1836 Treaty Boundary

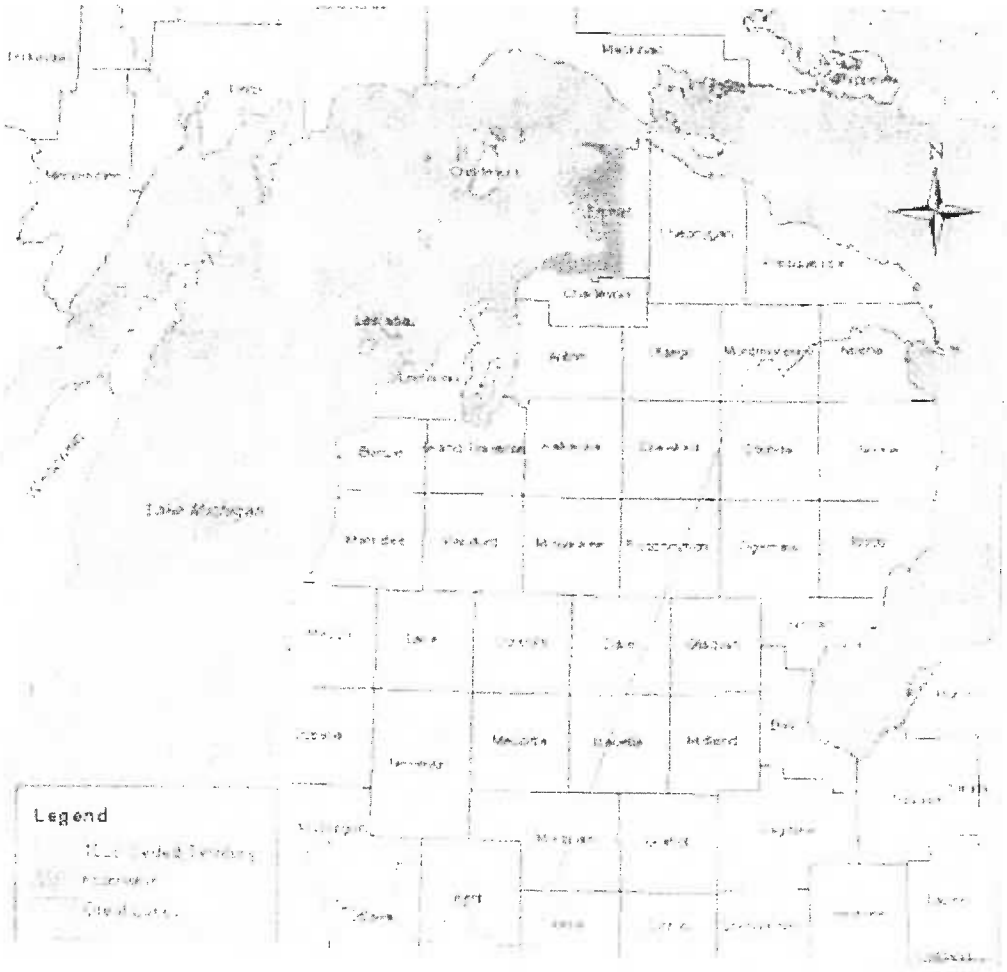
Legend
- 1836 Treaty Boundary
- Counties
- DNR Managed Land
- U.S. Forest Service Land

50 25 0 50 Miles

N

DEPARTMENT OF NATURAL RESOURCES · DNR · MICHIGAN

1



2

Indian/Colonial Point's Shameful Past

Wed, 01/30/2008 - 5:51pm — burtlakeband

The following is an article written by Record-Eagle staff writer, Mike Norton, dated August 20, 2000.

It should be noted: *Norton states that after the Burnout, Burt Lake Band members moved to Cross Village.* ***In truth****--most did not go to Cross Village but took up residence with nearby friends and family members. Most of those who did travel to Cross Village, as Norton states, returned.* ***Please see Burt Lake Band Tribal Historian, Alice Littlefield's account in "What Happened After the Burn Out?"***

INDIAN/COLONIAL POINT'S SHAMEFUL PAST

Indian Point - This two-mile peninsula at the northwest corner of Burt Lake has been called by at least two names. The old maps call it Indian Point, a name reflected on the road that runs along its eastern shore. Other maps refer to it by the name it was given by the real estate developers - Colonial Point. And that, too, seems fitting when you drive past the colony of summer homes along the water's edge, steering around the well-tanned joggers and dog-walkers as you go.

From a historical perspective, both names are equally to the point. This place, once thoroughly Indian, was forcibly colonized a century ago in one of the most shameful and least-publicized episodes in Michigan history. There are no historical markers to tell the tale; only a series of unmarked white crosses on a bluff above the water along Chickagami Road, decorated with artificial flowers and sprigs of cedar.

This is the old St. Mary's Cemetery, the only remaining sign of a village that served as the social, religious and cultural center of the small Burt Lake Band of Ottawa and Chippewa Indians. These were no "backward savages;" they were hard-working Catholics who farmed, fished, and drew paychecks as lumberjacks and millwrights for local logging operations.

And this land was theirs, not by some vague aboriginal right or a promise from far-away Washington. They had bought and paid for it themselves under the white man's own laws. In 1836, the federal government had promised them a 1,000-acre reservation around Burt Lake; when it failed to deliver on that promise, the Indians pooled their money and bought Indian Point for themselves, deeding much of it to the state of Michigan in the belief that they were creating a tax-free reservation.

Until John McGinn came along.

McGinn was a timber speculator with friends in high places, and he had his eye on the Point. Using loopholes in the state's land acquisition laws, he "bought" the land at an illegal tax sale in 1900, and a few days later - while most of the male villagers were in town getting their paychecks cashed - he moved in with Cheboygan County Sheriff Fred Ming.

Herding the women and children out into the cold autumn rain, they doused their houses with kerosene, set them on fire and ordered everyone off.

The homeless Indians walked 35 miles in the rain to the mission settlement at Cross Village, the closest place where they could find shelter. Three years passed before the state admitted the land had been taken from them through fraud, but it refused to restore their property; instead it offered them swampy property that wasn't suitable for farming. Eventually some of them moved a few miles north, to Indian Road, where a second St. Mary's Church was erected in 1908 around a settlement that came to be called Indiantown.

Robbed of their land, the Burt Lake Band has been thwarted elsewhere, as well. Unlike other Michigan tribes, the small 650-member community has no revenue-generating casinos or high-priced Washington lobbyists. They've been fighting since the 1930s to win federal recognition for their existence as a tribe - a goal that has consistently eluded them.

"We're still here," says [then] tribal director Gary Shawa. "We haven't gone away."

In the tribe's office, a turn-of-the-century storefront in nearby Brutus, Shawa speaks softly and carefully, avoiding public comment where he can and choosing his words carefully when he can't. He and his fellow community members must walk a delicate line among a host of state and federal agencies and other, larger Indian tribes, and they can't afford to have their intentions misunderstood.

Sheriff Ming went on to become one of the area's big political success stories, enjoying a career in Lansing as both a state representative and a state senator. McGinn was less fortunate; he never got to chop down all the towering red oaks on what eventually became Colonial Point. In fact, it was one of the few areas in the state where substantial logging never took place, and became a popular resort colony.

Then, in 1985, history tried to repeat itself. To the horror of the neighbors, a sawmill purchased the forested interior of the little peninsula and announced plans to harvest the old-growth trees and ship them off to Germany as laminate. This time, however, it was the local residents who had the better political connections. They banded together with the Little Traverse Conservancy, the Michigan Chapter of the Nature Conservancy, the University of Michigan and the state Natural Resources Trust Fund and bought the land.

Now known as the Colonial Point Memorial Forest, the 300-acre interior has become something of a poster child for the local land conservancy movement. Now part of the University of Michigan's Biological Research Station, it's used for educational programs and low-impact forest ecosystems research, but is open to anyone who wants to walk, jog or rest in its shadowy depths.

What Happened After the Burnout?

Thu, 01/31/2008 - 1:28pm — burtlakeband

By Alice Littlefield: Burt Lake Band Tribal Historian

Although several accounts of the 1900 Burnout of the Burt Lake Band at Indian Point mention that Burt Lake families sought refuge in Cross Village, that information appears to be, at best, only partly true. The extensive documentation collected by the team working on federal re-acknowledgment (Patty Marks, Barbara Madison, Steve Austin, and me) has provided a more complete view of the Burnout and its aftermath. The narrative submitted by the research team in May, 2005, provides this summary:

"... following the Burn Out many of the members of the Burt Lake Tribe moved from Colonial Point to Indian Road and the surrounding area. Having no money and no place to live, they were granted housing on the property of those tribal members who already resided on or near what they refer to as Indian Trail ... Local land records show a number of homes being built on the Nongueskwa and Massey homesteads. ... The census and other town[ship] documents also show that tribal members displaced by the Burn Out were allowed to camp and eventually build on land owned by other tribal families who held title to property on Indian Road ("Social and Political Relationships," Narrative Notebook, p. 27).

