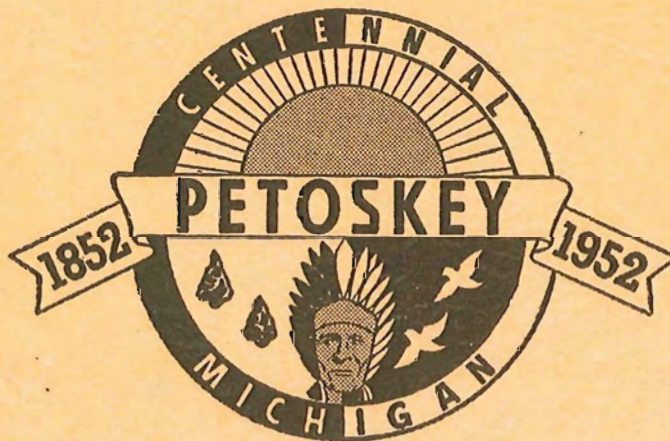


MANY MOONS



— by —

Petoskey Public School Students

TO
THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF
PETOSKEY PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Who, with all other school children of America,
are the pride of our hearts
and the hope of our nation,
we, the Petoskey Public School Teachers,
dedicate this volume.

PREFACE

The purposes in publishing this book have been largely to stimulate writing and illustrating on the part of the students, to encourage interest in Michigan history as well as to offer something toward Petoskey's centennial celebration.

In 1951 interest in the centennial was aroused throughout the Petoskey Public School system by means of a contest. A large quantity and variety of material was produced as a result. Members of the community acted as judges and books were given as prizes.

Following this contest all material was passed on to a publication committee which was composed of faculty members. Selected material was then given to the high school Junior Journalism Class for further selection and editing under supervision of the class instructor. At this point much material had to be eliminated because of similarity of content. When it was possible, the editorial staff combined materials from several papers giving due credit to the collaborators.

From the editorial group, material went to a special commercial department committee for preparation for offset printing.

By using many different sources, we have tried to make the material as authentic as possible. Limited time prevented more thorough research.

There will be errors in this book; they are hard to eliminate with so many different groups working on one project. We regret that because of the voluntary nature of the work, only certain phases of Petoskey history were covered.

One goal has been to include material covering the full one hundred years. For this reason, included in this book is work done in today's classroom as indicating in the most expressive way the character of our present day Petoskey Public Schools.

--Junior Journalism Class

The creation of this book by the pupils of the Petoskey Public Schools may never contribute to their fame, but it will leave its imprint upon the community. Writing, illustrating, and printing this book has provided the boys and girls of our school with the means of preserving some of the local events, past and present, which may have historical significance; it is their contribution to Petoskey's Centennial. The work of preparing the material contained in this book has resulted in a sustained interest in local history and its influence upon the present-day life of Petoskey residents.

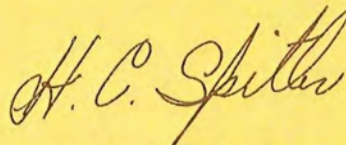
Committee on Publication

Miss Ethel Shepard
Mrs. Katherine Inglis
Mrs. Rosalie Stech

Miss Francis Pailthorp
Mr. Clifford Buckmaster
Mrs. Ruth Thompson, Chairman

We take pleasure in presenting to the people of the community this publication on the early history of Petoskey. This is not the work of any one person. Many individuals and groups have cooperated in collecting the information, and in preparing and presenting it. It would be impossible to mention everyone who has had a part in it.

We are especially indebted to the committee of teachers, the commercial and art departments of the school, the members of the 11th grade English class who assisted in the editing, the students of those grades who prepared the material, and the many people of the community who supplied students with information on the early history of Petoskey. We appreciate the permission of Mrs. Ethel Fasquelle and Mrs. Charles Graham to use materials from their publications, and of the local newspapers for allowing us access to their files. To all these and the many others who contributed services and materials, we are very grateful. We hope the people of Petoskey will find as much pleasure in examining the pages of this booklet as we have had in preparing it.



H. C. Spitler
Superintendent of Schools

In Appreciation

The members of the 1950-1951 art classes of the Petoskey Public Schools wish to express their sincere appreciation to Miss Frances Pailthorp for her supervision of the work done in illustrating this book.

Miss Pailthorp created great interest on the part of many students of art during the years that she taught in the public schools. She has been a source of inspiration to many who have continued to make a fine showing of their abilities in that field; Our sincere appreciation and thanks go to her.


PETOSKEY in 1875



Illustration -
John Stewart
Grade 10

Petoskey "Queen City of the North"

Petoskey Record, 1905

CENTENNIAL YEAR 

This is the centennial.
We're one hundred years old.
Listen to the tales
About to be told.

Indian children
Used to play
In the woods
Through out the day.

Now the highways,
Long and wide,
Go where children
Used to hide.

--Jim Doyle
Grade 5

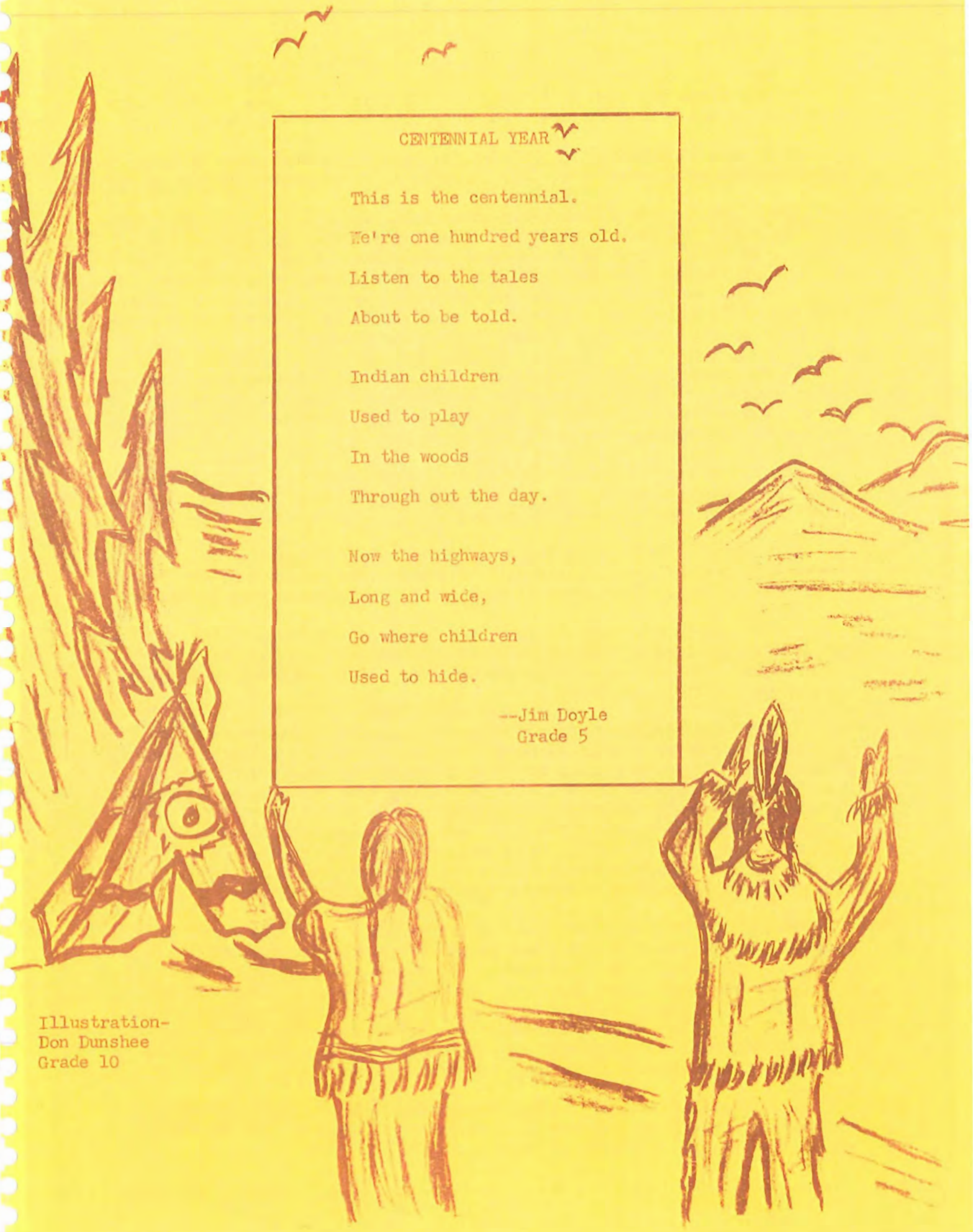


Illustration-
Don Dunshee
Grade 10

A PIONEER WOMAN WITH MODERN IDEAS

Mary Stanton was born in Albany, New York, in 1839. She married Ralph Connable and had twelve children, but only four boys live to maturity.

They came to Petoskey in 1877 for Mr. Connable's health and to start the Connable Fishing Company here. Mr. Connable suffered intensely from asthma.

Mrs. Connable was a remarkably intelligent woman and she was very beautiful as well. She was a scholar and a musician. In a competition for organist at Grace Church in Chicago the judges awarded her the position. All her competitors were men because in those days women organists were not heard of. She was the first woman organist in Chicago. She always carried with her, a "dumb piano," a small soundless device on which she would practice four to six hours a day without disturbing others.

In Petoskey she organized, taught, and directed a Sunday School orchestra of fourteen to eighteen instruments. She instructed all her members in music. The orchestra, which was very popular with everyone in Petoskey, carried on continuously for seven years.

She played several instruments herself and taught her children to play many. One of her sons, Walter, later spent his holidays, whenever he could, playing the clarinet in professional bands.


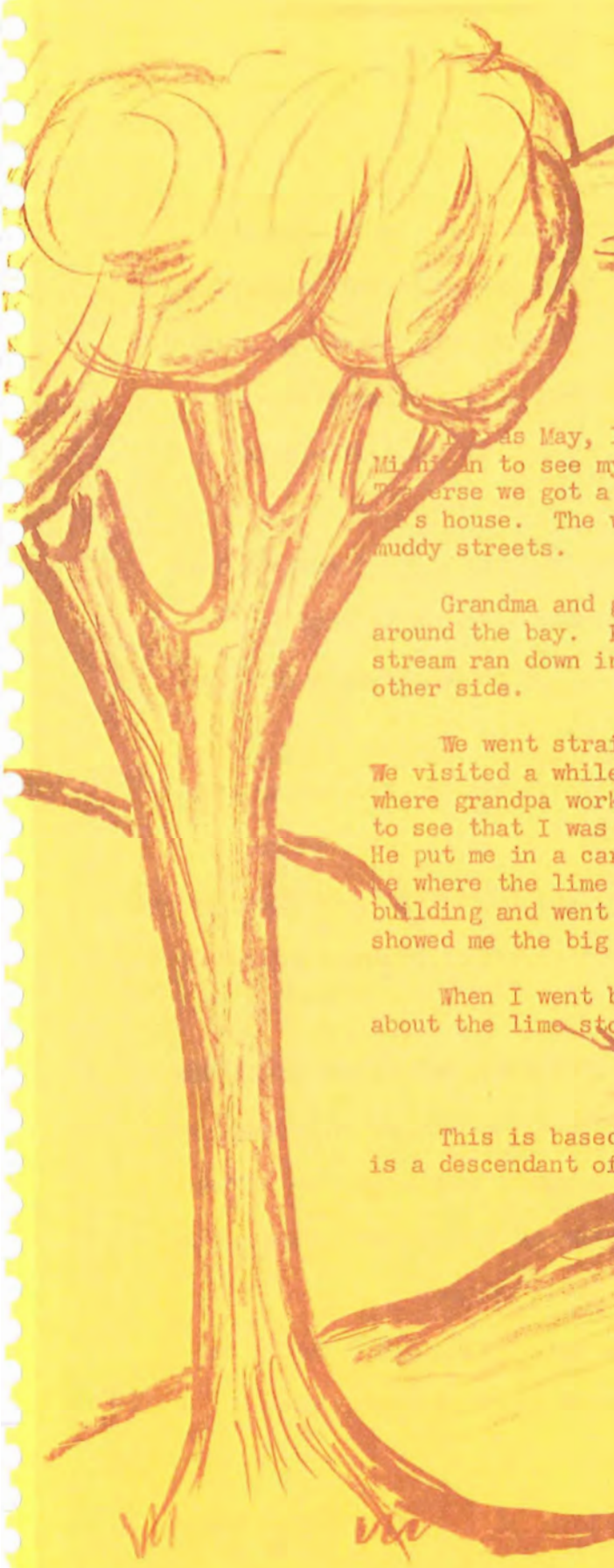
This talented woman also was a linguist. She spoke and wrote, with ease, seven languages and was familiar with thirteen. She taught a Sunday School of fifteen Indians. They loved it because she could teach them in Indian.

Mrs. Connable educated, at home, all her boys: Walter, Alfred, Arthur and Albert (who died at the age of twelve); and, with the help of a tutor, prepared them for college. They were brilliant, well educated boys and successful men in their business.

In 1897 she organized and incorporated a society called "Purist Conversation" which is a possible forerunner of present day cultured women's Clubs. The Club was organized "for the promotion of literary pursuits, especially the study of the art of conversation, the cultivation of musical sympathy, and kindly criticism of the idle gossip of the day." Some of the conversational topics were: The Home, Art and Literature, Science and Philosophy, and Education. In those days when greater emphasis was put upon the housewife's contribution as cook and housekeeper, the opportunity for study and self-expression in another field was greatly welcomed by the members.

Mr. and Mrs. Connable and their children lived in hotels during their residence in Petoskey. Cooking and housekeeping were not interesting to Mrs. Connable. If at their Bay View Cottage no helper was available, the children or Mr. Connable filled the need. She often made one peculiar dessert and attempted a little light housework; but, with her mind completely focused on something else, the results were dubious and her family was happy to take over. Fortunately a helper was usually at hand and during the short summer seasons there were few emergencies.

Mrs. Connable's advanced ideas are popular with the women of today. Housekeeping has become but one of their many activities. She was indeed a pioneer in the enlightenment of women.



WHEN I WAS YOUNG

It was May, 1879, and I was riding on a train from Indiana to Michigan to see my grandma and grandpa. When we arrived at Little Traverse we got a horse and buggy to take us to grandma and grandpa's house. The wheels on the buggy squeaked as they went down the muddy streets.

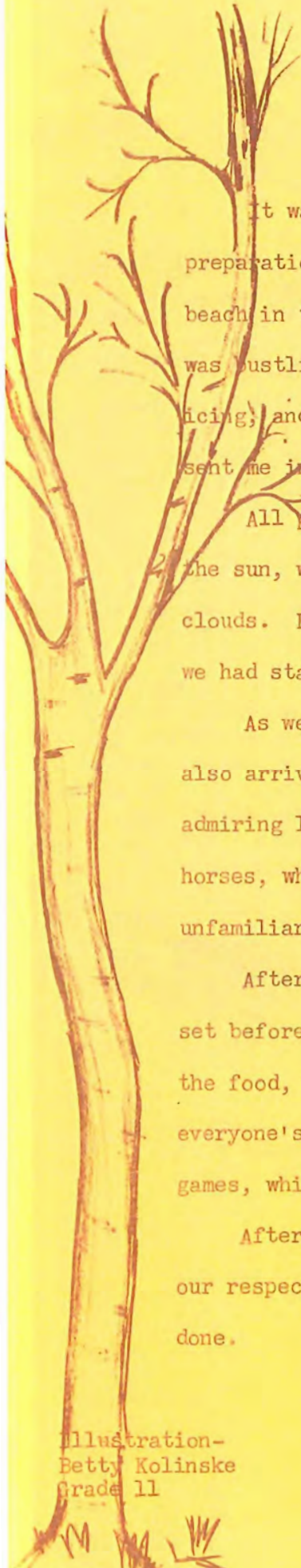
Grandma and grandpa's house was on one of the many hills around the bay. Down on one side was a lime stone factory. A stream ran down in front of their house and a saw mill was on the other side.

We went straight to the house. Grandma came out to meet us. We visited a while and then I went down to the lime stone factory where grandpa worked. Grandpa let one of the workmen off his job to see that I was all right. Bill was the workman who watched me. He put me in a cart that the horses pulled lime stone in. He showed me where the lime stone went up on the ropes to the top of the building and went down in the building to get ground. Then he showed me the big furnace where they heated the lime stone.

When I went back to Indiana I had a lot to tell my friends about the lime stone kiln.

This is based on things told me by Mrs. Arthur Hinkley, who is a descendant of the Jarman family.

--Ruth Ann Hargett
Grade 6



A PUBLIC MEETING

It was a bright sunny morning, and our family was busily making preparations for a Sunday school picnic, which was to be held along the beach in the city park. Father was out harnessing the horses, while mother was bustling about preparing a colorful salad, a cake piled high with icing, and a few jars of preserves which mother, at the last minute, had sent me into the cellar to get.

All preparations made, we started out, keeping a sharp outlook lest the sun, which was shining so brightly, should suddenly be shadowed by clouds. But since all signs were promising, we continued as merrily as we had started.


As we were approaching the throng of merry makers, Mr. Watson was also arriving in his new Oldsmobile touring car, which received many admiring looks from all the assembled men, and inquiring looks from the horses, who had suddenly pricked up their ears at the presence of so unfamiliar a sound.

After the commotion which inevitably followed, our picnic lunch was set before us, and we all diligently undertook the task of doing away with the food, which had so delicately and deliciously been prepared. After everyone's appetite had been satisfied, everyone present participated in games, which lasted for the remainder of the afternoon.

After a day of fun and excitement, enjoyed by all, we returned to our respective homes, once again to undertake the tasks which must be done.

--Nancy Moore
Grade 10

Illustration-
Betty Kolinske
Grade 11



MY GRANDMOTHER'S STORY

I am Dale Rehkopf. My parents are Gordon Rehkopf and Mildred Eppler Rehkopf. I have always been very much interested in these old stories my grandmother has told me. She is Martha Rehkopf, 81 years old. She was born on a farm near Ingersall, Ontario on December 31, 1869. Her parents were Robert and Sarah Henderson, and she has a brother Joseph L. Henderson and a sister Mrs. A. Schaaf both of Petoskey.

She attended school in an old Indian log house, and later in a school house where the Crusher school now stands. Very few of the old students are left. There are three Hendersons, Preston Feather, his two sisters Alice and Lavina, Richard Hayes at Carp Lake, Nettie Ingalls in California. I think there are three of the White boys who now live in California and Celia Eldred Carpenter and her two brothers Frank and Emmet Eldred. Celia lives at Harbor Springs. I almost forgot Bob Tripp. The three Hendersons, Nettie Ingalls, the three White boys and Bob Tripp were the earliest scholars. The others came later. Riley White and Herbert Miller were among the later ones. Of course there were more early scholars but they have died. In those early days there were seven Hendersons and seven Tripps in school. She said she had some good and some poor teachers. Her first teacher was a Miss Oakley, a daughter of the first teacher in the Petoskey school. Some outstanding teachers were Stella Brackett, Miss Andrus (Mrs. Charles Pratt), Mary Gaumer, and Mr. Sidney Shepard, father of Ethel and Amy Shepard. In 1886 she attended Petoskey High School which was located on the top of Lake Street hill. Prof. Ewing and Miss Nora Clark were the teachers. In 1888 she taught her first school, which was in Maple River township and continued teaching until 1892 when she married my grandfather, Jacob Rehkopf. They bought the Lake Grove Hotel on Walloon Lake in 1899 and after my grandfather died in 1908 she continued to run the hotel until she sold it to John Speelman in 1943. Now you can see her busily working among her flowers almost any time of the day at her home, 1120 Atkins Road.

It is interesting to think that my grandmother used to ride behind oxen and now she tells of riding in ocean liners, blimps, etc. She loves riding in airplanes and just returned by plane from Chicago. Other interesting things she has done was being a house mother in a Sigma Chi fraternity house in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, for several years and operating a tea room on the Hawaiian Islands. By the time she is ninety I expect her to have ridden in a submarine too!

In her stories of experiences with Indians she told of offering a pickle to one of the Indian children. The next day she was invited to that home for dinner. The pickle she had given the previous day was on the middle of the table cut up in pieces small enough so that each one might have a piece. She also told of being fond of kittens when a little girl and cats were very scarce. She started to take "Old Mother Smoke's" granddaughter's cat. The granddaughter called "Gadoon" and Old Mother Smoke started after her with a stick which really frightened her. She didn't keep the kitten!

This is one of my grandmother's stories:

"Your great-great grandfather, William Henderson, and your great grandmother with their seven children drove south from Paisley, Ontario, to Sarnia and traveled from there via boat to Charlevoix, where we landed May 24, 1877. As the date was Queen Victoria's birthday, we children began to sing, "Hip, hurrah, the Queen's birthday," but Mother stopped us by saying that we would be put in jail if we sang that song in the United States. Our tickets were for Petoskey, but the captain wanted five dollars to take us there because Petoskey was only a small place with a few inhabitants, so we hitched our team to our double buggy, fastened our single buggy behind, and drove toward Petoskey to find the farm that father (your great grandfather) had bought when he came over the fall before. We finally reached it and as the clearing was very stumpy, we children at once set fires to all the stumps. Our farm is now called the Starmer farm.

Our only white neighbors were a man and his wife and son, Mr. and Mrs. Williams and their son Leander. As there was no school in the district, father organized a school board with Mr. Williams, a second man, an Indian, and himself. As neither Mr. Williams, nor the Indian could write, father wrote their names and they put crosses under the names. For use in the log schoolhouse, father made four benches: one for the white boys, one for the Indian boys, one for the squaws, and one for the three little white girls. The white scholars were the Hendersons and the Williams boy. Our first teacher was Cora Rowan, an older sister of Ethel Rowan Fasquelle. In 1878 the Captain Haines family and the Ramsby family moved into our district.

My Uncle John Henderson came to Petoskey some time before we did and he was the first blacksmith in Petoskey and had his shop where the Perry Hotel now stands. His home was where the Library now is. We thought he was pretty rich because he had then a fine big two story house. We used to take turns in going to Uncle Johnnie's to spend a few days. The first white boy I ever played with was Amos Henika, later a Petoskey undertaker.

Father was taken very sick with typhoid fever and the only doctor in Petoskey could not help him. One day an Indian called Shagganabba came to see father. Then he went into the woods and dug up roots and herbs and steeped them and gave father the liquor to drink and father recovered. Every year after that mother made a big dinner for Shagganabba and his squaw, and they came every year until finally the squaw died. Her husband never came again.

It was quite an event to go to town, as it took a whole day with an ox team. The road led right east up the ravine and passed the corner north of your new home and then swung down past the old Jarman place. From there it went down near the shore and across a rude bridge over Bear River on Lake Street. Lake Street, at that time, was the business part of Petoskey.

We were just as fond of the Indian children as the children now are of their white playmates. The Indians were good neighbors as they never stole from any one or molested any one. My brothers all learned to make bows and arrows like the Indians, and learned to be very good shots with

them. The Indians had no cows, but we often heard an old squaw call, "cu cush, cu cush" and an old sow would come on the run and flop down and the squaw would milk her.

The first year we lived on corn meal mush and corn bread, but the next year Father sowed some wheat and thrashed it out with a flail. On a windy day he put a sheet on the ground and fastened it down at the corners. He poured the wheat from as high as he could reach, and a strong wind blew the chaff away. By doing that several times, it was clean of chaff. Father had it ground at Ingalls' grist mill which was located where the old pulp mill used to be. As there was no timothy, only an occasional bunch of it, Mother always carried a sack or small receptacle and would strip every seed from the ripe timothy, so we could plant the seed and raise grass like that which grew on her father's farm in Canada.

The big event in our lives was going to Bay View on "Big Sunday." Mother put up a big lunch and all the family (ten) piled into the oxen-drawn wagon. We parked our oxen and wagon where the tennis court is now. At the noon hour all the neighbors for miles around were there and we ate our lunch together. After lunch the adults visited while the children played till time for the afternoon services. In later years they would not allow us to park there, so we did not go so often; but when we did, we drove to Petoskey and went to Bay View on the "Dummy." It never seemed the same as it did in the first years. I am sure we enjoyed it in those early days as much or more than those who go there now in their fine cars."

EARLY CHURCH HISTORY

"I thought you might like some of the early history of missionaries. A young couple from Pennsylvania, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Porter, were sent by the Presbyterian Missions School on Grand Traverse Bay in 1852 to establish a school to teach the Indian boys and girls at Muhquh Sebing. That is the name the Indians gave their settlement (now Petoskey). A Catholic Mission had been established a little later. When your father was a little boy, Doctor Porter used to do dental work for him. Doctor Porter was the first white child born in this section and was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Porter. He died a good many years ago. The Andrew Porter home was on what we know as the Jarman farm and you may know it better as the Eva Nichols farm. According to Ethel Rowan Fasquelle, the Porter Mission school and home are still standing on the Jarman farm. In later years, Jarman bought the Porter farm and after Doctor Porter grew up he married one of Jarman's daughters.

This is the Methodist history. The Reverend Cole, who was stationed at Charlevoix, preached the first sermon to the white people in 1873 in Louis Petoskey's home. He preached only once in three weeks. Later he preached to the Indians under a large maple tree that stood where 214 East Lake Street is now. It was called the "Pulpit tree." In 1875 a small school house was built and services were held there. It was

located just back of where the Hollywood now stands. The present site of the church was bought and on August 4, 1877 the foundation was built and the corner stone laid. I think that the Reverend Tilden was the first Methodist preacher who was stationed at Petoskey. The Reverend Sly was preacher from 1870 to 1882. He used to hold evening meetings in the Maple Wood school during that time. We all used to go to hear him. At one time he owned a lot of property around Bay Shore and had tried to raise money enough to build a Children's Home there. There was a class of eleven members at that time. Mrs. W. B. Lawton remembers the first Sunday School established there. Her father, Rozelle Rose was Secretary. He was the editor of the first newspaper--The Emmet County Democrat. It is the ancestor of the Evening News."

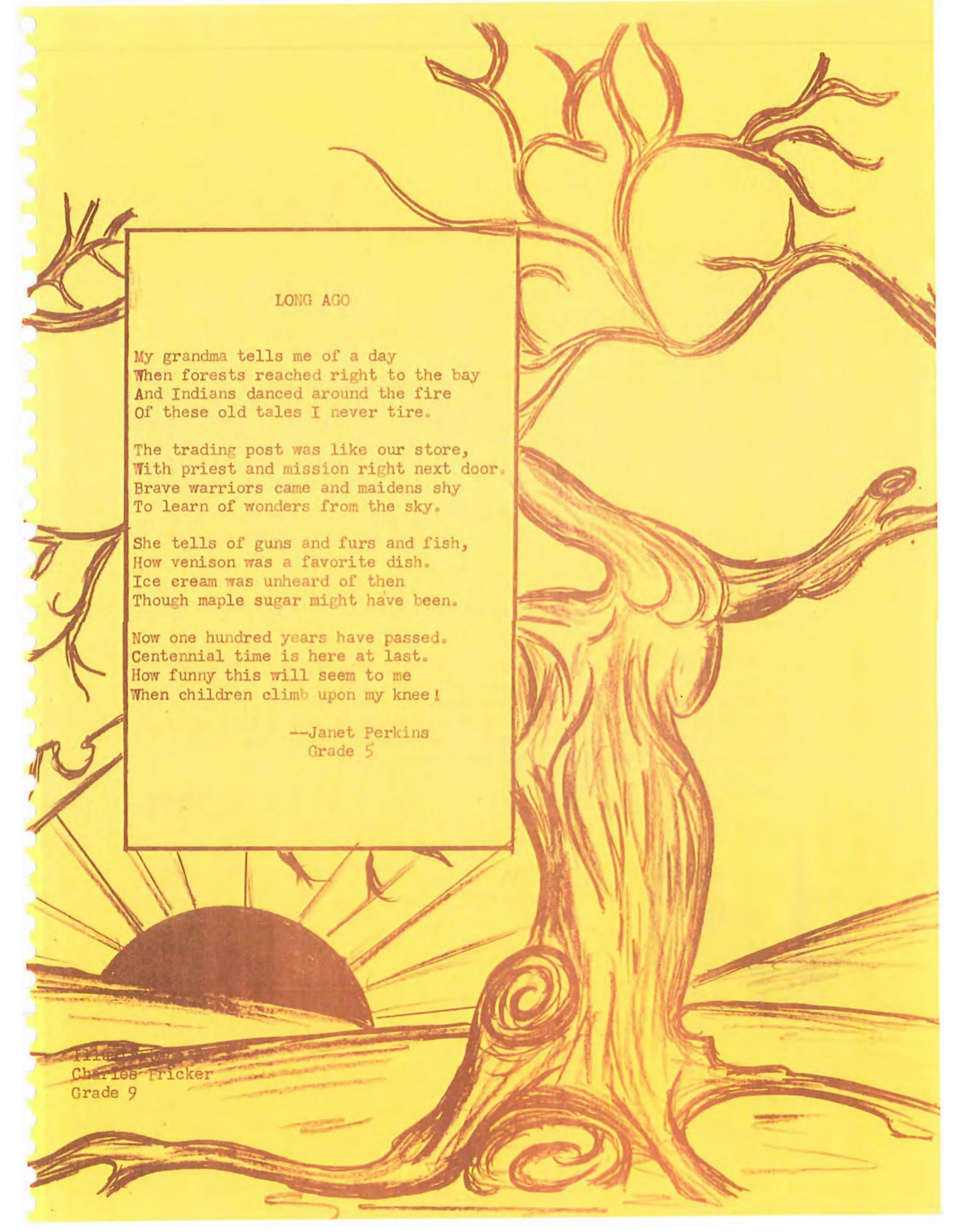
EARLY DENTIST

My great grandpa came to Michigan about 1872. That was before the railroad came to Petoskey. He walked up here from Cadillac. He helped cut the first pine, bird's-eye maple and rock elm, that were shipped out of Little Traverse Bay. This is one of the stories he told my dad.

