



Five Generations: Back Row: Anna (Wacter) Hursh, Dorothy Stanley.
Front: Laura (Hursh) Sample, Wayne Stanley & Floyd Sample



LtoR: Dave Hursh, Noel Hursh, Clayton Revore, Harry Hastings & Noel Hastings



Dave Hursh



David Hursh & Family



Henry Hursh & Anna Wacter-Hursh



Joseph & Blanche (Paquin) Hursh

Elaine Hastings roots are deep on centennial farm

'I feel like I've been here a hundred years

By CAROL MARCELLA
Staff Writer

THOMPSON — The old Hursh farm in Thompson has been designated a centennial farm by the Michigan Historical Commission, an advisory board to the Department of State, Michigan History Division.

The farm, located near the Al-O-Ray Motel on U.S. 2 in Thompson, has been in the Hursh family for exactly

100 years, according to Elaine Hursh Hastings, who now lives there with her husband, Harold. David Hursh, a Civil War veteran, bought the property from the man who homesteaded it, Mrs. Hastings said. He moved into a log cabin on the property and later built a two story house which was located near the current house. The present home was built in 1960.

Mrs. Hastings has lived on the farm since she was eight and adds, "I'm 61 now. I feel like I've been here a hundred years myself." She and her father and sister moved to the farm from Manistique when her mother died in 1928. She said her father was born on the farm and moved away when he married, but was only in town for a few years. Mrs. Hastings and her husband cared for him until his death in September.

Mrs. Hastings said the property has always been farmed since it was cleared by David Hursh (1842-1902), who was a "lumber king."

"We used to have cattle, we used to farm it. We had 14 cows at one time," she said. The property is still farmed, she said, but now they raise ducks and a garden.

One of the biggest changes was the construction of the highway, Mrs. Hastings said. She said when the farm was first settled, her family came through the woods on a trail. She said she remembers a trail going through where the highway is now. She said her grandmother, Anna Hursh McDonald, gave the state the right of way for the new highway in the 1930s.

"Grandma was very conscientious and she donated the land," she said.

During the widening of the highway this summer, the construction threatened a maple tree that is at least as old as the farm. Mrs. Hastings said she wouldn't let the state cut the tree and made them move their highway instead.

Mrs. Hastings said she asked her

ster-in-law, Alex Meron, county historian, to nominate the farm as a centennial farm after she attended the Bouschor centennial celebration in Thompson.

She said she is proud of the designation. "I'm kind of proud of it, but I kept it going all these years. I've cared for four relatives before they all died, and there was no Medicare then. We worked hard to keep it going. Not many men would come into a family and care for them like Harry (her husband) did."

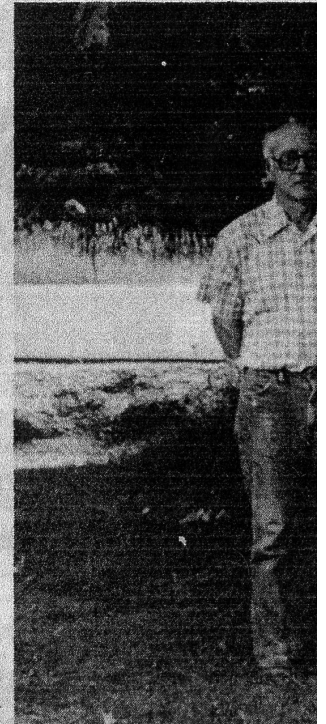
The Michigan Historical Commission sent a certificate to the Hastings. In a letter to them, commissioners said the farm is one of more than 4,000 designated centennial farms in the state since 1988. The commissioners also asked her to donate any old pictures, documents or antiques to the state. Mrs. Hastings said she has sent in some old pictures and also donated some to the Schoolcraft County Historical Society, but said, "I gave away most of my antiques. I didn't want them around. I've been keeping them since I was eight."

Harold Hastings and his wife raised seven children on the farm, two natural children and three adopted. He worked for 38 years at Manistique Mill and Paper, beginning at the bottom and finally retiring from his superintendent position this year.

As far as the future of the farm is concerned, Mrs. Hastings said, "We don't want to sell it, but it depends on our social security costs."



