



Once the site of an Indian village—now the summer home of Wm. F. Gallagher, President of The State Savings Bank of Owosso.

The Trail of Strawberry Point

An Incident of Indian Days in Michigan, Preceding
the Outbreak of the Pontiac Conspiracy

"Strawberry Point" is now a level field some forty acres in extent, covering a plateau elevated high above the surface of the surrounding waters. Strawberry lake washes the base of this plateau on the north and east. The Huron river, carrying away the waters of the lake, winds along the western

slope. A swamp, filled with a dense growth of tamarack, guards the southern base. The slope of the steep declivity from the crest of the plateau to the lake beach and river bank is fringed with timber and two or three summer homes are ranged at commanding points along the cliff overlooking Strawberry. Their occupants have a superb view of lake and plain, and of the rolling hills of the Livingston county divide, which form the northern horizon.

Once, in the long ago, when the Pottowattomies were the overlords of the soil, the plateau was timbered and its level surface was, in summer, studded with the wigwams of the Red Man. The elevated location, the sparkling spring waters, the fish of the many surrounding lakes, the game of the forests and the berries of the swamps made the spot, for them, a favorite camping ground. The Indian played on the ground where the white man plays today. The aborigines plied their canoes over the same water courses, hunted, fished and made love, as their civilized successors do in this later period.

The trail by which the Pottowattomies came up from the south to Strawberry Point led from the plains of Lenawee across central Washtenaw into the hills of Livingston. From Strawberry Point it crossed the Huron at the ford where that stream leaves Strawberry lake, and continued north up the valley of the outlet of Crooked lake (the tracks of the Ann Arbor railroad parallel it here), to the summit of the divide, where it joined the Chippewa trail leading down to the Shiawassee and on to Saginaw bay.

The legends of the red men do not reach back to the origin of the trail, but they confirm the fact that for centuries prior to the advent of the whites it was the line of communication between the tribes of the north and those of the south, both in war and in peace.

Forsythe bade adieu to his white companions at the portage between the waters of the Clinton and the Huron. With the four Ottawas and two canoes he started down the Huron, which is there narrow, and tortuous in its course, and was then (October, 1762), much obstructed with fallen timber. For some miles their progress was slow and laborious. Then, reaching a more open country, the two canoes carried the party swiftly down the hurrying currents through the wooded hills of western Oakland. The region was, as yet, uncharted by Englishmen, and Forsythe was, probably, the first of his race to penetrate the beautiful valley of the upper Huron. His exultation in the glories of the landscape was tempered however, by insistently recurring thoughts of the gravity of his mission into the wilderness. His Indian companions, too, were mindful of the fact that they were entering the land of the Pottawattomies, and that their reception was a matter of conjecture.

The second day the canoes reached less turbulent waters. The river was slackening its mad rush. The valley became broader, but the range of hills flanking either side still persisted. Vast natural meadows sometimes bordered the river bank, while the stream frequently swelled its surface into a pretty lagoon, or poured its waters into the deep reservoir of a hill-bound lake, substructing like measure at the outlet as it hurried on to the sea.

The sun was setting behind the tree tops at the western end of Strawberry lake when the winding river, making an abrupt turn to the right, delivered Forsythe's canoes into that picturesque body of water without warning of the sudden transition from the narrow forest-bound confines of the stream to the broad, smooth surface of the lake.

The Ottawa brave guiding the canoe in which Forsythe lay recumbent directed with a guttural grunt and an inclination of his head the attention of his master to the headland in the foreground. The admonition was, however, unneeded for Forsythe's eye was already fixed on the elevated point which, a half mile distant, pushed boldly out into the lake. Many tiny spirals of blue smoke, rising high above the timber that crowned the crest of the elevation, indicated a camp of considerable size. This, then, was the destination, the summer home of the Pottowattomies.

