

Winford R. Hamlin

My story of my life from the time I was born until now. I lived all my life in Oakland County. All but four years in West Bloomfield Township.

I was born in 1897, March 19th, in a little old shanty at Orchard Lake, which once was a saw mill. The large piles of saw dust were still there. Those days there were small moveable saw mills. The men who had steam engines sawed lumber in the winter and thrashed grain in the summer.

They had to have a team drawn tank wagon to go with the steam engine for water. It had a hand pump on top and a large hose. They would have to go to a creek or lake which ever was the closest to fill the tank. They also had to have wood or coal to fire the engine.

We moved from the Shanty to the Dow farm on the north side of Orchard Lake, which then belonged to Willis Ward. My father was working for Mr. Ward now. His wages were not more than fifty cents a day. The house rent was about two dollars a month. Mr. Ward had the largest peach orchard in Michigan at the time. Twenty two thousand trees. It was called Edgewater Peach Orchard Farm. My father worked the ground between the trees with a team of horses and a disc harrow the first part of the season. Later, when the peaches began to ripen they hired pickers to pick the peaches. Then my father and other teamsters had to hawl [sic] in empty bushel baskets. Then they would pick up the fruit baskets when full and hawl [sic] them out of the orchard, to the sorting house. There was a sorting house and shipping house at the corner of Orchard Lake and Edgewater Road. The D.U.R. electric railway ran along Orchard Lake Road. A good share of the peaches was shipped on the D.U.R. fruit cars. Edgewater Road if [sic] now called Lone Pine Road. Some of the peaches were hauled to the Eastern Market by team and wagon in Detroit, which was about twenty five miles. After about a couple of years my family moved to Pontiac. We lived on the corner of Stour and Green Streets. My father had a job firing [sic] the boiler at the Pontiac State Hospital and my mother worked in the laundry. My aunt, my mothers sister, and her two children came to live with us as she had lost her husband. She did dress making at home, and took care of us kids.

When I was five years old we moved from Pontiac to Apple Island in Orchard Lake. My father was to be caretaker of the Island. There were eight summer cottages, one double one. There was [sic] nine families and our house and family. My father had to raise a garden to supply the cottages with vegetables. There were two horses and three cows and we always raised a pig to butcher for our winters meat. We also had a number of chickens for our eggs and a chicken for Sunday dinner once in awhile.

The first winter we lived there the men were cutting ice and hawling [sic] it to fill the two ice houses. We had to furnish the cottages in the summer with ice. So I got on the sleigh and sat on the cakes of ice to ride. Then in two days I had pneumonia. We had to get a doctor from Pontiac to come to doctor me. He had to drive his driving horses out from Pontiac and across the ice to the island. I recovered in about three weeks.

That spring, I was six years old so I had to start school. My sister was two years older than I was. We had to cross the lake, then walk a mile to the Old Scotch School. In the winter my mother would take us with the one horse sleigh. In the Spring, Summer and fall she would take us across the lake by boat and we would have the mile to walk to school.

At that time, the Military Academy was what is now the Polish Seminary. The Cadets were a pretty lively bunch of boys. They would do all sorts of things.

We did not dare leave the oars in the boat when we came over on that side of the lake. Which we did quite often as the post office was there and we had to get our mail and Pontiac Paper, which came by mail. When we came back we never knew if our boat would be there or not. One time they took one of the cannons all apart in the night took it a piece at a time to the island and put it together. Then about four in the morning they shot it off. They then hurried back so they wouldn't get caught. There was always a number of them walking guard duty carrying their guns for punishment. They had a horse calvary [sic] and would ride around the lake quite often. They would often pass us coming from school. Whenever there was new cadets joined the academy they would take them out and initiate them. My father caught them at it several times. They would come to our place and buy three or four dozen eggs. They would take the new cadet back in the woods some place. They would blindfold him, make him take off all his cl[o]thes but his underwear. They tied the bottoms of the legs and then dropped the eggs in the top. Then they would paddle him with pieces of boards. One other time my father found them back at the lake shore. They had a plank out in the lake on a barrel, the other end on shore. They had the fellow blindfolded and they had branches off a thorn tree. they started him on the plank and guided him with the thorn branches till he walked off the end of the plank into the lake. At graduation time the graduates got thrown in the lake. They always had a big bonfire and burned their books at the end of the school year. Every Sunday in the summer they had a dress parade. They were all in their white uniforms. They had a large brass band and went through all their drills, including the horse calvary [sic]. Then they had their gun salute. Then at the end they shot off one of the big cannons. People come from all over to see the dress parade. The A.U.R. street car company always ran special cars for that day. They had a circle track built at the parade grounds, so they could turn around there. They would wait there till the parade was over and take the people back home.

We lived on the island for three years. Then my father got a job on the D.U.R. street car as motorman. We moved to a house on North Farmington road, which is now called Fourteen Mile Road. I went to the Old German School, a stone school. This still stands on what is now Middlebelt Road. While we lived there the farmers would hire me to weed potatoes and to pump a barrel sprayer. Another farmer always put in a lot of cabbages and he would hire me to drop the plants so far apart so he could plant them. He also raised a lot of water Melons and we kids would go at night and swipe some when they were ripe.

