

Early Days on the Lakeshore

By Dorothy Garesche Holland

Copied from the SDHC website, November 2023. This text is slightly different than the typewritten manuscripts in the Archives. Compare third paragraph, below, that begins "St. Louisans..."

Summer cottagers from St. Louis have visited the Douglas lakeshore since the turn of the century. In 1977 Dorothy "Dot" (Garesche) Holland undertook to record her impressions of the early years. These recollections were revised in 1983. When she visited the 1997 exhibit, Painting the Town: A Century of Art in Saugatuck and Douglas, which included a painting done by Marie Garesche which Mrs. Holland had loaned to the Society, she promised us a copy of her manuscript, but died the following year, in her nineties. This copy was kindly furnished by Vincent H. Beckman, a member of the Cincinnati contingent of summer cottagers. The Beckman family's arrival on the Douglas lakeshore is chronicled in another section of Dot's manuscript which will be included in a future edition of the newsletter.

For several years I have had the intention to jot down lakeshore memories and it would probably still be merely an intention were it not for the needlings of the late Chick Bohn. These memories in no way pretend to add up to the definitive history of the lakeshore, they are personal and primarily of the St. Louis contingent, which included many members of my family.

St. Louisans were not the first resorters in the shore. An early account of the lakeshore as a future summer resort was given me by the late Virginia Bartow. Her father, Dr. Edward Bartow, walked down along the lake from the old Ox-Bow Inn, now part of the art camp. They founded the section now called The Knoll. The original owners included also Professor Lucius Sayre of the University of Kansas, members of the Caldwell family and Frederick Sperry. About 1970 Miss Bartow told me that four of the Knoll cottages were still owned by descendants of the original owners who built in 1898. Some of us remember Dr. Bartow, a tall, handsome old man with a white mustache and a twinkle in his eyes. He was always at our branch post office in the morning and, an avid stamp collector, on the lookout for new issues.

It was during the summer of 1899 that my aunt, Marie R. Garesche, visiting friends in South Haven, took the fruit boat up to Douglas and hired someone to drive her out in a buggy to the lakeshore. She had heard of this beautiful untouched stretch of beach and was immediately entranced with the area. She bought about 100 feet of lakefront property from the McVea family and made plans for the summer home to which she intended bringing her aged parents each year. As my aunts never threw away any letters, after the death of the last one, Lala, I spent many hours going through boxes of correspondence, keeping out anything of interest. In March of 1900 my grandfather, Ferdinand L. Garesche, wrote his daughter, Louise, who was teaching in Minnesota, "Marie is going ahead with her plans for her cottage - a piece of madness none of us can prevent." It was considered a "piece of madness" because there was so little money available. Marie was an art teacher at one of the public high schools in St. Louis and despite her training at the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, later the Art School of Washington University, and a year's study in Paris under several well-known masters, she received a very small salary. A subsequent letter from her father to Louise reported that Marie had modified her plans, the first ones were too costly.

Marie and several of her four sisters spent the summer of 1900 in the cottage, both parents coming for visits plus several friends. Before her father arrived, he wrote that he knew the cottage was full, so if there was no room for him, please put him in the room underneath the cottage, "I don't mind being with the spiders." My Douglas memories begin in this cottage, although they are merely hazy fragments.

In 1909 my father, Ferdinand A. Garesche, and his brother-in-law, James B. J. O'Brien, bought about 30 feet of property on the south end of Marie's and put up their cottage. In the early 1900s the trip from St. Louis to Douglas was no matter of a seven or eight hour drive. We took the day train to Chicago, our family getting on in Madison, Illinois, just across the river from St. Louis where we lived. At the Chicago station we climbed aboard a Parmalee bus (in the very early days it was horse-drawn) and headed for the pier. There we took the lake steamer for the overnight trip, getting off either at Holland or the closer Jenison

Park. Breakfast was either in Holland or Saugatuck after we arrived by the Interurban which ended its run in front of the Butler Hotel. Then by bus or Mr. Daggett's taxi to the lakeshore. Later Mr. Daggett would bring over the trunks and the barrel of beer my father always sent up - once in a while one of the bottles turns up, a beautiful blue-green. One night there was a terrible storm as we crossed the lake and we were all scared and very ill; my mother said never again. From then on it was the night train to Chicago and the Pere Marquette Railroad to Fennville where our old friend Mr. Daggett would meet us.