Grandpa and a crew were cutting pine. The nearest town was Cadillac. There weren't any doctors or dentists for miles around. Grandpa got an awful toothache. His face swelled up and his eyes swelled shut. All he could do was groan with his hand over his cheek. The cook plugged the hole in his tooth with salt. The boys heated a needle red hot and stuck it in the hole to kill the nerve, but that made it hurt worse. They got a pair of pliers and tried to pull the tooth, but they slipped off every time. The blacksmith came in and took a look at the tooth, then went back to his shop. He came in a little later with forceps and said, "Once I went to a dentist and he had a pair of pliers like these." Then he pulled the tooth.

Then for a long time Grandpa didn't see the blacksmith. Thirty years later they happened to meet and stopped to talk of old times. Grandpa reminded him of the time he pulled his tooth. The blacksmith then reached in his back pocket and pulled out the forceps. "I've pulled lots of teeth since then," he said. "I'm a dentist."

--Anne Angus
Grade 5



LONG AGO

My grandma tells me of a day
When forests reached right to the bay
And Indians danced around the fire
Of these old tales I never tire.

The trading post was like our store,
With priest and mission right next door.
Brave warriors came and maidens shy
To learn of wonders from the sky.

She tells of guns and furs and fish,
How venison was a favorite dish.
Ice cream was unheard of then
Though maple sugar might have been.

Now one hundred years have passed.
Centennial time is here at last.
How funny this will seem to me
When children climb upon my knee!

--Janet Perkins
Grade 5

Charles Fricker
Grade 9



MY EARLY SCHOOL DAYS

The morning was freezing cold when I awoke in the winter of 1874. I was about fourteen years old and was in my first year of school. Oh, I had a little schooling from my Ma, enough anyway to start me in the 4th Reader. I hated the idea of getting out of bed because it was so cold in the loft of our cabin. The wind howled around the house and made me feel all the worse. I had enjoyed all the other winters that I could remember. There wasn't too much work to do and I could hunt rabbits or go fishing or trapping. But this year the old folks of the town thought we needed a school. So they built a one room affair at Bay and Howard Streets and opened it in November. Mrs. Oakley was the first teacher. Oh, I guess it wasn't too bad but it was just the idea of the thing.

I was finally dragged out of bed by my brother who was eighteen and didn't have to go to school. I ate breakfast and trudged out into the cold.

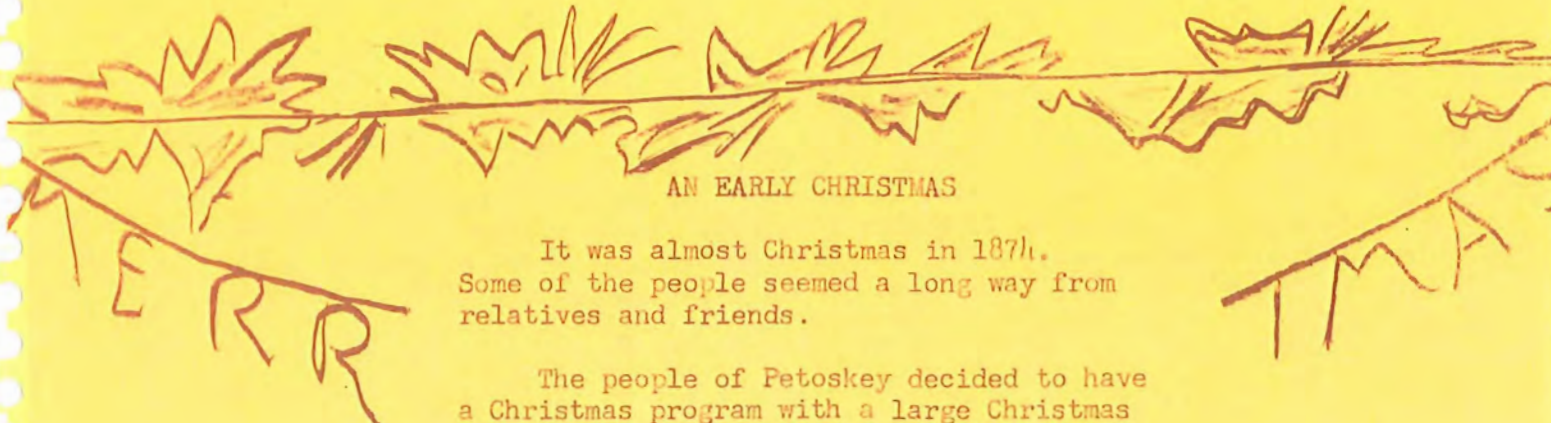
Fresh snow had fallen and the drifts were up to my waist. I walked in the sleigh tracks down Mitchell Street and over to the school. I had about three miles to walk.

When I got there it was my job to fire up the old stove that stood in the middle of the room. It was really cold inside with the wind whistling through the cracks in the walls. School started and the rest of the children arrived; there were about twenty of us. I laid my head down on the desk and was soon sound asleep dreaming about the fun I would have when school was out in the summer.

--Jim Bigelow
Grade 10



Illustration-
Carol Cheadle
Grade 8



AN EARLY CHRISTMAS

It was almost Christmas in 1874. Some of the people seemed a long way from relatives and friends.

The people of Petoskey decided to have a Christmas program with a large Christmas tree. They were going to have it in the little school house, since there was no church building.

A mass meeting was held to talk over the plans and to appoint committees to raise funds, decorate the school, and to plan the entertainment.

The committee for decorating the school decided to decorate it with great evergreen garlands and wreaths.

A large motto "Merry Christmas" was made of pasteboard letters covered with tinsel from tobacco and gum wrappings. This brightened the room up very much and gave it a very festive feeling.

The evening came; in the middle of the platform stood a gorgeous tree; it was beautifully decorated with popcorn, cranberries, and bags of bright mosquito netting that were filled with nuts and candy. This tree seemed to stand for everything the early pioneers had dreamed of.

Every child was given a red apple from southern Michigan. Books were given to all



the children. The children who learned the most Bible verses were given the best books.

A few days before Christmas a feeble old gentleman had come to Petoskey to dispose of his timber interest. When he found out there was to be a Christmas celebration he asked for the names and addresses of all the little girls five years old, and he gave them enough cloth for a pink apron.

Many years before, he and his wife had had a lovely little daughter five years old who had passed away on Christmas. She had been fond of a little pink apron so that every year at Christmas they gave every available five year old girl enough material for such an apron. So on this Christmas, Petoskey's little girls received this additional Christmas gift. For many years this Christmas remained a beautiful memory for Petoskey pioneers.

--Charmaine Johnson
Grade 10



HOW LITTLE TRAVERSE BAY CAME TO BE

Several years ago when Paul Bunyan lived in this part of the country, there wasn't any Little Traverse Bay. All that there was was a huge mud bog. Now Paul's blue ox, Babe, just loved to take mud baths. So every morning he would get up very early (about 12:30 when most people were just going to bed) because Babe got up very early so that he would be ready for Paul to use.

The Babe was quite faithful but some times he became confused and thought that it was Sunday morning when it was only Friday or Saturday. This particular morning happened to be one of those times. Babe would not get up and Paul had a big day ahead of him hauling logs at Clarion. He decided that he would teach Babe a lesson once and for all. He quickly gathered a crew of men and dug a channel between Lake Michigan and Babe. When the water started pouring in on Babe he became very angry. He reared around madly trying to get at the source of his troubles but all he managed to do was make his hole larger. Finally he gave one huge heave and pulled himself loose. He tore out of there as fast as he could and got to Clarion an hour before Paul and the rest of his men.

P. S. After that Babe never stayed late in a bath no matter how muddy and sticky the mud was.

--Alice Still
Grade 10



ICE CUTTING

In the days before there were refrigerators, ice was needed in cities. In about the year of 1890, crews of men from Chicago came on trains to Petoskey to cut ice and take it back on the old G. R. & I. railroad.

The men in Harbor Springs or Petoskey could easily get a job ice cutting. It was a very busy time.

The men that cut the ice used cross cut saws. They had to be careful not to cut themselves in. After the ice was cut it had to be loaded on sleighs. Then they would take it to the railroad and load it on the cars. From Petoskey it would be shipped to Chicago. The ice was unloaded into storehouses there. It would be covered with straw or sawdust to be kept for summer use.

This is a story told to us by Mr. Nathan Stone.

--Jean Wanamaker
Grade 6



Illustration-
Loretta McFarland
Grade 6

JUDGE C. J. PAILTHORP



One of the outstanding pioneers of Petoskey was Judge C. J. Pailthorp. He graduated from the University of Michigan in the year 1875 and came to Petoskey a year later. He immediately took active part in community affairs such as participation in Petoskey's first play, "Down By the Sea."

He was elected the first representative in the legislature from this district, which was then made up of Antrim, Charlevoix, Otsego, and Manitou counties. While holding this position, he introduced the legislative act of 1879 which incorporated Petoskey as a village.

In 1883, he was elected president of the village of Petoskey. He was also a member of the school board in 1885 which assisted in the organization of the first grade school of Petoskey. During the Taft administration, Mr. Pailthorp served as postmaster for Petoskey; he also held the office as Circuit Judge. Later, in 1901, he assisted in the organization of Lockwood hospital. He concluded his career by arguing a case in the Michigan Supreme Court at the age of 92.

Mr. Pailthorp was always interested in human welfare. He was taken into the Ottawa tribe and given the name that meant "An honest man and a good friend", for his work in aiding the Indians. He was a man who worked in the present though he cherished the past, as many older people do. He took an interest in everything and had a rare sense of humor. One of his favorite games was cribbage and for fifteen years he hardly ever missed a daily game with Mr. Horner; later he played with Mr. Post. He lived to be over a hundred years old, and just before he passed away, he made the remark that he had lived a long time but it had all been very pleasant.

--Chase Stanaback
Grade 11

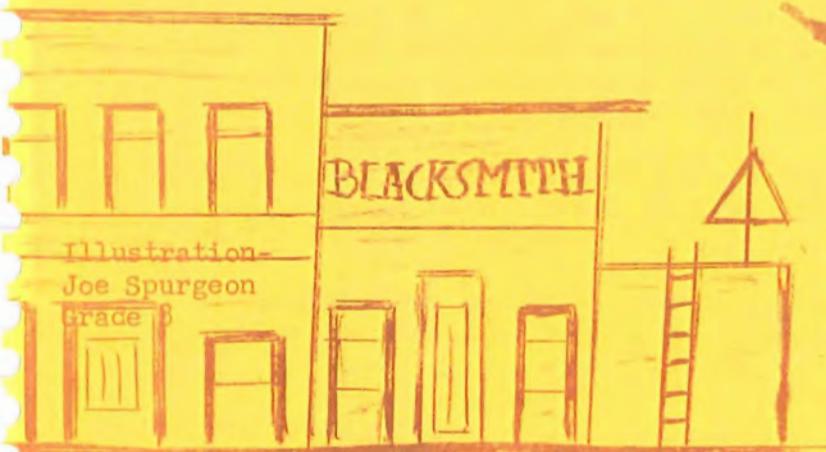


THE FIRST FIRE ALARM

There were many creeks running through Petoskey. The people built their houses along the creeks for fire protection. A triangle was placed on top of the blacksmith shop. As soon as any one knew of a fire he would hit the triangle; then all the people would get their pails and go to the creek and fill them up, then run to the burning house to help put it out. Everyone knew just where his pail was. That was a rule of the village even for the small children.

Mrs. Bump lived in a house just southwest of the present high school. One time the woods near her house and near the school caught fire. All the men, women, and children ran for their pails. Mr. Otis Watson, grandfather of Mr. L. W. Hankey, 719 E. Mitchell Street, ran to the roof of the school. The people brought the water to him and he poured the water on as fast as the people could get it there. He worked so hard he got dizzy and fell off the roof and fell near a stump and was hurt badly.

--Joe Spurgeon
Grade 8



WINTER'S FOOD

After the snow was too deep for travelling, the people of Petoskey had to rely on what they had in stock and what hunting they could do in the winter months. When the bay was covered with ice, they caught fish through the ice and salted the fish down so they would keep if the weather got warm. Years ago the winters seemed a lot tougher than they are now, and longer too.

When spring came they had to work hard to get ready for another long winter. There were many things to be done such as planting the corn and wheat. The men went out to the stream to trap fur bearing animals. Everyone had his own job to do and he always did it. If for instance, he didn't get enough hay in for the animals, they went hungry. That didn't happen very often.

--Richard Billiau
Grade 10

MY GREAT GRANDFATHER

A long time ago my great grandfather and his family came here in a covered wagon. They brought some chickens and cows with them. All the neighbors helped them build a log house.

--L. V. Jo Hill
Grade 1

PETOSKEY

In the olden days Mrs. Ernst came to Petoskey. It was all woods. She saw Indians who were very kind. The Indians gave Mrs. Ernst some maple sugar. There was just a wagon trail to Walloon Lake and the oxen were so slow it took people a long time to get places when they went to get the things they wanted, and if they walked it would take them just about as long. The snow would be above their knees.

Then the Ernsts moved again and in the winter you could scarcely see the house because of the deep snow. For their bridges they had just logs.



They had some wild animals around, such as bear, deer, and wild cats and at night you could hear the wild cats a-howling away. They had a little school and the pupils went to the seventh grade and some only went to the fifth grade. Men and women both were teachers.

Maple syrup was sold neighbors for \$1.50 a gallon. Everyone was helpful to everyone else. If a man or lady was sick everybody came over and brought food.

In their gardens they grew potatoes, straw-berries and green beans. For Christmas on the tree they hung strings of popcorn, cranberries, colored paper and strings of apples.

Illustration-
Cynthia Reasoner

--Darlene Duncan
Grade 5



PIONEER CHILDREN

The pioneer children were mature for their age. They were quite conscious of their families' not having much ready money so they tried in every way to help along. They gathered berries and mushrooms, and helped with the maple sugar bush. One of the children had a little calf to draw the sap back and forth from the maple sugar bushes. They made brooms from bushes and planted gardens. The children had nice clothes at first, but when they were worn out, the mothers made them dresses and suits out of feed sacks and flour sacks.

Many of the children didn't have the opportunity to go to school like the other children, because they were so far away, so their mothers taught them at home. They used boards to write and figure on. They made their own charcoal. Can you imagine yourself a pioneer child?

--Georgia Malloy
Grade 11


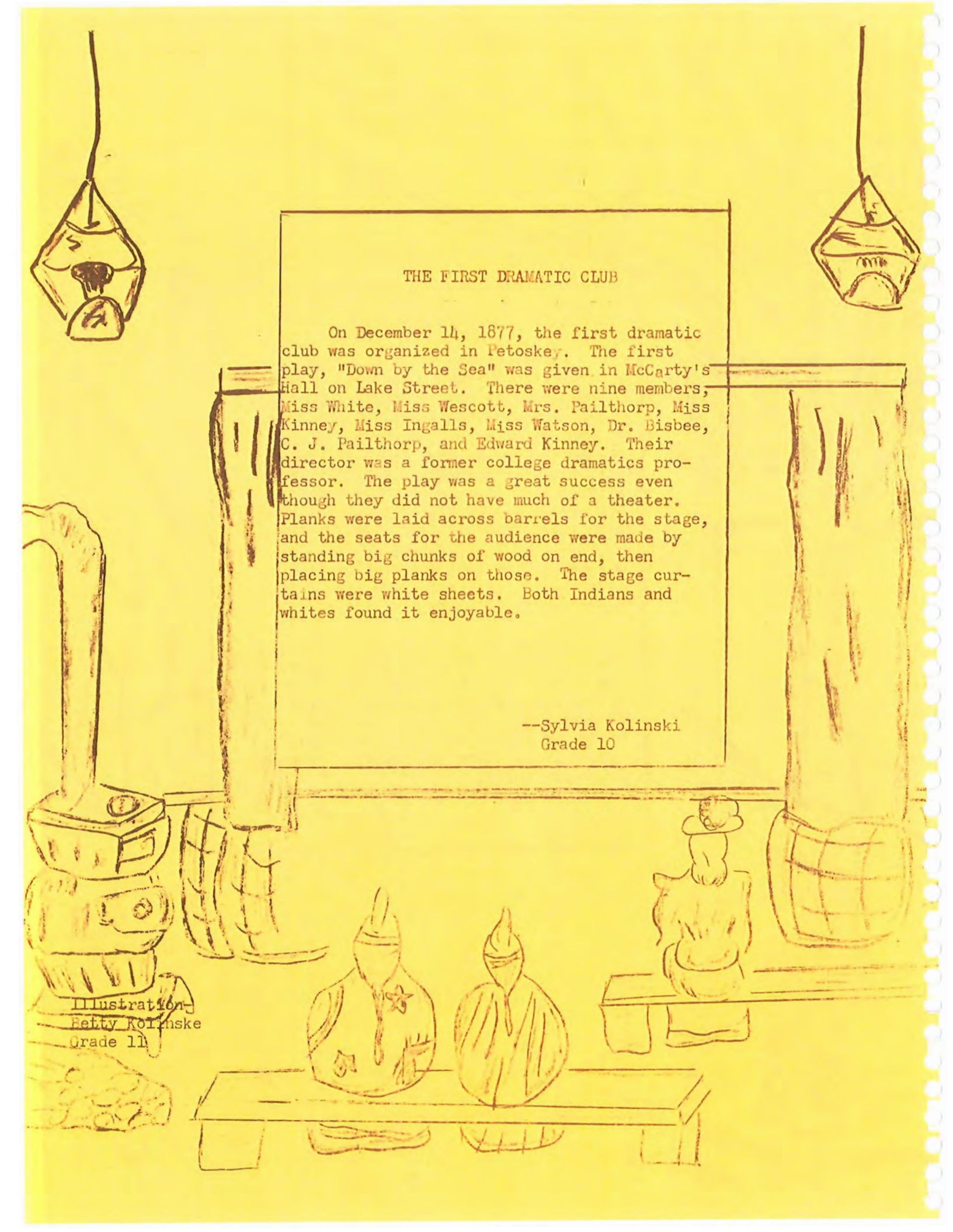


Illustration
Marlene Blevins
Grade 10



THE FIRST DRAMATIC CLUB

On December 14, 1877, the first dramatic club was organized in Petoskey. The first play, "Down by the Sea" was given in McCarty's Hall on Lake Street. There were nine members, Miss White, Miss Wescott, Mrs. Pailthorp, Miss Kinney, Miss Ingalls, Miss Watson, Dr. Bisbee, C. J. Pailthorp, and Edward Kinney. Their director was a former college dramatics professor. The play was a great success even though they did not have much of a theater. Planks were laid across barrels for the stage, and the seats for the audience were made by standing big chunks of wood on end, then placing big planks on those. The stage curtains were white sheets. Both Indians and whites found it enjoyable.

--Sylvia Kolinski
Grade 10

Illustration
Betty Kolinske
Grade 11

WHEN GRANDPA WAS YOUNG

Way back in 1880 when my grandfather, Mr. Steven Hufford, was eleven he came to the little village of Bear Creek.

When he first came, there wasn't a foot of clear land except that cleared by other settlers. People cut down the timber, piled it in big piles and burned it because there was no sale for it.

There was quite a little trapping and hunting. When going through the woods, they would pack whatever they wanted to on their backs and go through the best way they could.

Money was present in small amounts, far apart, for there were few stores; so if they wanted something they traded for it. There was very little work except for railroad work which paid about \$1.10 a day.

--Carl Hufford
Grade 9

Early Petoskey was all forest and had so many pine trees it was dark all the time. The Bear river, which runs from Walloon Lake to the Bay and flows through Petoskey, furnished power for the saw mill along its bank near McManus Bridge. Logs were rolled down the steep banks into the river and floated down to the mill. Lake Street was the main business district with a midway of shops set up along the street leading from Lake Street to the dock when the steamboats began coming into the Harbor. Petoskey was known for its lime kilns on the bay and the beautiful "Petoskey Stone."

--Mary Ellen McGeath
Grade 3

A long time ago in 1894 there was a sheriff in Petoskey. There was a badman and the sheriff caught him but he was a tough man and he said that the sheriff would have to beat him up or drag him all the way to jail. The sheriff won and the badman walked all the way.

--Bob Woodruff
Grade 4

Long ago when Petoskey was young, there lived an Indian named "Louie Petoskey," on Lake Street. That was the first family to own an organ. When the first train came through 800 people came to live here, on December 31, 1874, when Petoskey was 22 years old. When the people heard about the town they moved in by thousands, just as now 5 or 6 people move into town every month.

The Indians played games just as we do. They were riding, shooting, racing and "Tag"; they sat by a camp fire telling stories.

--Michael Schulz
Grade 2

THE INGALLS FAMILY

The second white family to arrive here was Hazen Ingalls and his family. They came for the purpose of making a home and to apply his trade to local industry. They originally came from Jefferson County, New York, then moved to Leelanaw County in 1856 and from then until 1866 they lived about four miles from Northport. In the spring of 1866 they moved to Bear Creek and bought a saw mill, originally built by Harvey Porter. It was located where the Mitchell dam now stands.

Their home was built by an Indian and was located on the corner of Ingalls Avenue and Charlevoix Avenue. Later Mr. Ingalls built a dock at the foot of Ingalls Avenue and shipped wood, purchased from the Indians.

--Sandra Fochtman
Grade 9

One of the first prominent families to settle in Petoskey was the Hazen Ingalls family.

Hazen Ingalls built a saw mill where the old "Mitchell Dam" is now. He became a very successful business man. Where Lewis Signs is now, was at one time the "Ingalls grocery Store" and behind it where a few apple trees still stand, was the first orchard in Petoskey. Ingalls owned that too.

Ingalls Avenue was named after Hazen Ingalls and Jackson Street was named after his oldest son.

The large house on the corner of Ingalls and Jackson Street is a house Jackson built when he was an elderly man. When he built it, on the steps he put "this is the house Jack built."

--Peggy Ingalls and Pat Jones
Grade 9



SARAH'S ADVENTURE

Why had she left the cabin, Sarah kept asking herself. She should have known that she would lose herself in the tangled forest that was strange to her. She bemoaned the fact that her family had left its comfortable home in the east to travel to this--this small village known as Pecoskey. But she realized that her father could find all kinds of lumber here, enough to make his small lumbering business more prosperous. Sarah had found this new country pretty and pleasant enough. Although she loved excitement, being lost the second day of arrival seemed almost too much. If only she hadn't listened to her uncle's stories of the Indians and wild animals in the forest, she wouldn't be so frightened. Even make-believe stories could be terrifying.

Every snapping twig seemed a footstep to her and the branches hit her face as she stumbled over stumps and mossy logs.

Then Sarah's spine began to tingle and for a moment her heart seemed to stop--then resumed its beating with thundering thumps. Sarah had heard voices! Coming toward her she saw a group of Indian women. Vivid thoughts rose in her mind--being found dead by her mother and father--her scalp being taken to her mother. She closed her eyes and waited.

Two hours later Sarah sat in the cabin relating the story to her family. "And, Mother," she concluded, "I helped the Indian women collect quills for baskets and this little basket they helped me make will always be a remembrance of the day I got lost in the woods."

--Mary Burns
Grade 49

Illustration-
Johnny Whit
Grade 7



THE RUN IN THE DARK

"Good-bye Jim" says Johnny as he starts down the trail that leads to town. Johnny has been playing with Jim, has stayed for supper and is now going home.

It is in the early Petoskey days and Jim lives in a small cabin in Kegomic. Johnny lives in Petoskey about two miles away. "So long" says Jim as he shuts the door. As the door shuts and the light is no longer illuminating the lonely path, Johnny feels a great loneliness come over him.

A rabbit scurrying by frightens him, so that he starts to whistle. Johnny is now entering the dark woods that borders Petoskey on the east side.

An owl swoops screeching by; Johnny jumps at the crack of a twig as a small night animal goes about its feeding. It starts to rain.

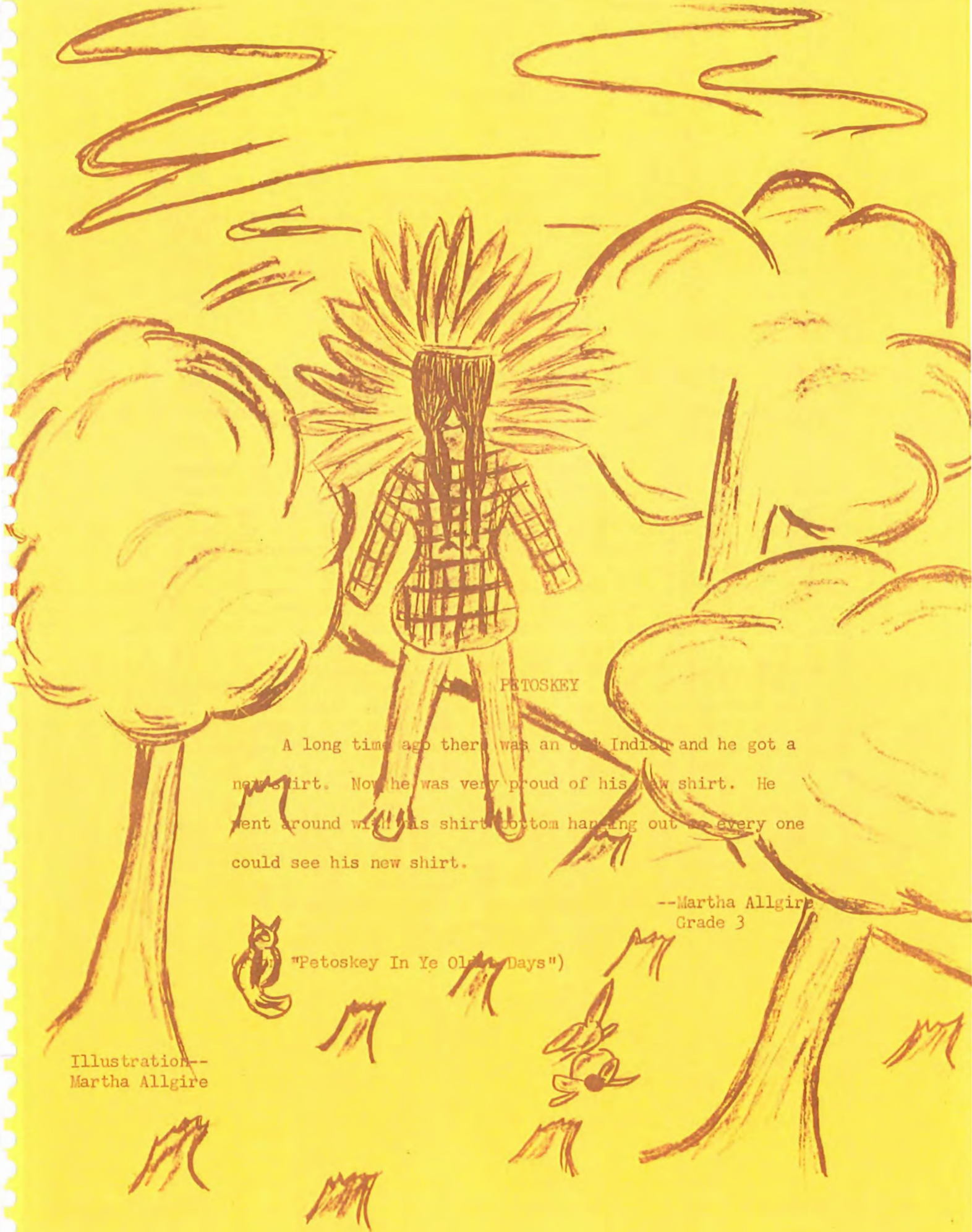
A flash of lightning lights up the back trail and Johnny is sure that he sees somebody following him through the gloom, so he starts to run. The rain beats down harder, and he wishes he were home by the warm fire.

As he nears the edge of town, he can see the lights of the clock and the Cushman House through the rain and trees. Soon he comes to the end of the woods; this is a great comfort to him as he has not far to go.

Soaked to the skin, he slows to a trot that carries him past the noise and lights of the Cushman House and down the alley to the little white house on the next corner. With great relief he steps on the porch and opens the door to be met by his small dog "Butch" and the light of the cheery fire in the corner.

Illustration-
Cynthia Reasoner
Grade 11

--Mel Hoch
Grade 10



PETOSKEY

A long time ago there was an old Indian and he got a new shirt. Now he was very proud of his new shirt. He went around with his shirt bottom hanging out so every one could see his new shirt.

--Martha Allgire
Grade 3



"Petoskey In Ye Olden Days")

Illustration--
Martha Allgire

AS I REMEMBER

St. Augustine, Florida
February 17, 1952

My dear grandchildren,

As I think of you up in Petoskey, this winter, it calls to mind the difference between my childhood and yours. I love to recall our little city in the olden days when we had to be content amusing ourselves with the gifts of nature and the more simple things of life.

I loved the family gatherings and outdoor sports, but my foremost interests were music and art. When I was a small girl, a china painting class was begun by Miss Corey. It met at the Cushman House and included in this group were perhaps half a dozen women and--me. Out of place as I must have been, I immensely enjoyed these meetings. No other little girl was nearly as informed on everyone's affairs as I! Of course, I did my share of decorating tiny bread and butter plates. The women were very kind to me and much to my delight proclaimed me a "real little artist." This same group held teas at which I was allowed to serve. It was a big thrill to be asked to pass the tiny cakes and tea. Many times we would send to a large city for fancy food and desserts, for, you see, we wanted to keep up with the city folks. While the ladies were chatting, I would disappear into the bedroom to play with the seal skin coats. I'd blow the fur aside to see the brown underneath. My life's desire at that time was to own a seal skin coat and a rosepoint collar. Several of the ladies had beautiful ones and that was where I got the idea.

Perhaps the first fine musician to come to Petoskey was Mrs. B. B. Rice. She had come from Boston where she had been a singer. Mrs. Rice was a very quiet and unassuming person. She kept up her music by giving lessons at her home on 715 E. Lake Street. She trained her four daughters and son, who all contributed to the music of the community. Mrs. John Hill and Mrs. Charles Hampton gave music lessons too. I was Mrs. Rice's youngest pupil. At the age of six I began the everlasting journey of scales and exercises. On Friday I was awarded a stick of candy if my lesson had been well prepared.

My older sister was one of the first pupils in the vocal department at Bay View. Madam Bishop and Mr. Harold Davis gave lessons there and both were excellent teachers. Once in a while I was allowed to accompany my sister when she went for her lessons. This I loved to do, for to me Madam Bishop was a very fascinating person. She had come from California and wore the most beautiful clothes I had ever seen. Her gowns were elaborately decorated with plumes and jewels, which, I might add, also made an impression

on the women of our community. Mr. Jarvis was a very nice man too but I was a little afraid of him for when he cleared his throat that, to me, meant preparation for a scolding.