This summary is based on newspaper accounts published soon after the Burnout, eye-witness accounts published later, and interviews conducted with Burt Lake tribal members. Some of the most extensive information was supplied by Irene Train Mosser, teacher at the Burt Lake Indian School in 1900, who recounted her memories in the Petoskey News Review (Feb. 26, 1970):

"It was also in October that (Mr. McGinn) the new owner took over his property. One morning we arrived at school to find the Indians' household goods piled all over the school yard and several of the families making their homes as best they could in tents and crowded in with the one family which lived in a house near the school. ... The new owner's henchmen, led by the County Sheriff, had driven the Indians out of their homes on the Point, set their possessions outside, poured kerosene on the floors and burned down the houses. Only the church had been spared ...

"One little Indian pupil, who was crippled, was carried to school each day by her old, grizzled grandfather. When she failed to come for several days, some of the pupils accompanied me one noon to visit her. We found her ill in her home ... a one-room hut ... so dark and noisey with crowded living. We were shocked to see anyone existing in such quarters."

The movement to Indian Road is also described in an account of the history of St. Mary's Church published in a pamphlet issued on the 75th anniversary of the St. Clement Church in Pellston: "The present location of the Indians resulted after the Indians had been dispossessed of reservation rights on Indian Point. ... In 1900, white men forcibly moved the Indians and their belongings out on the road and set fire to their homes. Twenty-five Indian families were left homeless. With no place to go, the Indians moved out to 'Indian Road'." Interviews with Margaret Nongueskwa Martell conducted in recent years confirm that several burned out families were taken in by the Nongueskwas and allowed to build houses on their land. This is also indicated by census data collected in 1910 and 1920.

It is also clear that at least some families left the Burt Lake area. In *The Crooked Tree: Indian Legends*, published by John C. Wright in 1917, a photograph is included of "Negonee, 106 years old" with this caption: "This aged woman walked from the Indian village at Burt Lake, when it was burned by order of the sheriff, to Middle Village, where she soon after died." We do not know if the age Wright attributed to Negonee was accurate, but the information about her was repeated in a later publication, *The Pageant of Tuscarora*, with a different photograph of her.

In contrast to the tale of Negonee, *The Pageant* also includes a photograph of the Joseph Parkey family, taken in front of their house in 1904. According to the caption, the house had been dismantled and moved to land nearby prior to the burning of the village (Robert C. Sager, 1975). This information has been confirmed by Joseph Parkey's descendants.

The idea that all residents of the village left the Burt Lake area was propagated by later, sometimes fanciful, accounts. For example, a *Detroit Sunday Times* article from March 11, 1956, imagines that "The reservation dwellers drifted, penniless wanderers, to the four corners of the state." The *Petoskey News-Review* stated: "Homeless, stripped of their lands and possessions, the Indians migrated elsewhere in a state now all owned by the white man" (March 13, 1956). A radio news story the same year indicated that the Burt Lake Indians moved to the Harbor Springs vicinity, citing Mose Gibson and Jim Needo, neither of them members of the Burt Lake Band, as their sources (WCBY, Cheboygan, March 15, 1956).

In 1981, the *Cheboygan Observer* wrote, "Some of the Indians walked to Cross Village, 30 miles away. But others moved a few miles and started another settlement. … Some of the descendants still have homes at the new site, called 'Indianville' on the county map" (Dec. 21). Although this account correctly described the movement to nearby Indian Road, it mentioned Cross Village rather than Middle Village as a destination for some families. Two later articles by Simon Otto repeated the Cross Village story, but without indicating the source of the information (*Petoskey News-Review*, July 27, 1992; *Cheboygan Daily Tribune*, May 10, 1993). The second article by Otto incorrectly stated that the Burnout occurred in 1890.

The Cross Village version of the story was reproduced in the October Burt Lake Band Newsletter, without any mention of the relocation of families to Indian Road. The inconsistencies in the newspaper stories described above are typical of accounts that appear many years after an event, and indicate why historians try to find documentation as close to the date of the event as possible, from persons who had an opportunity to observe what went on first-hand. An effort is then made to find confirmation from several independent sources. This process has led the research team to conclude that although some families may have sought refuge in Middle Village, Harbor Springs, or Cross Village, the core of the community was reconstituted on Indian Road, where the Burt Lake Indian village thrived for several more decades.

26 October 2005

COLONIAL POINT

ARTICLE BY LYNN DELOUGHARY ST. ARNAUD
PHOTOS BY LARRY TRACY JR.

Thanks to those who wanted it so, this is one stand of seasoned hardwoods that should be here many more seasons

Summer brought a deep, dark richness to the forest as canopied leaves greedily embraced the sunlight, allowing very little to reach the understory. From the wooded trail, the trees flanked me like an army of titans; hardwood ranks fallen out of step until in the confusion the forms blended into darkness. A sea of ferns and small seedlings rippled in the breeze. Tender saplings waited patiently for an opening in the canopy, ready to race to the sky when the chance came. Somewhat hidden by the lush foliage were a multitude of mushrooms, as vibrant as any sunset. The silent unmoving fungi, in a brilliant array of oranges and yellows, rivaled any autumnal display the colossal trees surrounding them could produce. This was Colonial Point, a 297-acre stand of mature hardwoods located on a peninsula jutting out into Burt Lake.

Hardwoods—like those of Colonial Point—are common in the northern part of Michigan's Lower Peninsula, but what sets Colonial Point apart is its history, the events in the life of this forest that beat back the stages of succession, fire, disease and the axe. By luck or by fate, Colonial Point's hardwoods escaped the events that stop most northern forests from reaching the old growth stage.

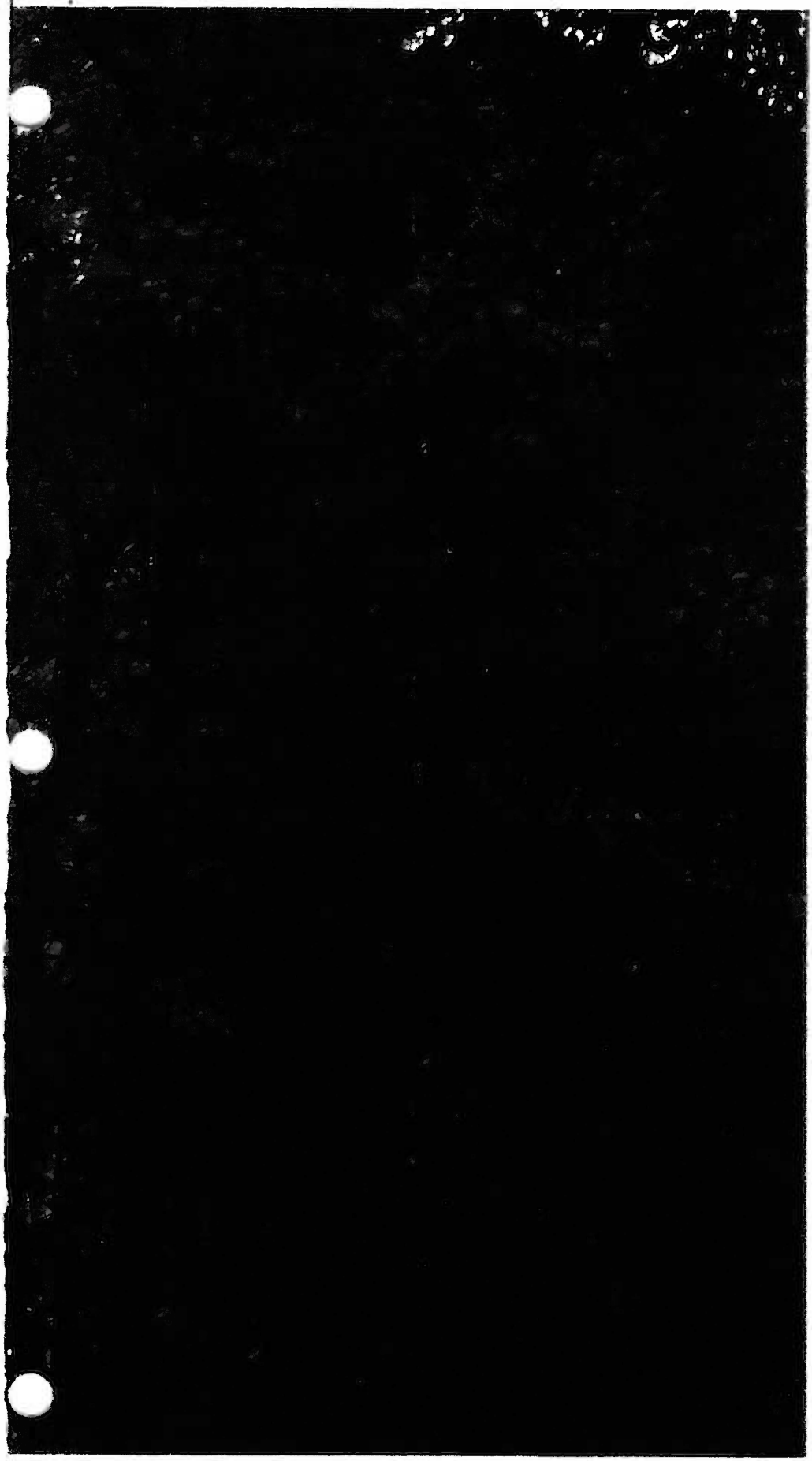
When Colonial Point became threatened by the logger's axe several years ago, Wendy O'Neil of the Nature Conservancy in Lansing

