the bestselling cookbook of all time), Paul Blanshard (who wrote four

⁷Bay View had a 30-year relationship with the Art Institute of Chicago and one of their instructors always taught the art classes. See *At the Hemingways. Bay View Programs.*

⁸Marion Stark, the source of this information, was the daughter of Charles Ditto and longtime member of Bay View.

⁹Carlos Baker, Page 257.

¹⁰Interview with Cameron Okeefe of Harbor Springs July, 2012. Cameron grew up at the Perry Hotel in Petoskey, Michigan where Hemingway stayed. Her family, the Reycrafts, owned property next to Windemere at Walloon Lake. Her grandparents owned the cottage next to the Ramsdell cottage in Bay View where Hemingway threw a fall party.

¹¹Stepping Stone of Some Connables. Page 33.

¹²The infamous Leopold-Loeb murder trial in Chicago certainly would have had a dramatic impact on Harold Loeb.

New York Times bestsellers and was the chief prosecutor for Mayor LaGuardia), Brand Blanshard (American philosopher and one of America's first Rhodes Scholars), Homer Larsen (who was illegally educated at black schools in Alabama and was accepted into Oberlin College), Stanley Kresge (who played centerfield for the Bay View baseball team before his career as a retailer), and, finally, Dr. Charles Swift (who headed the Department of Anatomy at Rush Medical School where Ernest's father graduated). His dearest friend was Dutch Pailthorp. Pailthorp's father, Judge Charles Pailthorp, had done the legal work for the formation of the Bay View Association in 1875 and his Petoskey office was above Little Will's which Ernest frequented. During the 1930s when Dutch was out of sorts and Emmet County had an unemployment rate far above 40%, Ernest wrote to him. "Remember the voice is older than the economic system and that the Y.M.C.A was once a noble movement as was the Methodist Church...."¹³

His meaning reveals his knowledge of the influence of both groups in American life and around Little Traverse Bay. Ernest's marriage to Hadley took place at the Methodist Church in Horton Bay. Hemingway respected the Bay View community and, like H.R. Stoneback, valued his time there.

Taking a closer look at the lives of Trumbull White and Ralph Connable reveals glaring similarities with Hemingway. All skipped college but had successful careers. All took advantage of opportunities even at great personal risk – unafraid of danger. We can imagine how future war correspondent Ernest heard White discuss his Cuban experiences and the war in the Far East. We can't help but speculate what fisherman Ernest learned from Connable who spent 25 years fishing with the Native peoples. The Bay View community's role as a conduit for bringing these people together cannot be underestimated. Sterling Sanford said that it opened up a world culture and education for him. It sent Ernest Hemingway off to a life of "writing what he knew."

Mary Jane Doerr is a freelance writer for the Petoskey News-Review and author of the book Bay View, An American Idea, which won the 2011 State History Award.



GINGERBREAD LIFE

By Eunice Crockett

If you are reading this, Bay View is known to you. Programs, people, possibilities of summer. Cold empty houses waiting for the warmth of seasonal life and activity. The wooden screen

¹³Letter from Collection of Martie Manti. Marti's family bought the Dutch Pailthorp home from Pailthorp. Used with Permission.

doors on old gingerbread houses bang as footsteps lead to club, the boat house, lecture, programs, the beach.

Yet, this is misleading! This is actually about "home for the holidays" and little gingerbread houses, spicy pungent pieces of gingerbread cookie dough shaped for the ends, sides, and roofs of the houses in our village. Baked amidst the bustle of Thanksgiving meal preparation, the many pieces have to be made ahead. Such a busy time, but the beds are made. And the children, now with a spouse and their own little children, will arrive soon after their drive up north to our home in Traverse City. Out of the dark November cold come the tousled sleepy heads, carried to their beds often without a protest: the visit to Nana's house.

It began as they were teenagers, when I was a single parent at wit's end looking for a way to stay connected to them. Santa was out of the picture, even as I stuffed stockings. Everything was becoming more important than staying attached to 'Mom', so, building gingerbread houses became our creative tradition. Our first efforts were hilarious with walls falling in under masses of frosting. Once, my daughter had a frosted ski hill with figures from a previous birthday cake. Another was a decorated bread truck, since my son thought that was the perfect vehicle. (Now a mature engineer and parent, I bet he'd still like one!) We improved each year, or at least gave it a try as I fine-tuned ways to have piles of candy pieces on the table. (Candy filled cupcake liners within easy reach, and ziplock baggies with a corner cut for easy frosting-decorating bags.)