Later on came Mrs. Langworthy from Chicago and Mrs. McArthur from New York. Both headed the musical department in our schools for years. They started the vested choirs, orchestras, and choirs in the school. I remember one particular event, a "May Festival" as the prettiest ever given. It was under the direction of Mrs. McArthur. She wrote the story that ran thru the operetta. Mrs. Vandermiade, Supervisor of English, trained the speaking parts, Miss ?, the gym teacher, taught the dancers and Miss Pailthorp, the art teacher, designed the stage setting and costumes.

The "Festival Queen" wore pink covered with a silver shawl. She carried long sprays of roses and wore flowers in her hair. Her maids carried purple iris and daffodils. Twenty four children dressed as butterflies led the queen to the throne to the strains of the Spring Song played by many violins. Two hundred children dressed as birds and flowers-(I was a bird and kept losing my wings) took part. The club women spent hours making the garlands and flowers.

Our Petoskey schools have always done much for the pupils. Not many years ago some members of the senior class took a trip to Washington, D. C. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald took the group and helped raise money to finance the trip. They worked for four years to earn the money. They had heard that many high school groups had told of going to Washington and getting nothing out of it--perhaps for lack of preparation and background. So a "Washington Club" was formed; it included any seniors who thought it would be possible to go. Mr. McDonald sent to Washington for all sorts of booklets on the Capitol, White House, Congress, Library, Mount Vernon and other places of interest. At each meeting different points were studied. Mrs. McDonald suggested what should be worn and brushed them up on manners. We were all very proud of them when they left. Taking the bus as far as Detroit, they transferred to a train. The group had a most enjoyable and educational trip. A congressman and his wife dined with them the first night and gave them all the information on what was most interesting to see. He also gave them free passes to many places. Movies were taken on the trip and for many years reunions of the "Washington Club" were held and the movies were shown.

When I was young, our chief source of amusement was nature. We particularly enjoyed winter sports. Not only the children but also the adults participated in all sorts of projects. One of the favorite places to slide was down Mitchell or Lake Street and out over the bay.

The old men took pity on the little ones and would shovel out the alleys for us to use. We were very proud of our "private" slides!

I used to watch longingly at the older ones piled into the big black bobsleds upholstered in red, tucked their feet in and began a thrilling trip down. Mother never let me go on these until I was much older, for it was dangerous fun. Later, when the shore route was changed, and the city streets ran differently, it was no longer possible to go out over the bay. People still continued to slide down the hill but one of these slides resulted in a serious accident. One of the sleds crashed into the First National Bank on the corner of Mitchell and Howard Streets and several people were injured.

When I was in my teens, we often organized groups of the younger crowd and went on what we called "sleigh parties." We would all pile in the sleigh and ride about, singing at the top of our lungs to the accompaniment of a little melodeon which we had brought with us. After the ride we would pile out at a house in the country for supper. (Our favorite food was chicken.) Then we would spend the evening dancing and playing games.

We loved all types of winter sports and spent many hours out in the snow. I remember one day some of us were sliding and one of my friends hit a tree. It broke his sled which broke the little fellow's heart. His family had little money and he knew he had no chance of getting another sled. His father decided something had to be done to make him feel better. Taking part of the broken wood, he placed it on one runner. The idea was to sit on the board, keep your feet off the ground and go down the hill. Little did we realize that this was the beginning of what is now called the "jumper." Jumpering took its place among skating and skiing. Recently to our amazement, we received word that motion pictures of children jumpering in Petoskey had been shown in Radio City, New York. We may have been old-fashioned, but we did have fun!

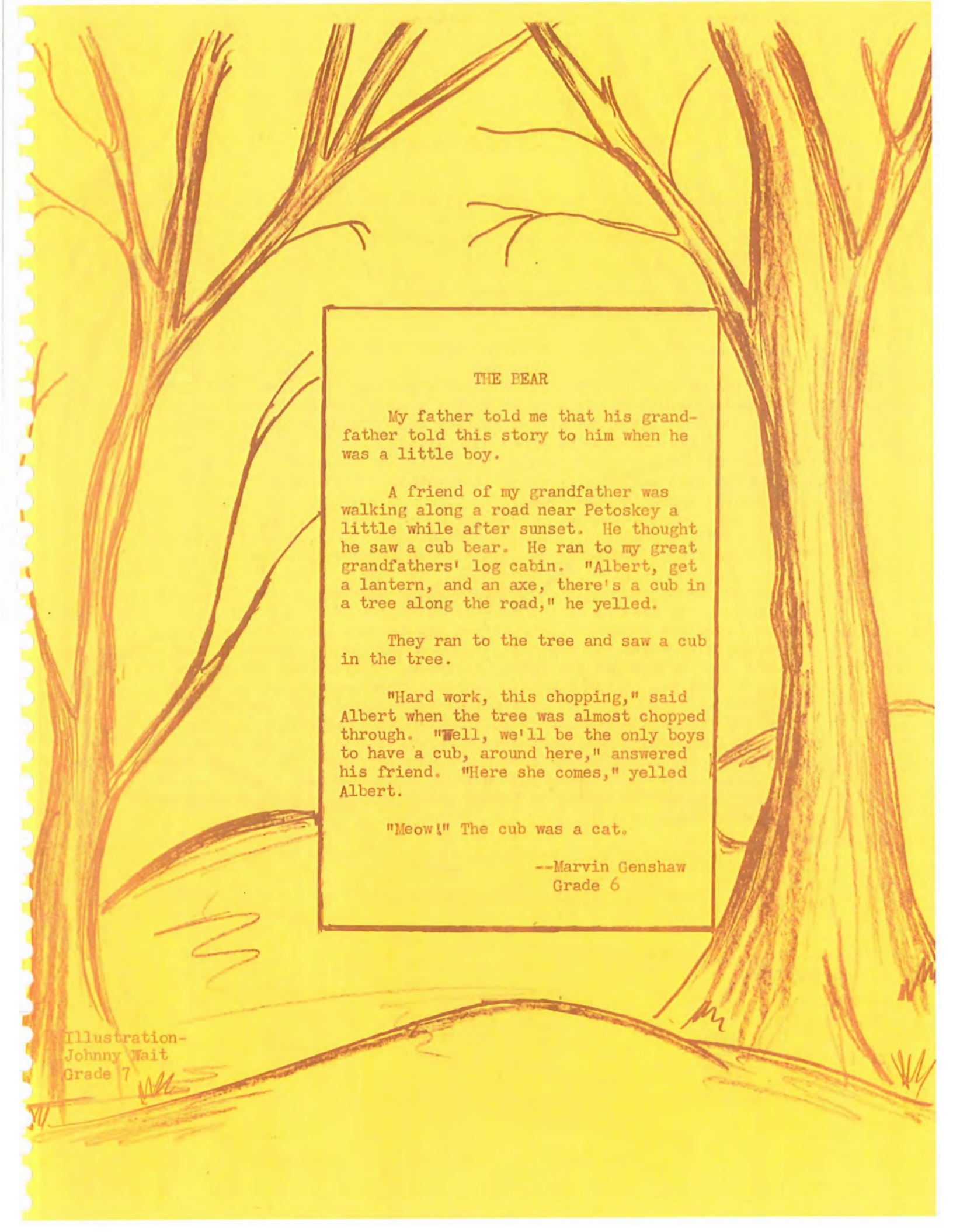
I miss you all so much, it's hard to believe it's winter anywhere. I even find myself longing for a good snowfall! It won't be long until I'll be home again.

I'm waiting for a letter!

Lovingly,

Grandmother Abby

--Jane Conway
Grade 11



THE BEAR

My father told me that his grandfather told this story to him when he was a little boy.

A friend of my grandfather was walking along a road near Petoskey a little while after sunset. He thought he saw a cub bear. He ran to my great grandfathers' log cabin. "Albert, get a lantern, and an axe, there's a cub in a tree along the road," he yelled.

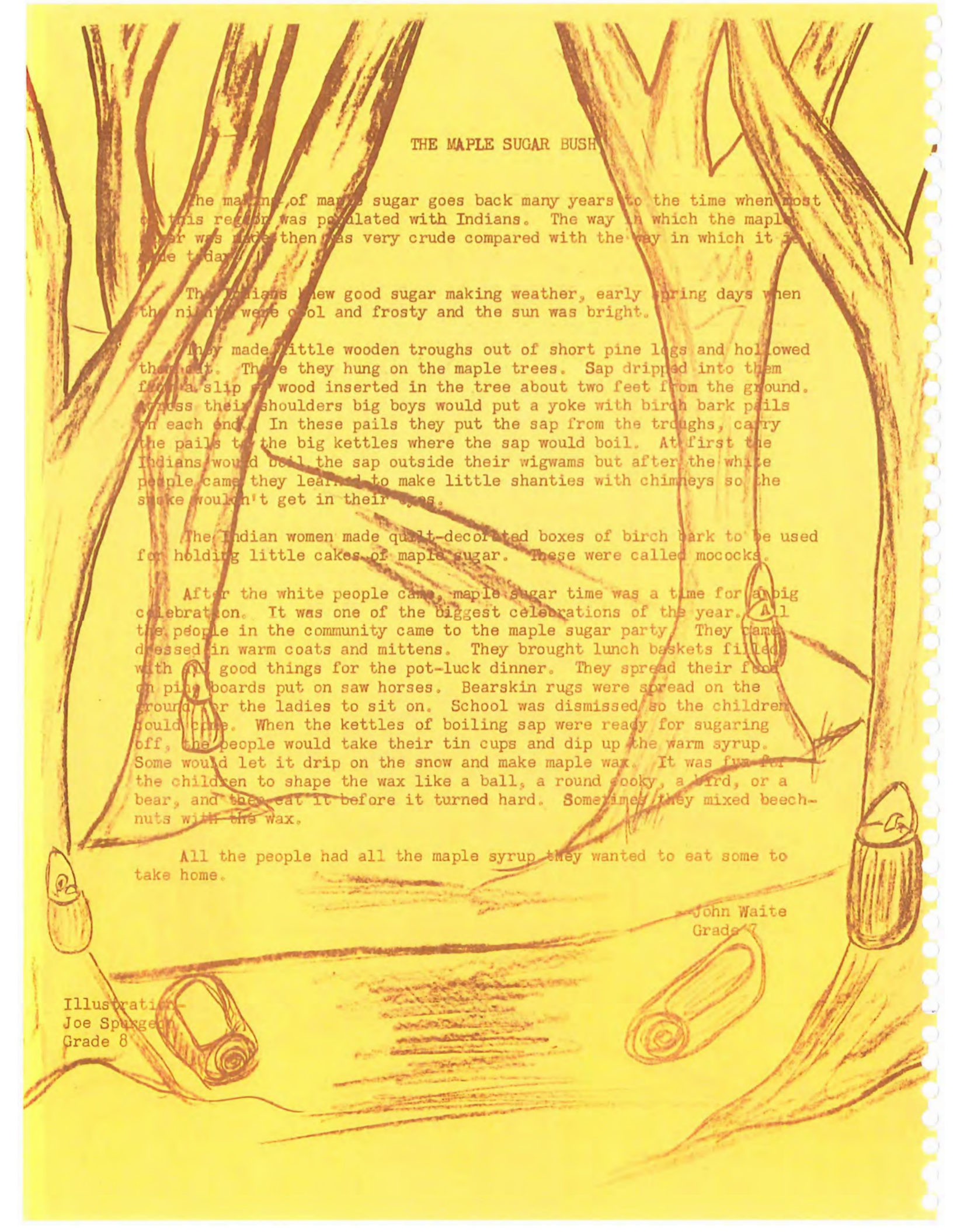
They ran to the tree and saw a cub in the tree.

"Hard work, this chopping," said Albert when the tree was almost chopped through. "Well, we'll be the only boys to have a cub, around here," answered his friend. "Here she comes," yelled Albert.

"Meow!" The cub was a cat.

--Marvin Genshaw
Grade 6

Illustration-
Johnny Wait
Grade 7



THE MAPLE SUGAR BUSH

The making of maple sugar goes back many years to the time when most of this region was populated with Indians. The way in which the maple sugar was made then was very crude compared with the way in which it is made today.

The Indians knew good sugar making weather, early spring days when the nights were cool and frosty and the sun was bright.

They made little wooden troughs out of short pine logs and hollowed them out. These they hung on the maple trees. Sap dripped into them from a slip of wood inserted in the tree about two feet from the ground. Across their shoulders big boys would put a yoke with birch bark pails on each end. In these pails they put the sap from the troughs, carry the pails to the big kettles where the sap would boil. At first the Indians would boil the sap outside their wigwams but after the white people came they learned to make little shanties with chimneys so the smoke wouldn't get in their eyes.

The Indian women made quilt-decorated boxes of birch bark to be used for holding little cakes of maple sugar. These were called mococks.

After the white people came, maple sugar time was a time for a big celebration. It was one of the biggest celebrations of the year. All the people in the community came to the maple sugar party. They came dressed in warm coats and mittens. They brought lunch baskets filled with all good things for the pot-luck dinner. They spread their food on pine boards put on saw horses. Bearskin rugs were spread on the ground for the ladies to sit on. School was dismissed so the children could come. When the kettles of boiling sap were ready for sugaring off, the people would take their tin cups and dip up the warm syrup. Some would let it drip on the snow and make maple wax. It was fun for the children to shape the wax like a ball, a round socky, a bird, or a bear, and they eat it before it turned hard. Sometimes they mixed beech-nuts with the wax.

All the people had all the maple syrup they wanted to eat some to take home.

John Waite
Grade 7

Illustration
Joe Spurgeon
Grade 8

ANDREW PORTER

In 1851 the Reverend Peter Dougherty, a missionary located at Old Mission, requested the Presbyterian Board that a mission school should be established in Muhguh Sebing, the Indian name for Bear Creek, West side Petoskey. The Presbyterian Board of Missions, influenced by Reverend Dougherty's favorable report, sent a teacher by the name of Andrew Porter to teach in this Mission School.

Mr. Porter, with his family, left Pennsylvania in May, 1852 and arrived at Bear Creek in June, 1852. The trip from Mackinac Island was made on Captain Kirtland's vessel, "The Eliza Caroline." He was cordially received by Daniel Wells, Wa-ke-we-nah, the head man of the village, and by the other Indians.

The lumber to build the mission had already been shipped by boat from Traverse City by Reverend Dougherty, and had been piled on shore. After some exploring, a site on a high land west of Bear River and about a mile from shore, was selected for the mission. How to get the lumber up there was a grave problem. The problem was solved when the Indians of Little Traverse offered to carry it up on their backs. Mr. Porter found the Indians uniformly kind. He never failed to secure their services because he knew they would always help.

The purpose of the Mission School was to show the Indian how to raise more crops and how to use a horse and modern machinery for that purpose. Up to this time all they used was a hoe. The Indians made a steady improvement in farming after using these modern tools. After a few years they grew more than they could eat and they sold or traded their produce, in order to get other things. The principal crops were oats, corn, wheat, and potatoes.

For the first two or three years the expenses of the Old Mission was borne by the Presbyterian Board until the government established an Indian Schools Fund. The government then took over the Mission School, and Mr. Porter was paid by the government.

About 1871 the Board's and the government's funds were exhausted. The Mission's property, which extended from north of Charlevoix avenue to Spring Street, and from Howard Street to Bear River, was rented to Mr. Nathen Jarman, a farmer, who was on his way back to Ohio from Pine Lake, now called Charlevoix, when Mr. Porter persuaded him to rent this farm. Mr. Porter then went back to Pennsylvania but did not stay. He returned to Petoskey in 1892 and he ended his days here where his life's work was accomplished. While here he stayed with his son, Dr. Porter, a dentist.

The house the Porters lived in was the first house built by a white man. It was built of real virgin timber in the year 1852. There were four buildings on this Mission, the house, the school, the smoke house, and the barn.

In the house there was a living room, dining room, kitchen, and office down stairs, and four bedrooms and a hall upstairs. The sills in the house were made of red beech and were hewn and the floor was made of matched boards all sawed and matched by hand.

The first Post Office was established in this house in 1852. Mr. Porter was postmaster. He provided four boxes 12 by 14 by 8 inches and fitted them into the wall. These boxes are still in the old Mission home and the reading matter, "Going North" and "Going South", is still legible.

Mr. Porter was for a long time Justice of the Peace and Probate Judge. Mr. Porter said that the Indians were very friendly, clean, and industrious, but many of them did a great deal of drinking. He said the Indians were very good basket weavers. They made baskets out of bark and porcupine quills. Mr. Porter liked the Indians very much and they also liked him. Some people say that he liked the Indians better than he did the white people.

--John Price
Grade 12

EARLY DAYS

In 1878 when my grandmother was ten years old she came to Petoskey. She went to school in a small school house on Howard Street where part of the high school stands now. It was a new school house with only two rooms. South of the school house it was all woods where the children used to play at recess time. There were two teachers and they were very proud of their new school house. Chief Petoskey lived in a house on Mitchell street west of the river. My grandmother's older sister used to go to school with the Chief's daughter, Hattie. Grandmother's sister often went to Hattie's house after school. The house was nicely furnished and the Chief sat in a chair but his wife very seldom sat in a chair but sat on the floor. She never liked white people but would frown angrily if they came near her. Their son Bazile Petoskey had a store on West Lake Street. He sold many things but among them were small birch bark boxes of soft maple sugar which they called mokuks. When the children had a nickel they would almost always go and get one of the mokuks.

--Carolyn Crawford
Grade 3



OLD PETOSKEY

Where you and I have a home,
Indian people used to roam.
There were deer and there were bear,
And Indian children everywhere.
The flutter of pigeons and honking of guese
Filled the wigwams with plenty and peace.



--Rodney Hickman
Grade 5

My great-grandfather, Henry Bacon and
his son Isaac came in June 1879 and took
up a homestead on the north shore of Wal-
loon Lake. Later that summer a few other
settlers cut the first trail through on
what is now Resort Pike. This was done so
that my grandfather could bring his family
out to the homestead in a wagon drawn by
a yoke of oxen.

They heard of many old Indian customs.
One was the way they cared for their dead.
When one of their nationality passed away,
a wooden frame called a bier, was built.
This was covered with a white cloth, on
which the corpse was laid. A canopy made
of five or six strips of calico hung from
the ceiling with several loops. The wreath
for the head was made of a branch wound
with cloth of white and was covered with
paper flowers of all colors.

--Dean Wheaton
Grade 5

Illustration-
Chermaine Johnson
Grade 10



EARLY PETOSKEY MAIL

Those who live in the country today enjoy about all the mail comforts of the city folk. About the only difference is that the rural mailmen drive cars and the city men walk many miles a day.

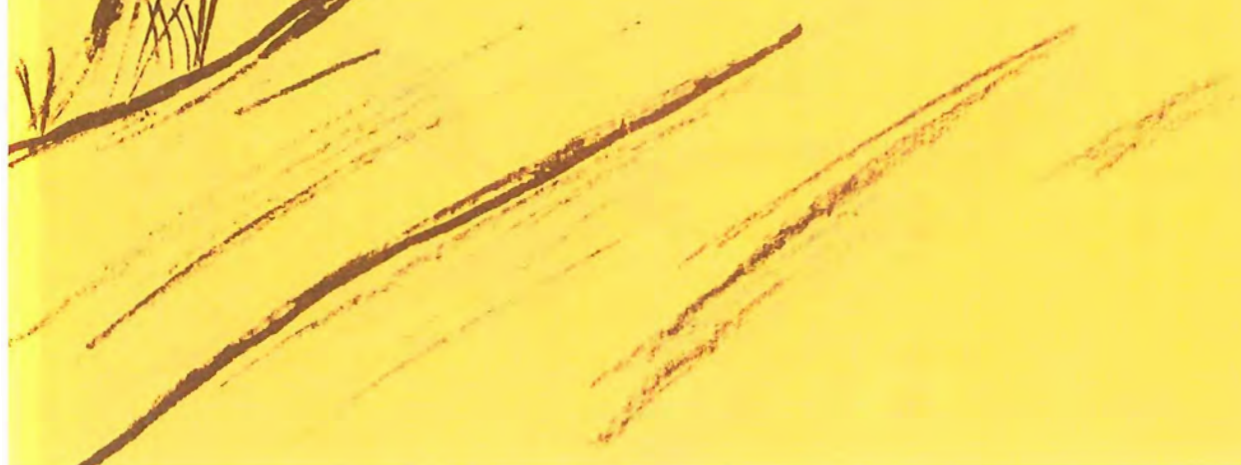

In the days of the presidency of Grover Cleveland the mail was carried by men on horseback and sometimes in two-wheel buggies.

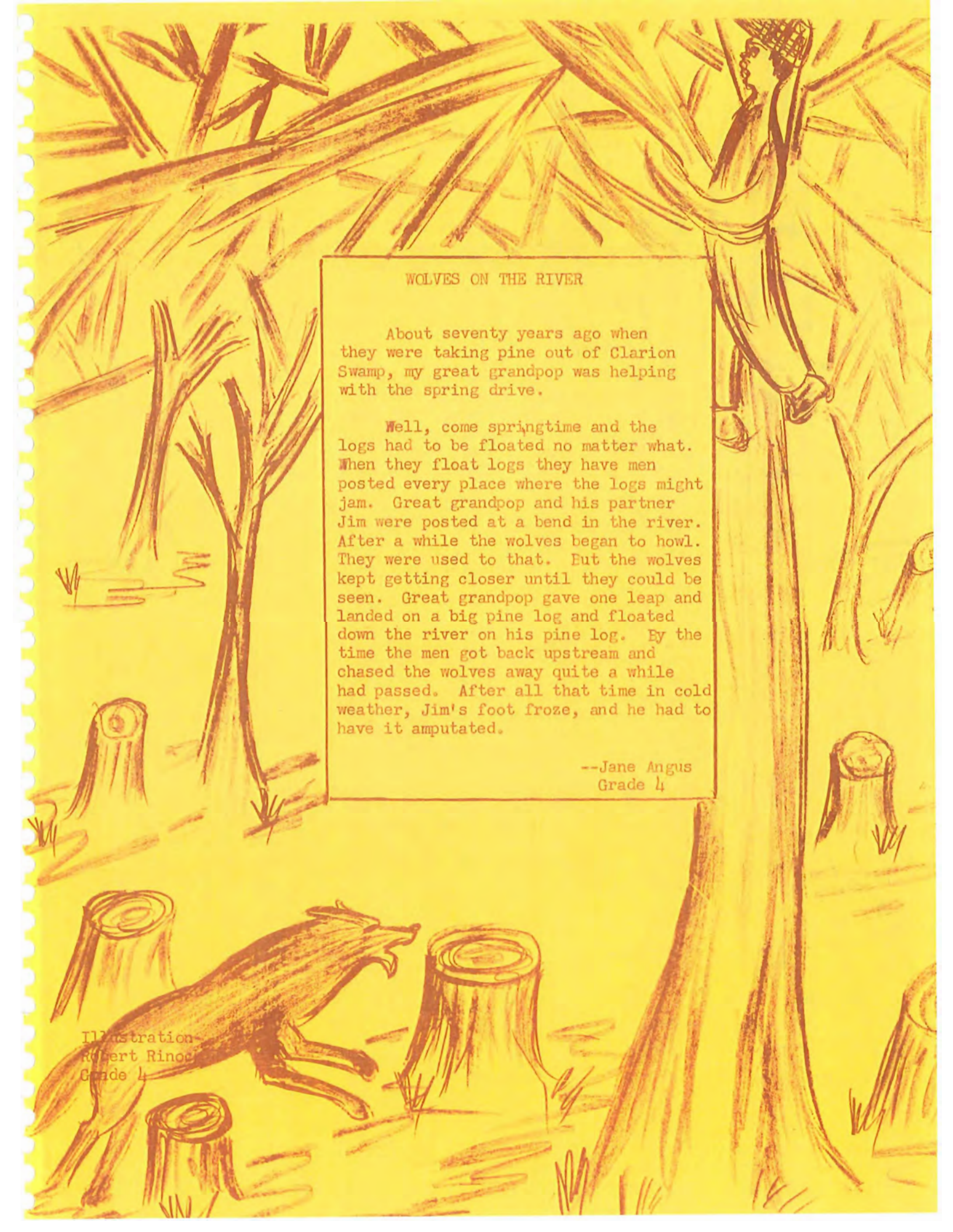
One of the first rural mail carriers in this area was a fourteen year old boy. He carried his first mail just one week before his fourteenth birthday. That was in 1887. When he started carrying mail, his route went from Petoskey to Clarion. He went right by his father's homestead. He stopped for dinner at home. This route was later changed from Petoskey to Clarion, to Petoskey to Vanderbilt.

About that time the state put a new road through from Petoskey to Gaylord. Along side the road were ditches.

The bears would come out of the woods and play in these ditches. The mail carrier would jump off his horse and stone the bear. He kept a tight hold of the horse's bridle and when the bear reared up on his hind legs the boy would hop on his horse and be off on his route before the bear got to him.

--J. Pierce
Grade 12





WOLVES ON THE RIVER

About seventy years ago when they were taking pine out of Clarion Swamp, my great grandpop was helping with the spring drive.

Well, come springtime and the logs had to be floated no matter what. When they float logs they have men posted every place where the logs might jam. Great grandpop and his partner Jim were posted at a bend in the river. After a while the wolves began to howl. They were used to that. But the wolves kept getting closer until they could be seen. Great grandpop gave one leap and landed on a big pine log and floated down the river on his pine log. By the time the men got back upstream and chased the wolves away quite a while had passed. After all that time in cold weather, Jim's foot froze, and he had to have it amputated.

--Jane Angus
Grade 4

Illustration
Robert Rinoc
Grade 4



MY EXPERIENCE AS AN EARLY SETTLER

It was April 15, 1875 when we came to Emmet County. It was just eight days we came; there were many other people coming to Emmet County, too. My brother Abe and I counted eight hundred claims in the first three days that the land was open for homesteading.

It was a tough job for Pa to keep us all fed and clothed decently but we never had to go without as far as this territory.

We were all dressed well at first but our clothing began to wear out. People got along, but finally everything was worn out and there was no money to buy anything new; flour sacks were the things we wore from then on. It was funny at first to see a man walking down the street with "XXX" on his trousers.

We got our drinking water just east and south of the dock from a spring which flowed out of the bank. The water for cleaning and washing purposes was taken from the bay and delivered from door to door by horse and wagon. About 1878 an epidemic broke out and the city erected a water works building which supplied us with pure water.

The winter of 1876 was rough for all. We just had potatoes and turnips and some didn't even have that much. The next year the coming of the pigeons, which brought about \$40,000 into the country, and the board money of the trappers helped a lot. Then too, the farmers began to raise enough to get along on.

The village became incorporated in 1879. The rapidity with which the village of Petoskey matured during those early years was remarkable. The buildings were substantial and attractive and the whole village wore a finished appearance not usually acquired in so short a time.

---Lonnie Coveyou
Grade 10

Illustration-
Cynthia Reasoner



WHEN THE PIGEONS SAVED THE DAY

It was a very dreary morning as John and Sarah set out to try to find a few wild berries for their breakfast. It had been a long time since they had even had a crust of bread. The flour and other supplies were almost gone, but what was left of them was being saved until it was really needed.

John and Sarah were not having much luck this certain morning; and, as they looked for berries, they discussed the situation their family was in. In fact, the whole community was in the same situation.

They talked of their parents and how worried and tense they looked lately. It made tears come into their eyes when they thought of their twin brothers, Danny and David. Yes, even babies were suffering from lack of food. The twins were pale and irritable and never slept more than an hour at a time.

As they talked of their family affairs, and tried to think of a way out of this crisis, they suddenly found themselves staring at the sky. At the

time, they had both heard the thundering of wings and now saw the sky darkened by millions of pigeons.

Oh, it was wonderful ! They both started running toward home with buckets swinging at their sides. Mother and Father had already seen the pigeons and were hurrying around preparing to catch them.

The days that followed were full of excitement. The whole community shared in the catch, and the whole community thrived. The twins were perking up ! Yes, everyone was happy, and best of all, the crisis was over !

Never again did little Sarah and John have to worry about their family's troubles, because, with the money made from selling pigeons, the family finally got on its feet again.