At first all supplies came from Saugatuck and my parents and aunts would often walk to the Kalamazoo River and row over. Each family rented a boat for the season - our boat was number 17. There was also a ferry that crossed every hour, returning on the half hour, round trip a nickel. Later a horse-drawn bus ambled along the shore driven by one of the old men of the Campbell family, he was very kind to children and allowed my brother, John, when he was five or six years old, to ride up and down with him. There were also two motor buses from Saugatuck, both driven by enormously fat men. Each bus had four long seats that were open at the ends. When the buses were crowded, after the movies for instance, adventurous ones stood on the running boards.

It was those same buses that took us to -Mass on Sundays, to the small white frame St. Peter's [near the river in Douglas]. Later a new St. Peter's was erected on the edge of the bluff overlooking the river. Its beautiful simplicity has pleased everyone, residents and vacationers alike. For many years there was no resident pastor, the priest from South Haven came every Sunday morning. Sometimes his car broke down, sometimes the road was impassable, and he would phone Mrs. Fish who lived across the side street to tell us there would be no Mass. Mrs. Fish took care of the vestments and the church was opened by Mr. Devine who also acted as usher and collection taker.

Sometimes the appointed altar boy would not appear and when this became evident several boys or young men would step up into the sanctuary to serve. For years St. Louisan, Mrs. George Hellmuth, made herself responsible for the flowers and I remember her coming to our cottage to tell my mother it was her turn the following Sunday to provide them. She could either bring the flowers herself or give Mrs. Hellmuth two dollars and she would see to them.

There was no electricity at first. We had coal-oil lamps in the living room, dining room and kitchens, and candles for the bedrooms. Electricity was brought to the shore after a few years, but it was temperamental and the slightest storm would cause it to go off, so for years we kept a supply of candles and lamps on hand. We always had plumbing, although each cottage had a little outhouse for the help, but for a long time we had no hot water, except that heated on the kitchen stove or a little sterno in the bathroom where my father heated his shaving water.

After a few years the MacDonald brothers opened a grocery store in Douglas and fruit and vegetables were brought around by nearby farmers, -- the Felker peaches were especially delicious. Later on the Lelands opened a store in Saugatuck, an establishment with groceries on one side and merchandise on the other. I remember the little trolleys on wires that would be sent whizzing from the various counters to the cashier. The Butler Pantry occupies part of that space today. Mr. Walz was the butcher, we could hear his "Good morning," as we sat at the breakfast table and he would deliver the order in the early afternoon.

When I was very young there was an ice cream and candy stand across the road from our cottage, just a little stall where the shutters could be pulled down at night. It was owned by Sam McVea, "Uncle Sam" everyone called him, and later he was joined by his nephew Bill, the father of the present Bill McVea. They added a screened-in summer house holding two tables and had a choice of chocolate or strawberry sundae, but my generation preferred a large nickel ice cream cone or a box of Cracker Jacks with its prize. In the 1920s, much to the delight of the lakeshore residents, Bill McVea opened a grocery store. And it was a marvelous store, any staple anyone wanted or asked for, fresh vegetables and fruit from the nearby farms or even closer. One day my mother wanted some fresh corn and Bill turned to one of his helpers and

said, "Go out and pick a dozen ears for Mrs. Garesche."

For many years there was a wonderful butcher at the McVea store, old Charlie, a Czech, who had been a Chicago butcher until he retired and bought a little place down the shore. In one corner of the store were newspapers. Chicago, Detroit and St. Louis papers could be reserved, marked with the person's name, and put in a large pile. There was also a branch post office and the morning mail, distributed about 9:30, was the focal point of the day. Everyone gathered there, everyone knew who had recently arrived, bridge dates were made, teenage gatherings arranged and it was almost as good as a club.

Bill and Gertrude McVea were always patient, helpful and courteous, even in the midst of demanding customers, kids grabbing chewing gum, dogs on leashes and several people all wanting to be waited on at once. McVeas delivered not only groceries, but milk. Driving the truck, a museum piece, was a prized job; my cousin, Edmond Benoist, was one of the first drivers and was much envied by his contemporaries. It became a tradition for each driver to inscribe his name inside on the ceiling. The present Bill McVea still has the truck, called "Bruno" by its devoted drivers, and the names are still visible.