Then I worked some for a Mr. German, another farmer. That was the first time I drove a team of horses by myself. They were a horse and a pony, not a very well matched team. I was so glad to drive horses I would have worked free but I got fifty cents a day from these farmers. In the fall I picked up potatoes for one cent a bushel.

In the summer I trapped woodchucks. There was a fifteen cent bounty on them. Some times I would get a real big one and could not pull it out of the hole so I would have to get a man to help me. At that time there was bounties on sparrows, one cent, gophers, five cents, crows ten cents, and hawks twenty five cents.

When I was about eight years old, my uncle was working for Mr. Ward and living on the north Side of Orchard Lake on the Old Dowe Farm. There were to [sic] boys and four girls. I stayed at their place a lot. Mr. Ward went to California in the Winter. He bought five donkeys one spring and shipped them up to my uncle. He said the kids could train then [sic] to drive and ride. Well, I got in on it too as I was there a lot. We had quite a time. We had to be careful or they would kick us. We would get on their back and they would toss us off. The biggest one, she would let us get on her back then she would start to run. She would take us out in the speech orchard and right under the trees and brush us off on the ground. We never did get that one trained. Their names all started with J. There was Jack, Jenny, Jane, Janette and June. June was the one we didn't have much luck with. We got the others so we could ride them if they felt like. If they didn't they just wouldn't move. We got Jack trained to drive on a cart. They were findly [sic] given away to different families.

I was now twelve years old. My father sold this place and we moved to Farmington. Where it was closer to his work. Farmington Junction was at the south end of Orchard Lake road, at Grand River. This was the headquarters and car barns of the D.U.R. We only lived in Farmington about two years. My father's nerves got the best of him as a motorman and he also got in an argument with his boss and quit.

We then moved back to the Island for four more years. I was old enough to help my father with the work. The cottages all had rain barrells [sic] at the back door. We had a one horse water cart. It was a barrel standing up with a wheel on each side and fills in front for the horse and a cover on the top of the barrel with a hinge. Every week I had to take this barrel cart and fill all the rain barrels. I would have the horse back the cart out in the lake and I would fill the barrel with a pail. I would then go to each cottage and fill the barrels a pail at a time. I also had to take them ice for their ice boxes. I hauled that on the horse drawn stone boat. I also delivered vegetables to them.

I had to ride the horse when father cultivated the garden. I wasn't too happy when I had to do these little jobs. I was kinda lazy then. I would rather be playing. Colen Campbell, a boy my age, who lived there in the summer and I would build little sailboats and race them. If we got beat we had to build a new boat. My father built me a little catamarand [sic] boat and I really took the lead with that.

I really had the best time of my life while I lived there in spite of the work I had to do. There was a sail boat racing every Saturday. My father was one of the crew on this day. The main racing boats were about twenty five foot boats. They were sloop models. In the summer, we could sail and motor boat, fish and swim. My sister and I swam the lake in two different directions. She could swim distance easier than I could because she lay up and float and I couldn't. I had to kkep [sic] on swimming.

Another boy, who became my brother in law quite a few years later and I worked on one of the Ward Farms at Orchard Lake. We were dropping small grafted apple trees for nursery purposes. We had to keep ahead of four men planting. That was the way we earned enough [sic] money to buy our first new bicycles [sic].

One summer, we had a cyclone that hit the island. It blew down one hundred sixteen trees and tipped over sail boats anchored out to buoys. We had to saw them up in June, July, and August. My cousin, who was my age, helped us. My cousin and I would change off on one end of the saw and father on the other end. We left all we could into logs [sic] and left them till winter and sold them to the saw mill. Sawing wood was one of the worst jobs I could ever do. It seemed to take the wind all out of me.

There was a church on the north west side of the lake on the bay, also on the Commerce Road. It was the island church as long as they held three serves a year. The Church is now a Presbyterian [sic] and has been added on to. There were two big oak trees blown own in the church yard in the storm. Dad told my cousin and I he would give us two dollars a piece to cut them up. It took us two week ends to do it.

Dad had to farm some, enough to feed the cows and horses. In the winter Dad and my uncle and myself filled ice houses all around Orchard Lake, two on Straits Lake, and one on Cass Lake. We also had two on the island. We did a lot of skating, ice boating and some fishing thru [sic] the ice. We had some sleigh ride parties and skating parties at night. Sometimes on our sleigh rides we would hit big snow drifts that would tip the sleigh over but there was enough of us to tip it up right again.

My grandfather was a gardner [sic] and worked at that in the summer. He worked for the Michigan Military Academy for sometime and the Ward family. He also worked for the Nooels [sic] on Straits Lake several summers. He lived with us in the winter. He and I were pals but my sister was quite stubborn and set in her ways. She wouldn't do any thing Grandpa told her. Every fall he would come to stay he would go to Pontiac and always bring me new mittens and over shoes. But he never brought sister a thing. She would say "I don't care, I don't want anything."

We used to take chances fall and spring. In the fall when the lake first froze we felt shut in. So when it wasn't thick enough to walk on we would take one of them old, low runner sleighs nail a long board on top lay on our stomach with a big spike in each hand to pull us along and start out. If it cracked to [sic] much we would have to back off. In the spring we would put the sleigh under a flat bottom boat and push the boat a head of us till the boat broke threw [sic] then we would climb in and pole it along till we found solid ice. Then pull the boat on top and start pushing again. We liked to get across in the spring to hunt fish in the marches [sic].