Illustration-
Donald Dunshee
Grade 10

--Shirley Turk
Grade 10

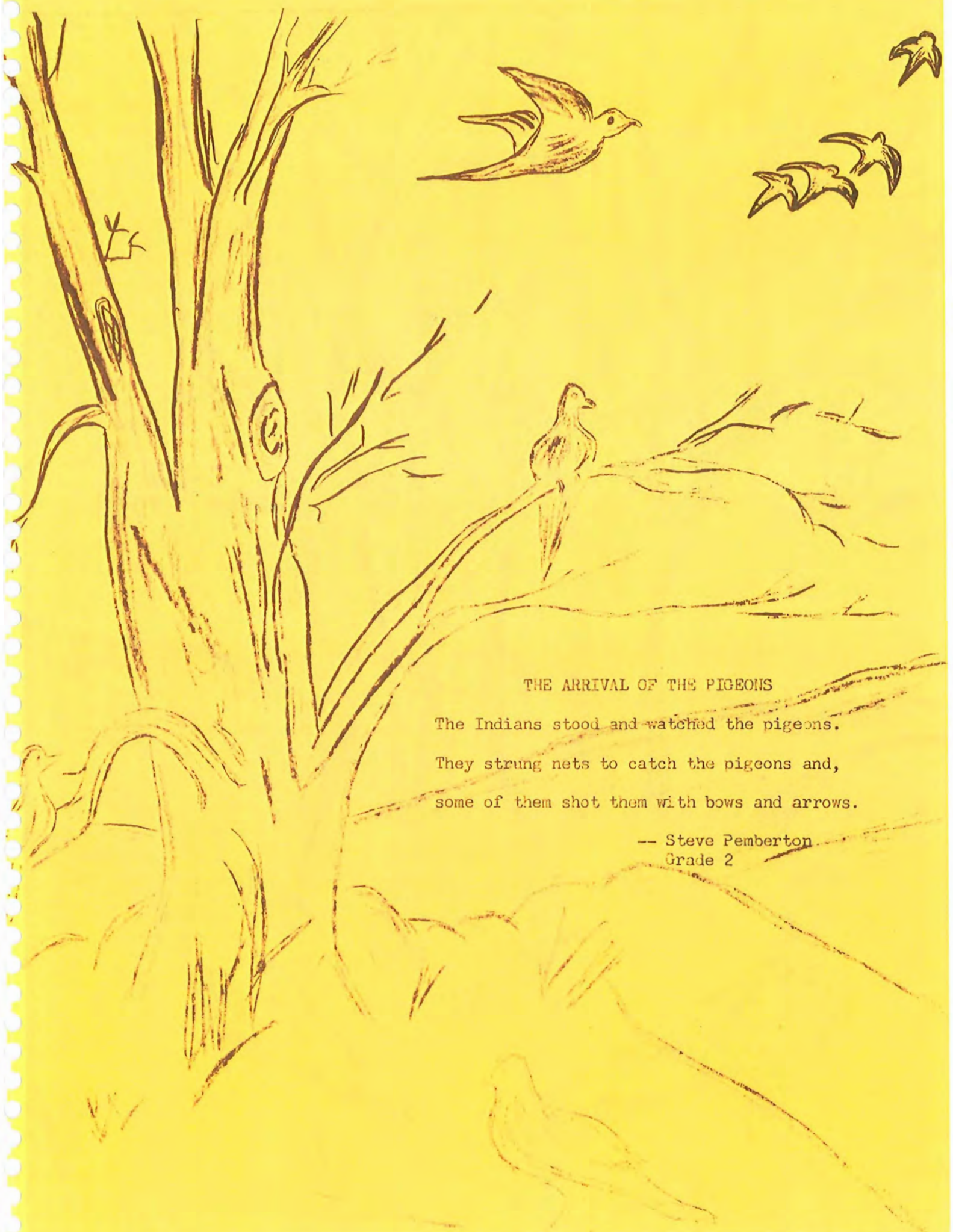
LONG LONG AGO

Over Petoskey
 pigeons flew,
Over the land
 where the wind blew,
Big ones,
Little ones,
Glossy feathers fine,
All came together
 in a line.
Broken leg,
Broken wing,
Amos and Frank
 wished they would sing
Amos and Frank
 put them in a pen
Until they were able
 to fly again.

Long long ago there lived a little boy who loved the pigeons. One day on the ground he saw a pigeon that had only one wing and could not fly. The boy picked up the pigeon and fed it and it grew big. And that is the story about the pigeon.

--Fayth Notestine
Grade 2

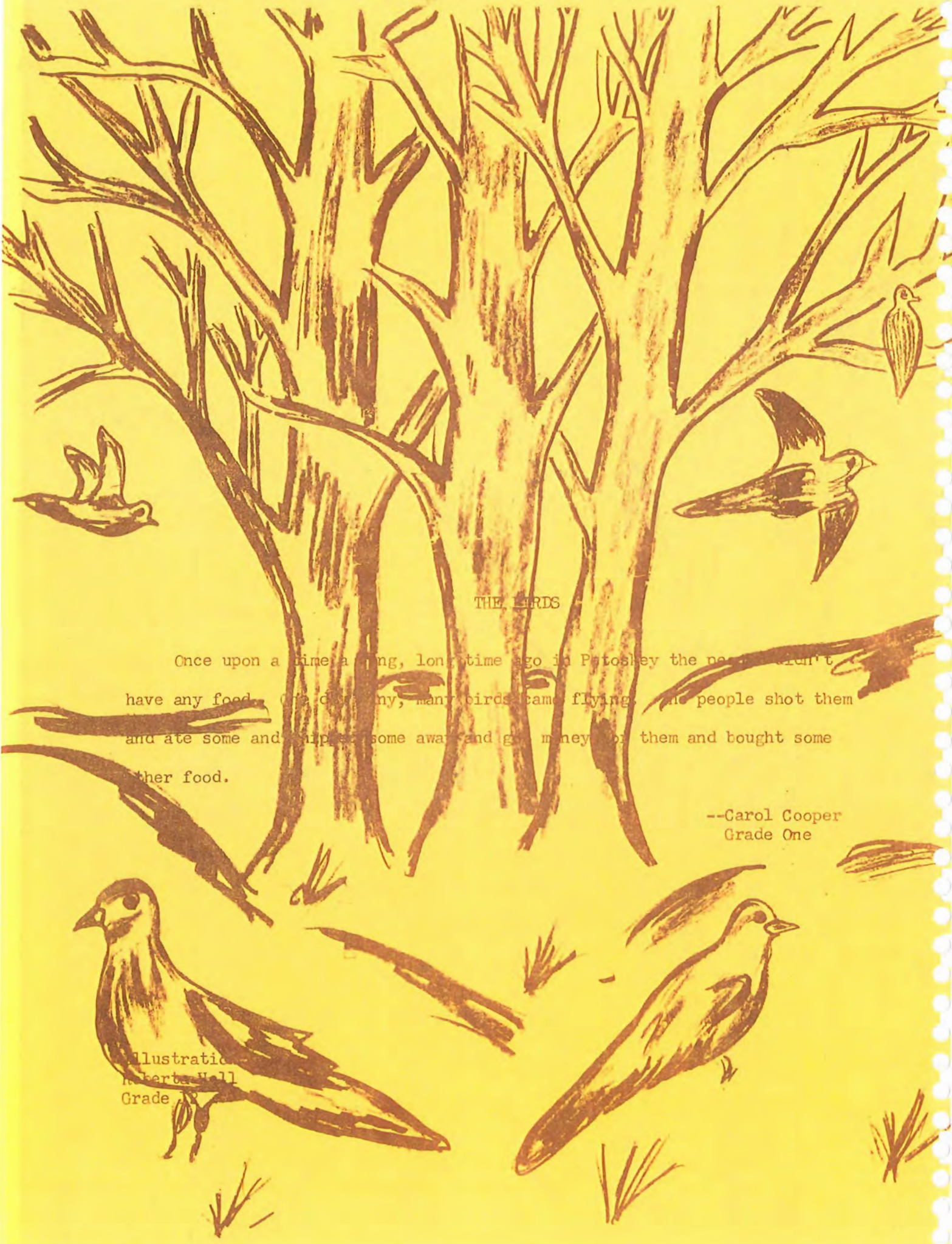
--Glenda Pagel
Grade 4



THE ARRIVAL OF THE PIGEONS

The Indians stood and watched the pigeons.
They strung nets to catch the pigeons and,
some of them shot them with bows and arrows.

-- Steve Pemberton
Grade 2



THE BIRDS

Once upon a time a long, long time ago in Potoskey the people didn't have any food. One day many, many birds came flying. The people shot them and ate some and shipped some away and got money for them and bought some other food.

--Carol Cooper
Grade One

Illustration
Roberta Hall
Grade 8



THE PIGEONS ON FOX ISLAND

My parents and I, Charles Rae, live on Fox Island. I have spent my entire 15 years on the island and to me it is a wonderful place.

In the spring of 1876, when the wild pigeons came to the village of Petoskey, they came to Fox Island too. During the months of June and July, they came and fed on the wild berries in the woods, and they ate the grain we planted.

The people on Fox Island didn't have in our possession many guns or much ammunition either. So we had to devise a plan to catch the pigeons. Among us men, we figured that, since the pigeons liked the grain we planted, we would plant a bed of grain and rig up a net on a frame to throw over them when they landed.

Well, it worked; we made a net while the women planted a bed of grain. The net was 12 by 30 feet and it covered a lot of pigeons.

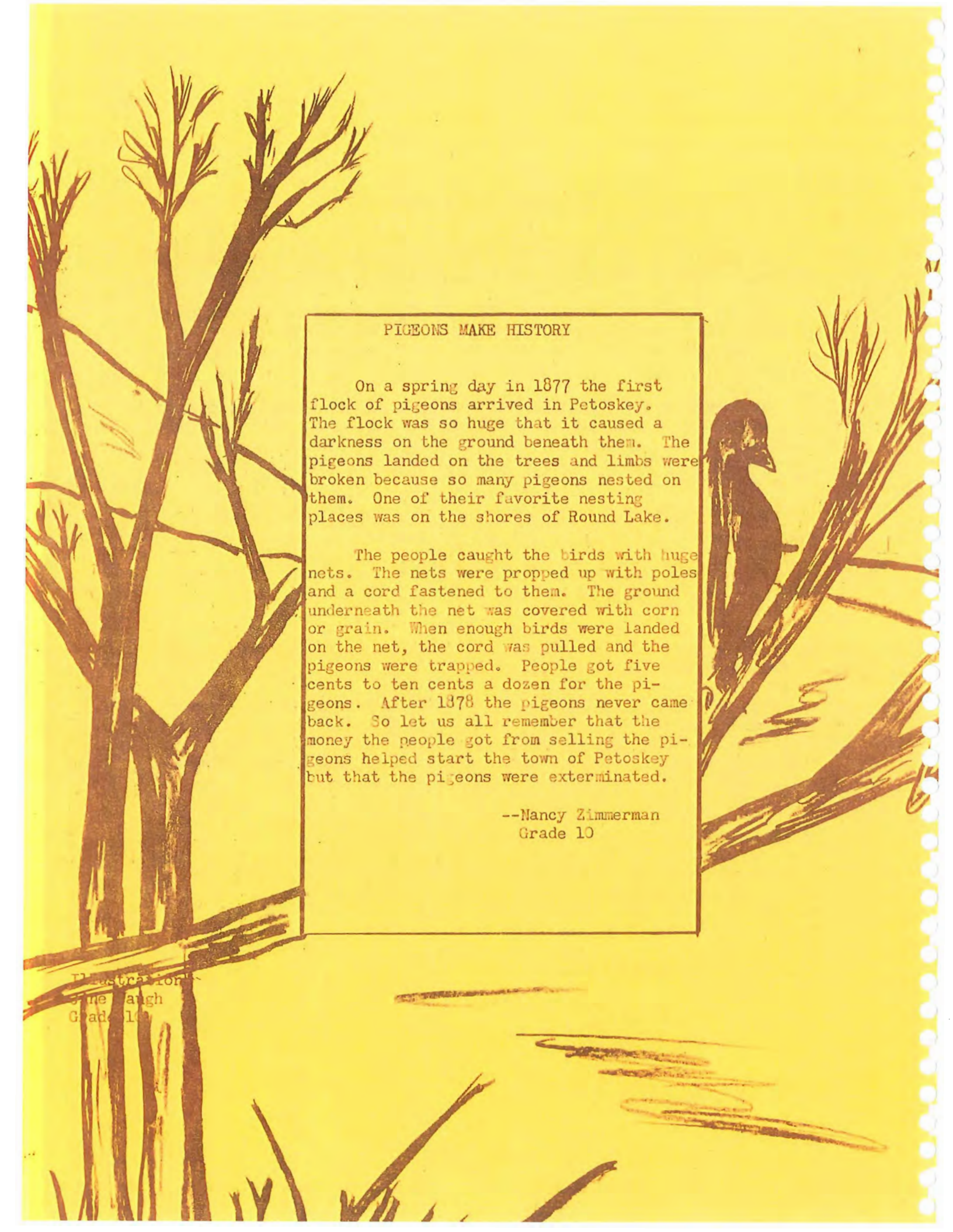
When we marketed them at first, we got \$1.00 a dozen. Later when they were in abundance, we received only 25 cents a dozen.

Captains of ships, when they stopped at the island, complained about the pigeons because they weren't good navigators in storms. One captain told this story:

"We were out in a terrific storm about a week ago and we saw how they act in bad weather. They just fly around in circles and finally fall into the water from exhaustion and drown. Our ship was just covered with pigeons when we came into port. One would think we were out to catch pigeons instead of fish!"

One day after a storm, I was out walking along the beach with one of my friends and we almost had to walk on pigeons because the beach was just covered with dead ones. We wandered, until we came to an old boat wrecked about two months before. The boat was loaded with salt and now pigeons were swarming around the wreck to get some of it. I had my sling shot with me and I shot one of the pigeons. We took it home and mounted it. It was large in build and bluish gray above, reddish fawn below. Its wings and tail were long and pointed and of brilliant iridescent plumage.

--June Waugh
Grade 10



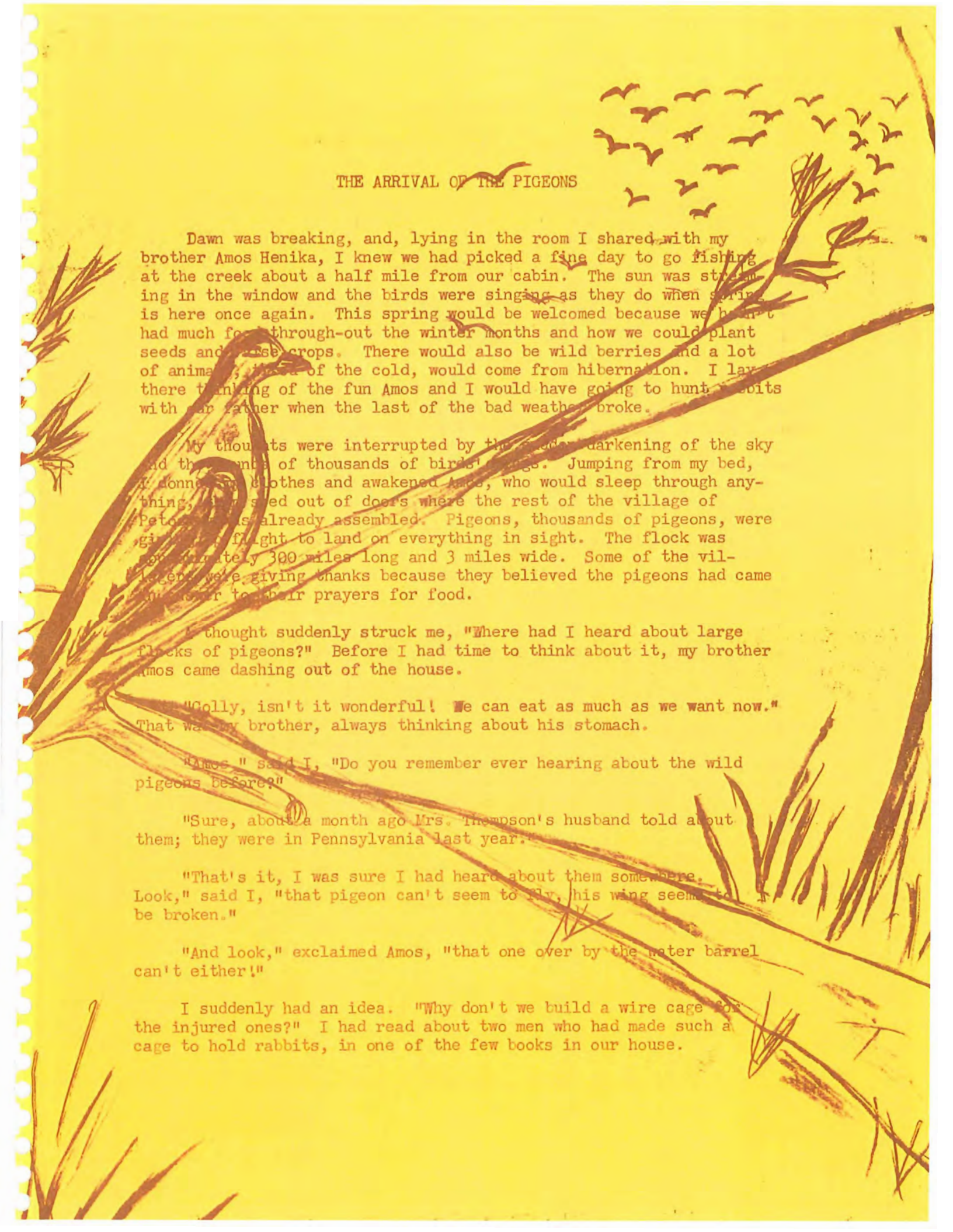
PIGEONS MAKE HISTORY

On a spring day in 1877 the first flock of pigeons arrived in Petoskey. The flock was so huge that it caused a darkness on the ground beneath them. The pigeons landed on the trees and limbs were broken because so many pigeons nested on them. One of their favorite nesting places was on the shores of Round Lake.

The people caught the birds with huge nets. The nets were propped up with poles and a cord fastened to them. The ground underneath the net was covered with corn or grain. When enough birds were landed on the net, the cord was pulled and the pigeons were trapped. People got five cents to ten cents a dozen for the pigeons. After 1878 the pigeons never came back. So let us all remember that the money the people got from selling the pigeons helped start the town of Petoskey but that the pigeons were exterminated.

--Nancy Zimmerman
Grade 10

Elaine Laughlin
Grade 10



THE ARRIVAL OF THE PIGEONS

Dawn was breaking, and, lying in the room I shared with my brother Amos Henika, I knew we had picked a fine day to go fishing at the creek about a half mile from our cabin. The sun was streaming in the window and the birds were singing as they do when spring is here once again. This spring would be welcomed because we hadn't had much food through-out the winter months and how we could plant seeds and raise crops. There would also be wild berries and a lot of animals, most of the cold, would come from hibernation. I lay there thinking of the fun Amos and I would have going to hunt rabbits with our father when the last of the bad weather broke.

My thoughts were interrupted by the sudden darkening of the sky and the sounds of thousands of birds' wings. Jumping from my bed, I donned my clothes and awakened Amos, who would sleep through anything, and rushed out of doors where the rest of the village of Petowah was already assembled. Pigeons, thousands of pigeons, were giving up flight to land on everything in sight. The flock was approximately 300 miles long and 3 miles wide. Some of the villagers were giving thanks because they believed the pigeons had come in answer to their prayers for food.

A thought suddenly struck me, "Where had I heard about large flocks of pigeons?" Before I had time to think about it, my brother Amos came dashing out of the house.

"Golly, isn't it wonderful! We can eat as much as we want now." That was my brother, always thinking about his stomach.

"Amos" said I, "Do you remember ever hearing about the wild pigeons before?"

"Sure, about a month ago Mrs. Thompson's husband told about them; they were in Pennsylvania last year."

"That's it, I was sure I had heard about them somewhere. Look," said I, "that pigeon can't seem to fly, his wing seems to be broken."

"And look," exclaimed Amos, "that one over by the water barrel can't either!"

I suddenly had an idea. "Why don't we build a wire cage for the injured ones?" I had read about two men who had made such a cage to hold rabbits, in one of the few books in our house.

Amos sounded enthused. "That's a swell idea. Look, here comes Mr. Thompson. Maybe he has some ideas about a cage." This was from Amos. "Mr. Thompson, will you help us to build a wi....."

"Not now boys," was the answer, "I haven't time." Amos was cut off short! Mr. Thompson had a serious look on his face instead of the jolly one that was usually there. He seemed different, very different; he had always before had time for us but now something was disturbing him.

Amos and I just stood there and watched him as he talked to our father and some of the other men. We were too far away to hear what they were talking about; but, as we moved closer, he made an announcement in his loud voice.


"I imagine that some of you know that my wife and I come from Pennsylvania. Last year we had experience with a similar flock of wild pigeons. I joined with some men and became a pigeonier. As a pigeonier we caught the birds and cleaned them and took them to New York to see if the restaurants and other commercial places wanted them. They did. We sold what we didn't use for food. If you want to do that here, I can help to show you how."

The crowd all agreed.


Word spread and men from Pennsylvania came with huge nets and helped Mr. Thompson show us how to catch the pigeons. The women used fishing shanties in which to pick and clean the birds. The men packed them in ice and sent them to New York and Chicago. Some of them were sent alive but had to be sent by rail road instead of by boat because they made so much noise. Amos and I spent the days caring for the pigeons that had been hurt while landing.

As I lay in bed a few nights later, I thought about the happenings of the last few days and thought how lucky we were that the pigeons happened to land here. I thought how lucky I was that I was the older of the two boys in our family because I was allowed to help catch some of the pigeons. My thoughts then turned back to my dreams of hunting rabbits and the summer that lay ahead.

--June Waugh
Grade 10



INDIAN LEGEND TOUCHES MY BIRTHPLACE



Nee-i-too-shing, (the Early Dawn), with other members of his tribe went down the lakeshore into the south country hunting and trapping. When they returned, well laden with skins and game, they camped at Little Creek, near the mouth of the Manistee River. In the year 1787 the patron of Petoskey was born near that little creek. Nee-i-too-shing pulled the deer skin door of his rude lodge back and looked up at the morning sky. Bright shafts of sunlight shot up like streaks of flame lighting the eastern woods. Just then the first cry of his new-born son came to his ear and he named him, Weyas Petosega, which means "Rising Sun".

Time went by and Nee-i-too-shing had made his way home. His lodge was about seven miles north and west of the present city of Harbor Springs, on what is known as the Shore Drive at Seven Mile Point where he built on his return from the south country. Petosega (Ignatius Petoskey) grew up there and married at the age of twenty-two and raised fourteen children. When Nee-i-too-shing died, Petosega and his many relatives inherited the land and lived there until 1830 when most of them moved to the present site of Petoskey.

In 1880 my great grandfather, George B. Cole sold his home in the city of Harbor Springs and from the Petoskeys bought the apple tree covered land, located on the hill southeast of Porter and Spring streets. The land was fertile and they lived well in their small one-room cabin; then my great grandfather started adding on to the original portion which still is as it was except





Illustration-
Donald Dunshee
Grade 10

for the modernizing of the inside and landscaping the out of doors. The view of Lake Michigan looking over the low, rolling hills is wonderfully breathtaking when the sun is setting after a clear day. The house and one-half of the original one-hundred-sixty acres were still in our family until 1950 when the home was sold.

--Betty McConnell
Grade 10

CHIEF PETOSKEY'S HOME

Chief Petoskey's old home is still standing down on Mitchell Street on the west side of town. The house is located between the corner of Pott's Laundry and the corner of Wachtel Street; it is the second house from Wachtel. The house is now owned by Mrs. Bessie Newson who has lived there thirty-five years.

--Bob Gregory
Grade 10

OUR EARLY INDIANS

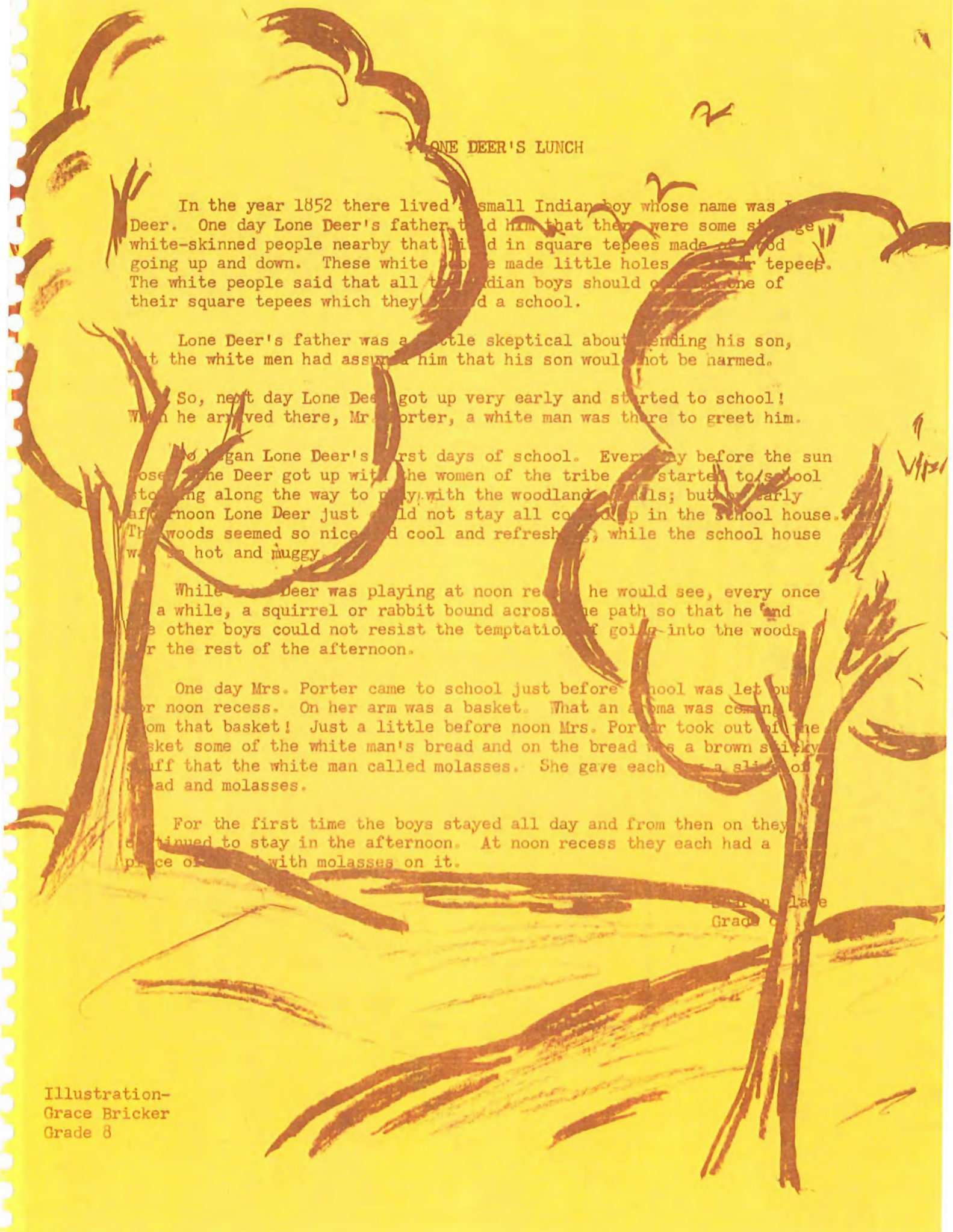
Over three-hundred years ago the shores of Little Traverse Bay and Lake Michigan were lined with wigwams. Today they are lined with beautiful summer homes.

Michigan was owned by three tribes of Indians at one time, the Potowattamies, the Mush-quah-tas, and the Ottawas. The Mush-quah-ta seldom went on the war-path. One day when the Ottawas were returning home from an unsuccessful war-like expedition, the young folks of the Mush-quah-tas jeered and laughed at them for losing a battle. This was too much for the Ottawas and one night soon after they took the Mush-quah-tas by surprise and massacred all but one young man who managed to escape. Later they killed him.

Petoskey was once a meeting place for the chiefs. This was many years ago. On the corner of Mitchell Street and Wachtel Avenue, stands the stump of a vine-covered tree beneath which the Indians held council, in the years when the city was an Indian trading post. Here in later years they might be seen, their mouths full of moistened porcupine quills, decorating or making boxes to be sold at a good price to the white people.

Thus the early history of Emmet County centers around the life of the Ottawas.

--Pat Riley, Grade 6
Karol Lundie, Grade 6
Marian Goldsmith, Grade 10
Nancy Zimmerman, Grade 10
Jim Ulberg, Grade 12



ONE DEER'S LUNCH

In the year 1852 there lived a small Indian boy whose name was Lone Deer. One day Lone Deer's father told him that there were some strange white-skinned people nearby that lived in square tepees made of wood going up and down. These white people made little holes in their tepees. The white people said that all the Indian boys should come to one of their square tepees which they called a school.

Lone Deer's father was a little skeptical about sending his son, but the white men had assured him that his son would not be harmed.


So, next day Lone Deer got up very early and started to school! When he arrived there, Mr. Porter, a white man was there to greet him.

So began Lone Deer's first days of school. Every day before the sun rose Lone Deer got up with the women of the tribe and started to school stopping along the way to play with the woodland animals; but in the early afternoon Lone Deer just could not stay all cooped up in the school house. The woods seemed so nice and cool and refreshing, while the school house was so hot and muggy.

While Lone Deer was playing at noon recess he would see, every once in a while, a squirrel or rabbit bound across the path so that he and the other boys could not resist the temptation of going into the woods for the rest of the afternoon.

One day Mrs. Porter came to school just before school was let out for noon recess. On her arm was a basket. What an aroma was coming from that basket! Just a little before noon Mrs. Porter took out of the basket some of the white man's bread and on the bread was a brown sticky stuff that the white man called molasses. She gave each boy a slice of bread and molasses.

For the first time the boys stayed all day and from then on they continued to stay in the afternoon. At noon recess they each had a piece of bread with molasses on it.



BREAD, MOLASSES, AND INDIAN CHILDREN

It was late in the year 1852 that this incident happened to the Porters at a Mission school overlooking Little Traverse Bay. Let's go back and look in on the Porters. Mr. Porter is speaking.

"Mary, what can we do about those Indian children? They come to school in the morning but they won't come back in the afternoon."

All that night Mrs. Porter was trying to think of a way to make the Indian children come to school in the afternoon. It was early morning when she hit upon a plan. Can you guess what it was?

Mrs. Porter got up early that morning and baked a dozen loaves of whole-wheat bread, dipped a pail of molasses, and put both in a basket.

