



VACATION CENTER

Charlevoix
"the Beautiful"

OF WEST MICHIGAN

on three Lakes

CHARLEVOIX offers more in relaxation, rehabilitation and recreation than any other spot in Michigan. The broad sand beaches and wide-open water of Lake Michigan . . . the placid harbor waters of Round Lake . . . the glorious beaches and all the water sports of beautiful Lake Charlevoix . . . offers the perfect background for a restful vacation.

Charlevoix has accommodations for everyone . . . overnight cabins, small cottages, large summer homes; it has hotels to suit every walk of life; there are plenty of good eating places. The channels between the lakes are deep enough for all manner of boats . . . including steamers;

there is plenty of dockage and safe anchorage. There are civic shuffle and tennis courts . . . several excellent "deep sea" fishing services . . . steelhead fishing in Lake Charlevoix . . . bi-yearly perch run . . . plenty of other fishing. And Charlevoix is the debarkation point for historic Beaver Island — America's "Emerald Isle."

There are two golf courses . . . night clubs . . . dancing . . . boating of all kinds . . . good picture shows . . . horseback riding . . . bicycling . . . scenic highways . . . scenic boat trips. The city offers a very complete program of general entertainment for its guests throughout the year.

CHARLEVOIX BOARD OF COMMERCE

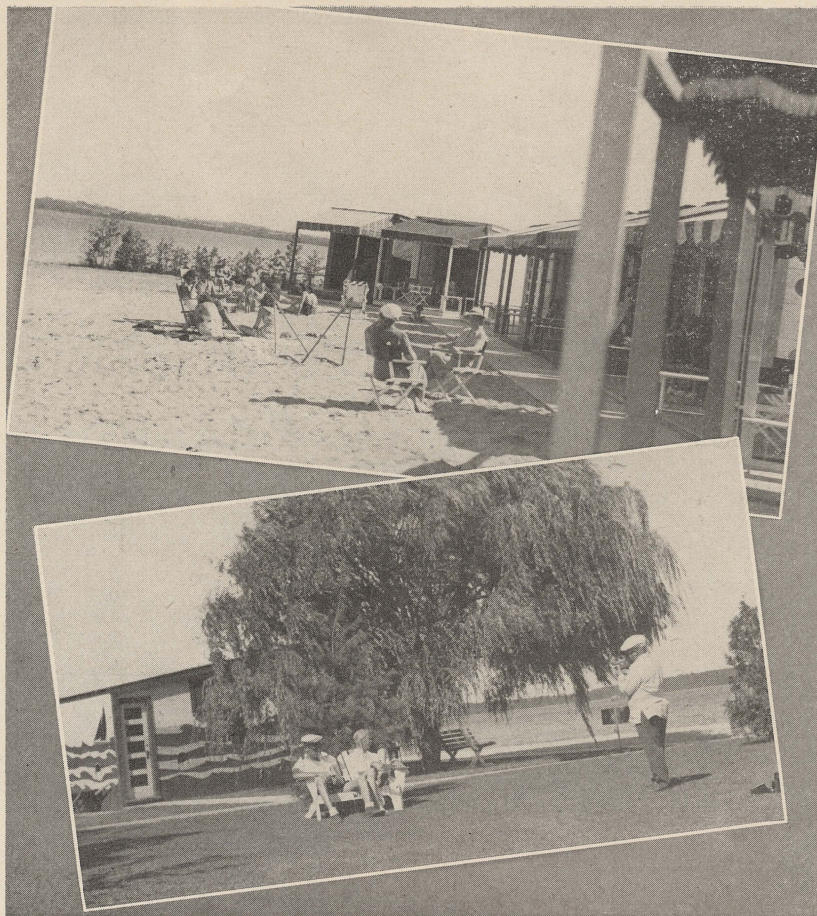
CHARLEVOIX • MICHIGAN

In Charlevoix there are shuffleboard courts in the park along the west shore of Round Lake, which also contains a General Information pavilion where folders, maps and detailed information may be secured, and at the Lake Michigan beach. Tennis may be played on the school courts. For golf there is the 18-hole course south of town, property of the Belvedere Summer Home Association, and the 9-hole Municipal links on the North Side, maintained by the city.

Another interesting spot is the old Indian church near an ancient burying ground on Greensky Hill, just beyond Petoskey avenue on the road to Petoskey. The land was given for burial use by a former Ojibwa chief, Greensky, and has been used for several hundred years by the Indians. Starting on top of a hill overlooking Susan Lake, (named for Chief Greensky's wife,) the ground has been filled to within a short distance from the church. This was built of hand-hewn timbers more than a hundred years ago, the ends of the logs being fitted so perfectly that no other fastenings were needed. It is now under Methodist control and regular services are held in it in both English and Ojibwa. The term, "Chippewa," is sometimes applied to this tribe, a corruption of the real name. In the field one passes through to reach the church are part of the old Council Trees, a circle of oddly deformed trees, some of which were cut before the city acquired the tract to preserve them.

Going south on US-31 to Atwood, turn to the right at the Atwood school corner, south of the junction of M32 and US-31, and drive about a mile and you will arrive at the house, on the right, where Rex Beach, the novelist, was born.

Charlevoix offers three large hotels, a number of smaller ones, and many pleasant cottages and rooming houses to accommodate their guests. There is a bicycle club; the Mt. McSauba bridle trail to the top of a high dune; and a new riding academy and dairy bar is planned for 1944.



Lakeside cabana colonies—spacious lawns—make comfortable loafing places for those who need rest.

East Jordan has the distinction of having for rail connection with the outside world one of the few old logging roads still operating in Michigan, the East Jordan and Southern, which connects with the Pere Marquette at Bellaire. One leaves a modern air-conditioned coach and steps into one, of the vintage of 1889, which has been in continuous service here since 1903. From its windows, (or if you are real nice to the conductor he may let you sit outside on the steps), you will see the swift waters of the Cedar River; perhaps a deer feeding back in the forest; squirrels and chipmunks will greet you with friendly chatter from among the trees as the engine slowly pulls you to the top of the 165 foot grade before coasting down the other side into the Jordan River valley to where the river empties into the South Arm of Lake Charlevoix. Along the right-of-way

hundreds of white pine trees, descendants of the original primeval forest that once covered this region, lift their fronded tops high against the sky while below them thousands of fir, spruce, and tamarack array their pinnacled tops in serrated rows like inverted Van Dyke lace. On some days the trip is made in a gasoline-motored coach but it, too, has the distinction of being "something different." Farmers come down to the crossings nearest their homes, flag the train, go to town, and are left off on the homeward trip with their loads of groceries, feed, etc. If you want to spend a few hours wandering around through the woods, pick your spot, then come back next noon and you will be left there, to be picked up again on the return trip. Not many springs ago the gas car stopped while a mother bear persuaded her three cubs, that were