CENTENNIAL ROOTS — David Hursh, who purchased the centennial farm 100 years ago, is pictured at left. In the old photo at right are Hursh and his wife, Ann Hursh McDonald, seated in center. Standing in the rear, from left, are Helen Hursh Davis, Wilson Hursh, Eveline Hursh Rivord and Laura Hursh Sample. Seated in front is Minnie Hursh Sheldon. Standing next to his father is Joseph Hursh. Three sons, David, Noel and Leo, were not yet born.



TREE CASTS LONG SHADOW — Elaine Hastings stands in front of an old maple tree on the property as long as she has lived there (photo).



Pictures LtoR: Elaine (Hursh) Hastings, Noel Hursh, and Bonnie (Hursh) Cousineau

The Hursh Funeral.

The funeral of David Hursh whose accidental death by drowning was chronicled last week, was held from the town hall at Thompson last Sunday afternoon. It was the largest funeral ever held in that township thus showing the esteem in which the deceased was held by his friends and neighbors. Sixteen of his G. A. R. comrades from this city attended and the pall bearers were chosen from that organization. Rev. Osborne of the M. E. church, officiated and preached an excellent sermon. 10/24/1902



LtoR: Zada & Paul Hoholik, Mel & Myrtle Nelson



Charles & Laura Sample



Top Photo: Charles Sample

Bottom Photo: Laura & Charles Sample



Ira Brown



Top: Floyd & Mary Sample

Bottom: Floyd Sample



Stanley Farm



LtoR: William Arnold & Baby, Irma (Stanley) Arnold, Julia (Stanley) Martin, Florabell (Miller) Stanley, Opha Miller & Miles O. Stanley Sr.



Miles Osborn Stanley Jr.



LtoR: Miles O. Stanley, Florabell Stanley & Miles O. Stanley Jr.



Florabell (Miller) Stanley



Frank Stanley



Hiram & Kate Squires with daughters Kitibel (standing in front of Hiram) & Pearl (middle front) and niece Viola (rear). Kate & Hiram raised Viola after



Esther & Kate Squires

You think the winter of '82 was bad

The following story comes, via the Historical Society, from a local paper dated 1929. After the winter we have just experienced it may serve to remind us that things could have been worse.

GRAVE NEAR MANISTIQUE RECALLS MOTHER'S HEROIC EFFORT TO SAVE BABY BACK IN OLD LOGGING DAYS

Manistique: A mound of sodded dirt—a baby grave with a leather mitten on the end of a stick stuck at the head of a marker by some person—almost hidden among spruce and pine on a point of the Upper Peninsula, on the shore of Lake Michigan—stands as mute testimony to verify the tale told by Frank Gehrke, a native of Manistique, about a mother's supreme but futile effort to save the life of her child during the days of logging.

Standing beside the grave, which is on Gehrke's property 16 miles southwest of town, he vividly portrayed the happenings of that eventful night 25 years ago when the snow was waist deep on the level and it was 30 degrees below zero. It was then that the wife of a lumberjack fell exhausted into the saloon of the village and sobbed out a story of her dying child back in the woods, and pleaded with her drunken husband to come home.

"I was in the saloon at the time," said Gehrke, with his steel-grey eyes hardening, "when he kicked his wife with his iron caulked boot until she groaned in agony. Then something snapped within me. Shouting vile oaths he threatened to kill her if she didn't leave him to his drinking. What cared he about the brat, he said.

"I was eighteen years old at the time, and strong and wiry from pulling cross cut saws and swinging the axe. Without hesitation I jumped for his throat and he grabbed me about the waist and attempted to throw me over his back. He finally loosened his grip and I struck a hard blow to his jaw. He went down with me on top of him. I got up and let him lay."

The woman's clothing was dripping wet from the snow that had hawed quickly upon her entrance. She was sobbing out a story of her child lying alone and sick with cold in the log cabin. She was sure the child would die if no help reached her soon. There had been no food to eat. Her husband had been gone three days into town for help, leaving the child was sick, but had gotten no further than the saloon.

"She told how she had stacked the stove with the last available firewood and had covered the baby with blankets. In early afternoon she had

Memories Jack Orr

put on snowshoes to come to town in search of her husband and help.

"Soon after leaving the cabin it had started to snow. As she staggered ahead toward town it had grown darker and colder. It was the defensive instinct born into the heart of every woman to protect her child in time of danger or sickness that lent this woman power and courage for the heartbreaking trail.