Autumn's colorful patina crowned the forest as the days got shorter

In autumn, the 297 acres at Colonial Point explode into a profusion of bright colors. Above, false Solomon's-seal is a member of the lily family. Right, sugar maples dominate the forest. At far right, a fox squirrel busily prepares for the coming of winter.

contacted Tom Bailey, executive director of the Little Traverse Conservancy, with a call to arms. Colonial Point must be saved! Bailey met with those whose homes surround the point, who were concerned about the imminent loss of this splendid natural resource that happens to be in their back yard. Area residents pledged more than $200,000 to the Little Traverse Conservancy for the purchase of the forest. Next, Bailey and O'Neil met with Jim Devereaux, the new owner. Devereaux agreed to postpone timber-cutting in the forest while Bailey and his colleagues at the Conservancy tried to raise $1.25 million to purchase Colonial Point. A deal was struck that no more trees would be cut if quarterly payments of $100,000 were made.

At Little Traverse Conservancy headquarters in Harbor Springs recently, Bailey reflected upon efforts to save the forest. "No one told me that it (raising the funds to purchase Colonial Point) was impossible, but had I known then what I know now, I would have said it couldn't be done," he said. But not having known, Bailey forged ahead to meet the fund-raising challenge. Enthusiasm for the project spread from Little Traverse Bay to the rest of Michigan. The Michigan Natural Resources Trust Fund provided more than $400,000 for the project, and other donations began flowing in from all over. "We had kids sending in their allowance," Bailey said. "We even got a donation from someone in Detroit with a note saying, 'I may never get up to see it (Colonial Point) but it seems like a worthy cause.' The response was amazing. There were



times when I thought we weren't going to make the payment deadline," he recalled, "but then something would happen. Someone always came through." The last payment was made in October 1987, and Colonial Point was turned over to the University of Michigan Biological Station.

As the days became shorter and photosynthesis slowed, autumn's colorful patina crowned the forest. The once vibrant ferns were now withered and brown. The forest floor became a mosaic of old leaves, acorns and pine needles. Above, the canopy was a colorful palette; reds and yellows of maple, golden browns of beech, muddy drabness of oak and deep greens of hemlock, all punctuated by a brilliant blue sky.

There was a chill in the air as I walked among the trees, leaves crunching beneath my feet. An occasional plop told me another acorn had fallen to earth. A chipmunk scurried up a nearby tree and stopped to scold me for disrupting his day.

Even in winter, we encountered many signs of animals and birds

This was his home, after all, and also home to many other mammals and birds who had no way of knowing how close they had come to being evicted, just as native Americans had been nearly a century ago.

I first saw the forest on Colonial Point in winter. The snow-covered road had been packed to a steady roughness, its ruts teasing the tires of our truck this way and that way. The maples lining the narrow gravel road canopied the passage with intertwined branches high above. As Larry eased the truck to the shoulder of the road and stopped, Jamie and I looked around quizzically.

"This is it?" we asked in unison, doubting we had found the place.

Ignoring our question, Larry scanned the slightly overcast sky and his face broke into a nature photographer's smile. "The light is perfect," he said, "and there's no wind."

In a clearing on our right was a snow-burdened wooden sign. This was indeed the place. As Larry unloaded his photo gear, Jamie and I put on cross-country skis and started down a trail. I fell into the rhythm of skiing—kick, glide, kick, glide—listening to the repetitive crunch and whoosh of skis on snow. Looking back, I saw that Jamie and I were in synchronized motion. Larry was trudging far behind us, tripod balanced casually over his right shoulder, his eyes sweeping the forest for the scenes photographers seek. Suddenly he peered to his left, then stopped. Is that it? No. He took a backward step, then another. There it is! In one flowing motion, he swung his tripod from his shoulder and extended its legs.

I stepped off the trail, sinking into deep white powder, shuffling determinedly toward the closest tree. Once there, I examined the blue markings on its bark, slowly realizing that I stood at the foot of a giant. Looking straight up I could see its immense trunk give way to an entanglement of branches like a multitude of crooked fingers that touched the sky. I shrank away in awe. The blue spray paint on the trunk was a reminder of the death sentence this red oak faced. Although it probably was one hundred to one hundred-fifty years old, this tree might stand another two hundred.

Above, the sign at the entrance pays tribute to the late Gustav A. and Margarite E. Olofsson of Lansing. As a living memorial to their parents, the surviving family made a large donation that helped purchase the forest. Right, two cross-country skiers enjoy one of the many trails. At far right, a male evening grosbeak.

Blanketing, shimmering snow illuminated the forest floor, giving off its own light. We encountered many signs of wildlife. A seldom-used deer path intersected our trail. The tiny tracks of a red squirrel marked its journey from one tree trunk to another. A chickadee sang cheerily.

Jamie pointed out several white pine deeply pitted as if carved out for a small den. "What kind of animal lives there?"

"That was done by a pileated woodpecker," Larry explained, stepping off the trail for a better view. "They eat the insects in dead and dying trees." As if on cue came a resonant rat-rat-tat in the distance.

On another day, a cold, windy day in May, the forest floor was beginning to flaunt the green of new life. Bob Vande Kopple of the University of Michigan Biological Station teased us about dragging him out on such a day. Pulling my hat snugly down over my ears, I fell in step beside Bob and photographer Larry as they discussed the history of Colonial Point.

The forest floor shimmered with

Dutchman's breeches; tiny white pantaloons dangling delicately from stems above green leaves. Patches of jack-in-the-pulpit trembled in the bracing gusts of early spring, hurrying to grow before a million buds burst forth far above to steal sunlight. Interspersed in the verdure were the tender pinks and whites of spring beauties, each one as delicate as hand painted porcelain. The wind breathed life as the waking soil inhaled and exhaled, or so it seemed.

Bob told of the Cheboygan band of Chippewa who, by treaty, owned the land in the early 1800s. They cleared small parcels for agriculture by burning. The resultant fields were used for five or ten years and then abandoned for more fertile grounds. Fires had cleared the way for red oak to take root in the abandoned fields, from the early 1830s to perhaps 1850.

The Colonial Point peninsula, which at that time was known as Indian Point, was an ideal location for the Chippewas. Burt Lake is part of the

In spring, the forest floor shimmered with numerous varieties of wildflowers

Above, perhaps no flower is so suggestive of spring as the violet. Right, these red pine cones will mature by autumn of their second season. At left, the large leaves of the white trillium, the showiest and best known trillium in the world.

inland waterway stretching from Lake Huron at Cheboygan on the east side of the state to Crooked Lake near Petoskey on the west. At Crooked Lake the Indians would then portage their canoes the short distance to Lake Michigan. This inland waterway was an important trade route for the Indian culture.

In 1855, the Treaty of Detroit altered the tax status of the land. The Indians, who claimed to be unaware of the change, did not pay the assessed taxes and ownership reverted to the state, which then sold the land to white settlers. The new owners did not physically take possession of the land immediately but waited until 1898, then petitioned the court for assistance in removing the Indians. On the evening of October 15, 1900, the sheriff set fire to the Indians' village and church, thus evicting them.

