

### ONCE IT IS OVER

Across the waters they know full well what war has done. There is destruction want and fear everywhere. All normal life is disrupted. Yet they sing of the "Blue birds over the cliffs of Dover once again." They sing "When the Lights come on all over the world."

I am thinking how war has overshadowed our life here in America too. I am thinking this morning how it has overshadowed our thoughts and plan for Vacation and for Platte. We live in a changed world in this matter too.

This winter I have written and have thought so much about Platte. And you have thought with me. But what fears are ours. Last year how we worried and schemed and feared about going to Platte. This year it is worse. One big FEAR stands out above all others, that conditions may be such that it will be impossible for any of us to go.

This morning it is very Spring like here. I had occasion to make an early morning drive. It was beautiful. The crisp cool air, the mists of early morning and the relative quiet of the road. As I sped along I thought-- "Oh for a start across Canada on a morning drive like this! " Then came the thought " But When?" How soon? How will it be this year? Perhaps not at all. Oh how long that would be if it were two years or three.

So I say to you "Wont it be grand when this war is over?" Yes when all such fears are past and we can plan once again as we have done so many years before-- that will be grand.

Ah I dream it over again. I look forward with fond anticipation. I see my car standing in the shadow of my back porch. I carry out suit cases and packages. It is Monday morning at 4:30 o'clock. Clara hurries around checking on doors and windows and the refrigerator and the water ect. Then it is allready. I count things up: I have my money, my drivers licenc my watch. My sweater is handy behind me. I start the engine and let her idle. We come out the front door. Slowly we back out the drive. We head into the street. We are off! We are Northward bound! Up to Scranton-- New York State, Niagra, London Ontario-- Sarnia- Flint We are off at last! Yes sir "When it is all over." Wont that be grand!

PLATTE 1942

The trip up:- Left 5 A.M. Went to Quakertown--Aunt Lillies--- Williamsport-- Hard ugly drive-- Dinner at Turkey Place on top of Mountain.  
Arrived at Lockport N.Y. at 7 P.M. Bought the hotel. Shopped a bit-- Bathed--- Slept.

Up at 4:30 A.M. Shaved etc Breakfast in hot restaurant-- Pulled for Niagra in dark. Viewed the heavy mists of Niagra just at daylight. Crossed over and dug out for across the Canada. *(Ate along way all day-- had late dinner near Fridson. Fine! Had many snacks)*

Pulled into Honor at 6 O'clock. Went to Junes Lunch. Had good roast beef supper there. Out to Cottage then. Charley Inez and Virginia greeted us in the back yard. I hollered "Open the gate," and Virginia who had just come from picking cherries, did so. Were we glad to be parked at my back door. Shutters off. Cottage cleaned nicely-- Looked beautiful to us. Sat in the yard with Chas and Inez. No LIGHTS ON. Went to bed at 9 P.M. Daylight yet. Had breakfast with Inez. Also there for a fish dinner. Some pike.

Kept unpacking car and putting things away.

My boat was at the dock. ~~It~~ Second evening I think-- I put engine on and ran her around in a few circles.

Went fishing with Chas Caught a pike. Caught a bass next day. Caught several small bass out in front on cloudy day, trolling worms slowly.

First week-- kept at edges of my yard, trimming up. Went to Lovendusky's and got flowers. Petunias for window boxes. Went to Traaps and got flowers.

Made two long flower boxes for west of cottage. the following week. Fished every morning. *(Chas gave me lumber.)*

Wonderful weeks there alone with Charley and Inez and Virginia. Freds visit most pleasant. Enjoyed him much.

We all attended the Big Night in Honor and wondered at the natives.

One Day we went to Huckleberry Camp. Chas and Co went in his boat. At 11 o'clock Clara and I with the cats in our car made trip by land. Cut the branches on way in with hunting knife. HOT there! Dinner. Chas cooked over fire and roasted himself. Ate under the trees. Then pestered to get the Launch started for an hour. Had engine tilted and that caused the trouble. Finally they all got off. We beat them home a half hour. Great day to remember-- but not so exceedingly enjoyable at the time. But we went.

Charley such a good companion, generous, kind --- and a hard worker all the while. It agreed with him. How we worked to get the place looking good for Jessie and Mack. *for Russels,*

Finds hot- some very hot days. The back yard under the big trees. Fine then. Then came some cool weather with considerable wind from the North west. So after the big "clearing-out" under the apple tree, we roosted under the said tree many afternoons and evenings.