In my memory Douglas was a real paradise for children, we could roam safely at will and we spent days roaming - through Shorewood, through Camp Gray with its mysterious wooded paths, down to Campbell's dock to climb around in the boathouses until an irate Mr. Campbell chased us out, through the woods behind Trumbull's and Rosemont where we picked blackberries and discovered an arbor of luscious white grapes to which we, illegally, helped ourselves. Betty von Brecht, Marie Michel, Wilhelmina Howard and I rambled together, sometimes taking picnic lunches, often climbing Baldhead or taking the chain ferry to Saugatuck. We wandered through meadows catching butterflies, we collected tiny baby frogs on the river road, and searched for turtles in Turtle Creek.

In the mornings and early evenings everyone went to the tennis court owned by Trumbull's, a court still used by the present owners, the Corletts. It was the principal gathering place, togetherness being more important than the actual game. As 10 or 11-year-olds we were snubbed by our teenage elders, but we came anyway. Then, as now, there were beach suppers, marshmallow and hot dog roasts, and, sometimes in August, corn roasts.

Card games were popular from the very first days and I can remember being half asleep when a loud cry would come up from the dining room as someone won a big pot at poker. My parents, mother's sisters, Laura and Rosaline O'Brien and their friends loved to play and the evening would end with a Welsh rarebit made by my mother. Often when they were playing there would be a tap on the window and there would be Miss Sophie Sloan with a whispered, "Can I get in the game?" She loved the company of younger people and they loved to have her.

Then there were the more staid 500 and, later, bridge parties with four or five tables of dressed-up ladies and a sprinkling of men. Before flashlights were popular each household had one or more candle lanterns and as each guest came in she would deposit her lantern at the door. When it came time to go home there would be much confusion trying to identify the lanterns. The wise ones had tied a colored string around the handle. Elaborate refreshments were served about 11, my mother's specialty was tomatoes stuffed with crabmeat salad and hot biscuits followed by ice cream with red raspberries and cake. I was pressed into service to help the cook and pass the biscuits. Every cottage had a cook, often a nursemaid, and on Thursdays and Sundays they would gather at the Douglas Beach for a picnic.

The place to go for the teenagers and almost teenagers, especially on Saturday and Wednesday nights, was the Big Pavilion in Saugatuck. One of the mothers would take a group of us over and find a bench on the river side. Girls who stayed on the street side were looking for pickups, so it was said. At any rate, those from the lakeshore always settled in about the same spot. The floor was wonderful, the music equally wonderful, and each dance cost seven cents. When the boys were broke our mothers would buy tickets. The girls paid 15 cents entrance fee to the Pavilion, but the boys managed to slip over one of the rails on the porch along the street side or go through a window. At one end of the pavilion were the movies and at the other end an ice cream and refreshment stand. For some obscure reason we never ate there. Parrish's Drug Store was the place to go.

To return to the cottage building. Aunt Marie, not foreseeing the day when almost every cottage would need two parking spaces, proceeded to build three more cottages on her property. The one next to our family cottage went up about 1911 or 1912 and was rented for many years to the Dinks Parrish family of St. Louis; Mr. Parrish never came to Douglas, but the ladies in his family loved it. Mrs. Parrish, always known as "Miss Ag" even to her children, had two sisters who lived with them "Aunt Sal," an unbelievably salty character, and another who was rarely seen. There were three Parrish daughters, all great readers, Grace and Wilhelmina, excellent, almost professional photographers, whose work has been exhibited at the Missouri Historical Society, and the youngest, Isabelle, later Mrs. Morgan McCormick.

This cottage, named "Sans Souci" meaning "without care," was the summer home of the von Brecht family of St. Louis for many years. In 1954, after renting it for several seasons, Chick and Jeanne Bohn purchased it, and Jeanne, her children and grandchildren occupy it every year. The next cottage erected on the property, right on the beach, was the Maisonette, put up about 1914, with a lower level of two extra bedrooms. In the 40s it was purchased by my aunt, Lala Garesche and her friend, Grace von Phul, and the lower part remodeled and enlarged. Lala died in 1961 and Grace sold it to Mary Northern and her brother and sister-in-law, the Hafkas, who sold it to Sue Erikson of Hinsdale, who has done considerable remodeling, bringing in the furniture from her former home and has made a lovely year-round house.

