

This is a story about a common man, written by a common man. I have been three years getting up nerve enough to start these memoirs but I have learned in my seventy-eight years that if you want to get a project finished, you will have to get it started sometime.

This story will be about people, animals and my hunting trips, including big game hunting and machinery which I have been associated with all my life in some way or another.

I want to thank our granddaughter, Julie, for typing these memoirs.

My name is Guy Lavern Hutchison. I am seventy-eight years old when I started these memoirs. I am now visiting in Florida, basking in the sun.

I was born near the town of Marion in the upper part of lower Michigan on November 26, 1904. My parents were Myron and Effie Hutchison. They had a son a year older than me named Stanley. Later to this union was born two girls and two boys named in order, Gladys, Hartley, Eunice and Charles.

My parents were poor but industrious. They had to scratch like chickens to make a living, but they somehow managed to get by. My father worked in the woods skidding logs most of the time until 1908.

My grandparents, Grandma and Grandpa Myers, lived in a little town named Sunfield about 25 miles west of Lansing, Michigan. In 1908 my folks decided to move to Sunfield where my grandparents owned an 80-acre farm about four miles east of Sunfield. My parents were to move there and work the farm. My mother, brother, Stanley, sister, Gladys, and myself came down on the train. My father came a few days later with the team of horses and wagon. The ride on the train was something new to us and very exciting. We enjoyed it very much.

First Visit to the Farm

Grandma and Grandpa Myers took us out to the farm with a horse and buggy. It was our first ride in a buggy. The buggy

was full of people. My biggest thrill was when we first got to the farm and saw that big house and the big barn. They could have put all the buildings where we came from all in that big barn.

There wasn't much exciting happened in the next few years. My brother started to school when he was five years old. He had to walk three-quarters of a mile. I started the next year.

Lost in the Snow Storm

There was two small hills we had to go over to get to the schoolhouse. One day there was a bad snow storm. When we left the schoolhouse, there was such a blizzard we couldn't hardly find the road. There was my brother and sister and a neighbor boy, Wayne Feasel, and myself. We were about nine or ten years old at the time.

We tried to hide behind a wood gate that went in a field. We couldn't see to go any further, so we all crowded by the gate out of the wind as best we could. This was a late storm in March and we weren't dressed for a storm like this. We were hoping my dad would come for us with the horses and sleighs and hoping he would have the sleigh bells on so we could hear him. Otherwise, he might go by and not see us and we were about twenty feet from the road. We wasn't there very long before he came after us. We sure was glad to see him. He had blankets for us to cover up with but it was a cold ride home.

We sure was glad to get home!

My Fight With a Muskrat

On this road we took to school, there was a small pond between two of the hills. One day when I was going home from school, I saw a fresh muskrat track that had crossed the road. I hurried to the side of the road and there he was in the ditch. I tried to get to him before he got to the pond but he got to the fence first. I climbed the fence but I didn't have a stick or anything, so I thought I could jump on him and give him a bellyache so he couldn't get in the pond. I landed with both feet on him but slid off and he reared up and bit me on my leg. They leave a nasty hole where they bite you. I had a scar on my leg for nearly twenty years. It would get red and swell up and then go away for awhile. I got five dollars for the rat hide. My mother said, "You better take the five dollars and go see a doctor," but I never did.

Going Home with my Teacher

When I was about ten, we had a man teacher. He lived about a mile from the schoolhouse with his wife. They had no children. I wasn't his pet and he wasn't mine, but we got along fairly well.

One day he asked me if I would go home with him and spend the night as his wife was going away. I didn't want to very bad. Guess I was bashful. He told me he was afraid to stay

alone and that he was a good cook. So, I went home with him. I was elated that he asked me instead of some of the other boys. There was a lot of smarter boys in school than I was. They gave me a rough time about being the teacher's pet. I asked my brother to help Dad milk the cows in my place. The teacher and I had a pretty good time.

Horse Problems

My dad would hardly ever let me ride his work horses unless it rained and they couldn't work on the ground. One day when I was about fifteen, he agreed to let me take one of the horses to go see a neighbor boy. We didn't have a saddle, so I made a rig to use as a saddle with some old lines. I wrapped it around the horse with loops on each side for my feet. It worked fine until I got about one half mile from home. A rabbit run out and spooked the horse. It threw me off with one foot fast in the strap and I couldn't get my foot loose. I was laying on the ground on my back. I was afraid he would drag me home that way so I kept talking to him and trying to get my foot loose. He stood right still, watching me, until I managed to get my foot loose. I never told my parents. That ended my saddle making.

Another time, about a year later, my Dad put me on the land roller to roll a field with horses. There was a yearling colt running in the field where I was rolling the ground. The

colt spooked the horses and they started to run. I couldn't hold them from running so I dropped the lines and grabbed hold of the seat for dear life. They ran to the fence, then ran along the fence. They were running top speed when they hit some of the stones. The roller jumped about two feet in the air. I went in the air too and I pulled the seat loose from the roller. I landed on the ground in back of the roller. The horses ran to the next fence and stopped. The only damage was my pride.

More About Horses: Our Colt Prince

After we had lived on this farm about five years, one of the mares had a stud colt. We named him Prince. This was the first colt that we had, so it was a very exciting time for all of us. Us kids were crazy over him. We spoiled him and even took him in the kitchen sometimes. He was a very special colt to us kids and we made a big fuss over him.

When I was about fourteen, I came home from school one day and I see my mother had been crying. I asked why she was crying and she said, "Go look at Prince." I went to the barn and saw the colt. Somebody had been beating him with a whip until his body was all covered with welts. He was then about 15 months old. I went to the house and asked my mother who beat up Prince. She said it was a neighbor of ours. I was so mad I could have shot somebody. I asked my mother why Dad

let him do it. She said the neighbor wanted to break him and he had to show the colt who was boss. I never liked this man after that and we wouldn't let him come near the colt after that. There are better ways of breaking a colt than beating him up.

Then, about six weeks after that, Dad decided he had lice so he got some sheep dip to treat him with. He didn't read the directions on the can so didn't know it was supposed to be diluted with water. He put it on full strength. When we discovered the mistake, we tried to wash it off but it was too late. It had done the damage. Poor Prince! He was very sick and lost all his hair. He looked like an albino but he survived and looked beautiful when he was well again.

The farm my folks lived on at the time was only about two or three hundred feet from the railroad track. Where the train crossed the road, not far from our house, they had cattle guards there so cattle couldn't go down the track. Our folks slept downstairs and us kids slept upstairs. One night in October I heard someone talking in the middle of the night to my folks. I got curious and went to the bedroom window and listened. There was two coon hunters talking to my folks. They said they had found the colt, Prince, on the railroad tracks and he was dead. My mother was crying and we all felt like crying. He had went over the cattle guard and was hit by a fast passenger train. The next morning, we took

another horse and brought him home to bury him.

School Days

When I took the eighth grade exams, I didn't pass. I was very disappointed as that meant I had to go through the eighth grade again and I wasn't very happy about it. I helped my dad on the farm that summer. I didn't mind the work. I liked to plow with a walking plow. It is a nice place to walk behind a walking plow and I hardly ever got tired.

One day a doctor drove his car in the field to give me a physical for some insurance company. He didn't even get out of his car and I didn't even get out of the furrow behind the plow. I guess he could tell by looking at me that I was a pretty healthy lad.

I went to Sunfield the next fall and took the eighth grade again. That time I passed. I would rather play ball than go to school.

I will just go back a bit and tell some of the reasons I didn't pass the eighth grade the first time. Our teacher got pregnant and quit the school in March and they closed the school. The other eighth graders went to another school. My dad wanted me to stay home and help him on the farm and I was willing as I didn't care much for school. As soon as we could get on the ground, he put me to plowing with a walking plow and two horses. I plowed every day for three weeks, except

Sundays. My dad never worked the horses on Sunday.

My Second Year in Eighth Grade

I and my sister, Gladys, drove a horse and buggy to school the four miles to Sunfield when the weather was good. In the winter we used the cutter when there was snow. There were some hills on this road at this time and they didn't plow the snow out very often. Several times the cutter tipped over and threw us out in the snow bank. Sometimes the horse would get away from us and run home and we would have to walk home.

The captain of the baseball team asked me if I would like to play on the high school team. As I was only in the eighth grade, I wasn't supposed to play on the high school team. I told him this. He was a veterinary son and a big shot in school and he said not to worry about it, he would take care of it. He did and I played on the team that year.

Playing Ball and Hunting

Two of my favorite pastimes was hunting and playing ball. There was lots of rabbits but no pheasants in those days. I liked to hunt rabbits with a twenty-two rifle. It was the only gun I owned until I was about fifteen years old. I got so I was pretty good with a rifle. One fall I shot about thirty rabbits. Lots of them I shot when they were running. My folks liked to have me hunt as it meant meat on the table. My brothers didn't like to hunt as well as I did.

I was the one, most of the time, that done the shooting of the animals that we butchered. Also, some of the neighbor men would ask me to shoot horses that had to be destroyed. I knew just where to shoot them that they wouldn't suffer any.

When I was fifteen, our neighbor let me use his garden and I put it all into potatoes. In the fall I dug them and took them to town with the team and wagon and sold them. With this money, I bought a brand new sixteen gauge shot gun. I think it cost fifty-five dollars. It was my pride and joy and I still have it. I shot a lot of birds with it and it still looks like new.

I done most of my rabbit hunting without a dog until I was about fourteen. My dad got a beagle dog and she had a litter of pups. My dad gave me one of the pups and sold all the rest, including the mother dog. When my pup got about big enough to hunt, I and my brother, Stanley, was playing catch in the yard. He was supposed to be on second base and I was on the make-believe home plate. I was throwing down to second base making believe this was a runner stealing second base. I was throwing the ball as hard as I could when the pup decided he wanted to play with the ball. The ball hit the pup in the ear and he was dead in about two minutes. I was too old to cry but I did anyway and it didn't help me a bit.

More about Horses: Dick and Dock

When I was about twelve years old, my dad bought a pair of gelding matched perchon horses. These were the ones that run away with the land roller. I liked to drive them very much and my dad would let me work them on other jobs besides farming. He let me work them on the road and drawing gravel from the gravel pit for the road.

There was about four hills on the road between Sunfield and Mulliken, which is now Highway 43. The hills were then called the Smock Hills. The summer I was thirteen I worked this team. Their names were Dick and Dock. I worked them most of the summer on these hills when they cut them down getting them ready to pave.

Then, I have walked many miles following this team plowing and fitting the ground and planting the crops. When I was about seventeen one of the horses, Dick, had to be destroyed. He had a tumor on his rear end and could hardly walk. So, we dug a large hole to bury him in. My dad led him up to the hole so he would drop in the hole when he was shot. I thought I would probably be the one to shoot him but my brother, Stanley, wanted to do it. My dad said he could. I was disappointed because I knew Stanley wasn't a very good shot. I gave him the rifle and told him where to shoot the horse, between his eyes. My dad was holding the horse by the lead rope close to the hole when my brother shot but he didn't hit him in the right

place and the horse jumped back and tried to get away. The horse was tearing around so he was afraid to shoot him again. I took the gun from him and shot the horse behind his ear and he was dead in about two minutes. By this time he was away from the hole so we took the other horse, Dock, to drag the dead horse to the hole. Dock didn't like the idea of using him to help bury his buddy. He gave us a rough time trying to get him to pull the dead horse.

Wrecked the Ford Car

When I was going to Sunfield school to take the eighth grade the second time, I was playing ball with the high school team as I told before. I wasn't supposed to play on this team but the captain had asked me to play and he fixed it up so I could play. They didn't have to twist my arm, as I loved to play ball. About two years before this, my dad had bought a new Ford car. This was what they then called a four-door touring car. My dad wouldn't let me drive it very much. I was about sixteen years old then.

Our ball team was to go to Bellevue on Friday afternoon to play ball with their ball team. I started to work on my dad about Monday to let me take the Ford car and take some of the fellows to the ball game on Friday. I worked like a beaver all the week when I got home from school. I done everything he asked me to and a lot of things he didn't. I was then driving

a horse and buggy to school. He didn't tell me until Friday morning that I could take the car to take the fellows to the ball game. He said he needed the horse on the farm that day.

I drove the Ford to school that day and told four of the boys that was on the team that they could ride with me to Bellevue to the ball game. This town was about ten miles south of Sunfield. We left after lunch and got along fine until we were about half way there. The car didn't like the road we was taking and it decided to take the ditch right by where there was a telephone pole close by the road. The car hit the pole on my side, right by me, and broke the pole in three pieces. The car was laying on its side. It threw everyone out of the car on the ground but nobody was hurt.

I was lying on my back on the ground with my feet against the running board. I didn't dare to move as I was afraid the car would tip over on me. I called to the other boys to hold up the car until I could get out of there.

We got the car back on its wheels and discovered the tie rod was broke. I think that was why we run in the ditch. At least, I like to think that was why. We all caught a ride to the game.

I had injured my right thumb boxing and guess I hurt it again in the accident. It was still sore. They put me in the field instead of on third base where I usually played.

My dad took the car to the garage to get it fixed. He

said I could never drive it again but he soon forgot what he said.

My Brothers and Me

My older brother, Stanley, didn't grow as fast as I did. Probably because he had a bad accident when he was a very small boy. He was only a year or so old. My mother and two other women were riding on the wagon with high wooden wheels. It was pulled by a team of horses. When my mother got off to open the gate, she gave my brother to one of the other women and the horses started up. She lost hold of Stanley. He fell off to the ground, which was about six feet. He fell in front of the rear wheel and the wheel ran over his neck. They all thought he sure would be dead and it was a miracle that he wasn't. He didn't seem to be injured except he had some scars on his neck. They didn't take him to a doctor. Later on he developed a rash of nose bleeding. Hardly a day went by that he didn't have one.

He grew to be about five feet seven inches and weighed around one hundred forty pounds. He was the runt of the family but never asked any favors. He was always willing to do his share.

I was growing faster and I caught up and passed him in weight and height. Everyone thought I was the oldest. When I was seven or eight years old, I was the chunkiest one of us

boys but I started to slim up when I was around fourteen. I got to be a pretty good runner. I could beat any of my brothers in a race. I used to enter the foot races in Sunfield and Mulliken at the ox roast. They had a race for under fifteen years old and one for free for all. I won a lot of the races for the under fifteen and sometimes in the free for all. I used to get a kick out of trying to steal bases when we played ball. Sometimes I would make it and sometimes not. I used to like to run until I was about sixty years old. Then I started to slow up.

Moving

When I was about fourteen years old, my folks moved from the farm by the railroad track. They got tired of having so much livestock killed on the railroad tracks. One time a whole litter of pigs were killed on the tracks. My folks rented a farm about two miles east of where they did live.

When we moved to this farm, there was a horse in the barn that belonged to the man that owned the farm. He had sold it to a man that didn't know much about horses. The horse ran away with him on a buggy and this man took the horse and put him back in the barn and never took him out again. This horse hadn't been out of the barn for two years when we moved there. He had the name of an outlaw, whatever that means. The buggy still layed in the ditch. That is, what was left of it when we moved to the farm.

When we started to work this farm, we needed another horse, so we decided to try this horse they called an outlaw. He worked out so good, my dad bought him three years later when he bought a farm of his own. I will tell more about this horse later on.

My Short High School Education

When I finally graduated from the eighth grade, my folks wanted me to go back to school in the fall to take the ninth grade. I wasn't very happy about it, but I agreed to go.

I helped my dad that summer on the farm. Also, I would work a team on the road whenever he could spare them off the farm. Later in the fall, I got a job driving a truck for a farmer that raised a lot of sugar beets. He also done custom work thrashing grain with a steam engine for power. This truck I drove was a Model T Ford and it didn't have a cab or windshield on it but it had a one-yard box. We would put a water tank on it to draw water for the steam engine. This kept me fairly busy until they got the beets all out of the field. They piled the beets all in one big pile in the yard by a big barn about five miles south of Mulliken.

When they were through thrashing grain, he put me and another one of his truckers to hauling the sugar beets. When I looked at that big pile of sugar beets I thought we would be all winter getting them trucked to town. I didn't have a

license to drive a truck as you had to have a chauffeur's license to drive a truck and I wasn't old enough. You had to be eighteen. We had been drawing beets about a week and had to pitch them all on with a beet fork.

One day the justice of peace stopped me and asked me if I had a drivers license. I told him I didn't have any. He told me to get one but I didn't. About two weeks later I was bringing in the last load and he stopped me again and asked me if I had a license yet. I said, "No." he said, "Don't come in here again without your license." I said, "O.K", and I went home. I was all done drawing beets anyway.

I didn't get any money for working on the road. That went to my dad as it was his team. I got about two dollars a day for trucking beets.

We got the beets done in time for me to start back to school in the fall. My dad used to raise lots of navy beans. I hated to work in navy beans. I have farmed for forty some years and never have raised a crop of navy beans. My dad started to pull beans about the time I started to school. I went to school on Monday. Dad kept me home on Tuesday to help in the beans. I went back to school on Wednesday. He kept me home on Thursday again to work in the beans. I went back to school on Friday. I thought I would get to play ball but I never went back to school after that so I didn't get to play. I would rather play ball than work in the beans. I guess I must of been

what you call "pig headed". And that was the end of my wonderful education.