Eddie Chesebro was a constant companion, and off and on, he was doing infinitesimal bits of work on his boat rails, He finally got the four strips painted. About the time Russell came he really got them on. He did a good job too.

On the date expected, Jessie and Mack rolled in. We all helped them carry things into their cottage. Had them unpacked in fifteen minutes. Their water wouldnt work. Mack sure pestered and worked and finally got it all connected.

PLATTE 1942

2.

This was "Glad year." Saw them at Miss Cooks place. Jinny took a bunch for her mother. I one for us. Then an extra one. Divided that bunch for Jessie and Clelia. Had them on Clelias table when she came. *Happy remembrance!*

Sunday before Russells came, I awoke from sleep to find Chas and Eddy carrying out and putting up Russells Dock. Then I helped to get the swings out and in place.

I think on Monday we put his boats at Dock. I had been keeping the little boat in his back yard. Chas and I bought screen and screened both ends of his porch. It was a big job and one of love. I painted red around new triming of same. Then I scrubbed his porch with Claras help next day. Some mess. We mended his front screen door also. *(Chas)* Jessie came Tuesday P.M. Russells arrived just at supper time and it started to rain just as they got in. Then rained like thunder a bit. He was deeply touched that we had his place all ready. Put his arms around us and cried.

That night when he came, his sewer was stopped up. So after he had his supper he dug. He took a good work out in the rain. I stood by. The roots had filled the clay pipes. After a big job it worked fine.

The first two weeks of the vacation, I was busy in odd moments PAINTING. I mixed paint on my back steps before Chas got up. Looked the lake over as the sun rose. Some very beautiful mornings. All was so quiet and wonderful. I trimmed my cottage completely before Russell came. Then in the next week I painted the three sides white.

Clara and I went to Frankfort too one morning and got material to make new curtains for over the living room doors. Had a nice trip.

Had to go to Dr. Willard and get my elbow drained one evening. It hurt like thunder. The elbow never filled up completely after that and the sunshine and air seemed to do the work, and while it was somewhat tender, it looked normal when I started home and gave me no trouble.

WENT TO CHURCH at the assembly one morning. Took Mack and Jessie. The old man preach was tedious and long. We enjoyed the drive home to dinner thro the woods. Went to Bensonia church two Sundays. Good sermons but the same long service.

ICE CREAM. Made it just three times this Summer. The first time, it was cool that Sunday P.M. and the cream was fair. The second time it was a hot Sunday. Chas Bauslin came while we were making it. We prevailed on them to join us at Supper in the yard. That was the best cream we ever had at Platte. Just right. So delicious. We ate it all at the supper time. Everyone said the same, that it was wonderful. Bauslin prayed at the table. Chas and family wa late in getting down to the table and missed the prayer Bauslin hung around after supper and seemed to greatly enjoy the fellowship, as did we all. The first time was the last day we were at Platte. It was Sunday P.M. Chas and I went to town in my car and got the makings at Hobson Bowers G-out and family arrived just as we finished it. It was not such wonderful cream. Dont know what was the matter with it. But we ate it and enjoyed it.

The little girl friend from Columbus Ohio stood by us as we made it and I got a dish and gave her a helping. She liked it much. She was a sweet child indeed.

RONDY. He was a great dog at Platte. Quite a companion as I painted, watered the flowers et Followed me about. Slept on my tools etc. Also followed me to the garbage hole quite often an persisted in digging out any choice and juicy bits. The first weeks when it was hot, one could find him emerging from the heavy evergreens most any old place-in unexpected places. A very obedient dog. He knows a lot about vacating up there. One can take a lesson from him. As we came to dock after fishing he always greeted us. Before we reached shore we cou

Copy Jessie

see him coming out on the dock. And he persisted on being on the end of the dock and in the midst of things as we wound up the boats. Once I heard him say "Such dam fools I never t saw the like. They go out and come in. Every day it is the same thing. And they never Bring in enough fish to make a skillet sting. Even a dog could do that good."

TURTLE LAKE. That Sunday evening picnic was nice. But Chas was sick. We talked and loitered long after supper. Dock and I cleaned up the place and kept the fire going. It was a windy evening at Platte, but just beautiful over there. When we came home Chas was sick and walked the back yard after dark. I gave him some gum to chew. Eddy and I kept him company for an hour, and he felt better. But he had a bad night.