"Pine boughs laden with snow had showered her at times and the weight had sent her reeling. Over logs she had slipped and tottered with the strength fast ebbing from her body. A snowshoe caught on a snag and the leather harness which bound it to her foot snapped. It was beyond immediate repair, so it had to be left behind.

"The cry of a wolf in the timber sent a new shudder of fear to her heart. It had her scent and was yelping for the pack. The snow had turned to hard pellets, striking her in

the face and adding pain. Half crawling, with limbs wearied from over exertion, she had dragged her body through the door of the saloon.

"The wolf pack was heard plainly in full cry at the edge of the clearing. They had missed by only a scant margin the human offering. She had accomplished something that seemed impossible.

"The woman fell into a fitful sleep, still murmuring of Mary, her baby dying in the woods. She was placed on a bed in the saloonkeeper's quarters and covered with warm blankets. The husband still lay sprawled on the barroom floor where he had fallen-out, not from the blow I had dealt, but from the effects of his whiskey-deadened brain.

"Two lumberjacks and myself hastily gathered some food from the saloon pantry and with two pint bottles filled with milk, which I tied around my neck under my shirt to keep the milk from freezing, we set out for the cabin on snowshoes. It had stopped snowing. To this day I do not understand how the woman ever made the distance from her cabin to town alive. The going was the worst of any winter.

"It took until daybreak to get to the log cabin. Snow was piled high

against the door and up over windows. We dug into the drift forced an opening. A glance showed us the fire in the stove had long burned out; the cabin was freezing cold. The corner of the room was a pile of blankets. We pulled away folds of tattered clothing to the body of child. It was dead.

"The baby was about a year old with dark curly hair. We constructed a rough box, placed blankets in it and then placed the small body in coffin. We buried the baby just yards from the cabin. Here is where we dug into the frozen earth with axes. It took a long time to scoop a hollow place large enough for a box. We cut heavy logs and placed them on top so no forest animal could disturb the grave.

"As the years rolled by a lumbering was history, fishing I came our main occupation. Fishermen began to set nets off this shore and those who remember the deeds of the drunken lumberjack's daughter never miss coming to shore place wildflowers upon the grave.

"The leather mitten on the end of the stick was probably placed there by some hunter or fisherman from the village who remembered that tragic night."

Tales of woe from '04 Told by Frank Gierke Sr.



IN LOVING MEMORY OF
MR. FRANK M. GIERKE
July 10, 1890 - May 14, 1981



Frank Gierke

MESSIER - BROUILLE
FUNERAL HOME INC.
MANISTIQUE
R. W.

Frank M. Gierke

MANISTIQUE — Frank Merrill Gierke, 90, of Rte. 1, State Road, Manistique, a former mayor, city councilman, and county board of supervisors-member, died May 14 at 11:15 a.m. at Schoolcraft Memorial Hospital.

He was born July 10, 1890 in Bay City, Mich. Mr. Gierke began working as a barber in the John Dupont Barber Shop and continued employment until 1910, when he opened his own barber shop in Thompson. He moved to Grayling where he continued as a barber until 1918 when he returned to Manistique and became cashier of the Manistique and Lake Superior Railroad, a position he held for 19 years.

He served as a Manistique city councilman and as mayor from 1934 to 1938. During this time he was also a member of the Schoolcraft County board of supervisors.

In 1937, he was appointed postmaster of the Manistique Post Office, a position he held for 23 years. He retired on July 31, 1960.

Mr. Gierke was a charter member of the Manistique Lions Club and served 36 years of active service. During his service he sponsored 19 new members to the organization and received a "Key Award" in 1939 and a "Master Key Award" in 1961 and a 30-year Charter Chevron in 1965.

He was a leader in a project to purchase, plant and sell Christmas trees on a 40-acre plot in Thompson township, which netted the Lions Club a profit of \$4,700.

He was active in many other community and civic activities. He was a member of the Knights of Columbus, Manistique Council No. 2026, has been an active Democrat all his life, serving as county chairman from 1934 to 1937. He was cited by the Michigan Democratic Administrative Board for his outstanding effort in connection with the 1962 Democratic Party since 1960. He was a member of the St. Francis de Sales Church of Manistique.