In the winter we would have to go to the lake and cut holes in the ice every morning and late after noon. That was so the cows and horses could get a drink. We would let them out of the barn and they would go to the lake and drink from the holes we had cut. Then they would come back to the barn.

My sister and I went back to the Scotch School. I went for a year and a half and quit. When I was in the eighth grade without passing. My pal and myself skipped school one day. I think it was one of the longest days I ever had. We had to wait and go home with the other kids so our parents would not know. But the teacher sent a note home. The teacher took our recesses away for a month. I didn't get into it as it was late fall and living on the island we were shut in for about four days when the lake was freezing and the same when it was breaking up in the spring. So before I got back to school the teacher quit, and so did I.

After Christmas I went to Pontiac and got a job in Beaudett's Factory. They made bodies for the Model T Ford. I stayed with my aunt that winter. The Ford bodies those days had all wooden frames. There was a lot of wood dust to breathe. I lost a lot of weight and had no color. I went to the doctor he told me to get back on the farm where there was plenty of fresh air before I got T.B.

In the spring I was sixteen and I got a job on Walter Flander's farm. He owned nine hundred ninty [sic] nine acres around Green Lake. He had a hired manager for the farm. He had a large home by the lake. He had a small green house. There was a large herd of Holstine [sic] cattle. They hired three men to take care of them.

There were six regular teamsters. The boss told me the team of horses I was to drive and take of [sic]. They were a nice team of blacks. The boss told me to be careful and never hit them with a whip or they would run away. He said never go away and leave them with out tying [sic] them. Well, kid fashion, I had to find out for myself. He told me to hitch on to the land roller and told me which field to roll. So I was all by myself after about an hour I stopped the horses and got off the roller. I went to some bushes along the fence and cut me a whip. I got back on the roller I started the horses and hit them with the whip, and they took off on the run across the field, but I was able to get them stopped. Then I had to see if they would run away if I left them. So I got off and walked away. I got behind some bushes for a while. They stayed there all right so I was now satisfied.

Of the six regular teamsters I was the youngest. The older fellows always took their pick of the tools first. I had to take what was left, which sometimes made it quite hard for me. When we went out to plow the fields I always got the heaviest plow. So when plowing, if the plow hit a stone and knocked the plow out of the ground I was not strong enough [sic] to pull it back. So I would have to turn the horses around and start again. I got twenty five dollars, room and board, a month.

They had about twenty mule footed hogs. The boss gave me one more dollar to take care of them.

We lived in a big square house. We had a big room up stairs with our bed rooms around the outside. The boss and the people who ran the boarding house each had half of the down stairs.

Each teamster would try to keep his horses and harness looking better than the others. I had my harness trimmed with lots of celuloid [sic] white rings. I had a white and red heart for a center ring.

I had red tassels on the bridles and brass studded tie straps. We had large brass knobs on the [*****] of the harness. We kept the knobs polished all the time. The trimmings on my harness cost about a months [sic] wages. In the hot weather, after our supper we would take our horses up to Union Lake and wash them off. The horses really enjoyed to go to the lake. They would whinney every night to go. They would lie right down in the water. I used to [*****] on one of their backs and let them swim out in the lake. There was a good sized apple orchard on the south side of green lake. They also had a large flock of white leghorn chickens. They had one man to take care of them. They were spread all thru the young orchard in colony houses. This man had to haul feed and water to them every day. He had a one horse wagon. He also had to clean these houses out and gather the eggs. We raised grain and hay for the horses. Then we raised a lot of corn. The corn was all put in silos for the cows. They were four of the biggest silos I believe in the state. They bought most of the grain for the cows. We would get a car load at a time. We would have to haul it with team and wagon from the Orchard Lake Depot. In the fall we also got a car load of coal, that we had to unload and haul.

In the fall it was time to pick apples. The first week we all picked and sorted. After that we had to start hauling them to Detroit to the Eastern Market. The straw boss and one of the teamsters worked the market end. They did the selling. When they got two loads sold, they would start out with their teams and wagons. On the home end we would start out with two full loads of apples. I was one on the home end. We would go down the north side of Orchard Lake on the Commerce Road. We would then go across the east end of the lake to Long Lake Road. We would take Long Lake road to Woodward at Bloomfield Center. Then Woodward to Birmingham. We stopped in Birmingham to feed our horses at the livery barn and had our dinner. Then we would start out again till we met with other fellows. We would then change wagons and start back for home. We never knew when we would get back. Sometimes it was four in the morning. We would put our horses in the barn and go to bed. The other men would load our wagons. They would feed our horses and put the harnesses on. Then they would route us out of bed to start out again. One time we got clear to Detroit. Most of the time we meet [sic] them between Birmingham and Royal Oak.