Missed my Ride and Walked from Lansing

Grandma Phillips, my father's mother, lived in a little town over by Coldwater, Michigan. My Grandpa Hutchison had died and she had married again. She liked to have us boys come and see her when we wasn't in school. We would have to take a train out of Lansing to get there.

One day when I was about fifteen, my dad and a neighbor took me to Lansing to take the train to go see her. They dropped me off at the depot about 9:00 A.M. and went back home. The train was supposed to get in about 10:00 A.M. I waited around until 10:30 and no train, so I asked the ticket man why the train hadn't come. He said the train only comes ever other day. There wouldn't be another one until tomorrow. So, I decided I had better start walking home. It was about twenty miles.

I picked the first road that went west and started walking. The road was under construction so there wasn't much traffic. I had walked about eighteen miles when a man gave me a ride only about a mile when he stopped to let me off. I thought he had stopped but he was still going slow. I opened the door and started to get out. When my feet hit the ground I started rolling. I must have rolled over eight or ten times. He stopped

and got out to see if I was all right.

I was disgusted with myself for the dumb trick I had done. The rest of the way home I didn't hurry as I knew when I got home my dad would put me to work. I had timed it just right. My folks were just eating supper when I got there. I was sure ready to eat as I hadn't had any lunch. I thought I would be at my grandma's for lunch but I didn't make it. I enjoyed my walk home very much and didn't even get tired.

Moving Again and I Got a Job

My dad stayed on this farm three years. In 1921 I was 17 years old and he bought a farm on Santee Highway which was about 12 miles from where we had been living. We would load up the wagon or sleighs and Stanley and I would take a load of it over to the new farm if the weather wasn't too bad. We decided to do it every Saturday and by spring we had most of the tools and small stuff moved.

In February a neighbor came over to our place and wanted to hire one of us boys to help him on the farm. My brother, Stanley, didn't want to go. He said this man had a name of being hard to work for. He said to me, "Why don't you go. He pays \$40 a month and room and board." I told the farmer I would work for \$45 a month. He said he had never paid anyone that much but he would give me a try out. I went over and started to work for him. They had no children. He had seven cows he milked by hand.

He said he would milk and I could take care of the horses.
He had five horses.

I started to work for him about the middle of February, just in time to get ready for maple syrup making. He had a large sugar bush and about five hundred trees. They were mostly large ones. They used wood to boil the sap so I had to draw a lot of wood. I used a team of horses to draw the wood and sap. The buckets we used to gather sap with was quite long and held about four gallons. When there was snow on the ground, it was tough going as I was only five feet eight inches tall and I had to hold the pails up to walk in the snow. When night came I wasn't as tough as I thought I was.

Forest Moyer was the name of the man I worked for. He helped me some with gathering the sap. He would boil sap in the daytime and hired a neighbor to boil all night.

When we got through making syrup about the middle of April and the ground got dry enough to work, I started drawing manure. I had to pitch it all in the spreader by hand as that was the only way we had in those days. There was two large piles and it took me a week to get it all out and on the ground. I would average about ten loads a day. One day I loaded and spread seventeen loads. Mr. Moyer didn't like to pitch manure. He would always find something else to do. He would go around to his neighbors and brag about what a good hired man he had.

When we started plowing the ground, he would take the riding plow and I took the walking plow. He was doing me a favor but he didn't know it as I liked the walking plow better than I did the riding plow.

Mr. Moyer and I got along fairly well until the middle of July. We had the crops all in and the grain thrashed and there wasn't too much to do for awhile. Mr. Moyer would go out some evenings by himself and come home in the middle of the night. He liked his beer pretty good. One night while he was out on one of his benders, the hogs got out and went down the lane and got in another field. Mrs. Moyer and I got them back in the barnyard and I shut them in as they couldn't get out of the barnyard. It was too dark to see to fix the fence.

When I hired out to him, I was to take care of the horses and he would milk the cows. Lots of times I would get the horses taken care of and go help him milk the cows. This morning after the pigs got out, he hadn't got up yet when I got the horses all fed and ready to go so I started milking the cows. I had them about half done when he finally came out. He saw the pigs in the barnyard and he started to chew me out for not fixing the fence. I told him when I got his cows milked and my breakfast ate I would fix the fence. He helped me finish the milking and then I ate breakfast. He didn't want anything to eat. I went to fix the fence. He was always ugly after he had been out on a toot. He gave me a rough time all

morning. His wife, Jennie, was very nice to me. She told me I didn't have to fix the fence the night before. All the time I was fixing fence I was wondering why I was working there anyway. When I got through fixing fence, I looked him up and told him I was quitting and would like my pay. That was the end of that job.

My Folks Moving to Their New Farm

In the spring of 1922 that I started to work for Mr. Moyer, my folks finished moving to the farm that they had bought on Santee Highway. We had our oats in and the corn was about four inches high. On the tenth day of May we got ten inches of snow. The sheep were out to pasture and they hadn't been sheared. Some of them were so loaded with snow they couldn't move and about ten of them died. The snow didn't hurt the corn. It only lasted about two days. Guess it done the corn good.

Now, on the way to this farm, about a mile and a half from our farm, was a family of ten girls and five boys. Their name was Halsey. In the winter when my brother and I was moving some things by this place we didn't see much of the girls but later on during the summer we started seeing more of them. Some of them were real young at that time but we were looking at the older ones that was around our age. We thought some of them were real cute. There was one that I thought was better looking than the rest and that was the one I had my eye on. Later on I

finally managed to get a date with her. Her name was Edith. She didn't fall for me our first date. She thought I was a smarty. I didn't give up and kept trying to date her. She finally decided after a few years that I wasn't such a smarty and she fell for me about as hard as I had for her. So, after about three years of courtship, we were married. More about this later on in my story.

Went to Lansing to Get a New Tractor and Separator

When I was about fourteen, six of our neighbors went in together and bought a new oil pull tractor and new Red River special grain separator. Somebody had to go to Lansing and get it. They decided on one of the men by the name of Emmitt Raven to go and get it. He asked my brother, Stanley, and me to go with him. It pleased us to think he would ask us to go with him, but we weren't too happy about it before we got home with it.

The tractor was on steel wheels and it rode like a lumber wagon. The weather was real hot and the tractor was miserable to ride on. The separator was on steel wheels too and hot as a biscuit to ride on. The sun was shining on it so it gave me a headache. I started to walk on the shady side of it to get out of the sun. I think I must of walked half the way home.

When we got about five miles from the road we was to turn off on, I was still walking on the right side of it when a

noise developed in the rear wheel of the separator. I looked at it and told Mr. Raven he better check the wheel so he stopped and we discovered the spoke in the wheel was all coming loose. We didn't dare go any farther. Mr. Raven walked to the nearest telephone and called somebody to come and get us. By that time I had such a headache I didn't care if I lived or not.

In a few days they finally got the thrashing rig home and they started to run the wheat for the people that had bought the machine. The first place we started was at Mr. Raven's farm. He had a Polish man for a hired man. He lived across the road from Mr. Raven and he had the reputation of having a bad temper. His name was Mr. Brant and he had four children. One boy was about my age, the rest were younger.

At that time, Mr. Brant was helping us thrash at Mr. Raven's farm. I was tending the bagger on the machine and Mr. Brant was helping carry the grain. When we finished I had two or three bags left in another bag and I was fooling around with this bag by hitting people on their butts with it. When I hit Mr. Brant on his butt he got mad and picked up a board and started for me saying, "I will kill you!" I was too scared and surprised to run. Mr. Raven was close by. He jumped over between us and took the club away from Mr. Brant and told him to go home. He went across the road to his home but he was still in a fighting mood. A little later Mrs. Brant came over with her six-year old daughter. She was bruised and crying. Mrs. Brant said her

husband had threw the girl through the kitchen window. Mr. Raven called the Charlotte police and two patrolmen came out to get Mr. Brant. When they got there, Mr. Brant had gone looking for his oldest son. He wanted to beat him up too. The policemen finally found him and told him if he would get in the car they would take him to find his son. Mr. Brant got in the car and they took him directly to Charlotte and put him in jail. The next day they took him to Kalamazoo and put him in a confinement cell.

The officials of the county health department wanted Mr. Raven and me to come to Kalamazoo for a hearing about Mr. Brant. We went and we went up to the cell to see him. When they took him from the farm, he had a large straw hat on. They couldn't get it away from him so he still had it in his cell. He had tore it to shreds and it was all over his cell. He also had a nice watch chain and he had that tied in a dozen knots. I didn't hear any more about him for a long time.

Later on, I worked at the Fisher Body plant for 15 years. For 12 years I was a foreman there and several people were working for me. They hired a fellow by the name of Brant and he was the son of this Mr. Brant I have been telling about. He said his dad died five years after he was put in there.

Went to Work on a Thrashing Machine

I had a cousin by my father's half brother. His name was Ernest Williams. He was a year younger than I was. He was about sixteen and he lived at Springport, which was about 65 miles south of our place. He liked to come to our place for awhile in the summer and I liked to go see him when I wasn't working.

This summer when I quit working for Mr. Moyer, Ernie had come over to our place and got a job working on the thrashing machine. His dad didn't have much work for him as he had a small grocery store and Ernie didn't like to work in it. I knew he was working on the thrashing machine about two miles from Mr. Moyer's farm, so when Mr. Moyer paid me off, I walked over to where Ernie was working and asked the boys that owned it for a job. It was three brothers that owned the machine. They were neighbors of ours and lived close to the farm my dad had bought. Their names were Frank, Bill and Vern King. They put me right to work tending the bagger. I hadn't ever saw them before. They thought the way I could handle a bag of grain, I should make a good bundle pitcher so the next job they went on they put me to pitching bundles. When you were topping off the loaded wagons we would have to throw the bundles quite a ways in the air.

There was about ten men in the crew that went with the thrashing machine. We would do quite a few farms before we

was through with the grain. We would get our meals at the farm where we was working. Most of them were real good cooks and boy could we eat! Sometimes we would stay overnight at the farmers as we didn't have any way to get home. Ernie and I stayed with the machine until they were through thrasing for the season.

Left Michigan and Headed for Texas

When Ernie and I was working with the thrashing machine, we only made two dollars a day. With that kind of wages we didn't pile up money very fast. Ernie and I used to chum around together when I could take my folk's car.

One time we went to a movie. It was Buster Keaton in "Go West Young Man, Go West". That show gave us an idea that was what we wanted to do. I had always wanted to go out West when I could afford it. So, when we were through with the thrashing, we started making plans by ourselves to go West without letting our folks know about it. We thought we had enough money to get us to Texas and we would find work there.

We told my mother we wanted to go to Ernie's folk's for a few days and talked her into taking us to Charlotte so we could take the train there. She took us to the depot and dumped us off there. After she left we went in to buy our tickets to Texas. When he told us the price of the tickets we almost backed out of the deal. We knew it was a crazy brainstorm

anyway for two dumb farmer boys 17 and 18 years old to be going clear out there. So we sat down and talked it over for an hour, trying to make up our minds what to do. It was getting close to train time so we had to get on the ball and do something. We went and asked the station agent about the train schedule. He said we would probably have to change trains in St. Louis, Missouri so we bought tickets for there and would buy more there if we wanted to go farther. The train came and we got on it and was headed for Texas, we hoped.

This was about the middle of August. It was a long ride to St. Louis. I don't remember the date we left Charlotte but think it was about 2 P.M. when we left and around 10 A.M. when we got there. We weren't there very long when we decided we were this close to Texas, we might as well go the rest of the way. So, we bought our tickets for Dallas, Texas. I think we got there about 5 P.M.

The Temperature was about 100 Degrees

We went looking for a hotel and took about the cheapest one we could find. It was really a cheap one. They put us on the top floor and it was like an oven in there. It had a small electric fan in it and you had to put a dime in it to operate it. So, Ernie put a dime in it and it wouldn't work. He was so mad he would of threw it out the window if I had let him. We weren't used to sleeping in such a hot place so we

didn't sleep much that night.

The next morning we got out of there real early and got our breakfast and started looking for a job. We didn't find any work but we met a young married couple that lived in Dallas and they were looking for work too. They told us they had an apartment and we could stay with them until some of us found work. We moved in with them and lived there a few days. They both were broke and Ernie was about broke so I was buying the groceries for all of us.

This fellow told me if he had a car he could make a living for all of us. I knew something would have to be done if we were to eat, so I looked around and found an old Model T Ford roadster and bought it for \$25. It was in fair shape. I filled it up with gas and he took off with it on Wednesday morning. When he took off with the Ford he wouldn't tell us where he was going, what business he was in, or when he would be back. I guess I was crazy to let him go with the car but he made a lot of promises. Ernie and I stayed in the apartment, she in one side and we in the other. She done the cooking and we ate together.

I was getting low on money and very uneasy about the situation, but there wasn't much I could do about it. Ernie would look for work but she didn't seem to worry as long as I bought the groceries. This fellow with the Ford didn't come back until Sunday night. He didn't have no money, no job, and the

gas tank was empty.

Ernie and I had been asking around about work and learned there was an oil field about one hundred miles south of Dallas so we decided Sunday night when he came back with nothing we would take him and the Ford the next morning. We would go to the oil fields and look for work there. We got up early Monday morning and got ready to go. There wasn't much food left to eat and I wasn't about to buy any more groceries for them. I took him with us so he could come back with the car. The name of the town was Corsicana. I filled the Ford with gas and we took off about 8:00 A.M. We got there about 11:00 P.M. He took the car and started back to Dallas. I didn't ever expect to see the car again and I never did. I don't know if he ever made it back to Dallas or not.

I was so near broke I didn't have enough to buy any gas anyway. Ernie was broke too. We had just enough to buy us each a hamburger for our dinner. Then we started walking to the oil fields which was one half mile away. We could see the tall derricks from the town.

The first group of men we saw we stopped and asked them for a job. There was ten or fifteen men in the gang. They was digging a ditch to lay pipe in. The foreman put us to digging on the ditch. The weather was really hot, about 100 degrees. It was about two when we started to dig. We didn't dare take our shirts off or we would get a bad sunburn. By

4:00 P.M. we had the job done and the boss said he didn't need us any more. We asked him for our pay. We didn't want to work for him anyway. He gave us a slip of paper to take to the office in town to get our money. Well, we walked back to town to get the money and found the office was closed until morning.

Here we was with only a thin dime between us. In that town you had to buy something to get a good drink of water, so we spent our last dime and got a hamburger and split it between us. We also each got a good drink of water. We then started to look for a place to sleep.

We found a lumberyard with the lumber piled on posts about two feet off the ground. The lumber was piled about ten feet high. There was a railroad nearby and we found some excelsior and papers in a box car. We took what we could carry and took it back to the lumberyard and put it under the piles of lumber for our bed. We made up our beds and settled down to try and get some sleep. The more I looked at that pile of lumber over my head, I didn't like the looks of it. There was aisles and walkways all through the lumberyards. So, I told Ernie I was going to move my bed over nearer the aisleway. I moved my bed and just got settled down to try and get some sleep when I heard someone coming down the aisle. I could see it was a man in a uniform. It was a night watchman. When he got right by me, he stopped and used that spot for a bathroom. I didn't dare

to move as I would make so much noise with that excelsor and paper. He couldn't see me as I was under the lumber. After he left, I had to move my bed again. Ernie was laughing so hard I thought he would give us away. We didn't see the watchman again.

The next morning we got out of there early and went to the office and waited for it to open and got our money. We spent most of it for our breakfast as we was hungry and thirsty by then.

After breakfast we walked back to the oil fields looking for work. We decided we had better split up and each one take a different route across the oil fields. The oil fields were at least two miles across so we didn't expect to see each other very often. It was two weeks before I saw Ernie again.

There wasn't many roads but every road was lined up with contractors with corrals, most of them with from fifty to one hundred head of mules and horses in teams. The first corral I came to I stopped and asked for a job. Most of the contractors had a colored man for a corral boss but most of the contractors were white men. This first place I stopped, the colored boss hired me and hooked up three mules on a wagon. He put in some feed and told me where to go. It was about a mile there. He told me I would be building ant hills. I didn't know what he was talking about but I soon found out. When I got there, there was about ten other teams with three mules in each team

hitched to scrapers which they called a freno about five feet wide. They used this to scrape up the dirt and drag the dirt up on the ant heap. They ant heaps were about twenty feet high when they were finished and about twenty feet across the top. We would start with a small pile of dirt and keep on dragging dirt until it was large enough to put a large oil tank on top of it. This first day of work I didn't get in a very long day but I could see it would be a long day if you got to work in the morning. It was hard work walking up the hill all day but easy to go down.

The weather was staying about 100 degrees most of the time. After a few days I got used to it and got along fairly well. I was losing some weight.

