FIRST 80 YEARS OF MY LIFE

By

Charles Wesley Delamarter

I was born November 2, 1893 in a new house on the south side of Randolph Street in the first block west of Western Avenue in Cheboygan, Michigan. As I understand it my folks bought the property and moved there shortly before I was born and I was the first child born in the house. Dad's sister Mrs. Albert Gregg lived across the street on the first corner west of us.

I guess it could be said that I always had a love for chickens. Our Dad was a chicken fancier, of sorts. He occasionally spoke of winning first prize at the county fair. When one of us boys asked what variety he showed, he would always say White chickens. Dad got his tinware in large wooden boxes and always had a big pile on hand. When a hen had a batch of chicks, Dad would nail a few slates across the front of a box and put the hen and her chicks inside. He had a few of these boxes with hen and chicks in the back yard one spring, probably about May, when I was probably 2&1/2 years old. I was so interested in those cute little chicks that I was out playing with them. How was I playing with them? The boxes faced the south and when some of the newly hatched chicks came out I played a game with them. I tried to drive them all the way around the box so when they got back they could find their mother. They didn't understand the game as well as I did and kept turning back. In time I almost won, I had 2 or 3 of them around to the last corner and was on the home stretch, but some way I

stumbled and one hand landed right on one of those cute little chicks. My hand was a mess, all covered with goo. I remember it as though it was the day before yesterday. I started for the house crying as hard as I could. Elmer and Dad were at the back of the house and could understand what had happened. That however didn't lessen my interest in chickens.

One of my first recollections was when I was about four years old. My Dad baled his rags in a baling rack, which formed the bales into about 30 or 36 inch cubes which he shipped, by freight to Bay City. They were sent to a Jew, by the name of Jaffee.

One day Mr. Jaffee came to Cheboygan, by train to see Dad and stayed a night or two with our family. In the morning he left he said he was going to take me back to Bay City with him and have me made into CHEWING GUM.

Naturally I didn't like the idea of leaving my family and being made into CHEWING GUM. I said "why couldn't you take Elmer instead?" and he replied that Elmer was in school and his teacher would miss him, so I was the one to take. When Mr. Jaffee was out to the barn that morning my mother told me that he wouldn't take me and he was just kidding me. But I wasn't sure of it until Mr. Jaffee left for the train. I guess he was half way to Bay City before I was sure I wouldn't be made into chewing gum.

The peddling wagon tipped over and Dad was under it. The running gear of this wagon was built differently than a lumber wagon. It was built like a dray wagon, that is the front wheels turned under the box, which enabled it to turn in a smaller space and the box was about 4 feet above the ground.

Art Shiller told me, some years ago, that our Uncle Bird Delamarter built the box for Dad, probably before I can remember. Anyway it was built of white pine, I believe it was one half inch. The box was regular wagon box width and about 4 feet high. There were double doors on each side where Dad kept his tinware and double doors at the back end, where he kept his chewing gum, pencils, vaseline and mouth organs. The top was covered with sheet metal and there was a six inch white pine board on each side and the back. The top was used for sacks of rags and the baling rack. The whole box was painted a light pink and on the board on each side was his name. On the box itself was lettered the words TINWARE, GLASSWARE and NOTIONS. He later discontinued the glassware because of breakage. The whole box probably weighed several hundred pounds.

The day of the accident Dad noticed that a burr was missing from a bolt that held the tongue and remarked that he must get one when we got up town.

This was during the summer of 1898, either the fourth of July or when a circus was in town and there would be a parade. This happened on State Street between Western Avenue and the railroad. Harry was driving the team and Dad was sitting next to him. On top of the wagon were a bunch of the neighborhood kids. Elmer and I, and probably Byron Gregg and probably the three Scanlan kids.

There was a deep ditch along the north side of State Street and about three houses across the ditch. There was a board fence along the south side of the street.

Suddenly the bolt dropped out, which held the tongue, this scared the team and they started to run. Dad started to climb down the side of the wagon and at the same time the wagon tipped over on him, and the tongue broke loose. Us boys were spilled in the ditch. I remember seeing the horses and buggies and wagons coming from Hebron and Monroe Townships and the men were tearing boards off the fence to use as pries to lift the peddling wagon off from Dad. In time they had it so he could crawl out or else they pulled him out and lead him across a bridge to a house there.

In the meantime somebody ran up town and got Doctor Chapman. In time Doctor Chapman came with his horse and buggy and managed to get Dad in the buggy and I sat on the floor of the buggy, CRYING. I remember the doctor asking me if I was hurt and I said "Yes" and then he asked where I was hurt and I said "ALL OVER."

It was about a half mile home and I guess that was the first our mother knew of the accident when we got there.

I remember of Dad saying later that if the team had pulled the wagon while he was under it, that would have been the last of him, and I guess he was right. Dad was laid up most of the rest of the summer and I suppose Harry got little if any schooling after that.

Another early remembrance is the time I visited school with Elmer at the Pattersonville school. I was about 4 or 5 years old at the time. When Elmer's class was called to the recitation seat I started to follow him and the teacher told me to stay there. That attracted the older kids attention and they were all looking at me. Naturally I was quite uneasy and began to figit around.

In the process I managed to get my finger caught in the folding seat and let out a loud "OUCH" and the kids all looked at me and laughed. From then on I didn't want to visit school or even go to school.

Dad used to take me with him on the peddling wagon at times. I remember one time when I was quite young, we were sitting on the seat together and I discovered that Dad's feet touched the floor and mine only went part way down. This worried me a little and I wondered if they ever would.

One day we were riding together some distance from Cheboygan when we got to a house out in the sticks and we were told that the road didn't go any farther, that was the end of the road. I could hardly wait to get home to tell the rest of the family the news, that we had come to the end of the road. It was my opinion at that time, that there were only two ends to the road in the whole world, knowing that there were two ends to everything.

The family of Tom Davis lived directly across the street from us and about 100 yards from the Gregg family. This was early in the days of telephones when they were talked of more than they were understood. It seemed to be known that wires could carry the voice from one place to another. So these two families got the idea that they might run a rope clothesline between the two houses and it might work as a telephone. So they tried it and found out it didn't work.

I mentioned earlier about the three houses on the north side of State Street. At one of these houses triplets were born about 1900. Dad stopped there to see them and I was with him.

Main Street in Cheboygan was paved with cedar blocks during this time. I don't remember whether they were round or square, probably square. They were replaced with brick in about 1904.

Cheboygan had a big saw dust pile on the east side of the river. It covered a few acres and was said to be the largest one in the world. I remember of Harry and Dad hauling wagon loads of it to fill between the studs in the barn.

We never had much in the way of play things, but Art and I did manage to cut two bats out of an old long handled shovel. It was clay around our house and after a rain there would be puddles of nice pinkish water around. We discovered one such puddle near the butrey window. We thought that was a nice place to paint our bats, so we proceeded. According to our mother we also spattered some of that nice pinkish water on the butrey window, which she had recently washed. When Dad came home that night our mother told him what we had done and he proceeded to paddle us, even though I was SURE we hadn't done it.

Some while later we managed to get a chunk of hard rubber about the size of a ball, which we used as a ball, even though it was square. One evening while Dad was milking, us boys and probably the Scanlon boys were playing ball in front of our house. When we hit that square piece of rubber we were never sure where it was going. I was batting and I hit a home run that is it went right through the front upstairs window of our home. The fact that I had been paddled for something that I hadn't done, I was sure I would get a whaling for this. But not so, when Dad came to the house with the milk and found what had happened, he proceeded to get a new glass and put it in. I

figured maybe he had been a boy ONCE.

We got new suits. Yes Art and I each got a new suit of clothes, in 1901 or 1902. Our mother had knitted socks, mits and sweaters for us to wear during the winter. She made over Dad's clothes or things she found in the rags for us to wear the rest of the year.

This new suit was the first boughten clothes I ever had, with the possible exception of caps. With these new suits we were allowed to go to Sunday School at the Methodist Church, which we did during the summer.

As I remember, few streets had cement side walks except around the main part of town. I do remember of a crew putting cement side walks in around Court Street or the Pattersonville school, probably in the spring of 1903, when we moved to Hebron. The walk on Randolph Street was a single plank about a foot wide, possibly white pine. The sidewalk on Division Street west of the railroad and on Western Avenue was made of planks about 4 feet wide. One time Elmer was going to Mills store for some sugar and he lost a quarter near where Mrs. Douglass lived. Dad and Elmer went back with a wrecking bar and took up a plank or two but couldn't find it.

There was a time when I was four or five years old that I didn't have much PEP. I remember of Dad taking me for a walk around two full blocks a few different mornings. Sometimes he would get a rod or two ahead of me and stop and wait for me and coax me along. This didn't last very long though, I guess Dad got tired of coaxing.

Several years later in 1940, when I had undulant fever, Doctor

Albers found that I had had a child form of T. B. and had out grown it. It was likely at this time.

