



THE CARLINS Part II

By Dee Samuel

THE INKEEPERS

Myrna and Hal owned the Nickerson Inn for 20 years and agreed that it was a most interesting time for them. The wonderful stories written here, as told by the Carlins, are only a few stories about their staff, their guests, and the operation of the Inn, and yet so many others, buried in the history of the Inn itself, remain to be told. The Carlins purchased the Inn in

1971 from long time owners, Ray and Drew Baker of Pentwater. Later, they purchased the Pines Motel and turned it over to their children to run in the summers. The first managers of the Pines were Susan Mundy, the Carlin's oldest girl, and her husband, Bob. The Carlin's fourth child, Randall and his wife, Marcia were the next in line to manage the motel. Sandy Coll, the second daughter, and her husband, Doug, purchased the Pines in 1994. It seemed that the Inn and Motel management were a part of life for the Carlins and their children.

Myrna and Hal painted and redecorated throughout, and in spite of the inconvenience of having no heat, the guests loved it. Nothing could replace the view and the wonderful breeze on the large rambling front porch, a place where guests would gather in the evening sharing drinks, stories, and laughter. Although little changed over the years, one thing did, and did so within the first year. Hal said they had to change the room prices. That year the guests paid \$8.00 for a room. The following year the rates were changed to \$11.00. These fees included the meals, too. According to Myrna, she did most of the management of the Inn. Hal was in Lake Orion for various duties each summer. When Hal returned to Pentwater on the weekends, he assumed his share of the work helping Myrna with the activities of the Inn.

Preparing meals for the guests was time consuming and though Myrna had hired Ardene Hartsuiker for her able as-



Myrna & Hal Carlin

sistance in the kitchen, Myrna did much of the cooking herself including all the breakfasts. Ardene and many of the Inn's employees returned to work season after season. That was a testament to the great management and the working conditions, and yes, the fun that the staff had year after year. My daughter, Jenne, worked for the Carlins for two summers. She was referred to as a chambermaid and had the responsibility

for changing the bed linens, cleaning the bedrooms, vacuuming the hallways and cleaning the group bathrooms. When Jenne heard the stories about some of the dining room disasters, she was glad she was stationed upstairs. The three chambermaids were called Hal's Angels. They wore tee shirts bearing this name.

No liquor was served until later when the Carlins received their license from the state. Until that time, guests would bring their own bottles, label them and store them in Room 15, which was a private social room that the guests used. It became a tradition for guests to write their names on the walls of this room. It was always great fun for each guest to look for their names the following year. The basement was used mostly for storage and was not known as a pretty place. It was described as spooky by one of the employees who of course was often asked to go down and bring up supplies for the bar. Myrna relates a story about a particular bartender who was asked to do this chore. After overhearing Myrna's directive to the bartender, a couple of the waitresses decided to play a joke on him. Using an old fur coat stored there, they dressed up a manikin to look like a bear. Soon loud screams were heard coming from the downstairs and giggles coming from up. Mike Graham, the bartender, still lives in town. If you see Mike, ask him his side of the story. Part of the staff consisted of high school boys, who had a variety of duties,

(Continued on page 4)

THE OCEANIAN'S Cartoons & Caricatures Part V

By: Ed Bigelow, PHS Museum Director

This is the fifth series of Cartoons & Caricatures from the 1902 Oceanians Booklet that features a total of 82 Cartoon Caricatures. This Booklet is a historical treasure for our museum.

The written descriptions for these three "Oceanians" was taken from either the Oceana County & Business Men Of Today, a Pentwater News Steam Print Book of 1890, or the Oceana County, Michigan 1895 book of Topography, Biography, History and Art Folio, produced by The Standard Atlas Company of Battle Creek, Michigan.

Please enjoy reading about these men who helped to develop Michigan's Oceana County, in the writing style of the day.