It was probably about 1916 that Aunt Marie built the "cement" cottage, actually stucco and called it "Ravinedge." She lived in this cottage for every summer from then on, except the seven or so years she was in Europe. At one time she had severe eye trouble and the doctor told her she must be absolutely quiet for a long period. She and her sister, Millie, decided to spend the winter, so she installed a furnace and settled down. Much to the consternation of the family in St. Louis, she sent home snapshots of the frozen lake and, even worse, of the shore photographed from the frozen water. She was spending her "quiet" winter climbing out over the ice mounds to take pictures! Unfortunately, these pictures have been lost. Ravinedge was left to her sisters, Lala and Mimi, and eventually came to me in 1961. I rent the upper part, my son Gary and I live in the apartment below, and further down the old studio has been remodeled into an apartment.

Before leaving Marie R. Garesche, I must add a few words about her art; unfortunately she had no agent to promote her work and she sold her pictures in her Michigan studio and in Florida where she spent many winters and had a small shop and studio. Many of her paintings are lovely, especially those she did in Greece and the flower pictures. In her seventies she took up etching, installed an etching press (since donated to Ox-Bow) in the Michigan studio and turned out some really handsome etchings. She exhibited frequently, her pictures being accepted at many juried shows. She was a founding member of the Artists' Guild of St. Louis and of Artists' Equity in the same city. Most of the family own and cherish her pictures.

In 1900 one of Aunt Marie's friends, Mrs. John O'Fallon Delaney, came to see her new summer home, and promptly fell in love with the area, buying the property south of Marie's, excluding the McVea right of way. The Delaney cottage was larger and much more elegant than any previously built. Although the Delaneys had no children, they wanted plenty of room for relatives and friends. Her sister, Miss Sophie Sloan, lived with them and the two ladies always referred to each other as "Sister Lizzie" and "Sister Sophie." Mr. Delaney lived the life of an English gentleman portrayed in novels written before the first World War. He had inherited a great deal of money, he had received an excellent education, holding degrees in both law and medicine, he had traveled extensively and had never worked a day in his life. Tall and handsome, he always, even to his last somewhat hazy days, had beautiful courtly manners. Mrs. Delaney, a busy, bustling little woman was one of the kindest people alive and never happier than when doing something for someone.

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Almost every summer there were guests in the Delaney cottage, chief among them her cousins, the Wygant family. Mrs. Wygant, the former Marie Tracey, had married into the army and while I do not remember Colonel Wygant every coming to Douglas, I remember all the children well. The oldest was Marie, about my age, and the first child I remember playing with. She later married Potter Curran of St. Louis whom she met one summer and was left the Chalet where they used to come before she died some years ago. Another visitor was another cousin, the fascinating Nell Tracy, the belle of St. Louis in her debut year. She was less than five feet, had deep dimples and golden hair and where she was at the cottage there were always beaux arriving from St. Louis. She married Hardy McVeigh, a brother of the senior Mrs. John Barrymore and moved to California. Her daughter Tracy inherited the Delaney cottage at Mrs. Delaney's death and after several owners it now belongs to Petty Thiel whose husband, Ed, purchased it some years before his death. They have made it a beautiful winterized home and returned it to the graciousness Mrs. Delaney gave it.

For many years Mrs. Delaney had a butler-chauffeur, Luther; Margaret, the cook; and up in the third floor room was an old black woman, Angelique, too old to work but kept almost as a member of the family and who occupied herself with the household mending. Margaret, the cook, a World War I widow, had a little red-headed girl who became devoutly attached to Mrs. Delaney and who eventually was almost - but not quite - adopted by her and who later caused her endless heartache and trouble by her escapades.

Margaret later married and she and her husband stayed on with Mrs. Delaney after Mr. Delaney died and the poor old lady became a virtual prisoner of the two. She had become progressively confused and had for some time complained that much of her silver, fine china and other furnishings had disappeared and that money did not last as long as it should. Finally, friends brought suit to have her declared incompetent (the only way her relatives could dust Margaret). The suit was successful, the thieving couple ejected, a good nurse and a cook engaged and Mrs. Delaney, one time *grande dame* of St. Louis ended her days peacefully.

Directly north of our cluster of cottages is one owned for many years by the Woodcock family, now belonging to Lilah and Maurice Paris, and beyond are two cottages belonging to the family of the late Dr. Clark, one to his widow, another to his son. Beyond these is a large very old house, once used as a summer school for girls by a Miss Butts, and later sold to Mr. Walsh of Cincinnati. He bought the cottage about 1910 or so and he and Mrs. Walsh and their eight children spent many summers there. It has belonged for many years to Mr. and Mrs. Paul F. Ring of St. Louis and is frequently filled with various of their seven children and 17 grandchildren and friends. The last cottage before the Knoll belongs to the Allan family, Dr. Allan of Alton, Illinois and Bill Allen, *who for some time was a newscaster in Grand Rapids*. For the last several years Genie and Dr. George Thoma of St. Louis have rented it.