SUPPER AT OTTER CREEK ON LAKE MICHIGAN. The next to the last Sunday at Platte. Dock and Clelia went in my car with their duffle. It was windy and cold. The waves were very high. We went to the beach and nearly froze. Enjoyed it however. Came home the North Shore of Platte and looked places over. Growts were not with us.

SUPPER AT JUMES. Charley's and us. Wilcox and his family were there. Supper was not so hot. Charley ate his pie in three bites. Went over to Likks.

MINNOWS down beyond the rice beds. Took a notion to get some shiners. Met the old boy who gets minnows there. He helped me catch some big ones, and gave me some small hooks and showed me how. Next morning I brought out the cane pole and used the small hook with no lead. Caught them near top of water and on the "run". Brought home a beautiful bunch.

Went back three or four times and did same. Mornings beautiful down there alone. Great fun getting the shiners.

THE DOG FISH. Windy. Fishing out from the woods. See Charley playing a fish. I got over to him and in his boat. Some battle. Big fish. Some bass! Then we landed him in the net and there he was a big dog fish. Took him to shore and fooled all the girls saying Chas was coming with a big steel head trout. Charley got a good thrill and a nice fish batt

CARDS. Many afternoons on Jessies porch, on our porch one day, in Charleys one day. Macks "seven no trump" often got him in trouble. Jessie cussed him and me and her luck most any day and every day. Sometimes they wholloped us unmercifully. Sometimes we beat them. But the smokes and the fun were good. Always comfortable. Except when Jessie and Mack had their great stink. Between the dead mouse stink, and the toilet water to disguise it, and Ines's hand lotion— I was just a little asthmatic.

We could not find the source of the stink. Then one day Rowdy came in and nosed about the room and peed against the west wall. The next day Mack came over and borrowed my wrecking bar and the nail puller. He tore off the siding and found the coppees. Then the card games went on with nothing more putrid than an occasional "slider" from Mack. And Jessie said was nothing but an old hog. And no gentleman. Which he wasn't and isn't.

One night Ines got locked out the front door and I almost lost my happy home for playin late. Several times Chas had to get supper. Poor Ines was chilled with fright and kept saying "I just must go home after this hand."

We have decided to get a new deck next year. We want one with four Jokers in it. One for each of us. But Mack after all, that will possibly only make a bad situation worse. Each of the girls will have two Jokers, and we will have none. Or most likely Ines will have all four of them. She's a devil with the Joker.

Them too we are going to get a professional dealer next year. Mack cant deal the cards t suit Jessie. He "fingers" them too long and too much. He deals too high. He deals too low. He miss deals. He puts the Joker on the bottom. And when I deal he sees all the card He looks on her hand. He looks on Ines's hand. Etc Etc. And both he and I deal when it is not our deal. She wants us to keep our hands off the cards when it is not our turn to deal.

4

We may get a score-keeper too. Mack can't keep the score to suit her. But he did pretty well. Happy hours of good fun.

**THE BOAT THAT GOT IN MY EYE.** Yes it sure did. It was poor Eddie's boat before me when I had to sit on my blue seat under my dining room window. And there it rared before me as a demon from the depths of the sea. I beefed and beefed and cussed and somehow the miracle happened the next day and he did build his little dock. After about 8 long weeks he launched his boat and took her to the dock. What he needed was a little turpentine under his tail at least two weeks before that.

**TREES.** Little trees. Down at Lovendusky's went Mack and I. The mosquitoes were hungry. I was in the morning beautiful. Then the planting. Between all of us we managed to give everyone plenty of advice. We got the front side frontwards and hind and hindward, and leaned them one way, that way. Put one here. That one there. And behold to day they grow there. And they will keep on growing a bit this Fall. And next Summer ditto. When we go up, they will be beautiful. Now they beautify the backs of those cottages. But no one notices them. Above them the old shutters speak of blessed retreats closed and deserted. It is always fun planting rubbery.

Then speaking of trees - - Chas says he had a great time this year raking and picking the little dead branches from our big wonderful trees. How beautiful they were when I came to the lake. So green. So profuse. What a shady beauty spot as I drove in.