Charles R. Johnson

Charles Johnson Postmaster of Pentwater, was born at Hastings, June 2, 1862. His father was a farmer near Hastings, and when our subject was five years old, he moved to Olivet, and three years later to Hart, where his father was engaged in the hardware business. He attended school until sixteen years of age, when he took a course in the Lansing Agricultural School for two and a half years, being called home by the death of his mother. He then went into the hardware store for his father, and continued in that capacity until 1882, when he taught school two years, and attended to duties in the store. In 1884 he came to Pentwater and began the study of law in the office of the Honorable W. E. Ambler, where he remained five years; in the meanwhile, however, he was admitted to the bar in 1888, and the next year began in the law and insurance business, in which he remained until July 1, 1894, when he assumed charge of the Pentwater post-office. He was married to Miss Jennie Lewis, of Pentwater in, December, 1889, and they have a son, Louis B., four years old. Mr. Johnson was township clerk in 1892. He is prominent in Democratic circles, and a member of the County Committee. He is Past Master of Oceana Lodge, No. 200, and is Recorder of Oceana Chapter, No. 56, also an ELK, belonging to the Muskegon Lodge, and to Pentwater Lodge, No. 378, I. O. O. F.



A. R. McKinnon

Archie R. McKinnon, general hardware merchant of Shelby, also hails from the Empire State, where he was born in Masonville, Delaware County, April 24, 1851. He is the son of Archibald and Cordelia L. McKinnon. Mr. McKinnon's father was a lumberman and farmer, and Archie (as he is familiarly known) was early trained in that line, participating in the advantages offered by the district schools, such as they were. In 1867 the family came to Oceana county, settling in Hart Township; soon afterward the father died, and the "clearing up," as well as the other pioneer pursuits incident to the early days of this locality, developed upon our subject. He afterward accepted a position in the baggage room at Muskegon, on the C. & W. M. Railway, and through his alertness, good nature, and natural business instincts, worked his way up, braving on freight, from that to a baggage run, and finally as passenger conductor on the Holland-Big Rapids run.

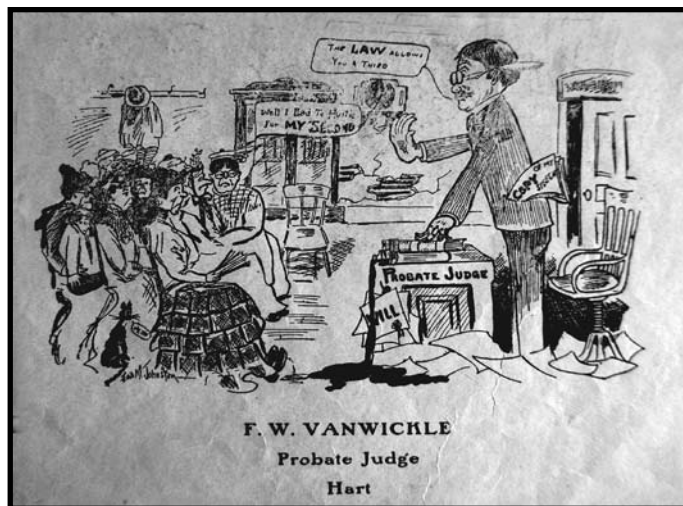
In this capacity he was undoubtedly one of the most popular conductors that this road ever had. In 1885 he came to Shelby, and purchased the Joe Tyler hardware stock, which he still conducts, carrying a full line of shelf and heavy hardware, stoves, tin ware, agricultural implements, carriages, buggies, cutters, and builders' materials; in fact, anything and everything that may be expected to be found in a first-class



(Continued on next page.)