He married Mary L. Gould at Bay City in May of 1906. She preceded him in death on Jan. 8, 1970. One son, Frank M. Gierke Jr., died Aug. 9, 1958 and one daughter, Mrs. Leonard (Cora) Walters died Aug. 9, 1934.

He is survived by: three sons, George Gierke of Manistique, James Gierke of Manistique, and Robert Gierke of Wausau; four daughters, Mrs. Mildred DeVino of Manistique, Mrs. Floyd (Bernedette) Houghton of Manistique; Mrs. Ernest (Mary Jane) Johnson of Manistique, and Mrs. Verner (Patricia) Johnson of Manistique; one brother, Charles Gierke of Florida; two sisters, Mrs. Gerald (Elda) Larke of Grayling and Mrs. Leo (Beatrice) Jambert of Grayling; 29 grandchildren, 90 great grandchildren and 28 great great grandchildren.

Friends may call at the Messier-Brouillette Funeral Home beginning at 5 p.m. Sunday, May 17. Funeral services will be held at the St. Francis de Sales Church on Monday, May 18 at 10 a.m. with Fr. James Menapace officiating. Burial will be in the Fairview Cemetery. The K. C. Rosary will be said Sunday at 8:30 p.m. at the funeral home. Liturgical prayers will be said at 8 p.m. Sunday.



Community 39

After 34 years of service, Hoholik bids farewell to the County Board

by Paul Olson

The first thing you want to know is what he'll be feeling. When the Schoolcraft County Board of Commissioners gathers Jan. 2 for its annual organizational meeting, people will be watching closely to see who's picked as chairman, who's voted vice-chair, how committee assignments are divided up.

But many will also be wondering what's going through the mind of the man who's not there, the man who will no longer be the board chair, the man who won't be part of the proceedings in any way for the first time in more than three decades?

"I'm actually kind of relieved," Ernie Hoholik says. "It's sad, because it's an ending, and I've been doing this a long time. But I'm relieved, too. It's time to pass the responsibility on to somebody else."

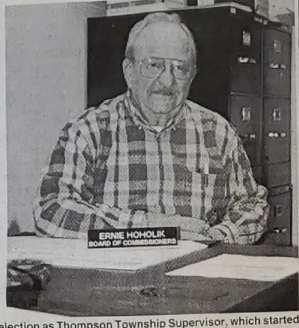
Such mixed emotions aren't surprising for someone who served 17 consecutive terms on the County Board, chairing the panel for many of those 34 years, and was seeking yet another term in office when he was beaten by Dale DuFour in last August's Democratic primary.

Hoholik's feelings are even more understandable when you consider that his 1968 election to the board wasn't the beginning of his involvement with local politics. That actually started much earlier, in the 1950s, when he was voted into the position of Thompson Township Supervisor.

For those too young to remember, there were no county commissioners in those days. Instead, Michigan's city and township officers served on a local board of Supervisors. In Schoolcraft County, there were 13 people on that board—



Left: 17-year-old Ernest Hoholik in 1941, long before his election as Thompson Township Supervisor, which started his political career. Right: 61 years later, getting ready to leave the world of local government, Hoholik relaxes on one of his last visits to the commissioners' office at the Schoolcraft County Courthouse.



eight township supervisors and the five members of the Manistiquette City Council.

Hoholik can still remember what it was like being the newcomer.

"There was no Open Meetings Act back then," he says. "Lots of times, you'd get to the meeting and everything was all set. They'd worked it all out before you even got there. You can imagine what it was like. With me being the greenhorn, there were lots of times I was left out in the cold."

In fact, Hoholik says, the way the system itself was set up didn't leave much room for involvement, with the majority of business being handled by the full Board of Supervisors and only meeting four times a year.

No doubt it was all a bit overwhelming for someone who'd never given much previous thought to a political career.

Hoholik was born May 26, 1924, in Thompson, one of Joseph and Susan Hoholik's five children. He attended the township school through the sixth grade and finished his academic career in Manistiquette.

While a high school sophomore, he officially joined the family business.

"My dad had a dairy route, and when my brother went into the service, I started doing his deliveries," Hoholik says. "I delivered milk all through the 10th and 11th grades, for four hours every morning before school. I'd start at 5 a.m. and deliver until 9, then go home and change and go to class."