Then there was the destruction of the historic evergreen <sup>tree</sup> in my front yard. The old leaning tree. That tree looked down on many a wonderful scene in the front yard. It saw the other cottages set on their foundations. It saw each addition made. It was a witness to many a scene on the water front there. It saw us launch every boat. It saw us take them in. It saw us putting the boats to the bouys in the olden days. It heard George Warden farting as he cranked the Samantha.

And every fine fish that was ever brought to that beach, the old tree looked down upon it. Father sat under it. So did mother. Old John Lovendusky cut the top out of it once and said that would make it wide. But it didn't. So Eddie and Charley and I set upon it. We assembled axe and saw and ropes and shovel and crow bar. We dug, hacked, sawed. Then we placed the rope high in its branches. Then we all layed to the rope and heaved. The rope broke. And every last one of the tree of us went ass over breakfast.

Orin came down with the horses and finally out along the beach went the old evergreen tree. As I sodded over the place with the help of ~~me~~ and advice of Charley, I confess I could not help but feel that I had buried something not altogether unlike some friend.

But the new tree growing not many yards away will nicely take its place. And now I can get an unobstructed view of the sky and the ocean before my domicile.

My goodness such a fuss about trees. Quite a lot of words just about trees.

**THE CIRCUS WAGON.** The good little wagon continues to run on. So many tons of ice it has carried, and boards and cement and gravel and stones and ice cream. Charley mended it some. I overhauled it a bit. Then I painted it drab and greenish. Bassell said that I had been unkind to it, with all the bright colors of paint in my paint house. So I got out the cans and went to work. Yellow, red and blue. And by Jove a nicer little Circus Wagon you never saw! Little did Dock Bauslin think his gift to Richard would be so useful to adults as well as a delight to the heart of a little boy. What a world!

**AND SPEAKING OF PAINT AND MENDING THINGS.** What about the historic big seat in the back yard under the big tree? I mean Eddie's throne. There he sits on the hottest days working puzzles. And sometimes when evening falls and we all go to town, or to a picnic, there he holds forth contented loneliness-- if there is such a thing. Well I panded the broken arm, and painted her light blue, and trimmed her in delicate lines of white. And she's some chair.

**THE FISHING THIS YEAR.** We agree it was the worst ever at Platte. The least said about it the better. One day I had at Wordens Bay stands out for me. It was cloudy and some mist. I was much alone up there. I had not seen that shore line for many years. But I was really glad when the hour came to troll down the bar and over home.

The trip we made after trout up the river, was just another wild goose chase. Nice trip though at that. The river and its currents are interesting.

Chas' had his fishing spoiled somewhat by cranking the engine. Well next year you are going to have new rings. Then there will not be so much of that.

But frankly I can not look forward to the fishing at Platte with much hope. But it might be different. One thing is true I think, none of us had even luck in fishing. Luck plays a part. Ours was not very rosy.

Boy that was a real event when upon the last try, Chas came in with a pike. But we don't go there for fishing alone. And it may be better next year. Surely it can't be worse.

**THE FLEETING DAYS.** As I write about this vacation, and sit here trying to think of some of the high lights, I am at a loss to know where the days went to. Especially the last month. The days flew by. And so much of it seems a dream now.

**THE BALL GAMES.** I almost forgot to write a word about them. I see Chas and Eddy in the front yard, or back under the apple tree. They were the regulars. They stuck by Bob Elson.

Sometimes in my dreams I hear that squeaky radio grinding away at these ball games. I hear Bob getting excited. I think of how sad he was and disgusted when the Chicago teams were not going good.

I often took my afternoon rest and sleep with Bob Elson blatting away about the game. I've been listening to some games since I came home. And these announcers don't get you worked up about the game as Bob does. He puts personality into it. He is very human and enthusiastic.

Here is one wish I would like to make. It is of course an impossible thing. But it certainly would suit me. I ask for the following: An unusual week of balmy warm weather at Platte Lake when the World Series is on.

Then conditions of wealth on the part of all our families. Some fast air ships. We all land at Traverse. We rent a car for the week. A good big one. Then hire out to the lake. Open up and spend it there together. Again we would sit under the apple tree and I want Bob Elson to give the game.

Now I say to you all, I could stand just that around October 1st. And would Eddy be glad to see us!

#### THAD

**THE MORNING THAD ARRIVED.** That was a high spot. We were all glad to see him. And he brought some very good cheese. Russell was quite happy as he pottered around that day. But Thad was a disappointment. He could do nothing about the fishing. He didn't help it any. And he didn't try very often.