In 1946 and 1947 the Michigan Maple Block Company made a select cutting of mature sugar maple, which opened the canopy for growth of other northern hardwoods such as beech and red maple. The presence of many red oak stumps suggests that a fairly intensive select cut of oak was also made in the 1940s. In 1984 the land was purchased by Devereaux Sawmill and the following spring three large red oaks were removed to check for wood quality and value. The plan was to log off the red oak for veneer, then subdivide and develop the property.

Bob veered off the trail and led us to a broad stump. I knelt on top of it to examine its rings, feeling the coarseness from a recent logger's blade. Bending over, Bob pointed out a few good years of rapid growth, followed by lean years where the rings nearly touched. One section evidenced damage, possibly by fire. The tree's life story was written in those rings.

Across the country forests are being harvested, and through proper reforestation efforts new trees take their place. However, many years must pass before such a new forest develops the attributes of an old growth forest lost to fire, wind, disease or harvest. Scientists from the University of Michigan Biological Station have been researching the Colonial Point habitat for more than 70 years. This long-term data base tells them a great deal about what happens in the life of a forest and how those happenings affect Earth and its atmosphere.

Colonial Point has been designat by the United Nations as an inte national biosphere reserve, for research and environmental studies. The area thus will serve as a living laboratory for old growth hardwoods. The intent of the International Biosphere Reserve program is to study the earth's natural resources at an international and interdisciplinary scientific level. The hope is to compile the scientific knowledge and skills to use natural resources in a manner which will allow the conservation of biological diversity on a global scale. Biosphere Reserves are not just another category of protected area. With imagination and conviction, they offer a beginning to truly integrating scientific research, conservation and society.

When winter comes, the leaves again will fall to add a replenishing layer of nutrients to the forest floor. As it has for centuries, Colonial Point will lie silently beneath a snowy comforter as yet another cycle passes. Thanks to the foresight, support and hard w of many, this is one old growth forest that will see many more seasons. □

ed.
mall tene-
ane, Mon-
suffocation
Arthur Le
ly burned,
ere in an
efore the

rnaces.
st entirely
en organ-
and steel
a gigantic
v corpora-

ffs.
hree years
stealing,

ond general postoffice," at Forty-fourth street and Lexington avenue, New York. Such an occurrence is unprecedented in the annals of New York. Subordinate officials place the loss at from $15,000 to $40,000.

Wholesale Evictions at Burt Lake.

The Indians of the Indian village at Burt lake, Michigan, are homeless. The land which they lived on was sold for taxes two or three years ago and on Oct. 4, 1899, they promised to go away in the spring if the writ of assistance granted by the Circuit Court was not served and they were allowed to stay. A few of them went away. The remainder have been evicted and their homes burned down.

United States Yield of Potatoes.

The potato crop of the United States,

the same
singing, J
himself t
quiet was
was the
song that
the cloth
himself.
before the
and saw
neck and
and tried
rope, but
minutes.
of employ

L

Several

Several

The Petoskey Record
October 31, 1900

Who sold it for taxes?
How many people were displaced?

SUNDAY SCHOOL ABOUT 1888 or 1889
Barefoot girls in front row: Ena and Ruth Wyrick, Hope Faunce and Eunice Stone. Mr. Al Wyrick in front of women. Bert Wyrick with hat in hand. Elmer McMichael back row in front of door, and Ira Wyrick in front of him. Clara Dice in white dress - second row.

BURT LAKE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

The exact date of the beginning of our church history is unknown. The earliest reference to Christian activity in the area is of a Sunday School picnic held on July 4th, 1889, in "dense wood directly west of Sager's forty." However the first organized Christian movement seems to have started about 1894 or 1895 when a young missionary named George Weaver, who had come to Petoskey in 1891, visited homes in the area and organized a Sunday School which at first was held in the Ezra Faunce home.

Calvin Dice, Mrs. Clara Rotter's father, moved a building to a position on the hill south of the present church and across from his home, to be used for a school. When the attendance at the Sunday School became too large to be accommodated in the Faunce home, the meetings were moved to the school building.

In 1896, Elders Drew and Long from Petoskey held a revival meeting at which many new members were added. Very soon the people were desirous of building a place of worship. Mr. Arthur Willett of the Petoskey church helped in an organizational meeting.

Quoting from the recollections of Mary C. McMichael Thomas:

> The day that we organized there were present thirteen adults and several children.

The church was to be a Union Church as the eighty three charter members represented many denominations.

The first requirement was for a piece of land on which to build. In July of 1899, Mr. Arthur Freyer obtained a parcel of land (the original title of which was a patent dated August 29, 1895, given to an Indian chief named Joseph Kechegowe, by the U.S. government). In September of the same year he gave a warantee deed of one acre of ground to be used for the building of a church. The deed read:

> Arthur Freyer and wife Flora to the Trustees of the First Christian Church or Church of Christ at Burt Lake - 1 acre of land in the N.W. corner of N.W. of S.W. of Sec. 8, 735 N Range 3 West running 10 rods on the E & W ¼ line of said

15

The Colonial Hotel

"The Colonial' new, modern and complete in every appointment, suggests itself on sight as a typical place for rest or recreation"–So boasted an attractive, 24-page photographic brochure that extolled the virtues of the Colonial Hotel on Burt Lake.

The brochure was distributed to selected, prospective guests around the turn of the century. Built in 1895, the hotel operated until it was destroyed by fire in 1909.

Located on Colonial Point, sometimes referred to as Indian Point, at Burt Lake, this hotel was an elegant and popular summer resort.

It's large open veranda, spacious foyer (85 x 42 ft.) and parlor, and large fireplaces were typical of these early resorts. It advertised that Lithia, Sulfur, Magnesia, Iron and Sodium artesian mineral springs were on the hotel grounds.

Also of interest to the hotel's guests was the largest Indian village in the Burt Lake area which was located a mile west of the hotel along the shore. The village burned in 1900.

The brochure explained the Colonial's transportation and rates stating, "Burt Lake and "The Colonial" are easy of access from all cities. Pullman parlor and sleeping cars are run through, or the trip by steamer over the lakes is one of rare beauty and pleasure.

"Excursion club rates may be obtained at about one-and-a-half cents a mile in season. These tickets are good for sixty days, with stop-over privileges returning. In this connection we would suggest applying to the Pittsburgh office for rates and routes up to July 1st.

"Season rates at the hotel range from $21.00 to $35.00 per week, with half rates for children and servants, including rooms, meals, bath, etc. Special rates and accommodations in mansard and dormitory for men and boys, very comfortable and pleasant, $12.00 to $14.00 per week."

Its advertising also stated that the hotel also provided a billiard room and bowling alleys. It added, "Rainy days will come, and youth and beauty can here enjoy the pleasures of the dance as well. The Colonial Orchestra renders just such music as tempts one's feet onto the dancing floor."

"Its splendid forests are none the less inviting. Many find great enjoyment in the depths of these forests. Indian guides pilot one to hidden beauties, and at no great distance an old Indian reservation affords one acquain-

(Continued on facing page)

Reflections

Colonial Hotel -- leisure living in luxury 1895-1909

See story on page 8

COLONIAL HOTEL, MUIR LAKE, MICH.

STRAITSLAND RESORTER

(Continued from facing page)

tance with the descendants of the old Ottawa Chieftain, "Petoskey". Cunningly constructed basket, bead and leather work can be here as souvenirs."

The brochure concluded, "...its guests are unanimous in their verdict that "The Colonial" is the one Northern resort perfect in every detail of surroundings, comfort, service and enjoyment...an ideal summer resort for businessmen and their families, and where they themselves can have freedom from all business worry and care, and enjoy the magnificent opportunities for health and pleasure here offered by nature, without being denied the comforts of home, as is too often the case where the hotel is run [illegible] the one object of making big dividends for its owners at the expense of the guests."

Forty-five years ago, on July 29, 1930, Miss Lou Baskin (now Mrs. Tom Reno) received a post card (pictured) from a friend who had been staying at Mullett Lake. Lou was living in Grand Rapids at the time.

Her friend had been staying at the Pine Grove Hotel and later sent Lou a letter in which she described the hotel as, "the place where the affluent tourists and summer visitors took their meals."

In a turn of events, Lou now lives on Mullett Lake where she and her husband own Reno's Harbor Woods Resort while her friend now lives in Florida.

The hotel has long since disappeared from the Mullett Lake shoreline and, Mrs. Reno would be interested in learning more about and, exactly where it was located.

Sager Tells Historians

Inland Route Excursions Lured Tourists to Area

By MERT CARTER

Several members of the Burt Lake summer colony came to the museum of the Little Traverse Regional Historical Society Wednesday evening to hear the history of that popular resort from Robert Sager, a direct descendant of a pioneer family.