F. W. Vanwickle

Frank W. Vanwickle, druggist, grocer, fruit and general commission merchant, of Shelby, is a native of Ohio, where he was born in Fanfield, January 18, 1853. His parents were farmers, and for a while resided in Indiana, from which State they removed to Van Buren county, residing there until 1866, when they became citizens of Hart township, where Mr. Vanwickle, Sr., still resides on the old home about midway between the villages of Hart and Shelby. Our subject attended the common schools until seventeen, when he began teaching, following the same some seven years, and in 1878-79 took the teachers' course in the State Normal School of Ypsilanti. After graduating from that institution, he returned to the county, and resumed teaching. In 1881 he, with the Honorable J. K. Flood, embarked in the drug business at Shelby. A year later Mr. Van Wickle bought out his partner, and has since conducted the business, adding thereto in 1885 a complete line of groceries. For the past five years he has been conducting a most extensive fruit and produce commission business, in connection with which he operates a most



complete and ample warehouse, which during the fruit, potato, and produce season, is one of the county's most busy marts. To give some idea of the magnitude of his business

in this line, we might mention that during the season of 1894, he paid out over \$75,000. We with pleasure invite attention to the view of Mr. Van Wickle's has always been foremost in social, educational, public, and political affairs in the county, having served his village as president, assessor, treasurer, and member of the school board, also secretary of the examining

board of the county, and now treasurer of his township. He is an active member of Shelby Lodge, No. 344, I. O. O. F., and master workman of the A. O. U. W. order. January 1, 1884, he was married to Miss Rhoda A. White, daughter of county treasurer, O. K. White. Their married life has been blessed by on son, Ellis, now five years old. The beautiful new residence recently erected by Mr. Van Wickle, on Michigan avenue, a view of which appears in this work, is one of the most complete and modern homes to be found in the county.

(Continued from previous page.)

tock in that line. In 1886 Mr. McKinnon was married to Miss Jessie McQuarrie, of Burlington, Ontario. That he made business a success is evidenced by the trade he now enjoys, as well as by the elegant home which he and his wife occupy on State street, a view of which we invite attention to in this work. Socially, both Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon are great favorites, not only in Shelby, but throughout northwestern Michigan, where they enjoy a host of friends. Mr. McKinnon is at the present time Worshipful Master of Bennona Lodge, No. 289, F. & A. M., of Shelby; Knight Templar, affiliating with Muskegon Commandery, No. 22; also a member of Oceana Chapter, No. 56, of Pentwater; and Saladin Temple (Mystic Shrine), of Grand Rapids.

In politics he is a most ardent Republican, and though a member of the county central committee, and prominent

in the councils of that party, has never permitted his name to go before the people for any political honors, and was surprised by the recent board of supervisors in being chosen a member of the County Poor Commission. A man of unquestioned business integrity, jovial, good-natured, generous, and progressive, he is one of the county's prominent citizens.

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but from time to time were pressed into service as waiters. Two such boys were known mainly by their last name, Erickson. They were simply called the Erickson boys. They could be seen waiting tables when there would be a shortage of girls to do those jobs. On one occasion, several of the waitresses were fired because they were not following the rules of behavior set down by Myrna, no second chances.

Stories of the guests who stayed summers are too numerous to mention. Myrna kept albums that showed pictures of all the inn's guests. She would find a particular picture and out would come another story. Turning the pages of those old albums was a pleasant walk down memory lane for Myrna. Many guests stayed all summer long. Two such guests were Troy's Athletic Director, Payton Goodwin and his wife Jean. They were long-time friends and school associates of Hal's. Many of the guests at the Inn were from schools where Hal was known. The guests were often like one big happy family. The journalists Byerman and his wife were regular guest of the Inn. They had been staying at the Inn for many years with the Carlins following many of their exploits both home and abroad. It was with sadness one summer season that the Carlins heard that both the Byermans had passed away the year before. Hal remembers Doctor White and his wife, Ann, who came from Indianapolis to stay at the Inn. Occasionally Myrna and Hal would take the Whites to a U or M game. Although some of Doctor White's clothing, especially his hat, bore the IU insignia, he would cover that up unless IU was ahead, prompting him to take off one hat and put on another. Myrna and Hal would host a group of guests from the Oxford, Lake Orion and Troy areas who came to the Inn during the season and in the post-season, as well. This was a fun loving group that would plan their visits around some theme. Myrna remembers a western theme and one of the 50s that brought the group a lot of laughs. The group called themselves the Nickersinners and would party accordingly.