The colored cook at the corral where I stayed would send me my lunch which was three small soda biscuits. This was all I had for lunch and I was about half starved most of the time. There was a fellow that worked on this job that was about five years older than I was. I got to know him pretty well. At noon on the job we would unhitch our teams from the scrapers and tie them to the wagon and give them some feed. One day one of his mules got loose and ran back to camp which was one mile from where we were, so he had to go back to camp to get the mule. He asked me to go with him. I didn't care much about going but he talked me into going. He said we might get something more to eat.

We caught a ride on a truck back to the corral and he said, "Lets go in the cook shack and get something to eat." The cook shack was a large building with two parts; one part for the white men and the other part for the colored men. We went in the one for white men. All the men had left and gone back to work. At noon there wouldn't be many men come in to eat but for the evening meal it would be full. There was quite a lot of food left on the table, so we sat down and started to eat when a big colored man came in and told us to get the hell out of there. This other fellow sat on my left side next to where the colored man stood. I had been around this boy quite a lot but didn't know he carried a knife. He reached down and pulled a wicked looking knife from his right boot. Then he jumped up and told the colored boy, "You big S.O.B. Get back in the kitchen or I will cut your heart out." About that time I was headed for the door. He called me to come back and eat. The colored boy had took the hint and left in a hurry and we sat down and ate our fill.

I was late getting back to work and got bawled out for it. I didn't care if I did get fired. I was getting tired of walking up and down those ant hills. When we weren't building ant heaps they would have us build fire walls, which were much easier to build than the ant heaps. These fire walls were only about four feet high and about eight feet wide. We would build these walls all around a group of large oil tanks for fire

protection.

After about three weeks on this job, I quit and started looking for another job. I found a white man with a team of horses that he wanted someone to drive. It was good to go from mules to horses. This man that owned the horses stayed in town most of the time. He found me a place to eat but no place to sleep. I found an old corn crib about two hundred yards from where he kept his horses. It was clean and empty and had a good roof on it. It was built like most corn cribs but wasn't very large, about 12 feet long, 8 feet high and 4 feet wide. When I found this I thought it would make me a nice home, so proceeded to move in with my earthly belongings which consisted of an old suitcase full of clothes. I didn't have much of a bed but it was rainproof and always a nice breeze.

I stayed there about three weeks but one night when I came from work, two men, one woman and two kids and threw my things outside and had moved their things in. The only choice I had was to look for another place to sleep. I took my things and moved over closer to the corral where the horses were and slept on the ground for about two weeks. This wasn't a very good place to sleep. There was almost always somebody's mules that had got loose and wandering around.

One night I was wakened by a noise and looked up toward the stars. All I could see was a big white mule standing over me and smelling of me. I let out a whoop and threw up my

hands. That mule took off and all you could see was a white streak across the desert.

This work I was doing with this team was laid off after a few weeks so I had to go looking for some other work. I started walking down the road and had gone about a mile when I came to a contractor place of business. I thought I might get some work there. I walked into the yard and saw a building about two hundred yards from the road which had a loading platform on the front of it. On this dock sat eight or ten men, all of them looking for work. There was white men, colored men and Mexicans. I got on the dock on the corner which was the closest to the road.

I hadn't been there very long when a man came in the driveway on a horse. He rode up to the dock and looked us all over. After a few minutes, he says, "Is there any mule skimmers here?" I was the first one to speak. The other men were older than me but I wanted a job. The man looked me over and drove up to the dock with his horse and said, "Jump on." I got on the horse behind him and we took off down the road.

we went about a mile. All the while he was telling me about his work and what I was to do. Before we got to his place, I didn't know if I wanted the job or not. He said he had four large mules that I was to drive strung out. That means in mule language what they call a four up. He said they had run away with the other driver that morning and had smashed up the wagon

some. I had never drove a four up team in my life. We used to drive four horses but they were hooked up like what they called abreast.

When we got to his place, he had me work on the wagon to get it ready to go. We got there about ten o'clock and by noon I had the wagon repaired. While I was working on the wagon, I saw the four mules in the corral with their harnesses on but no bridles on. About noon two other men drove in with their wagon and tied them to the wagon and fed and watered them. I was hoping he would let me drive the single team and one of them drive the four mules.

The wife of the man that owned the mules was the cook. They called us in to dinner about 12 o'clock. I was hoping I could keep this job as it was a great place to eat.

After the boss had his dinner, he took off someplace. I got up from the table and went out to catch the mules in the corral. Mules don't like to have anyone fooling around their ears. I thought one of the other drivers would help me but they hooked up their mules to their wagons and took off. I then wished I was six feet tall instead of five feet eight inches. I was supposed to follow the other two teams from the corral, but I was having so much trouble getting the bridles on the mules and I didn't know where I was supposed to go. I finally got them out to the wagon and hitched up and took off. I could just see the last wagon ahead of me. We had gone about a mile

when we came to a hill we had to go down and at the bottom the road turned to the left. Somebody with a red car had turned the corner too fast and run in the ditch. The ditch was about ten feet deep on the right side of the road and there was a hill on the left side about 25 or 30 feet high. The lead team didn't see the red car until they were opposite it. They started up the hill like a scared cat on the left side of the road. They was trying to turn around and go back the way we had come. I was afraid they would turn the wagon over on top of me, so I jumped off on the high side of the wagon onto the ground. They didn't get away from me but when I got them stopped, we were turned around and headed back up the road where we had come from. I had not caught up with the team ahead of me but I was close enough that he heard the noise and came back to help me. One of the mules had got his foot over the tug. That was all the damage done.

When this teamster got back to my rig, he started to cuss and damn the man that let a kid drive that run away team. He told me to take them back to the corral and turn them loose. I didn't want to but he wouldn't help me turn them around and I couldn't do it alone with a ten foot ditch on my side and a twenty foot hill on the other side. So, I took them back and turned them in the corral.

The boss wasn't there so I started walking, looking for another job. I drank all the water I could hold before I

started out. It was a good thing I did, for I took the wrong road to get to the oil fields. I walked a long way before I discovered I had to find another road. When the ground was level, you could see the oil derricks a long ways away. I was getting thirsty and it was getting hot. I didn't want to get caught in the dark in this strange country. Before dark I found a set of buildings, a house and a barn. I looked for some drinking water but couldn't find any. I was tired and thirsty but I decided to stay in the barn overnight so I went and lay on the hay in the barn. When I woke up, the sun was coming up. I soon got out of there and started looking for a place to eat and drink. After walking about two miles, I found a man watering his mules. I asked him if I could get a drink of water. He was very nice about it. He took a cup off the pump and after giving me four cups of water, he said, "You drink about as much as my mules do." I offered to pay him for the water but he wouldn't take anything.

A good well is few and far between in this area. Most of the water that is used in the oil fields is piped in across the desert. It looks like cider and is just right to take a bath in if you don't mind the color.

This fellow that gave me the water was a colored man. I was so hungry I would have liked to ask him for something to eat. It looked like he lived there alone and by the looks of the place, I didn't think I would get much to eat so I kept on

walking, looking for the oil fields.

After I had went about two miles, I came to a place that looked like it might be a place I could get a job. When I walked in the place, a colored man asked me what I wanted. I told him I was looking for a job. He told me the boss wasn't in now but would be back before long. I saw about fifty men sitting in the shade, probably all of them were looking for work. I thought if I got a job here I would have to do some fast talking so I asked the colored boy what the boss was driving, a horse or a car and what direction he would be coming from. He told me he went East this morning and he was driving a Ford roadster.

I had been carrying my old beat up suit case all this time so I took it and hid it and went back to the gate where the boss would be coming through. I sat down on the left side of the gateway. In about an hour, he drove in and when he drove in, I jumped on the running board. He was a white man about forty years old. I was expecting trouble as he drove right past all those men that were looking for work. Then he stopped and asked me what I wanted. I told him I wanted a job. He looked me all over and said, "You look pretty young and you probably could handle any job here." I told him I wouldn't be much good until I could get something to eat because I hadn't had anything to eat since yesterday noon. It was about twelve o'clock and some of the men were coming in to dinner. He told

me to go in and get something to eat. That suited me just fine. He told me that he wouldn't send me out in the oil field today, that I could help the colored boy around the corral and buildings that afternoon. That night he let me sleep in a small tent by myself.

The next day he sent me with a team of mules and wagon with some other teams and wagons about three miles to work on building some fire walls. We would unhook the mules from the wagons and hook them to scrapers. We worked on the fire walls until about four o'clock and it started to rain, so the boss sent us all home. I started home but didn't have a jacket on. I was as wet as a drowned rat by the time I got back to the corral. The mules were so slow it took me about an hour. It had turned a little colder and I was getting very uncomfortable being so wet. Someone had stole all my clothes out of my suitcase. There wasn't any heat in any of the buildings, so I decided the only way to get dry was to go to bed until I dried out. I crawled into bed with all my wet clothes on. I planned on getting up at supper time if I was dry enough. Nobody called me or woke me up. The next morning when I woke up I was as dry as a mouse.

I hadn't seen Ernie, my cousin, for a couple weeks and I was ready for some time to get started home, if I could find him. After the day I got soaked, I went and had my breakfast but didn't go to work. I made up my mind I had had enough of

the oil field life. We had been in the oil fields about five weeks and I was ready and lonesome for my home. I was hoping Ernie felt the same way. The next thing was to find him and see if he had any money to get home with.

I was lucky to find Ernie after wandering around all one day. I found him as he was going to a restaurant for supper. We sure were glad to see each other. He was hungry and so was I, so we went in and had our supper. The first thing I asked him was how the money situation was because I was going home tomorrow if we had enough to get us there. We decided we had enough to get us home. We both had to buy some decent clothes and me a new suitcase as mine was in bad shape after dragging it around the oil fields. We found some hay in a horse corral and made us a bed for our last night there.

The next morning, we walked to the town called Corsicana and got our breakfast and done our shopping, then took a bus to Dallas, Texas and a train from there home. We had to change trains in St. Louis, Missouri. This train got in Charlotte the second day of our trip about 4:00 P.M. We decided to walk the eight miles home. We thought if we walked home, we would get a better welcome home for taking such a stupid trip.

We got home about 6:00 P.M. and they were just sitting down to supper. We couldn't afford to eat on the train, so we was ready for our first good meal since we had left home. My mother started slicing bread off a new loaf. I told her she

better slice the whole loaf as Ernie and I was going to eat the whole loaf and we did.

Back to Michigan

The next morning, Ernie wanted to go home, so we took him to Charlotte to take the train home. It was the first week in October when we got home from Texas.

I didn't look for work for awhile. My brother, Stanley, and I helped our dad cut wood enough for the winter.

Run Away with Horses in Charlotte

The first year after my folks had moved to the farm on Santee Highway, my brother, Stanley, and I stayed home and helped Dad cut wood for the house and the sugar bush. There was a nice sugar bush there, about 400 trees, that we could tap. My dad bought a new evaporator to boil down the sap with.

I was always looking for some way to make a little money for myself. There wasn't much for the horses to do in the wintertime, so I decided if I could draw wood to the town of Charlotte with the horses and sell the wood and bring back a load of coal for the schoolhouse, which was right by our farm, I could have a payload each way. We had quite a lot of wood cut and my dad said it was all okay to start drawing wood with the black team. They weren't very large, about one thousand pounds each. They were well matched and liked to run. You couldn't trust them to stand unless they were tied.

My dad had an old army wagon that was real sturdy built and would hold four cord of wood. One frosty morning in February, I hooked the team to the wagon and went to the woods to load the wood. I thought my brother would help me but Dad wanted him to help tap the sugar bush, so I had to load it alone. I wanted to get it loaded so I could get an early start to Charlotte. When I got it loaded, the horses had a hard time getting out of the woods. I finally got it out to the road, but lost a half hour or so. I was to deliver this wood to a man that used to be our neighbor. His name was Claude Hale. He had moved to Charlotte and worked in a hardware store.

It takes about two and a half hours to drive a team of horses to Charlotte. I got to his place just as they were eating dinner and they asked me to come in and eat with them. I told them I didn't dare leave the team alone and that I would unload the wood. I thought if I couldn't feed the horses, I wouldn't feed myself.

It took me about a half hour to unload the wood. Then I started to the lumberyard to load the coal. When I got there everyone had gone to lunch and no one was around. I drove in the drive where the coal was and headed toward the street so I would be ready to go when I was loaded. I stopped the team and got off to look for someone. I got about ten feet from the wagon when they started switching railroad cars right beside the yards. I thought the horses would be tired enough to stand

alone a few minutes but while they were switching the cars, they banged into another car and it made an awful loud bang. The horses began to get nervous. I started to run to them but all I could get was the left line and that pulled the horses to the left side of the drive so I didn't have a place to run. I managed to hold them until I got through the gate to the street and they was running now like a couple of deer. There was a row of shrubbery at the left side of the street, so I didn't have any place to get out of the way of the wagon. I had to drop the line, so I grabbed on the back end of the wagon and tried to get on the wagon. I got on the wagon and was hanging on the tail gate when the wagon hit a hole in the street. Me and the tail gate went up in the air and landed in the street on the cement.

By that time, the horses were in high gear, speeding toward town about four blocks. This street was a dead end street and when I got there, this being the noon hour, there was about a hundred school kids around the horses. The schoolhouse was right close by and somebody had caught the horses and tied them to a pole. The wagon had a broken reach and the harnesses was broken in several places. Just around the corner was a harness shop, so I went there and got what I thought I would need to fix the harness with. It cost me \$16, which was more than I got for the wood and I still had to buy a reach for the wagon.

I didn't know my dad was in town, but just as I came out of the harness shop, my dad and a neighbor, Jay Hodgeman, was

walking down the street. I was sure glad to see them, as I needed some help to get things back together.

I got the horses back home and soon after that my Dad sold the horse that we called the outlaw horse and bought an old gray mare to go with the other one. It made me so mad I wouldn't drive them much after that.

Working for the Sawmill

A neighbor that lived around the corner from our farm was working in a sawmill near Holt. His boss wanted him to find two more men to work in the mill. He asked my brother and I if we wanted a job in the mill. We was glad to get the work for the winter. I don't remember for sure what wages we got, but think it was three dollars a day and our room and board.

The sawmill owner had a tent set up in the woods to live in and his wife was the cook. Neither one of us, my brother or I, had a car. Our neighbor that got us the job was Charlie Hale and he took us over to the sawmill in his car.

They used a steam engine to run the sawmill with and buzzed the slabs. Charlie Hale would take care of the engine, the boss was the head sawyer and Stanley would buzz the slabs and help him with the lumber. My job was to skid the logs to the mill with a set of bunks on sleighs with a team of horses. This team was a joke to me. I didn't know their age, but they sure didn't match up very good. One was gray and about 900 pounds and quite short. The other one was real dark and about

three hands taller than the gray and would weigh 11 or 12 hundred pounds.

I used both horses for a few days, then decided to use only the big horse alone. There wasn't many big logs in the woods and one horse was easier to get around with. I named the big horse Prince because he was a prince. He could drag any log in the woods very easy.

This was the winter of 1924 and I celebrated my nineteenth birthday in the woods drawing logs. Some of the logs were small enough I would throw one end on the sled and wouldn't have to use Prince to load them. The longer ones I would use Prince and a light chain and roll them on the sled. Everything went along rather good. My job was to keep logs on the skidway at all times. When I had to draw logs from the far end of the woods, I sometimes would be a little late, but Prince was a fast walker and would keep me hopping to keep up with him. I always walked by the sled when there was room for me to walk on the side. I was keeping in good condition by following the sled every day. We worked nine hours every day.

The weather was good most of the time. We hardly ever lost a day's work, although some days were pretty rough. The snow was five or six inches deep in the woods. The lady that done the cooking was a real good cook. There was room in the bunk house for us all to eat and sleep.

We finished sawing logs in the middle of March. Stanley

and I decided to go home for the weekend. We worked on Saturday until noon and after dinner we started to walk to Holt, which was about ten miles south of Lansing to catch a bus to Lansing. It was four miles from the woods to Holt. There was eight or ten inches of snow on the ground.

We got to the bus and got to Lansing about 4:00 P.M. and we took a train from there to Charlotte. It was about 5:30 when we got there. We were hoping someone would be there we could ride home with, but the town was about deserted. No cars, no teams, or anything. So we started walking home, which was eight miles. The roads were drifted with one to three feet of snow. It was rather bad walking most of the way. We hadn't tried to get anything to eat in Charlotte as we thought we would be home in two hours, but we soon changed our minds. We got home about 10:00 P.M., very tired and hungry. By the time we got home, we had walked 12 miles in the snow. Our folks had gone to bed but our mother got up and asked us if we were hungry. We told her we were like two hungry wolves. When she got us fed, she said she would rather have had two hungry wolves to feed than two hungry boys.

Bernard David and I Cutting Off Forty Acres of Timber

In the spring of 1923 was the year my folks moved from Mulliken to Santee Highway to a farm they had bought the fall before. There was a neighbor boy, Bernard David, that went to the Gater school, the same school I went to. It was on the

corner of Gater and M-43. The building is gone now. We were about the same age and we had both quit school after the eighth grade. He was three or four inches taller than I was. We both played on the same baseball team in the fall of 1922. He had taken a job of cutting off forty acres of timber and asked me if I would help him cut the logs. I wasn't too happy about taking on such a big job, but he kept bugging me until I told him I would help him.