Sager has made a study of the Burt Lake area since his retirement from an Army career and has published a photo-history book, "A Pageant of Tuscarora". Copies of this book are available from the Helen Boyd Biggins Memorial Library of the Burt Lake Christian church.

Sager traced the development of the land area of this part of northern Michigan from the days it was covered by a huge inland sea. He explained that as the water table receded it left a natural water course stretching from Lake Michigan at Little Traverse Bay downstream to Cheboygan on Lake Huron, 40 miles away.

This became a popular excursion waterway around 1900 and was advertised as the Inland Route. At one time as many as 77 pleasure and commercial boats of various tonnage traveled this route every day during the summer months.

When the U.S. Homestead Act of 1870 gave settlers an opportunity to earn title to 160 acres of land in northern Michigan by living on it for at least 5 years the area began to be settled. The extensions of the railroads north from Petoskey and Gaylord in 1881 also brought in a number of new settlers and what used to be small Indian villages grew into towns and sizable communities.

The west side of Burt Lake started to sell their property near their hotel, The Buckeye House. Much of this store frontage was sold for $1 per foot in 1900.

Sager mentioned several of the early pioneers of the area including William Stone, John Sabin, John Park and Bill King, "the Bird Man of Burt Lake".

Judge Kennasaw Mountain Landis, the first "Czar" of organized baseball and author General Lew Wallace who wrote "Ben Hur", were among the early founders of Burt Lake Cottagers Association which is still an active organization.

The new Inland Route Exhibit was dedicated at the close of the program by Society Vice-president Irene Gordon. Scale ship models of the steamers "Top-In-A-Bee" and the sister ships "Romeo" and "Juliet" are mounted on a large mural map of northern Michigan featuring the Inland Route.

The ship models were created and donated by George A. Shriber, jr. of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio and the map was painted by Artist Judy La Tocha of Petoskey as a gift to the museum. Both donors were present at the dedication.

The annual Picnic-Meeting of the Historical Society will be held on Sunday, Aug. 8. The barbecue team of the Peto Jay-Cees will again cook chicken dinner and histo author Walter Havighurst Miami University of Oxf Ohio, will be the feat speaker.

PETOSKEY AUTHOR RECALLS EARLY HISTORY

Burt Lake Village Flourished

Editor's note: On Tuesday the News-Review carried a story of how the whitemen got control of an Indian Village at Burt Lake by putting it up for tax sale after it had been given to the Indians by a Presidential order. Harbor Springs Indians on Monday met in Lansing seeking damages from Gov. G. Mennen Williams for this 56 year old action. Mrs. Ethel Rowan Fasquelle, Petoskey, author of "When Michigan Was Young," added the following information she has gained on the subject and says that "Pokagon's Village," of which she wrote in the book was this same Burt Lake Village.

Though the Village has an Indian name it has never been used by the white settlers. It has always been called "Indian Village" Mrs. Fasquelle recalls. She arrived in Petoskey in 1875. It is much older than the date of the gift of the land by President Polk in 1848. It wa ssettled by a group of Indians, mostly of the Ojibway nation, which is the same as Chippewas, who were the families of young French fur traders.

THESE YOUNG traders were the younger sons of some of the finest old French families, but they were forced to seek their fortunes in other lands because of the French inheritance laws. So the families in Indian Village were impregnated with a natural desire to live industrial lives, and they were devout Catholics. Their basket weaving was the finest in the north country. Life in the Village was truly idyllic.

IN THE DAYS when the Inland Water Route was a popular tourist trip a visit to Indian Village was as much a part of the summer's pleasure as the Shore Drive is now. Many thousands of people visited it.

White people have always taken liberties with Indian names, spelling them and pronouncing them as they pleased. An example of this appears in the name Parker, one of the Indian families from Indian Village.

A descendant of the Parkers told the author of "When Michigan Was Young" that the name wasn't Parker at all, but the old French name Paquin, a name known now as that of the great French fashion designer. But giving it the correct French pronounciation, as the Indians did, it sounded like Parker, so Parker it became. There was no question about it, the Residents of Indian Village were among the real aristocrats of the Ojibway and Ottawa nations.

The names Pokagon and Clear Lake were used by Mrs. Fasquelle because she did not want to involve the present owners of the land who had nothing whatever to do with the burning.

But since the involvement seems inevitable now that the Indians have the matter up, it again seems best to make the present statement, she said. The writer of Pokagon's Village feels that the historic loss to the state is one of the tragedies of the north country. For every one of those 25 log cabin homes was built without nails, in the ancient Indian fashion taught the Indians by the Jesuit Priests. Not many of these cabins are still in existence, and every one of them should be cherished by the state as a rare historical possession.

About the name Pokagon. There has been some criticism of Mrs. Fasquelle's use of the name because there was a settlement in southern Michigan headed by the Chief Pokagon. But there were Pokagons in the Emmet county and Cheboygan county areas many years ago and the name seemed to fit the story nicely so it was used as a literary license, as Pokagon's Village was written in story form.

When their beloved church was turned into a haymow, the Village Indians, though banished, were broken hearted and deeply grieved, Mrs. Fasquelle said.

18

Tragic Burn Out of Burt Lake Indians Told at Society M

Another chapter in the tragic history of the government's treatment of the American Indian was explained to members of the Little Traverse Regional Historical Society at their June meeting in the Library of the Junior High School in Petoskey on Wednesday evening.

Before a mixed crowd of Indians and Society members Merton M. Carter, local historian and a charter member of the Society told in detail about the "Burn Out" of the Cheboygan band of Indians on Colonial Point of Burt Lake in 1900.

"The facts show that this was one of the most shameful incidents in a long list of our mistreatment of the Indians," Carter declared.

The long history of the Cheboygan reservation came to an abrupt end in October of 1900 when the sheriff of Cheboygan county and 10 deputies evicted 19 Indian families from their homes for alleged non-payment of taxes and then proceeded to destroy their homes.

With the aid of old treaties, aerial photographs, maps, charts, journals and taped interviews Carter traced the ancient history of the small Indian tribe who settled on Colonial Point on Burt Lake centuries ago.

It has not been recorded where they came from originally, nor why they chose that location but legendary history tells of the defeat of a Chippewa band by the Iroquois on Mantoulin Island. They fled the Island in defeat and it is generally believed that this is the group who finally settled on Burt Lake. They lived by themselves, built permanent homes and cultivated their own farms.

The Cheboygan Band did not participate in any of the Ottawa nor Chippewa migrations, wars, nor alliances, but lived a peaceful life as a communal family on the reservation.

Schoolcraft's Washington Treaty of 1836 clearly indicated the Cheboygan reserve and it was not ceded at the time.

Schoolcraft's Agent's Report Map of 1837 showed the exact location and listed the population of the Cheboygan reservation as 117.

Mullett's Re-Survey map of 1855 indicated the position of the Cheboygan reservation and the treaty of the same year reserved these lands for the Cheboygan Indians.

[redacted]

Carter produced copies of land purchases made between 1846-49 by the Indian chief. Each of these patents showed that $1.25 per acre was paid by the Indians in spite of the fact that they had sold all their other land for only 16.5 cents per acre in the Treaty of 1855 -- only 10 years before.

All patents for the Cheboygan land listed the Governor of Michigan as the purchaser, "...In TRUST for the Cheboygan band of Indians of whom Kie-She-Go-Way is Chief."

Because of this peculiar phraseology these lands have been in litigation for years.

Around 1877 when these Indians became citizens of the United States these lands were put on the tax rolls of Cheboygan county and all were subsequently sold for non-payment of taxes to John W. McGinn of Cheboygan.

In 1909 McGinn secured a court order and had the sheriff and 10 deputies forcefully evict the Indians from their homes.

They then proceeded to burn the 19 homes kerosene over squaws and ch road.