**WE WERE BOYS AGAIN-- YES AND GIRLS AGAIN--** Somehow at Platte I can't get the idea I am not young. I feel like a boy again. We play around and fiddle about this or that. We play with the boats and motors. We are just boys again. And gosh but that sort of thing rests one up in great shape. Now I close. Over night or after a day or so, I may think of some new things to commemorate in this work of art.

copy Jennie  
Sure

Continued -

6.

This is the day after Labor Day. While doing the family washing in the basement, killing time because of the early rising habit, I thought of several items for this memorandum. (See I have a new name for this diatrib this A.M.)

THE MC GIFFIN FLAGS. Some one said it looked like a Recruiting Station.

At any rate, Platte Lake never looked like that before. The patriotic exhibition seemed sufficient for the entire colony, so the rest of us just hung up our dish towels and underware.

THE REPAIR OF THE CHAS BOWERS- MC GIFFIN REAR END. The spectators assembled. Eddie the Chief Adviser of all Construction and Destruction at Platte, seemed absent on other urgent duties. Therefore the work went forward with considerable dispatch.

Most of the spectators had eye strain by evening from squinting at angles and horizontals, and perps. The proper painting and trimming drug along for several days. The shades of green finally evolved and perpetrated, rivaled the variegated colors of the shrubbery. Good boards, discarded ~~boards~~ boards, new strips from Cases, finally blended in a very good job. The Chief and Boss Carpenter, Mr. Charles Bowers, carried a satisfied countenance and rested from his labors, longing for another "project"; but finding none, settled down his daily fishing and Cranking job.

WHEN MACK WENT INTO THE DEEP. A hot afternoon. The crowd stale and foolish. The women folk escorted him in. He forgot his watch, his pocket book, etc. and as a result they too got wet. The kids got a great kick as he trailed into the cottage in his wet underware. In the exhibition there were some near-~~casualties~~ casualties among whom was Mrs Inez Wonders Bowers, formerly of Carey Ohio, now a resident of New Philadelphia Ohio. Much to my momentary alarm and humiliation.

" NEEDLE VALVE EDDIE " From most any quarter of the lot most any time of the day might be heard Charley and Eddie in violent disputation. The subjects were most varied. However the chief one which seemed to be endless, ~~was~~ was the difference of opinion between them as to WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH CHARLEY'S ENGINE, and the thing to do for it. The whole thing seemed to gravitate to the Needle Valve and what the Book said about it, and what you should do, and not do etc.

Finally Charley exasperated beyond all endurance, dug up the Johnston Book of Instruction, and read in public and to the face of Eddie the plain and simple facts about the same. That incident nailed Eddy to the cross. Russell at once began to call him Needle Valve Eddy. But Eddie persisted lamely in the argument by mumbling "You dont understand."

Think what jest Eddie puts into our vacations! May God prolong his days and bring him to us again next year.

THE EARLY MORNINGS. There is a space of time between 5:30 and 8 o'clock which is very wonderful. I know most about those hours. Jessie knows much about them too. Charley sees it from around 7 A.M. Once in a great ~~while~~ while Dock for some reason takes a squint at it. Clara at times arises at daylight, but she views the morning from the confines of the cottage.

I get a great delight out of those mornings. So greatly I love and pleasantly experience them, that if I get awake and see a shaft of light indicating that day ~~is~~ is breaking, I say within my self "Gee I must get up. I dont want to miss the magic of one single minute of a new day at Platte." It has been thus with me for many years.

The quiet of the whole place is grand. Yet there are sounds. Sounds on the lake and in the trees. Just as day is beginning to dawn, there is something a little

fearful about the place. Sometimes the lake looks forboding then. And the shadows and dim outlines around the cottages ~~typic~~ seem to make one sort of timid heart.

Often just at that hour I have peered about with wonder at it all. Sometimes I like to go to the end of the Dock and watch from time to time the changes in the sky of the East. Inez knows something about those early hours. But she generally hies herself quickly back to bed.

One morning this Summer at the head of the Lake for a half hour I think I was the only one on the lake as far as I could see. Casting there, the sounds and scenes, brought me back to other mornings of days gone by.

I used to meet Fred down there many mornings and chat a bit or receive some bit of information about nature which we gave out of a great store of knowledge.

Now I never go there alone, that I do not feel something I can not well express. I might say, I reverence his memory. For he was a clean minded man who loved nature greatly. To each of us the scenes of Platte Lake were holy ones.