One St. Louis family built a cottage at the far end of the Knoll, the Landon Lodges, later sold to Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Stutzman, also of St. Louis. Across from the Knoll is the summer home of Bob and Julia Carr and their daughter and son-in-law, Twink and Charlie, and next door is the house owned by State Senator and Mrs. Raleigh McCormick and now belonging to their daughter Virginia Worthington.

Mr. Walsh was so delighted with Douglas that he sang its praises to a Cincinnati friend, Mr. Joseph Hummell who with Mrs. Hummell and their daughters came to stay at Beachmont and who, about 1917, bought a white house next to Homestead. The family has spread out over the original property and the Homestead property they bought in the 1950's. The original house is now the O'Donnell-Macheca cottage, belonging to the two daughters of Gertrude Hummell von Brecht. Mary and Jerry Wagner lived for many summers in the small house right on the golf course which Mr. and Mrs. Hummell built for their retirement years. Now that cottage belongs to the Wagner's younger son, Jerry. Mary and Jerry built another cottage on adjoining property and their son, Bob, spends most of the year there. Gertrude, as the widow of Carl Rohs, married Charles von Brecht, a Douglas romance, and when they turned over the big house to their children, built a smaller one for themselves and son, Charles. Add to this the "Snore House," a converted laundry house

to a guest accommodation bunk house and the total number in the compound is five. Joe Rohas and his children often spend time at the big cottage.

Another Cincinnati family to settle in Douglas was that of the Beckmans, Mrs. Beckman being the sister of Mr. Hummel. They bought an old farmhouse south of Center Street, now owned by their children, Paul and Vincent Beckman and Irene Leveroni, and often visited by the two Jesuit sons, Fathers Bob and Jack Beckman. Vincent Beckman, the oldest son, married the late Betty Desloge of St. Louis after another Douglas courtship. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Desloge had summered in Douglas for many years. The Vincent Beckmans and her brother, George Desloge, purchased a house on the corner of Lake Shore Drive and the road leading to the highway and converted it into apartments. A third member of the Desloge family, Kilo Meslans, had an antique shop for several years and divides her time between Douglas and Belaire, Florida.

Directly south of the former Delaney, now Thiel, property are two cottages belonging originally to the Bicknells, then to descendants, the Watts, and now to the Woods family. Some of the Bicknell descendants still come to Douglas, among them Josie Watt and her husband, Bill Clark of St. Louis, a third Douglas romance. They occupy a Shorewood cottage which belonged to her parents. Only one other St. Louis family ever owned a Shorewood home, Douglas and Emma Garesche Houser. The younger Houser son, James, became interested in collecting rocks he found on the beach, later majored in geology, and today is on the staff of the St. Louis Museum of Science.

Beyond the Woods cottage is the large house designed and built by George Hellmuth, St. Louis architect, for his family and that of his parents-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Fowler. It is a beautiful house and was always beautifully kept, the scene of much entertaining and sold after the death of Mrs. Hellmuth to the Shuhans. Mrs. Fowler was a sweet little old lady with large black eyes. Her husband was a fiery little man who always carried a cane. In the late 30's and later Mrs. Hellmuth took "paying guests" in a most elegant fashion, service plates and large damask napkins at dinner and such elaborate meals that all the guests put on pounds. None of the Hellmuths come to Douglas these days except Sister Hildegard Hellmuth RSCJ, who visits the Ibsen cottage.

Directly south are several houses owned by the Corletts and then the cluster of Atwood buildings, the main house dating back to the early days. Beyond the Atwoods is the cottage built by the Merrills of Chicago and now owned by Otto Erker of St. Louis, and south of it is the house built by the Aleshire family and bought some thirty years ago by Bob and Avis Barrett of Chicago.

Miss Sophia Sloan owned several rental cottages at the time of her death, the one next to the Barretts was rented for many years to the Morgan McCormicks and has since been pulled down and a new cottage erected on the lot. Beyond that was another Sloan cottage, one of the oldest on the lakeshore, sold to Helen and Harry Painter and, after their deaths, to Helen and Gene Worcester who remodeled it considerably, making it a year-round home. Last summer it was sold and Gene and his second wife, Dee, moved to Arizona.