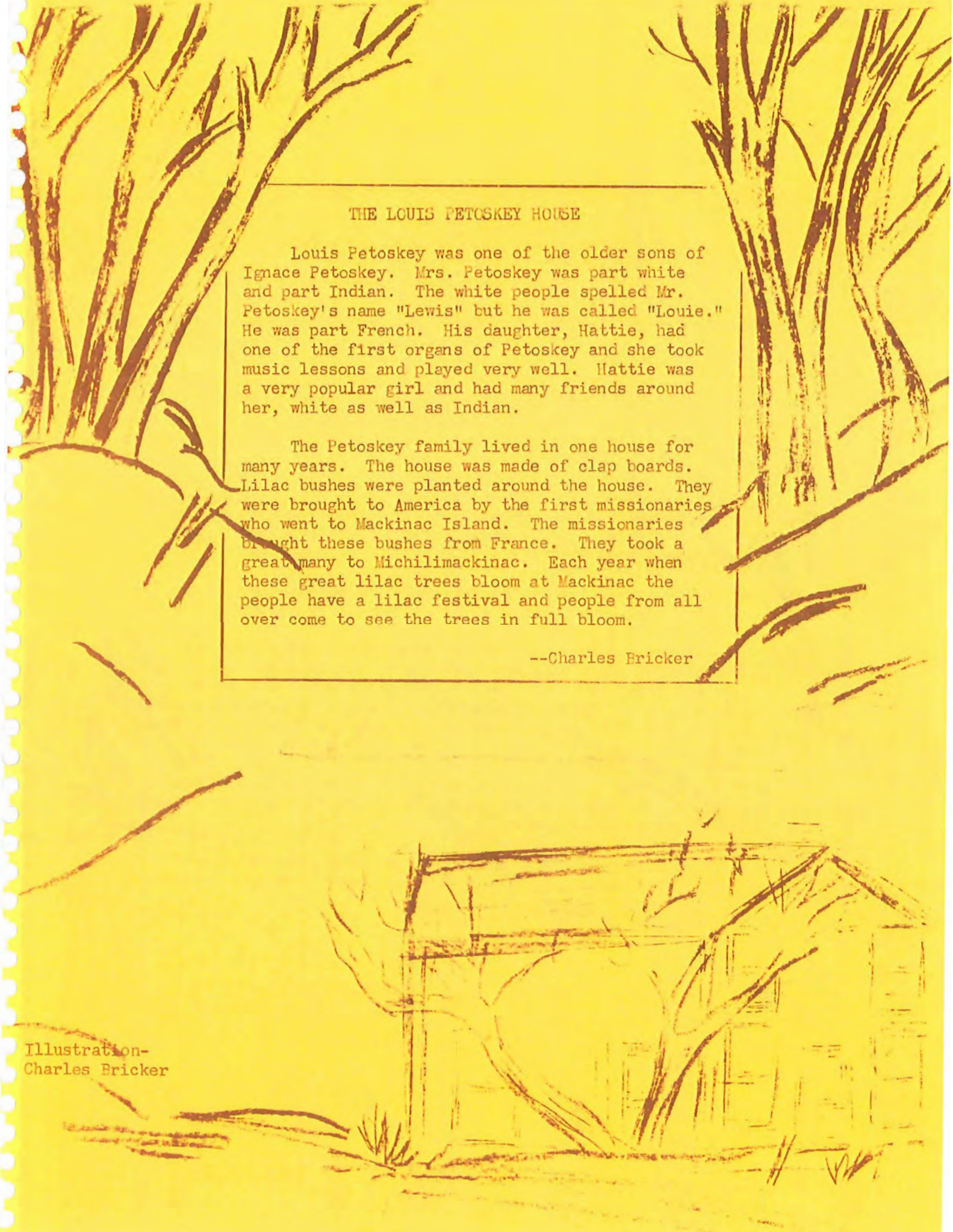
When Mr. Porter went to the school, Mrs. Porter went with him and took the basket with her. That noon she cut the bread in large slices, spread them generously with molasses, and gave them to the Indian children.

After that the children came to school every morning and every afternoon.

--Martha Kosloskey
Grade 6



Illustration-
Carol Onealle
Grade 8



THE LOUIS PETOSKEY HOUSE

Louis Petoskey was one of the older sons of Ignace Petoskey. Mrs. Petoskey was part white and part Indian. The white people spelled Mr. Petoskey's name "Lewis" but he was called "Louie." He was part French. His daughter, Hattie, had one of the first organs of Petoskey and she took music lessons and played very well. Hattie was a very popular girl and had many friends around her, white as well as Indian.

The Petoskey family lived in one house for many years. The house was made of clap boards. Lilac bushes were planted around the house. They were brought to America by the first missionaries who went to Mackinac Island. The missionaries brought these bushes from France. They took a great many to Michilimackinac. Each year when these great lilac trees bloom at Mackinac the people have a lilac festival and people from all over come to see the trees in full bloom.

--Charles Bricker

Illustration-
Charles Bricker



Petoskey, Michigan
March 16, 1952

Dear Sidney,

I would be very happy to help you find some "characters" for your new book about the old north. I have already found one such person who has become a legend here.

Joe Succo was a mammoth Indian with a solemn face; he stood six feet three in his moccasins, a huge and imposing figure of his race. He and his dog, who loved and protected him, lived together in an old shack a few miles from the village.

It seems Joe was an Indian who had a weakness for liquor. At times when Old Joe got too much of the white man's "fire water" enroute home, he would stumble and fall. In the morning the dog would be found lying across the body of Joe to keep him warm.

One time in the Spring of the year, Old Joe was down by the bay when he fell and broke his leg. The dog lay on Joe's body and would not let anyone touch him. The man of the town got Joe's niece, who could speak Indian, to get the dog away, so Joe could be taken to the hospital. Through negligence, Joe's cane was left there; the faithful dog remained there, near the cane, for over a week. Townspeople fed the dog by throwing food to him. Because of the dog's protective nature the people were cautioned not to touch the cane or approach the dog. Later, when Joe was able to travel, he came by wheel chair to get his cane and dog.

Doctor Eganis, a prominent physician in Petoskey, bought Joe's body for \$100 to examine it after death. To everyone's surprise, except Old Joe's, he outlived the doctor.

Old Joe is a picturesque character of Petoskey. He has contributed much to the Indian legends of this area.

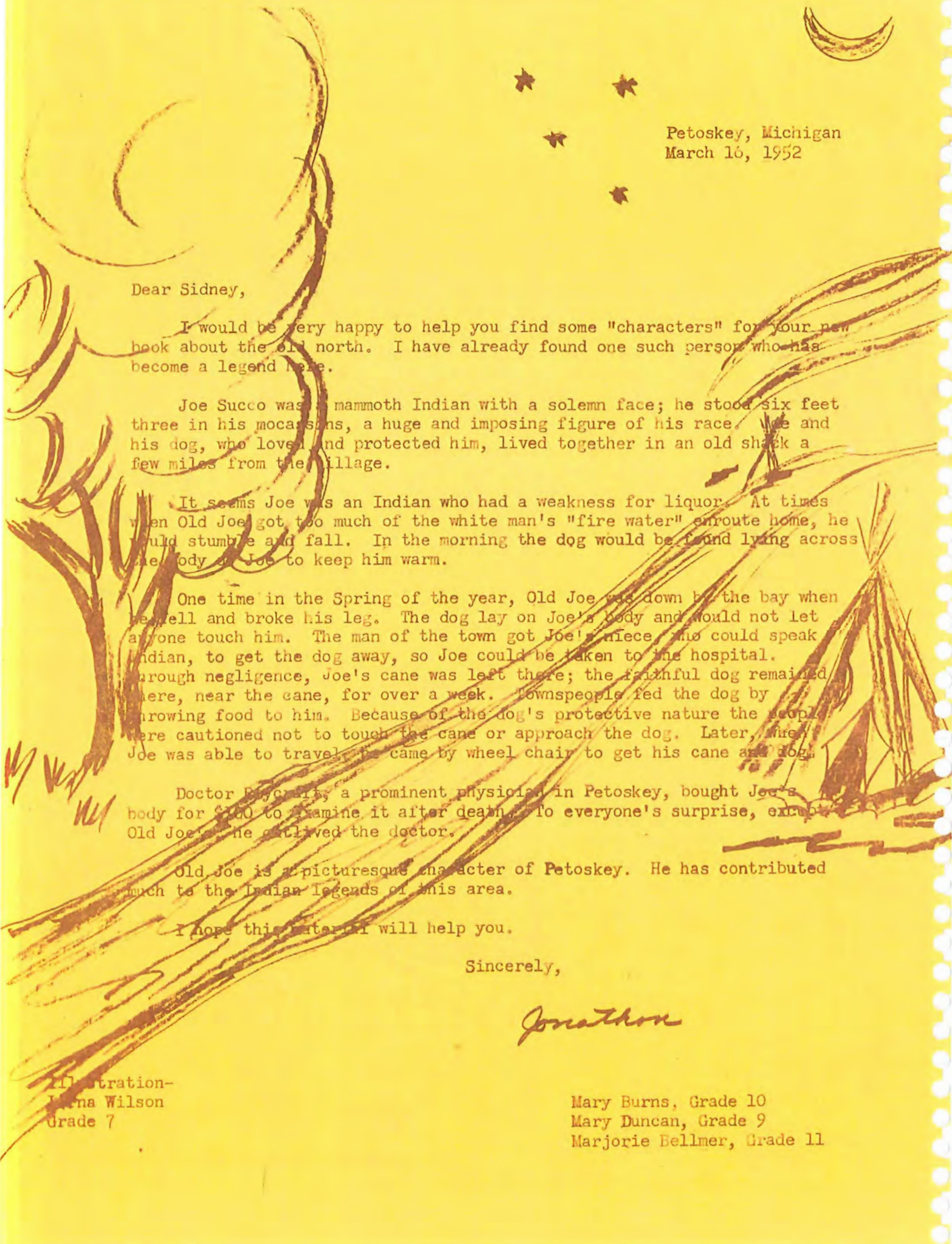
I hope this material will help you.

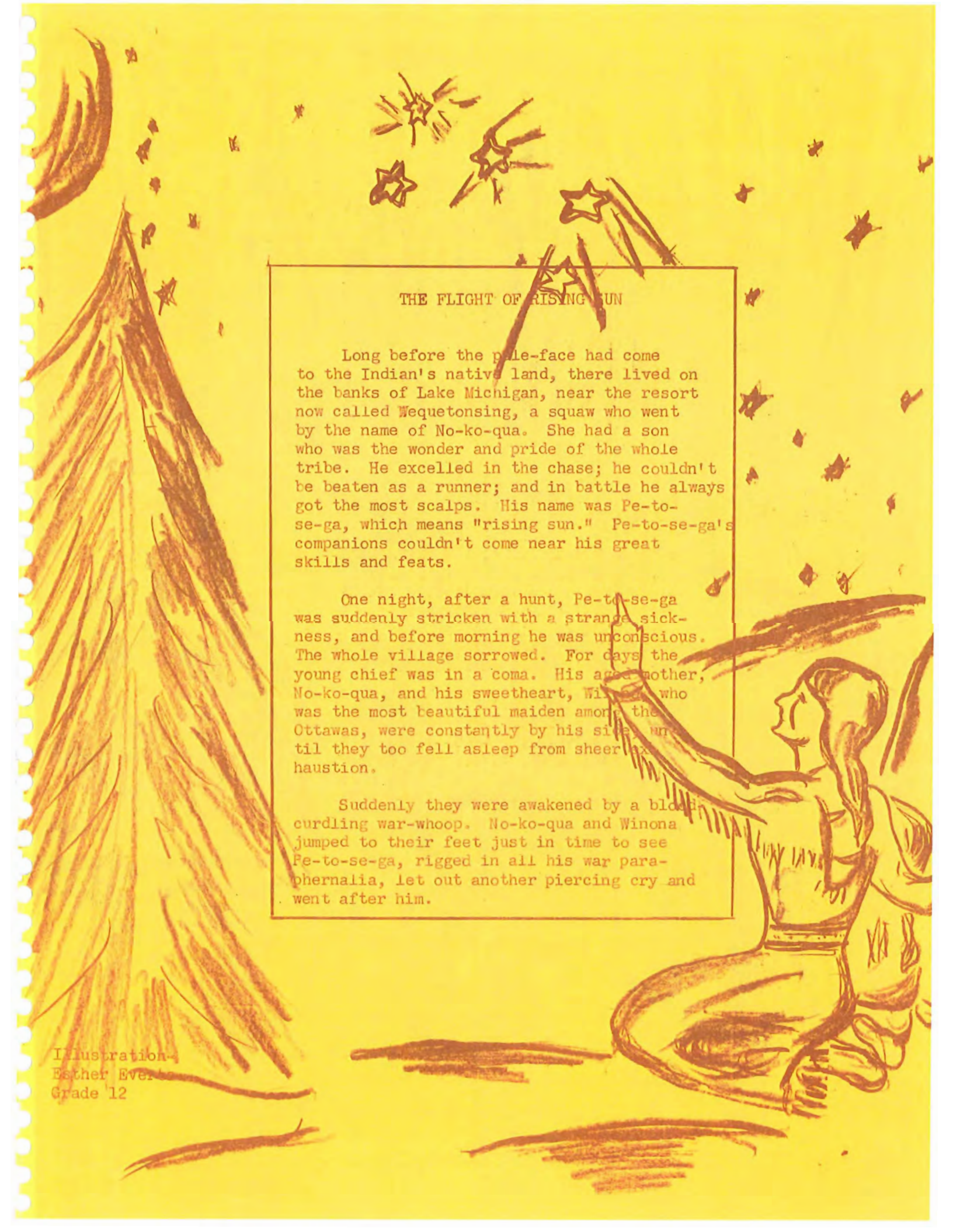
Sincerely,

Jonathon

Illustration-
Lena Wilson
Grade 7

Mary Burns, Grade 10
Mary Duncan, Grade 9
Marjorie Bellmer, Grade 11





THE FLIGHT OF RISING SUN

Long before the pale-face had come to the Indian's native land, there lived on the banks of Lake Michigan, near the resort now called Wequetonsing, a squaw who went by the name of No-ko-qua. She had a son who was the wonder and pride of the whole tribe. He excelled in the chase; he couldn't be beaten as a runner; and in battle he always got the most scalps. His name was Pe-to-se-ga, which means "rising sun." Pe-to-se-ga's companions couldn't come near his great skills and feats.

One night, after a hunt, Pe-to-se-ga was suddenly stricken with a strange sickness, and before morning he was unconscious. The whole village sorrowed. For days the young chief was in a coma. His aged mother, No-ko-qua, and his sweetheart, Winona, who was the most beautiful maiden among the Ottawas, were constantly by his side until they too fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

Suddenly they were awakened by a blood-curdling war-whoop. No-ko-qua and Winona jumped to their feet just in time to see Pe-to-se-ga, rigged in all his war paraphernalia, let out another piercing cry and went after him.

HOW THE INDIANS MADE BASKETS

The Indian wove baskets of all kinds, sizes, and shapes.

They braided strips of slippery elm about a half inch wide and made them into lags. Strips were laid side by side and woven together with cords or sinews wrapped around each strip and tied. It was more like the split weaving we say.

Another kind of basket that was not easy to make was the coiled and wrapped. Bark fibers, fine roots, and grass stems were used for this. It was hard to keep the shapes of these baskets perfect. They were some of the most beautiful baskets ever made.

The Indians used bright colors and designs but hardly made any alike. The baskets were easily made to hold water. The inside was covered with pitch and was allowed to become hard and dry. They were woven so closely that pitch was not needed to make them water tight.

The Indians had to get the elm bark before the leaves came out and the sap started to run. The coarsest basket they made was of elm bark three or four feet high. Elm bark was braided for the strips.

The birch bark only peels in spring. The Indians got bark white they rubbed it with water. Birch bark was used as a foundation for quill work baskets. Birch bark was also made into quill work miniature canoes of different sizes from one inch to twelve inches.

The Indians made sweet grass baskets without any other material. They used sweet grass for the pleasant fragrance. Sweet grass is the foundation of split.

The split baskets six to eight inches in diameter and put purple grapes on top. They used quills for decorating. The inner the quills, the better the work. The women use their teeth down softening the quills. The quills came from the porcupine. The strips were dry before being used.

Different kinds of bark are used to make the colors. The bark of the cedar bush made a yellow brown dye. The more the bark was boiled the darker brown it was.

The Indians made purple from the juice of grapes. The blue dye and orange dye had a better dye. The purple was the juice from a grass tree. This was made by boiling leaves from certain plants and the water was the right shade of green. Yellow was made by boiling and boiling vegetable plants from trees, leaves of sumac, yew, and cedar leaves. Red was made from the plants of the bloodroot, cayenne, and cochineal. They also made red from the little red berries from a maple. To make a clear pink they used cranberry juice. To make black they used the bark of the pinon tree. To make white they said they used limestone. The dye they made was said to wash out quickly unless the colors were fast so they would not fade. They did not like to use blue and they didn't use the other Indians' ideas and customs.

Today the Indians buy most of their dye from the drug store.



THE OLD INDIAN TRAIL

One of Petoskey's oldest landmarks, an old Indian trail, is located north of Petoskey in the woods between Petoskey and Bay View. You can find the beginning of the trail by entering the hills by the Petoskey Winter Sports park. As the trail goes deeper into the woods its scenic beauty and enchantment increases.

Some summer evening you will find one of Nature's new thrills by walking along this quiet spot. The mossy trees and rotting stumps will start you dreaming about the history of this trail. As you walk along, you wonder how it was first cut through the dense woods.

Probably first to use it were the deer on their way to and from their evening water-hole. Then Indian hunters, after a long hard day's hunt, used it to go on their way to their villages. The missionary used to follow its path to the Indian villages in and around Petoskey. During the French and Indian war, runners from Fort Michilimackinac used it to go on their way to and from Fort Ponchartrain at Detroit. Its serene beauty was shattered many times by the sounds of battle between the Indian and white man.

This trail is one of Petoskey's most interesting points and is a well known historical landmark.

--John Kettel, Grade 9
--Judy Wolgast, Grade 10

Illustration-
Betty McConnell
Grade 10

OLD INDIAN TRAILS

An interesting story of Petoskey pioneers has been told by their descendants.

On April 12, 1876, Mr. and Mrs. Thadions Kinert from Ohio, arrived in Petoskey to start a homestead. They settled on the plains one mile east of Pickeral Lake.

Mr. Kinert came to Petoskey hoping to be in the undertaking business; however, when he arrived he found that no one was sick or dying, so he sold his equipment to Mr. Amos Felika who was in the same business and went to farming and leasing land.

At that time there were no roads or any kind of transportation; so to get their groceries and supplies they would take a canoe and go down to Pickeral Lake and through the channel to Crooked Lake at Conway, through the channel to Round Lake, then through the channel to Lake to the very end. They would pull the canoe up on the shore and leave it, and take an old Indian Trail up and across the present golf links and through the back of Day View, coming out by the top of Mitchell Street. They would then come on down into town.

He purchased his groceries and supplies and things such as he could carry on his back; and, if time permitted, sometimes he would stay over in town and start back to his homestead early the next morning. If not he would start back the same day, carrying all the groceries and supplies on his back. Then he went back a mile to his canoe with his canoe to reach his homestead.

One time he bought a grind stone which was too heavy to carry in his canoe and so he had to carry the stone on his back all the way home.

Mr. and Mrs. Kinert were believed to be one of the oldest white families of Petoskey. There are still some of the members of the family living. They are Mrs. Jim Payne, Dea. Albert, Burdette, Lee Kinert, Harbor Springs.

--Audrey Sherwood
Grade

OLD INDIAN TRAILS

The Indian's foremost route across the northern part of the state was called "The Boygan" it began at the head of Little Traverse Bay. At this place the Indians landed their canoes and carried them across the land to Grand Lake, where they would continue their journey through the chain of lakes and rivers that ended in Chebogan. It is believed that the whole portage was sometimes called "The Boygan," a name which an Indian means "a going through." The Indians preferred this route to Mackinac to the Lake Michigon route because the lake was often rough and dangerous.

Another well-known Indian trail was the one which extended from Mackinaw City to Grand Rapids, running through Petoskey near the Pennsylvania Station.

Illustration-
Sherley Wentz

--Chester Cone
Grade 10

INDIANS WIN RENOWN

After the War of 1812 Sophia Bailey, daughter of a French trader and an Indian Princess, journeyed to Mackinaw Island where she met and entertained the notables of the day. Here she married Henry Graveraet Jr. the son of a German soldier of the American Revolution. Just before the Civil War they moved from Mackinaw Island to Little Traverse, which we now call Harbor Springs.

Their son Garrett, an accomplished artist and musician, organized the Indians of the area into a company, known as Company First Michigan Sharpshooters.

These Indians first went into service in 1863 with General Grant. They crossed the Rapidan and entered into the battle of the Wilderness. This was only the first of many battles for them, and during their many encounters half of them were killed and the rest wounded.

These Indians of the Little Traverse Bay area received medals for their bravery. In Lansing a monument has been erected to Graveraet.

--Carol Baker
Grade 10

Illustration
Joe Spurgeon
Grade 8



CHIEF PETOSKEY

In an old book of treaties between the Michigan Indians and the Federal Government, as headman of the Ottawa tribes of L'arbre Croche Petoskey signed his name Ignace Pe-to-se-gay.

Ignace Petoskey was a dignified old gentleman. He was respected and dearly loved by the children, and he was honest. The children would go to Bazil Petoskey Store (Bazil was his oldest son.) When the children got there, they would usually find the old chief sitting by the stove in the middle of the room, holding his cane. They would all gather around him, to hear his stories and Indian talk.

Tom Petoskey, his grandson, said that his great-great grandfather was a Scotchman named Crary. Ignace had a face of a Scotchman and he wore whiskers.

Ignace Petoskey's two story home was located where the old Petoskey Hospital used to stand at 116 West Lake Street. A white man bought the home and moved it. It was torn down later so that they could make room for a modern residence in the block west of the waterworks.

Ignace Petoskey worked for the John Jacob Astor Fur Company at Mackinac Island in the year 1818. He was not trapper but a regular employe, a job that needed someone they could trust. Ignace took the job when he was about eighteen or nineteen.

--Barbara Clements
Grade 5

AN EARLY STORE IN PETOSKEY

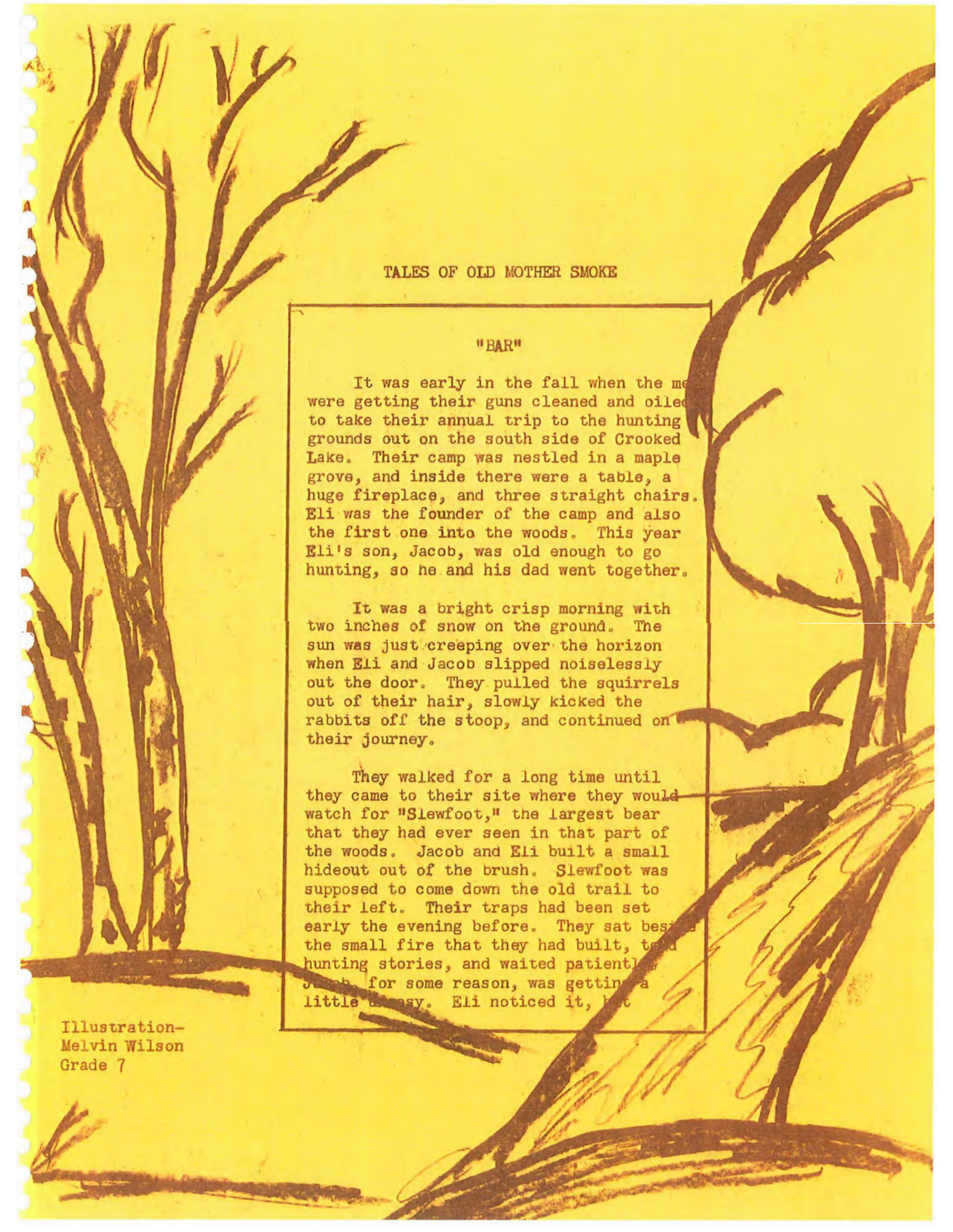
A long time ago we had only one store here. Mr. Rose decided it was time to get one. He used Chief Petoskey's log cabin, at the end of Bear River, at 116 West Lake Street.

He did not have the things we have today. All he had was food, maybe furs, and blankets that the Indians traded.

--Marilyn McClintock
Grade 4

Illustration-
Esther Everts
Grade 12





TALES OF OLD MOTHER SMOKE

"BAR"

It was early in the fall when the men were getting their guns cleaned and oiled to take their annual trip to the hunting grounds out on the south side of Crooked Lake. Their camp was nestled in a maple grove, and inside there were a table, a huge fireplace, and three straight chairs. Eli was the founder of the camp and also the first one into the woods. This year Eli's son, Jacob, was old enough to go hunting, so he and his dad went together.

It was a bright crisp morning with two inches of snow on the ground. The sun was just creeping over the horizon when Eli and Jacob slipped noiselessly out the door. They pulled the squirrels out of their hair, slowly kicked the rabbits off the stoop, and continued on their journey.

They walked for a long time until they came to their site where they would watch for "Slewfoot," the largest bear that they had ever seen in that part of the woods. Jacob and Eli built a small hideout out of the brush. Slewfoot was supposed to come down the old trail to their left. Their traps had been set early the evening before. They sat beside the small fire that they had built, told hunting stories, and waited patiently. Jacob, for some reason, was getting a little uneasy. Eli noticed it, but

Illustration-
Melvin Wilson
Grade 7

ignored him because when a boy goes hunting with Dad for the first time, some mysterious things happen to him.

Time went on, and Jacob was hoping that his dad would mention eating dinner. Just then they heard cracking and snapping sounds in the brush nearby. Jacob tried to look and act very manly; but, for a twelve year old boy, it was mighty hard. Each held his breath, and steadied his gun in a shooting position.

About thirty seconds later, who should appear but Old Mother Smoke with a corncob pipe dangling from her mouth, rambling down Slewfoot's path. Her gun was thrown over her shoulder. Eli was stunned; he couldn't do anything but stare at the old squaw. Jacob whispered something to his father and they both laughed. Mother Smoke did not yet know that there was anyone around, so she very foolishly started to sing and blow smoke rings. She looked as though she were entertaining someone.

Eli poked Jacob and told him to go out and tell her kindly to quiet down a little.

Mother Smoke snickered, and said: "Boys, you're just the people I wanted to see 'bout now. I kilt a bar up the trail a ways, and was hoping to meet somebody to help me carry it back to town."

Eli looked at Jacob for a long time, and then spoke: "Woman, if you give us the hide off that old good-for-nothing bar, we'll haul it right to town for ya'." Mother Smoke explained that the meat was all that she wanted anyway, so Eli and Jacob carried the "good-for-nothing" bear right to her doorstep for her.

Before Jacob and Eli got back to the camp, Jacob said as he pointed to a limb in a nearby tree: "Dad, see that limb up there?"

Eli nodded. "If I saw old Slewfoot a comin' down that trail now, I might not hit that limb goin' up, but sure as I'm Jacob Spears, I'd hit her comin' down!"

Eli laughed heartily, and he and his son strolled into the cabin together.

—Marian Crawford
Grade 11

A STORY OF OLD MOTHER SMOKE

Jessie Lee, her parents, and two brothers came to early Petoskey from New York. Her only playmates were the Indian children who told many stories of Old Mother Smoke turning enemies into bears or other animals.

One day Jessie's father and brothers went to the village and left Jessie alone. An hour after they left she heard a noise. Tiptoeing to the door she saw an old Indian woman coming to the house. She had seen her before; it was Old Mother Smoke. Soon she was at the door and instead of knocking, she came right in. Jessie was frightened but offered her a seat.

Mother Smoke said she wanted an ember for her pipe. Jessie carefully hunted for an ember that was just right. She was afraid if it was not bright enough, she might be turned into a bear. Old Mother Smoke lighted her pipe and without saying a word, slowly walked out.


--Lowell Kosloskey
Grade 7

Old Mother Smoke could always be found wearing a shawl and a pipe in her mouth. She was a very gay person, and scattered all the news she could find. She was an interesting person and took part in every celebration. She wrote a good hand. When she wrote letters she was very particular about the envelopes she used.