I had helped my dad cut quite a bit of wood with the cross-cut saw. Bernard hadn't used a crosscut saw much, so he had a lot to learn. He didn't know how to sharpen a saw and I wasn't too good at it either, so his dad kept our saw sharpened for us. Bernard's arms were so much longer than mine, it took a while for us to get the swing of the saw together.

Bernard and I never got along in school. He liked to brag about what he could do better than us other boys because he was bigger than we were. One day he started to brag about what a good boxer he was and we got in an argument. He called me a liar. I didn't like that, so I showed him that I was pretty good with my hands too. (This was when we were in school.) His brother was in the schoolhouse and seen us when I clobbered him in the jaw. He told the teacher and she soon had us by our ears, leading us to our seats. We got along fairly well the rest of our school years. I only went to high school three days.

When we were about seventeen years old, we decided we would like to take wrestling lessons. We used to do quite a lot of wrestling and thought we were pretty good. Frank Gatch and Strangler Louis was the two top wrestlers at that time. They both weighed about 300 pounds. We sent for their wrestling lessons by mail. They cost \$15 and I paid for them. He was going to pay for half, but he never did. When the lessons came, we would take them up in the haymow and practice all of the holds in the lesson.

Bernard never did turn out to be a very good wrestler. In the first place, he was not built for it and he was too slow. He never got so he could throw me, but I got so I could throw most anybody I wrestled with. One of the boys weighed 225 pounds. All the boys were afraid of him and so was I, but they all kept bugging me to take him on. So, one Sunday afternoon we were all over to my folks and they finally got Lawrence, the big fellow, and me together. I weighed 150 pounds to his 225 pounds. I was so surprised as his arms was as big as my legs but no strength in them. I threw him three times before he gave up and wanted to quit. I still have those old wrestling lessons. After we got a few years older, we didn't do much wrestling any more.

When Bernard and I started to cut off this piece of timber I talked about earlier in my story, we had forgot about the fight we had and the wrestling matches. He had got married to

a neighbor girl and moved to a house on the farm where we was to cut the timber. I was still living at home and I would carry my lunch and would eat in the woods when the weather was nice. Bernard would go to the house to eat his dinner. It was only about forty rods to walk. When the weather was bad, they would ask me to come up to the house to eat my lunch.

Bernard was boss and he wanted to cut all the big trees first and leave the smaller ones to last. I didn't think much of this idea, but he was the boss so that is the way we done it. We worked till about the middle of January.

I was getting awful tired of his bragging all the time. One day he got to telling me about how he could of been the champion boxer of Michigan if he hadn't had to go in the army. I knew that he never was in the army and I told him so. He said the war was over in 1921. I told him he was wrong, that the armistice was signed in 1918. We didn't discuss it much more that day.

The next day about 10:00 A.M. things got pretty dull so I asked him if he found out when the war was over. He said, "Yes, I did and I was right." I asked him where he got his information from and he said from the mailman. I knew the mailman. He was a veteran and had been in the army. There hadn't been any tracks in the snow from Bernard's garage in several days and his garage doors was froze shut. So, I knew

he hadn't been out of his garage with the car. When I started questioning him, he got mad and said I called him a liar. We had stopped sawing and the saw laid on the log between us. He reached over the log and tried to hit me in the face. I had boxed with him and knew he was slow. When he struck at me, I bent over so he missed me. He was then in a good position for a right upper cut. I didn't want to hit him in his eye, but he had partly lost his balance and started to fall on the saw. When I hit him, it straightened him up. His eye looked pretty bad. He started to cover it with his glove so I gave him my handkerchief to cover it with. He told me to take my saw and get out of the woods. We stood there about ten minutes and I told him to get a hold of that saw. We had a lot of work to do. He gave me my handkerchief and we started to saw logs again.

When we went to the house for dinner, I took my lunch bucket to the house to eat because it was cold. His eye was looking pretty bad by then. It was all black and blue and his wife, Florence, asked him what was the matter with his eye. He said, "Oh, I hit Guy and Guy hit me." He went to the medicine cupboard and got a bottle of something to put on his eye and handed it to me. I didn't think he had touched me but I looked in the mirror anyway. I didn't have a mark on me. I handed it back to him and told him I didn't need it and he got so mad he wouldn't eat any dinner.

We cut wood for about two weeks after the fight and he told me about an eight-acre piece of timber that was close to where my folks had moved. He said he was going to get that piece of timber for us to cut. I knew it would be spring before we would get this piece of timber done that we were working on. I kept track of this other piece of timber he had been talking about. When I heard it had been sold, I found out who had bought it and where he lived. One night I went to see him and when he opened the door, he said, "Hello, Guy. You're just the man I am looking for. I was going to come out to see you." He told me he wanted me to cut off the piece of timber on Wheaton Road that he had bought. I said that was what I came to see him about and I could start on it next week.

Johnson Lumber Company had bought the other piece of timber that we had been working on and they would come out every Saturday and scale the logs and pay us. We worked until Saturday noon. Johnson's came out and scaled the logs and paid us. After they had gone, I told Bernard I wouldn't be back Monday. He asked me why and I told him I got that piece of timber to cut he had been talking about. He got real mad and called me a lot of dirty names. I knew about this piece of timber before Bernard did. He got his Dad to help him with the other job.

Cutting Off a Piece of Timber with Clare Towe

Clare Towe was about the first boy that I chummed around with after we moved to the farm on Santee Highway. He was a

little taller than I was and three or four years younger. He told me his dad had some Indian blood in him. They were nice people. I thought his dad was a lot of fun and I liked Clare too.

We played on the same ball team and he liked to trap and so did I. When I took the piece of timber to cut, I asked Clare if he wanted to help me cut the logs. He was glad to get the job but he would have to run his trap line before he could come to work every morning. That was all right with me as I had to run mine too. His line was quite a ways from where we would be cutting logs, but mine was close by on a creek that ran by the woods.

About the third day we were cutting, we had just fell a tree and Clare was cutting some limbs off when a limb broke off and hit him on his leg. This was in February. No snow was on the ground, but a lot of leaves. I was at the butt of the tree, about twenty feet away, when I heard him call me. He was on the ground crawling around in the leaves. He got up in a few minutes and we both thought his leg was broken. He tried to step on it but couldn't put any weight on it.

It was about a half mile over to my folks place, so I told him I would go home and get my car and come and get him. When I got back, I thought he would want to go to a doctor but he said, "No, take me home." His leg wasn't broken but it was three days before he could come back to work or check his traps.

The land where this piece of timber was, was owned by a lady that lived on the farm. The woods was on the back end of her farm, about a half mile from the road. The man that bought the timber moved his sawmill into the woods and set it up.

Trouble with Hettie Silverthorn

This lady that owned the timber was quite a character. Her husband wouldn't live with her only about half the time. She was a large woman and her husband was a small man. He had a dog's life most of his life. He would do ditching for people with a spade shovel. This lady's name was Hettie Silverthorn. She had a teenage daughter that had it pretty rough too. Hettie couldn't get along with anybody. She was giving the man that bought the timber a pretty rough time. He would kick her out of the woods about every day.

There was a small creek that run quite close to her house and run back by the woods. This was where I was setting my traps. She hadn't given me permission to set them there, but I did anyway. I was catching a few rats every morning. They were about five dollars apiece, and that was more than I could make cutting logs. After a few days, she asked me to take up my traps as she was afraid her geese might get in them. So, I took up my traps and one of her nephews set some traps in the same creek. After about a week he hadn't caught any, so he took his traps out and, of course, I set my traps in the creek again.

The next morning my traps were all pulled and lay on the creek bank. I should of took my traps and went to the woods to cut wood, but I didn't know who had pulled them up so I went up to Hettie's house and asked her if she knew who the screwball was that pulled my traps. She said she did. She took off like she was going to a fire and picked up an axe that lay by the wood pile and headed for the creek. Her and I got there about the same time. I always carried a small trap stick when I checked my traps. She raised her axe to strike the trap and I threw it out of her way with my stick so the axe hit in the ground, nearly hitting her foot. Now she was really mad! She raised the axe above her head, ready to strike me with it. I didn't think she really would but I was wrong! When the axe was about five inches from my head, I grabbed it by the handle and tried to take it away from her. She was a strong woman. In the process of trying to take the axe, she slipped from the creek bank into some water. Then she was mad enough to kill me! I threw the axe across the creek into a field. Then I picked up my traps as I walked to the woods. Hettie was following me. I knew she would kill me if she got a chance. When I got there, Clare was waiting to cut logs.

Hettie went over to the sawmill and started talking to the man that owned the mill. I heard him tell her to get out of the mill. She was trying to get him to fire me. Now she was really mad and instead of going to her house, she started

walking over to my dad's place which was about a half mile. She found him in the woods or sugar bush boiling down sap. He never did get along with her either. She told him if I would finish paying for her car, which was \$35, she wouldn't press charges against me. He told her we would have to settle our own problems and he also told her to get out of his woods.

I didn't hear anything more from her but about two weeks later, on a Saturday afternoon, Stanley and my dad and myself was sitting in the living room listening to the radio. A man drove in the yard and came to the door with a paper in his hand. I went to the door and he asked if Guy Hutchison was here. I told him that was me and he said, "I have a warrant for your arrest." He was to take me in to Charlotte jail. I said, "Right now?" and he said, "Yes, right now." I could see he wasn't fooling. I said, "Give me a few minutes." My brother, Stanley, was sitting nearby and I told him to follow us in. I wasn't about to spend Saturday night in jail unless I couldn't get out of it. I had a date with one of the girls that lived down the road from us, which later on turned out to be my wife.

The policeman took me to the jail and up to the second floor and opened one of the cell doors and told me to go in. All this time I was trying to think of something I could do so I could see that pretty girl tonight. I asked the policeman if I could see the justice of peace and he said, "No, he don't like to be bothered at night." I told him I knew the man and

he knew me. I could see I had to stretch the truth a bit because I didn't like the idea of spending that night in jail while my girlfriend was waiting for me. He told me to go in the cell and if I didn't he would have to put me in. I guess he had a change of heart as he told me I could call the justice of peace.

I called him and told him who I was and the trouble I was in. He started to give me a rough time until I told him I had a date with a beautiful girl and I didn't want to miss it. I asked him if I could come down to his house and see him. He said to come on down.

I told the policeman I was going down to see the justice of peace. He said, "Will you be back?" and I said, "No." We got in my brother's car and went to the justice of peace's house. It was on the edge of town on our way home. He gave me a good bawling out and fined me a \$10 fine and \$5 court cost. We got home in time to keep my date with the beautiful girlfriend.

Working in Adrian at Railroad Yards

After Ernie and I got back from Texas, he went to his folks and got a job in the town of Adrian working in the New York Central railroad yards. He told me if I would come over to his place, he would get me a job there where he was working. At that time, I had a Ford four door touring car, so I drove over to his place and started working in the railroad yards. This was in November and I didn't have any heater in my car. We

were driving back and forth to work 18 miles. It was a pretty cold ride. I was staying at Ernie's folk's. After about two weeks of this he quit his job. He couldn't stand the cold any more. I found a place in Adrian to room and board and worked there until spring. Then I came home and got a job driving truck for Oat Bottomley in Charlotte.

The truck was a Ford half ton with a dump box on the back. This Oat Bottomley was a contractor and he had two different gangs of men working for him. Their work was building cement sidewalks and gutters for the city. Oat had a gravel pit on his place on the south side of town. My job was to keep both gangs supplied with gravel for their cement mixers. The truck only held one cubic yard of gravel. I had to shovel the gravel on the truck by hand. One cubic yard of gravel weighs 2800 pounds. The shovel they gave me was a gravel shovel but wasn't large enough, so I had trouble keeping up with the mixers sometimes. It was a half mile or more where I had to deliver it. I told the boss if I could have a larger shovel I could keep up easier so he got me a larger shovel and I got along fine. After I got toughened in I could throw on a yard of gravel in eight or ten minutes.

This truck didn't have any windshield or doors on it. I drove this truck all summer on this job. I thought some days it would fall apart but it hung together until it was too cold to pour cement.

That winter Clare Towe and I cut logs for Johnson Lumber Company and in the spring my cousin, Ernie, and I got a job driving truck for a contractor in Genesee County. He had three trucks. Ernie drove one and a friend of Ernie's drove one and I drove the other one.

Genesee County was about a hundred miles north from where we lived. We was drawing gravel with the truck about five yards per load. It was too far to drive to work, so we bought a tent and set it up in a farmer's field about seven miles from the town of Geneseeville. We got enough equipment together to set up housekeeping and we started living, not like kings but like truck drivers. None of us knew much about cooking but we got by fairly well.

By this time, I was old enough to take a few glances at some of our neighbor girls that lived down the road about a mile and a half from where we lived. There was ten girls and five boys in that family. Some of the girls were quite small but several of them were about the age to get me thinking I should do some checking up on one for me.

We went to a party at one of the neighbors and the one I had my eye on was there. She came to the party with some of the family and I came alone. I decided that this was a good chance to see if she was in the dating mood, so I asked her if I could take her tome. This was our first date. I had to smart off on our way home and drove the car out in her dad's corn

field and up against a corn shock. She didn't think much of my smarting off, but later on when she got to know me better, she thought I wasn't such a bad boy after all. Her name was Edith Halsey but a few years later, we changed it to Edith Hutchison.

Going to Flint to Work

While we was living in the tent and driving the trucks, our lives were rather dull. I had my car there but we didn't go much of anyplace. We got all the driving we wanted by driving trucks all day. Edith and I had been dating whenever I could get home, which wasn't too often. Edith and her sister, Lela, thought they would like to take the train to Flint and Ernie and I would meet them at the train and take them home.

This was on a Saturday night, so after we picked them up at the train, we went to an amusement park which was nearby. In this amusement park they had a roller coaster. It was the biggest one we had ever seen and all decided we would ride on it. The girls were so scared they said they would never ride on another one and as far as I know, they never did. Neither one of the girls had ever rode on a train, so all together we had quite an evening and finally all drove back to Charlotte and home.

I forgot to mention I had twisted arms with a fellow before this, so my arm was pretty sore. You can imagine how

hard it was to hang on when we rode that crazy roller coaster.

I spent the weekend at home and with my girl and Ernie and I went back to driving trucks on Monday. We drove trucks until it got too cold to draw gravel. Then we took up our tent and packed up our things and went home.

My brother, Stanley, was working in Lansing at a place called the Wheelbarrow Works. He had been working there a few years. He helped me get a job there and I worked until spring but I hated to work in a factory. I didn't think I could stand it until spring, but I did. The first nice day in April I told Stanley I was going to quit and go back to driving truck. He told me I better work awhile until the weather was better, so I stayed on the job a few days more.

We hadn't heard anything from the contractor that we worked for the year before. I had got to know another contractor that was trucking on the same job as we were the year before. He had two trucks. He drove one and hired someone to drive the other one. One of his trucks was in good shape and the other one was a wreck. I never give it a thought that I would like to drive for him. He was a little short man about five feet tall and awful bossy. We named him Noisy. His name was Jim Nossio. This all happened when we was driving truck the year before for the Procter brothers.

Noisy, as we called him, always liked to be the first in to get a load out of the gravel pit in the morning. One day I

decided we would have a little fun with him and get to the pit one morning ahead of him. There was about ten trucks drawing gravel out of this pit. We had to wait in line to get under the bin that screened the gravel before we could get loaded. I contacted all the drivers to see if they would come to work one hour early the next morning and we would get all our loads out before Noisy got there. All the drivers agreed to do this and came early and got their trucks in line. We had to wait until the pit crew came to work. We all wanted to see the fun. I got there about five and the rest came shortly after. By six most of the trucks was in the pit.

It took about twenty minutes to screen out a load of gravel. My truck was the first to be loaded and I parked my truck out by the road where Noisy would be coming in and about where I thought he would have to park in line. He came and parked behind the last truck and started to rave like mad. He took off his hat and threw it on the ground and stomped on it. He probably wouldn't get his load until 8:30 or 9:00. Most of the truckers came back to see the fun. The more the truck drivers laughed, the madder Noisy got.

When I went down the road to where we was to dump the gravel, there would be a man there to tell us how to dump it and give us a ticket that we could turn in to the boss to get paid for trucking at the office. Noisy was still raving mad when I had to go dump my load. He was trying to find out who played

that dirty trick on him, but he never found out it was me.

One day in April when I was still working at the wheelbarrow factory and was ready to quit any day, I had been working on the ground floor. But this day they sent me to the next floor. There had been several nice days. I was trying to get up enough nerve to quit and walk out of there. The boss had just gave me a five cent raise the day before. This room I was working in was about twenty feet square and I was working in the back end away from the stairway. About ten o'clock that morning, I noticed a man come up the stairs and headed my way. He had a blueprint in his hand. I didn't recognize him until he got quite close. It was this man, Nosseo, that I had played the dirty trick on. He said he had come up from Flint to hire me to drive truck for him. He said they wouldn't let him come up to see me so he went and got a blueprint so he could get up to see me. If he hadn't been so homely I could have kissed him. To think he had come right at the time I was so anxious to get out of there.