One spring about this same time, Mrs. William Francis, who lived on the corner of Western Avenue and Randolph had a four legged chick hatch, and one morning she was displaying it around the neighborhood. It didn't live very long but it was quite a novelty for a time.

I almost forgot the time that our family went down the street to Francis one evening. I was quite young then and don't remember just what it was that we went for but I believe it was to hear a phonograph for the first time.

School district No. 5, Hebron, was organized in July 1901 and the first teacher was Victor Mann who lived near Cheboygan. In 1902, Victor's father John Mann bought the 160 acres in section 17 from Charles Romine. Victor set out an acre of fruit trees and also a row of maple trees along the east side of this land A year later, my folks bought the l00 acres from John Mann. Our folks had known the Mann family for some years in fact we visited the Manns during the winter that they lived in Hebron.

That spring Dad drilled about 6 acres of oats and 6 acres of contract peas. There were about 17 acres of cleared land at that time and it was 13 miles to Cheboygan.

We moved on Monday, May 11, 1903. It was a big day for us three younger kids as we were all born in that house on Randolph Street. We moved with a lumber wagon with a hay rack on it. We had 2 cows and Harry and Elmer each lead one and by the time we got started it was close to noon. It was

about 10 miles to the hard~woods and then another 3 miles to our new home. The hard woods were three quarters of a section of virgin hard wood timber. This was section 22 and the road wound diagonally through this section, therefore it was about 2 miles. It was near night when we arrived at our log house and it was all the folks could do to squeeze our furniture in that little log house. When Dad bought the property he got a little live stock with it. It didn't take long to find out what the little live stock was, they were BED BUGS. You see the logs had cracks in them, due to shrinkage, which made a good hiding place for the bugs. And to make matters worse somebody, before we went there had pasted newspapers over the logs, which gave the bugs even more places to hide. Anyway we had bed bugs to contend with as long as we lived in the log house.

When the district was organized in 1901, school was held in the old log house of Charles Haman after they had built a frame house and barn back on a knowl. This log house was about 12 by 16 feet inside. The seats and desks were built of wood by William Harger, I believe and connected by a 4 inch board at the bottom. There were two rows of these in the log school and they were moved to the frame school later and used a few years.

When the school meeting was held in July 1903 Dad was elected treasurer and served on the school board as long as he lived in the district. Being on the school board, he began agitate for a frame school house. The result was that Henry Snyder gave a half acre of land on the corner of his property for use of the school for 99 years. That fall George Thompson of Cheboygan built the school house and finished the outside, the inside was not plastered for a year or two.

As stated before Victor Mann was the first teacher in the district. Mabel F. Knowlton was the second teacher and Francis Lawrence of Cheboygan was our first teacher in Hebron. He was also the only man teacher I ever had. He taught in the log school during the fall and we moved into the new school after New Years, old desks and all. That 4 inch board at the bottom, caused more than one spill when a kid forgot to allow for it.

Some years after the school was built, Dad suggested that we should have a flag pole. The director Mr. Haman said"what should we do, nail the flag on the pole before it is raised?"
When Nellie Barns was the teacher, she had a box social to raise money to buy a bell for the school. The bell was put up in March or April, 1906. At least Dad and three of us boys were there. We had five months school that year and school was out Feb. 2.

Shortly after we moved to Hebron in 1903, there were lumber camps built to lumber off the piece of timber directly north of our place. First Mr. and Mrs. Kelley and two of her brothers moved into peel hemlock bark. They were from Kentucky.

They had small pox early that summer and they got milk and eggs from our family. I remember how Dad would set the pail of milk out from the house a distance and then one of them would come up and get it, so as to keep a distance from our family.

Later sometimes in the evening they would walk by our place always one 50 or 100 feet ahead of the other three. Dad was curious about this and asked one of them the reason for this. The answer was that they always traveled that way in Kentucky

so that if anybody shot at the first one, the others could take cover. That cleared that up.
The hard wood timber was cut off in the fall, that winter Harry hauled logs from there to Carp Lake, starting as early as 5 in the morning. Dad sold a wagon load or more of potatoes to the camp that fall.

I was left handed and wrote that way in school for at least two years. When we moved to Hebron and had Francis Lawrence for our first teacher, he tried to change me over. I was doing all right as I was, except when I used the slate my left sweater sleeve would erase what I had written. He wasn't too successful though, because my teacher three years later, Mabel Knowlton, told me later, that I was still writing left handed at times.

About the time we moved to Hebron we were given an allowance. We were allowed to help with the chores and other things as we got older.

George Stillwell and his family came to Hebron from Melrose, Ohio. They came with a small team of horses and a wagon and arrived near Thanksgiving, 1903 They had traveled a distance of about 500 miles. Mrs. Elias Hoot was their daughter and had lived in Hebron for sometime. The Stillwells later, bought the land north of us that lumbered off in 1903 and lived in the old camp buildings.

One summer Art and I were coming home from Cheboygan with Dad. It was dark by the time we reached the hard woods. As I mentioned earlier, this was three quarters of a section of virgin hard wood timber and was very dark at night. This particular night the moon was out so we could see the tree tops above, Art and I were lying in the wagon box facing ahead, as

Dad was driving. The two of us were playing a guessing game. We would each guess which trees we would go between as we wound through the woods. Sometimes Art would win and sometimes I would.

During the fall one year Dad and Harry were coming home from Cheboygan and it was real dark when they got to the hardwoods. The leaves had fallen and the team could not follow the winding road. So Dad borrowed a lantern from Wally Kitchen, living nearby and Harry walked ahead of the horses to find the road. Occasionally he would kick the leaves away to make sure that he was on the road.

Mrs. Legault was a huge woman. It was said that she weighed 500 pounds. In the summer, she and about two kids would come up our way with a horse and buggy, to pick huckleberries in the big marsh. We lived in the log house and had a good view of the road and hill. The hill was short but rather steep. When she got to the hill she would stop the horse and have the kids sit on her feet. Our mother figured the reason for this was to keep her from tipping over backwards when she was going up the hill.

The only woven wire fence we over had, was some that we made ourselves. We bought the line wires and the stays from Jim Brown in Toledo, Ohio, We stretched the line wires up, one after another and then put the stays on with a special gadget which we bought from Jim Brown. The posts were 8 & ½ feet apart and three stays were used between each two posts. Otherwise our fences were all bared wire.
After living in Hebron for sometime Dad became dissatisfied with the mail service. The nearest post office was Carp Lake, six miles away and rural routes were just being started at that time.

He began to talk about a post office in the neighborhood and finally got a petition out for it. The result was that two deliveries per week were allowed Tuesdays and Saturdays.

Dad was post master and we had the P. 0. in our log house. Byron Miller, Stillwell's son-in-law was the carrier and carried the mail from Carp Lake. It was started in July 1904 and was a Star Route, Dad named the P.O., Dow after the Dow family on the county line a few miles away. (Bud Guest used this story on his program and I have it on tape.)

My brother Arthur was in several businesses about the time the Post Office started. One of his first was the Pain Paint business. As I remember Art bought this brown powder from some company in New York City. The directions were to put a spoonful or so of this powder in a quart of water and shake well. Then fill 4 ounce bottles with it and sell it for a quarter. It was to be used externally and was supposed to cure most anything that was wrong with a person. Believing that it would work, helped. He was doing all right with pain paint until 1906, when Teddy Roosevelt got the Pure Food and Drug Act passed. About that time he couldn't buy the stuff and his pain paint business fizzled out.

Another thing Art was in was selling garden seeds, for the Olds Seed Company of some place in Wisconsin. One spring he walked clear around the big marsh, at least 14 miles and got two or three orders for seeds, that day. This was in about 1905.

Another thing he was in about that same time was selling the Saturday Blade and the Chicago Ledger. The two together sold for 5 cents and he got 2 cents of it. He did well to sell ten papers each week and he would walk only about 12 miles to do

that.

Art allowed me 1 cent for each paper I sold. My chum, Philip Hoot was selling the Saturday Evening Post at that time, also for 5 cents, One spring, after school was out, the two of us went over to French Town, about 3 miles away, to sell our papers. We still had papers to sell when we got through there and Phil said let's go over to Tylers and Rogers and I agreed. It was about a 1/2 mile farther. I remember I sold a paper to Mrs. Tyler as she got 2 papers for a nickel instead of one. Then Phil said let's walk around the lake, so we went on and ended up at M. M. Hunts store at Carp Lake station. This was noon or after so we bought some cheese and crackers and ate them at the store. Then we went to the shingle mill and watched a man saw shingles for a while. After that we started the 6 miles home.

When I got home I found that my mother had wondered what had happened to me when I wasn't there at noon. After dinner she sent Elmer to look for us and he went about 4 miles and found no trace of us. When I got home about 4 p. m., I told my mother that we had walked around Carp Lake, a distance of at least 16 miles. I had sold all of my papers and Phil had sold most of his but we had spent all of our profits or more, for cheese and crackers.

A year or two after the post office was started, some literature came addressed to The Leading Post Card Dealer at Dow, Michigan. Dad handed it to Art and before long he was the DEALER. At one time, in the frame house, he had a metal display rack on the wall.