We had one man about fifty years old, he would get tight every time he went to town. The boss put him on with me one trip. He told me not to let him do any drinking. At that time the Orchard Lake Hotel was running. It was where the police station is now. Well, when we go there he pulled his team up to the side of the hotel. He said, "come on in and get a drink." I said, "no, we are not supposed to drink on this job." He said, "What we are supposed to do and what we do is a different thing." Well I just a kid and he a man what could I Do? When he came out he had a bottle. We got down the road about five miles he stopped and uncorked the bottle. He wanted me to drink with him but I did not. Well, he kept sipping as we went along. By the time we got to Woodard [sic] he was feeling it pretty good. At that time Woodard [sic] was not paved. The hill going south of the Center was all cobble stone and quite rought [sic]. The wagons we had were light with a spring seat. Well I thought he would fall off before he made the hill. To make it worse the street car line run along the side of the road. Both our teams were scared of the street cars. One of my horses would almost jump over the other when the car came along. One of his would do the same thing. Part of the time he was on the wrong side of the road. I would motion to people to go the other side of him. When we got to Birmingham I got him off the wagon and

got the horses in and fed. Where we ate our dinner was a restaurant on one side and a bar on the other. So you can see what a time I would have. Well, I got him out of there. I hitched up both teams. We started out. We had to go to Adams Road as they had started to pave Woodard. We met the other fellows just a short ways so we turned and came back. We put all the horses in the barn. The other men ate their dinner. My partner had a few more drinks. The straw boss told him to wait for me. He went out and got his team out and took off. So I had to hurry and get my team hitched up and see if I could catch him. I got up the road a couple of miles and met him coming back. I hollered at him and asked him where he was going. He said he was going to Flanders Farm. I told him he was going the wrong way. He said I know where I am going. So I called him by name and told him to follow me. So he turned right around in the road sliding the rear wheels. He was asleep most of the time. I had an awful time getting back as far as Bloomfield Center. His team kept trying to get by me. I would have to pull over in front of them. I would have to motion traffic to the other side. When I got to Bloomfield Center where we took Long Lake Road I went up the road a short ways to get away from the Street car tracks. I then pulled my team over to the side of the road and stopped.

I jumped off the wagon and grabbed his team. I got them over behind my wagon. I woke him up and told him to tie his team behind my wagon and ride with me. He said he could drive his own team. So I said come on, Dan, its [sic] lonesome up here alone. So after a little coaxing I got him on my wagon. I tied his horses to my wagon. He no more than hit my wagon and he was asleep on the floor of the wagon. By now, it was real dark and I had two teams and wagons and a drunken man to get home. It was about two in the morning when I got home. On the way home I passed three men and they climbed on the other wagon. I was quite worried because the straw boss gave me the money they had from the day before to bring back to the boss. It was most always a little over a hundred dollars. When we got up to the James Cousins Farm the men got off the other wagon. So I figured they worked there. I was quite relieved. Dan, the other man, that was with me said when we got home and I woke him up he said, "Don't tell the boss. But I told the boss never to send him with me again. He knew what I meant, that he had gotten tight. He said, "I told you not to let him drink." I said "Try to stop him."

After we got the apples that were saleable we took the rest to Franklin to be made into cider. Mr. Flanders had the boss leave eight barrels out side so they would freeze that winter. When they were frozen good they drilled to the center of the barrels. The center did not freeze. They drew that out and put it in bottles. It was just about like alcohol. It would knock you for a loop if you took much.

Then I went home with my folks for the winter. I went back a few days to help fill the ice house. Then my father and uncle and myself starting filling ice houses again.

The next spring I worked for my uncle. He was on a big farm that he worked on shares for Mr. Ward. It was the property that is now the Orchard Lake Country club and Golf Course. My uncle liked his drinks mostly hard cider. There was a small apple orchard on the place. He would put six or eight barrels of cider in the basement in the fall. He would sip at it all winter and as long as it lasted in the spring. When he got ready to go to bed he would go to the basement and take a drink. Then he would fill a pitcher and bring it up on the table. He would fill his old corn cob pipe and sit beside the pitcher. Some time in the night he would get up and smoke his pipe and

drink the pitcher of cider. Lord only knows how much he drank everyday. That many barrels didn't last only till about June. Everything I did was all right and we got along fine till his cider ran out. From then on nothing I did was right. I could not suit him no matter how hard I tried.

When I went there he told me what was my team to drive and take care of. He drove the old team. My team was a pair of dapple grays. I had all my trimmings on them. When it come corn cutting time, I got my team out in the morning, ready to hook onto the corn binder. He said put the horses back in the barn. He said you got to cut the outside row by hand first. I said I never had to so I took a corn knife and went out to cut the outside row. Pretty soon here came my team on the binder. He said when you finish cutting the outside row you can start setting up the corn bundles. I told him if he was going to drive my team he could set up his own corn. He said he would like me to stay. But if he wanted to drive my team he was going to. So I told him I was all done. He never paid me what he owed me till the day before Christmas.

When I worked there my cousin and I both bought a second hand motorcycle. His was a Excelsior and mine was a Flying Mercel. We were working on farms about three miles apart. We had no mufflers on them and not enough money to buy any. When we got thru work and had had our supper, we would have to take a ride. We could tell when the other one was coming by the loud noise. We had no lights so when it got dark we just rode by chance. When we went to town we parked a few blocks away so the cops wouldn't get us.

In the mean time my sister got married. She and her husband went on a farm North East of Amy. Which they now call Auburn Heights. I went to stay with them for about a week. I helped him with his work. He had his potatoes dug and in one of the barns. The Threshers came to thresh the grain in the barn next to it. They used the old steam engine those days. They used wood to fire it with. Well, while threshing some sparks from the engine set the barn afire that had all the farm tools and the potatoes in. They had to hurry to get the threshing outfit away. The barn and everything in it was burned. That was the first time I rode on a train when I went down there. From Pontiac to Amy.