The Carlins sold the Nickerson Inn in 1986, but the new owner only kept the property for a year before it was returned to the Carlins for nonpayment. Myrna recounts the story that the defaulting owner visited them, one evening, to say that he didn't have the money to make the payments and offered them what he did have - a suitcase full of cash and the return of the property keys. All Myrna could think of was what on earth the bank would say when she went down to deposit such a sum! When asked why they were selling, Myrna replied that she was just plain tired and ready to take a long break from the exhausting work of ownership. After that, the Carlins divided their time between a home in Florida and their Bass Lake cottage.

I believe life was just as interesting for the Carlins during their off-season. While in Florida, Hal worked for the New York Mets organization for 12 years running the clubhouse during

the Met's Spring Training Camp. Myrna said they never had to buy a ticket. Back home the Carlins were active in the affairs of Emanuel Lutheran Church in Ludington. Myrna explained that this congregation was originally a Swedish congregation. Generations of her family were members dating back to the 1800s. Locally, Myrna and Hal were active in the Pentwater Yacht Club where Hal served as commodore in 1987. He would preside for an additional year finishing out the term of newly elected commodore, Ding Samuelson who died in office. Myrna is credited with helping to organize the Pentwater Civic Band in 1947. A fine clarinetist, Myrna continues to play with the Civic Band and is one of three original members who still perform. She was also a soloist and founding member of the West Shore College Community Band retiring from that group in December 2015. Until last year, Myrna was an active member of the Pentwater Historical Society organizing many aspects of their calendar from arranging programs to planning the dinners and decorations. She and Hal also contributed to an article to the Pentwater Historical Society's Newsletter about the Nickerson Inn. See Newsletter for July 2007 written by their granddaughter, Caitlyn.

In later years, Hal was honored as one of the nation's combat veterans who served in WWII. Hal and a great number of veterans were flown to Washington DC on a Mid-America Honor's Flight. They toured the area for several days of celebrations and were guests at the banquet that honored them. While at Lake Orion, Myrna and Hal attended the Holy Cross Lutheran Church. It was here that Myrna organized and opened a preschool. The school operated in the large lower level of the church. The staff worked extremely hard to acquire accreditation for the school's 120 pupils. Myrna taught there for twenty years. Her daughter, Susan, took over for her when the Carlins returned to Pentwater. Myrna also served on two groups during her time in Pentwater, the Pentwater Cemetery Board and the Township Planning Commission. She remains on both.

It was a great pleasure to dig around in the history of Myrna and Hal Carlin and to be so helpfully led by this couple through the days of their interesting lives. I found our times together full of fun and laughter. I eagerly looked forward to each day of research with them and came away with wonderful new facts and a lot more questions. Myrna and Hal, thank you for allowing me to get to know you better. And Myrna, how fun it has been to become reacquainted after so many years. I feel privileged to have been allowed to invade your space and to get to know you on a more personal level.

Sincerely, Dee Samuel

MUSEUM REPORT SUMMER 2016

By: Ed Bigelow, PHS Museum Director

Museum visitor attendance is gaining momentum for the 2016 season! Beginning in late May through July 27th, we have had 525 visitors to the museum. Once again, the comments by our visitor guests are positive and as usual, many local history questions are asked and answered.

Visitors comment that the displays and artifacts shown are excellent to which we owe a sincere debt of thanks to our curator Dick Warner for his keen vision and artful arrangements.

The Museum had a very successful visitor season for 2015 with lots of great compliments about our museum building and its many fine artifacts. As we prepare for this year's visitors, curator Dick Warner is busy planning new displays and rearranging others.



Member Glenn Beavis is getting bids to have the PHS building stone and brick work maintained with masonry tuck pointing. An opportunity for \$ donations to be made!



PHS member Tony Sisson, our "resident carpenter" completed shelving and work surfaces for the "Artist Room" behind the stage area.