He was to stay in the business for the next 42 years, delivering dairy products every day, in all kinds of weather, across a vast stretch of the eastern and central Upper Peninsula, a territory that ranged from Rapid River to New-

berry, Curtis, Munising, and all points in between—including, of course, the Manistiquette area.

His daily stops at homes and businesses made Hoholik's face a familiar one across the region. That personal "comfort level" was almost surely seen as an asset by those who urged him to seek township office.

Nevertheless, his tenure as supervisor was a short one. After serving a single four-year term, he was defeated in his re-election bid by Floyd Sample, the man who had urged him to run in the first place.

After that, Hoholik shifted his emphasis to education, with an appointment to the community association that oversaw the Thompson Township School. He served for seven years, until the school was dissolved through consolidation.

"Then they wanted me to run for the Manistiquette School Board," Hoholik says with a chuckle. "I said no way, because that's really a thankless task."

He didn't stay out of politics for long, however.

In 1967, in response to a U.S. Supreme Court ruling that counties must have proportional representation under the theory of "one person, one vote," the Michigan Legislature abolished boards of supervisors and implemented the system we know today, where counties are divided into districts, each with its own elected official.

"I was asked to run for the new board as a Democrat," Hoholik says. "I thought about it, and it sounded pretty good."

Those dark days eventually got brighter, and Hoholik's critical test turned into one of his happiest achievements when the brand new courthouse opened in 1976.

He still remembers the pride he felt the day the facility was dedicated, and smiles when he remembers gaveling to order the first meeting in the new building.

The crisis and the local response drove home a point he came to understand better each year he was in office. It's a theme he cites again and again, whenever he's asked about his experiences.

"We got through that because we had good people working with us," Hoholik says. "When you have people like that around you, it's helpful. It's easy to get things done."

Like any building its age, the courthouse has its share of problems. But Hoholik notes that there was one issue they never expected to face.

"The day that building opened, the upstairs was all vacant on one side," he says. "We looked at that and wondered if we'd ever fill it up. Now all those offices are full. We had the FIA expansion a few years ago, and we could

even use a little more space right now. That shows you the way things have grown."

While he takes special pride in the courthouse, Hoholik can cite a number of other county achievements over the past 34 years: a new airport building, the construction of the fair building, state-of-the-art facilities for mental health and the new Head Start center that's the envy of many other communities.

"The credit for the Head Start building goes to the Community Action board," says Hoholik, who has chaired that board for a number of years. "There were a lot of people involved with making that happen. It took good people working for three years to get it done. It's a big thing for a county this size to have."

Hoholik also praises the work of everyone who made the new Carpenter Dan a reality. Originally, he explains, the county was going to pay for the structure by imposing a special tax assessment on area residents. Fortunately, commissioners worked to find another funding source. At the other end of the spectrum, when they were still about \$50,000 short, a timely request to Rep. Bart Stupak led them to the rest of the money and brought the project to fruition.

In some counties, that kind of legwork, budget crunching and fiscal scrambling is left to a paid administrator. In Schoolcraft County, it's the board itself that does the work.

While he understands the concerns of those who have suggested hiring a local administrator, Hoholik believes it's helpful to leave the detail work to elected officials.

"Without an administrator, the responsibility is directly on us," he says. "We have the same responsibilities as a bigger county, but we're more directly involved. I talk to commissioners from some of those other counties, and they don't really know what's going on. They just go to a meeting and get a report. They don't know how things work or what's happening with the budget. We understand it, because we're the ones doing it."

While he'll no longer be one of the people shouldering those responsibilities, Hoholik says he's still concerned about the future of county government in Michigan. As always, he feels the toughest thing facing local officials is the growing number of state mandates, orders that are handed down unilaterally, usually with no extra money to carry them out.

"There's more and more being put on the counties all the time," he says. "It's been a problem for a while, and it's

going to be a bigger problem. I think if you're going to mandate something, you should finance it, but it's hard to ever work that way. That's the big thing the County Board is facing. That, and just keeping the government running smoothly."

For his part, Hoholik says he'd like to stay involved as much as possible. That won't mean a seat on the board, of course, but it could mean holding on to some of his many committee assignments.