The Vanderberg cottage is next, two early houses in this area were built about 1897 by D. C. Barto and William A. Douglas, the Vanderberg and Worcester houses are surely these two. The Vanderburg cottage was occupied for some years by the Arthur Friths, she was a first cousin of my father, the former Mimika Farish, and he was a professor of architecture at the University of Chicago. Their only child, a handsome, gifted boy, was run over and killed by a streetcar and within a year his father died. His mother lived to be 96 and even at the end of her life could never mention her son without tears rolling down her cheeks.

To the south is the house built by Ben Benoist and his wife, another cousins of ours, Adelaide Garesche, a beautiful charming woman, and her husband one of the kindest men who ever lived. The cottage was built about 1914 and they spent many summers here. Their eldest son, Edmund, was killed in an automobile accident and the cottage belongs to their daughter, Mica Lee Ibsen, who frequently has as guests her younger brother, Bill, and his wife.

The last cottage on the lake side before Center Street was built by the Bolin family of St. Louis, probably like so many others about 1910. There were three daughters who spent summers there, Adele, Edith, Mrs. Oliver Dorr, whose husband was head of the famous catering firm of Don and Zeller, and Amy, Mrs. Kniedelseder, and two sons, Bill, killed in World War I and John, the last of the family to use the cottage. It is now owned by Jack Hennessy of St. Louis.

On the other side of the road beyond Center Street is Elkhorn Lodge, rented through the years to several St. Louis families including the Frank Corleys and their children, Bob, Frank, Margaret, John and Bill. Mrs. Corley was of the Curran sisters, the other three also summering in Douglas from time to time; Mrs. John Tierney with her large family let the teenagers take over her home every evening, as she read quiet upstairs. They all knew that they were expected to leave at 11 p.m. and as none of the attractive Tierney girls were allowed out after that hour, the rest of the group went on to their homes. Two of the Currans married brothers, Abigail was the wife of So! Gross and June of William Gross, both families spent many seasons here. Elkhorn Lodge was later occupied by Frank and Catherine Smith and their twin daughters, Donna and Barbara, now the wife of Tom Eagleton, senator from Missouri. Still later Jim and Delphine McClellan and their children rented the cottage for several years.

South of Elkhorn Lodge is a large white house owned for many years by the Switzer family of St. Louis. They bought it in the 30's and it had at one time belonged to the Smulskis of Chicago. Mrs. Smulski was an opera singer and would sing at St. Peter's every Sunday, her glorious voice filling the little church. The Switzers had a large family and Mrs. Switzer's mother, Mrs. Kern, would always be with them. A familiar figure along the shore was Ernie, the family chauffeur.

Farther south Mark Eagleton owned a cottage where he and Mrs. Eagleton and their two sons, Mark and Tom, spent the summers. Later the second Mrs. Eagleton and their son, Kevin, occupied it. Now the house is owned by Joe and Kay White who remodeled it considerably. Joe spent many summers in Douglas with his parents, Joe and Eunice White.

Going back to the north of Center Street there are two cottages just north of Rosemont, the larger of which was built by the Vincent de Messimys of Chicago; she was still another cousin of Marie Garesche of St. Louis, and they had one beautiful daughter, Pauline. Cousin Vincent was a delight, his appearance was not unlike the description of Agatha Christie's famous detective, Poirot, although his black mustache was short. He had dropped his title of count when he came to this country from France but had preserved his engaging French accent. He was a great wit and raconteur and a gourmet who boasted of teaching the chef at one of the large Chicago hotels how to make bouillabaisse. Their cottage was built in 1912 and sold in the 40's to Don and Pete (von Brecht) Heuchen who occupied it for many years with their children, Heather, Buzz, Charlie and Mary.

About 1915 the de Messimys sold part of their property to friends named Sarpy, also French, who had one little girl, Victoria, on whom they doted. The cottage they built was later sold to Mr. and Mrs. Morgan McCormick and left to their children, Betty and Dinks. Now it belongs to Dinks and his wife, Jan, who are there every summer with their family.