The next Spring my father and my brother in law went upon the Oliver Farm on Straits Lake. The farm had just been sold to Doctor Duffield. My father and brother in law were going to work the farm on shares for the Duffields. They hired me to work for them. There was a large apple orchard, some peaches and pears. We also had regular farming to do. They had six horses, ten cows and some pigs. We had to trim the fruit trees and keep them sprayed. Then put in all the farm crops and take care of them. When it was time we had to harvest the crops. We had to milk the cows and take care of the horses veryday [sic]). The women made butter and sold it by the crock.

Things started out all right. My sisters only child was born that winter. I had to go meet the doctor with the team and sleigh as the snow on the side roads was too deep for the old model T.

Well, we started out in the spring spraying fruit trees and trimming them. Picking up brush, that was not the best job. Then we had to start our plowing. Then back in the orchard spraying again. While spraying my brother in law was taken sick. We got the doctor he said he had inflamatory [sic] rheumatism. He got worse the doctor said there is something else causing trouble. He said

he did not know just what it was. In a weeks time he was dead. It was an awful blow to all of us. Well, I agreed to buy his share from my sister with out a dime. I was hoping to make it from the apples and other produce. Well, luck was against us. My grandfather was living with us now. He wasn't well for sometime. He suffered a lot and in the same year he passed away. We had to hire a man. We hired my cousin. He was a big young fellow. His stomach used to bother him quite a bit. One day he fell from his chair while eating dinner. We had to send him to the hospital. He had bleeding ulcers. Then we lost one of our horses and three large hogs. Then to finish it off we had a very big hail storm. The hail storm cut our grain town [sic]. It pitted our apples so much that we had to sell them as number two and three grade. We had over five thousand bushels. We had them stored all over. Before we could get them all to market a lot of them got forsen. This farm was called Lake View Fruit Farm.

We had a G.M.C. truck which was bought from the Olivers, the people who owned the farm before. It was one of the old type hard tire chain drive models. When I was hawling [sic] apples to market we would put on sixty bushels to the load. I had a steep hill to go up between the two Straits Lakes. I didn't have hardly enough power to make the hill. Sometimes I would have to try two or three times before I made it. One morning I was headed for Detroit with a load by the way of Long Lake. There was ice on the road that morning. I got to the hill between Telegraph and Lasher [sic]. The hill was slippery, I got almost to the top then my wheels started to spin. Some one else had been stuck there before me. They had used a lot of burlap bags to put under their wheels. They went on and left the bags. My wheels were turning forward, the truck was slowly going back down the hill. I was all alone so I had to leave it in gear and get out and start putting the bags under the wheels. I finally got it to the top of the hill.

The next spring Dad said "Will we try it another year?" I said, "God know, lets get out of here while we can." So you see I lost my shirt. We had an auction sale. Sold our cattle, horses and tools. I had to turn all my share over to my sister. I had to work for several years afterward to get paid up.

I went to work at General Motors Truck. I, at first, worked in the receiving department until there was an opening in road testing. I worked there for about a year. Then I was drafted in the army in World War One. I was in the Medical Corps. I was an ambulance driver. I was put to drive a G.M.C. which I had been testing at the factory. I did not get over seas. The big Flu epidemic hit our camp just three days before we were to go. When we were not on Ambulance duty, we had to fill in as nurses. They were very short on nurses. We were hawling the sick twenty four hours around the clock. We were taking the sick to the base hospital. The big trucks were hauling the dead to the depot in rough boxes.

One night while on ambulance duty we got a call from a farmer just out side of the camp. He said a soldier had hung himself in his barn. The Captain, who was a doctor, said to me, "Come on, maybe we can still save him." We were much too late. He was cold and stiff.

This captain was a very nice man. He and I got along very well.

[First part of sentence cut off from bottom of page] in the factory where I worked before I went in the army. There were no jobs to be had. There was a big depression. I worked for my father.

He was now running a Boat Livery at Orchard Lake. That was just summer work. Then I got Married. My wife and I went to the same school but her beening [sic] four years younger we didn't pay much attention to each other. It was after I left school we began to notice each other. She worked in a store in Pontiac and I worked at G.M.C. Truck. Her father worked for Mr. Ward and lived on the Walled Lake Road and she lived there with them. I lived with my folks at Orchard Lake.

The first [sic] after we were married we lived in a little two room cottage. Then we moved to Pontiac where our daughter was born. That winter I worked at the Oakland Motor's [sic] as a motor repairman. In the meantime we moved from the east side of town to the West side. I got laid off at the factory. Jobs were very scarce.

I finally got a job driving a delivery truck for Waites Store in Pontiac. That winter I just made enough to pay my rent and a little to eat. In the spring I worked for an old fellow, who was a boss for the Country Road Commission. He was a hard boiled old gold miner. He was the kind that dug for gold by hand. We were working on the Walled Lake Road. They were making a state road out of it. He had men coming and going all the time. If he told a man to do something and he didn't do it right now or if he talked back to him, he would fire them and send them on their way. Myself and one other man were the only ones that stayed all summer. The next spring he came to my house and tried to hire me back again. He offered me more money. I told him I was going to work at a gravel pit in Farmington.