A partial list of those assignments includes his service on the Community Action Agency board, the six-county and U.P. Resource Conservation and Development boards, the Upper Peninsula Commission for Area Progress (UP-CAP), the Central Upper Peninsula Planning and Development (CUPPAD) Regional Commission, the Michigan Works and First Step business counseling boards, the LMAS District Health Department Board, Pathways Mental Health Board and the board of Eastern Upper Peninsula Substance Abuse Services (EUP-SAS).

Hoholik admits that he'll have to give up some of those duties, if for no other reason than the seats are reserved for elected officials.

One assignment he's reluctantly leaving behind is his position on the Michigan Association of Counties Workers Compensation Board. With 83 counties in Michigan and countless commissioners vying for just one seat, Hoholik says it will be a long time before Schoolcraft County is again represented on that board.

But there are other committee positions—UPCAP, to name just one—that don't require you to be in office, and Hoholik has already let his former County Board colleagues know that he's willing to serve, if they want him to.

"I'd like to do it as long as I can," he says. "It keeps you on your toes. It keeps you involved with what's going on. It's not that someone else couldn't do it better, but I've got the contacts, and I'm willing to be the one."

That may not sound like a textbook retirement, but Hoholik says not to worry. He also

has plenty of other recreational activities, including ice fishing, camping, taking advantage of equipment he's had for years, but has seldom had the time to use.

He also plans to spend more time with his single biggest joy, his family.

In 1944, Hoholik married the former June Larsen. Together, they raised two boys and three girls. She died in 1990, just days before their 46th anniversary.

Hoholik also recently lost his longtime companion, Margaret Larsen. Her death in December has made the past few weeks difficult, he says, but through it all, his family has been nearby, and has remained a source of comfort and strength.

"It's been a sad time, but you know, I really feel fortunate," he says. "My wife gave me five wonderful children. I have seven grandchildren and 12 great grandchildren. I never even knew my own grandfather. He was gone by the time I was born. But I have so much wonderful family in my life. I couldn't ask for anything more. I'm blessed."

Before he completes his transition from politico to full-time family man, Hoholik has one question left to answer: Does he have any words of advice for Dale DuFour, the man who beat him and takes office this week as his district's first new county representative in 34 years?

Hoholik smiles and gives an answer that could apply to any elected official, anywhere, at any level of government, any time.

"Out of everything, I think it's most important to be patient," he says. "Over the years I've gotten hundreds and hundreds of calls from people who have questions, who have complaints, who are worried about something. You should respond to everyone who calls, and treat each person as important as the next. You don't have to agree with them, but you should listen. Everyone deserves to be heard."

He pauses a moment, then adds: "You have to remember you're a public servant, and that means you're there to serve."

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LaPlante tells club of literary encounter Hemingway meeting just one highlight of long career

A surprise encounter with Nobel Prize-winning author Ernest Hemingway in Italy was one of several incidents recalled by local resident Bob LaPlante during an appearance last week at a Manistique Woman's Club luncheon.

LaPlante, who is semi-retired from the United States Corps of Diplomatic Couriers, says he has traveled an estimated 10 million miles to 197 foreign countries.

Diplomatic couriers are carefully-chosen citizens who carry the government's most-guarded correspondence from Washington to American embassies, consulates and delegations around the world, LaPlante said.

After graduating as president of his 1942 class at Manistique High School, LaPlante served a combat tour of duty with the U.S. Navy in the Pacific, then studied under the GI Bill at the University of Michigan, where he graduated in 1948.

By 1950 he had been commissioned as a diplomatic courier and was attending Foreign Service classes in Washington, where he was inadvertently involved in a life-threatening situation.

"During lunch at a Pennsylvania Avenue drug store, not far from the White House, I heard the sizzling crash of plate glass window being demolished by heavy-bore bullets," LaPlante recalled at the luncheon. "Ceiling lights went out. Someone screamed that everyone should hit the floor. We did so then and there."

LaPlante said everyone remained on the floor for about half an hour, and heard "a volley of shots I judged to be from powerful handguns. A couple of bullets whined through the bottles of mouthwash on the drug store shelves."

Eventually, he said, a policeman jogged through the store and

the lights reappeared.