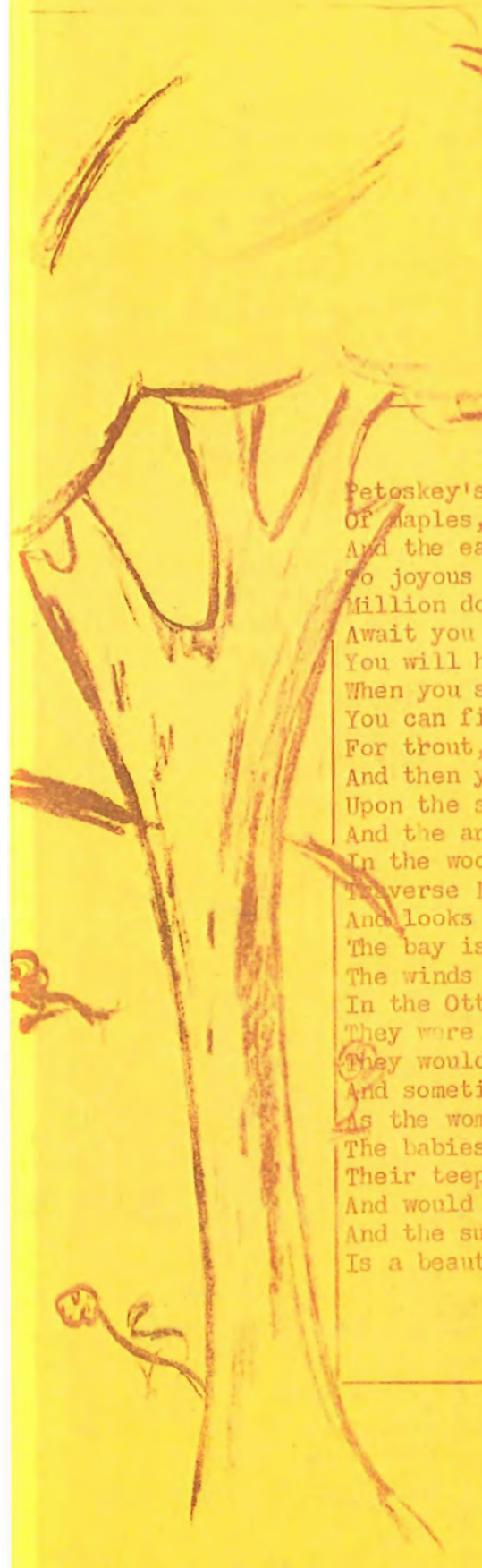
--Donna Dunshee
Grade 12

Tales of old Mother Smoke
Long ago there was an old
lady her name was old
Mother Smoke. She was an
Indian lady. She used to
peek in the window to see
the red headed babies

Janet Cheadle
First Grade



BEAUTIFUL PETOSKEY



Petoskey's a land of silver lakes
Of maples, oaks, and pines
And the earth around it wakes
So joyous summer times,
Million dollar sunsets
Await you when you're there
You will have no regrets
When you smell that northern air,
You can fish in old Bear Creek
For trout, perch, and bass
And then you can relax awhile
Upon the summer grass.
And the arbutus grows pink and white
In the woods a most beautiful sight.
Traverse Bay is big and round
And looks silver when the sun goes down
The bay is rough, sometimes stilled;
The winds are soft, sometimes chilled.
In the Ottawa village the Indians lived.
They were kind and glad to give.
They would hunt for deer and hare
And sometimes would kill a big brown bear.
As the women worked all day
The babies on their backs would sway.
Their teepees were made of animal skins
And would keep out the coldest winds,
And the sunset over Traverse Bay
Is a beautiful sight at the close of the day.

--Melissa Wells
Grade 6





Illustration-
Judy Neumann
Grade 6



PETOSKEY'S FIRST HOSPITAL

Petoskey's first hospital was the Lockwood General Hospital. It was organized as a non-profit corporation in 1901, it was made possible through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lockwood. On June 29, 1899, they deeded the Oriental Hotel property to nine Petoskey citizens who were to act as a board of trustees. B. H. Cook was elected President; Leon Chichester, treasurer, and Chalmers Curtis, secretary.

In 1900 Isaac D. Toll offered Toll Park as the site for the hospital and on February 9, 1900, deeded the property to the hospital board. On April 10, 1901, work in the building began and the hospital was completed the following year. That same year on July 15, the first patient was admitted.

Various improvements have been made during the past thirteen years, enlarging and modernizing the present building. On December 6, 1937, work was started on a new fire-proof addition which was completed in July 1938, adding 25 beds and boasting the capacity of the whole hospital to 50 beds, including operating room and delivery room. At the present there are 57 beds in the hospital.

Dr. Joseph B. Conti is chief of staff of Lockwood General Hospital and Mrs. M. Smith is administrator.

--Ken Robbins
Grade 12

LITTLE TRAVERSE HOSPITAL

The second hospital in Petoskey was located above the tennis court up on Arlington Avenue in Bay View. It was the home of Dr. John Reycraft know commonly as Dr. John, who came here to practice in 1897.

His brother, Dr. George Reycraft came to Petoskey in 1899 to work with his brother.

It was only a 12-bed hospital and they moved out in 1910 to a bigger and better place.

Dr. John Reycraft and Dr. George Reycraft then bought the property on the corner of Michigan and Emmet Street or where the Moyer Hotel is now. The Doctors had it remodeled into a 40-bed hospital. They also bought the cottage next to it for a Hospital Training School for nurses incorporated under the law of Michigan in 1909.

In 1919 they moved to the Grand Hotel on West Lake Street overlooking Mineral Well Park and the river. This also was remodeled and an addition built to make a fifty-bed hospital with two operating rooms, a delivery room, and X-ray rooms. Then they bought the cottage next to it on Lake Street for a nurses home in 1919.

Dr. George and Dr. John did not live to see the new Little Traverse Hospital in 1939.

Dr. Dean Burns is chief of staff. There are seven other Doctors besides Dr. Burns on the staff.

The hospital has 1 physiotherapy room, 2 X-ray rooms, 1 laboratory, 3 operating rooms, 2 nurserys, one sterilizing room, 1 emergency operating room, and a delivery room. It has 103 beds.

Eighty nurses graduated from Petoskey Hospital Training School and became Registered nurses. Fourteen of these became superintendants of various hospitals. Four are in the Public Health Center Nursing, two are anaesthetists in two Michigan Hospitals. One of these nurses owned and operated a Nurses Registry. Seven nurses were in the First World War, four of them in Europe. One was in the Second World War in the South Pacific, and one is now in Korea.

--Arlene Tarzwell
Grade 7

PETOSKEY PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Petoskey Public Library was established by common council of the City of Petoskey in October 1905. In November of the same year the trustees elected officers and proceeded to work. At that date there were no books, no buildings and no equipment of any kind.

On January 27, 1908, Andrew Carnegie gave the City of Petoskey \$12,500 for a library building. The city council agreed by definite resolution to maintain the same when completed.

Lelia L. Johnson purchased the site and presented it to the city. Five thousand dollars additional was raised by taxation the following year that we might have a better building than could be built by the Carnegie donation alone.

The new library building was open to the public in fall of 1909 with a capacity of 25,000 volumes and cost about \$20,000. There is raised then each year about \$125,00 for maintenance.

Contributions to Petoskey Library

First Methodist Church	\$1,000
Ladies Library Association	\$ 500
Board of Education	2,000 volumes of books

--Karen Rasmussen
Grade 5

THE CIRCUS

The Circus! The Circus!
It's come to town,
With horses and lions
And funny little clowns.

The children all excited,
The grown ups too,
For on a circus day
No one can feel blue.

The big top is all hushed;
The show is starting;
The M. C. announces
While the clowns are departing.

The acts go off nicely;
The animals are brought in.
The elephants perform;
The trapeze act will win.

Everyone is breathless
Throughout the show;
Now it is all over
And the crowd must go.

--June Waugh
Grade - 11

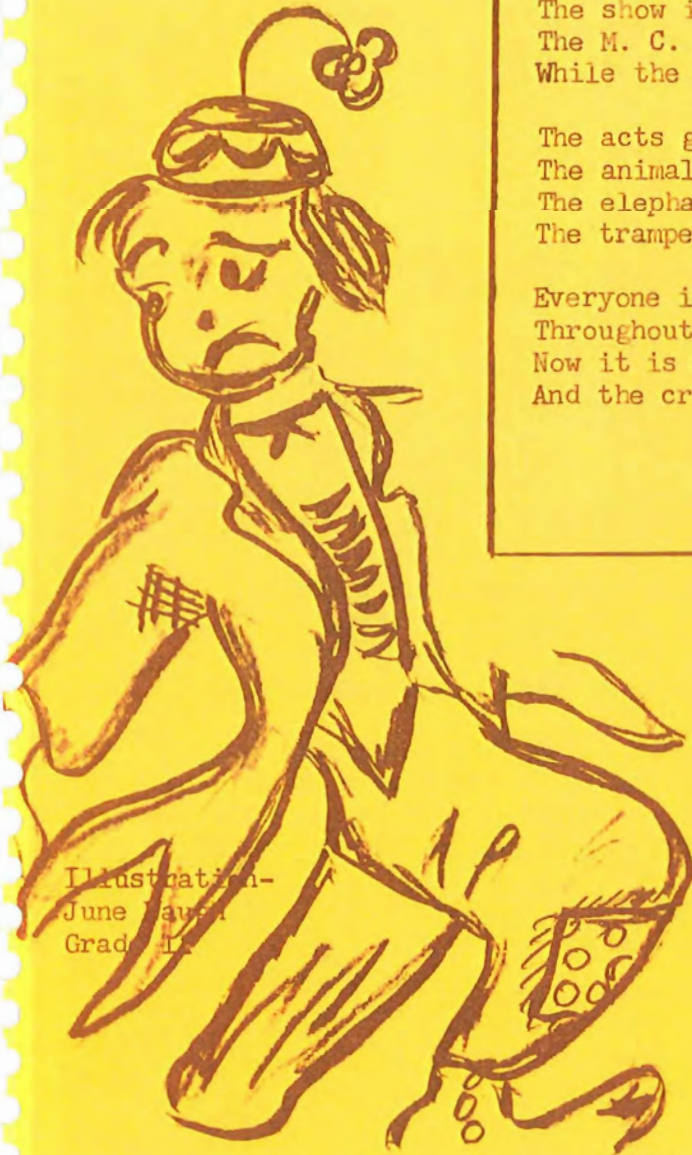


Illustration-
June Waugh
Grade - 11



WOULD-BE POETESS

There she sits,
Tearing paper into bits
Working all night,
With all her might.

--Phyllis Clark
Grade 10

SCHOOL

The school is big and long and wide;
It is the pride of all the teachers.
At four o'clock the children leave
The teachers all alone by themselves
In the building that is "scary" inside.

--Ronny Pare
Grade 10



SCHOOL

This school is full of doors;
This school is full of rooms;
It's full of teachers, full of kids,
But mostly full of glooms.

--Eli Olsen
Grade 10

ROOM 21

Just sitting here in class,
I'm no Thomas Hood;
But a verse I have to write
That has to be darn good.

I am about to quit.
A thought hits me squarely!
I quickly jot it down
And get it pretty fairly.

I think and think and think
And then I think some more.
I can't think of a thing
That's not been told before.

I slip it to the teacher
In the middle of my flight.
On my ears falls this blast,
"Come back, revise, rewrite!"

D. Spitler in front of me
Is just about to weep,
And behind me Jim has
Almost fallen asleep.

--Bob Warner
Grade 10

Illustration-
Martha Pfeifle
Grade 10



STUDENTS AT WORK

There is a boy who is in my room.
When there's work to do, he sits in gloom.
He sharpens his pencil; he goes
for a drink,
He says "Oh! teacher I just can't
think."
You asked me to write a verse,
I know.
Gosh, this hour goes awfully
slow!

--Carolyn Sarasin
Grade 10

ENTHUSIASM

On the edge of our seats
all ready to spring;
In one long minute
the bell will ring.

--Mary Lashmit
Grade 10



Illustration-
June Waugh
Grade 10

IT'S TIME

Spring has come; the ice will break;
I can't linger for this teacher's sake.
When the bright tomorrow comes so fair,
Her little slaves will not be there.

--Dean Eaton
Grade 10

ABOUT TEACHER

I don't think I have anything to fear
She doesn't want me with her another year.

--Don Taylor
Grade 10

HIGH EXPECTATIONS

Expected to think, expected to work;
Expected to contribute and never to shirk;
Expected to slave until we pass.
Whoever invented the English class?

--Mary Burns
Grade 10



Illustration
Bertha Finkle
Grade 10



RAIN

Rain, rain I hear stories of the rain
It patters down and brings the flowers
And the sun will half peek out

--Pamela Moon
Grade 1

Rain, rain
Get your sail boat
Get on your rubbers and your raincoat
And go out and sail your sail boat.

--Bill Horniman
Grade 1

Rain, rain
All the birds are in their nests and
keeping their eggs warm.

--Janice Duncan
Grade 1

A RAINY DAY

Rain, rain
Make the tub get full.

--Glen Robinson
Grade 1

Rain, rain
Make a puddle for the boats to sail

--Bernie Bidwell
Grade 1

Rain, rain
Sail your boats
And make them go fast on cloudy days.

--Mike Boening
Grade 1



Illustration-
Martha Pfeifle
Grade 10

WINTER FUN



The snowplow plows the snow
So the cars can pass and go
The policeman puts his hand to stop and then
He puts it down to go.

--Stuart Garthe
Grade 1

Winter is good,
We like to play
To make a snowman
Every day--

--Arthur Gaumer
Grade 2

We slide and we coast
And we skate and we ski
That is the fun that winter brings
Up hill and down hill as fast as the wind

'Till it's time to go home
And tomorrow we'll try again

--Stuart Garthe
Grade 1

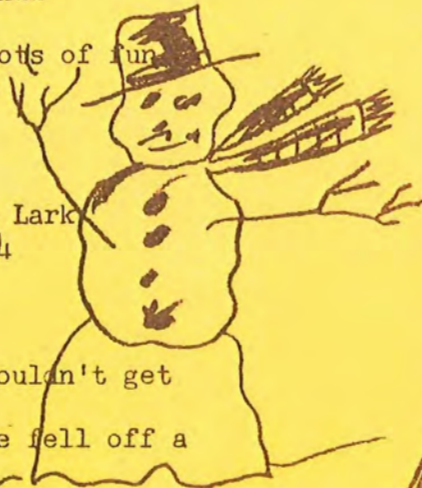
THE WINTER SPORTS PARK

At the winter sports park we have lots of fun
We like to go down the toboggan run
We skate and ski and jumper ride
Then for a change we take a slide.


--Onalee Lark
Grade 4

We jumped off a hill
And landed in a snowbank
When we came back up the hill, we couldn't get
halfway.
Then we slid all the way down and we fell off a
snowbank.
Then we made it up the hill and went over
in the trees.
We did not see the broken limb.
We went out on the broken limb and fell.
We landed on top of my brother's shack.

--Douglas Jewell
Grade 2



SUMMER



I play upon the haystack
I gather eggs for grandmother
I watch grandfather milk the cows
and then it's time for supper
I go in the milk room and I watch
Them churn butter
And then it's time to go to bed.

--Stuart Garthe
Grade 1

Sometimes I go down to the beach
Where the dock is and watch the boats
go by.
If the ship is close by, I wave my hands
at the captain.

--Stuart Garthe
Grade 1

In the spring the ice melts and the bay
turns blue.
There are fish swimming. Boats go by
on the bay.

--Douglas Myers
Grade 2

THE BREAKWATER

It's fun to go down to the breakwater dock
In the shallow water you can see the rocks
There is a place to play in the sand
With many seagulls above the land.

--Onalee Lark
Grade 4

Every summer we go on picnics
We go to the park
We go on the slide and the swings
We go diving
We go on the teeter totters.

--Linda Sherk
Grade 2

Illustration-
Martha Pfeifle
Grade 11



PETOSKEY

What a different town today
Is Petoskey on the bay
Where a hundred years ago,
Indians hunted buck and doe.

There were no cars. There were no trains,
Nor cement roads, nor county grange;
Not even a store, not even a house,
Just bushy woods and hunted grouse.

--Dean Burns
Grade 5

WATER POWERS

Bear River emptied into the bay here in early times; it comes pouring down from the eastward. Its descent was so rapid, and formation of its banks so peculiar, that a dozen mill powers could have been obtained within the same number of miles from the mouth.

In early Bear Creek days, a half mile up stream was the saw mill of Hazen Ingalis; around the bend was the grist mill power of Andrew Porter. These white men were the first white settlers of Bear River. Mr. Porter was for many years a missionary and teacher among the Indians here.

--Bonnie Caron
Grade 10

WHAT GRADE?

I had to write my biography.
I didn't do so well, I got a "C";
And then a theme on a foreign country-
Was I surprised when I got a "B"?
We wrote on Freedom's Open Door.
I got a "B"; I was surprised some more.
And now an essay on Petoskey!
If I don't gett busy, I'll get an "E".

--Marjorie Bellmer
Grade 10

WINTER SPORTS IN PETOSKEY

As far back as any living person can remember, winter sports have been popular in Petoskey. During the early pioneer days, horseracing was a favorite winter sport of both young and old. As soon as the children were free from school, they would race their horses up and down the main street of town which served as the town's race track.

Every year in most of the surrounding villages, a colorful and gay derby was held in which the fastest horses participated. The horses were small and wiry with long tails and manes. They drew a light sledge called the Canadian cariole. Even though the prizes were small, the bets were high and numerous, for this was one of the most exciting events of the year. Two of the most noted horses were Buckskin and Petoskey, drive by Chief Blackbird, an Ottawa Indian from Little Traverse (Harbor Springs) and Chief Pe-to-se-ga, a Chippewa Indian from Bear Creek (Petoskey). Whenever one passed the other, he never missed the chance of giving the war whoop of his tribe. The horse-men dressed very gayly in fur gloves, bright mackinaws, gay sashes, fur-topped moccasins, and fur caps. The spectators were no less gay; for, as closely as possible, the men imitated the dress of the driver of their favorite horse; and the women wrapped themselves in shawls the color of their favored steeds. The air was filled with the jingle of bells, shouts, laughter, and the thud of horses' hoofs.

This was not the only fun our predecessors had with their horses. Each Sunday afternoon when the bay was frozen and safe, everyone who owned even a pony made a trip to Harbor on the "ice wood" across the bay. This "ice wood" began about where the gas plant is located today with evergreens set at equal distances to mark the way. Upon arriving in Harbor, they would drive around the block and start home again. The less fortunate who didn't own such luxurious means of transportation took walks along the "Board Walk" on which horses and people promenaded.

During the winter of '78, the settlers used the bay for sport and as a rather unusual means of winter transportation. Since the water failed to freeze that year, many used row boats to get around.

In the olden days, in the winter time there were stirring and colorful parades with many, many floats drawn by horses. The large number of activities which took place at the time consisted of snow-shoeing, bob-sledding, dog sled races and just plain "slidin' downhill." Bob sled races were most popular and exciting. They began at the top of Mitchell Street hill and often times went as far as the bridge, exceeding the speed of fifty-five miles per hour. A very serious accident brought them to a close.

Among other things skating was popular with the young people who lived here long ago. On a rink at the bottom of the steps which lead to the Pere Marquette Station, Garland Petoskey, son of Louis Petoskey, learned to skate expertly. Later, while giving skating exhibitions, he traveled all over the United States.

As time went on, our city became more and more known for its activities in skating, skiing, tobogganing, and jumper riding, the latter having supposedly originated here. It is evident that Petoskey was one of the pioneers in winter sports. For the past twenty or twenty-five years, we have been holding winter sports carnivals. Our first winter sports queen was Mrs. Joseph Scoggin. At that time, our present-day sports' park did not exist, and for the first few years, the crowning of the queens took place in front of the old Cushman Hotel. The first Michigan Winter Queen was crowned here in Petoskey.

In 1936 Stanley Kellogg made a beautiful ice throne which caused our ever-climbing fame to reach its climax. At this time our marvelous throne was the largest of its kind in the world. Pictures were taken of it and sent all over the world on post cards. Today a photo of it may be found in the book "Hello, Michigan."

The following year, in 1937, the National Outdoor Speed Skating Championship races were held here.

Even though no famous carnival has been held here since (because of uncertain weather) the small ones of today are enthusiastically supported and enjoyed by Petoskey citizens.

--Martha Bird
Grade 11

PETOSKEY WINTER SPORTS

One summer day when two boys were walking along the shore of Little Traverse Bay they found a canoe that the Indians had left there. They took it home and patched it several times but it still leaked. The next winter those boys had an idea, "Why not use the canoe as a toboggan?"

Today Petoskey has a big winter sports park on the east of the city and also has one on the west side. Every winter ice shows are held at both rinks.

The state of Michigan had its ice show in Petoskey in 1935. The queens throne was the greatest piece of solid ice sculptoring in the world. It was 125 feet in length, 80 feet deep, 60 feet high, designed and built by Stanley P. Kellogg and was a feature of Michigan's eighth annual winter carnival in Petoskey, Michigan.

Today, young folks, old folks, everybody skates in Petoskey; who wouldn't with the wonderful rinks that are provided! Crews of men working hard to keep up the rinks assures us of good skating at all times. A heated club house and cafeteria are provided. Supervised rules and regulations make accidents unusual. Speed races, special fancy and figure skating exhibitions are given by guest artists during the season; and free skating lessons are given to those who wish to improve their skating ability.

There are other winter activities besides pleasure skating; there is hockey for the boys with a teacher to show them the rules and give them a nod of approval when they make their first score. Also there are skiing, jumper riding, and many other sports, with no charge for the use of the rinks and a welcome for visitors at all times. The rinks are popular during the winter season.

--Charles Thornton and Andy Sims, Grade 6
Carolyn Sarasin, Grade 10

PETOSKEY'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Since its earliest days in 1852 Petoskey has seen its inhabitants traveling around in all sorts of vehicles from horses and buggies to autos and busses.

Petoskey's earliest settlers landed on the shores of Little Traverse Bay in a sailboat, but now visitors come in autos, airplanes, and busses, quite a change from the earliest days of Petoskey.

During the last half of the nineteenth century or between 1855 and 1875 the only way for a traveler to get to the little settlement on the bay was by boat or through the wilderness on horse or on foot.

In the early 1850's there was a small packet boat which operated on upper Lake Michigan stopping in Petoskey once a month with provisions for the few inhabitants of the village of Petoskey.

That was Petoskey's first means of transportation, but as time went on and the town grew up, more changes in the means of transportation grew up with it.

In the 1870's and 1880's the routes to the north were by water. In 1857 the Soo Locks had been opened to shipping since three years previously iron ore was discovered in Upper Michigan and Minnesota; thus this great discovery brought a new era of achievement to Michigan.

In 1877 Boyne City and East Jordan were thriving little lumbering towns on Pine Lake as Lake Charlevoix was then called. Then as the forests began to be cleaned out people began moving away to find new employment.

But then in 1879 two iron ore smelting plants were opened in Boyne City and East Jordan and people began pouring into the two towns. Soon Boyne City had a population of 6500 and East Jordan had 4500 while Petoskey had only 2500 and by 1905 Boyne City and East Jordan's population had increased by 1500 people. This increase was due to a tannery which was added to Boyne City's industries in 1902 and the sawmills which had been added to East Jordan's industries.

In 1922 the smelting plant was torn down in Boyne City and all the lumber mills had disappeared leaving only the tannery to provide a place of employment for the now small city of 2,000 people.

The progress of Petoskey meanwhile was beginning to start just when that of the two cities on Lake Charlevoix was being retarded. In the early 20's a cement and maple block factory and a tannery were added to Petoskey, thus beginning a period of progress for the city on Little Traverse Bay. Petoskey's population quickly rose to 5,000 in 1930 and to 6,000 in 1940.

Besides these industries already mentioned, Petoskey was fast becoming known as the Resort Capitol of Michigan. Its commanding position on the bay, the picturesque country, the wonderful summer climate of the region surrounding it and its well known shopping district are the prime factors in the development of the pleasant little city of Petoskey.

HIRAM O. ROSE

Mr. Rose was born at Cabria, New York in 1830. He lived in Iowa for a while, and in 1851 he was seized by the fever of the California Gold Rush. Following this he came to Northport, Michigan, where he married Juliet Burbeck in 1873.

Mr. Rose came to Petoskey in 1873. Here he purchased 200 acres of land from the Indians. He planted and recorded it and named it Petoskey after Chief Petosego.

In 1873 Mr. Rose had a store in two rooms of Chief Petoskey's house. He later moved his merchandise to Mitchell Street where the new addition to the McClellan store is now located.

He gave up this work to open a lime kiln on the corner of Howard and Rose streets. Here he prospered.

He died, a greatly respected man, in Petoskey, January 7, 1911.

H. O. ROSE LIME WORKS

Hiram Rose built his lime works on the shore of the bay between Petoskey and Bay View. The plant included 50 acres of quarries, six kilns in continuous operation and plenty of equipment. Mr. Rose used a force of 30 to 40 men.

This lime was considered by builders to be lime of quality very superior to that of any lime obtained elsewhere.

Shipping was easily carried on by both rail and water. The G. R. and I. and the C. and W. M. railways were those used.

--Ann Gregory
Grade 11

PETOSKEY PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

During 1918, Mr. L. A. Galster thought that a cement company could be operated with success at Petoskey. He contracted business men in the Middle West and they started a company. A building was completed and production started in April 1921. The situation of the plant is ideal because the limestone is perfect for cement, and the bay is excellent for shipping. The reception of Petoskey cement by the trade is shown by the fact that in four years it was necessary to increase production. In 1925 the output was six million sacks per year.

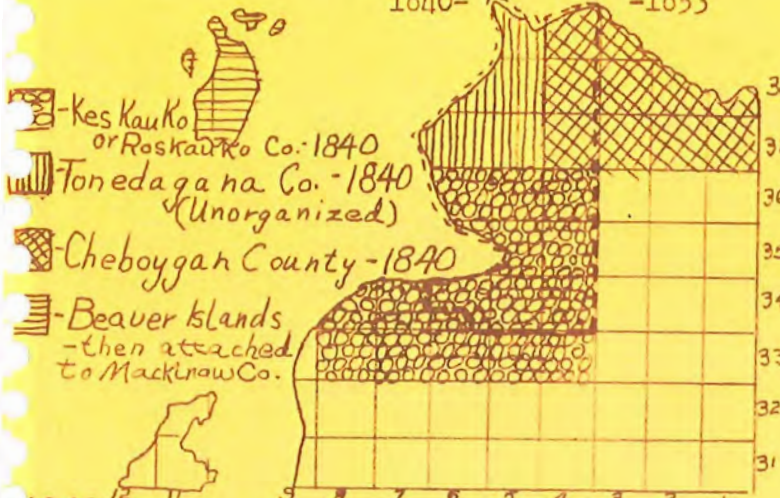
In 1937 after much planning and experimenting, additions were made to the plant for the production of Petoskey High Early Strength Portland Cement, Petoskey Waterproofed Portland Cement, and Petoskey Mortar Cement. Petoskey Portland Cement Company played a big roll in the progress of Petoskey.

--Pat Groskopf
Grade 11

CHANGES IN BOUNDARIES OF EMMET COUNTY

I.-----Emmet County Boundaries

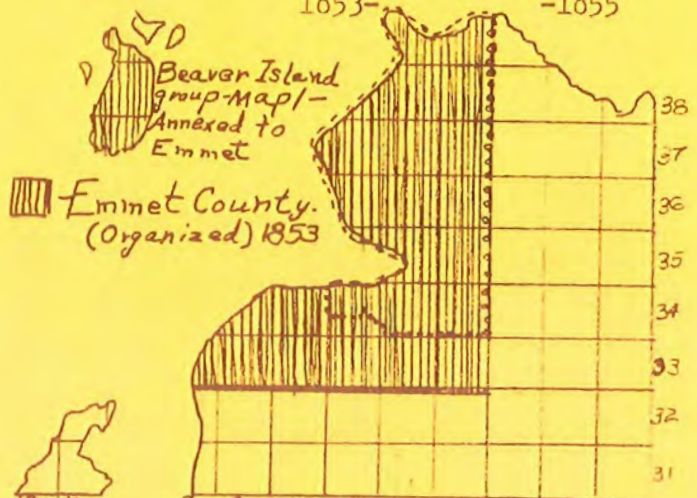
1840-1853



1843 - Tonedagana - name changed to Emmet.
 1843 - Keskauko - name changed to Charlevoix.
 ----- Indicates present Emmet Co. boundaries.

II.-----Emmet County Boundaries

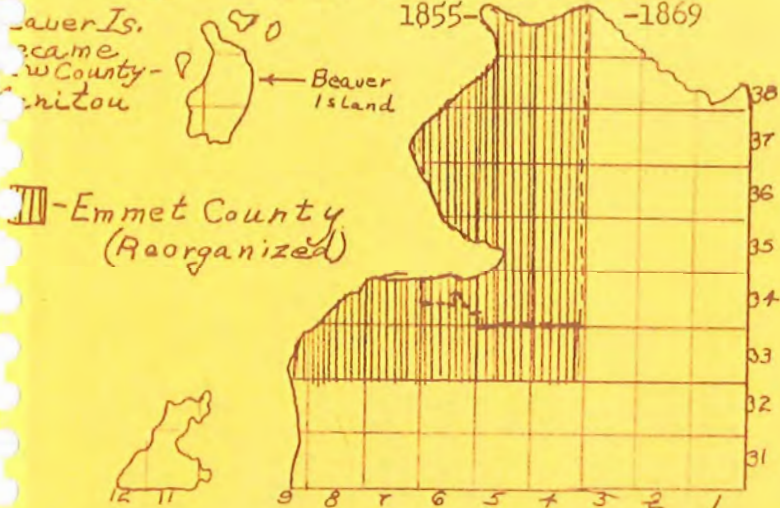
1853-1855



ALL Charlevoix Co. Map 1 - Taken into Emm
 So much of Cheboygan Co. Map 1 - as in range
 & annexed to Emmet

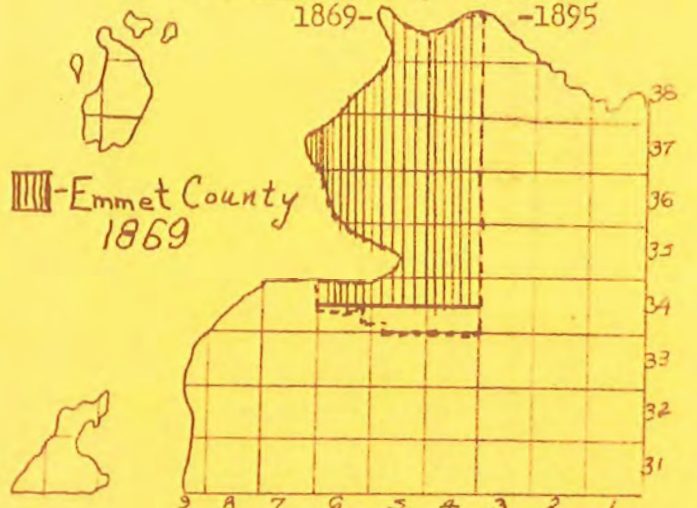
III.-----Emmet County Boundaries

1855-1869



IV.-----Emmet County Boundaries

1869-1895



Portion of Emmet county annexed
 to Charlevoix County.