Teacher Lucy Macher does the annual Pentwater Schools 3rd Grade Class museum visit.

PHS members Roger and Maxine MacLeod helping to advertise Pentwater Historical Society and Museum by working an information and sales table on the village green for the weekly Farmers Market days. Sales are going well of the PHS 2017 Historical Calendar.

The Calendar features old historical photographic scenes of Pentwater.

A great Christmas Gift suggestion for only \$10!!!



PHS member Jim Gebringer has changed a pulley on the overhead ceiling fan unit reducing the fan speed to improve the museum airflow.

What's Happ'n in the Village.

See something going on in the Village?

Grab your camera, take a photo and send it with a brief description to the Pentwater Historical Society's web site at: pentwaterhistoricalsociety.org



New Dollar General Store opened for business on July 26.



Randy Hepworth is upgrading the old Bill Hepworth's family home.



A glorious sunset at the beach.

A double rainbow is captured over the Charles Mears State Park beach.



Homeowner adds a new garage near corner of Wythe and Sands street.



Harold and Madonna Shaw's former home on Green Street gets beautified with new paint.



Pentwater's "Fine Arts and Crafts Fair" happened on July 9th.

Museum Recieves Donated Items



Blackboard from Pentwater School.



1917 WWI military uniform overcoat and blouse and cap with insignias of the 351st Field Artillery, 92 Division.
On loan from Christine Mather.



Native American Indian Basket.
This weaved basket may be late 1800 or early 1900's.
Donated by Janet Steenwyk.



Early black and white photo of the J. M. Neilson Family farm which was located on the south side of the old U.S. 31 just east of Bass Lake creek by the Wishing Well.



Original framed Movie Flyers from the old Pentwater Movie Theater.



Old Fashioned Oil Lamp with shade from the turn of the century.
On loan from Christine Mather.



A new display of Pentwater manufactured Bricks from the Brick Factory.



John & Lois Sullivan donated an oil painting of former village president Ed Shimke and his wife Marge, riding in an antique automobile, owned by Walter Leversey, in a homecoming parade.

SOUTH BEACH AND THE REXFORD FAMILY PART III

By Peter Rexford

Peter Rexford is an author, journalist, and syndicated columnist. His roots go back to the late 1800's with his grandparents coming to Oceana County and staying in one of the first cottages in the Oceana Beach Association. They also stayed in Garrison Park and he presently has a cottage there.



The Rexford boys with their parents.

Those of us who spent a few precious weeks each summer soaking up the sun and our youth in Pentwater have our own definition of lucky. We see the same dunes, shops and shore as others but also a bit more. But, it didn't come easy. For 11 months each year, the sound of the waves, smell of balsam in the woods and daily taste of blueberry pancakes in the now-shuttered Clubhouse was a distant fantasy – a treasure buried in our minds to dig up and enjoy when we returned. Unlike my grandparents who came by train in the early 1900s, our 14-hour drive from St. Louis was on country back roads. We expected that once leaving on vacation all would be safe. Sometimes it was anything but. On one trip in the early '60s, when

seat belts were little more than curiosities, Mom and Dad were perched in the front seat with my brother Doug and I in the back.

Doug was leaning up and forward between my parents watching the narrow two-lane road ahead. An approaching car decided to pass another heading toward us. All

appeared fine when, in the nick of time, the car ducked into the opposite lane beside us.

Horrifyingly, a second car behind it had also opted to pass and loomed dead ahead. Dad gripped the wheel as the two cars screamed past – one on the left and the other on the invisible right shoulder. By all rights, I shouldn't be here to write this.

Once arriving on south beach the world was our oyster and the beach our world. When we were very young the lake's multiple quadril-



The Rexford boys with the Texaco tanker.

lion gallons were, at the same time, compelling and daunting. Jumping waves near shore seemed safe. As we grew older, we dared out farther to the sand bars.

