

put a sea anchor in the ground, then with four guys on the winch pulled her up on the beach. Then the skipper called my Dad and said, 'I wish them damn boys of yours would drown and get it over with. We're tired of pullin' them out of the lake.' It was about the third time we come in at the Two Heart and old Cap Hickey was getting a little mad."

Tom fished offshore with his brothers for six years and "took some wild rides. Sometimes we couldn't get ashore for two or three days. We'd just tie up and ride."

When Tom and Roy get together for their yearly visit, it was time to "Remember when?"

"I'll tell ya one thing that I remember," said Roy. "We were way out on the Canadian side, to hell and gone. It was a rough day and we were settin' flag-buoys. Of course, that flag was awavin'. And way off in the distance you could this sea tug comin' to beat hell. Belchin' smoke and a-rollin', her stack almost hittin' the water. She was named *Search* and when she came alongside the captain said, 'I thought you guys was wavin' that flag for help. I'll tell ya one thing, it will be a cold day in Hell before I'll be way out here in a little piss-pot boat like you got.'"

In dense fog, the brothers had to run by compass and there was always the danger of collision. "Oh, God, yes," said Roy, "we used to sit out there in the fog. You know sailboats have the right-of-way. You know what he used to do out there? I'm surprised he isn't in jail. We had this big schooner bell and whenever we'd hear a freighter comin' that darn sneak got up and rang the bell. Oh boy! They'd back up driving water and go way out and around."

They recalled walking the isolated beaches and looking for treasures as young boys. Roy remembered when the Nolan children found a coffin. "The sea washed part of the hill away and they found a birch bark coffin sticking out of the sand. Inside they found a skeleton, two hand-hammered bracelets and a big silver cross." The young beachcombers agreed they had found an Indian princess.

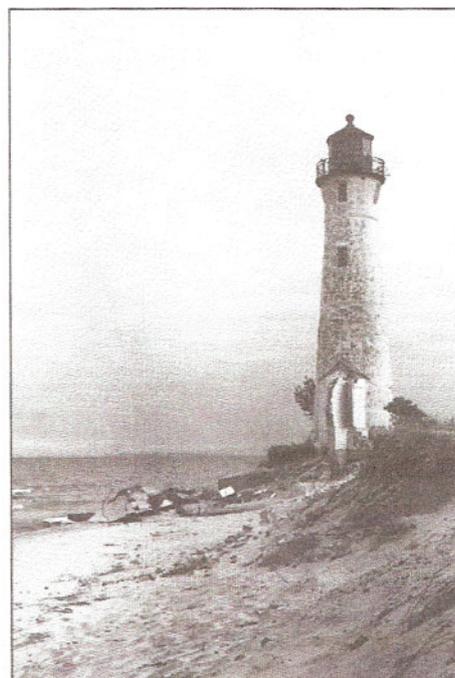
Tom married Neva in 1937 and moved into Newberry. The first fall and winter of their marriage he made enough money trapping, bounty hunting and selling live animals to begin building a house. "I got

\$50 for bears up to 100 pounds [\$560 in today's dollars], but when you think you're breaking the law you gotta hide everything." Later, he discovered he could legally sell live animals.

During the winter he used the Keeper's house as a base for his trapping. He trapped beaver and otter from Crisp Point to Paradise. "Ya," he laughed, "some were bootleg hides, but these were hard times." If he extended the trapping season and the limit, he justified his actions, "I didn't have to borrow money or beg anybody. Never took a pound of butter from welfare."

"Then," said Tom, "you could go all day and never see anybody from the highway [M-123] to the lake. I'd take my sled dogs, a seven-by-seven tent and a stove and head out toward Paradise. If I got caught in one area, I'd branch out. No one could catch me. When I got hungry I'd head for the lighthouse." There was always plenty of coal for the stove and a well-stocked fruit-cellar.

"Those were good days," he continued. "No private property, no Keep Out signs, plenty of game, wolves howling almost every night. Sure, I broke a few rules, but dammit, I was raised out in that country when there were no rules."



A 1997 photo showing the destroyed watch room of the Crisp Point tower. U. S. Lighthouse Society photo.

The Crisp Point Light Station in 1965 when the shoreline was still some distance from the tower. Photo courtesy of the author.