Some early hours I spend in my cottage with a fire burhing in the fire place. I have often sat for an hour there, with a cup of coffee, a few crackers-- and just watched the fire. Then I often thought about how I love all my dear ones. I have come to a revaluation of things often there.

Throughout the years, those EARLY HOURS have not been what they are to me because of this or that I saw or heard, or where exactly I was or what I was doing-- they have been moments, minutes, hours of real undiluted happiness. I just can't help being radiantly happy then.

ONCE AGAIN AMONG DEAR ONES. Our lives have been entwined throughout the years. Some things make Platte a blessed place for us: 1. Away from Work and Worries. 2. A Healthful environment of good food, air and comfortable lodging. 3. Some of us might say -Fishing. But the women dont fish and they love Platte too.

Yet the all pervading and all comprehensive thing, is this: We are Among Our ] Dear Ones. We change thro the years. Our lives run each year in new chamneys. But here we learn to know each other intimately and sort of learn anew our loved ones. Each one has struggles, weaknesses, things to endure, in life. Here we learn a little of all those things. And we become close and endeared to our kin-- each and every one.

So I WATCH MY LOVED ONES when on vacation. I say " Has Charley gone to bed yet? What are they doing over there? Are Russells still up? Or in the morning "Where are Russells? Has he gone fishing? What did Jessie say just then?

I see an empty garage. Where did they go? Where is Mc Giffin? Where is Jessie? (Now stop that. Quit your laughing! Mc Giffin isnt in bed all the time.) Yes and if one is sick or has a heavy heart, it worries me. How I like to see them smile and be happy!

So this year 1942 I was on vacation at Platte, and AGAIN I WAS AMONG MY DEAR ONES. I have a few kodiac pictures of them, But I have littledly hundreds of pictures of memory of them. This vacation stand out for that above allelse.

God help me to treasure those pictures of blessed memory during the long winter days ahead of us.

copy - Jesse

## WHEN THE CNO - CNO TRAIN CAME INTO BEULAH

Now in these latter days, no one pays much attention to the Cno - Cno Train that pulls into Beulah. Except for this one fact that it bears the mail.

Not long ago it was not thus. That was a wonderful occasion when the cno-cno train came into Beulah around about five o'clock in the evening.

WE REFRAINED AT TOLEDO around seven o'clock in the morning. We were clean and pert. But not so for long. We jerked along with much ado. We swung back and forth in our seats. We breathed smoke and grime. We stopped and started and stopped and started.

WE ARRIVED AT OWASSO. It seemed we must be almost to Beulah. But the conductor bellowed Owasso-- Owasso and there we were-- and only there. Finally we got out of Owasso. The hours dragged. We were hungry but there was little to eat. We read magazines and just to sleep. But not for long. We were stopping with a grind.

But ALL THINGS COME TO AN END SOMETIME. What joy was ours when the conductor cried out Thompsonville! and then Moscook. We sat up and began to take notice. The familiar hills looked good to us. Now the old engine and train seemed heroic. Boy what a fuss she made as we thundered along the way. The whistle blew and the bell rang for every cow path.

AT LAST WE TURNED THE KNOB FOR BEULAH. We moved slowly. I can hear that train bell ring yet. And the whistle sharp and long. There is no use denying the fact, that was a great moment. We have our glad arrivals at the lake in these days, they were no less exciting and thrilling for us then.

WE GRABBED OUR BAGGAGE and scrambled down the steps. John, or Dave or Frank Brown was there. We went to the baggage room to get our trunks. All was excitement and delight. We enquired where our shipments we had made, or crated things, had arrived.

THE CNO - CNO TRAIN HAD ARRIVED IN BEULAH. These were grand old days. Was you there brother? Do you remember it? Or perhaps you remember going there to meet some dear ones coming on that train. If so you haven't forgotten the test and the bell as she came around the bend.

IF MAY BE SENTIMENTAL AND FOOLISH OF ME. But as I sit here tonight and point out these words, I can't help wishing that I could once again turn back the years. I would like to rejoice in the youth and joy of that trip. I would like to brush shoulders with each and every one. I would like to forget these modern changes. Just once more I would like to stand in the isle with Richard in my arms, as the Cno Cno train came grinding to a stop with a jerk. "Jerk" did I say? You said it! I am a Jerk.