I have always tried to do a days work who ever I worked for. I never worked any place that I couldn't go back to. I never ask any man who was working for me to do anything I wouldn't do myself. I then went to work for Albert Kahn and family as working manager. I was caretaker and gardener. Mr. Kahn was one of the Worlds greatest Architect of his time. He was all business at work. When he talked to you he looked you straight in the eye. At first he sort of made me nervous. In time I became used to it. He was a man that could be jolly and good natured and he could be very stern at times. He was a man that if he said "No" he meant it. The family in whole was very nice.

Mrs. Kahn was one of the nicest women you could wish to meet and work for. She loved her flowers and she wanted them in their place. If she did not like a flower when it bloomed out it came. Mrs. Kahn was very thoughtful. If you were sick or in a jam she would always be on hand to help out. There were times when she would go to Mr. Kahn about something she didn't like. He would start scolding me and she would finish up taking my part bless her dear soul. We had a few ups and downs but no too many.

The Kahn's [sic] had a large summer home by Walnut Lake. It had nine bedrooms upstairs. Three rooms downstairs and two large porches. The one big room was a dining room and sitting room. They used one of the porches for a dining room when it was hot weather. I lived in a house that faced on Lone Pine road which they furnished me. They used their summer home about four months of the year. There was eighty six acres in the estate. I kept two men nine months of the year. We had a work horse and a couple of saddle horses.

When I went there the first spring I was there I hooked the work horse to the sprayer. Well, no body told me the horse was balkey at times. I filled the tank with water and spray material. Then started for the pear orchard. When the horse started up a little hill she stopped and started backing down the hill. She backed into the ice house and broke the fills off the sprayer. She also broke the harness. I said to myself "I guess I got something here." I unhitched her from the sprayer and when I got the harness mended I hooked her to the stone boat. I never give in to a balky horse. I got a whip and let her have it. She just stood there and took it for awhile, then started pulling me on the stone boat. I ran her all over the place so she knew who was boss. She tried it several times with me. I always made her pull something.

The young fellow that worked for the man before me, came to work for me the first summer. I asked him what they did with the horse when she couldn't pull what they wanted her to. He said they had to put her back in the barn. I got along fairly well with her. She knew I was not going to give in to her. The young man that worked for me didn't like to cultivate the garden.

When I told him to cultivate he would take the horse out in the garden and about the first time around he would jerk the reins on the horse. That would make her mad. She would stop and he could not get her to go. I would have to go out and get her started again.

We raised a big garden. About two acres. We raised about three hundred chickens every year. I got three hundred baby chicks every spring. When they were big enough for broilers, we would kill and dress six or eight every Saturday for the Kahns [sic] Sunday dinner. They always had week end guests.

There were four children in the family. Three girls and one boy. The boy became a doctor or brain surgeon. He was famous in his line. He was at U.M. Hospital at Ann Arbor. He has retired. The oldest girl was very much interested in art pictures which she had a large collection. She traveled all over the world with then [sic]. The next girl, a very nice person, married, and had two lovely daughters. She passed away with our dreaded disease. Her two daughters would be with me a lot when they would come out there to stay for a few days.

The youngest Kahn daughter, when young, was very interested in horse riding. She also was with me a lot. She was like my own child. She became a lot like her dear mother. She loved her flowers like her mother.

We had a lot to take care of on the estate. We had about five acres of lawn to mow. We had two hundred feet of hedge to keep trimmed. We had four and five gardens to plant and take care of. There were three terraces with stone walls around them and a lilly [sic] pool. There were flower pots on the walls and around the pool. We had all of them to keep watered. All the pots were from Spain. They were all types and sizes. Some were three feet across. Mr. Kahn had a large number sent over from Spain. I had a little trouble getting men for that kind of work. The first winter we were there our son was born in our home. So now we were blessed with a girl and a boy. It was a nice place to raise our two children. However, we had our troubles. When our son was five he had spinal meningitis [sic] and had to be in the hospital for a couple of weeks. He was lucky and got over it without leaving him crippled in anyway.

Our children both went to the Pine Lake School. That is a very old school. My father went there when he was a boy. The Old Pine Lake School is still there, some people are living there. Our children from Pine Lake School had to go to Pontiac High School. They both graduated from The Pontiac High School. Then, as the years rolled by they got married. Then our Son in law was drafted for the second world war. Our son joined the navy.

When the war was over they both come back and got work. Then our son's wife had a baby boy. Then a couple months later she began to go down hill. She went to Ann Arbor hospital and they said she had leukemia. When their baby was ten months old she passed away. Our son had to give up housekeeping. We had him and the baby come home with us. A few years later he remarried. We raised the boy. We couldn't give him up. Our son said he would like to have him but he would let the boy make the decision. He said he wanted to stay with us. We raised him and put him through High School.

We took him to Florida with us for about three weeks one winter. We went to Daytona Beach. He had the time of his life. He had a nice new tricycle with big tires. We took it with us and he rode it up and down the beach. We would take him to the ocean between us. When a big wave would come we would lift him over it. He never forgot that trip.

Then back to the job. More baby chicks to raise for the coming summer. Many springs I would have to break in new men. Finally I got a good man that stayed with me for sixteen summers. Then I would have to get one new man about every spring. I finally got my father who was with me for four summers. He then passed away with a heart failure. From then on I was alone, as Mr. and Mrs. Kahn had passed away.