He told me he had bought a brand new five ton Mac truck with a five-yard box on it and he wanted to hire me to drive it. He would drive the old truck. He wanted me to start the next morning so I would have to leave today. He told me where to go, about twenty miles north of Flint to a certain farmhouse and there would be a fellow there with the other truck. We were to stay there that night.

Five minutes after he left, I ran down the stairs and told

my brother Stanley I was leaving. He said, "You are crazy. Why don't you wait until you got some work?" I told him I had a job and was on my way home. He asked me if I had told my boss and I said, "No. He just gave me a raise yesterday and I hate to tell him." I got my lunch bucket and went home and ate dinner with my folks, packed up some clothes and told my mother to kiss my girlfriend, Edith, goodbye. Then about two o'clock I was headed for Flint.

I had a little trouble finding the right place where I was to meet the other truck driver. It was almost dark when I finally found it. There was nobody around, only the truck driver and his wife and they was going to sleep in the barn. They told me I could sleep there too. I thought this man, Noissio that hired me would be there to meet me but he didn't show up until the next morning at eight o'clock and told me to follow him to his place over by where Ernie and I had set up our tent the year before. This farmer had let him park his trailer in the yard. He had a nice big trailer. Him and his wife would be living in it. The trucks were also parked nearby.

His wife was built about like him, only about four feet tall. She said we would be boarding with them and sleep in the trailer. This was our home all that summer. We didn't see much of them, only evenings and weekends as we were driving our trucks all day.

Mr. Noissio's name was Jim, so I will call him Jim from now

on. When I first met Jim, I didn't like him very well but after I got acquainted with him, I changed my mind about him. He was a jolly good fellow but a very poor truck driver.

Jim told me they had moved to Flint for the winter and just moved out here with the trailer. When we went to the trailer, his wife came out and was glad to see me. I knew her from the year before and always liked her. She was a lot of fun. The first thing I said to her is, "Are you still the cook around here?" She said, "Why?" I said, "I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday noon." She said, "You poor boy! Come on in and I will fix you some breakfast." She bawled Jim out for not going over to get me earlier. I said, "I will go look over the new truck while you are getting breakfast." It was a honey. I could hardly wait to get behind the wheel. She soon called me in to eat at about 9:30 A.M.

After Mrs. Noisio got me fed up, (Jim always called her "Doll" so that is what I will call her for she looked like a rather large doll, almost as wide as she was tall) I went out to where Jim was working on the old truck. He said, "Do you want to go for a little spin with the new Mac truck?" He said he hadn't drove it yet so we got in it and I drove it down the road three or four miles. It was brand new and never been drove yet. It drove like a dream and I thought I was in a dream and hoped I never woke up. I felt like a millionaire. I must of been about 22 years old then. The truck was a 1926 model.

The truck I had drove the year before for the Proctor brothers had hard rubber tires on the back and it was a man killer to drive. They didn't have power steering on trucks and cars then. This new truck was easy to handle and it was a pleasure to drive. I drove this truck until early November.

While I was driving for Jim, I often wondered if he ever knew that I was the one to blame for playing that dirty trick on him at the gravel pit the year before. I don't think he ever knew or he would never have come over to Lansing to ask me to work for him. Jim and I got to be good friends.

When we drew gravel and dumped it on the road, you had to go back the same way you came to get back to the gravel pit so you had to turn your truck around in the road. Jim never got very good at this and he would get stuck in the ditch and somebody would have to pull him out. The other truck drivers didn't like to help him get out because they could beat him back to the pit if they left him in the ditch. I was the one that pulled him out most of the time. I could help him out and still beat him back to the gravel pit and get a load before he did. I think the reason Jim hired me was because he knew I could handle a truck pretty good and would take good care of it.

The day we got to Jim's place where the trucks were, we worked on the trucks getting them ready to go. Jim said the roads were a little too soft yet to open up the gravel pit. In a few days we had the trucks ready to go and we started to draw

gravel. When we dumped a load, we were supposed to spread it out on the road, not dump it in a pile. All the trucks had chains to spread the gravel whatever thickness you wanted to. There was a man there to tell you where to spread it and how thick to spread it. He would give the driver a ticket to show he had delivered a load. This ticket was turned in to the county office to get payment for the load.

This man that gave the tickets out was supposed to keep the gravel leveled off with a shovel. Most of the truck drivers did a pretty good job of spreading it, but there was a few that never could do a decent job. This would cause the man with the shovel a lot of extra work. I had the new truck and everything worked real good. I could spread my gravel so the man with the shovel wouldn't have much to do but Jim gave him a rough time as he was such a poor truck driver. He couldn't spread the gravel right. He would either lift his box too high or too low. At the end of the day we would turn our tickets in to Jim's wife, Doll, as she was the secretary and treasurer. She was always waiting for them to see how much money we had made.

Doll never had no mercy on Jim. She treated him like a little kid. If I turned in even one more ticket than he did, she would find fault with him. It was easy for me to turn in more tickets than he did as I had the new truck which was faster on the road and almost every day I would turn in two or three more tickets than Jim. After about a week of this they were

fighting most of the time. Doll and I got along all right. She would listen to me when she wasn't bawling out Jim.

One night when Jim went out to do some work on his truck, I told her I would like to have a talk with her about her and Jim. She looked at me and I thought she might bawl me out but she didn't. I told her if they kept this up Jim's problems would get worse as he was a nervous person and the way she picked on him bothered him. I said, "You and Jim both know Jim can't keep up with me and never will, so just let up on him."

Jim told me he owed \$500 on the new truck yet and would like to get it paid off that summer. I told him I would do the best I could and that was why I was trying to turn in as many tickets as I could.

Now I am going to tell what happened one Sunday when Jim and I went to do another trucking job, not on the road. This man had a large pile he wanted someone to help him move. He would load it in the truck with a loader and we would take it about 200 yards and dump it over a bank. Jim got his load first and left to dump it. I had loosened my chains on the tail gate of my truck and should have thought about Jim's truck but didn't. When I got my truck loaded I started out and when I got about half way there, I saw Jim's truck backed up to the dump site with his box raised up as far as it would go and the front end of his truck was off the ground. I hurried as fast

as I could and I could hear him yelling like a mad man, "Get me out of here." The truck was sitting on a hill and it was 30 feet to the bottom. The truck looked like I could push it over by hand. He had raised the box so high that it wouldn't come down by itself and he couldn't get the door open. He was trapped in the truck.

I always carried a log chain with me when I was trucking and I backed up to his truck and hooked the chain on the front of his truck and pulled him down. All this time he was yelling bloody murder but I didn't have time to listen to what he was saying. When I got his truck back on its four wheels I had to help him get the door open. He was white as a sheet and shaking like a leaf in the wind. He was so shook up he could hardly walk. He had forgot to unhook the chain on the tail gate of his truck. I got in his truck and let the box down and then pulled it ahead a few feet with my truck so it would be safe to raise the box to let the dirt run out. Jim's mistake could of cost him his life if the truck had rolled over the bank.

When I told Doll, Jim's wife, about it, she didn't know about it. I told her that happens sometimes when some people have too much on their minds or have something bothering them and if she would be a little easier on him he would settle down. I told her we were going to pay off that \$500 note in the fall and we did.

I didn't get home very often to see my girlfriend, but she

was glad to see me when I got home in the fall. My birthday comes on the 26th day of November. Jim payed off the \$500 note about the first day of November and when I left for home he gave me a \$10 gold piece for my birthday. I thought I would keep it forever but later on in the depression we had to use it.

Cutting Logs and Got Married

The winter after I came home from working for Jim, Clare Towe and I cut logs all winter. In the spring I went to work in a small factory in Charlotte, Michigan. I didn't like to work in a factory, so in the fall I quit that job and Clare and I cut logs again for Johnson Lumber Company.

By this time I was 24 years old and Edith and I had been going steady for three years. She was 21 years old and old enough to know what she wanted. There wasn't much doubt about who and what I wanted. We told our folks we was going to be married on January 26, 1929.

We had rented an apartment that was furnished in Charlotte and I told Clare I wouldn't be able to cut logs on Friday or Saturday. He tried to find out why but I told him I had some business to look after and I would see him on Monday morning. Edith and I left Charlotte Friday noon and went to my Uncle Earl's place in Springville and stayed there that night. This was my cousin, Ernest's father. The next morning we was going on to Toledo, Ohio to get married and Ernest and his girlfriend,

Phil, was going to stand up with us. It was about 75 miles and when we got up that morning it had been raining and freezing on. The roads were slippery and we could only drive 25 or 30 miles per hour. It was about 11:30 when we got there and I went to the window to get the marriage license. There was two people ahead of me and soon there was three behind me. She gave me our license and closed the window and said, "No more licenses until Monday morning." They closed at 12 o'clock on Saturday. Boy, that was close! The couples behind us were very disappointed. One of the girls was crying.

We went to a minister's house and was married. Ernest and Phil went back home. We roamed around the town awhile and found a nice hotel to stay in that night and got a nice room for \$5. The next morning we went back to my uncle's place and had dinner with them. Aunt Anna was a good cook. Then we went back to Charlotte to our apartment and found it kind of messed up as some of Edith's sisters and friends had got in and played a few jokes on us.

I had told Clare Towe I would be ready to cut logs Monday morning and told him where to meet me. When he came to pick me up he tried to find out where I had been over the weekend. I didn't tell him I had got married until about noon. Then he wouldn't believe me. I spent my honeymoon in the woods cutting logs and eating a cold lunch. If the weather was real cold we would build a fire and warm our lunch.

We didn't like to cut logs in the summer time so we quit in March of that year. I got a job at the Olds plant in Lansing in April so we moved to Lansing and stayed with Edith's sister and husband awhile. Then we rented an apartment.

Went to Work at Olds Plant

When I was working up north at Geneseville driving trucks, there was a couple of brothers named Proctor working another machine nearby and I got acquainted with them. They had sold their trucks and bought two new drag line cranes. I got it in my head that I would like to have the job of operating one of them and I asked the oldest brother about working for him the next year. He said he would let me know in the spring. That was the winter we got married and in the spring I was working at the Oldsmobile plant in Lansing. By the time that April rolled around, I was getting nervous about getting out of the shop and getting outside work. I hadn't heard anything from the Proctor brothers that owned the cranes.

One day in April the plant where I worked broke down, so they sent our department home about 10:00 A.M. When I got home my mother was there and had brought a letter to me from the Proctor brothers. They had sent it to my folk's place as they didn't know I was living in Lansing. So, it had been awhile getting to me. They wanted me to come up to the town of Reese, which is about 100 miles north of Lansing and work for them.

I had my B.W. (I will be calling my wife B.W. meaning "beautiful wife") get me a bite to eat while I changed my clothes. Then I was on my way to see the Procter brothers.

When I found John Procter it was about 3:00 P.M. He told me to try to find a house to rent around Gilford as we would probably be working in that area for awhile. I started looking and found a nice house right in the little town of Gilford which consisted of two garages, two grocery stores and a church. We didn't have a stick of furniture. I got the house for \$5 a month rent and then started to look for some furniture. I found enough to barely get started with, a bed and a stove and a few other things. When my B.W. got there, we got enough more furniture to get by with for awhile.

I showed my B.W. on the map where Gilford was and asked her if she wanted to move up here and live with me. She said that was what she had in mind when she married me. We didn't mind not having much to start housekeeping with as there was a certain amount of love involved in this deal. So, we had our love but knew there would have to be an income so I went to work for the Procter brothers.

While I was working at the Olds plant I was getting 60 cents an hour and the Procters were going to give me 90 cents an hour. Most of our work with the machine was from 10 to 20 miles from Gilford, so I didn't have too far to drive to work.

Ed Procter, the younger brother, was operating the machine

when I went to work and I was his helper. Ed was a nice fellow but he sure liked his beer and his drinking problem got him in a lot of trouble. Our work with the crane was mostly to clean out drain ditches along the roadside and other waterways that needed cleaning out.

Learning to Run the Machine

I had worked with Ed three or four days before he said anything about me running the machine. One day, about 2:00 P.M., he jumped off the machine and said, "Guy, here you are. See what you can do with it." At that time they were saying it would take up to two or three months to break in the average person to be an efficient operator. When Ed got off the machine, he got in his car and was gone in two minutes and had never told me a thing about the machine.

Here is a brief description of the machine. It was a Kowring #101 and weighed 20 tons. It had a 50 foot boom and a one yard bucket with an 85 hp motor. I had watched Ed while he was running it so I knew about every lever you was supposed to use. It had three main levers on it with about 100 feet of ³⁵/₄₈ inch cable. I was glad Ed wasn't around because in the first ten minutes I had the cables so messed up I thought I would never get them straightened out before dark. If we kink any of the cables very bad it about ruins them and they won't stay on the pulleys. It was almost dark before I got the cables back on without any of them ruined. Ed didn't come back that night

and I was glad he didn't. I went home and went back in the morning. Ed didn't show up until noon and by then I was digging dirt like mad. Ed looked at me and the machine and never said a word to me. Then he got in his car and took off someplace. I think he had been out on a toot. I don't think he could of run the machine if he had tried.

I hadn't seen much of John for a week or two after I had started to run the machine. By then I had got fairly good with it. John spent most of his time driving around the county looking for jobs for the machine. Ed was supposed to be the foreman over us when he could stay sober.

One day while John was gone, Ed hired a man to be my helper. He was part Mexican and one of Ed's drinking buddies. He was a good worker if Ed would let him stay on the job. When he would come up missing, I never knew if he was on the other job as they had a smaller machine or if Ed had him out on a drinking spree. This fellow's name was Bill. When Bill was working with me as my helper, he was supposed to keep the brush cut out of the ditch ahead of me and keep the machine greased and gassed up.

One day I was cleaning out a ditch about ten miles from Bay City and it had quite a lot of brush in it. Most of the ditches were along beside a county road and I was to put the dirt from the ditch in the road and the county would level it off and put gravel on top. They didn't want any brush in the dirt. This day I was cleaning out this ditch was a hot day and Bill was

working like a beaver to keep ahead of me. About 10:00 A.M. along came Ed and got Bill in his car and took off toward Bay City. He didn't say a word to me. He should of seen what kind of mess I would be in with all that brush in the ditch. They were getting paid by the rod for cleaning the ditch.

I always tried to get as many rods each day as I could. When Bill was there he would cut the brush and put it in the bottom of the ditch. Then I would take the bucket on my machine and drag it on the bank and dump it the other side of the road. When Bill was gone, I would have to cut the brush, then climb the ditch bank, which was about 15 feet, then get in the machine and put the brush on the other side of the road. It was hotter than brisket down in that ditch. There was no shade or breeze and I wasn't used to working in the sun as I was in the shade working on the machine.

John had gone to Georgia to look for work. I didn't look for Ed and Bill to come back that day and they didn't. They didn't even show up the next day. By the end of the second day I hadn't got much done and I was about done out climbing up and down those ditch banks all day. I said to myself, "If they don't come tomorrow I am going to shut down the machine until John comes back." I thought surely they would be back by the third day, but they wasn't. I was standing by my machine thinking what I should do when a car drove in and pulled up beside me. It was a middle-aged lady. I said, "Good morning," but

she was so shook up she could hardly talk. Finally she said, "Where is Bill?" She was Bill's mother. I told her I didn't know. I hadn't seen him for three days. She started to cry and said something had happened to him. I wasn't in no mood to feel sorry for Bill or Ed either, but I did feel sorry for her. I was sure I could tell her where her son was. I told her he probably would be home sometime today, that he probably was in jail.

Well, about 11:00 A.M. Bill and Ed showed up and they were a tough looking pair. They had got liquored up and got in an accident with another car. They didn't have any money for the fine so the police threw them both in jail for three days.

When John got back we were way behind with the ditch and he asked if we had trouble. All I said was, "Ask Bill and Ed." He found out later from Bill's mother.

I worked for the Procter brothers from 1929 through 1931. In the fall of 1930 John bid on a large job of digging a channel out in Saginaw Bay, 320 rods out in the bay, 20 feet wide on top and to carry six feet of water all the way out the 320 rods. John was a college graduate engineer and he thought we could do this job with this machine of his. Two other contractors had took the job and went broke and moved out. We had to use mats. We started out with little mats that we had all ready made and used on swampy ground with very little water. They were 16 feet long and 46 inches wide and six inches thick. John

had a truck load of 8x8x10 timbers delivered close to the bay where I was to start digging. He had the boys build one mat to see if the machine could raise the mat up. My machine could handle it very nicely but the ten foot mats were too heavy for their smaller machine so they cut off two feet.

I think it was the first week in December that we started the canal. John had to hire one more operator and two more helpers. I got my brother, Hartley, to break in to operate the machine and Edith's brother, Elmer, to be his helper. They both stayed with us there at our home in Gilford. It was about 25 miles from Gilford to Bay Port where we were to work.