He also had cards with scenes; to which he added, at DOW,

Michigan. He did this with a pencil or stick dipped in glue and then he would sprinkle some shinny stuff on it.

Elmer and I each had a pair of steel shoes. No, they were not nailed on our feet as horse shoes are. They were advertised in a farm paper and were made in Wisconsin. The soles were made of steel and continued up the sides about an inch. The uppers were made of leather and went down inside of the steel and were riveted to it. They might have lasted longer if our place wasn't so stony, but the stones wore the steel out and they only lasted about two years. One summer during that time Art and I went to Cheboygan with Dad, and he left the team at Jackson's blacksmith shop on State Street to be shod. The three of us started to walk, the two blocks up town, not allowing for the steel shoes on the cement sidewalk. Dad and Art were doing all right, but I sounded like a horse on the sidewalk. Shortly we met some young people and Dad was so ashamed that he ducked behind a tree. Then he sent both of us back to the shop to wait for him to come back.

Mary Glass used to carry her lunch in a yellow lard pail. She would usually stop at her grandmother's, Mrs. Stillwell, on her way to school. One winter day when she came to eat her lunch she found that she had a half pail of lard. (This was also on Bud Guests program and I have it on tape.)

Ben Stillwe]l was Mary's uncle and about the same age, and was a poor student. One day in school he was stuffing live matches down the left seam of his bib overalls$_1$ when they lit and burned the button off. The teacher was writing on the black board and looked around but never knew just what happened.

About this same time a registered letter came to the Dow P.O.

for George Stillwell. It was from the truant officer saying Ben should be in school regularly or else.

During the summer of 1904, we had a well drilled near where our frame house was to be. Until that time we had carried or hauled water *from* a pitcher pump down in the corner of the field, about 15 rods away. In the first place Dad had Mr. Withrow from Cheboygan witch for water. He used a crocked stick and located a place for a well. Then he had Mr. Bettz from Cheboygan come to drill the well. I was 10 years old then and took turns driving Kit to furnish power to drill the well. I believe the well was 104 feet from the top of the pump to the bottom of the point, and it cost one dollar per foot for that distance.

Our teacher during the school year 1905-06 was Nellie Barnes. We had only five months school that year and school was out Feb. 2. That suited me, as I could drive the team to load the logs to be sawed for our frame house. I was 12 years old then and it was a sizeable job to handle the whipple trees and evener but it was what I wanted to do. I remember one time when we were loading logs and Harry was top loading. As we pulled the last log up, I didn't stop the team in time and nearly knocked Harry off the load. Needless to say I heard about it in a hurry. We had the logs sawed that winter and the lumber pilled at home.

Just after the fourth of July that summer, Dad brought a cute little black pup home, and we called him Tige. Later in the summer, I was helping my mother with the chicken chores one evening and she remarked that we should have a house for the pup, in the winter. The next morning, after breakfast, I was busy with saw, square and hammer cutting up our house lumber.

Actually I only used two 2 x 4 two feet long of the house lumber and the rest of the dog house was from Dad's many boxes. Never the less my mother told Dad about me wasting our house lumber. Dad saw what I was doing and ignored it. (You can't win em all.) That was the first house I ever built.

We started our new frame house

It was in early August when we started to excavate for our new frame house, with a team of horses and a dump scraper. The gravel which we excavated was about right for concrete, which we used. The house was planed the winter before and A. L. Knowlton, Mable Knowlton's father, was to be the carpenter. The house was 28 feet by 28 feet. The basement was of concrete, one foot thick, possibly the second one ever built in Hebron. It was quite new then for this use. Samuel Baker, who lived in the southwest part of the township built a house in 1905 with a concrete basement and Dad got him to help start us off.

We used a mixture of 5 to 1 or else 6 to 1, I'm not sure, for our basement wall. At 6 to 1, it would take about 166 sacks for cement.

By the way, it came in cloth sacks at that time and there was a trade in value on them.

We made a box to mix the concrete in which was about 3 by 6 feet. It was thought then that the exact proportions were very important, so Elmer, who was 16 then built a box exactly 12 inches by 12 inches inside, without a top or bottom. This was then filled the proper number of times with gravel and then lifted up to get the proper amount of gravel for one sack of

cement. A person would then stand at each end with a hoe, and hoe it from one end to the other, several times. Then it was mixed with water and carried in pails and dumped in the form. I was 12 years old and had one of the hoes part of the time. It seemed like an endless job, and it took us several weeks to finish that basement wall. We used a tamarack log, hued on top, to support the floor joists.

During the time we were building the wall, Mr. Knowlton and his son James, were framing the house. They cut practically every piece in the frame of our house. They used a ribbon, which was notched into the side studs to support the second floor joists. They finished the floor joists and the sub floor on a Saturday. I remember as I was home then and was watching every move. Monday was school day unfortunately. I would rather have stayed home and over seen the construction, but my teacher, Mabel Knowlton would have missed me. They were starting to put up the studs, ribbon and plates that day. So the best I could do was to look back occasionally as I went to school. When I came home that night they had the frame up and the plates on.

I do remember that they were shingling the south side of the roof Nov. 6. It was election day and Mr. Knowlton, Dad and Harry went to vote and left James and Elmer to shingle. James was too young to vote. Mose Terrian laid the chimney.

I remember practically all of the framing of that house. I suppose that was because we lived in it several years without the inside being finished.

When we lived in Cheboygan, we had a rag carpet the size of our front room. When the folks were planning our frame

house, my mother insisted on the living room being the size of that carpet. I don't remember just how close they matched, but it was reasonably close, I believe.

We moved to the new house in December, I believe it was the 6th. The first winter our mother lined between the studs with a few sheets of newspapers, she fastened them with pieces of cloth tacked to the studs.

We had a cook stove in the kitchen, which was also the Post Office. In the winter we had a heating stove in the living room.

One summer in July, I believe it was in 1912, Dad was going to Mackinaw and got up at 4:30 a. m. and it looked rainy so he went back to bed. About 5:00 lightning struck our house. I was sleeping in a bed, in the bedroom above the kitchen and Elmer was sleeping on a cot in the same room. When the CRASH came, Elmer said, "what was that?" I said “the window is broken". About that time we heard the call "FIRE, FIRE". We rushed downstairs and our mother was after the water pail. At the same time Dad was squeezing the blanket on the partition wall and put the fire out. My mother said later, that a blue flame was dancing on the blanket on the wall.

Then we wondered if there might be fire anywhere else. I said “the window in our room was broken", so we went up to see and it wasn't broken, but there were slivers scattered over the bed. Later after we looked it over, we found that lightning had struck the west gable end and had splintered two studs over my bed, had gone the length of the house and glazed the chimney, and down the east end and set fire to the blanket. It had also gone the length of a second floor joist and down a stud in the

living room and left my grandmothers picture hanging cockeyed. Apparently, in a few seconds, I had dreamt that the window had been broken.

Our old chicken house was a lean to, on the north side of the log barn, where my mother kept a mixed variety of chickens and Harry kept his pigeons. In 1907, Elmer who was showing some interest in chickens, decided that he could build a chicken house of concrete. So he staked out a 12 by 36 foot building on top of the hill, above the old log house. He was 17 years old then and planned it, staked it out and formed it up. He built it with a 4 inch wall and it took 8 barrels of cement. Dad, Art and I picked stone to be placed in the concrete. These stones had to be kept 1/2 inch from the form and from each other. He cut the rafters by laying a 14 foot 2 by 4 on the plate and using a 1/2 inch block to get his cut. A picture of this building was in the American Poultry Advocate in May 1909. I was there in 1973 and took a picture of the wall, which was still standing, but the roof had rooted down.

Trap nests were coming into use around 1900. In about 1905 or 1906, I read in a farm paper about how to make a trap nest out of a box.

So naturally I found a suitable box and proceeded to make a trap nest. I can't remember, now how it was supposed to work, but when I got it finished, I set it in the yard between the log house and barn and used some corn to coax a hen in it, but it didn't work that day and I never used it as a trap nest, I have used about six different makes of trap nests since then.

In about 1908, we bought an Humphrey Bone Cutter, made in Joliet, Illinois. We had it right inside the buttery door for a few

years. We used it for cutting green bone, carrots and turnips for the chickens. One morning before school, when Art was shifting the bones around and the knives were still turning, he nearly shaved his thumb nail off. Our mother bandaged it up and he went to school as usual. Later we moved it to the cellar where we cut up bushels of carrots and turnips during a winter.

We nearly lost all of our buildings in the forest fire of 1908, the same week that the town of Metz, in Presque Isle Co., burned. This is written up in the book about the Hamman school.

Jake Fox moved back to Grand Rapids in the fall of 1908. He was born in The Netherlands and showed up in our neighborhood in the summer of 1903. He was supposed to marry Shear on a Monday, but the threshing machine came in on Saturday night and they were to thresh at Mrs. Shears on Monday, so they never bothered to get married. Jake Fox was probably the biggest CROOK that ever lived in Cheboygan County.