"We fled through the doors into the brilliant sun of a Washington autumn afternoon," he said. "Police hustled us away from the main avenue in a scene of confusion and terror. Someone in the fleeing throng shouted, 'they are trying to kill the president,' and within minutes I got snatches of the action: Puerto Rican National-

It was in Italy that he virtually "bumped into" Hemingway on the Grand Canal of Venice. The courier and the author soon joined Mary Hemingway at Harry's Bar, the setting of several Hemingway tales.

According to LaPlante, the three settled down to a "long and thoroughly enjoyable late-morning



LaPlante getting ready to take to the skies in Bavaria.

ists had attacked Blair House on foot, guns blazing. President and Mrs. Truman were upstairs in the official mansion, which served as the first family's home during the refurbishing of the White House, located directly across the street."

LaPlante said the Trumans were not injured in the assassination attempt, but that one guard and one attacker were killed.

"I came to two conclusions on the spot: Washington is a world focal point and I had to find a safer lunch spot," he said.

The Thompson native was then assigned to Paris, Manila, Athens, Frankfurt, Panama and Bangkok on two- to six-year tours of duty.

breakfast, Italian style, including strong black coffee and triangular sandwiches, followed by equally-strong whiskey sours."

LaPlante said Hemingway took an interest in his Upper Peninsula background, and the conversation soon turned to a favorite theme: trout fishing.

"I promptly jumped on a topic that had always puzzled me in the early Hemingway story about Seney, where the Fox River has flowed for eons and given up some of North America's most beautiful trout," LaPlante recalled. "I asked this favorite author a question that I would never again be able to pose face-to-face: 'Why did you name the river at Seney the Big Two-Hearted?' (Hemingway) smiled broadly and leaned over the table toward me and said, 'Yes, I moved the Big Two-Hearted a couple of dozen miles southwest because Big Two-Hearted is poetry ... the Fox is not.' The power of the pen can move mountains, and rivers, too."

When not entertaining people with his true-life adventure stories, LaPlante is busy seeking a publisher for his just-completed book, *The Ten Million Mile Man*.



Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin
request the pleasure of
your company at the
marriage of their daughter
Edith M.