There were, of course, the obligatory toys and beach items. Most memorable was a motorized Texaco tanker our parents had given us. The two-and-a-half foot brown plastic ship bobbed on the ripples near shore the same as real freighters plied waves on the horizon. Except in our home movies, the tanker is long gone. We do still have one of the original striped beach towels tucked away. If you imagine hard, on it you can almost catch a

*All that he knew
was that the years
flow by like water,
and that one day
men come home again."*

*Thomas Wolfe
"You Can Never Go Home Again"*

whiff of Mom's ever-present Coppertone.

In the early '60s we knew water in the Big Lake was to be respected. Waves and storms claimed many including the 66 lost in the storm some 20 years earlier on November 11, 1940.

Our parents instilled a special fear of the channel where we watched

the boats sail by. In that ominous water, Mom and Dad warned of a deadly, lurking “undertow” that even Neptune couldn’t fight. When Dad



The author, Peter Rexford at the clubhouse bell.

was a child he saw a lumber wagon with its team of horses die when it fell off the hand-drawn ferry and disappear into the channel. Similarly, we were convinced anyone who errantly fell in would instantly be sucked under. It worked. To this day, I still feel a bit of nervousness walking near it.

Imagine then, one afternoon when our Dad rented a small sailboat. It was more of a round wooden tub than a boat but he so wanted to show us his sailing skills. He was visibly excited as we glided out into Pentwater Lake and then to the channel. Wait...the channel?!

As we bobbed down the dark abyss, the boat rocked back and forth, tipping just enough for water to begin spilling in the sides. Our terror turned to hysteria. We screamed for the Coast Guard to save us. Wasn’t this, after all, the trail of death where fools, horses and others disappeared? Disappointed, Dad turned the boat around. We survived. The Coast Guard never came. Doug and I daily looked from the

beach to see if we could spot a tiny vertical line on the horizon we called, “The Stick.” On clear days, it was visible far in the distance.

One year, Dad rented a small motorboat for us to go see it up close. We three went into the Big Lake and cruised out for over half an hour. The land got smaller and the “stick” bigger.

As we motored near, that small stick became a towering two-story buoy looming over us. It marked the wreck of the freighter Anna C. Minch that sank in the

Doug, me and smaller kids – always smaller. Eventually, we recognized their ignorance and the fact their parents drank and were equally irresponsible.

The upside was that they were merely a distraction and bolstered our resolve. When Dad brought out his .22 rifle, Doug and I would follow along south down the beach where, back then, cottages were non-existent. We set cans in the dunes and popped them one-by-one from a fair distance. Our skill in vanquishing the “tin evil” grew legendary in our minds. Naturally, SWAT teams would now descend if a rifle were to be seen on the beach. More adventures and memories followed. Far too many to bore readers with. Save for one.

Around 55 years ago, I had a yellow plastic toy treasure chest with a handle. In the spirit of pirates everywhere, I put some “precious” possessions and my fortune of 40-cents or so inside. I buried it in the dunes with a small stick on top. I couldn’t wait to dig it up later that day. Alas, it was then I learned why people make treasure maps and the fact that most

dunes and small sticks look pretty much the same.

When my wife Ann and I now come back, we’re lucky enough to spend much longer summers on south beach. When there, I recall Thomas Wolfe’s thoughts about home. And, when walking near the dunes I like to think that, every so often, I catch a hint of a yellow plastic handle peeking out of the sand. Or not. I’ve also learned many treasures are often better simply remembered.



The dining hall at South Beach.

