

# One Summer — 1950

By Lois Steury

That was a summer full of stories and memories. I don't remember how it all came about. How did I learn about this summer job? How come my parents let me go so far from home after graduating from High School? I do remember riding a bus with other girls to get there. "There" was Hack Ma Tack Inn. I had a job in this rustic inn, answering phones, selling cigarettes and candy, and helping the chambermaid (was her name Helen?). There are so many memories of that summer at the inn.

Oh, I also waited tables on one weekend. Since I didn't (and don't) like the limelight, I had difficulty waiting tables without the people looking at me!! I really messed up—forgot what they wanted, went through the wrong swinging door, etc.

The only boy working with all the girls was Jack Soudriette, son of the owners. Jack was drafted that summer for the war in Korea. We all had a bonfire to commiserate Jack's future. Most of us had never known anyone who went to war. It was a very sad occasion for all of us.

We all lived in cabins behind the inn. One morning, I knocked on the door of one whose alarm clock wasn't working. That led to a problem with one of the owners who wondered why I was at Jack's door.

One time Jack shot a cat under my cabin to put it out of its misery. I had a hard time with that, but understood why it had to be done.

One day, some of the young people working across Mullett Lake, Topinabee, came over to visit us. My only memory is that one of them was the son of a millionaire and I decided he could not be a good person because of his wealthy family. (I was very judgmental about him — unfairly.)

Another day, we walked to Cheboygan, along the Cheboygan River as Hack Ma Tack Inn is on Mullett Lake and the Cheboygan River. There was good fishing for those who like to fish. No motor boats were allowed as I remember.

This May, 57 years later, Al and I went to Hack Ma Tack. We had a great dinner while viewing the Cheboygan River. The staff was interested in my memories from that summer. Julie asked if I would be willing to write an article about my memories to start a newsletter online. It would be so interesting to connect with the “girls” I worked with there. They said that Jack Soudriette occasionally comes back, so hopefully he will contribute his memories, also. Can’t tell where this will lead, but it will provide a new tangent in my life along with my first writing on this subject. (No limelight problems with this!)

Lois (Manchee) Steury  
Norton Shores, MI