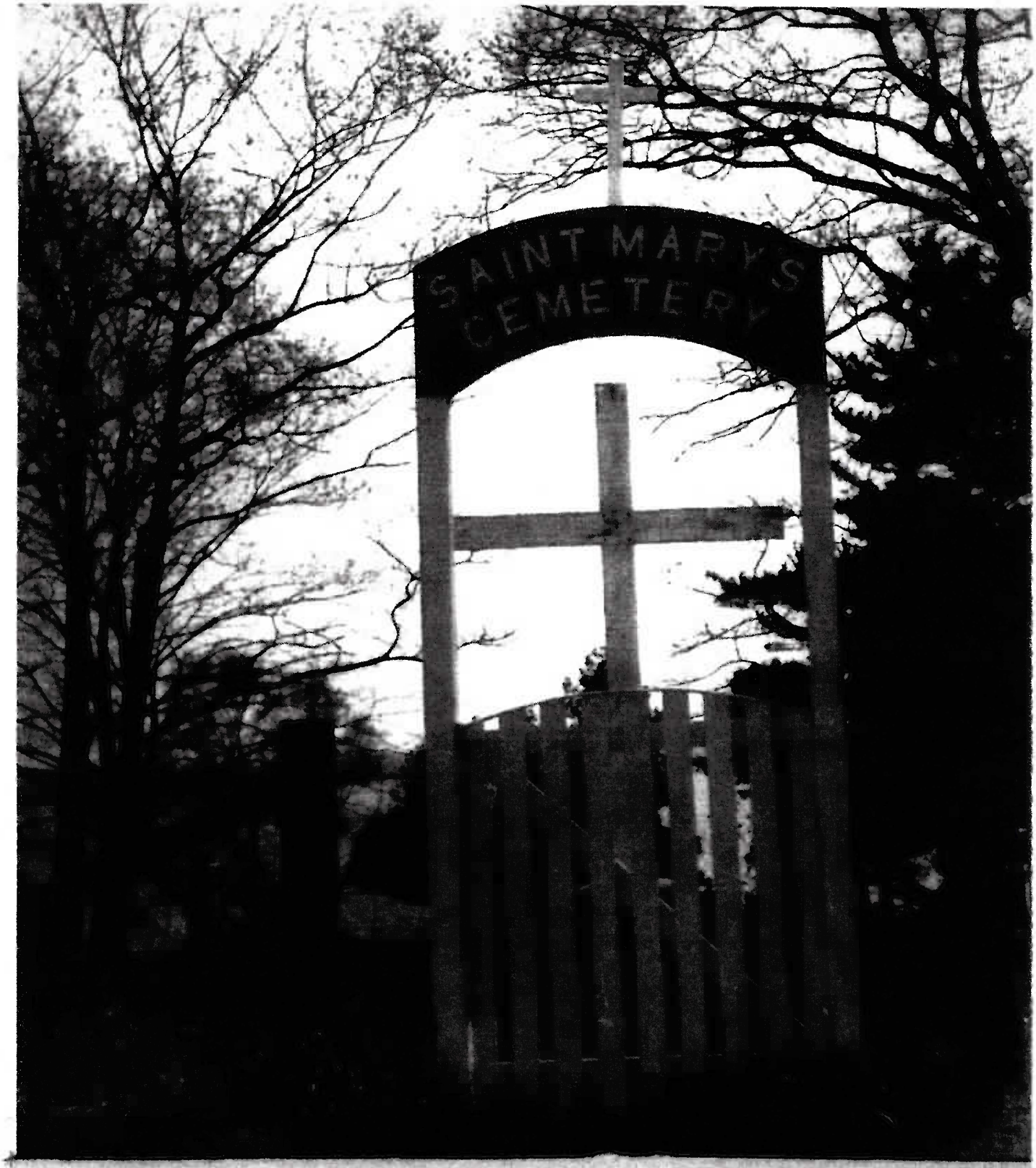
"A good tax l little trouble in lands should no in the first pl tax a governm tainly the gove and his success of the property prevented thei Carter stated.

The Indians eventually move homes on adj

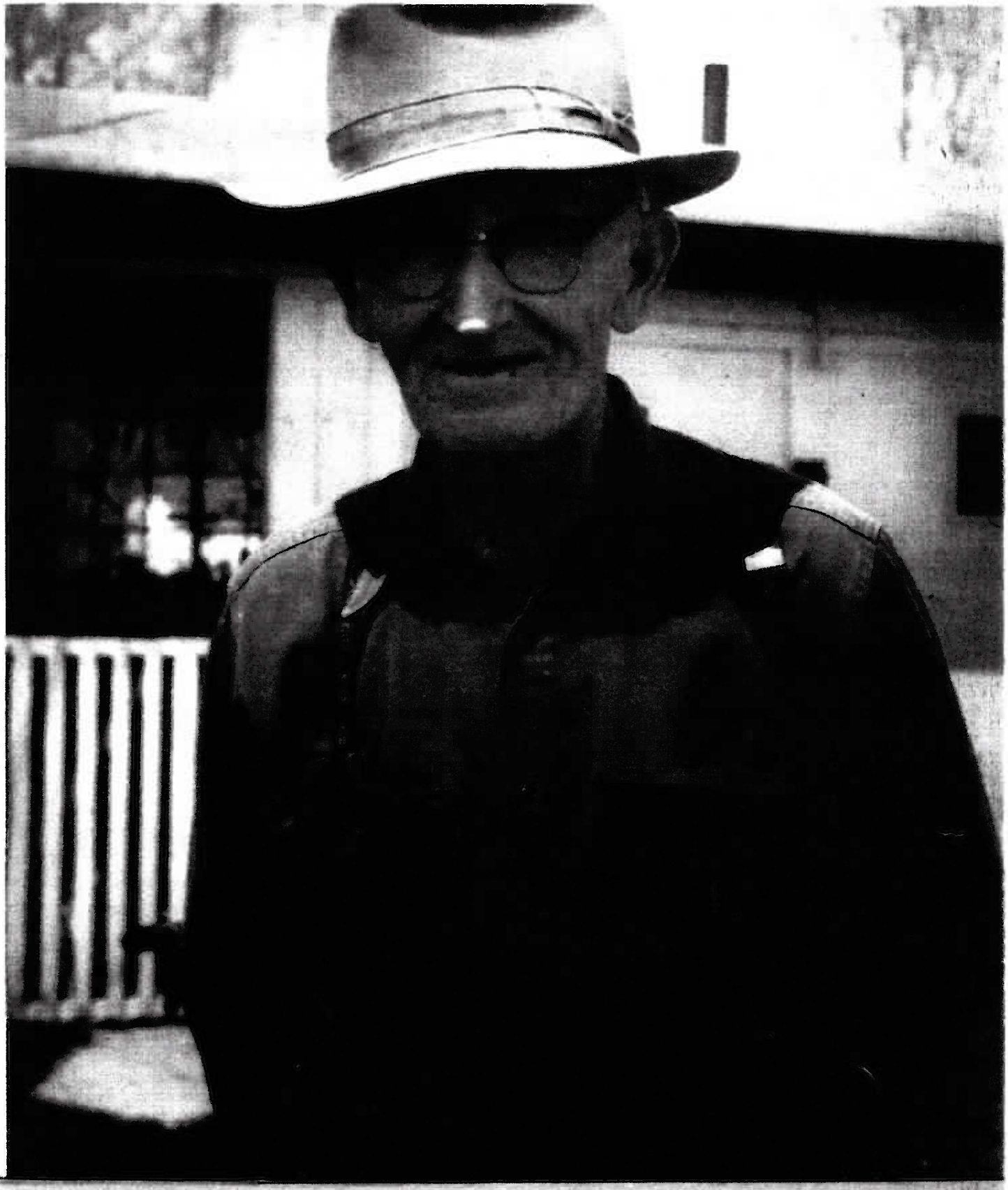
The McGinn eventually sold is now one of th resorts in Mic of many expe homes.

"These lands chased in good provements ha economic value Carter claimed, a shame that th ership through a long line of tru

19



THE INDIAN BURIAL GROUND IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF TH OLD INDIAN VILLAGE. THE CATHOLIC CHURCH WHICH WAS LOCATED ACROSS THE ROAD IS STILL STANDING BUT IS USED AS A STORAGE BUILDING. MANY ATTRACTIVE AND EXPENSIVE SUMMER HOMES HAVE BEEN CONSTRUCT ALONG THE SHORE OF MAPLE BAY. THERE IS A CATHOLIC CHURCH AND CEMETERY ABOUT 5 MILES FROM THE SHOR



WILLIAM (BILL) SYDOW WAS 18 AT THE TIME OF THE "BURN OUT" OF THE BURT LAKE INDIANS. AT 87, HE IS ALERT AND SPRY AND CAN REMEMBER THE EVENTS WHICH FOLLOWED. HE WAS BORN AND RAISED IN THE BRUTUS AREA AND LIVED IN THE OLD McGINN HOME FOR MANY YEARS.

THIS IS THE FARM HOME THAT JOHN W. McGINN BUILT ON THE PROPERTY AFTER THE BURN OUT. IT WAS THE CARETAKERS HOME ON CHICK-A-GAMI FARM FOR MANY YEARS AND IS STILL OCCUPIED AS A RESIDENCE.