As the boyfriends-girlfriends who visited evolved into spouses, the big joke became "forgetting" the house when they were packing up, while I would demand they take their unwieldy creation home. Each year was a new twist on the effort and the joke. And now on their own laps, my children are juggling their children as fingers, even sleeves, become frosting-covered while houses are assembled to decorate. Sampling the candy can help as a head is cocked to look for design possibilities. A glance at the competition around the table: 'Does the chimney have smoke? Have they made a shredded wheat thatched roof? Sprinkles, where are the red sprinkles. Does the yard have a tree, a candy rock wall or a skating rink on a tin foil lake?'

This year, with after-Christmas sales in Meijer's, I found tiny frosted people and I bought several sets to keep for next year: gingerbread adults, a boy, a baby with a bow in her hair, a little dog, a cat. They looked ready to be in the yards, to take up residence in the empty houses for the next season. They would need things to do. They would need other children and activities. Maybe they would need music concerts, or a shore line and boats, and lectures, and other people to visit with as twilight colored the village.

Whether for celebrating Christmas or as a setting for the many pleasures of summer, creating a gingerbread house can hold a very sweet place in life.

Eunice Crockett is married to Wally Crockett, who has spent much of his summer lifetime at Bay View and enjoys his work at the waterfront. She is a retired History and Language Arts teacher.



TIME TRAVELER

By Mary Agria

Memories rise up rounding the crest of the hill above Petoskey and Little Traverse Bay. And so begins a long descent into time.

Simplicity prevailed. The early Bay View cottagers posing on their porches heard that siren call. Pride in place and pride in family became intertwined. Woods and shoreline imprinted claims of 'home' on the heart, tugged friends and neighbors impatiently northward even before the last snow had vanished from the sheltered crannies alongside the cottage porch. There was that spring a morel appeared in the side yard, a giant gnarled creature that roused the taste buds and hopes for more to come. As always the lawn suffered from human absence, a casualty of the root-bound soil and thick shade. Spider webs and the lingering smell of mothballs heralded the new season's beginning, as beds and upholstered furniture, cottage life itself emerged from protective sheet and newspaper cocoons.

Fourth of July would come and go draped with bunting and colorful lanterns hung from the porch rafters. A walk on the campus was accompanied by random trills and arpeggios from practice rooms sequestered behind familiar facades, lovingly tended as seasons came and went. Sunsets spread a golden carpet across the Bay, earlier and earlier as the weeks sped on. "God be with you 'til we meet again," we sang, already mourning in our hearts the friends lost to the years and the long winter nights ahead. The last chorus of bells rang out in the crisp August air, then too died away to silence.

And so the cycle begins anew, of seasons passing, of death and rebirth, of loss and resurrection. Brigadoon, it has been called, this Chautauqua among the trees. The past is never far away and neither is the future in the quickly turning rhythm of the generations at play and prayer.

Faded photographs capture the moments, frozen in time in the faces of neighbors and the landscape itself, of rocking chairs placed just so, year after year, on summery porches---imperfect archives at best, brittle and finite. Not so the memories we create or the love behind

them. They and they alone endure.

A 40-year Bay View cottager, Mary Agria earned a Masters from the University of Wisconsin-Madison in literature and linguistics. After a successful career as a technical writer, including work with the U.S. and Michigan Departments of Labor and Center for Theology and Land in Iowa, she went on to publish seven novels.



BOOKS BY BAY VIEW AUTHORS

Bay View has a rich literary tradition which we would like to recognize. This list is not comprehensive, either in terms of authors or their published works, but provides a space for acknowledgment and appreciation.

<u>Author</u>	<u>Title</u>	<u>Year</u>	<u>Publisher</u>
Dr. John J. and Mary A. Agria	<i>Bay View: Images of America</i>	2014	Arcadia Publisher
	<i>Second Leaves: Growing Young Gardeners</i>	2012	Lulu Press
Mary A. Agria	<i>From the Tender Stem</i>	2014	Lulu Press
	<i>Garden of Eve</i>	2011	Lulu Press
	<i>Community of Scholars</i>	2009	Lulu Press
	<i>In Transit</i>	2008	Lulu Press
	<i>Vox Humana: The Human Voice</i>	2007	Lulu Press
(co-author Dr. Shannon Jung)	<i>Time in A Garden</i>	2006	Lulu Press
	<i>Rural Congregational Studies: A Guide for Good Shepherds</i>	1997	Abingdon Press
Marjorie Bayes, Ph.D. and Bonnie Messer, Ph.D.	<i>Sixty-five Lively Ideas for Successful Aging</i>	2012	Amazon
Roger W. Boop	<i>Fulfilling the Charter: The Story of the College of Education at Butler University and More....</i>	2008	iUniverse, Bloomington, IN