E. W. Philo of Elmira, New York, was advertising in the American Poultry Advocate a system of small unit poultry keeping. Elmer sent for his free catalogue and ended up buying his book and his Cycle Hatcher. I believe this was in 1908 or 1909. With his first hatch he had 35 chicks out of 50 eggs and his second hatch he had 38 out of 50 eggs. The next winter he had 6 White Wyandotte pullets in a Philo coop, which he built and placed on the south side of our woodshed. If I remember right they averaged 180 eggs each in the year. So the next year he built 3 more and had the four east of the chicken house. That winter the snow was deep and a few times he had to dig the Philo coops out of the snow. Along with this he found that the birds were eating eggs in some coops and he had to sell

them during the winter. In the spring of 1911, he took a job working for our Uncle Bird Delamarter, on the Mackinaw Road, near Cheboygan and sold his whole business, buildings, stock and feed to me for a total of $18.00. I have a picture of Elmer and his Cycle Hatcher and fireless brooder. Also a picture of the Philo coop and the White Wyandottes.

The first White Wyandottes we ever had came from two settings of eggs which we bought from a man in Illinois. This was probably in 1907, and we liked them very much.

In June 1909 Elmer saw an ad of W. B. Candee of Dewitt, New York, offering hatching eggs at half price. Candee was one of the early breeders of trap nested White Wyandottes, in the country. So my mother ordered 15 eggs for $1.50 and Elmer ordered 6 pedigreed eggs at 25 cents each. When the eggs arrived, about the end of June, Elmer found that he had 9 pedigree eggs instead of six. He set those high priced eggs under a hen in the cow stable. He was unfamiliar with setting hens, and fearing that his hen might starve, one day he lifted her off the nest and put her on the plank floor. It so happened that he had one of the eggs which was under her wing and it was cracked. He patched it up with flour paste and it hatched and turned out to be a valuable male. Later one of his daughters laid 251 eggs in a year, for me. This without lights or cod liver oil.

I believe it was the spring of 1910 that Elmer and I walked to Carp Lake and each carried two pails of eggs to sell to Hunts store.

When we were finishing up maple syrup making in April 1906, we received word of the San Francisco earth quake and fire in

the newspapers. Recently I learned that it was April 18, 1906. The last winter that we were in Florida, I talked with a man who said that he was in the Army and was sent there shortly after the quake. He said they couldn't get water to wash their faces for three weeks.

In about 1908 or 1909 us boys wanted to learn to swim. We thought that water was to swim in. Dad thought that if we didn't go near the water we would not drown. In recent years, I have learned that his grandfather drowned in 1840, at the age of 64 years. Dad's father was 15 at that time, and it could be that he impressed on his children to stay away from deep water. At any rate, Dad didn't want us to learn to swim.

Dad had a blue covered book, about two inches thick, that had about everything in it, including how to swim. Elmer would read about swimming in that book during the week and on Sunday afternoon, we would sneak off to Mud Creek, about a mile away, to try it out. This we did for about two summers and we were gaining in learning to swim. In about May, 1911, when Art was in high school, Elmer and I went down to the creek back on Mr. Douglass place, to try out our swimming lessons. Mr. Douglass had a cedar log across the creek near a bend in the creek. Below the log the water was over our heads, but above the log the water was about 4 feet deep, about right for swimming. The water was cold and after we had been in awhile we would stand on the log, in the sun, to warm up a little. Finally curiosity got the best of Elmer and he wondered how deep the water was below the log. I was standing on the log and he was in the water and ducked under the log and was trying the water out below, at the same time keeping a hand on the log. Finally the current carried him into deep water and he had to swim. First he tried to get back to the log but he soon

found that he couldn't make it and went under. About that time I could see that he was in trouble and jumped in to help him. I was paddling toward him and he, by that time, was heading for some brush on the north bank. When I was about in the middle, he had reached the brush and had his feet on the bottom and was coughing water out of his lungs, after going under twice. He reached out his hand to SAVE me, and proceeded to bawl me out for not getting a pole from a pile nearby. He had tried to tell me that when he came up the first time, but all I thought of was SAVING him. It is a wonder that we both hadn't drowned. Well that ended our swimming lesson that day, but we tried it later, in water that wasn't over our head. As near as I knew Dad never knew of our close call.

Mabel Ming was our teacher in 1909 and 1910. Floyd Lucier, Art and I were all there were in the eighth grade. Art was a good student, but I didn't hitch with her. I was 16 years old that Nov. 2, so I wasn't compelled to go to school. One hitch was that Mabel Ming had hired Art and I to do the janitor work at the school for $2.00 per month and that was my week to do it. I told my mother that I wasn't going to school that day, but she insisted and I started. As soon as I was out of sight of the house I set my lunch pail by a stump and went on to school and did the sweeping, dusting and built the fire and started for home. On the way I met Art and my sister. When I got home my mother said that I would have to cut wood with Elmer then. So I cut wood with him until the Christmas vacation and found that wasn't any fun either. So after New Years I went back to school until the maple syrup season started in late March. The teachers institute was on during the winter and M. M. invited Art to go to it. There was a big snow storm that came at that time and Art was worried that he couldn't go. But the afternoon before he was to go, a snow plow came through

with two teams pulling it, so he got up early and started out about 4 a. m. He walked all or most of the way to Cheboygan, and got there before M. M. was up.

Maude was our first western horse. She was a strawberry roan from Montana and had never had a rope on until Dad bought her. He bought her at a sale of a car load of western horses on the town line between Hebron and Monroe. We never knew her to kick, but she did strike with her front feet Art was with Dad when he bought her. They lassoed her and put a quarter inch rope, 25 feet long on her neck and Art followed her home. Well it wasn't that simple. It was about 7 miles home, the way they had to come, and there was no such thing as leading her. It was a case of letting her go as long as she went the right way. One time, on the town line road, she stopped and Dad was helping Art to get her started. He got too near her and she struck him in the chest. In time they got her home and turned her loose in a 30 acre swamp and pasture field, with the 25 foot rope still around her neck. Whenever we wanted to work with her, we drove her up into the corner of the field and got a hold of the rope and snubbed it around a fence post, and drove her until we got her near enough to get a WAR BRIDLE on her. The war bridle was made with a quarter inch rope, which was tied around the lower jaw and continued up and over the head, and right back of the ears, where it pressed on a nerve, and down and through the loop around her jaw. This was also a 25 foot rope and a person would stand some distance away and give the command "Come Here", and at the same time jerk on the rope. If the horse came she would be rewarded with some brown sugar. Several times with this treatment would usually bring response without jerking on the rope. This we did for several days or weeks. The next step was to hitch her to a breaking cart. This was easier said then done. The breaking cart

was made with the hind wheels and axil of a lumber wagon, to which were attached two poles for shafts and a heavy cross bar. These poles extended a distance back of the axle to which a seat was attached for the driver. Shortly afternoon one day we were ready to try to hitch Maude to the breaking cart, which was backed up against the log barn. We had a harness and bridle on her, with big rings for the shafts. We used two lines on her in addition to the ones for driving, one each way. About the time the three of us boys and Dad were ready to start, Neil Stillwell came over and offered to help. He had helped brake native horses in Ohio, and was welcome, As it turned out we might have failed without him. We had her between the shafts a few dozen times that afternoon, but when we lifted them up she would dart out like a flash. After about two hours of this we finally got her in there and the tugs hooked. Then we drove her ahead about a foot and backed her up against the barn several times and she didn't offer to kick when her legs came against the cross bar. We repeated this several times and then started out in the field with her. Dad was driving and Elmer and Neil each had a line on each side. When she was commanded to stop, it was the job of Art and I to roll the cart up against her legs. After an hour or two of this, the battle was won. The next morning her mouth was pretty sore and we hitched her to the wagon with Kit and we never had any more trouble with her when we drove her double. We did have some trouble with her however when we tried to drive her single.

Sprouted oats were coming into use for green food for chickens, between 1910 and 1915. I made a rack with 5 or 6 trays which I kept behind the cook stove in the kitchen. I would soak the oats in warm water over night and the next morning I would empty them on a tray. In about 5 or 6 days I would have

sprouts 4 or 5 inches long.

We had another western horse, some years later, by the name of Fanny. We not only had a 25 foot rope on her but also tied a long pole to the rope. In time I decided an 8 foot post would answer as well, so I tied the post near the middle. One Sunday in the fall, toward night, I went out in the field to get her on the run. She looked up and saw me running toward her and she took off and started to run the other way. The post being tied near the center, every time the post would hit a back burrow or dead furrow, it would flip over and the faster she ran, the faster it would flip, and finally was going like an eight foot wheel. When she got to the Bars in the corner of the field she looked around and saw that post still coming and she tried to jump over them. She went over and got tangled in the rope and landed on her back on the other side. I hurried and got her untangled before Dad found out about it. I don't think that Dad ever knew about it. It was more fun than a barrel full of monkeys, as Byron Gregg used to say.

I voted, for the first time in 1914, the day after I was 21.