### COMING DOWN THE BIG HILL

I mean the big hill on the way from Beulah out to Platte by the old route. If you remember coming down over that hill when we stopped at the top and it looked like the jumping off place, and they put chains on the back wheels to lock them tight, then you are a RESIDENTER. You are one of the old timers. That was an eventful trip when we piled our baggage into a wagon, and suit cases and groceries, and we sat on the trunks and we made our way up the long winding road out of Beulah. There we came to the top of the hill. There below us lay beautiful Platte. And there we could see our cattle plainly.

But right before us was the big hill and it was steep. Very steep. The first twenty yards seemed almost straight down, and one feared of sliding right out of the wagon on the backs of the horses. The women screamed. The boys usually walked to make it easier. That was a great thrill coming down the "Big Hill" in that primitive sort of way. If you had that experience before we all went out in modern style, then YOU QUALIFY AS AN OLD RESIDENTER of Platte Land. If you don't, then keep your mouth shut and be humble.

Copy of journal #18

### JACK COFFIN

Here is a prize. He has no equal. None even resemble him. He adds picturesqueness to Platte Lake.

**HES BEEN HERE A LONG TIME.** He was one of the first residents we met at Platte. Even then he was famous. Year after year we see him.

**A NUMBER OF THINGS STAND OUT ABOUT JACK** when you examine him.

1. His Ears. They are quite noticeable.
2. One Ear is gone. There have been many tales about that.
3. His Hummed Words. He speaks with words which slide like velvet.
4. His Imagination. It is remarkable.
- 5 He is A Gigantic Liar. Yet very innocent and harmless.

**WHENEVER YOU THINK OF LIARS** you think of Jack. Whenever you speak of great tales you think of Jack. They would fill a book. Boy Oh Boy-- how he can spin them. He tells them about his Strength, his youth, his Wives, Butter on the Shore of Lake Michigan, the Radio he built.

**HIS ANNUAL VISIT.** He always comes to see us. Once when Richard was a baby he greeted us and then turned to Clara with the gracious words and his usual deferential manner, "Dearie you look so fresh." She replied "Thank you Jack, I am fresh-- quite fresh."

Well, old Jack is not long for this world. The next time we go up there he may be gone. I do hope that the Heavenly Father, who in his great mercy cares for dogs and little children and sparrows in the trees, will fix things up for Old Jack Coffin, in a way to delight him with wonders come true.

### GEORGE HIBER

Now there was a man indeed! He could talk, laugh, joke, be religious, skin you, and work.

**GEORGE WAS A GREAT WORKER.** Yes sir, he cleared the forest and the swamps. He did it with main force and determination. No lazy boy was George. He had a lot of irons in the fire and kept each and every one hot.

**HE BUILT BAY POINT.** He was a pioneer and a man of vision. Those houses stand down there as monuments to his vision and enterprise.

**GEORGE ENJOYED AN ARGUMENT** and a good story. I used to get him going when I could by the art of opposing him and his ideas. I made him sputter many a time.

George was A **JACK OF ALL TRADES**. He was a carpenter, a blacksmith, a driller of wells, a farmer, and a plumber.

**HE WORKED LIKE THE DEVIL.** Fear George. He never took a vacation. He looked out for George.-- got sick - Laid down - Died - Was buried.

### DAVE O'BLENIS

But perhaps you didnt know him. He left the region many years ago. He married Earl, Billy Thompsons daughter.

DAVE WAS A DEVIL. He was emery as could be. His main sin was booze. He sure liked is whiskey straight. And Dave rarely drew a sober breath.

BUT DAVE WORKED HARD and every day. He farmed the home place and teamed quite abit amont he cottage people. He often hauled things for us. I remember one day he went to town-- to calah for us to get a stove at the depot. We went along. Dave disappeared. We wandered around or hours and finally Dave showed up.

HE HAD HAD A DRINK OR TWO or perhaps more. He walked perfectly straight. And was all business. "W-all boys where is that stove, lets go and get it." So we drove the team up he the depot and Dave began to tell the Station Agent what we wanted. Dave always stuttered-- and to day he was at his best. He said "we want to G- g- g - get a St- st st- st - - e - - O Oh Bamm!t a man might ju - ju - just as well be dead as to st- st- st-- tutter." "Hell boys you tte-- t - tel hdy."