The water wasn't froze over yet when we started to dig the channel, so we could use the small mats. We hadn't worked very long until it froze over so they had to build larger mats. I was supposed to run my machine on top of the mats and work there all day. The weather was turning colder fast and we was breaking through two feet of ice. I was working the big machine days and Ed was working it on the night shift. Bill was Ed's helper and another man was my helper. The channel laid north and south. My brother took the west side to work on and I took the east side. The channel being 80 feet wide means that the operator has to throw the bucket back about ten feet beyond the center of the channel. The boom on the machine that my brother was working with was ten feet shorter than the boom on the one I was operating so I would have to throw my bucket ten feet

farther than he did. I was throwing my bucket about 30 feet beyond the end of the boom. It was so hard digging that they had to dynamite the channel before we could dig the dirt loose.

By January 15 the ice was two and a half feet thick and I was tearing up the bucket real bad so John went to Bay City and bought a steel ball which weighed 300 pounds. We chained it to the bucket to break the ice with. He also bought a power saw to saw through the ice with. I was getting along okay on my side of the ditch but the other machine was having troubles.

Ed and Bill's Trouble: Booze and Fire

The first year we were married we bought a new Chevrolet roadster with a rumble seat and we drove that to work. We didn't drive it out on the ice but used an old pickup for that purpose. We would drive it out to the machine on the ice. One morning the middle of January, I drove the pickup out to the machine and I saw the bucket was froze in the ice and hadn't been moved for hours. I didn't see anything of Ed and Bill. I looked inside the machine and there they were laying on the floor. The motor on the machine was running so I started to work but the bucket was froze in so bad I had a lot of trouble getting it loose. I thought all that noise would wake them up but it didn't so I thought I better check on them. They lay there like they were dead. I thought maybe they were injured in some way. I finally got them awake and Bill looked terrible. He looked like he had been burned in his face. They got out of

the machine in a hurry and didn't say anything to me.

We were working 12-hour shifts so it was still dark when we started work. As Bill and Ed were leaving, Hartley and Elmer came walking from the other side of the channel where their machine was and wanted to know what had been going on around here. They said their machine was all burned up. Everything that could burn on it was burned. I walked over and looked at the machine and knew they wouldn't be able to work it for weeks. John had gone back to Detroit, so he wasn't there yet but he came at 8:00 A.M. By this time it was daylight and John could see the burned machine. He looked at it before he came over where I was. When he got on my machine he started asking me a lot of questions. The first one was, "Was they drunk?" I told him I didn't know and he said he didn't blame me for not telling on them. I knew they were drunk as they smelled like a brewery and I think they were injured in some way. Nobody knew where they went but they were gone three days. When they came back Bill's face was all bandaged up.

Bill and Ed's Party

Both of these machines had light plants on them run by a gasoline motor mounted on a platform fastened on the outside of the machine. There is a switch on the machine that you have to throw to get it to light. Well, this is how Ed and Bill got in all this trouble and burned up the machine.

Ed and Bill stopped working sometime in the night and went

somewhere and got some beer. When they got back to the machine, they gassed up the motor that runs the light plant and they spilled some gas on the floor of the machine and some on the light motor. When they threw the switch to start the light plant motor it created an electric spark where they had spilled the gas. When the gas blew up, Bill was standing right over the motor. He thought he would jump in the water. He was so loaded with beer, he forgot everything was ice instead of water. His face was bruised and he almost lost his eyesight. He wasn't able to work for quite awhile.

It cost John \$1500 for parts for the machine. As soon as John got the parts, they started to put it back together. There was Hartley, Elmer, Bill, Ed and John and it took them about three weeks to get it ready to run. They didn't have a very desirable place to work in as it was freezing weather most of the time. I felt sorry for them as it was warm in my machine where I was working. They finally put up a canvas for some protection from the wind.

Hartley Runs His Machine Off the Mat into the Bay

I was working on my side of the channel all the time they were repairing Hartley's machine, so about the time they had it ready to go I had finished with my side of the channel. When this job was first let to contractors, they put a large round mark of red on the pilings by the shore. That mark was the water line we were to go by. We was to have ten feet of water

below the red mark. It had been three years since the job was first let and the water had gone down three feet, so we had been working in only about seven feet of water.

One Saturday morning John and I was taking up a pickup load of lumber from my side of the channel to the shore when we noticed the boom of Hartley's machine was laying down on the ice. John said, "What is he greasing his machine this time of day for." I said, "He isn't greasing it. He has run it off the mats!" That was a really bad jolt as the mats he was using were real heavy. When we were to move from one mat to another, we should set our brakes in the machine or block the wheels and Hartley hadn't done either.

All the time I worked for John I never heard him bawl anybody out. All he said was for everybody to go home and come back Sunday morning. John was a graduate from engineering college and I thought he would come up with some kind of an idea to get the machine back on the mat, but nobody had any ideas how to do it. We had 25 miles to drive home and all that time I was trying to come up with something. I felt partly to blame as I had got my brother the job and he pulled a dumb trick like that. Then I got to thinking how strong would three feet of ice be. I thought it should be as strong as six or eight inches of cement. I knew they had two large chain falls over to the place where they crushed stones at the stone quarry. If we could get two holes down through the three feet of ice and put

one of the 8x8 timbers around it with a cable on it and turn the timber crosswise of the hole with two chain falls on it, I think something would have to move.

Getting the Machine Back on the Mat

Sunday morning I was ready to try my brainstorm to get the machine back on the mat. The night before I told my B.W. we wanted our breakfast an hour earlier Sunday morning. I got Hartley and Elmer up when breakfast was ready and we left for Bay Port long before daylight. I wanted to catch the night-watchman at the stone quarry before he left for home and I wanted to get everything ready before John got there from Detroit.

We drove the roadster to Bay Port by the bay and took the pickup and headed for the stone quarry. The watchman was still there and I asked him if I could borrow the chain falls. He said he wasn't supposed to lend them to anybody but when I told him the trouble we were in, he let me take them. They were mammoth things, probably weighed two or three hundred pounds apiece. The stone quarry wasn't working on Sunday, so we had to load them by ourselves. We went back to Bay Port and loaded up everything we thought we would need, like timbers, cables, push poles, ice spuds and chain saws to cut ice with. It was still dark when we got back to the machine. We used the lights on the pickup until it got light enough to see. Nobody else had come to work yet but they soon came. They didn't know what I was trying to do, but when I explained it they all got to work and

and it took us an hour to get everything ready. It was good to have lots of help as it took two men on the cables and two men to run each chain fall. John came about the time we was to tighten the cables. He came over and looked everything over and shook his head. He looked at me and said, "Do you think it will work?" I said, "You want to bet?" but he said, "No, not with you."

We told the boys to tighten the cables but to keep them even so they would both be pulling the same. I knew when the cables started to tighten they would start to cut through the edge of the ice until it got cut in about three feet or so and that is what happened. When it started cutting in, everybody started to laugh. We had cut the holes about twenty feet back of the machine. The first three feet it cut quite bad but when it got four feet it started to slow up and when it got five feet it had about stopped. The boys on the chain falls was getting tired so we put two more on it. The 40-foot boom still laid out on the ice. I knew it would take a lot more power to tip the machine over enough to straighten the boom.

When the cable had cut through five feet of ice, the boom started to come up. When John saw the boom start to come up out of the water he let out a whoop and I thought he would scare all the fish out of the bay. I was holding my breath until the boom got straight up and down as anything could happen. A cable could break or the ice could give way. But the ice lacked two feet

of breaking away and everything worked beautiful. Nothing was broke and the machine was right back where it was supposed to be.

On weekends there would be a lot of fishermen in shanties on the bay fishing through the ice. Sometimes there would be 75 or 100 shanties that we could see. Sometimes there were quite a few people around watching us work and one Sunday morning there were some people there that took our picture. They gave me some pictures and I will try to get some of them along with this story.

Hartley had about two more week's work to get his side of the channel finished and I took my machine up to the shore as they wanted me to dig what they call a turn around up by the shore. It was to be a hole in the ground big enough to turn the boats around. The hole was to be 60x80 feet and eight feet deep. I didn't keep track of the time it took me to dig it but it was probably two or three weeks. Hartley and Elmer had their side of the channel done before I had finished digging the hole. When I got the hole dug, I took my machine up on shore and we overhauled it. To get it to the shore, the ice had to be sawed ahead of my machine. The large chunks of ice had to be pushed back under the ice to make a place for me to set the mats down on the ground. It took two men to push the chunks of ice and one man to run the saw and another man to hook the cable. There was a cable on each mat and a hook that was used to lift the mat

out of the water and swing it around in front of the machine. This cable man would hang onto the cable and I would swing him back and forth to each mat. That way he didn't have to walk back to the next mat. It took all one day to get the machine back to shore.

John had been down to Louisiana looking for work but didn't find any. It was in the middle of the depression in 1931. He told me there probably wouldn't be much work for a couple of years.

Our First Child Was Born

My B.W. was pregnant for our first baby. We were still living at Gilford, Michigan. She was sick all day Saturday, March 7 and the baby was born Sunday morning, March 8, 1931, about one o'clock. It was a boy and we named him Richard Lee. He was our pride and joy.

The weather was getting bad, but the doctor managed to get there and back home. It was a bad snow storm Sunday, but by Monday it had cleared up and I started to go to the town of Fairgrove with our roadster. The snow was so deep in places I would put the car in gear and get out and push it out of the snow banks. I had to push it so much that I hurt my back and was laid up for several days. Everyone said, "You would think you had the baby instead of your wife!" Edith's mother came to take care of her when the baby was born. She stayed a week and then her sister, Lela, came and stayed a week.

Wrecked the Roadster

One morning when we were going to work back in October, we cracked up the roadster. Saginaw Valley was a great country for sugar beets. They had a plant to process the beets and people would truck them in to the plant.

This morning we were going to work it was real foggy and a truck set in the middle of a gravel road with no lights on it. I was only driving about 20 miles an hour and I was nearly on top of the truck before I seen it. The man was in his truck but said he didn't have any way of stopping me. The crash shoved the hood of the roadster right through the windshield and up against the steering wheel post. Elmer got one knee banged up a little, but nobody else was hurt. The man said he didn't have any insurance, so I had to pay the bill to have it fixed. We drove on to work and later on took it to Fairgrove to have it fixed.

Came Back to Charlotte for the Winter and

Went to Chicago to Take a Short Course

In the fall of 1931 we came back to Charlotte for the winter. I wanted to go to the Coin Electric School for a few weeks. Edith and our new baby stayed with her folks. After about three weeks of school I got lonesome to see my family, so decided I would take a bus home one weekend. I had contacted one bus about the price to Charlotte. This was the depression and everything was tight, including myself. When I came down

the street with my suitcase, the bus drivers would come out on the street and want you to take their bus. This one bus driver asked me to take his bus but he was one dollar higher than the other one I had contacted. I told him so and he wouldn't believe me. I told him to go and call him and he did. Then he gave me the same price. I didn't see the bus until I got in it. It was an old bus and we sure had our troubles.

We hadn't got out of Chicago when we started having troubles. The bus would stop every three or four miles and it would take awhile to get it started again. We finally came to a little town and the bus driver pulled up in front of a restaurant. He said he was going to fix it this time, so when he stopped, some of us went in the restaurant. I got a bowl of soup but it was too hot to eat. I was waiting for it to cool when I heard his motor start up. I was sitting clear in the back. I thought he would check with us before he took off, but he didn't. He just gave her the gas and took off. I left my soup set on the table and went out the door like a scared rabbit. I was a fairly good runner when I was young. When I got to the street, the bus was about 100 feet ahead of me. I let out a roar like a mad bull. There was a night watchman on the street near the bus and he heard me and waved the bus driver down. In those days, they put the suitcases on the back of the bus. When the bus stopped I had caught up with it and was hanging on the luggage rack.

When we got out in the country a few miles, he had trouble

again and stopped in the middle of the road. He got out and raised the hood and was looking under it. I was getting pretty restless as my wife was supposed to meet me in Charlotte and I knew I would be late. I got out of the bus to walk around a little and discovered he was parked right on the railroad track. I saw a light coming down the track so I went around and punched the bus driver in the butt and told him he better be moving that bus as he was parked on the track and there was a train coming. He took one look and went to the bus door and let a roar out of him. Everyone was asleep but he got them all out. Then everyone pushed on the bus and got it off the track just in time.

When I got in Charlotte, it was so late my wife had come after me but had gone back home not knowing why I wasn't there. I went down to my sister-in-law's and she took me out home.

Got Sick in Chicago

When I was going to school in Chicago, I stayed in a rooming house where I got my room and board. While I was there, I got the flu and was never so sick in my life. I had a fever of 104 degrees for two or three days. The landlady would come in morning, noon and night. She told me I better go to a doctor and told me where to go about a city block away. I started out one day to walk to the doctor's office. I hadn't ate anything for three days and I was so weak I found I couldn't make it. I

I started back to the rooming house but I had to rest awhile before I could make it. The landlady then got worried about me and called the doctor. He chewed her out for not calling him sooner. He gave me some pills to take and I finally got better.

I didn't think much of the school as they crammed so much in you in so short a time. I spent \$500 for nothing.

Moved Back to Charlotte

In the spring of 1932 we took our four-wheel trailer, which I had made, and went up to Gilford to get our furniture. We had rented a house on Needmore Highway before we went up there. This place was about two and a half miles from where my folks lived and we paid five dollars a month rent for it.

We got to Gilford and got our furniture all on one load and started home. We had nine flat tires before we got home. It was hard to buy new tires at that time. By the time we got home I had got pretty good at changing tires and patching them. It was about dark by the time we got home. My sister, Grace, had got married and they were having a shower on her and her husband, Russell, that night and we got home in time for the party.

By this time we were about broke. I had been looking for work but it was depression time and there wasn't much work to be had. I finally found a job working for the King brothers. There were three of them and they owned a grain thrashing machine. Their names were Bill, Vern and Frank. They were all neighbors to us. I worked for them that summer and cut wood in the

winter of 1932 and 1933. One of my neighbors cut wood together and we cut 300 cords of wood that winter.

In February of 1933 we were blessed with a baby girl born February 23 and we named her Joyce May. We paid the doctor bill with wood. Joyce was born here in this house and the doctor's bill was \$25.

That next summer we rented another house around the corner from us and moved over there. The man that owned it wanted to sell it and we thought we would buy it but he backed out of the deal. I was glad he did as it was on a hill and only four acres of land. This man that owned this house got me a job at Fisher Body and I went there to work on January 12, 1934 at 45 cents an hour.

Then in 1936 the house we had moved from on Needmore Highway came up for sale. There was a house and small barn and 40 acres of land. So, we bought it and moved back there. We gave \$2,350 for it. Over the years we put many improvements on it and you wouldn't know it was the same place. We have lived here ever since and that is where I am writing these pages in 1984.

The farm on the east side of us was a 64 acre farm with a small house and a barn. One night when I came home from work at Fisher Body, there was a man sitting in our kitchen. He said, "I came to see if I could sell this farm to you." That was good news to me as I had wanted to buy it. It was heirship property and he gave me first chance on it. This was in 1942. I told

him I would think it over. He wanted \$6,600 and I thought that was a little high so we finally made the bargain for \$5,500. Then we had another farm that joined right on the east side of our 40 acres.

When I started to work for Fisher Body, I started at 45 cents an hour and I wondered if I could pay for two farms on those wages. I had put in a row of eight stanchions in the barn and had eight cows which I was milking by hand. I did most of this work. I cemented the floor and gutter and poured the mangers with cement. This was on the 40-acre farm that we bought first. There was 21 stone piles on this farm. The barnyard had a low spot in it and water would lay there, so before I put the stanchions in, I put a cement block wall five blocks high around the water hole and moved the barn over on the blocks. That left quite a hole to fill up so I drew all those stones from the stone piles and dumped them in the holes. I had a wagon with dump boards that I used to draw stones in and we had left the barn so we could drive in and dump the stones. I also put stones all around the barn and later on I cemented the barnyard. Then about the year 1946 we built on to the barn. It was 58 feet by 26 feet with a round roof. This was attached right on the old bard and we used some of the stones in this barn. My father-in-law took the job of building on this addition to the barn and I helped all I could when I got home from work. Also, he had to have some help when I wasn't here, so we hired a neighbor man,

Archie Wonser, to help out.

I guess I better take time here to say in 1943 we got to thinking we would like some more family, so on June 16, 1944 we were blessed with another baby girl and we named her Judy Ann. The other children were 11 and 13 years old, so a new baby was quite a novelty. As soon as Judy got old enough she was always my helper. She was as good as any boy could be.

Buying a Trucking Business

By this time I could see I would have to get more income coming in to pay for the farms and the building and remodeling we were doing. Later on we remodeled the house all through. I also had bought tools to farm with. There was a fellow just a quarter mile west of us that had a grocery store and he had a trucking business. His name was John Kelly. As I write this that grocery store building was torn down quite a few years ago.