In the fall and winter of 1911 and 1912, I believe it was Elmer and I cut several maple trees in our sugar bush that were damaged in the forest fire of 1908. That was one of the two coldest winters I have ever seen, with temperatures as low as 28 below. We wore canvas gloves and mits over them and the cold axe and saw handles stung our fingers through the gloves. We soon learned to take the axes and saw handles inside at night.

In about February 1914 Oscar Clear had a horse die and Dad gave him a dollar for the hide and gave me a dollar for skinning

it. The day I skinned it was sunny and I was most of the afternoon doing it. Then Dad sent the hide to a tannery in Three Rivers, to have it tanned and made into a fur coat.

During the summer of 1916, when the Emmet County fair was on, in Petoskey, Art and I decided we would ride our bikes to the fair. It was about 30 miles from our place. We started shortly afternoon one day, after straping a blanket or two and some sandwiches on the bikes. About 4 miles from home the bolt that held Art's front wheel broke. We were set to go to the fair and didn't want to give it up, so we hid his bike in the brush a short distance from the main highway from Petoskey to Mackinaw, and continued on with one bike. The best roads, at that time were gravel, and there were very few cars traveling. We decided that one would ride a mile or so and leave the bike along the road and the one that was walking would do the same. This we did until we were south of Levering, when Art was walking, a man in a car stopped and picked him up. I rode along, not knowing where I would find him. He rode about 15 miles and was standing along the road near Oden, waiting for me. Shortly after that we got permission to sleep in a farmers barn for the night. We got to the fair about noon the next day. We came home by train to Carp Lake.

I had a few jobs during the last three summers I was home, but none of them seemed to suit me.

I had a couple hitches cleaning cars for the Michigan Central R. R. in Mackinaw, at 17 cents an hour,

I also worked a few days as a LUMBER JACK when the hardwood was cut in section 22. I was a swamper, which meant that we trimmed the branches off from the logs, after

others had fell the trees and cut them into log lengths. I lived in the bunk house with the drunks as they came in from spending their last pay, in town.

Later, after the timber was lumbered off, Art and I worked a few weeks, fencing this land in, to pasture cattle.

In 1916 I worked about a month for Mr Pope at Oden. He ran a grocery store there and I delivered for him, and also hauled trunks for resorters as they came in. I was there the night that the big HOTEL burned, and helped get the boats out of the boat house, to save them.

Art was freshman at M. A. C., now M. S. U., in the fall of 1916. I corresponded with him regarding work in Lansing or the area. He didn't give me much encouragement, but I decided to go to Lansing anyway. I left Mackinaw shortly after election that year, and it was the first time I had been outside of two counties.

When I arrived in Lansing on the train from Bay City, I inquired the way to get to M. A. C. and was told that it was three miles east on Michigan Avenue, and that there would be a street car about every half hour. I went out to Michigan Avenue and didn't see a street car and I started walking. If it was only three miles I could walk it in an hour. I remember seeing Sparrow Hospital which was built about three years earlier. I also saw a few wagon loads of brick going to the College.

I applied for work at the REO and the AUTO BODY plants, but there were several dozen others doing the same thing.

Art told me that there were a couple of buildings under

construction at the College and I might get in at one of them. So I applied at the Mens Gymnasium, on the Campus and went to work there the next day. I worked there a week or two, until the brick layers struck and I was laid off, about noon. After I ate my lunch I went over to where they were rebuilding the Olds Engineering Building, after a fire, and went to work there that afternoon. One afternoon I wheeled sloppy concrete up a two foot ramp into the building. That night I was as tired as I ever was in my life.

Being interested in poultry I went over to the poultry plant on Sundays, and helped William Tully with the watering. The second Sunday I was there Mr. Tully asked me if I would be interested in a job there, and I replied that I would. He said there might be a vacancy soon and if so, he would recommend me. The next afternoon he came looking for me, on the job, and told me that Professor Burgess would like to see me the next day at noon. I was there and after about an hours session he hired me and I went to work the next day, I believe it was Dec. 6, 1916. In this hour session he ascertained that I did not smoke. He also laid down the law as to what I was to do, and what I was not to do. I was to clean the dropping boards and pens and do the watering, mix feed and do what ever Mr. Tully told me to do. I was not to feed or trap nest as it took an expert to do that. I was to have a room, a cot and dresser and get $50.00 per month. I think I paid $5.00 per week for board.

I had done a little trap nesting of our White Wyandottes at home for about two years. It wasn't long before Mr. Tully let me do some trap nesting and feeding.

Things went all right for a time between the three of us, but in

early January, Tully and Burgess were not hitching. About January tenth Tully told me that he was going to leave Feb. 1. Burgess didn't like the idea of him quitting, he wanted to fire him. One day Burgess said to me, “Charley, do you think that you could handle things here, if Mr. Tully left?" I said "what do you think?" he hesitated a jiffy and said, "I think you can." About six weeks earlier it took an expert to feed and trap nest and now he was trusting it to me.

More than that I was one of three in the whole poultry department, for a week or two. Professor Burgess had a secretary, half days, making the third member. In recent years, employees in the whole department have numbered several dozen.

By February first, Professor Burgess hired Bernie Knowles of Azalia, Mich. to replace Tully, and we got along fine.

During spring vacation Art went home and I got homesick, so Burgess let me go for a week or so. While we were home the U. S. declared war on Germany, Also when we were there, Elmer had scarlet fever, but the doctor didn't know what it was, and I got it from him and was in Cottage B. of the pest house, on the campus.

While I was in the pest house with scarlet fever, Burgess fired Bernie Knowles. This got me fed up with Burgess and I talked with Bernie, as I was getting over the scarlet fever, at a distance. It seemed that Harold McLean from Holland., Mich. was graduating that spring, and he was hired to manage the poultry at Flanders Farm in Oakland County, and was looking for somebody who knew something about poultry. Shortly after getting out of cottage B., I went to see Harold and he hired me

for $35.00 a month and room and board. I went there around the end of May and brooded chicks with the Candee Brooding System. We used bearded straw for litter, which caused a lot of eye canker.

Later in the summer I took care of the layers which were in scattered houses along a lake. These were straw loft houses and we changed the straw in them during the summer. When I first took over, I found the water dishes in a filthy condition and spent longer than usual washing then out, the first morning. After a week or two production increased, at a time when it normally would be going the other way, so Harold gave me a $5.00 a month raise.

Mr. Flanders had a nice home back by Pine Lake, and he had a turn table for automobiles, the only one I ever saw.

The draft was on that summer for the World War, and us fellows all registered. When the list came out in late July, my name was the only one from the farm on that list. Some of the fellows said they wouldn't be drafted, they would enlist in the Marines first.

So on Thursday, July 26, I went to Detroit, on the Interurban from Pontiac and enlisted in the Marines. They called six of us into the examining room, and Mark Shattuck and I were the only ones that passed. We both left on Saturday morning July 28, along with 15 others for Paris Island, South Carolina.

We arrived at the island about chow time Monday night July 30, 165 of us, the largest number in one day to that date. The next morning we had a good breakfast of oat meal, without sugar or milk. It took the doctors two days to examine us and

we were sworn in as U. S. Marines August 2, 1917, I was 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighed 138 pounds. We drew our uniforms and were assigned to companies that same day, I was in Co. 14, and Joel Mason and Shattuck were in Co. 15.

Friday we packed our civilian clothes and sent them home. Saturday a fellow by the name of Arbuckle and I were assigned to K. P. duty in the mess hall. During the day one of the cooks asked us if we had a match. We both said "no, we didn't smoke." He replied "I'll tell you one thing, You will before you are out of the Marines," Within a month Arbuckle was smoking cigarettes. I was more determined than ever, not to.

That same day our Sergeant introduced himself to our company by saying, "my name is Kirkpartrick and I am a galvanized Irish, son of a bitch." It didn't take us long to find out what he meant, by that.

Sunday afternoon we went out to the maneuver grounds, five miles away. There we found that we were without silverware as the companies that had just left took the silverware with them. So we had to eat with our fingers and ended up the week by eating with oyster shells.
Monday morning we started to drill for real. We were learning "to the rear, march." George Erwin from Detroit, missed and the sergeant took him out by himself and had him practice, and ended up by saying "I would like to have you out there in the brush for five minutes. They would have to pick you upon a dust pan." I had been doing all right, but this disturbed me and I missed the next time. They took three of us out and we made it without a miss or a lecture.

After we had drilled about an hour the sergeant wanted to

smoke a cigarette so he gave the command, "rest." As he rolled his own, he gave us a lecture about smoking. He said, "some people say smoking makes a person short winded, but it doesn't if you do 20 pushups every morning." It was like saying, "some say it is farther that way, but you can get there just as quick if you run."

One morning our sergeant was calling roll. When he called my name I answered "here". He happened to see me when I answered and said, "I thought your name was Cole." Then he said "where is Cole?" Cole answered from near the other end. The sergeant rubbed his eyes, as though he was seeing double, and said, " are you fellows brothers?" Later several fellows said that we did look alike.

