



PAST TIMES

Newsletter of the Harbor Springs Area Historical Society - FALL 1999

FROM THE PRESIDENT

Dear Members,

It is hard to believe that summer is over and school has started once again.

HSAHS had a busy summer. The Fourth of July was fun despite the 90° weather. Board members walked beside the Stafford historic trolley handing out candy to parade watchers. One of our board members actually got a surprising soaking from a Main Street homeowner and his hose - yes, it was a refreshing, but a bit shocking, too.

Two weeks later we celebrated Ephraim Shay's birthday at Shay Days '99. In May Shay Elementary children participated in a poster contest. If you were in Harbor this summer, you probably saw the posters in many local store windows and at the Josephine Ford Park building where the HSAHS office/gallery is located. We were amazed and very pleased with the quality of the artwork and the enthusiasm of the artists.

We are very grateful for the help of many volunteers during our fundraiser who warmly welcomed
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Memories of the 20s and 30s in Harbor

by Effie Corey

I was born at Five Mile Creek. We moved into Harbor when I was quite young. Dad hauled logs with his team and sleigh. In summer we moved to a tar paper shack in a grove of trees on the Weque golf links where dad worked. He mowed with big horse mowers and at night he watered the greens. We kids would go with him and run under the sprinklers. He'd find a fresh patch of cream colored, flat capped Fairy Ring mushrooms. We'd pick just the caps, string them and hang them back of the wood cook stove to dry. Then in winter we ate them.

In those days the bank, then called the Emmet County State Bank, was where it is now, and I recall that back in 1931 the only ones running the bank were W. J. Clarke and his sons, J. T. and Bill, with Winnie Lee doing the book-keeping.

The Post Office across the street was a gathering place. We would stop on the way home from school and get our folks' mail. Mr. Wright and Laura Clark knew everyone in town. Once he said, "I

don't know if this is for you, Effie, or for your Grandma (Effie) Ward. Take it home; if it's not for you, see that your grandma gets it." It was a little overnight suitcase for me.

Where the Post Office is now was Ayers Feed Store and at the foot of the hill was Thompson's Blacksmith Shop and across the road, the Burrows Livery Stable.

There were two drug stores, Erwin's and Lane's. The telephone exchange was above Erwin's. You rang one ring for Central, gave her the number you wanted, and she connected you with your party. After the fire whistle blew, you waited so many minutes then called the operator to find out where the fire was.

A weekly newspaper, the Harbor Springs Graphic, was published by Elmer Hanna. The Harbor Springs Furniture store was owned by brothers, Carl and Gus Schwertsfeger. There was the Cottonbale Tea Room in the Hexagon House, with a summer dress shop above. Flower shops were Hoover, Renolda, Pontius,
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Please Look at Your Label

You'll notice a small date at the top right corner of the mailing label that brought this newsletter to you. In response to requests from members asking that they be reminded when it is time to renew their memberships, we are adding the date of your most recent donation to the Harbor Springs Area Historical Society to your mailing label. We hope you find this memory jogger helpful.

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and Fetters. They went from house to house on the resorts with their flower carts; also truck gardens peddled their vegetables - Peacock, Cargo, Otto Hahn and Robinson, and Bluff Gardens.

At Edelstein's dry goods store you sat on stools in front of the big long counter to be waited on. They sold some clothes too. Marion Heynig and her sisters each had a Chippewa jacket from there.

Rosenthal's was a clothing store.

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all visitors and sold the entry buttons and souvenirs. Bill Davis set up his model trains for children of all ages to run. Bruce Gathman and Charlie Conn presented slide programs on Ephraim Shay and Emmet County Railroading, respectively, which were very well received. Every show was filled to capacity at the Hexagon on Main Street. Bruce Gathman, Ron Kurtz and Bob Sussman also had model Shays on display for all to admire.

The HSAHS Board is already planning Shay Days 2000. We hope by then that George and Mark Ice from Haring, Michigan, will be able to bring their full size replica of the first engine Grandpa Shay built in Harbor Springs, which he (and we) affectionately call "Baby". It will be a wonderful sight to see. Please pencil us in for the weekend of July 14-16.

The format of our newsletter is different this time to accommodate part of the wonderful memoirs of Effie Corey. She had a lot to say about Harbor and her writing gives us such a special picture of those days. We hope you enjoy them as much as we have.

Sincerely,
Lois Cassidy, President

Rosie Rosenthal baked sugar cookies and gave them to the children when they came in with their folks. There was also Stein's Department Store on Erwin's corner, where my dad bought his wedding suit.

Juilleret's Ice Cream Parlor, on State Street, had a specialty called a "Thunder Cloud" with home-made ice cream. Planked whitefish was the specialty of the restaurant. The fish were caught fresh each day by some of the Juillerets. Next to Juilleret's was White's Popcorn Stand. You bought your popcorn and went across the street to the Lyric Theater, owned by Simon Leahy. When Baldwin's Livery Stable went out of business, Mr. Leahy bought it and built a beautiful theater on Main Street. They had live music before the show and during intermission.

The grocery stores - Faunce's, Melson's, A&P, and Adam's - were nothing like our super markets. You went in, the clerk waited on you and did all the running around to get what you asked for. My folks traded at Adams. We would stop on our way home from school so we could see if mom wanted anything. If she did, we each could have a cookie. They were in square boxes that had glass fronts. They let us charge groceries and pay so much a month in the summer. When the bill was paid, they would give us a sack of candy. Once when we stopped, Mr. Adams said our grocery bill was pretty big and he would let us have staples but no luxury items, so we couldn't have a cookie. Ann and Lewis cried all the way to Weque. It was the start of the Depression.

You could also call in your order and have it delivered to your home. Adam's delivery man was Frank

Bradley. When he stopped, we kids would holler, "Frank, Frank, turned the crank over the hill and down the bank." He would make believe he would chase us, and we would run and hide.

Henry Melching had a garage and boat shop on the waterfront and there was the Roe Brothers' Boat Works. Elliot's and Stewart's were garages where they worked on cars. Armstrong's did too, but there the resorters kept their cars, and the chauffeurs hung out waiting for calls to bring the cars to the cottages.

Only men and boys could go in John Lamb's Pool Hall.

We had one policeman at a time in Harbor. The first one I remember was Clyde McBride. Then Frank Corey, who later became my father-in-law. He didn't own a car and never drove one; did all his beat on foot. After the stores closed at night, he went door to door, trying each one to make sure it was locked. If not, he called the owner, who came and locked it.

We had three dairies: Lightfoot, Burdick, and Jablinski. They peddled milk and cream to the houses in glass bottles, with the name on them, first by horse and milk wagon, later by cars. There was Meloley Dry Cleaner and Tailor Shop, Kosirnik's Tailor and Furrier Shop, Ketchman Paint Store and Harbor Upholstery.

Mr. Kneisley had a barn at Summit and State Streets. He kept a big team of work horses and a big V-shaped snowplow for the city streets and a smaller one for the sidewalks.

We had a big hardware store: Walron, Friend and Cassidy, on the south side of Main Street. You could stand at the counter, and

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