For several summers the de Messimy cottage was rented by the Reyburn family of St. Louis who came with their four daughters, Charlotte, Juliette, Helen or Bubbles, and Mary. One time in the early 20's when automobile travel had recently become popular, one of Juliette's beaux, Eugene de Penaloza, motored up to see her. It had always taken two days to make the trip from St. Louis but to the surprise - and horror - of the lakeshore, "Penny" made it in one day. The elders shook their heads, predicting that a young man so addicted to speed would come to no good end.

To the north is a house belonging originally to Miss Anna Trumbull and rented at one time to the Sessions of Chicago who had a son, Buster. For many years it belonged to the Edward Thiel family of Chicago. Recently it was sold to Jerry and Jane Allan of St. Louis who were long-time summer residents and who formerly owned a cottage in the Felker orchard addition where their children, Libby, Haskell, Anna and Jane, spent their summers. Next door on the property where once stood a house belonging to Mrs. Moss is one recently purchased by Tom and June Corrigan of St. Louis.

Mrs. Moss of St. Louis, a transplanted southerner, had a beautiful garden that she so cherished that if a tennis ball from the court directly behind would be knocked in it, she would refuse to return it. She was an avid bridge player and although she was inclined to be cantankerous at the card table, there was a game in progress almost every evening in her living room. In those days the road was not paved and Mrs. Moss, disliking the dust that drifted into her cottage, would often put the sprinkler in the middle of the road and whether you were walking or riding it was up to you to maneuver around the spray. Even when she was in her late sixties Mrs. Moss swam a half mile every day. It was a daily occurrence to see her rubber-clad head as she breaststroked through the water, and then to watch her walk back along the shore in her knee-length bathing suit and black stockings.

"Lalla Rookh" was built by my aunt, Lala Garesche, about 1920. She was a graduate of Columbia University in New York and a major in dietetics and decided to put her degree to good use, so she opened a tea room which struggled along for a few years, then closed. (However, the house is still referred to as "The Tea Room.") A number of St. Louisans have rented it from time to time, among them Walter and Peg Muckerman and their children, Peggy, Walter B., Peter and Steve. The cottage was left to a niece, Emilie Garesche Hesse of La Grange, Illinois. She and her husband, Al, come every summer, often joined by their daughters, Susie Williams and Ginny Le Very with their children, and son Freddie Hesse.

North of the Hesse cottage is a small one built by the most - shall we say_ "picturesque" - lakeshore characters, Professor and Mrs. John Beverly Robinson. A faculty member of the Washington University School of Architecture, he was a tall thin man with a drooping walrus mustache. Mrs. Robinson, whom he adored, was large and always clad in amazing garments. Her grandmother had left her twenty trunks of clothes, material, trimmings, laces and so forth, and Mrs. Robinson used to say that the materials were too beautiful to cut. She draped the silks, dimity and lace around herself, securing them with pins, and wore large hats adorned with flowers, bunches of grapes or some other bits of trimming from which the ancient price tags still dangled.

The front yard was a jungle of weeds, carefully water each day, our "wild flowers" as they were called. Mrs. Robinson was an artist and loved to paint in different locations, but as she was elderly and not strong, walking even a short distance was too much for her. The professor would escort her along the road carrying a kitchen chair which he would put down every 50 feet or so, that she might rest. Her paintings were charming, many of them beach scenes and her husband would say proudly, "No one can paint clouds like my Betsy." As Mrs. Delaney she was taken in by unscrupulous people when she was a widow, several young men were presumably taking care of her cottage and her house in St. Louis and were cheating her out of everything she had. Apparently her daughter, wife of a St. Louis doctor, and her sons, who lived in the east, could do nothing. The cottage was sold to Bill and Lucille Suffer of Chicago and later to Raymond and Esther Eddy.

In the 20's, 30's and early 40's there were many rental cottages. Aunt Marie had seven, to the four on the original lot she added one next to the Douglas Beach, later purchased by the Cergizan family and still later by Ammon and Cone Schreur who did a beautiful remodeling job. Marie also built two more on Center Street, known as the bungalow and the colonial. Miss Sophie Sloan owned seven and after her death, Mrs. Delaney continued to handle the rentals for the various heirs. Miss Louie Luckow had three or four, the Bryans put up some behind Rosemont.