1940 gale but was still near enough to the surface to be a navigational hazard. The water was calm and clear. As I looked over the side of our tiny boat the fleeting ghost image of the top of the 380-foot resting Leviathan wavered in and out of focus. I don’t recall my reaction but my brother does. I was horrified. It didn’t go well. In later years, I took up SCUBA diving to get over it. On shore, the only downside was a resident summer family with children who loved being the bullies of the beach. The brothers lived to mock other vacationers and pick on

"The Davenport Light Keepers of Lake Michigan"
The Pentwater Historical Society
wishes to invite you to our
Summer Dinner Program

Guest Speaker: David A. Dietrich
 whose Great Grandfather was the Keeper of
 Little Sable Lighthouse (Details, Stories & Pictures)
 Date: Wednesday, August 24, 2016
 Time: 5:30 to 6:00 Drinks & Appetizers
 6 p.m. - 6:20 Business Information & Raffle Winners
 6:20 to 7:00 David Dietrich
 7 p.m.: Dinner
 Cost: \$17.50

50/50
RAFFLE

PURCHASE TICKETS FROM:

Deb Deward 869-5399, Mike Castor 869-2069, Ed Bigelow 869-8361

TICKETS ALSO AVAILABLE FROM:

Decors by Sandra & The Pentwater Library

MENU:

Catered by Kristi's Pour House
 Appetizers, Pulled Pork, Chicken
 Au Gratin Potatoes, Green Beans
 Salad, Bread, Dessert

NEW ANNUAL MEMBERS

James Blanchard	Nick & Roberta Boyari
Ronda & Rick Buzan	Ginger & Steve Hamilton
Karl & Susanne Kettelhutt	Michael Svoboda
Dianne Baker	Alexsy Ur

NEW SUSTAINING MEMBERS

Amt & Tony Romero	Nancy & Bruce Beaty
Colleen Moser	Barry & Susan Monroe
Judy Klink	

NEW LIFE MEMBERS

Jason & Susan Warner
 Cyle & Pam Chapman

**CONVERSION OF EXISTING
 TO LIFE MEMBERS**

Diane & Bill Bullard

DEATHS

Lillian Hackey Ted Reser

DONATIONS

LaBarge/Beeber Family	Dan & Dawn Carter
Silvia & Richard Warner	Jean Russell & Bob Childers

MEMORIALS

FROM:

IN MEMORY OF:

Chris & Jack Vanderwall	Marge DiPangrazio
Ed Bigelow	Don Lambrix
Ray & Sherry Kloostra	Don Lambrix
Don & Judi Tibbits	Don Lambrix
Mary Sue Rischar	Don Lambrix
Ted & Joan Cuchna	Charles Lipke

MEMORIALS ALSO FROM:

West School Staff	Ed Bigelow
Ray & Sherry Kloostra	Frances Woodward
Patricia Dean & Ginny Kienly	Jean Cooper
Tim & Patricia Jenkins	Jay & Julie Lundborg
Thomas & Carolyn Hicks	Dan & Teri Filius
Greg & Dathleen Sehnert	Nancy Jean Lucier
Rory Jenkins	Mary Ann Combs

IN MEMORY OF
Ted Reser

BOB'S CORNER

(by Bob (Childers), of course)

As, here I sit with-
out an idea
what to write
about....again. I look at the
fireplace in my spacious office high
above the streets of Pentwater think-
ing, I haven't made a fire in....I don't re-
member the last time I made a fire. Hope-
fully, summer is here. My, my, my, what shall I
write about, what to write, what to write? I've told
you about the furniture factory in Middlesex? I've told
you about the new boiler for the power unit for the fur-
niture factory coming in via the railroad. The boiler was
"rolled" off the railroad car to be placed on our ferry and
ferried across the channel to the sight of the Pentwater Bed
Stead Company. Appears no one thought about the weight
of the boiler as being a might too heavy for the ferry and
the ferry promptly....sunk? Fortunately, the channel was
being dredged at the time and the dredge simply came over,
lifted the boiler off the ferry and the ferry promptly resur-
faced. I've told you about Hancock Street being all dirt its
full length and sawdust from the two sawmills was regularly
used to fill in the deep holes in our street. I've told you
about the campaign to get the last of the tree stumps out
of, or I should say, off Hancock Street. Maybe I'll visit the
train station again but I've already told you about the train
station across the lake in Frenchtown. Maybe there's an-
other story over there? Taking the ferry across the channel
is nothing special. We have all done it numerous times.