The sharp eyes of the Pottowattomies were not long in discovering the presence of the Ottawa canoes. The old Chief Kitchokema came forth from his lodge to appraise the strangers from his elevated outlook while active warriors, as a matter of precaution, secreted themselves at points of vantage in the willows fringing the narrow beach.

The canoe stood boldly across the lake to the landing at the point, reaching which Forsythe stepped on the shore with as much assurance as he would had it been the landing of a country estate on the Thames instead of the camp of a savage and none too friendly tribe in the wilds of North America, and directed his Ottawas to pull his canoes out alongside those of the Pottowattomies scattered along the beach, well knowing that unfriendly eyes were noting every movement from the surrounding thickets. This done, attended by his Ottawa retainers, he climbed the steep trail to the level tableland where Kitchokema waited the daring stranger.

Greeting the Indian potentate in the language of the Pottowattomie, which he had learned at Fort Pitt, Forsythe made a masterly acknowledgment of the fame and prowess of the chief and delivered, in fitting language, the message of good-will from the British king who had so recently supplanted the authority of the French monarch. As a token of the English good-will the king's messenger had brought presents for the chief and the Pottowattomies were invited to visit Fort Pontchartrain and hold council with the commandant, who would give further evidence of the regard which his people held for the tribe of Kitchokema.

With quiet dignity and inscrutable expression Kitchokema acknowledged the homage of the white stranger in the language of an accomplished diplomat, and promised that a big talk should be held on the morrow. The stranger should build his campfire next to the lodge of the chief.

While Forsythe was paddling down the swift currents of the Huron to Strawberry Point, Jean Cartier, French fur trader from the rapids of the Maumee, accompanied by his Pottowattomie wife, his half-breed daughter, a comely girl of twenty, his camp equipage and a small retinue of half-breed retainers, was coming up the trail from the south on his annual pilgrimage among the Pottowattomies and the Chippewas of the Suginaw.

Cartier reached Strawberry Point soon after Forsythe had domiciled his outfit next to that of the chief. Now Cartier was not merely a trader in fur. He was a man of much force of character and a trusted and active agent of the French conspiracy to foment the discontent of the Indian tribes with the new British occupation of the northwest.

The presence of an Englishman so far in the interior as Strawberry Point put Cartier on his mettle, and that night, while Forsythe lay in his tent

weighing the chances for the success of his mission, Cartier, in forceful words which his long intimacy and Indian relationship permitted him to employ without reservation, protested vigorously with the chief against the overtures of the Englishman. The Indian and the Frenchman had long been brothers. That it was their duty now to stand together against the iron rule of the new conqueror, which aimed at the ultimate destruction of both the Indian and the Frenchman by the settlement of the country, was the burden of Cartier's argument. The Ottawas who accompanied the Englishman were, Cartier said, paid hangers-on at Fort Pontchartrain, renegades, traitors to their tribe.

The old chief gave passive assent to the argument of his friend. But he committed himself to no policy. Time did not press a decision, and then the Englishman was there with fair words and two canoes laden with offerings. At the close of the interview Jean Cartier was as much at sea concerning Kitchokema's purpose as Forsythe.

The next morning the squaws began to gather brush wood and pile it in the center of an open space near the middle of the plateau. Their labors completed, the women retired into the forest background, from whence it was their custom to listen to the deliberate sessions of the warriors.

Singly and in groups of two or three the males entitle to participate in the councils of the tribe gathered and lounged in a circle about the pile of fagots. After a time Kitchokema came with slow, deliberate step and dignified carriage to take his place in the circle. The fagots were kindled and the legislative assembly of the tribe was in session.

Next came Forsythe, followed by his Ottawa attendants, bearing bales of merchandise upon their backs. Forsythe took the vacant place in the circle at Kitchokema's right. The Ottawas deposited their burdens within the ring and retired. Cartier, with a concern that his strong self-control could not conceal, leaned against the trunk of a massive oak in the background.

Kitchokema lighted the great pipe, pulled lustily on the long reed stem, and passed the symbol of fraternity to Forsythe. Forsythe did likewise, and the token was passed on around the grim and silent circle, representative of America's aboriginal democracy. Cartier watched the proceedings with sullen eyes.