THE INDIAN HOMES THAT WERE DESTROYED BY FIRE WERE STRUNG OUT ALONG THE RIGHT HAND SIDE OF THIS ROAD. THEIR GARDENS WERE ON THE LEFT. THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN FROM IN FRONT OF THE CEMETERY LOOKING EAST. THE LARGE BARN IN THE CENTER OF THE PICTURE USED TO BE PART OF CHICK-A-GAMI FARM

23

~~[illegible] BRUTUS.~~
~~MICHIGAN 84 YEARS OF AGE~~

ALONG THIS ROAD EAST OF BRUTUS STOOD THE 19 HOMES OF THE CHEBOYGAN INDIANS.

THEY WERE DESTROYED IN 1900 BY FIRES - SET BY SHERIFF DEPUTIES.

Please Return to Merton M. Carter Box 148 Pellston, Mich

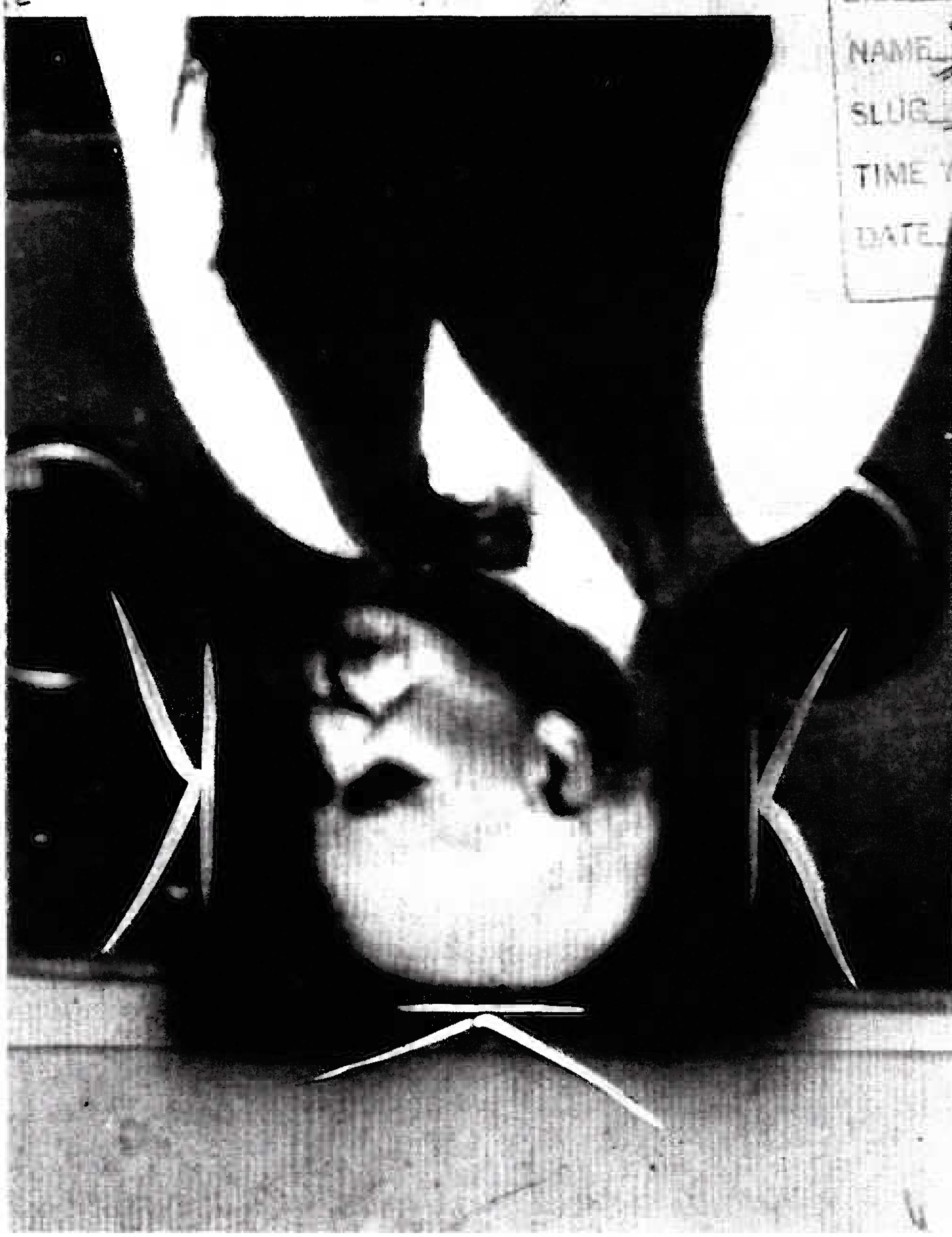
FRED R. MING.
SHERIFF OF CHEBOYGAN COUNTY IN 1907

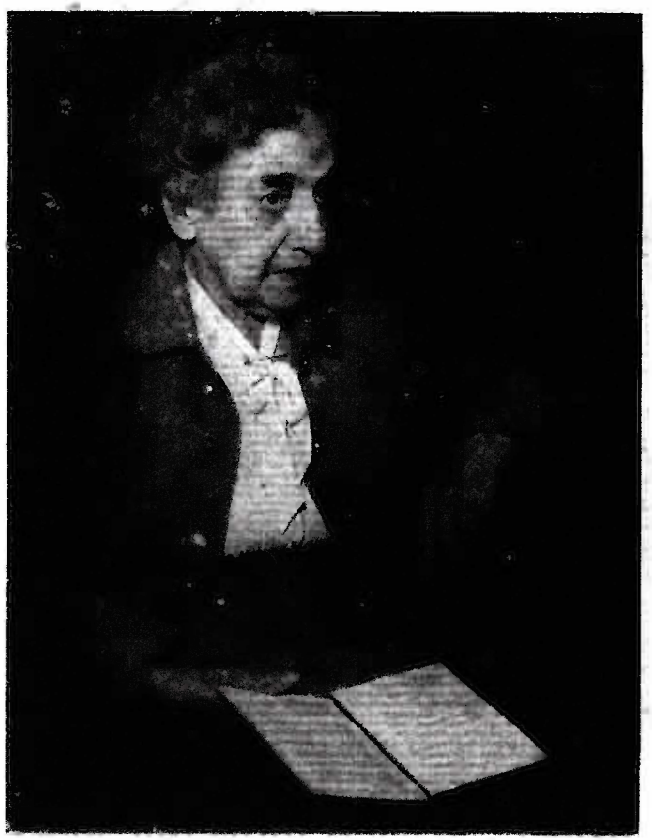
Use with Carter Story on Bay View lecture.

2050 2/18 2011
20500 2/18 2011

1969 OCT 1 PM 4 10
PHOTOGRAPHIC

SIZE 1½ Col x 2¾
NAME SLN Z8
SLUG Ming (w)/Burt
TIME WANTED 9 am FRI. 10-3-69
DATE 10-1-'69