Now the place was closed up. Then I had lots of trouble with people breaking into the house. They would come in with boats and some would come with cars. The house was entered eleven times in one year. So they had to get rid of all the furniture. I worked there for twenty six years before I had my first vacation. I worked for the Kahns for forty six years. They then sold the place to settle the estate. The main house and the one I lived in were both burned down to make room for new homes.

It is now subdivided. There are many new homes being built. I have been working for the Butzels. The youngest daughter of the Kahns in the summer.

I am now seventy eight years old and I think this is my last year to work out. I am now living in the City of Sylvan Lake on a fifty foot lot. After eighty six acres it seemed very small. I am living on the street the D.U.R. Street Car used to run on. When I was young I used to ride to work down this street when I worked in the factory in Pontiac.

Our son passed away when he was only forty seven. He had a stroke then his heart give out. They had a son and daughter by his second marriage. Their son was in the Navy. He expects to get out soon. Their daughter is to be married sometime soon. Their other son that we raised was married, then was in the Navy for the Viet Nam war. He and his wife now live at White Lake. He is working on road maintenance at the City of Bloomfield, the same place his father worked. He

said he wanted to take his wife to all the places we took him. Our daughter [sic] has worked for Kresges for about thirty years.

We thought we might go to Florida this winter, 1975. My wife is not very well, so not s[ure?] if she could stand to ride that far. Our time is running out. I am seventy eight.

Well we did make it to Florida. We started the month of March. We wanted to get a small place where we could stay and get most of our small meals and go out for our main meal. We wanted to stay on the Gulf side but it was so crowded we just could not get a place. We went over to Fort Lauderdale. We have friends there and stayed for a week with them. Then Motels every night there after. My wife and I went to the same school but her being four years younger we didn't pay much attention to each other. It was after I left school we began to notice eachother [sic]. She worked in a store in Pontiac. I worked at G.M.C. Truck. Her father worked for Mr. Ward and lived on the Walled Lake road. She lived there with them. I lived with my folks at Orchard Lake.

It is now 1976. I haven't had a job for the last two years. We haven't gone on vacation any place. My wife is not well and can't ride far. I had Surgery in May so I was not in very good shape this summer. Here in the City of Sylvan Lake they formed a Leisure Club for us older folks. We mmet [sic] every Thursday afternoon and play cards. The first Thursday of the month we have pot luck dinners.

I was back to Apple Island one day this summer. It has grown up so thick I got Completely lost.

When I was about thirteen the first year we lived on the Island the second time.

The way I got my first watch—

I went to work for a man that run the boat livery one Saturday and while I was there that day a man came down to the boat livery and he was broke and needed some money. He was a funny looking man. He didn't have any nose just the holes to breath [sic] through. He had a watch he wanted to sell to get some money. It was one of those big thick watches with a Locomo[word obliterated] ingraved [sic] on the back. The man I was helping didn't want it as he had one so he asked me if I wanted it for my days wages. I said yes. He got it from him for Two dollars and Fifty cents. It was a fifteen jewel Waltham. It was so big I couldn't get it in my watch pocket. It kept real good time. It was a good watch but to [sic] big. I made up some tickets with numbers on them and I raffled the watch and got enough money to buy a nice thin fifteen jewel Waltham. I carried that watch till I was around forty five years old. I gave it to my son. He carried it for another ten years. I think I bought the second watch for about Twelve Dollars and Fifty cents.

To be Added

I was about 13 or 14 years Old

When we lived on the Island the second time my father built us an ice boat. I really loved to sail that. I used to sail after school and lots of night [sic] when the moon was bright. Week ends I would start out in the morning and lots of times I wouldn't even stop for dinner.

One time I was out sailing and the wind was good I got down to the east end of the Island. All at once I could hear the runners going click click. I looked down at the ice and I was going over a lot of holes about two and three feet across. I turned around as fast as I could. I turned so fast I lost my cap. I got off the holes and stopped. I started to walk out after my cap. The ice started cracking bad so like a dope I got down and crawled out after that fifty cent cap.

Another time I was out sailing, the wind was quite strong, the ice nice and smooth. I could go very fast. I came up to the West end of the lake and saw one of our neighbor ladies walking. I went over and gave her a ride over to her side of the lake, which was in the west bay. I went in close to the west shore. When I let her off I started back the wind was just right so I was going quite fast. In coming back I went close to the little Island shore. I looked up there was a big open space of water. I knew if I tried to turn I would go right in side ways. I laid down flat and let it go straight for it hoping to jump it. My right runner caught under the ice on the far side. It threw the part I was on over the hole on the other side. The water flew clear to the top of the sail. Also all over me. It broke the runner off on the side that caught. So I had to try to get the sail down, it was like a sheet of ice. I got it down the best I could and tied a rope around it. It was now getting dark. I had to leave it and walk home. The next day after school I took a spud and chopped the runner out of the ice. I pieced it up and set the broken runner under it and pushed it home. Then Dad had a job fixing the runner.