This ceremony concluded, all eyes were leveled on Forsythe. The Englishman, fully advised of the task of conciliation that confronted him, rose to his feet and made an eloquent plea for a good understanding between the English and the Indian.

Respectful silence followed Forsythe's appeal. The Englishman's eye covered the encircled warriors, seeking to fathom the reception of his words.

But he could have gathered more information from the trees of the surrounding forest than from those expressionless countenances.

After an interval those braves whose age, experience and achievements for tribal interests entitled them to give voice to their opinions in council, rose in turn and addressed the assemblage. Some voiced suspicion of the English. Some recalled the long years of friendship and benovolent protection that the Indians had enjoyed from the French and boldly pronounced in favor of the old regime. A few mildly favored a pact with the English. None advocated rejection of the overtures of the Englishman. All looked with covetous eyes on the unopened bales within the circle.

When all had concluded, the wily old chieftain, correctly interpreting the temper of his people, accepted the proffered presents and the soft words of the Englishman, in speech bristling with savage diplomacy, and extended to Forsythe an invitation to sojourn for a time with the tribe to the end that they might learn more of each other. Kitchokema's invitation was virtually a command.

The result of the council was not satisfactory to Forsythe. Nor did it please Cartier. Instead of concluding Forsythe's mission, as he had hoped, it merely afforded him opportunity to begin the work of conciliation. It placed Cartier under the necessity of strenuous effort to hold the red man to his old allegiance. But the Frenchman came forward and congratulated the Englishman.

That night Cartier, leaving his family and retinue at the Pottowattomie village, departed, unattended, on the trail that led from the Point over the divide to the Saginaws.

Forsythe addressed himself with zeal to the task of winning the friendship of Kitchokema's warriors. He hunted and fished with them. He engaged with enthusiasm in their athletic sports. Around the campfire at night he regaled them with tales of the power and splendor of the British hosts beyond the sea.

And with it all he found time to cultivate an intimacy with Cartier's half-breed daughter that was not strictly in line with the instructions from Major Glawyn. Angeline Cartier, by her Indian admixture, lost none of the vivacity of her father's race, and was not as unsophisticated as her forest life would presume. Her father's constant companion, she had seen much of the society of the French frontier posts, and had once, before the British occupation, journeyed as far as Montreal.

She offered a pleasing diversion to Forsythe in his enforced sojourn at Strawberry Point and herself yielded readily to the advances of the cultured English scion. Forsythe's friendship with the half-breed maid was soon upon a firmer footing than his standing in the Pottowattomie village.

It was many days before Cartier returned to Strawberry Point. He reached the village after nightfall, accompanied by a sub-chief of the Ottawas resident along the Clinton who, by Cartier's intrigue, chanced to be a valuable lieutenant and confidant of the great Pontiac.

Cartier lost no time in arranging a secret conference, at his own camp, between Kitchokema and the Ottawa chieftain. The council lasted far into the night. The Ottawa talked. Kitchokema listened and conviction of his duty entered his soul as the speaker, with persuasive tongue, unfolded the great conspiracy that was forming in Pontiac's fertile brain for the purpose of forever ending British aggression and recovering for the tribes the territory of which they had been despoiled. In this confederation, the Ottawa assured Kitchokema that Pontiac planned the Pottowattomies to take a leading part and that a lion's share in the distribution of the spoils would go to his people. It was Kitchokema's opportunity to lead his people in a successful war. Listen to the English respectfully and accept their presents for yet awhile, but plan for the great blow that was to fall in the springtime along the whole white frontier.

The disposition of Forsythe, whom the conspirators suspected of being a spy rather than an ambassador, was the subject of much discussion.