A few weeks later after we had come in from drill, the drill being "to the front take distance." During this drill I heard a commotion some where in the rear, but not being able to look around I knew nothing that went on. Shortly after we came in from drill I met the sergeant near the bunk house and he said,"what was wrong with you Delamarter?" I had a blank look and then he said, "wasn't it you that I punched in the ribs?" I replied "no". And then he said, "who was it then?" He followed up by saying, " tell Cole to come out." I went in the bunk house and told Cole and he got the bawling out that I just missed.

We were delayed some while in getting our rifles and when we did get them he tried to make up for lost time. First he explained to the whole company that the rifle was our best friend and that we should take good care of it, and he emphasized that it was almost a court martial offense to drop the rifle.

There was a sergeant and three corporals for each company. After the lecture about the rifle, he divided the company of 8 squads into two squads each and our sergeant was our instructor.

When it came to "parade rest" our sergeant stood about two rods in front of us and demonstrated it. We had a nice fellow from Minnesota, who had been a school teacher, by the name of Burrows, but he was left handed. Actually it was a matter of turning the rifle on quarter turn to the right, but someway Burrows was determined to turn it three quarters of the way to the left. After the sergeant had demonstrated it several times and Burrows had continued to miss, he demonstrated it again, for the last time. But Burrows missed again and the sergeant lost his temper and grabbed his rifle with both hands and raised it over his head and slammed it on the ground in front of Burrows and then he shook his fist at Burrows and gave him quite a lecture.

We had a fellow in our company by the name of Allison from Minnesota. About the time we were on the rifle range our sergeant made Allison an Acting Jack, that is he took the place of a corporal at times. We also had a big fellow, with a black mustache, by the name of Ralph Dort. His mustache didn't last very long but Ralph Dort did. He was the son of the DORT automobile man in Flint.

For a time I was in the bunk house next to the sergeant's office and Ralph Dort was in the bunk house in back. On a few occasions we noticed Dort heading for the sergeant's office, but we never realized what it might mean.

This went on for sometime, and one day we came in from a tough drill in which the sergeant was unusually ornery, and at the end of the drill he told us to wash a complete change of clothes. This gave the fellows a good chance to rake the sergeant over the coals, so to speak. About the time it was at the peak, one of the corporals showed up at the HEAD and heard it.

Shortly the sergeant called the company out and told us what he had heard, and ended up by saying that Allison was there and heard all of it, and said nothing. He finished by saying that Allison was broke, and Dort was to be Acting Jack.

Knowing what had gone on before, and putting two and two together we had an idea that some money had changed hands, in the sergeant's office.
Joel Mason from Company 15, and I from Company 14, and 15 others from other companies were assigned to the Naval Prison Guard at the Main Barracks on October 16, 1917. Joel Mason and I were among the 17 that left Detroit, July 28th.

The guard was housed in tents, two in a tent and my bunkey was Earl Glover from Cortland, N. Y. At the time we went on the guard, a large tent was used as a guard house, but a guard house, with a cell block, was built shortly.

Sergeant McFellon was the Warden, and Sergeant McCrea was assistant Warden, in charge of the prison gangs. There was a total of close to 300 prisoners at the peak.
Two prisoners were barbers for the rest of them and they were issued their barber tools, including razors, each morning and checked out again each night. One night, shortly after we went there, one of the razors turned up missing and the next morning

some of us guards were detailed to search the prison, with a fine tooth comb, so to speak. When the prisoners were out we searched the bunks and even on the top plate, and still didn't find the razor.

Around that time a black prisoner by the name of Gammon, refused to go to work one afternoon. Corporal Black came into the guard tent and told private Curl and I to cone out, and said that he was going in the prison to bring a prisoner out, dead or alive, and wanted us to receive him. About that time the Catholic Chaplain, Father McDonald, came along and wanted to know what was wrong. He wanted to go in and talk with Gammon, and Black consented. Father McDonald got Gammon to come out and work, and Black assigned private Regrute to guard him, while he dug a post which was set in cement out of the ground. This post was right in back of the prison. The orders that Black gave the guard was if he looks up SHOOT HIM. I walked the post around the prison two hours that afternoon and I didn't see Gammon look up, anyway he wasn't shot.

Before we had a cell block we didn't have anyway to handle unruly prisoners. The prison was in the process of building a bake oven, and got a truck load of used brick. For a time these prisoners were required to work from 2 A. M. until breakfast time at knocking the mortar off these old bricks and pilling them up. When that was completed the piles were knocked over so they could pile them up again. This fellow Gammon was usually one of these, as he was a trouble maker.

Lieutenant Edward Hayes was in command of the prison and he was hard boiled, especially when he had been drinking. Private W. W. Husted from Greenville, Ohio had a gang of prisoners to

build this bake oven. One of the gang was Byrnes, who had escaped on labor day and was doing extra time. Byrnes was handy at most anything. Our orders were to not allow our prisoners to talk with anybody. One day Lt. Hayes caught Byrnes talking with a civilian contractor who he recognized, about how to build the bake oven. As a result of this Husted got 3 days of bread and water in the new cell block. Any prison chaser might have done the same as Husted did.

The prisoner I let escape

As I said before, we were transferred to the Prison Guard Oct. 16, 1917 and our main duty was to guard the prison, inside and out, also when off duty on Sunday morning, to stand by, to take a gang of prisoners out for work until noon. One Sunday in early December Sergeant McCrea was calling out different gangs and after calling out five names, he turned to me and said, "here Delamarter take this gang to the Police Sergeant." We had had mild weather until then, but that day there was a cold wind coming from the north. So I marched my gang to No. 11 building where the police sergeant was to be, and they wasted no time in getting in out of that cold wind, and mingled with about 50 other prisoners and several sentries. The prisoners were all dressed in gray prison uniforms, but the prisoners in my gang had no name, as far as I knew. Most of the sentries had their regular gang and knew the men by name, as well as by looks, but not me. Finally the Police Sergeant arrived and told me to take my gang to the HEAD, where another gang had been sent earlier. I called for my gang to step outside and four of them did. I called again for the other man and he didn't answer. I suppose he didn't know what I looked like any more than I did about what he looked like. We went over to the head and I asked Kenard, the other sentry, if he had

an extra man, and after a check we found there was one still missing. Kenard, an old time prison chaser, said my man would probably get in with another gang and be turned in. A score was kept on a black board at the Prison door, which should total the total number of prisoners, at all times, We turned our gangs in together and all was well so far, or so it seemed.
That evening I found that all was not well. My bunkey was in the hospital with measles, and I was in the tent alone. It was still cold and I had the tent flaps tied shut and the oil stove going full blast. Suddenly I heard Sergeant McCrea's voice when he said in an excited tone, "they were all there this morning." He didn't have to repeat it, I knew exactly what he had said and what it meant. I knew that I let a prisoner escape, and that he was still unaccounted for. Realizing the seriousness of this I decided to give myself up, hoping it would ease my guilt, a little. This was hard to do, so I paced the floor and occasionally peaked out at the street to see what was going on. This continued for a half hour or more and all the time that was going through my mind should I or shouldn't I. This continued for sometime and I heard no more. In the morning, as curious I was, I thought it best to make no inquiry about it. I came that close to wearing a gray prison uniform and being followed by a man with a gun. I might also mention that I was never even on REPORT while I was on the Prison Guard or after. I had expected bread and water at least once, while under Lieutenant Hayes. One day in January 1918, while I was walking Post around the prison, I saw 9 recruits carrying their SEA BAGS. They were from the training camp and were coming to the Prison Guard. When I got off guard at 9 o'clock I went to my tent and found a sea bag with the name HALLBAUER on it, but the owner was not there. So I rolled into my bunk and slept until about 11 o'clock. When I woke up Hallbauer was there and I asked what state he was from, and he said

"Michigan" I said "so am I". Then I asked what part of Michigan and he said he was from northern Michigan. I said "so am I". It turned out that he was from Rogers City and I was from Cheboygan, about 40 miles apart. And more than that he was the only one of the 9 from Michigan.

About this same time, January 1918, Lt. Hayes came over to the prison about 9 P. M., one night, just drunk enough to be a nuisance. Earl Gonsolas, J. W. Williams and I had just come off Post and were preparing to roll in for a few hours sleep. We were allowed to walk Post without leggins between taps and reveille. Gonsolas had been on Post 2, at the prison door, where the score was kept. He also took his pants off when he went to bed, but the rest of us just took our shoes off and rolled in. Our cots were in the back of the guard room. About the time Gonsolas had his pants off, Lt. Hayes came in the guard room, after having been to the Prison door and finding the count was off, slightly. Moore was Sergt. of the guard and Crow was Corporal of the Guard. First, Lt. Hayes jumped on Sergt. Moore for the count being out of balance, and said, "I will give you five minutes to account for every prisoner by name". As soon as Sergt. Moore left for the prison door, Gonsolas, without pants on, came up to Lt. Hayes and tried to explain the count. Lt. Hayes said, "who are you?" and Gonsolas answered and Hayes said to Crow, "lock him up Corporal". Crow took him into the cell block and came out in a minute and Hayes said, "did you frisk him?" Crow answered "no". About that time Sergt. Moore came in and Hayes said, "lock the Corporal up Sergt." so Sergt. Moore locked Corporal Crow up. About that time Hayes was coming to his senses and realized what he was doing. He left shortly, after telling Sergt. Moore to release Crow and Gonsolas from the cell block. After Lt. Hayes left, Williams and I talked over what had happened.