<u>Author</u>	<u>Title</u>	<u>Year</u>	<u>Publisher</u>
Beverly Brandt	"The Paradox of the Craftsman Home" <i>within Gustav Stickley and the American Arts & Crafts Movement</i>	2010	Dallas Museum of Art/ Yale University Press
	<i>The Craftsman and the Critic: Defining Usefulness and Beauty in Arts and Crafts-Era Boston</i>	2009	University of Massachusetts Press
Marjorie J. Davis	<i>100+ Years of One-Room Schools in Springfield Township, Oakland County, Michigan</i>	2011	Self-published
(co-author Judson S. Davis)	<i>History, Davison United Methodist Church, 1872-1997</i>	1997	Self-published
	<i>The Davis Family, The Erwin Family, and Davisburg, Michigan, 1836-1996</i>	1996	Self-published
Mary Jane Doerr	<i>Bay View, An American Idea</i>	2010	Wayne State University Press
Molly Fletcher	<i>A Winner's Guide to Negotiating: How Conversation Gets Deals Done</i>	2014	McGraw Hill
	<i>The 5 Best Tools to Find Your Dream Career</i>	2013	Carpenters Son Publishing
	<i>The Business of Being the Best: Inside the World of Go-Getters and Game Changers</i>	2011	Jossey-Bass
Elaine Hameister (with Lisa Loyd, illustrator)	<i>Let's Put Nice on Ice</i>	2014	Tate Publishing Co.
	<i>Ladybug, Her Travels with Jesus</i>	2014	Tate Publishing Co.
	<i>The ABCs of Bay View</i>	2011	Winkflash
	<i>Moving</i>	2010	Tien Wah Press
Debbie Hindle and Susan Sherwin-White	<i>Yes, Grandma, A Ladybug Went to Bethlehem</i>	2008	CreateSpace
	<i>Sibling Matters: A Psychoanalytic, Developmental and Systemic Approach</i>	2014	Karnac Books

<u>Author</u>	<u>Title</u>	<u>Year</u>	<u>Publisher</u>
Toby Jones	<i>The Way of Jesus: Re-forming Spiritual Communities in a Post-Church Age</i>	2010	Wipf & Stock Publishers
	<i>The Gospel According to Rock</i>	2007	Books and Bridges Press
William J. McGill	<i>Poets Meeting: George Herbert, R.S. Thomas and the argument with God</i>	2004	Twayne Publishing
	<i>Dream Team</i>	1997	Abercuawg Publishers
	<i>The Rock Springs Chronicles</i>	1993	Fithian
	<i>Maria Theresa</i>	1972	Twayne Publishing
Susan Scarf Merrell <i>(will give a reading at Mclean and Eakin Booksellers in Petoskey on July 24)</i>	<i>Shirley</i>	2014	Blue Rider Press (Penguin)
Tiya Miles	<i>The House on Diamond Hill: A Cherokee Plantation Story</i>	2010	Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press
	<i>Ties That Bind: The Story of an Afro-Cherokee Family in Slavery and Freedom</i>	2005	Berkeley: University of California Press
Brigid Pasulka-Coffey	<i>The Sun and Other Stars</i>	2014	Simon and Schuster
	<i>A Long, Long Time Ago and Essentially True</i>	2009	Houghton Mifflin Harcourt
Jean Liberty Pickett	<i>Mostly Poems</i>	2014	Self-published
Hannah Rees <i>(proceeds donated to the CROP Hunger Walk)</i>	<i>Songs From My Heart</i>	2010	United Graphics
Albert B. Reynolds	<i>Bluebells and Nuclear Energy</i>	1996	Medical Physics Publishing
Alan E. Waltar and Albert B. Reynolds <i>(updated by Alan E. Waltar and two co-editors in 2012 under the title Fast Spectrum Reactors)</i>	<i>Fast Breeder Reactors</i>	1981	Pergamon Press

THE BACK PAGE

Please submit your poems, essays, memoirs, and short fiction to be considered for the 2015 edition. We are always happy to discuss your ideas. Along with your submission, please include a few lines of biographical information. Additional copies of the magazine are available throughout the year at the Bay View Association office and on the Bay View Association website. Submissions for 2015 should be received by May 1, 2015 by mail or e-mail (preferred).

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In honor of Marilyn Black Lambert and on behalf of all who have lost a treasured companion, we recall the words of poet William Butler Yeats:

"Think where man's glory most begins and ends,
And say my glory was I had such friends."