Forsythe tossed his blankets in fitful slumber. The depressing uncertainties that harassed his waking hours were reflected in his dreams. A current of cool night air aroused him quickly. His eyes had time to note that the wall of his tent had been raised slightly next his pillow before a velvety hand, warm with the passionate blood of youth, was pressed upon his lips in a manner calculated to prevent outcry. There was no mistaking the soft touch of that palm. Forsythe was astonished, but not alarmed, and his own hands raised to imprison the intruding member when, bending close to his ear, her breath bringing riotous blood to his cheeks, Angeline whispered softly, "Come quickly. There is danger."

She led him through the sleeping village to the bank of the river at the ford. Here the camp of Forsythe's Ottawa guides was pitched. Indian ponies grazed on the bottom lands nearby. Relating the presence of the Ottawa chief in the village and the danger which threatened Forsythe, Angeline counselled immediate flight.

Forsythe was not slow to act upon the maid's suggestion. With his party he would have fled, in his canoes, up the stream down which he came to the village. But the earnest expostulation of the girl, educated in the ways of the forest, checked his purpose.

"Better stay here and face their displeasure," she cried. "They would have you back before nightfall and be assured that you are indeed an enemy of my people."

With the strategy of the born general she planned the retreat. "Two Ottawas will take the canoes up the river. Two will ride ponies away on the trail to the north. We will make no trail." She clasped his hand in both of hers and led him to the wigwam of the Ottawa guides.

The impulse of personal safety welled strong in Forsythe's breast. It did not occur to him to question the girl's sincerity. He was a lone white man, far from the protection of his comrades and surrounded by dangers that he could not fathom. He yielded implicit obedience to the half-breed, giving no thought to the complications that his folly might involve.

The Ottawas were dispatched as Angeline had directed, those riding to the north bearing a sealed packet to the Saginaw Chippewas, the others bearing a message to the commandant at Fort Pontchartrain.

After the departure of the Ottawas, Angeline led Forsythe into the shallow waters of the ford and thence down stream a few hundred feet to a canoe concealed in the rushes. Here Forsythe hesitated as Angeline pushed the canoe into the stream and embarked. Where was flight with this half-breed maid down an unknown stream leading. But his hesitation was only momentary.

"Come," whispered the girl, beckoning him into the canoe, "we go by water. We make no trail. They follow Ottawa."

There was no time to weigh matters of propriety or speculate upon the sequel to his adventure. He seated himself in the craft and grasped a paddle. With noiseless strokes they vanished in the dark thread of the forest-bound stream.

Angeline knew the river and its debouching lakes. She had passed over its course many times with Cartier's fur-laden flotillas. On through the shadows of the night the canoe followed the current of the waters like a phantom of the autumn mist, leaving neither sound nor ripple in its wake. The river bore them westward for some miles and then southward through a

broad valley. The stillness of the night promoted reflection. His nerves, steadied by the crisp air and the silent monotony of his paddle stroke, Forsythe began to take stock of the adventure fate had thrust upon him. Whither they were speeding he knew not. No word passed between him and the girl who kneeled in the bow of the canoe, her attention concentrated upon the paddle which held the craft to its course. That their swift flight was rapidly increasing the distance from the unknown danger that threatened at Strawberry Point he was certain. Of the purpose of the artless forest maiden he was not so sure. Was she conducting him to the protection of his friends or spiriting him away to some more remote fastness of her savage kinsmen? If she was acting the part of his deliverer a new dilemma forced its unwelcome suggestions upon his attention. The ties of blood were strong in her race. Nothing short of the grand passion would cause one of her kind to turn traitor to kindred. Forsythe had always looked with pitying contempt upon the squaw-men. Angeline had afforded a pleasant diversion during his stay at the Indian village. But the attraction was only the normal expression of the red blood of youth. And, were his sentiments strong enough to overrule his judgment, a French half-breed would hardly be acceptable to the Forsythes over the sea. Being a man of honorable intentions, and fully appreciating the service that the girl was apparently rendering him, Forsythe looked forward to the denouement of his adventure with extreme irritation.