Another time I was out the ice was real smooth and the wind was real strong. The game warden walked up to the west bay where they did most of the ice fishing. He was a big fat man, he arrested a man. He was taking him with him it was very slippery. He same [sic] me and motioned for me. I went over where they were. He said he would give me a dollar to take them to the west end of the lake. So I [s]aid get on. In about three minutes I had them down there. The wind was strong. I probably was making sixty miles an hour. I got my dollar and I think they were both glad to get off.

One night coming from school I stayed and played around with some of the kids I sent to school with. It got dark before I noticed it. I started for the lake, stopped, put my skates on. I started skating fast because I was late. My right skate went threw [sic] and I went flying thru the air. I hit head first breaking thin ice about like a pane of glass. What happened most the times on lakes when the ice keeps freezing and expanding it often heaves up. This time it cracked and went down. Well that let the water come up even with the other ice. Then it froze thin that day. Well, I was out there, I had to swim back to the side where I fell in. I got back to the edge but there was nothing to get a [h]old of. I started feeling around with my feet. I felt the slanting piece of ice that had gone down. So I took the point of my skate and dug it into this slanting piece of ice. I was working my way up I was just about to get my other knee on top when my skate came off.

So back in I went again. That scared me worst than the first time. So I thought I got one more skate on the other foot. They were the old clamp skates. Well, I felt around very careful. I finally felt a rough spot so I was real careful trying to dig the point of the skate in that rough spot. I took it real slow and got my knee on top. I never stopped to take that one skate off. I didn't know how far the thin ice went so I went quite a ways down the lake before I dare take off across the lake. It was good and dark by now. When I got home I was all ice and blood. I still have a faint scar on the bridge of my nose from diving into that thin ice. The next day Dad went over there where I went in. He took a long fish pole that he put a wire hook on. By laying down on the ice he could see my skate. He was able to hook it with the pole and wire hook. I ask him how deep it was. He said it was about twelve feet.

When I was about Fourteen years old.

We had a small one cylinder launch when we lived on the Island the second time. One Sunday, three of the boys I went to school with and myself, we went riding all over the lake. It was just as smooth as glass, no wind at all. So that got old. It was late afternoon. We decided to go to Pontiac to a show. First we had to see if we had money enough. We had to have street car fare down and back which was about ten cents each way. The show was about twenty cents. So we figured we all had that amount. We went over to the east end of the lake. There was a little dock there. So I put the boat along side the dock and tied the front end. Then started to the street car station. Two of these boys lived right there close to the station. The other boy, who was the other boy's cousin, he lived about a mile up the road almost to the west end of the Lake. Well, while we were in the show there came a heavy thunder storm and wind storm. When we come out it was still blowing and raining hard. When we got off the car the two boys lived right there close. They said to their cousin stay with us tonight. He said he would telephone his folks he was staying. Poor me I had to go home. I had no way to let my folks know where I Was. So me, all alone, heading for the lake in the pouring rain. When I got there my boat had swing side ways against the shore it was almost full of water. The strong wind had washed a bank of sand on the lake side of the boat. We always kept a pail in the boat so I got that. I started bailing water out of the boat. I would get a good start then a big wave would come and put more back in. I had to keep at it. I finally got the most of it out. Then I had to get the boat over the bank of sand that had built up. I rolled my pants up to my knees, left my shoes and socks on. I had to try to lift first one end then the other. It was pretty heavy. I could only get it about a foot at a time. All the time the wind and waves washing against me. I finally got it floating again. I got it tied to the end of the dock and started to bail out more water. I started cranking it. After sometime I got it started in reverse. It always seemed to start easier in reverse. It was very slow in reverse. I went out a ways and tried to get it in forward. Well, it stopped. I tried to get it going again. But no luck back to shore again. I jumped out in the water to get the boat back to the dock. Then I had to bail out more water. About every third wave went splashing over the boat and me. I got it started once more in reverse. I went out farther this time before I tried to get in forward. It stopped again but I worked at it as fast as I could. I got it started forward just before I got back to shore again. I [s]tood over the motor with my back to the wind so the waves that splashed over wouldn't get the motor and spark plugs wet. The flywheel going around in the water was throwing a steady spray. It was so dark and still raining that I couldn't see the Island. I knew the wind was in the west so I headed that way. I finally could tell I was now at the east end of the Island. Because the waves were not as big. I knew I was getting in the shelter of the Island. Soon I could see the tree tops. So followed up along the shore to our dock. What a night. That was the trouble living there you had to get home. Because they didn't know if you was in the lake or not.

When I was about Seventeen or Eighteen
Just before I went in the Army

My boy friend and myself started for Rochester one night with our Model T. I had put an accelerator on it which did not come on them at that time. We were rolling along and my friend wanted to learn to drive. So we were on a nice straight level road so I said alright. I told him to step on it till I could see what he could do. The first thing he did step on it. I reached down to take his foot off the accelerator. When I looked back up, he was headed straight for a Edison

pole. I knew it was too late to get it back on the road with out hitting the pole. So I grabbed the wheel and swung it to the ditch. I missed the pole but we tipped over. There was a very nice man lived a little ways down the road. He came up and the three of us were able to tip it up. He said we could work on it in his garage with his tools. He had lights in the garage. I ask him if he had wire so he got us a piece of wire. We had broken the wish bone rod that went from the motor to hold the front axel in place. I crawled under and wired it in place. By going slow I got back to Pontiac. We left it back of the Ford Garage. We were able to get the last street car out home.