So many families came to Douglas, some for one year, some for many. Among them were the William Brammans with their daughters, Barbara and Hildegard and son Bill; the O'Donnells with daughters Mary, Jane and Betty and sons, Bill and Jack. Bill married Julie von Brecht in still another Douglas romance. The Lindsey Franciscusds rented The Chalet for some years with their daughter, Mary, and sons, Lindsey Jr. (called "The Chief") and Buzz. The Lawrence O'Neils were here for many seasons with son, Lawrence Jr., Nancy and Bonnie who married John Baryon of Saugatuck. Dr. and Mrs. Funsch and their family spent many summers in Douglas.

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Early Days on the Lakeshore [\(Continued from Page 160\)](#)

By Dorothy Garesche Holland

Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Kinsells, the daughter, Mary Janet, and sons, Ralph Jr., Edward and Peter, were frequent cottagers and the sons and their families still summer in Douglas. Two families of Halls came for many years, Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Hall and their sons, George, Louis and Phil, who later built a cottage at Pier Cove. The Edward Halls had two daughters, Nonie and Betty, and one son, Eddie. And before ending the account of the Lakeshore cottages, the first one built by Marie Garesche was sold in the 1930's and later to Jim and Georgann Kennedy who spent many summers there with their 10 children and after her death it was sold to the Kosac-Ginrich families.

For many years, almost from those first early days, there were four boarding houses along the Lakeshore, all on the side across from the lake. Farthest to the north was Beachmont, belonging to the William McVeas and close by Homestead owned by Miss Lizzie McVea and her brother, Sam. Next in line was Tremble's, owned by the lady of that name, the property including the original house now known as "Ballykeyll," owned by the Corlett family, Rosemont belonged to the Bryans and was the last of the four to be operated as a boarding or rooming house. It changed hands several years ago and was elegantly remodeled and now called "Rosemont Inn." Both Beachmont and Homestead were pulled down long ago.

For some reason Trumbull's was the most popular among the St. Louis people and often those in cottages would take their meals there. Among the Trumbull regulars were the Michel family of St. Louis, Mrs. Michel, Celeste, Marie and Charlies; the James Tylers and their children, Caroline, Sara Nonie and James; Mrs. Adreon with Clemence, Clark and Josephine; Mrs. Warfield and her daughters, Charlotte and Margaret who would open one of the most celebrated decorating shops in St. Louis introducing the English style glazed chintz; and Dr. and Mrs. Senseny, the sons George and Jack, and niece, Janet Phelan. Others who stayed there in the very old days were the Price sisters, Miss Sidney, Mrs. Grace Adreon and Mrs. Rogers Scudder and the gorgeous Lil Hattersly, bridge teacher and daughter of the writer, Kate Chopin, recently accorded her place in American literature at long last. Bobby Hattersly accompanied his mother during her visits here.

When my brothers John and Bob were teenagers they had a wonderful crowd and one thing they all enjoyed was a homemade diving tower built like the skeleton of a wigwam with two small platforms. Each year they would all get together, cut down a small tree, build the platforms and haul the tower out into deep water and anchor it with stones. A big storm would invariably dislodge it and carry it far down the beach where it would have to be rescued and pulled back. If the boys faltered they would be sternly urged on by Hildegard Hellmuth, usually the instigator of the annual tower building. There were many teenagers around in those days of the 20's and 30's. Summer school was not as important as it is now and summer jobs not as vital in those days of low tuition.

My two younger brothers, Phil and Dick, were teenagers in the 30's and early 40's. One of the features of their era was the afternoon baseball game on Trumbull's beach. There were lots of boys here in those days - Corleys, Kinsellas, Wynnes, Franciscuses, Beckmans, O'Donnells, Tiernays and many others who gathered for a hard fought game cheered on by an admiring audience of girls. Several times a month they would play the Douglas team on their field in the village with the same admiring audience - plus Mrs. O'Donnel, the most enthusiastic fan, in the bleachers.

Another year or so and the boys were all scattered, to the Pacific, the Atlantic, to England, France, Italy, India - in the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, the Marines. All of them, thank God, came back and most of them have often visited the Lakeshore since those days. And this is a good place to stop the account of Douglas activities. So much has changed since World War II. Automobile travel is so easy that people can come for a weekend. No one arrives with several trunks to spend the summer. People came and went with such facility that no one could keep track of who was on the Lakeshore. Even with such changes, much is the same - the beach, the lake, the quiet road, the atmosphere of peace and the love we all have for this beautiful place. I know that my father's descendants send up silent words of thanks to him for our many happy summers in the cottage although, as he often told us, he had to borrow his half of the \$1500 it cost to build it.