The course of the river had now turned eastward and the black outlines of hills loomed high on either side of the Huron when the first warnings of daybreak began to glimmer in the eastern horizon. Angeline turned the canoe into a deep glen that cleaves the towering hills, and they concealed themselves for the day. The region was not frequented by red men at that season, but some Canadian voyagers might be passing and they were not to be trusted with information pertaining to the movements of an Englishman. Today their seclusion would have been broken by the screech of speeding locomotives, and amorous swain from Michigan's great seat of learning make the hiding place of Forsythe and Angeline Cartier a favorite tryst.

At nightfall the journey was resumed, and the succeeding morning greeted the fugitives at the head of Lake Erie. They landed in a sheltered cove. Forsythe climbed the bluff that faced their landing place that he might obtain a better view of the seemingly limitless waters that stretched before them. As, on reaching the summit, he turned to the lake his eye caught the gleam, across the broad estuary, of the cross of St. George fluttering lazily in the morning light over the stockade of Malden. His delight at the sight of this emblem of British authority was unbounded. The tension of the long, uncertain hours of flight broke and in the weakness of reaction the impulse of gratitude to the brave and resourceful girl who, at the cost of the esteem of her people, had wrought his deliverance, mastered him. He ran down the slope to the beach where Angeline was standing, clasped her in his arms and showered caresses upon her lustrous dark cheeks, while she lay quivering with the intensity of the passion that thrilled her being. No word was spoken until the storm of Forsythe's emotion passed. Then the primal instinct again asserted itself.

"Come," he cried, "we will make haste across to Malden, where we can defy pursuit."

Angeline followed Forsythe in silence and resumed her place in the bow of the canoe. Forsythe was now the master.

The trip to Malden was accomplished in safety, and from that post to Fort Pontchartrain they were convoyed by British soldiers.

At Pontchartrain they found Jean Cartier, who had arrived during the preceding night, storming, in mixed French and English, before the quarters of the commandant about the abduction of his daughter by an emissary of the post.

At sight of the pair he leaped at Forsythe with an animal cry. Strong arms disarmed Cartier and held him at bay while he cried for vengeance upon the despoiler of his daughter.

Forsythe met the embarrassing situation bravely. In those days such affairs of honor were settled upon the dwelling ground. Forsythe recognized the right of the angry father to insist upon reparation. "I have first to report the result of my mission to my chief, then I shall be at your service," he said to Cartier.

But Jean Cartier did not know that Angeline's attachment to the Englishman had not tempted her to betray the secrets of her people. Indeed it was his purpose to kill Forsythe for the latter's apparent violation of his family honor before the Englishman could divulge any information that he had gleaned concerning the Indian intrigue. The belief that Major Gladwyn would soon have knowledge that Jean Cartier was active in fomenting an insurrection of the Indian tribes and that he would be held amenable to swift English justice, as administered on the frontier, had a depressing effect upon his ardor to revenge himself upon Forsythe. While that gentleman was closeted with the commandant, Cartier, followed by his reluctant, but obedient, daughter, departed in much haste for the security of the wilds from whence he came and, for Forsythe, the incident was closed.

OPEN SEASON ON GAME

Rabbits—October 15 to December 31.—7 in one day.

Partridge—October 15 to November 20.—5 in one day.

Woodcock—October 15 to November 20.—6 in one day.

Duck and Coot—September 16 to December 31.—25 in one day.

Plover—September 16 to December 31.—15 in one day.

Rail—September 1 to November 30.—25 in one day.

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Pine Bluff and Bob White Beach

On the eastern shore of Strawberry, the Queen of Lakes, two miles by gravel road from Hamburg, the same distance by water from Lakeland will appeal to those who seek a quiet nook of enchanting beauty. A broad ribbon of hard white beach flanked by a forest of spreading elms and maples, a hard bathing beach suited for the kiddies, the novice and the expert swimmer washed clean by the incoming current of the Huron, all fanned by cool lake breezes, lend charm to this location.

Lots 50 by 150 to 350 feet are sold on liberal terms.