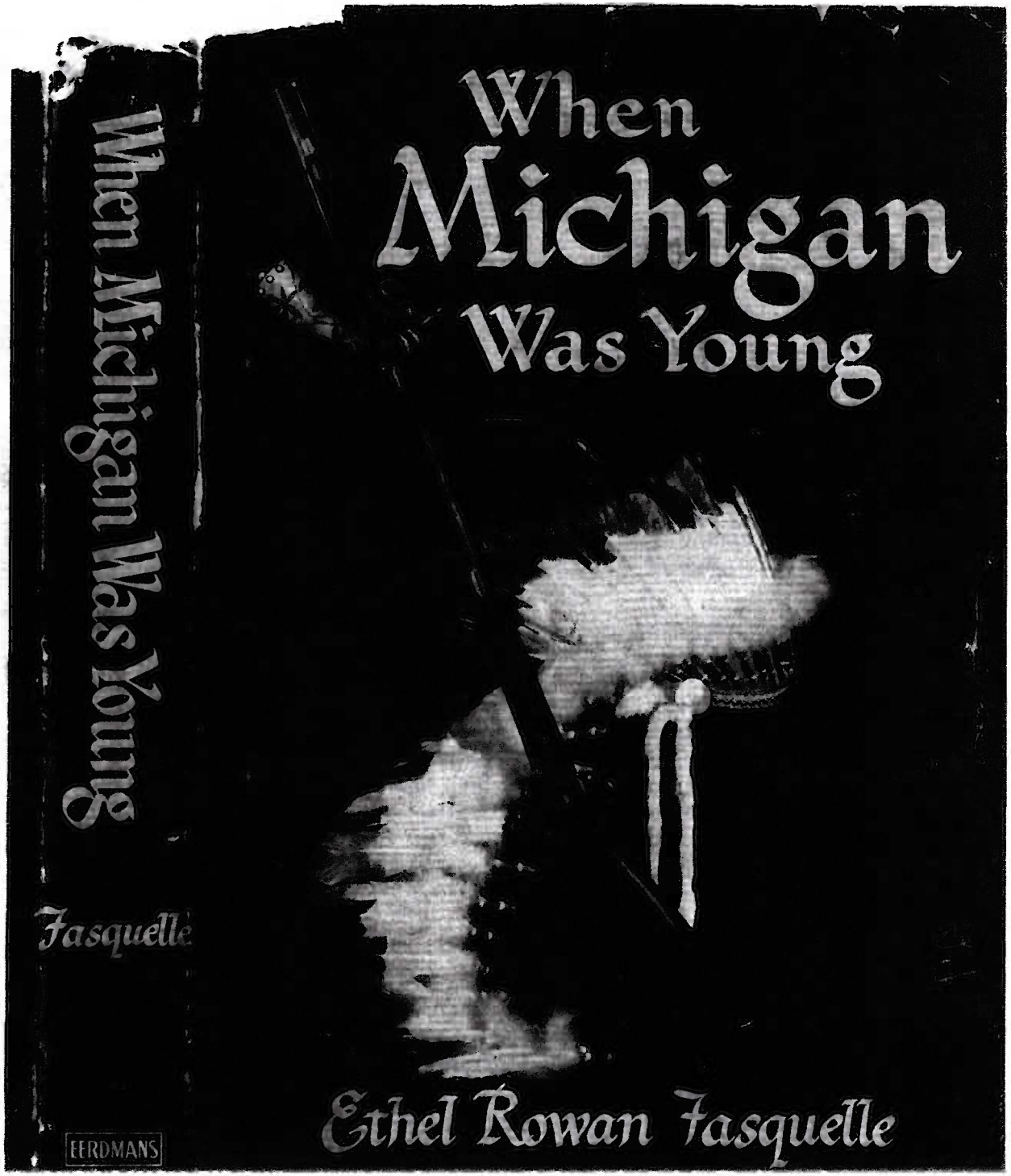




MRS. FASQUELLE'S love for history has come by her own deep roots into American history. Her parental ancestors had come to America from England in 1775. Her grandfather fought for the United States in the War of 1812, and her father fought with the Union forces in the Civil War. Mrs. Fasquelle has spent many active years as a member with the Michigan Historical Society; and for a hobby has collected many odd notes and rare books and other items pertaining to American history which has always been her first love.

When Michigan Was Young

Fasquelle



Chapter Eighteen

Pokagon's Village

Many years ago there was a secluded Indian village on the shores of a beautiful clear blue inland lake in the depths of a great forest in northern Michilimackinac. It was a beautiful spot, and its residents were what was called in the vernacular of the white settlers and backwoodsmen, "Honest Injuns." Why they had chosen this hidden retreat apart from the big settlements of the Indian nations was never known, probably because they were a group of simple peace-loving people and wished to pursue their arts and to live in their own manner.

One legend declares that they were a remnant of the Mushcodish tribe that escaped from the Ottawas when that tribe was supposedly completely effaced by the Ottawas several hundred years ago. The story tells us that a small group of families managed to creep away into the forest and to find their way many miles back to this Clear Lake where they settled permanently. But the Jesuit priests knew where they were and ministered to thir spiritual needs, and so the little colony prospered. Probably about three hundred acres comprised their settlement, and this tract of land came under one of the early treaties after the United States took over Michilimackinac Province. As has been stated in an earlier story, the Indian agents were very careless re-

garding these treaties. Too often the names written beside the Indian's mark, which was a picture crudely drawn of his tribal totem, was not easily legible. A moose might look like a deer, or a dog like a rabbit, and the white man cared little about what this was going to do to the Indian's descendants a century or two later. It is doubtful if these Indians ever had even a scrap of paper describing their dealings with their Great White Father. This little story is being told to record the unhappy events that were the result of this lack of efficiency in an early day in Ottawa Land.

About sixty years ago it was possible to rent a small steam launch for a day, and with a private party of a dozen or more friends cruise this lovely Clear Lake during a long delightful day, and many summer tourists took advantage of this pleasure. A string of rowboats trailed along behind the launch, and several times during the day there would be a stop at a small dock beside the lake for a drink of cool spring water from some gurgling stream, and several of the sightseers would do a bit of fishing by the way. It was one of the very great days of the tourist summer vacation, this idyllic trip on the inland lake. And not the least of the joys was the stop that was always made at Pokagon's Village. Pokagon had been gone many years by this time, but he was living at the grand old age of a century and more when the first settlers came into the country.

But the spirit of Pokagon and his kind remained in the village. The people of Pokagon's Village were industrious and skillful, and many of them very artistic in their handicraft. The ancient cabins had been built before

nails were commonly used, and were notched and dove-tailed together with a splendid idea of exact fittings. Fine pieces of hardwood were used for the casings about the openings.

The missionaries had taught their Indian friends how to do these things in the manner of the white man, always adapting the plans to the Indian patterns. The little backwoods cabins were actually works of architectural art, and so they had stood through sun and stormy weather as firm and perfect as when built centuries before. And Pokagon's people followed the pattern of their cabins. Each family had several acres about its cabin where corn and pumpkins and other foods and a bit of hay for their ponies were grown. Beside each cabin in summer was a neat pile of basswood for the basket-making that the women of Pokagon's Village did more beautifully than any other workers anywhere about. Their porcupine quill work was also the finest in the inland country.

Long before the white men came to strip the great forests of their beauty there was a Catholic church in the center of Pokagon's Village, and no doubt whether a priest came to visit them or not, the Indians held their own religious services in their own way as their missionaries had taught them to do.

When the launch appeared on the lake its occupants could see the Indian women running from their cabins with big bundles of baskets, rush rugs and mococks, and exquisite birchbark boxes ornamented with clever designs of colored porcupine quills. They all gathered in

one of the larger cabins to await the arrival of their guests. Then the people from the launch would troop up to the cabin and the bartering would begin. It was great sport. No doubt much more would be paid in the end for the pretty treasures than would have been for the same thing down in the big white village. But everyone was happy and had a wonderful time, while the owner of the launch assisted by some of the men gathered up enough wood to carry the launch on its way.

It is recalled that an amusing incident took place on one of these occasions. In the cabin where the trading took place one of the men spied an ancient looking tomahawk hanging on the wall. The man was intrigued; he must have that instrument of murder. He decided not to leave the place until he had secured it for his own. His first approach to the Indian interpreter received a decided repulse. "Ka-win Ka-win, (No, No), Dad mine Gran'fadder's, me not sell heem," and the parleying went on, until at last after an outrageous price had been determined upon the buyer became the winner, much to the disgust of one of the women, who did not hesitate to express her dislike for the entire transaction. "Why did you let him have it?" she asked the Indian as she lingered behind the rest of the party to express her sympathy. Coyly came the reply from the oppressed Indian, "Ump, me, I mek me anudder," just as the clever rascal had probably made that one. The "Honest Injun" had learned at least one of the arts of the white man's manner of trading.

Would you like to see this Arcadian village beside the lovely Clear Lake in the big green forest? Well, that joy is one of the things that northern Michigan has sac-

rificed to the greed of man. The village is gone from the face of the earth, ruthlessly torn and burned to the ground when the Indians refused to leave their beloved homes. They had lived in unconscious freedom in the belief that taxes were the white man's concern, that they were in no wise interested in them, for had not the Great White Father said in the treaty that they were exempt for all time from taxation? They believed it, and had lived generation after generation unmolested, just as many other groups of Indians lived all over the state of Michigan, because there had never been a man with a mind so small that he could bring himself to disturb them.

At last a man did come along who coveted the land and particularly the great virgin forest surrounding Pokagon's Village. His lawyers craftily looked up the back tax lists and he was easily able to find a perfectly legal loophole that had been overlooked for so many, many years because so many men had really had a sense of the fitness of things and an aversion to defy the laws of God and nature. And the man, of course, won the land, and mercilessly drove the inhabitants off from it. The years have gone on and the ancient village land has passed from one owner to another and so many changes have been made in its pattern that all that is left is a little cemetery half grown over with weeds. The descendants of the old families resting in the cemetery, many of them with a reluctance born of real sentiment, have in some way secured tiny plots of land back from their beloved Clear Lake and continue to live their simple industrious lives. To their great honor several of their young men have served in both of the great World Wars, and one has recently been returned from overseas to find his last resting place with his forefathers in the old cemetery of Pokagon's Village.