Williams said when the storm broke, he had one shoe off and the other on, but he laid down that way, facing away from the action. He said that he was afraid to turn over, for fear of getting a diet of bread and water. I was more fortunate than Williams, however as I had both shoes off and laid so I took it all in.

One Post was inside of the prison. It wasn't so bad in the daytime when most of the prisoners were working, but it was a pretty lonesome place at night, when 290 to 300 prisoners were sleeping. At one time there was a stack of mattresses about five feet high. I never had any notion of going to sleep while on guard duty, realizing the seriousness of it. But Bernie Wood found that pile of mattresses a nice place to lean up against. One night he leaned up there and went to sleep. A black prisoner by the name of Gammon reported it first, but it was never proven. Knowing Bernie Wood, and the kind of a fellow he was, I wouldn't doubt but what he was asleep.

One Sunday in about April 1918, I came off guard in the morning and was taking a snooze in the afternoon. I woke up about 4 o'clock and realized something was going on. I soon found out that a trustee prisoner by the name of Bryant, who was a plumber, and had a key to the plumbing shop, was at the bottom of it. The plumbing shop was in the same building with the carpenter shop and the paint shop, and separated by an eight foot partition. Sometime during the day Bryant unlocked the plumbing shop and then climbed over the partition and unlocked the door to the paint shop, and they were drinking wood alcohol. It turned out that about a dozen trustees and two sentries were involved. That evening I spent an hour or two guarding these prisoners in the hospital. The sentries were Carper and Hudnall and I had both of them in a gang, later.

I should have mentioned earlier that we never had sugar or butter while we were in training. At one time they set a barrel of molasses in between each of two mess halls that would be for four Companies, but it only lasted about a week. Boy did we enjoy that molasses. When it was gone we had no more Also on Prison Guard we never had sugar or butter except when we paid a mess fund of $2.00 a month. At that time we had ice cream occasionally.

In the spring of 1918 we had to take the prisoners out for 20 minutes of physical drill, in the morning, and while they were eating breakfast, the guard had 20 minutes of it. We always washed up for breakfast at the HEAD, before we took the prisoners out for drill. The clothing building was a brick building a few feet north of the prison, where the prisoners came out. Chris Hanson from Minn. had a gang outside of the Main Barrack, therefore carried a shot gun. One morning he was the first one out there with his shot gun, when a Boot sentry came around the clothing building and wanted to know what he was doing there. This was shortly before sunrise and he told the Boot that he was waiting for a couple of prisoners to come out so he could shoot them. The boot wanted to know if they shot prisoners there and Hanson replied occasionally. Then he pulled his tin soap box out of his pocket and handed it to the boot and said, "here throw this up so I can see how my eye is this morning." And the boot went on his way then. At least that is the way Hanson told it and most of us believed it at the time. At least it made a good story.

Rutlidge from Philadelphia and probably the youngest member of the prison guard had a gang working on the road out towards the maneuver grounds, and therefore carried a shot

gun. Early in the summer of 1918 he got acquainted with a member of the Island Patrol. In the end Rutlidge got this fellow to stand guard while he went in swimming with his gang of prisoners. In time it was discovered and Rutlidge was up for a shoot as we called it. Captain Joe Watson was in command of the prison at that time and when Rutlidge was up for office hours, Captain Watson bawled Rutlidge out for it and let him go. If Lt. Hayes had been in command at that time, Rutlidge would have had at least 3 days of bread and water. Later in the summer when Rutlidge was being transferred for over sea duty Capt. Watson bid them good-bye the night before they left. When he came to Rutlidge he said, "well Rutlidge when you get over there don't go swimming with the Germans."

A fellow by the name of Latimer had a gang at the hog farm where they fed garbage from the camp. One day in early summer two of his prisoners took off and he didn't even fire his shot gun at them. The manager of the hog farm took after them with a shot gun and found them about a mile away trying to get other clothes. Captain Joe Watson was in command at the time and Latimer was transferred to other duty and wasn't even court marshaled.

There were several gangs working on the road out toward the maneuver grounds. There was very little supervision out there and anything could happen. Paul Crawford had one of these gangs, and the sentries were sitting on a log beside of the road one day. These were pump guns and the chamber was supposed to be empty. They were snapping their triggers and suddenly Crawford's gun went off, and the shot went in front of the other sentries.

Bill Hallbauer my bunky had a gang at the Island dock. One day a prisoner by the name of Harris, who had been a baker in

the bake shop had served his time and was leaving the Island on a motor boat to catch a train at Port Royal. It happened that they missed the train and Harris had to return to the Island. Harris had no pass so the boot sentry at the dock refused to let him enter. A Lieutenant who recognized Harris, asked him what the trouble was and Harris replied "this sentry won't let me come back to prison".

I inherited the dump gang from Quiner early in the summer of 1918. This dump was at the west end of the training camp and about a mile from the prison. I marched the prisoners both ways twice a day. The camp incinerator was nearby and we used the Head there, so we got acquainted with Barney Wells and his crew. He had a few recruits helping him out each day a different crew each day. When they were not working he engaged them in rolling dice. It seems that he used loaded dice, and was cleaning up on these recruits. One day a truck came down to the dump with a bunch of stuff from the Canteen. It contained among other things about 15 or 20 slabs of chocolate, some of which were moldy. These slabs were about one inch thick and about 12 by 16 inches the other way. We stowed away some of the best of these in our make shift cupboard. Shortly a marine who worked in the canteen came running down and inquired about it. It had to be checked off before it was dumped. My prisoners helped him find most of the slabs, but managed to over look our supply. My gang kept the dump in order and baled the paper.

Art and I both applied for a furlough and left for home about the middle of July 1918. The morning we were arranging for the furlough at the Headquarters Building on the Island, I saw Barney Wells go into the building. He was there a few minutes

and then he came out, followed by a man with a gun. I figured that his loaded dice caught up with him.

I had ten days at home and we met Martha Stone in Bay City and she rode to Cheboygan with us and stayed a few days, and then Art went back to Bay City, with her and we met in Cincinnati on the way to Paris Island. I expected to be transferred for over sea duty shortly after I got back from furlough. Finally my name came up on the list to leave the following Tuesday. I went out to the Rifle Range, where Art was a coach, and told him. He tried to get a transfer so he could go with me but Captain Smith said he needed all the coaches he could get as he was starting a new Rifle Range. He suggested that I might transfer to the Rifle Range for about two months and then he would transfer both of us. So Art came to the Prison Guard and reported what Captain Smith said, and I decided to transfer to the Rifle Range for two months. At the time I went there they were using two shifts on the Rifle Range and some of the coaches were living in tents. I moved in with Art who was in a tent about opposite the five hundred yard line. Occasionally a rifle would go off accidently and the bullet would go over our tent. One afternoon we were in our tent and we heard a bullet which seemed to hit nearby. At the same time we heard a fellow holler. We ran out in the street and saw a fellow come out of his tent with his arm bleeding and we thought he had been hit by a stray bullet. It turned out that he was cleaning his rifle and had his arm laying across the mussel, while he was wiping around the trigger. It was a case of Accidentally shooting his arm off. The ambulance came and took him to the Hospital where they took his hand off above the wrist. He was out and ate dinner at the Rifle Range mess hall about 2 weeks later and remarked that according to the news, it looked as though the war was pretty near over. He

acted as though he wished he had his hand back. I think they court marshaled him, later.
I was on the Snaping In Range for a week or so and then I was on the regular firing line. While I was there a fellow by the name of Harriman shot on Arts target. When he finished shooting for record he handed *Art* a check for $10.00 and it was on the Harriman National Bank of New York City. I have often wondered if it was William Averill Harriman or his brother. On a Sunday
in early October 1918, probably the sixth or the thirteenth, we had an unusually high tide. The colored people on the Island said that it would be even higher on Tuesday, as that was a full moon, of course us Marines laughed about the moon affecting the tide, but sure enough it was higher, at least two feet higher than normal. Some of the fellows were rowing boats over the Rifle Range and using the oars to kill birds that came in with the high tide. These birds were about the size of quails and the fellows dressed them and ate them.