PINE BLUFF, with its foliage of white pine overlooks Bob White Beach and commands a superb view of Strawberry Lake and the surrounding country. To see Pine Bluff is to be convinced of its attractiveness.

Crescent Shores, fifty-two acres, with 100 rods on Loon Lake and the Huron River is shaded with fine young timber and has a good bathing beach. This property is undeveloped. It is for sale as a whole or sub-divided.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, ADDRESS

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Hamburg,

Michigan

*Where forest and hill and witching
waters meet*

STRAWBERRY



*The bathing beach—convenient to the Homasites,
clean and safe for the kiddies.*

STRAWBERRY Point Bluffs, in the Valley of a Thousand Lakes, is an elevated plateau jutting at an acute angle into Strawberry Lake, an extensive and picturesque body of water in the Huron River chain of lakes in southern Livingston County. You see the Point in the middle foreground of the panorama above. The waters of the lake break around this headland and wash the base of the plateau on the north and the east. The Huron River, leaving the lake through the woodland at the right, winds along the wooded western slopes. The southern base of the plateau is flanked by a broad ravine that is filled with a dense growth of evergreen.

In the long ago, when the Potawatomi Indians were the overlords of the soil, the elevated surface of the plateau was studded, in summer, with the lodges of the Red Men, and the aborigines left there indelible imprints of their occupation. The elevation (500 feet above the city of Detroit), the cooling breezes, the fish of the many lakes and the profusion of berries

that cluster the hillsides made this a favorite camping ground of the Indian, who then had his choice of campsites.

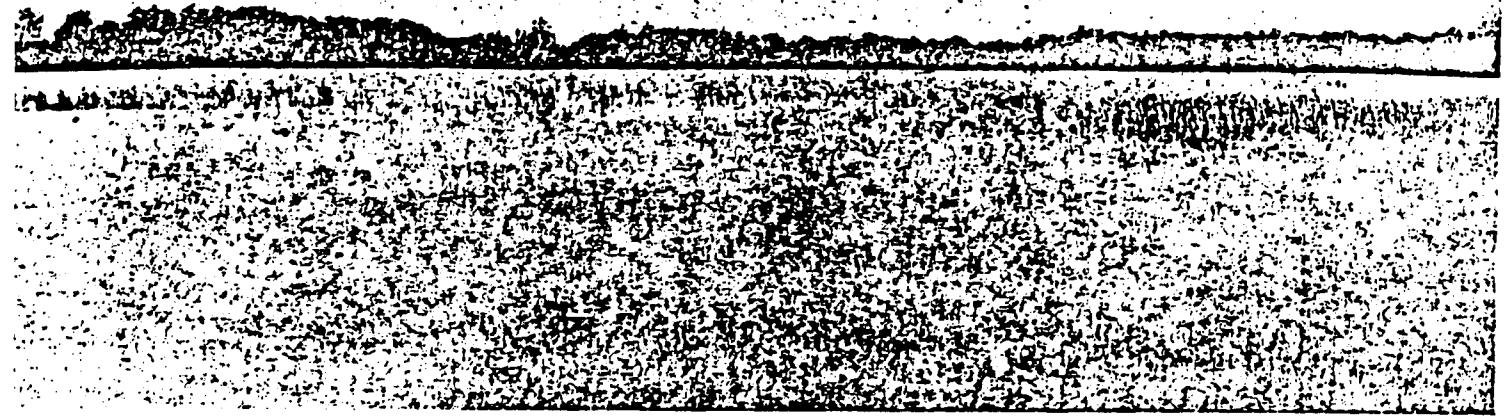
The intriguing history of the aboriginal American unfolds its legendary train about Strawberry Point. Two hundred years ago when Detroit was a tiny outpost of French sovereignty, Strawberry Point was the center of a land of mystery and enchantment. The enchantment has not diminished with the intervening years and the rugged beauty of the surroundings will bear favorable comparison with the storied places of other lands.