About the year 1945 he wanted to sell his grocery store and also the trucking business. He sold out to George Nixon. John had a good fertilizer business going and also he done livestock hauling to market. He had sold out the whole business to Nixon, including a 1945 Chevrolet half ton truck and the M.P. service license which you had to have to truck. But, George didn't like to truck fertilizer. He would take a load of livestock to Detroit and come back empty. John's fertilizer customers didn't like that, so when I bought George out they started to order fertilizer from me. I thought that would be a good deal. I

could take livestock to Detroit and bring back a load of fertilizer. I found the truck was too small, so I bought a new larger truck, a two ton Chevrolet. I wanted a truck large enough to draw eight tons of fertilizer. I would make around \$45 or \$50 on a load of cattle and \$5 a ton on the fertilizer plus \$5 a ton commission.

I thought by now we had enough income to get out of debt. I was feeding out my holstein steers plus some hogs I had. I had about 20 hereford cows and was feeding out their calves.

When I started to work at Fisher Body, they put me to work on unloading metal from trucks and railroad cars. I didn't like that job, so I started to drive trucks. After the first year, they put me on as a gang leader. I got five cents more an hour. After a year of that, they done away with the gang leaders and called us foremen and put us on salary.

The general foreman's name was Ernie Schram. He was the man that owned a house near us and we had rented it of him. He was the one that got me the job at Fisher Body. He was a real gentleman and we got along fairly well for 15 years with few eruptions. My foreman over me was a short Pollock and was an easy fellow to get along with. His name was Frank Kalusha and he told me it was good to have somebody like me that wasn't afraid of work. The other fellows bawled me out for working so hard. I guess they didn't want to work that hard.

My department was called the material control. I had 20 or

25 men that worked for me. Frank was a nervous type of person and was so afraid of his job. When they put me on as foreman, they gave Frank a checker job.

Getting Ready for War Production at Fisher Body
and Office Blew Up and Three People Killed

Fisher Body got in war production and we would have to unload 13 or 14 railroad cars each shift plus some trucks also. I don't remember what year we got in war production, but our gang had to load all of the automobile parts that was left in the factory into trucks and they would take it to some salvage plant. We loaded up a good many truck loads of metal that went to the dump. We weren't allowed to load any piece of an automobile that could be used. I was to okay every part before it went into the truck so it was a slow process. I guess I was at least a month to get things ready to start on war production. As soon as we got one building cleared they brought tank bodies to be sand blasted and painted.

During this time, they had made me general foreman and put three foreman under me. I wondered if we could stay sane until the war was over. They were moving the offices around in the plant and they moved our office over into a small building that was all brick and attached on the side of the main building. When they first moved us there, there was an odor like gas coming in our office and we complained about it. There were two

people besides me that worked in the office. One morning about 10:00 A.M. another man and I was setting up a power hook about 100 feet in front of the office when one of the boys named Wallie that worked in the office came out and said, "Guy, you are wanted on the phone." Instead of going to the phone, I told him to find out who it was and what he wanted so he went back to the office. Suddenly there was a terrific boom. I looked toward the office and there wasn't any office there, only a large ball of fire where the office was. I rushed to the nearest fire alarm and punched the button. The fire trucks and ambulance was there in a few minutes. They found Wallie buried in brick. It blew the whole south side of the office out on the railroad track. I got out there just in time to see them dig Wallie out of the pile of bricks. He looked terrible but was still alive. He died before they got to the hospital. They didn't find the other boy that was in the office until 10:00 that night. There was also one dead man down in the hole where the gasoline tank was that exploded. Our office was built right over this gas tank and two men were down there working on it trying to find where the fumes were coming from.

Three people were killed in that explosion. They found another man later, wandering around the parking lot. He was in a severe shocked condition but he recovered in the hospital. If I had went and answered the telephone like I should have, I wouldn't be here writing my memoirs.

I got along with the union men pretty well. I didn't let them bother me too much as long as they did their work to suit me. The plant went on strike in 1945 or 1946 and they closed the place down. All the foremen that was on salary had to report for work although there wasn't much to do. The strike lasted from December to April.

I had got myself so involved in so many deals I didn't know if I was coming or going. I had bought the farm west of me so that made us three farms, 193 acres all connected together. I had about 50 head of cattle and was doing chores in two different barns and was trucking fertilizer, about 200 tons in the spring. I also trucked cattle to Charlotte on Mondays, Battle Creek on Wednesdays, and Detroit on Tuesdays.

Our son was going to Charlotte high school and him and a friend of his, Richard King, got in a bad accident. He was laid up for awhile and didn't finish that year's schooling so he was here to help with the chores when he was able. I still had a pretty busy schedule with trucking stock and fertilizer and milking cows and doing other chores. When I was working nights my wife and son would do the chores at night, but I always got up at seven and done them in the morning.

Our New Car

In 1945 I ordered a new Oldsmobile through the factory where I worked, Fisher Body. We were in war production and hadn't made cars for two years. One day in October, 1946, one of my men

told me there was a new Oldsmobile on the line with my name on it. I had to go look before I would believe it. I kept real close watch of it. The bodies go upstairs first to get the upholstery on them and then come downstairs where I worked. I was surprised as I thought it would be a year before I would get a new car. In a few days, an Oldsmobile dealer in Lansing called me and said he had my new car there. I sold the car I had and at my noon hour I went to the dealer and paid for my new car and the license. The salesman asked me what I was driving. I told him I had sold my car. I had caught a ride to the dealer's after work and was going to drive my new car home. The dealer wanted to know what I got for it and said I was supposed to trade it in on the new car. There hadn't been anything said about trading it in. I had paid for it and had seen it in the lot all ready to go, but he wouldn't give me the keys for it. I didn't have any way to get home.

I was about ready to blow my top because he wouldn't give me the keys. He would leave the office and leave me sitting there, thinking I would leave, but when he came back I would be sitting right there, waiting. I was determined to stay there until he gave me the keys. This went on for about two hours and it was time to close up. Everybody had gone but him and myself. I didn't think he had nerve enough to lock me in the office. I got so mad at him, I told him if he didn't give me those keys something was going to happen to someone and it wasn't

going to be me. Maybe he could see I had fire in my eyes and both fists. Anyway, he finally gave me the keys. I felt like taking a poke at him but thought I better not. I went on home with my new car. I was told I was the first one from Fisher Body plant to get a new car after the war.

Quit Fisher Body

In 1949 I decided I would quit working for Fisher Body and put all my efforts in farming and trucking. I was 45 years old at this time and knew I had too many jobs going to keep working in the shop. I took on custom work like combining and baling hay and straw and was filling 20 to 30 silos every year. So, I was keeping pretty busy. Next I will tell about some of my hunting trips.

Big Game Hunting in Canada for Moose

In October 1964 my youngest daughter's father-in-law, Russell Joppie, and Ed Hall, who was a hunting buddy of mine, started to Ontario, Canada on a moose hunting trip in the Pine River area. None of us had been moose hunting before, so it was all new to us. I had heard through some fishermen about a place they thought would be a good place to go, so I wrote to the fishing guide about reservations and he told me where to come.

I had a nearly new GM pickup truck which we drove to White River, Canada, left the pickup there and took a train to Dalton, about 80 miles from White River. From there we took a bus about 20 miles, then took a four-wheel drive jeep to the river.

Then we took a boat to the lodge on the river. The owner of the lodge had several small cabins and boats to rent. He also had a large dining area and several real good cooks. His name was Alex Collins. We didn't stay at the lodge. We went on down the river with one boat and towing a canoe. We went about four miles beyond the lodge and set up a tent on a small island in the river.

Mr. Collins furnished one guide for the three of us and we would change off using him for a guide. He was a French Canadian and his name was Frank. He was a nice fellow but he had a bad cough. I couldn't see how he could be a good guide with him coughing all the time.

The opening morning of the season, Frank and Russell and the guide went up the river. They dropped me off about a half mile up the river and Ed Hall took the canoe and started to cruise the river by himself. After Frank and Russell had been gone a quarter hour, I heard a lot of shooting in the direction they had gone. In a little while they came back and went to the lodge to get a bigger boat picking me up on the way. They had a large moose down up the river a ways.

This moose had started to cross the river, so Russell and Frank both shot at him four times. He hadn't gone down yet when they left, so we spread out to flush him out of the brush on the river bank. The grass was about four feet high. We went about 200 feet when he reared up out of the grass. He couldn't

run, so Russell and Frank started shooting at him some more. When he went down, he was about 100 feet from the water. I guessed him to be about five years old and weigh about 1500 pounds. He was a big one.

We first cut his throat to bleed him out and then attempted to dress him out. Some of the boys didn't know much about dressing him out. I had helped dress out beef cattle but nothing this big. Anyway, we got him cut up in quarters and they were so heavy it took all three of us to get them in the boat. They took it to the lodge and put it in the cooler.

Getting My Moose

The next day Ed and Frank was out with the canoe paddling around. Ed shot a small moose, about 600 pounds. They tied him behind the canoe and floated him down the river to the tent and dressed him out. It was a lot easier than the big one.

I hadn't seen anything yet. The day we were to go home, Frank loaded up some of our junk and took down our tent and took me up the river about a mile where there was a small lake. He called it a pot hole, about 10 yards long and 200 wide. He left me there and went back to the lodge with his load. He said he would be back and get me about noon. I was glad he didn't stay with me with all his coughing. The weather was cloudy and misty that morning.

I got to the pot hole about 9 A.M. and found a small evergreen tree about ten feet from the water. I set my rifle up

against the tree. I was stationed so I could cover all of that pot hole with my rifle. I had been there about 15 minutes when I heard a noise to my left. The side of the pot hole I was on was real brushy and the other side was all clear. When I heard this noise, I slowly turned and looked. There stood a moose about 100 feet from me, looking right at me. I slowly reached for my rifle with my left hand and the bull moose jumped in the water and started to swim. Before I went hunting I decided I wanted a decent rifle. I wanted one that would reach farther so I got a 300 Remington with bolt action and it held four shells.

This bull moose had nice horns on him and would weigh about 1100 pounds. When a moose is swimming in the water, there isn't much showing out of the water to shoot at and I didn't want to shoot his horns. I missed him the first shot but the next one he rolled over and started to float. I had used two shells and had two left.

After the bull was down, there was a cow moose there which I hadn't seen as she was back of the bull moose. I started shooting at her as the guide had told us to shoot everything we seen. The people there needed the meat. I missed her the first time and reached in my pocket to get another shell to reload. At that time, I always carried one of those telescoping pencils in my pocket. I was groping around in my pocket for a shell while trying to keep my eye on the moose. This pencil was

about the same size of the shell and I had got that and was having trouble getting it in my gun. By the time I noticed my mistake and got a real shell in the gun, she had swam across the pot hole and was going up the bank on the other side. I took some shots at her but she had got too far away. I threw that pencil so hard, I think it might be going yet.

The cow moose had gone on into the brush, so I thought I had better see about getting my bull moose out of the water. I was stranded here at the pot hole with no way to get anywhere as Frank hadn't come after me yet. I started to walk down to the main river and saw a man coming up the trail. He asked me if I had shot something and I told him I had a bull moose down in the water and I had spooked a cow. He wanted to go back to the pot hole and try to call the cow back. I told him she wouldn't come back and she didn't.

I didn't like to go and leave my moose in the water, but he said he would take me where ever I wanted to go. I asked him to take me back to the lodge to get Frank and his bigger boat. When we got there Frank was in the kitchen drinking beer with the cook. He asked me what I wanted and I told him I wanted a larger boat and block and tackle and some ropes. When we got back where the moose was he said he would wade out and drag my moose in to shore by himself. I knew he couldn't and he finally gave up on that and took the boat out where the moose was and put the rope on the top horn. That was a mistake as when we

pulled on the block and tackle it dug the other horn in the mud. We had anchored the rope to something on shore so we could pull the moose in with the block and tackle. By this time there was eight or ten hunters gathered around to help. The rope broke a time or two and it was 12:30 before we got my moose out of the water and cut up and ready to go back to camp.

We left for home the next day with our three moose. We each had one. These were the only moose on the train that we took back to White River. Frank went back on the same train and he was bragging about his three moose (which was ours). He had a few drinks too many and he got everybody on the train to look at our moose.

Hunting Elk in Idaho, 1961

There was five of us that went on this hunting trip: Ed Hall, Ray Weaver, Gary Halsey, Floyd Halsey and myself, Guy Hutchison. Ed Hall drove his Chevrolet pickup and Ray Weaver his Chevrolet Camero. We left on the morning of October 16. We were headed for Orfino, Idaho. We went by way of Montana, right by the Diamond Match Company where they make matches. They had trucks on the road in the mountains bringing logs out. The logs were cut in 35 foot lengths.

We had to take this road to get to Orfino or go around, which would have been 200 miles farther. We took a vote and voted to take the logging trail across the mountains. It was

100 miles across to Orfino. There was not a house on the road but a lot of logging trucks.

We came to a small river and the only way to get across was a floating raft. He charged us 50 cents a person to take us across. We stopped several times on our way to Orfino to do some fishing so didn't get to Orfino in time to be flown out to the hunting camp.

We had made reservations and Jim Ranshow was the outfitter that we was going to hunt with. He had a nice large camp about 80 miles east of Orfino. He had a string of pack and saddle horses and a good guide that could call elk without an elk caller. Ray and Ed got their elk the first day.

I hadn't seen anything to shoot at until the fifth day. I was about three miles from camp and between two large hills. When I looked to my right I saw a black bear heading right for me. I thought I had it made as I couldn't see a thing he could hide behind. He kept on coming until he got about 100 yards from me and then he ducked behind a large rock. He could peek over the rock and look at me but I didn't want to shoot until he came out of there. I had my 35 Remington with a peep site on it. I didn't want to hold the rifle up too long as my arms would be too tired to shoot when he decided to go. I didn't know which way he would go, so I just let my gun lay loose in my arms. He finally ducked down real quick and I raised my gun. He went out of there like a blue streak. It was nine feet from

the stone to the brush where he was headed. I raised my rifle and fired in a hurry. I didn't think I hit him. He disappeared in the brush. I walked over there where he had went in the brush and 50 yards beyond. I couldn't hear or see anything so thought I had missed him and might as well go back to camp. But I kept looking in the brush and saw something black on the ground. There laid my dead bear. I had hit him right through his heart.

Then I had a job of dressing him out. The blow flies are so bad there so I gathered a bunch of ferns and covered him up as we wouldn't be able to get him until the next day. The next day we came back and got him. I had the head mounted and a bear rug made out of the hide later. The rug was stolen when someone broke in our house and stole a lot of things while we were in Arizona and Florida in the year 1970.

A few days after I got my bear, Floyd and Ray and myself were covering one side of a large hill and I came to a patch of brush. There was about three inches of snow and the ground was covered with large mule deer tracks. I walked through the brush to spook them out. I just got to the outside when I heard a shot behind me. I had lost track of Floyd but I heard someone say, "I got him!" I looked up on the side hill and there stood Floyd and I saw a large mule deer coming down the hill. I could only see the top of him. He finally stopped and I thought he was hiding from Floyd so I shot him in the neck. When I got over to the deer, I could see he had been shot. Floyd

had shot him and he was sliding down the hill when I seen him and thought he was just coming down the hill. He was all ready dead when I shot him. Floyd had shot him through the heart. The deer was a monster. He would probably weigh 400 pounds. If we count all the points he had about 40. We could lay the rifle on his horns.

Elk Hunting in Colorado

Floyd Halsey and his wife, Shirley, and I went to Colorado with Ray Weaver in a pickup camper on a hunting trip. We went to this place and they took us back to the mountains in a truck with some horses. They left us one horse in camp in case we had trouble.

Floyd and Ray got their elk the first day. I saw a herd of six elk the first day. Their horns had to be 14 inches to be legal. I was about to take a shot at one but I wasn't sure any of them was legal. I thought if I saw six elk the first morning, surely I would see some more the next five days. I never saw another elk. I knew later I should have taken a chance and shot one. Their ears are so big they hide some of their horns and you can't see them.

Hunting in British Columbia

A fellow from Charlotte, Michigan named Leonard and I decided to go hunting in British Columbia and had made reservations for this hunt. I had a nearly new pickup which I would

have drove, but he wanted to drive. He had an old four-wheel drive Chevrolet pickup, so we started out with his old pickup. We decided we would change off driving about every 100 miles. We started from home at 12:00 midnight. He drove to the Upper Peninsula and then wanted me to drive and he would sleep. We had to go west to Shelby mountain and then go north to Fort St. Johns, British Columbia where the outfit was that we was to hunt with. His name was Don Beattie and it was 2500 miles to Fort St. Johns.

Fort St. Johns was a large town. Leonard and I rented a room on the outside of town and walked up town. We looked up the wife of the fellow we was to hunt with and visited with her awhile. Then we went back to our room. We just got back when the lady called and wanted to talk to me. She said her husband had called and said he didn't want us to come out there where he was as the wolves had drove the game all out of there. Here we had drove 2500 miles and no one to take us out hunting. I told the lady we were very disappointed. She said she would try another outfitter and see if he would take us out. She called back and said there would be a man come and see us. He came in just a few minutes and said he would fly us out the next morning. We were to meet him at 7:00 P.M. and he would fly us north 100 miles and they would have another plane there to fly us out to the brush.