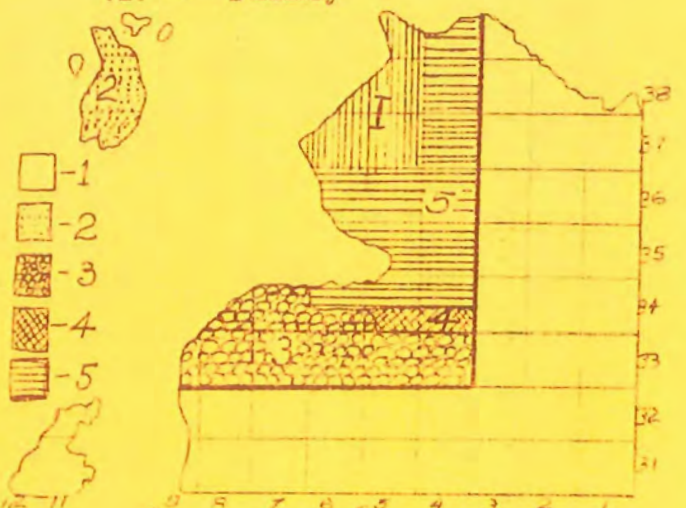
V.-----Emmet County Boundaries

1895-1952



Part of Charlevoix county annexed - 1895
 Manitow County disorganized - annexed to Charlevoix 1895

VI.-----Summary

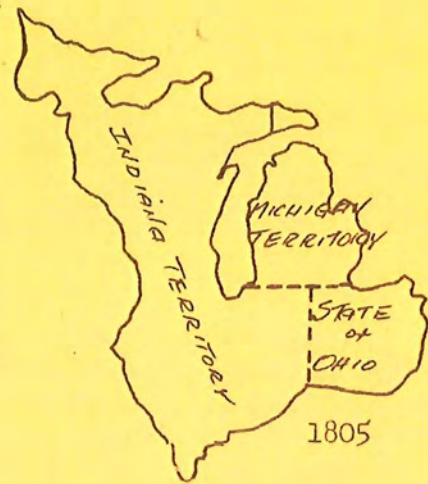


Emmet County {
 1840-1853 - No. 1
 1853-1855 - No. 2
 1855-1869 - No. 3
 1869-1895 - No. 4
 1895-1952 - No. 5

FROM NORTHWEST TERRITORY 1787

TO

STATE OF MICHIGAN 1837



Drawn by Ralph Daly

IMPORTANT DATES IN THE HISTORY OF PETOSKEY

- 1634 Jean Nicolet, French explorer, discovered Lake Michigan.
- 1671 France claimed this region at a ceremony held at Sault Ste. Marie. At St. Ignace Father Marquette built a church which served this area.
- 1679 LaSalle's "Griffen", the first boat larger than a canoe, appeared on the Great Lakes.
- 1763 This region passed from French to English rule at the close of the French and Indian War. As part of Chief Pontiac's uprising the "massacre" took place at Fort Michilimackinac.
- 1783 Following the Revolutionary War England ceded the area to the United States.
- 1787 Government was established for the Northwest Territory (land bordered by the Great Lakes, Ohio and Mississippi Rivers). Nevas Petosega (Ignatius Petoskey) was born.
- 1805 The Territory of Michigan was established with William Hull as governor.
- 1812-1814 During the War of 1812 this region came temporarily under the control of England.
- 1827 A mission church was built at Harbor Springs by Father Peter deJean; he was followed by Father Baraga.
- 1837 Michigan was admitted to the Union as the twenty-sixth state with S. T. Mason as the first governor. A mission church was built at Cross Village.
- 1847 The Mormons, led by "King" Strang, came to Beaver Island.
- 1852 Andrew Porter established the Bear River Mission School and Farm in June.
- 1853 James J. Strang, while in the state Legislature, united the counties of Emmet and Charlevoix into Emmet County. In 1869 Charlevoix was made a separate county.
- 1859 The Catholic Mission was built on the shore of Little Traverse Bay on what is now West Lake Street.
- 1855 Father Wycamp built a convent at Cross Village and bought Harbor Point from the Indians for \$100.00.
- 1863 Garrett A. Graveraet organized Company K, 1st Michigan Sharpshooters, Indians of this region. They took part in the Civil War.
- 1865 Hazen Ingalls and family, our second pioneer white family, came to Bear River settlement.

- 1871 The Porter Mission School was closed.
- 1873 Nathan Jarman took over the Mission Farm; his daughter married Reuben Porter, a dentist.
H. O. Rose bought 200 acres of land from Chief Petoskey.
Dr. William Little and brother R. H. Little arrived.
Mr. Rose started a small store at Chief Petoskey's House on West Lake Street. Later the store was moved to East Mitchell and was operated by Fox, Rose, and Buttars.
The first passenger train into Petoskey arrived November 25 on the Grand Rapids and Indians Railroad.
- 1874 From the Porter Mission Farm, Bear Creek Post Office papers were transferred to the east side of Bear River to the newly organized Petoskey Post Office. Dr. Little was appointed the first postmaster. The village of Petoskey was platted. Emmet City, the Hazen Ingalls Sr. plat west of the tracks, was recognized as part of Petoskey. Lime Manufacturing was started by H. O. Rose.
- 1875 The U. S. Land Office at Traverse City began selling land in Emmet County; over 800 parcels were sold in three days.
Bay View was selected as a Methodist Camp Ground.
"Emmet County Democrat", the first newspaper to survive, was started.
- 1877 This was the year of the coming of the pigeons.
- 1878 The McCormick Fish House shipped 40,000 dozen pigeons; over one million pigeons were shipped during the spring with a total value of \$40,000.
The first bank was opened.
- 1879 The village was given a charter by the state.
- 1880 The population of Petoskey was 1824. There were 150 hay feverites.
- 1882 Petoskey had two school houses, the Howard and Lake Street schools. The records show 650 children of school age, with 500 attending school.
- 1884 The first Bell Telephone wires were put up in Emmet County.
- 1892 The first train came into Petoskey on the Chicago and West Michigan Railway. In 1900 the name was changed to Pere Marquette and on June 4, 1947, to Chesapeake and Ohio.
- 1895 Petoskey was incorporated as a city under new charter.
- 1898 Thirty-three men from Emmet County enlisted in the Spanish-American War.
- 1902 Emmet County seat was moved from Harbor Springs to Petoskey.
- 1916 City Manager government was adopted.
- 1917-18 Approximately 500 men from Emmet County entered military service in World War I.
- 1924 The present City Charter was adopted.
- 1942-45 Approximately 1200 men entered military service from this county during World War II.
- 1947 Radio Station WMBN was established.

ONE OF PETOSKEY'S OLDER INDUSTRIES

Nearly everyone who lives on the West Side is familiar with the old concrete structure on the east end of Jackson Street.

Built before the turn of the century it was unique in many ways. As it nestled tight against the west bank of Bear River, its west wall was about twelve feet high above the edge of the bank while the east wall was about forty feet tall. It had a flat roof with a small room built on top of it that housed the machinery for the elevator. The building was about thirty feet wide, sixty feet long and three stories high. The top floor was even with the ground on the west side. The roof and the doors were the only wooden parts of the building. The second floor and the rest of the building was concrete. The walls were constructed with cement blocks ten inches high, ten inches wide and thirty inches long. The cubic measurements of those old blocks were three times larger than the standard blocks used today. The block molds were purchased in Detroit and it was the first concrete block building in this part of Michigan.

The building was constructed by Mr. Dudley McDonald for Mr. Windsor. It was originally built to manufacture wood products and for many years the remains of wooden bowls, spoons, butter molds, and even heels for ladies' shoes were scattered about the grounds. Its last use was a cider mill. It was one of Petoskey's first industries.

Every year it falls apart a little more. One year some men decided to tear it down, but they didn't get very far, because it was so well constructed.

--Anne Gustafson
Grade 9

ROSENTHAL AND SONS

The early history of Petoskey would not be complete without the mention of Rosenthal and Sons, one of Petoskey's first stores.

The Rosenthal store, still located at Lake Street and Park Avenue, began in May, 1879 when Sam Rosenthal came to Petoskey from Alpena with a pack on his back. He asked several of the leading ladies of the city including his mother to patronize the store if he would carry clothing of a better quality. They agreed. He was the first man in Petoskey to own and manage a department store.

Sam Rosenthal had two sons, Alex and Moses, who became associated with him. After Mr. Rosenthal's death in 1939, they carried on his business for him. In 1900, the firm was incorporated and in 1931, it was re-incorporated.

Mrs. Gordon is a niece of the late Sam Rosenthal and has been with the firm since 1939.

The store celebrated its 70th anniversary in the year 1949. Mrs. Ethel Rowan Fasquelle, one of the store's first customers, gave out gifts to the customers.

--Pat Groskopf
J. Flack
Grade 11

DEDICATION OF THE PETOSKEY HIGH SCHOOL STADIUM

On a bright sunshiny day twenty-five years ago, on October 6, 1927 at two o'clock, the Petoskey High School Stadium was dedicated.

A parade began at one-thirty and started at the corner of Mitchell and Howard and led up Emmet Street to the field. The attendance that day was said to be more than two thousand.

George McCabe of Petoskey presented Mr. Sly who gave the dedication speech. Mr. Sly was the president of the School Board. Mr. Thompson, State Director of Athletics, gave a speech following the dedication.

Petoskey was playing Harbor Springs that day. Coach Le Cronier was coaching at the time. There were no scores made in the first or last quarters. The score was Petoskey, thirty-one; Harbor Springs, nothing.

In 1927 a tract of land south of Petoskey had been given by the late Morgan Curtis, to the school board for an athletic field. Previous to this time track meets and football games had been played at the fairgrounds. For the size of the school Petoskey now has one of the best equipped football and track fields in the country, with the stadium seating 1500 and with complete accomodation for teams. The cost of the field and stadium was nearly \$30,000.

The Alumni gate was constructed by WPA labor in 1934. The Alumni Association contributed funds for that purpose.

The field was furnished with lights in September, 1939.

--Marcelyn March
Bob Mc Connell
Grade 10

P. H. S.

Petoskey, the land of the million dollar sunset. Yes, that's where I go to high school. In the mornings at nine we enter into the busy hum drum of school.

There's always the "Hi's" and "Hello's" to your friends and teachers. Then you start your classes which last an hour.

We have all kinds of classes you can take, such as history, art, music, and languages.

We have a wonderful faculty of teachers. Also we have efficient bus drivers, janitors and cooks.

Our halls are kept clean and neat. Our lockers are kept in neat order. Our halls are orderly between classes.

We have many clubs in our school. No matter what you like, you'll find a club that would be to your taste. We have a student council of about thirty. The only way you can become a member is to be elected by the school students.

I think it is indeed an honor to be a student of Petoskey High School.

--Marcelyn March
Grade 10

EXCERPTS FROM A BOY'S DIARY 1951-52

The alarm clock reminded me of a threshing machine pounding in my ear. Seven o'clock and it seemed as if I had just got in bed. I took too long eating breakfast and had to run for the bus again, the third time this week.

I didn't have my Latin done for first hour and had to sit like a dummy all hour wondering just what was going on around me. The rest of the day passed quickly until 7th hour gym class.

I set out to break my old bowling record of 145 made the week before. I bowled 136 my first game and 121 my second. Oh well, I beat Charlie anyway. That makes three games I'm up on him now.

At 6:25 Charlie and I set out for the basketball game but the gym was packed when we arrived and we had trouble finding seats.

When the game began, Petoskey immediately pulled into the lead and was leading 19-2 over Cheboygan in the closing seconds of the first quarter. From then on Cheboygan caught fire and when into the final quarter was only three points behind. My fears were soon conquered though as Petoskey pulled ahead in the closing minutes to take a decided victory 46-36.

This means that Friday night we will play Traverse City for the Class B regional championship.

* * *

Seven o'clock alarm again this morning and I felt just as tired as I did last night! But, I caught up on my sleep in school, so I felt pretty good by the time tournament time rolled around. We played Traverse City and beat them forty-eight to forty-seven. It was really a tight game and we were lucky to win.

The officiating seemed terrible. We were ahead by about ten points at the start of the fourth quarter. Just after the quarter started Bill Steinbrecker got called out on fouls and then Traverse City caught up with us; but in the last fifteen seconds of play Bob Stowe got the ball and made a long shot from the middle of the floor. Traverse got the ball; we stole it from them and stalled the last ten seconds. The gun went off and we had won, forty-eight to forty-seven--the first tournament we had won in ten years!

* * *

Today the school is in an uproar; we won the quarter-finals from Marquette last night, March 14, 1951. Now we are entitled to go to Lansing to enter the semi-finals, which are to be played Friday night on March 16. If we win Friday night we will play Saturday afternoon on March 17, 1951 in Lansing.

An announcement sent around this morning stated that a bus would take us to Lansing if enough students would sign up. The cost for transportation, lodging, meals and tickets would come to a total of eleven dollars.

This morning a special pep meeting was called at the last minute to send off the unsuspecting team. They left at 10:45 amid cheers.

* * *

What a let down! I finally managed to get to Lansing. After going all the way to the state semi-finals in Lansing, the team was beaten by St. Joseph 60 to 55. It was a real thriller though, and I think the team put on a good showing of sportsmanship and real team spirit. We finished the season with 14 wins and 5 losses including the regional championship. All in all I think this year's team is one we can truly be proud to claim.

* * *

A long time has elapsed since I last wrote on these pages. Summer is over and the first semester of this school year is nearly gone.

Our football season this year was a grand success; we went the whole season undefeated. I attribute this amazing performance to the swell bunch of boys we had and the good coaching of football coach, Mike Corgan. We were awarded the Grand Rapids Herald's West State Trophy based on a special rating system used for teams throughout the state. We totaled a score of 335 points for Petoskey against 26 points scored by opponents in nine games. The totals were as follows:

P.H.S. 13 - Manistee - 0	P.H.S. 88 - Rogers City - 0
33 - Traverse - 7	45 - Canadian Soo - 0
28 - Grand Rapids - 0	41 - Saginaw - 12
21 - Cheboygan - 7	41 - Boyne City - 0
25 - Cadillac - 0	

--A. Gregory, Grade 11
K. Pennell, Grade 11
F. Pitman, Grade 11
D. Spitler, Grade 11
M. March, Grade 11



SIDELIGHTS OF PETOSKEY HISTORY

The region of Petoskey was not the theater of any important events from the time of the massacre at Mackinaw until the war of 1812. The only inhabitants so far known were the Ottawas, and a few missionaries who might have labored among them. Petoskey was a meeting place for all the Indian chiefs. In 1787, they had the largest gathering of chiefs here in history. There were chiefs representing twenty different tribes. In 1813, Louis Cass was appointed governor of the Michigan Territory and in 1835 the first constitution of Michigan was adopted.

The first two counties of Northern Michigan were Tonedagana, and Kishkonko. These two counties originated in 1840. They were changed in 1853 to Emmet and Charlevoix. Emmet County was named in honor of Robert Emmet, an Irishman. In 1853 Beaver Island's Mormon leader, "King" Strang, was a member of the legislature and had the two counties, Tonedagana and Kishkonko, joined under the name of Emmet. For two years St. James, on the Beaver Island was the county seat of Emmet County. Then King Strang's control of the county was broken in 1869, and Charlevoix County was originated as a separate county.

In 1873 Mr. H. O. Rose came to Petoskey. Mr. Rose started a store in Chief Petoskey's office. In 1874 a dock located a little east of the present dock was built by Rose and Fox. At this time his family joined him in Petoskey. When Mr. Rose came, he knew of the lime rock bluffs that were present here and started a lime kiln which burned 35 barrels a day. Mr. Rose was the first president of the village and constructed a building south of the Mitchell Street Bridge to be used as an electric light plant.

In 1874 there were houses for one hundred twenty five persons. The houses had no paint on them and they stood on posts. There were no buildings east of the railroad tracks on Mitchell Street, now the main street of Petoskey. There were no streets; when people wanted to reach a certain point, they took the shortest possible way.

In this year the Bear River Post Office went out of business and the Petoskey Post Office was established.

A newspaper called the Emmet County Democrat was established in 1875. This paper indicated that then the whole village was nothing but some straggling shanties, scattered in all directions.

The first brass band was organized in 1875. In 1876 the first Circus, the Beckett Circus, came to Petoskey, and performed where the Galster house now stands at Lockwood.

In 1876 a Home Benevolent Society was formed in Petoskey and was independent of any church society. The society met at Mrs. Rowan's once a month to pack baskets of provisions and clothing which were distributed to anyone who needed them. A ball was given at the Cushman house so they could raise money for the baskets. The young people

danced while the older people played cards; everybody took part in the games. In 1837 a dramatic club was organized.

In 1878 a public meeting was held to incorporate Petoskey as a village. Officially, Petoskey is 73 years old, having been incorporated in 1879. But the post office called Petoskey existed since 1874, at that time.

The first bank was started at the post office. The money would be sent out of Petoskey. At times, there was so much money that the post mistress would stay there all night. In 1878 a man from Pennsylvania started a private bank. It was the only bank in the county, and in later years became the First National Bank.

Some of the old industries were the Mc Manus Saw Mill at the corner of Bridge and Porter Street, Forbes & Baker Wooden Ware, and a factory at the dam south of the Mitchell Street Bridge.

The first record of our "million dollar sunset" was written by George Gage.

An observation tower was built at 312 Bay Street.

The first fire bell hung in a blacksmith shop near Howard and Waukazoo Streets. The first fire company was organized by J. S. C. Rowan.

In the early days of Petoskey, the system of putting out fires was very different and somewhat costly. When a fire should break out, the first person who sees it would go to the special house that had an iron triangle on a post on the roof of the house and by means of a ladder, would strike it with a small hammer of metal. At the distress bell the villagers would gather up all of the buckets they could find and form a line from the creek to the fire. The person nearest the water would fill a bucket, pass it along, and start another bucket along, thereby forming a human water chain. Water would spill from the buckets as they were passed along; and when the bucket reached the end of the line, it might be just half full and the house would just about burn to the ground before it could be put out. Many houses would be just about lost because they were made of boards and were fire hazards.

A Petoskey resident tells the following story: "Along about 1881 when my grandfather first came to Petoskey, he built a three sided cabin on, at present, Rust Street, just a few blocks from where the high school is now; he, with his family of four children, occupied it. He then thought he had so much room that he took in a roomer.

At that time Petoskey had no church; because they lacked money for a building, the people had their services above a saloon. Every Sunday morning before church the men would move up the piano from the saloon below, and after church they took the piano back down for use during the week.

They didn't have enough money for a jail; and so, on Saturday nights when the heavy drinkers got out of hand, they locked them up in a box car

down at the freight yard. One weekend they forgot about the drunks and on Monday the train took them all the way to Cadillac. The railroad had to pay their way back."

The business men used to use the Cushman House as a hang-out, and they always pulled funny tricks on strangers who came to Petoskey for the first time. One time there were two men who came to the Cushman House and asked how to get to Harbor Springs. They were afraid when they were told they had to go across the ice. So the men at the Cushman House told them to take boards about six feet long and if the ice broke they could save themselves. The trick was that the ice would not break because it was about three feet thick.

The first melodeon was owned by Mrs. Bump who lived on the corner of Howard Street. Whenever the older boys and girls wanted to go on sleigh rides, they asked Mrs. Bump to come along and bring her organ. The ride was slow, so she would play her organ, and, when they came to the place where they were going to stop, they would take the organ inside where they would have dinner.

The size of the melodeon was 3 feet by $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet.

--Esther Everts, Grade 12
Bill Todd, Grade 10
Jack Kring, Grade 11
Carol Brown, Grade 9
Beverly Oehrli, Grade 10
Martha Pfeifle, Grade 10
June Waugh, Grade 10
Eli Olsen, Grade 10

PETOSKEY PUBLIC SCHOOL 1876

The story as told to me by Edgar and Margaret Kinert of Conway, Michigan.

Back in the summer of 1876 Edgar and Margaret Kinert came to Petoskey with their parents. They had been there just a short time when they must enter school.

The school house, a crude two-story building stood on a hill on Howard Street and in appearance was nothing like the beautiful buildings and campus which occupy the spot today. The old school bell in the belfry called them to school at nine o'clock in the morning and again at one o'clock in the afternoon. There was a fifteen-minute recess period in the morning and afternoon for play.

This school had only two rooms and eight grades. The desks and seats were double to accommodate two students during study time and each class marched to a long seat carrying their books, slates, and slate pencils for recitations. When class was dismissed they marched back to their seats and another class was called for recitations. There were many Indian children among the students.

The school yard where they had to play was all sand and very rough. Many of the people living near kept pigs and they were let to run on the streets. Often when the children were dismissed for recess and would rush out to play, they would have to chase the pigs from off the school grounds, where they would be rooting in the sand under the Indian apple trees, which grew on the grounds.

The streets were all sand with deep wheel tracks caused from the traffic over them. They walked to school on ond board walks which were often built around a huge hemlock stump where the trees had been cut away in the clearing.

Edgar was a student in the upper grades. He describes the desks as being all carved up with initials and pictures, which made writing on them somewhat difficult. He remembers his teacher's name as Mr. Hampton, who later became editor of one of Petoskey's first newspapers, The Petoskey Weekly Democrat.

After completing one year of school in Petoskey, Edgar and Margaret moved to a homestead on Burt Lake. And after living many years in and around the vicinity of Petoskey, Edgar at the age of 87 and Margaret at the age of 80 are making their home in the village of Conway.

--Gordon Grigsby
Grade 12

THE ANDREW PORTER MISSION SCHOOL

The first school in the Petoskey area was founded by Andrew Porter in 1852 as a mission school. This was the result of the Indians request to the Reverend R. Dougherty who investigated and made a favorable report to the Presbyterian Board of Missions. Mr. Porter left Pennsylvania in May and was received at Bear River by Daniel Wells, a native Indian. After a great deal of exploration, a site was selected for the mission school. It lay on a highland west of Bear River. (The site of this school is the hill southeast of the intersection of Spring (US 131) and Porter on the west side of Bear River.) The lumber for the building had been shipped from Traverse City and was piled on the shore. The problem of transporting the lumber to the site was solved by the voluntary aid of Indians from the surrounding communities.

The building was sixteen feet wide, thirty feet long, contained two rows of benches and a teacher's desk. It had plastered walls. To insure the presence of the children for the full day, bread with molasses was served at noon. At first all the students were Indians. Later Andrew Porter's son became a student.



In addition to church funds, government funds were available, since this was an Indian school. Soon both funds were exhausted and the school was discontinued in 1871.

THE FIRST PETOSKEY VILLAGE SCHOOL

The closing of the Porter Mission left the Petoskey area without educational facilities. Such was the situation when Mrs. Rachel Oakley arrived in Petoskey. Upon hearing of the urgent need for a school, she applied for a position as school teacher.

For thirty dollars, she purchased one of a group of three cabins where the Petoskey Hotel now stands. She used this for a home. Another of the three became the school, a very crude structure consisting of upright boards and a lean-to for wood. A barrel was used for the water supply. This was a community school for white students at first, and was not under state support. Thus, in 1876, we find the first school within the limits of the village of Petoskey, as it was later incorporated. (1879)

THE FIRST PETOSKEY PUBLIC SCHOOL

In November of 1876, the first Petoskey Public School was built on Howard Street. This two-story structure consisted of two rooms. Additions were later added. (In 1879, four large rooms and 1885, two more.) The first teacher was Miss F. E. Burch and the enrollment the first year exceeded one hundred. The first principal, was Mr. G. S. Hampton who later became editor of a branch of the Independent Democrat newspaper.



The school at the time was surrounded by woods which at one time caught fire. Through heroic efforts of bucket-brigaders, the school was saved.

PETOSKEY'S FIRST HIGH SCHOOL

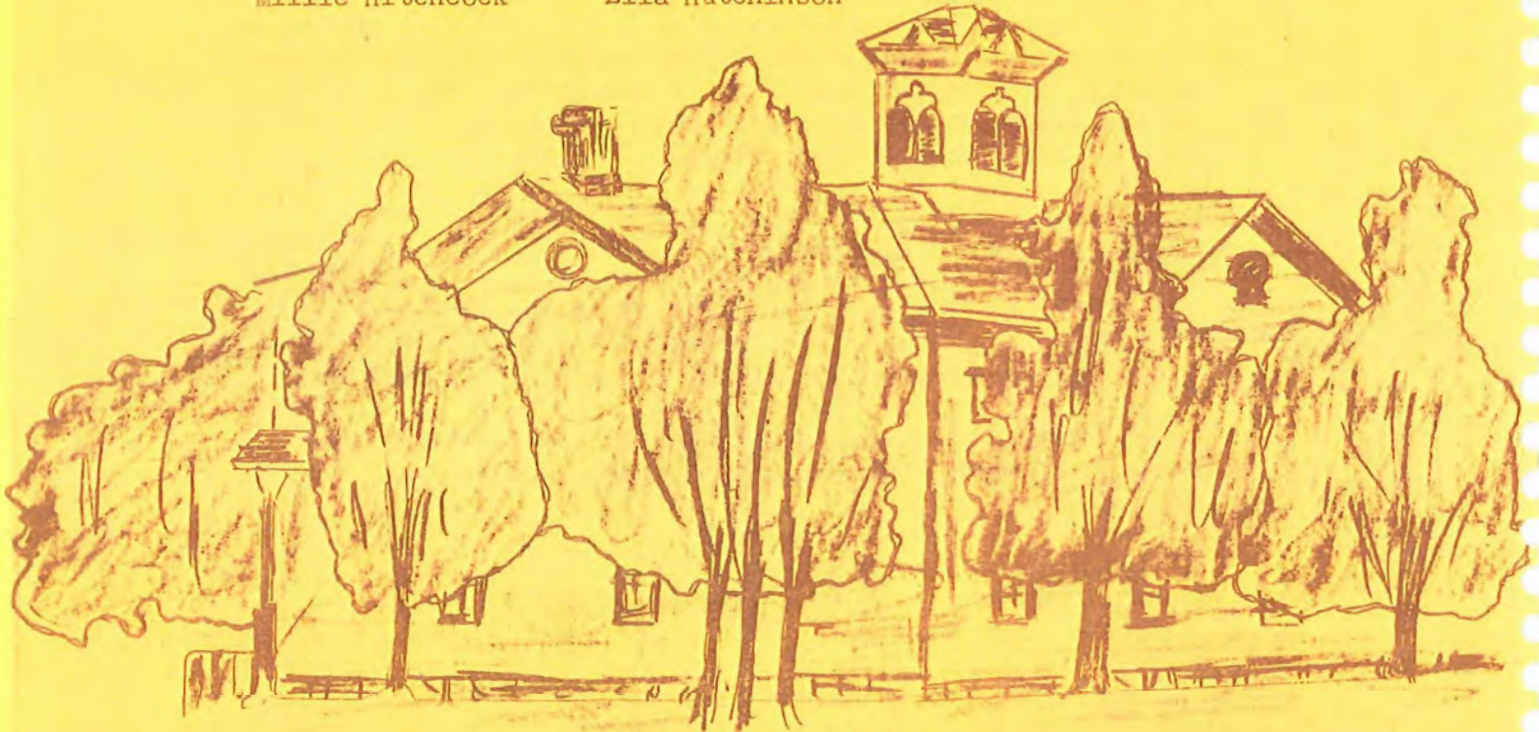
The first Petoskey High School building was built on Lake Street in 1881. It was destroyed by fire in 1889.

First graduates - three-year course - 1885

Flora Davis
Mary B. Gaumer
Millie Hitchcock

Frank A. Howe
Fred A. Howe
Ella Hutchinson

Jennie Seibert
Martha Warne



Lake Street High School

(Site of the Crago home, 818 E. Lake St.)

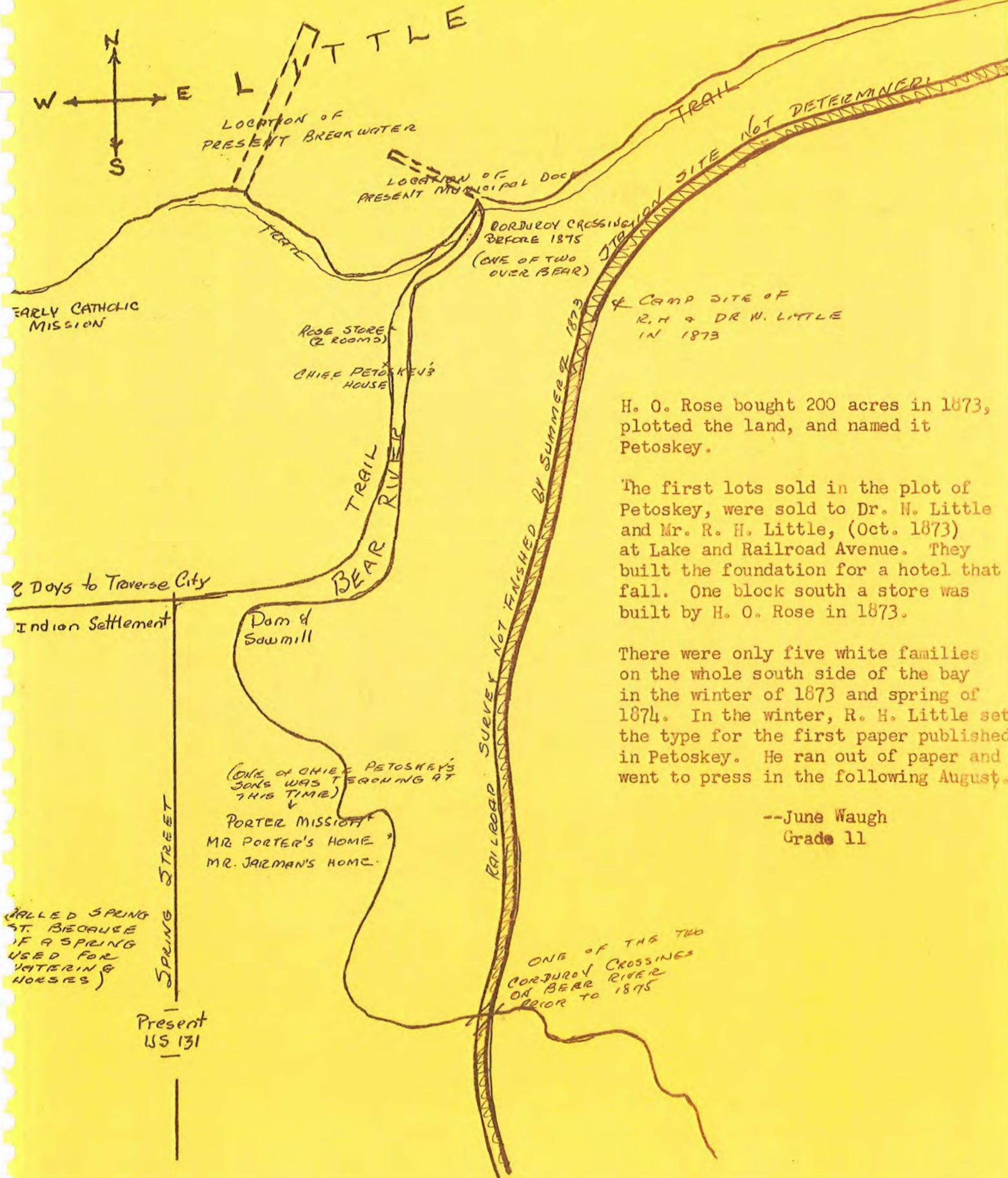
The second High School building was erected in 1890 where the present gym is located. It was torn down in 1929 to make way for the present Central School building. The present high school building was built in 1913 and remodeled in 1929 when construction of Central Grade School and the high school gymnasium was undertaken.