DAVE WAS A WICKED MAN WITH WORDS. Dave swore at everything. If these horses could eve understood he would have occupied them. When Dave cut loose the air was blue. t was his relief for a violent and uncontrolled temper. He blow off just like a boiler does ith its safety valve. Now old man Main could swear in a cultured sort of way. But Dave when a sore just ripped and crashed the devil out of everything..

POOR,POOR,DAVE! He had a heart as big as that of an Ox. He was ever ready to help and serve you. He had had no chance in life but to know the cruelties of this world. I have often wondered about Dave. I wonder if he is living yet? For a time he was quite a figure about latte. All the old fellows will remember him. Dave was a sore trial to dear old Uncle Billy Thompson. What a son-in-law he was for Uncle Billy.

### DR. ALIENBERG

Here is a different fellow. He is a resorter. He came here lang ago. His cottage as one of the first on the South Shore. He is a great lover of Nature. He and Fred Zell are great play fellows together.

DOWN THE RIVER WITH DOCK THIRTY FIVE YEARS AGO. I have the picture to show it. There we camped for the night on the bank of the river about a mile from Lake Michigan. I see Dock drinking his coffee for breakfast. Old man Zell is beside him. And there is Fred. Ah those were grand old days. Things were not crowded at Platte. And fishing was marvelous.

DOCK IS A GENTLEMAN. What ever you might say about him you should at least say that he is a gentleman. Always kind and courteous and a true friend.

HE IS A FLY FISHERMAN of skill. He was one of the first to take good bass with the fly rod , on the lake. He has caught many fine fish. He plays them tired. Yee Dock gives them lenty of time to get off the hook. But the clever wass. he knows the poor fish doesnt ave a chance when he is on the other end of the pole.

HE LANDED MY FISH ON MY LINE IN HIS BOAT. Believe it or not, he did. It was up at our Edgewater. I had a big pike playing out 20 ft from the boat and he stayed on top of the ater and wouldnt come near me. Dock in another boat said "shall I pick him up for you?"

So he rowed out and landed him in his boat with his landing net. And that was the largest fish I ever caught in Platte Lake, and I dint land it in my boat, not on the shore. I wonder if Altenberg remembers the incident. It was 25 years ago at least.

WE ARE FRIENDS. I count Dr. Altenberg a fine friend. He is among the fine people I have known and loved down thro life. We are old friends. Oh yes before I stop I must tell you somethin that you will want to know.

THERE HAS BEEN MUCH SPECULATION as to who wears the pants at Altenberg's. Some say one thing and some another. Some say that the "Missus does." Others that "Doek is the boss." I have known and watched those two for many years. I will set the matter at rest.

The answer is simple. Neither of them do and they both do. Do you understand? It is this way: Doek wears one leg and Mrs Altenberg wears the other leg. Yes they are a pretty good team at that.

### DOWN ADAKS

Another Findlay boy. Speaking of "pants" made me think of him. They have speculated about the pants in this family too.

DOWN IS A GREAT FELLOW. He has a great number of friends wherever he goes. He is an interesting friend indeed. He came to Platte quite a few years ago. I noticed this summer that he is just like the rest of us, he is slowing up. Yes we are all getting older.

DOWN LOVES PLATTE LAKE. Who can blame him? Who does blame him? Let the scoundrel who da to do that, speak out-- and we will mow him down. Down has built a pretty little leg cabin. He has roamed far and wide in his time, but he loves Platte best. He always comes back to Platte.

HE TILLS THE SOIL. He is a good gardener. His pretty garden is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. He hails you as you drive past with a merry wave of his hand. And if you stop he will give you a head of lettuce as fine as you ever saw.

HE TOO IS A REAL FISHERMAN. He loves to fish. He casts a mean line. He gets them too.

WHO WEARS THE PANTS. Well that is the problem. Many have thought that Betty does. Down always denies it. He laughs it off. When Betty is not around he puts up quite a bluff of being big HE-man -- the boss of everything. When Betty is around it is a different story. Then he bows and serves her fine. And I have heard people say that Down is the Boss in that household. The after all you will find things go as Down wants them to go.

I am not the one to decide the argument. But I do think the evidence is against Down. For example: He wears an apron-- he washes the dishes-- he cooks-- he makes the beds-- and last of all look at the name of his cottage. There it is as plain as day "SUITS BEST." ENOUGH SAID!!! Yes Betty wears the trousers. ----- Perhaps.