While walking around the station I struck up a conversa-
tion with Jacob, the train engineer for the Pentwater Lum-
ber Company, "Robert, if you're interested, how about tak-
ing a ride out to the lumber camp past Crystal Valley? I
have a load of provisions for the camp and then I got to
pick up a load of lumber goin' to the boat dock. They be
still shipping a bunch off to Chicago." "That sounds in-
teresting! A moment and I will go back to the station to
secure a ticket." "No need for a ticket, ride here in the cab
with me." "Jacob, a question if I may? I noticed you are do-
ing fewer trips out to collect timber and coming back with
more loads of produce and fruits." "Tis true. I don't know
how much timber is left out there to harvest before it gets
too far afield to collect. At one time floating logs down the
Pentwater River was easy but all them trees along the river
been logged off and the lumbermen have to travel a far piece
to cut trees. All them trees on the Pentwater Plain is gone
and there ain't goin' ta' be another cutting for probably 50
years. Look at Crystal Valley. There's more and more farms
out there than ever before. I would not be surprised to hear

the Pentwater Lumber Company dismantling this railroad
because all the roads into Pentwater have improved greatly."
We arrive at the lumber camp. I watch as the provisions are
unloaded onto a horse cart. Once that's finished lumber and
some logs were reloaded onto the train. We return to town.
"At one time this train used to pull 10 cars back to Pentwa-
ter. You ain't going to see that again. You mark my words;
the future of a railroad here in Pentwater is in doubt. The
company is getting more and more trucks to handle the tim-
ber. Trucks don't need no tracks. Trucks are cheaper than
buying another railroad engine. Guess one of these days I'm
goin' to have to learn how to drive one of them things."

As many of you know, the railroad ended here in 1934. A
short while later our port would see the last of the steamers
end their service here. The roads were improving and more
trucks were heading straight for Chicago and wherever. Still
trying to find who brought the first automobile to Pentwa-
ter. I do know the Sands & Maxwell Company had a Max-
well truck but I can't find the year. I do know the publisher
of the Pentwater News went to Chicago to buy a motorcar
but I can't ...

AFTERNOON TEA

Saturday, Sept. 10, 2016
At 1 p.m. At the Memory House
268 Park St.

Enjoy Tea Sandwiches,
Desserts, and a Variety of Teas.

A Tea Specialist will explain about the
various types of teas. Teas will be available
for purchase. Tours of the Memory House,
Victrola Phonograph, Player Piano, and Hat
Collection will be on display along with Mrs.
Sand's Wedding Dress and shoes.

Old fashioned games can be played also.

Suggested Donation: \$25

USE THIS FORM TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE PENTWATER HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NAME _____

ADDRESS (The Address where you have your important mail sent when it absolutely positively has to get there!) _____

E-MAIL: _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____ PHONE _____

TYPE OF MEMBERSHIP: •Patron \$500* •Life \$250* •Sustaining \$50*
•Annual \$20* •Student \$3 (* Includes Spouse)

STATUS: ☐ New
☐ Renewal

Would you like to be contacted to participate in society activities? If so, your area of interest is: _____

☐ Yes, Please send the newsletter by e-mail. My e-mail address is: _____

PLEASE MAKE CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:
The Pentwater Historical Society, P.O. Box 54, Pentwater, MI 49449

AUTHORIZED
SIGNATURE _____



Pentwater Fire Department before 1900 ©

In 1898 a devastating fire swept through downtown Pentwater. A volunteer fire department was formed and a formal photograph was taken of the uniformed volunteers and the equipment.

A hose wagon, pictured on the left, was pulled by the men and the steam powered pumper was pulled by a team of horses.



PENTWATER
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY
P. O. BOX 54,
PENTWATER,
MICHIGAN 49449

SUMMER DINNER

August 24, 5:30 at the VFW Hall

Guest Speaker David Dietrich presents the history of the Little Sable Lighthouse.

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