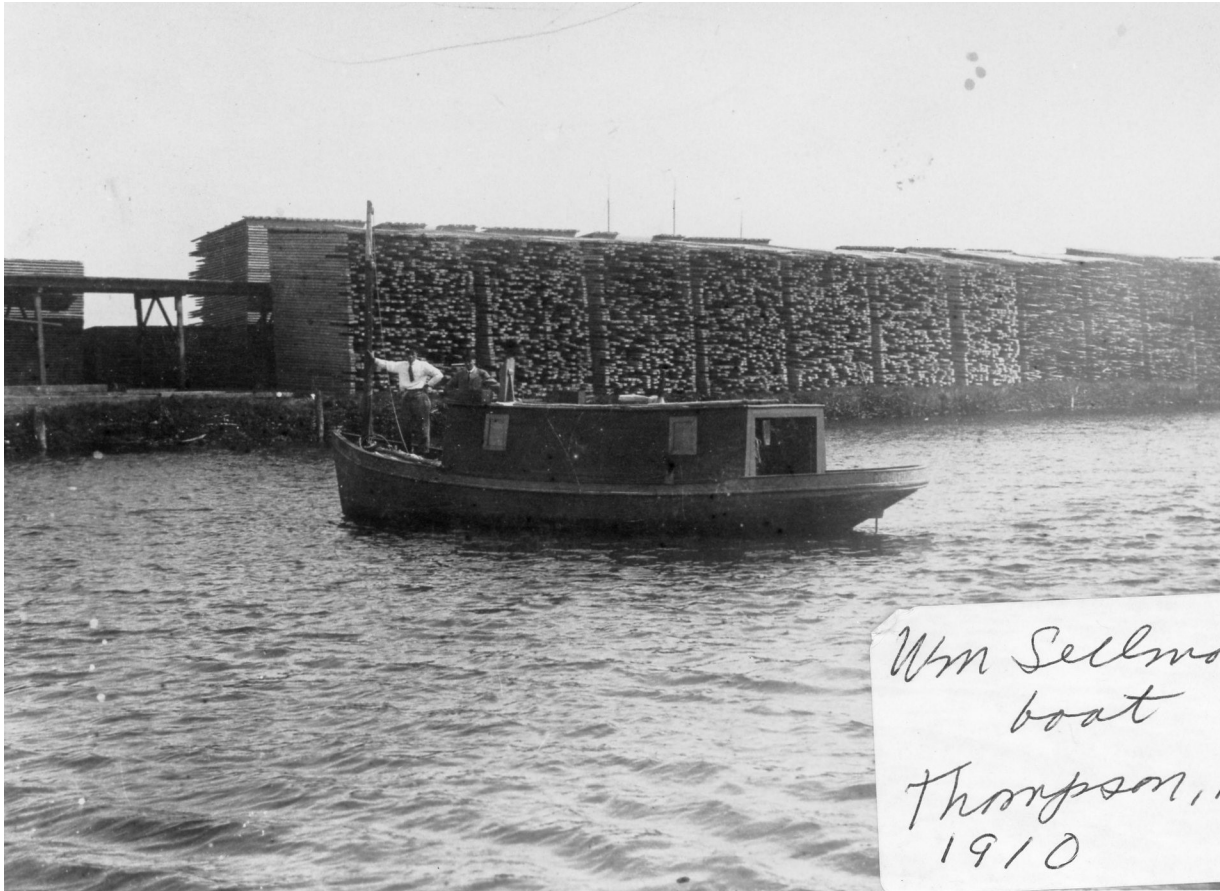
to

Robert W. Cowley,
Monday, July 3d, 1893,
at eight o'clock p. m.,
at the Hall,
Thompson, = Mich.

Peter A. Martin
Date of Death: 12/27/1913
Male
Divorced
Age: 64 years
Place of Death: Manistique
Cause of Death: Pneumonitis (Spelling ?)
Birthplace: Canada
Occupation: Laborer
Parents: Father Peter Martin/Residence - Not known
Mother: Unknown
Date of Record: 01/23/1914

Peter Martin
Date of Death: 01/14/1906
Male / White
Age: 74
Cause of Death: Chronic Parenchymatous (Spelling ?)
Birthplace: Canada
Occupation: Hotel Keeper
Parents: Peter Martin - Residence - Not known
Mother - Unknown
Date of Record: 02/05/06





Wm Sellman
boat
Thompson,
1910

On the Little Harbor Road situated on Lake Michigan, is some property that was known as Venus years ago, now known as Miami Beach, it was owned by the Hruska family.

In the early 1940's William Sellman, would use his flat-bed truck to transport local families to the grounds for a Sunday picnic.

He charged \$1.00 a family, which included beer and pop for the family. The adult men played games and burlap sack races, etc.

The mothers got the opportunity to visit with other women, swap recipes, and more than likely, gossip. Many didn't own cars, so this was ideal entertainment.

Unfortunately, one day a man appeared at the door of Mr. Sellman's home, identifying himself as a State Liquor agent, to inquire if he had a liquor license to buy beer for the outings, which of course he did not. That was the end of refreshments. The Manistique merchants on Thursday afternoon closed their stores and met at Venus for a picnic. I was able to go as a guest of Barkers Bakery and thoroughly enjoyed these outings.





Albert Johanna

Thure

Victor

Matt

Arvid

MATT WINBERG, 78, TAKEN BY DEATH

Body Of Local Resident
Taken To Skandia Monday
For Interment 1246

Matt Mattson Winberg, 78, passed away Friday at his home, 502 Delta avenue, following a lengthy illness.

Mr. Winberg was born March 12, 1867, at Portom Vasa, Finland, and came to the United States when he was a young man, settling first in Thompson. In 1893 he returned to Finland and was married there to Johanna Bosk. The couple came back to America two years later, living at Thompson for a short time and then moving to Munising. They went to Carlshend in 1904. The first Mrs. Winberg died in 1923, and in 1929, Mr. Winberg was remarried to Mrs. Matilda Hedstrom, of Carlshend. They returned here to reside in 1931.

He was a member of the Bethel Baptist church.

Survivors besides his wife are one daughter, Mrs. Elsie Beltram, of Negaunee, and five sons, Arvid, of Hancock; Axel, Carlshend; Albert, Flint; Algot, Flint, and Edwin, Whittemore. Twelve grandchildren also survive.

Funeral services were held Monday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock at the family home, Rev. Harold Martinson officiating. Burial was in Skandia cemetery under the direction of the Morton funeral home.