It was at Strawberry Point that the council fires of the Red Men were kindled and grim-faced warriors, representative of America's first democracy, gathered to determine questions of tribal policy, of peace and of war.

Through the unnumbered years of Indian occupancy the undergrowth was subdued by the browsing of ponies and the patter of moccasined feet; and, when white men first saw the Indian village, only the larger forest trees remained to break



*Looking up from the lower terrace at the bluffs
crowned with monarchs of the primeval forest*



*Untrammelled in his choice the Indian built
here his summer home*

POINT BLUFFS

ays of the summer suns and
to the plateau the appear-
of a sylvan arcade in which
uckskin lodges of the Red
fitted as assuredly as the
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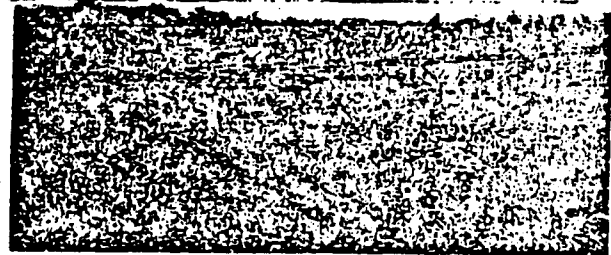
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of time. Its topography
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invested this exquisite
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smiling Valley of a Thou-
Lakes.

appealing charm of this
of which Strawberry
is the center, lies in the
changing scene and vista.
may romp through dense
ands and over rough,
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over hill and through
following trunkline high-
or hedge-grown byways.
may, from your lakeside
g, traverse twenty miles
inating waterways in swift

moving motor boat or gliding
canoe, where the deep, cool
pools abound in game fish and
wild life greets you from the
bordering forests. In all of these
rambles each turn of road or
trail, each bend of river or lake
discloses new charm to the lover
of Nature.

Since the land in the vicin-
ity of Strawberry Point Bluffs
was opened to settlement by
the United States government,
eighty years ago, Strawberry
Point has been held by the
family of W. F. Gallagher, of
Owosso, Michigan, passing on
from father to son, and the
property has been preserved
intact as the Indians left it, for
the personal use of the owners.

The demand for homesites
in this favored location has,
however, now become so insis-
tent that Mr. Gallagher has
decided to devote Strawberry
Point Bluffs to a select com-
munity of summer homes where
the charm of woodland and
water and the diversions of
out-of-door sports, hedged about
with the privacy of a private
estate, will add to the enjoy-
ment of quiet country life.



*The proposed 18-hole golf course and playgrounds
form the background of the Homesites*



*Bordering the golf course are acres of grassy dells
and moss-carpeted glades on the wooded slopes*