We got there about 10:00 A.M. but the plane wasn't there yet.

At 12:00 the plane hadn't come yet, so they called back to see what was the trouble. They said the plane had froze up. When the plane came Leonard and Don were to go first, which they did. The landing field was a mile up the road from the restaurant and the last one to fly out was to take the pickup back to the restaurant and leave it there. Nobody had come to get me yet by 4:00. I was getting nervous so started to walk to the airport. The plane and I got there about the same time. The pilot was in a hurry and wanted to know if I was ready. I told him I was supposed to take the pickup back to the restaurant so he went and took us back with the car.

The pilot flew me out to Don's hunting lodge about 25 miles out in the bush. The next morning the cook had breakfast ready at 7:00 A.M. After breakfast we started out to hunt. The weather was about zero. We rode the horses to where the hills were, then tied the horses and started to climb the hills. I had bought a new pair of insulated boots but I didn't like them. I had brought along my felt shoes and rubbers so decided to wear them. The soles were quite slippery and I could hardly get up the first hill. There was about four inches of snow and I was sliding and slipping all the time.

Leonard and Don were ahead and the other guide was with me. His name was Ray. We were almost to the top when Ray said to me, "Don wants you to hurry and catch up with him." I looked up the hill and there stood four Caribou standing on top of the hill

looking at us about 50 yards away. Don wouldn't let Leonard shoot until I got there. I couldn't have hurried if a grisley bear had been after me.

The caribou took off down the hill and out of sight. Don wanted to go after them but I didn't want to go as I wanted to save enough strength to get back to the horses. He said he couldn't leave me there alone, but I told him I would be all right and I wasn't going with them. So, they took off after the caribou. They hadn't been gone long until a stone sheep started to come over the hill to where I was.

Leonard had brought a 32-20 rifle to hunt big game with. I bawled him out for not getting a larger rifle to hunt with. When they took after the caribou, Leonard wanted to take my 30-06 rifle so I was crazy enough to let him. I took his pea shooter, 32-20. When I saw the sheep, I started after him. He went back up the hill and then I saw four caribou coming down the hill. They came within 200 yards of me and here I was with Leonard's pea shooter. I didn't know if I could reach the caribou with this little gun or not, but I drew a bead on the front one and touched it off. The caribou stopped and then started to roll down the mountain. I didn't see him again and didn't know if we could find it. There were still caribou standing there. They don't run away like deer will, so I thought I better try to get one of them. I picked out the best one and shot at him. He didn't go down for awhile. Later he

laid down and then got up again. I could see blood on the snow so I knew I had hit him. I could see he was wounded quite bad.

I started to go down where he was. It was a bad place to get to him. I just got to him when Leonard and Don came along with a set of caribou horns. They had got a caribou.

They had been standing over there watching me shoot two caribou. He started to bawl me out for it. He says, "You men from the States don't know enough to stop shooting." Don told Ray to go over to the last caribou I shot and cut out a good chunk of meat and bring it back to camp.

Don and Leonard started to camp but Leonard had got sick and he could hardly walk. He couldn't get through the rough places alone, so I took his gun and helped him over the bad places. When I got him to the top of the hill, Don came over and said, "How well do you know Leonard?" I said, "I never knew him until he came out and asked me to go hunting with him." Leonard was really sick. He got so faint he just had to lay down every little ways. Don got quite worried about him but we finally got him back to the lodge.

The next day after we got our caribou, Leonard hadn't got up yet when Don asked Ray if he felt like going back to the mountains and get ten head of horses that was out to pasture there, about eight or ten miles from camp. Ray wasn't feeling very good either and he wanted to fly home, but the plane wasn't coming until 4:00. Don had to stay in camp and get ready for

some more hunters, so there wasn't anybody to go hunting with me. They won't let you go out alone. I told Ray I would go with him to get the horses and he was glad to have me go. The cook put us up a lunch and we saddled up two horses to ride. Ray picked a colt to ride and I had an older horse. After we had gone about a mile, we came to a small river which was about 15 feet across and one foot deep. It had froze over about a half inch thick. Ray tried to get his horse to break the ice but he wasn't having any luck. The colt would turn and start back to camp. The colt nearly dumped him a few times. I had got me a new movie camera and was trying to get some pictures of the colt when my camera blew up. I didn't get any pictures. Guess it was too cold for the camera.

I finally told Ray to let me put my older horse across and she would break the ice. This worked just fine. The older horse would take her front feet and break the ice then the colt would follow. We went until we found the horses and headed them for camp. We got back to camp in time for Ray to take the plane. He never came back to camp, so I didn't see him again.

Shooting My Stone Sheep

The next day we went sheep hunting back where I had shot the caribou. We were real lucky when we got there. Here came a lone ram with a nice three-quarter curl walking by himself down the hill toward us. He was looking for a mate and he wasn't being very careful. He would just stand there looking the

country over. I had my 30-0-6 that day and he was about 80 yards from me. When I shot him through his right shoulder he didn't even move after he went down. Dan thought he might get up and go and wanted me to shoot him again. I didn't think he was going any place but I shot him again in the neck. That done the trick.

Don caped the sheep out to be mounted later. Leonard had shot a caribou and that was all he had. He was having bad luck trying to hit the sheep. The next day Don wanted to go over to a place he called sheep mountain to get Leonard a sheep. It would be an all day trip to get there, about a ten-mile trip. He told us to pack light as we probably would only stay for a day and a night.

We left camp at 6:00 A.M. We would take our lunch and set up a tent. We went by another hunter that was some relation to Don and stopped there and had coffee with them. Then we went on and had camp set up by 4:00 P.M. We got some wood cut and Don got us a nice supper.

Don went back to his friend's place and Leonard went to bed. I sat around and kept the fire going as it was about four below zero that night. When I went to bed, I put on my zoo woolen pants and crawled in my sleeping bag. The next morning it was so cold I didn't want to crawl out of my sleeping bag to dress. I managed to get my clothes on inside the sleeping bag. It was quite a trick, but I finally made it.

Don got in about 1:00 A.M. and stoked up the fire again but the fire wasn't much good to us inside the tent as we had to have the fire outside.

Don got up and got breakfast and then we saddled up and started out to hunt. We had gone about a mile when we see five or six moose in a bunch but they were a long ways away. We was following along the side of a big valley. Don jumped off his horse and said, "Guy, there is your cow moose over there." I had told him I would rather have a cow moose than a bull as the bulls were in rut and their meat would be strong. I had a bull moose head mounted at home and one was enough.

I didn't see any moose but he started to trim some limbs off a small tree so I could rest my gun on it. I looked over the other side of the canyon and there stood a moose with a calf by her side. I said, "You mean that moose clear across that canyon?" He said, "Yes, no problem." When you are looking at a moose facing you at that distance, it looked about the size of a dog. I laid my rifle in the tree and took a shot at her but I knew when I pulled the trigger I would never hit her. She turned and went over where the bull moose was. I racked in another cartridge and shot at her again. I knew this time I had it right on her when I pulled the trigger. If you hit an animal that far away, you can hear it smack when it hits. So, I knew she wouldn't go far. Don said, "Shoot her again. You got a gut shot." So, I shot her again just back of her shoulder. She went

about fifty feet and went down and never moved.

Don said for Leonard and I to dress out the moose and just take the four quarters and leave the rib section for the bears. Don wanted to look for sheep. That afternoon we seen a herd of caribou. I counted 47 in that bunch. They didn't get excited or try to run.

We had put the moose quarters on the horses, so we found a place to leave the moose where the plane could get to them to fly them out. Then we went back to our tent and broke camp and headed back to the main lodge. We got back there about dark.

The next day Don wanted to take Leonard out to hunt sheep again. He wanted me to ride a horse and lead three more horses and take them back in the mountains and tie them up in a certain place where someone would come and pick them up. I asked Don where all the mule deer were and he said there would be mule deer in there where I was supposed to tie the horses. I wondered if I could find the right place to tie the horses. I thought it wouldn't be far from where Ray and I had got the other horses a few days before.

I started out in the morning about 7:00 A.M. with the four horses and went what I thought was seven or eight miles and came to a place that looked like good bear country. I tied the horses by a trail and took my 300 rifle and started up the side of a long sloping hill. As I left the larger timber, I saw eight or ten mule deer in a small patch of brush. They just

stayed there and didn't make any effort to run away. I saw a large doe on the outside of the brush. I shot her and she dropped dead right there. There was a young buck in the brush and I shot him too as Leonard wanted me to get him one. The buck, when I shot him, started to go in the timber but dropped dead before he got there.

I see I had my work cut out for me. Don and Leonard hadn't showed up yet and the deer was about 40 rods from the horses. It looked like I would have to dress them out alone. When I started to drag the big deer down the hill, she weighed 250 or 300 pounds. The first 20 rods was down hill but the rest of the way was level ground with some brush on it, so it was kind of rough going. I was at least two hours getting the deer down to the horses and dressing them out.

When Leonard left that morning, he wanted to borrow my 30-0-6 rifle. I have two clips that go with it and they each hold four shells plus I gave him ten loose shells I had in my pocket. When I got the deer dressed out I was thirsty and I heard water running, so I went over to get a drink. The river was froze along the edges and going 40 miles an hour in the center. I thought if I fell in there I probably would end up in the ocean. While I was trying to get a drink, I heard someone shoot over by the horses. I went to see what it was. Leonard and Don had shot to let me know they were there. They had seen the deer that I had got. Leonard said, "That was the

last shell that you gave me." I said, "You mean you have used all of the 18 shells I gave you this morning?" He said, "Yes, and I got a big buck deer up on the hill." And that was all he got with the 18 shells.

Don or Leonard didn't make any effort to drag his buck down where the horses were. Don said we would come back in the morning with the caterpillar tractor and wagon and get their deer and mine. The next morning it was spitting snow and about zero. Don wanted me to take the cat tractor and wagon and go get the deer. Don and Leonard would go part way with me and drop off and go hunting for sheep.

We took our lunch and started out about 6:30 A.M. It was a rough road and covered with stones. It snowed all forenoon and the snow helped to smooth out the road. When I got there, I built a fire by the wagon and ate my lunch. Don and Leonard got back to the wagon about 2:00 P.M. Don took the cat tractor and started up the hill to get Leonard's deer and was going to drag it back. I told Leonard if the deer had a nice set of horns he better go with him or they wouldn't be worth taking home. He said they were a nice set of horns but he didn't go. He stayed by the fire. When Don got back with the buck, he was a mess. All of his horns were broke off. Don had put a ten foot rope on him and dragged him back through the brush. Leonard was so mad he was just about crying.

Leonard was a big husky man and he and Don could of thrown

the deer on top of the cab of the cat and with no damage to the horns. Don had a small set of moose horns so he told Leonard he could have them. Don felt a little guilty for what he had done to the deer horns but Leonard still wasn't very happy about the deal.

We loaded the deer on the wagon and started for camp about 4:00 P.M. When we came to cross the creek, there was a log in the water and, of course, Don had to run over it with the wagon. The wagon came apart and it took us an hour to fix it. We got within a mile of camp and it broke again so we couldn't fix it. Don wanted me to help fix it again. I told him to take all the deer that would go on the cat and leave the rest for the bears. I had been walking all the way and my hands were cold. I couldn't get my mittens off as they were froze on.

That was the end of our hunt. Don didn't try to get Leonard any more game. He had a piece of his caribou and his mule deer and I gave him one fourth of my moose. Don should have gave Leonard one more day of hunting to get his ten days in. Don flew back to Ft. St. Johns.

They were coming to fly us out the next day and Don wanted us to stop at his place in Ft. St. Johns and he would show us some pictures before we started home. We stopped to see the pictures and got out of there about 11:00 P.M. to start for home. We had gone about two miles when Leonard hit the brakes so hard I thought I was going through the windshield. I looked

up just in time to see a cow moose by the side of the road. We had almost hit her. Leonard had missed her by about three feet and there was a bull with her but he had turned and went back in the brush. I told Leonard we sure was lucky. If we had hit that moose, we wouldn't have got home for a month. Leonard soon turned the night driving over to me. We drove steady night and day, only stopping for meals. We got home with no more problems.

When I got home, there was no one home and the house was cold and nothing to eat except in the freezer. We had got home earlier than my wife was expecting us as we had drove night and day. Also, we hadn't hunted that last day we were supposed to. My wife had got the kids to do the chores and she had took off and gone to the cottage at Platt Lake. It didn't take me long to get up to the lake where she was and she sure was surprised and heppy to see me.

When I went on these hunting trips, I usually wrote my wife a poem. Guess I got lonesome and missed my family. I will include some of them here.

When I get back home,
I will get you all alone
And whisper sweet somethings in your ear.
I will crawl in that bag tonight,
I will search with all my might
To find someone has gone astray.
Now bless your loving heart,
I have loved you from the start.
What more dear is there for me to say.

Written on our 43rd Anniversary

I have been married to her for 43 years
And don't regret a day.
But when she said, "I do",
I expected her to stay.
She has left me a few times (to help others)
But always does return.
We have had our ups and downs
Like the butter in a churn.
But it wasn't butter that we got.
It was three kids who love to learn.

This poem I wrote my wife the time I went hunting with
Russell Joppie and Ed Hall. Our grandson, Timmy Joppie, was a
baby.

There are things that I will always miss
But the one I miss the most,
Is the one that cuddles up to me
And keeps me warm as toast.
I mean the one I have had so long
And been so good to me.
Not the one with the plug-in cord
That takes electricity.
Why do men think they are so strong
When they leave their happy home,
And wipe away a dropping tear
When they find they are all alone?
The little one I miss,
I would like to hear him "Bomba" say,
Or be there where I could watch him cry
And laugh and romp and play.
And watch him when he's naughty
And on his butt his mother would take a swipe.
He would go crawl on his grandpa's lap
And try to light his pipe.
So the dream I will have tonight
I know will not come true.
It's I wish you were a little closer
So I could give this kiss to you.

Alaska Hunting Trip

Guess this is the end of my big game hunting trips except this trip to Alaska which I will not go into details too much. I have had some problems and it is hard for me to write so any one can understand it. My wife has copied all this for me and I am grateful to her. In November of 1982 I had a slight stroke in my left side and was in the hospital three days. Then in January 1984, I had another stroke on the same side but didn't go to the hospital. My wife took care of me at home. Also, I had some surgery on my hand in June 1983. Then in June 1985 I had two more mini strokes but came out of them pretty good except each time it left me weaker. I am thankful I can get around with a cane and my wife takes good care of me. I am 80 years old as I finish this. Now I will try to tell a little of my Alaska hunting trip.

I had this trip all scheduled early for fall of 1968. Then in February 1968 I got tangled up in the power take off. It stripped me stark naked and the weather was below zero. I started to get up and thought I wasn't hurt any but I fell back down. I took one look at my foot and it was sure crooked. It had threw my ankle out of joint. Well, I managed to get the tractor shut off and hobbled to the house which was quite a ways. I got inside the porch when my wife discovered me. She was petrified but got a wool blanket and wrapped around me and got me in a chair so she could slide me in the kitchen where it was

warm. When our neighbor, Dale Dodds, came over, he said he thought something might be wrong as when he went by he seen someone climbing the fence and thought it was Judy with pink slacks. Then he got to thinking about it and tried to call and no one answered and he took us to the hospital where I had to stay for a week.

The fellow that I had contacted for the hunting trip came to the hospital to see me and he said, "Guess you won't be going hunting will you?" I asked my wife if she had the check book with her. She said she did so I told her to write him out a check for the down payment as I was going hunting, and I did.

I flew to Alaska and Gene Needles, the outfitter for the hunting trip, met me at the airport and took me to camp. We hunted on Crugian Mountain and it was pretty rough going. My ankle had healed nicely and I made it when some of the younger men gave it up.

I got a grissley bear and a dow ram, which is a white sheep. When my hunting trip was over I flew back home.

When I landed at the Lansing airport, I went to the telephone to call my wife to come get me when Joe Pray, the undertaker in Charlotte, came over and said his driver would take me home. Joe was flying somewhere. Also, he told me he had buried my brother-in-law, Neal Sprague, while I was gone.

When I arrived home, my wife was surprised as she was staying by the telephone waiting for my call. That was the end of

my hunting trips.

Now, as I haven't told too much about our family, I will have my wife add something about them.

Our Family

As you already know, we had a son, Richard, a daughter, Joyce, and a daughter, Judy.

Our son married Pat Shiels and they had a son, Mike, and three daughters, Debbie, Diane and Meredith. They also lost a little girl at birth.

Joyce married Max Potter and they had two sons, Mark and Luke, and three daughters, Julie, Annette and Ruth.

Judy married William Joppie and they had two sons, Timothy and Steven, and one daughter, Marcella.

As of this date, October 1985, we have nine great grandsons. No girls!

We lost our son October 30, 1978. He went home to be with the Lord.