The Petoskey district has, at present, three other public grade schools: Lincoln, completed in 1896, Sheridan, built in 1901, and Edgewater in 1903. A new Lincoln School is now in the process of construction, a modern building, including seven classrooms and a gymnasium. This \$300,000 structure will be completed by September, 1952. It will have an estimated enrollment of 250 students.

--Jane Conway, Grade 11
Nancy Moore, Grade 11

TRAVERSE



H. O. Rose bought 200 acres in 1873, plotted the land, and named it Petoskey.

The first lots sold in the plot of Petoskey, were sold to Dr. W. Little and Mr. R. H. Little, (Oct. 1873) at Lake and Railroad Avenue. They built the foundation for a hotel that fall. One block south a store was built by H. O. Rose in 1873.

There were only five white families on the whole south side of the bay in the winter of 1873 and spring of 1874. In the winter, R. H. Little set the type for the first paper published in Petoskey. He ran out of paper and went to press in the following August.

--June Waugh
Grade 11

(CALLED SPRING ST. BECAUSE OF A SPRING USED FOR WATERING HORSES)

Present US 131

ONE OF THE TWO CORDUROY CROSSINGS OF BEAR RIVER PRIOR TO 1875

INDIAN MOUNDS

In all of the country northwest of the Ohio River, there is strong evidence that powerful, warlike, semi-civilized men once lived. These ancient men are now called the "Mound-Builders".

The Mound-Builders worked the copper mines of Lake Superior. Although the work was carried on by large bodies of men over hundreds of years, there is no evidence to be found that permanent settlements were established. It is possible that in summer the Mound-Builders would labor in the mines and in winter travel to a warmer part of the country.

Throughout northern Michigan, fragments of ancient pottery have been found which have markings similar to pottery attributed to the Mound-Builders. In Charlevoix, during an excavation for a cellar, an ancient grave was found which contained beautifully finished flint arrowheads and a quantity of copper beads. By the river in Charlevoix were found two knives and two piercing instruments—all of copper. The soil for a foot or more in depth contained a great number of flint chips and unfinished arrowheads (which had been spoiled in the making and thrown away). Boyne City has a well marked site of arrowhead manufactory within its village limits.

Since the Indians also made and used flint arrowheads and stone axes, the finding of these relics is no conclusive evidence of the former presence of the Mound-Builders. But Dr. M. L. Leach, in his "History of the Grand Traverse Region," stated, "I am fully convinced that at least three-fourths of all the stone implements and ornaments found in the United States are the work of the Mound-Builders."

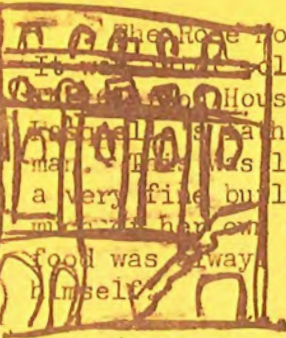
From the compiled list of the sites of aboriginal remains in Michigan, prepared by Prof. Harlan I. Smith for the 1909 Geological and Biological Survey of the state, L'Arbre Croche village site, the Mackinac mounds, Charlevoix Parmelee graves, Clarion mounds and graves, Indian River camp site, Columbus camp site and the Pigeon Cheboygan mounds were covered in this history.

The ancient people have long disappeared. No record remains and the reason and manner of their fadeout continues to be a mystery except for a vague tradition which implies that they retired toward the south before the fierce and savage race that succeeded them in the occupancy of the country.

--Judy Wolgast
Grade 10

HOTELS OF PETOSKEY

Many years ago in the little city of Petoskey, there were many hotels such as Rose, Clifton, Cushman, Petrie, Clark's Tavern, Ozark, Oriental, Banghart, Bay Shore, Imperial, Arlington, City Hotel, and the Perry Hotel built in the year 1890 and still standing.



The Rose House Hotel was built by Dr. Little during the winter of 1874. It was later sold to C. C. Bradley and the name changed to The Occidental. The Rose House was located about where the Woolworth Store is now. Mrs. Roswell's father, Mr. Rowan, ran the hotel. Another hotel was the Cushman. This was located in back of the present Meyer Hardware Store. It was a very fine building with large white pillars. Mrs. Cushman at first did much of her own cooking. She was famous for her fine pie and coffee. The food was always good and the hotel was very clean but one had to wait for himself.

These three hotels gave fine parties, sometimes two or three dances in one evening; the boys and girls would walk from one dance to another since the hotels were close together. The girls often carried pretty colonial corsages. One often met these gay young groups on the streets.

The following is taken from an Arlington Hotel advertisement of 1905. The new Arlington Hotel contains 300 rooms, 36 of which are family apartments, each with bath and equipped with "open sanitary plumbing." The hotel stays open until October. The hotel had these amusements for guests:

For adults:

- 4 bowling allies
- Ladies and gentlemen billiard rooms
- A complete cafe
- Attractive card and grill rooms
- Casino and dancing hall
- Complete orchestra, ten finished musicians
- Evening dances
- Colonial hops and morning Germans

For the children:

A children's playroom, special attendant attending not only indoors but outdoors.

The hotel was equipped with a fast passenger elevator, having 115 rooms steam heated with electric lights. Public rest rooms for ladies and gentlemen were on each floor.

Rates were as follows:

- \$4.00 - \$5.00 per day
- \$15.00 - \$28.00 wk. - two occupying one room, with one double bed
- \$17.50 - \$35.00 wk. - one person occupying one room
- Children and nurses eating in ordinary and not occupying any more space than one adult, taken at half price.

Foreword

Since my early childhood I have had an interest in stones. Their shape and color fascinate me. Each time I go to the beach, I bring home odd stones to add to my collection. The last two years I have accompanied my parents on trips through the western part of the United States. On these trips I collected many different types of stones.

In October we had a terrific windstorm. On the following Saturday my boy friend and I walked along the shore for several miles. We gathered many fossils that the giant waves had washed ashore. Later we were very fortunate in having Miss Muriel Tara from the Geological Survey of the Department of Conservation, visit our school at our request. She took the Biology classes on a field trip to study rocks in this area. I was very pleased that she later stopped at our house to see my stones. She identified those from this area. This got me very much interested in the rock formation in Michigan and especially, Emmet County, where I live. After extended reading, I have obtained the following information about soil and rock formation of this area.

THE STORY OF SOIL AND ROCK IN EMMET COUNTY

Once our earth was very hot. Some people believe it may have been part of the sun. It began to cool. This caused uplifts and depressions on many parts of its surface. One of the depressions is known as the Michigan Basin. The water came and filled this basin. After hundreds of years it would recede. The sea came in and out of Michigan six times over a period of 315,000,000 years. Each time the sea receded there would be a different form of plant and animal life. During some periods, the sea would contain many forms of life. As they died, they would settle in the mud at the bottom of the sea. As the mud hardened to rock, it formed a museum of former life. This made the floor for the next oncoming sea. As each sea receded the basin became more shallow.

After the last sea had disappeared, the Michigan Basin resembled a large set of mixing bowls. The rim of these bowls is part of our soil today. Each bowl's edge has a different rock formation. The Petoskey area was formed during the Devonian Period. In this formation we find shale, sandstone, lime, and many other types of stone. Over a period of years the wind and water changed many of these top stones into soil.

Some time between 22,000 and 50,000 years ago the upper part of North America was covered with a thick ice sheet which we call a glacier. As more and more snow fell this ice sheet became very heavy and broke away from the land. It slowly moved down over the upper part of the United States. As the glacier crept slowly over the continent it carried with it soil, particles of rock, and boulders. It would carry these stones over our state's surface. This caused many of the smaller stones to wear away and become sand and soil. The larger ones would break into smaller ones.

Then we had a change in climate. As it grew warmer the glaciers slowly melted leaving the Great Lakes and boulders deposited in many places in our state. Much of Canada's top soil had been carried to Michigan.

At one of these periods when the sea was in, it was full of many living things, some so small you couldn't see them, others as large as snails and clams. As they died, they sank to the bottom. Also tiny coral animals called Polyops lived and died and left their skeletons.

Shells and corals and other formations of sea plants built the life rock we know as limestone. Some of the beds of very pure limestone are deposited in Emmet County. Near Petoskey and Bay Shore much of it is too high in magnesia to be used in making cement but some of the pure beds west of Petoskey are quarried and the stone is sold to the Portland Cement Company.

Antrim shale is deposited in several counties in this region. When it has not been exposed to weather, it is generally black and very bituminous. When shale and limestone are found close together on water transportation routes, it makes a favorable condition for the location of a cement plant. That is why we have the Petoskey Portland Cement plant here.

A stone which Petoskey people are especially proud of is known as the Petoskey Stone. The Petoskey Stone or Agate is one of the fossil corals which was formed in the Devonian Period. The stone comes from the Great Coral Reef.

Much of our soils were developed from material deposited by the Great Ice Sheet. In Emmet County there is a variation of soil. The largest amount is classified as dry sand and sandy loams. These are underlaid by gravel or red sand clay.

The more we study about stones, the more we realize they preserve a story of the past. Climate, wind and water will continue to make changes on their formation and location. In the future these changes will effect people and the way they live.

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--Bob Bacon

VILLAGE PRESIDENTS AND MAYORS

The persons whom I will speak about are what we now call mayors of a city. In early times these men were known as the Village Presidents. The first Village President was Hiram O. Rose. He was elected to office April 24, 1879 and was in office two years.

The next Village President was I. D. Toll. He was elected to office March 21, 1881. He held office two years.

March 12, 1883 Charles J. Pailthorp was elected to office. He was known mostly as Judge Pailthorp. Judge Pailthorp was Judge and city attorney for about forty years. He was Village President for one year.

William L. Curtis was sworn into office March 10, 1884. He held office one year.

On March 12, 1885 Philip B. Wachtel took the duty of being Village President. He served one year.

Henry T. Calkins was sworn into office March 8, 1886. He held office one year.

David P. Page was elected to office March 14, 1887. He held office one year.

On March 12, 1888 Henry T. Calkins was elected to office again. He only held office one year making a total of two years that he was Village President.

March 11, 1889 John G. Hill was sworn into office. He was in the office one year.

William W. Rice was elected March 10, 1890. He stayed in office two years. Mr. Rice was the owner of the tannery.

On March 14, 1892 James R. Wylie was sworn into office. He held office one year.

William M. Everett was elected on March 13, 1893. He held office one year.

March 12, 1894 John R. Davis was elected Village President. He served two years.

On April 1, 1895 The First Municipal Election was held. They made Petoskey no longer a village but a city. So from now on the Village Presidents are called City Mayors.

The first City Mayor was James Buckley. He was elected April 1, 1895. He held office one year. Buckley Ave. was named after him also.

April 6, 1896 Eugene L. Rose was elected. He served one year.

Marion F. Quaintance was elected April 5, 1897. He held office one year. Quaintance Avenue was named after him.

April 4, 1898 Eugene L. Rose was elected again. He served one year making a total of two years that he was City Mayor.

Myron A. Barber was elected April 3, 1899. He served one year.

Philip B. Wachtel was elected again on April 2, 1900. He held office one year. He was a Village President for one year too. Wachtel Avenue was named after him.

On April 4, 1901 Eugene L. Rose was elected for the third time. He held office two years making a total of four years that he was City Mayor.

George E. Reycraft was sworn into office on April 6, 1903. He held office one year.

On April 4, 1904 Reuben M. Winston was elected to office. He served one year.

George E. Reycraft was elected again on April 3, 1905. He held office three years making a total of four years that he was City Mayor.

Dirk De Ruiter was sworn into office on April 5, 1908. He held office one year.

On April 5, 1909 John J. Reycraft was elected. He held office two years. Mr. Reycraft was a doctor and also was the original owner of the Perry Hotel.

William L. McManus, Jr. was sworn into office on April 3, 1911. He built McManus dam and also had a large saw mill.

On April 1, 1912 Homer Sly was elected. He held office one year. He is still living and is an officer of the Cement Company.

John J. Reycraft was elected again on April 1, 1913. He held office one year making a total of three years that he served.

Charles J. Ditto was sworn into office on April 6, 1914. He served one year.

On April 5, 1915 Albert B. Klise was elected to office. He served six years.

John L. A. Galster was elected Nov. 7, 1921. He held office four years. Mr. Galster is still living and sells insurance.

William G. McCune was sworn into office April 16, 1925. He served four years.

Norman M. Risk was sworn into office on April 1, 1929. He held office three years. He is still living.

On April 4, 1932 D. Charles Levinson was elected. He served three years.

On April 1, 1935 Buell H. Van Leuven was sworn into office. He held office five years. Mr. Van Leuven is living and is a doctor.

Arthur M. Hinkley was elected on April 1, 1940. He served three years. Mr. Hinkley owns the Petoskey Evening News.

Emery O. Nyman was sworn into office April 5, 1943. He was once Secretary Treasurer of the Cement Company.

On April 3, 1944 John H. Perry was elected. He held office five years. He is still living and is the owner of Perry Sales.

On April 3, 1950 Emery O. Nyman was elected. He is our mayor today.

--Judith Neuman
Grade 6

HORSE RACING IN THE OLDEN DAYS

Our village of Little Traverse was the starting mark of racing in this region. In the nearby villages of Charlevoix, Bear Creek, Middle Village and Cross Village, there was racing in the main streets. Then every winter the owners of the fastest horses got together for a derby. Toward the end of our long winter, word went out that there was to be a grand race in the village. The race was to start at Father Zorn's Church.

The horses were from Canada. They were skinny horses and had wiry legs. There were two horses called "Buckskin" and "Petoskey". Buckskin belonged to Chief Blackbird and Petoskey to someone of that name from across the bay of Bear Creek. Chief Blackbird and the driver of Petoskey always shouted war whoops of their tribes as they passed each other on their horses. The most pleasing sight in the race was the little Indian ponies.

--Gloria Parsons
Grade 5

DEAD FIRES

In the days one hundred years ago,
The horse and buggy days,
To watch the blacksmith boys would go
And pass the time away.

It was fun to watch them shoe the horses
Beside the blazing fire,
To hear the crashing of the tools
And see the flames grow higher.

As time went on and years passed by,
The blacksmith fast grew old;
The boys have long since left the place,
The fire has long grown cold.

--Betty Jane Johnson
Grade 10



SPRING

As I look out the window
And see the rain come down
I hear sleet pitter patter
Upon the ground.
This gives me happiness
And good cheer;
For now I know
Spring is here.

—Marvin Thompson
Grade 10

BOY ON A HILL

You lie on the grassy hill
Looking up at the lifeless sky;
On the hill above the mill
The clouds are floating by.

The blue birds are singing;
The grass is full of dew;
The church bells are ringing;
The day is just for you.

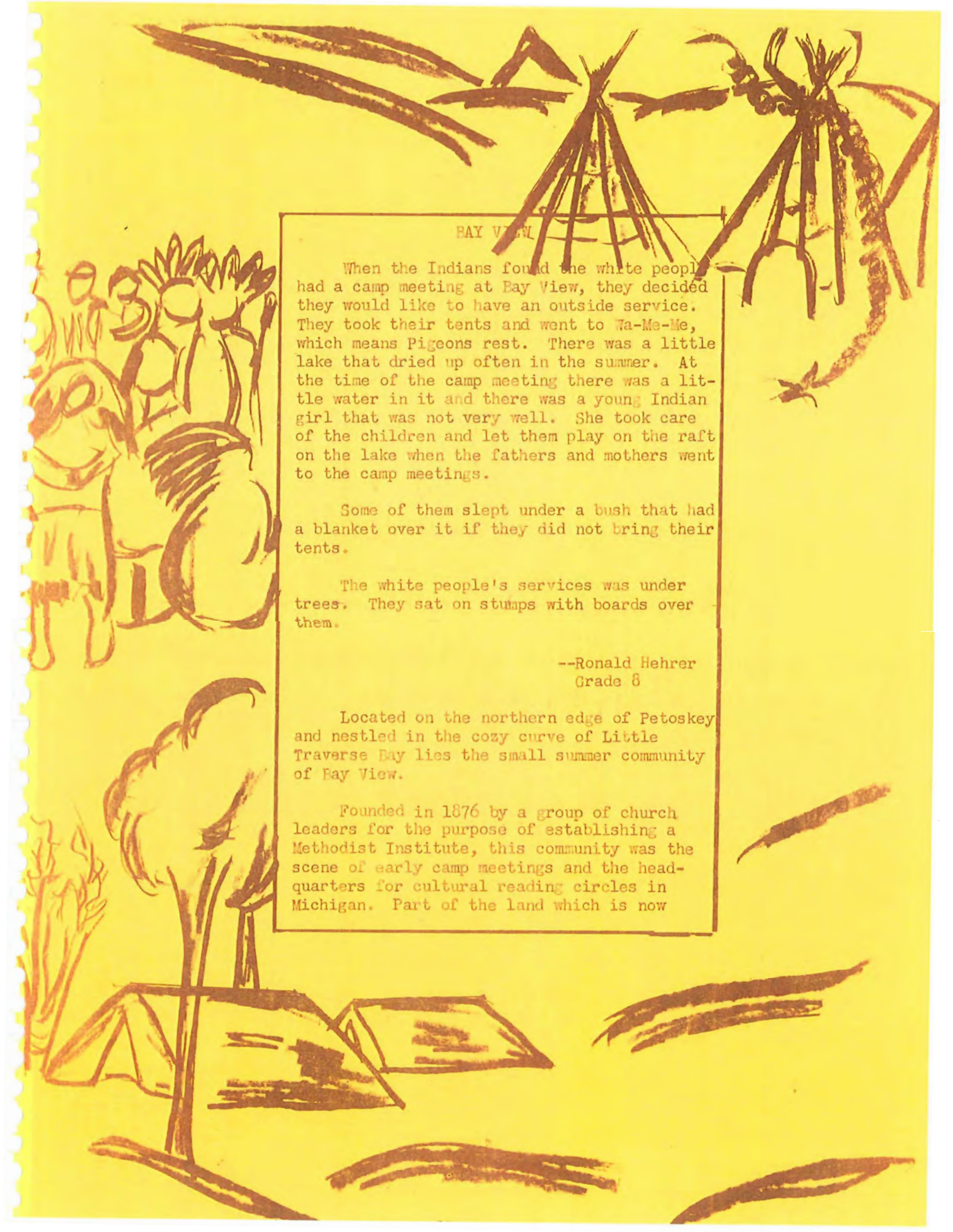
—June Taugh
Grade 10

THE MOON AND THE STARS

The old man in the moon
Looks so gloomy in the gloomy
night,
But his friends the stars are not.
They blink here and there on
their way across the sky
Just like the lights out on the
bay.

—David Lee Elliot
Grade 4

Illustration-
Ronald Hehrer
Grade 8



BAY VIEW

When the Indians found the white people had a camp meeting at Bay View, they decided they would like to have an outside service. They took their tents and went to Wa-Me-Me, which means Pigeons rest. There was a little lake that dried up often in the summer. At the time of the camp meeting there was a little water in it and there was a young Indian girl that was not very well. She took care of the children and let them play on the raft on the lake when the fathers and mothers went to the camp meetings.

Some of them slept under a bush that had a blanket over it if they did not bring their tents.

The white people's services was under trees. They sat on stumps with boards over them.

--Ronald Hehrer
Grade 8

Located on the northern edge of Petoskey and nestled in the cozy curve of Little Traverse Bay lies the small summer community of Bay View.

Founded in 1876 by a group of church leaders for the purpose of establishing a Methodist Institute, this community was the scene of early camp meetings and the headquarters for cultural reading circles in Michigan. Part of the land which is now

Bay View was donated by H. O. Rose and A. S. Lee, the rest being purchased by the G. R. & I. Railroad company for the purpose of extending the railroad farther north. Donations of various kinds were made by Petoskey citizens.

The real natural beauty of Bay View combined with the fact that it maintains a summer college of Music and Liberal Arts has made Bay View a name known throughout Michigan as a summer resort.

--Ann Davy
Grade 11

When the people of Bay View used to come in the summer they would come by train; that is why they would always spend the whole summer here for they did not have cars to travel around in.

In 1880 the people of Bay View were living in tents and would have all of their meetings out of doors. Bay View, when it started, was supposed to be a Methodist camp. Now, however, anyone can live there.

Through the Methodist church, Albion College still operates Bay View College of Music and Liberal Arts.

--Carroll Peny
Grade 10

About 50 years ago Petoskey Bay View Country club was a big circus ground.

My Grandmother and Grandfather used to drive their horses down there and tie them across the road. At that time this land was a big forest.

--Robert Schmoldt
Grade 3

Petoskey came to the attention of the state when the railroad was laid. When the latter reached Harbor Springs, the town was built, and the tempo of the cities increased rapidly.


The greatest days of the railroad were in the 1880's when excursions came at the ends of summers. Each summer, friends and relations came up for a week or two, and thus started the tourist trade. The railroad wanted the northern country settled, so excursions to the north were only half the regular fare, but to the south were the regular fare. When the tourists arrived, steamboats were waiting at nearby wharves, ready to go to Charlevoix, Mackinaw Island, Beaver Island, the Upper Peninsula, and Wisconsin.

The section around Bay View in 1875 was covered with timber. A writer of that date spoke of nearly 200 miles of unbroken timber between Bay View and civilization. The timber of this region included beech, maple, hemlock, yellow birch, poplar, basswood, and cedar. The greater part of Northern Michigan was, however, covered with pine. At this time the lumbering industry was at its greatest peak, and the lumber jack, immense piles of wood, and sawmills were familiar sights.

The population of this area in 1879 is given as 1,272, the greater part being Indians. An old settler estimates that 65% of the population were Indians and that there were not more than 150 white people in Emmet county at that time.

Illustration-
Ronald Hehrer
Grade 8


--Karl Stone
Grade 10



PETOSKEY SHORELINES

At the time Petoskey had a very beautiful shoreline, with perfect evergreens, birches, pines, and ash trees. There were also many wild flowers.

Petoskey was young and just getting started; the people were very poor. They didn't have money for food most of which was imported.



Now there was a merchant in Chicago who wrote to the Petoskey people and asked if there were any ash trees in this vicinity. Of course Petoskey's shorelines were loaded with these trees. So the merchant said he would pay a very good price for them. The people readily agreed. The merchant sent up a large government boat and men enough to dig up all the ash trees around Little Traverse Bay.

They carried these trees out to the big boat by canoes. The Indians decorated these canoes with wreathes of roses which were made by the Indians. They ordinarily made them to decorate their graves; since the men that came up on the government boat thought these wreathes were such a novelty, the Indians decorated the canoes with them.

The men, although they didn't care anything for any of the trees or flowers except ash, dug up everything as it came. They weren't careful enough of the other plants; so the shoreline was ruined. Its beauty was all destroyed by carelessness.

As a result, Petoskey today has an uninviting shoreline. All those native trees were dug up and never replaced.

--Esther Everts
Grade 12

The people that lived in Petoskey a long time ago had a beautiful shoreline with a lot of trees. Some were mountain ash, birch, and beautiful pine trees. There was a man who wanted to buy some of the trees, so the people let him. They needed money so they dug many of them up and sold them. The beach was sandy and children played there on nice days. All the beautiful trees that once lined the shore are gone. The beach is now stony and the children no longer play there; the water has washed the sand beaches away.

--Phyllis Pierson
Grade 11




Illustration-
Esther Everts
Grade 12

CHARLEVOIX REGION

Charlevoix county is a part of the Traverse Region which used to be the home of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians. Today few are left to tell their interesting history.

Although much of it is gone, nine trees remain to mark the place where these tribes met to keep peace. Originally there were thirty chiefs who gathered at these grounds; so each chief planted a sturdy maple tree; as long as these trees remained, there would be peace among the tribes. Although the trees had their branches twisted while small and grew crooked, woodmen have cut all except nine of these famous trees which still stand at the top of Greensky Hill.

Greensky Hill, about five miles north of Charlevoix on old US 31, was named for Peter Greensky, an Indian who lived close to the place where the Ottawa Council Trees are.

Susan Lake, just over the hill from the trees was named for Peter Greensky's wife, Susan.

The Indians passed through Round Lake near present day Charlevoix on their way from Pine Lake to Lake Michigan. Round Lake was said to bring terror to their hearts because of the clinging hands of the evil spirits at the bottom of the lake, waiting to reach up and draw a canoe and its occupants to the depth.

Green River was then a crooked little stream, open only to the use of small Indian canoes. No larger vessel could manage to get through. Today the river is a deep channel through which freighters, liners and pleasure craft pass regularly.

Indians called Charlevoix and Green River, See-pe-Wa. Even the old time Indians call it by the old Indian name.

--Clarice White
Grade 10

Illustration-
Pat Riley
Karol Lundie
Grade 6



NEWSPAPERS IN THE PETOSKEY REGION

1873 to 1952

In the winter of 1873 R. H. Little started Petoskey's first newspaper, The Petoskey Weekly Times. The paper did not come out, however, until August of 1874 because of lack of type and paper. It lasted only one edition and was printed on paper whose dimensions were $4\frac{1}{2}$ by $5\frac{1}{2}$ and was printed on first and third pages only.

The first permanent newspaper in Emmet County was The Emmet County Democrat, which was started in 1875 and printed on an old Washington handpress. It was published for a few months in the back of a store and then was moved to a building sixteen by eighteen feet in size; this building stood on Petoskey Street just south of the present Post Office. The paper occupied that building for some time and then moved to Mitchell Street.

In 1878 The Emmet County Independent was started in what is now Harbor Springs. Charles S. Hampton, who had served as the principal of the first graded school in Petoskey, was editor and proprietor. During the summer of 1883 the publisher issued a six-column daily paper called the Daily Resorter.

In December 1887, the Independent was moved to Petoskey and consolidated with the Democrat. Soon after C. E. Churchill entered Mr. Hampton's employ and in April 1900, with E. R. Goldsmith, he bought the paper. In 1902 they made it a year-round daily called The Petoskey Evening News and Resorter. Mr. Goldsmith died in 1904. In 1905 the daily's name was changed to the Independent Democrat.

In 1878 James Buckley started The Petoskey Record but it changed hands many times during its lifetime. It was purchased by Mr. Churchill, owner of the Democrat, in 1911.

Mr. Churchill died in 1916 and the paper was bought by D. H. Hinkley, C. E. Garvin, H. Burr, and H. Lee North. Following Mr. Hinkley's death, his son, Art Hinkley, entered the company. Recently Mr. Hinkley purchased Mr. Garvin's interests and is now associated with Mr. Lee and Mr. North in publishing The Petoskey Evening News.

The youngest newspaper in northern Michigan is the Northern Michigan Review started in 1934 under the title of the Northern Michigan Shopping Guide. The first edition was nine by twelve inches in size, consisting of four columns. William F. Schaller, owner and manager of the company is editor and his son Albert is assistant editor and office manager.

In 1935 the paper was enlarged to five columns on a twelve by eighteen inch sheet. The name of the paper was changed to The Northern Michigan Review in 1936 and went on a paid subscription basis.

The first photoengraving in Emmet county was done in the basement of Review Printing Company. This photoengraving was first published in The Northern Michigan Review on November 1936. Since this time The Review has continued to have pictures from its own photoengraving department.

The standard sized page with eight columns was first used on March 11, 1937. Later that year in November the paper was entered as second class mail. In 1939, the Review located on Howard Street.

THE STORY OF A HOUSE

I have been a happy house. Year before last was my Golden Anniversary. And now I'm going to be torn down. I can't remember all the things that have happened in my lifetime, but I do know that children have been running through my rooms.

I was built in 1899 by a Mr. Morrell Long. They had one child, Charles D. Long. Mr. Long was a cripple and had a wagon in the summer and a sled in the winter. They were pulled about by two big yellow dogs. He had a taffy stand, and for a little while he had a popcorn wagon on a downtown street.

After the Longs moved away, Mr. Long's niece and her husband, the Critchells, came to live. As a year or so passed I gathered that Will Critchell was a rural mail carrier. They didn't have any children, so of course I missed Charles D.

John Grosskopf and his family came next. They had three daughters. They weren't very lively, just played with paper dolls. When Mrs. Grosskopf died, the Grosskopfs moved away, bag and baggage.

Next came the Ballous. They had two children. Mr. Ballou was the one who put all the pretty wallpaper on my walls. The children were nice, even if the boy did break a window or two with his home runs.

The next family, the Stebbins, I never got very well acquainted with because they stayed only one year, but I thought I did very well for what time they did stay. They had five children. Mr. Bert Stebbins was a mail carrier and he delivered mail to me.

I think the ones I remember the best were the Kingsleys. They were the ones who planted all my trees and bushes around me and out in my ward. Will Kingsley worked in the abstract office.

The Bathkes came to look at me and they liked me, so they moved in. They stayed the next to the longest. They had four children. They moved in 1939.

Then the Fritz Curtises moved in. He worked at the First National Bank. They had one girl, Carolyn. They stayed two years, till 1941.

When the next ones, the Johnsons, moved in, they had one boy, Rick. G. M. Johnson worked at the First National Bank, too. Later, they had two other children, Debby and Kim. They have stayed ten years.

Now the Johnsons are leaving, and I wanted to tell the story of my life-time.

--Richard Johnson
Grade 6