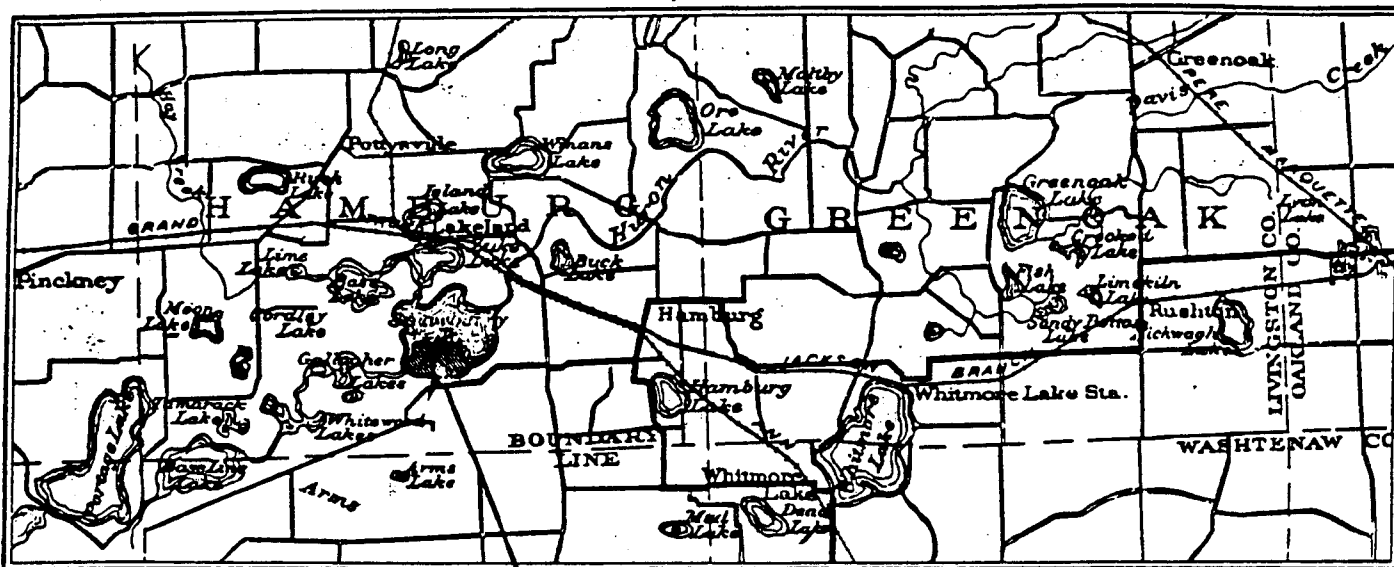


Kitchokema Cabin

STRAWBERRY POINT BLUFFS ON STRAWBERRY LAKE

W. F. Gallagher, Owner

OWOSSO, MICHIGAN



Strawberry Point Bluffs

The VALLEY of a THOUSAND LAKES

THE Huron River, for twenty miles of its course through the Valley, winds placidly through green meadows, laves the base of lofty hills, traverses the depths of game filled forests, enlarging its bounds at frequent intervals to form lakes of surpassing beauty, and making an

inland waterway for the craft of summer pleasure seekers unrivaled in scenic attraction.

Note the central location of Strawberry Point Bluffs along this waterway.

To reach Strawberry Point Bluffs from Detroit drive west on Grand River to Novi; thence

south one mile to the South Lyon Road; thence west through South Lyon to Hamburg; thence south one mile; thence west two miles to Strawberry Point.

From Ann Arbor drive north on M-65 to Whitmore; thence west to Hamburg and Strawberry Point.

The PROPERTY

TO those who seek a site for a summer home easily accessible over good roads from the centers of population, safe from public intrusion, restful in its exclusiveness, and charming in its surroundings, Strawberry-Point Bluffs has exceptional appeal.

The property includes 140 acres of rolling woodlands and open spaces bordered by a mile of water front and is devoted in its entirety to the outdoor pleasures of those owning homes on the Point.

Reached by a private drive from the public highway, the topographical features that made the former Indian village safe from hostile attack preserve the privacy requisite to quiet home

enjoyment, yet a few minutes by motor boat or auto places the home owner in touch with railroads, stores and the summer activities of resort centers.

Each homesite, from the elevation of the Bluffs, commands a sweeping view of Strawberry Lake, with its flitting pleasure craft, and on across woodland and farmstead, rolling hills and sparkling lakes to the rugged ridges that close about the Valley—a landscape unsurpassed in its picturesque beauty.

Back of the homesites are the tennis courts, 18-hole golf course and playgrounds. Bordering these playgrounds are sloping woodlands, grassy dells and moss-

carpeted glades affording opportunity for intriguing rambles.

Nature was in spendthrift mood when the contours of Strawberry Point Bluffs were moulded and garnished with shrub and tree and verdure. No landscape architect could fashion a site so completely meeting the requirements of delightful summer residence.

And all of this is within easy driving distance over smooth laid roads for the busy man of affairs in the surrounding cities.

40 miles from Detroit.

54 miles from Owosso.

16 miles from Ann Arbor.

40 miles from Lansing.

The inspection of the critical is invited.

T. W. FEATHERLY

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