Twenty-nine of us were transferred to Quantica, Virginia, and left Paris Island the afternoon of October 24 and arrived at Quantica about 9 A. M. the next morning. We had a sleeper from Yamassee to Quantica. We were transferred to the Rifle Range at Quantica and there was very little firing there until I was discharged. Perhaps it was because the higher ups realized that the end of the war was near. There were two ranges there and they kept us busy building a road along the side of one of them and to the rear of the Butts. This was through the woods and it took some cutting trees and grading. We worked at this road building until after the Armistice. Actually there were two Armistices. The first one was a few days ahead of the real one, and it turned out to be a fizzle. When the real one came, we didn't believe it and didn't know for sure until the next day. A

fellow by the name of Cahoun, who was on the Rifle Range, and he applied for Officer Training wouldn't believe it even then, he had to have a commission first. Later one time he was gambling in our bunk house and lost all of his money and went in debt $25.00. Sometime between Amistice Day and Thanksgiving Day I had the Flu, and was in the Sick Bay a week or more. I reported it early and got well shortly.

Harry Price, Art and I spent a few days in Washington at Thanksgiving time, I went up on the train in the forenoon and made arrangements at the *Y. M. C. A.* hut for three bunks, for a few nights. I had milk and doughnuts for dinner that day. The two of them stayed at Quantica to have a Marine Thanksgiving dinner, having never had one before. I was to meet them about 2:30 P. *M.* but missed them due to a mix-up of the train time. Then I went to the Patent Office and found that closed, and then I walked to the Washington Monument and found the elevator out of order, so I walked up and down. The Monument is 555 feet, 5 and 1/8 inches to the top. We got together that evening at the Hut and visited the Congressional Library that evening for 2 or 3 hours. We were at the Washington Monument about 8 the next morning and waited until it opened. Art was the first one up there that morning, but I was not, I had walked up and down twice in 24 hours. Art mapped out our program for the next three days and we saw many sights in and around Washington.

Sometime after the Armistice a Lieutenant was dropping from a plane with a parachute. We saw him on a few occasions. One time we saw what looked like a block of wood drop from the plane, and shortly what looked like newspapers opening up behind him. One time he landed in the Potomac River.

In December 1918, I got acquainted with a fellow by the name of Leonard, who worked in the R. R. Carpenter Shop. I told him that I was interested in carpenter work and had studied the book "The Steel Square" by Fred T. Hodgson. This came about in this way. When I was on the Prison Guard, a fellow from our training company by the name of Belanger from Salem, Mass. was a plumber and bunked with a fellow by the name of Hill from Virginia, who was a carpenter. I became acquainted with Hill in this way and told him that I was interested in Carpenter work. He suggested that I send to Sears Roebuck and get this book, which I did. When I told Leonard this he suggested that I talk with the Captain in charge of the R. R. which I did and he arranged for me to work in the carpenter shop from then on until I was discharged.

One of my jobs there was to prepare 100 rifles for telescope sights. This consisted of boring a hole in the piece of wood over the muzzle, and directly in front of the rifle sight. This hole then had to be worked out square to fit over a metal gadget which held the telescope sight, and then rasped off to make it smooth. I had never known of a wood rasp until that time. We also built a building for target frames that winter.

Leonard was not a carpenter. He worked for Montgomery Wards before the war. On the other hand a fellow by the name of Loomis, from Joplin, Missouri was a real Carpenter. He taught me all I know about fitting hand saws. He taught me how to joint, set and file, in that order. When I got home, after being discharged, I took our old hand saw, which hadn't been properly fitted for many years and jointed it. In so doing I took a few inches of the teeth off the handle end of the saw, and then cut new teeth and set, and filed it.

Art was discharged and left early in January 1919, and went back to M. A. C. He married Martha Stone on his birthday March 31, that year. One evening in early Jan. 1919 a fellow by the name of Long came into our bunkhouse selling tickets on the raffle of a gold watch. The tickets were numbered from 1 to 125 and a person buying a ticket paid the nearest nickel to the ticket drawn. The first 40 tickets were free. After considerable talking in which he said "you might draw a free", I drew a ticket, and what was the number? It was 41, the lowest ticket that was paid for. Then Long went over to the other corner or the bunk house and Private Kegg bought 5 or 6 tickets, in hopes of winning. When the drawing was made about a month later my 40 cent ticket won the watch, which I still carry. The only thing I ever won on a raffle.

I was on Military Police duty in Washington two different weekends. The Marines were allowed a room, free, at the National Hotel and another hotel on Pennsylvania Ave. We usually stayed at the National. I walked post on Pennsylvania Avenue and one of the side streets both times, from. 10 P. M. to 2 A. M. both times. On Sunday morning we turned our guns into the Police Department. One Sunday morning I carried 2 concealed weapons on the streets of Washington, and got away with it. We had Saturday afternoon and most of Sunday to look around Washington. One Saturday afternoon after roaming around Washington I went to the Police Department and rolled into a bunk to get a little sleep before going on Post. When they began looking for me to go on Post they found me sleeping and thought I was drunk, but I wasn't.

One Sunday about an hour before the train was to leave for Quantico, the Lt. in charge of the M. P. called up the Sergeant and asked how the men were and the Sergeant told him that

they were all right. At that time a fellow by the name of Brown was dead drunk. So some of the fellows got him up and walked him around awhile and he managed to get to the depot. At the depot he said to me "I had something to eat at the snack bar and I don't know whether I paid for it or not." Some of the fellows went on M. P. duty just to get drunk.

I should speak of Marine chow. We never had meat as such with or without a mess fund. We did find a few pieces of meat in a dish of slum. One time when we were in training we had chicken for Sunday dinner. They came undrawn and Daniels, from our company drew them. While on the R. R. at Quantico we had a mouse in the slum one time, and another time we had a mouse in the bread pudding.

My discharge was dated Feb. 22, 1919 which was Saturday, but I didn't leave Ouantico until Monday morning Feb.24. About 6 or 8 of us from the R. R. were marching to the Headquarters building to turn in our riffles and equipment, on Saturday afternoon. On the way we met a few Marines hobbling along. I recognized one as William Fogle from Baltimore, MD. I told him that I was being discharged on Monday and gave him my bunk house number. He came up later and we had quite a visit. He was transferred from the Prison Guard in the summer of 1918 and got over there in time to get shrapnel in both legs. Fogle attended a meeting in Chicago in about 1959, and then came up to East Lansing to see me.
As I enlisted in Detroit, the Marines paid my fare back to Detroit. From Detroit I went to East Lansing to visit Art and to look around M. A. C. for a few days. After that I started out to visit my Aunt Minnie Gregory and Uncle George Bridinger. I had never seen either to remember them. First I went to

Owosso on the Interurban and then I took a train to Ashley and finally to Crystal Lake. I got a ride the last few miles with Mr. Baker, in a sleigh. As we rode along he told me that he knew my mother. I started from East Lansing about 8 A. M. and got to Aunt Minnies toward night. This would be a distance of about 60 miles now by car. After a few days visit there, Uncle Sam took me over to Uncle Georges. One of the days I was there Leon, my cousin, took me rabbit hunting. He had a shot gun and I was dressed in my uniform, including leggins. There were a few inches of snow on the ground which had a hard crust on it. Then on top or it was a few inches of loose snow. We went back of the house a distance to an open woods. Shortly we found a partridge track. Leon said "lets follow it and see where it goes. I thought a partridge could fly, but Leon knew better. We followed it a few minutes and it came to an end. Leon said, "it might be right in there". Sure enough, it flew out right against my leggins and I reached down and grabbed it. So I got a partridge and Leon got nothing. After a few days there I went home on the G. R. and I. (Grand Rapids and Indiana).

It Seems that during the World War Dad had our old sugar bush lumbered off. Perhaps there was a fire, later which cleaned up most of the tree tops. Anyway it wasn't much of a job to clear up the 8 or 10 acres where the sugar bush had been. So I cleared that piece up that spring of 1919. Later Ed Dow drove his team and I held the plow and we plowed between the stumps. Now highway 75 goes through this same spot.

About this time I wrote to Harold McLean who lived in Holland, Mich. and who I worked under before I enlisted. Through his efforts I landed a job at the Getz farm on the shore of Lake Michigan, near Holland. This farm was called

Lakewood Farm and owned by George Getz, a millionaire coal man from Chicago. I went there in late May. I worked under John Stokey, who was in charge of the Poultry. I was getting $60.00 per month and room and board. Mr. Stokey told me later, that they had never paid anyone that much before.

In addition to a few thousand chickens they had 900 pairs of pigeons and we dressed from 75 ro 150 squabs each week, We dry picked these squabs and they sold for $6.00 or $7.00 per dozen. Some of them went to the Pantlin Hotel in Grand Rapids, but most of them went to Chicago.

One day of every week was egg day, in which every egg was candled. Not only that but in a few cases of eggs every egg was stamped with a Lakewood stamp. This was the only place I ever used an egg stamp.

Lakewood was a show place and I enjoyed working there, especially in the summer. George Getz was a nice man to work for. His wife had died some years earlier and Mrs. Harry Getz, his sister-in-law, was keeping house for him. He had two boys, George age 12 and Jimmy age 8, and we knew them very well. By the time I had worked there a month Mr. Getz was calling me by my first name. On Labor Day Mr. Getz took a few of us fellows to the ball game in Holland.

Charley Jackson drove the Farm Bus and Mr. Getz rode with him, and about 4 of us rode in the back. He took a sack of peaches with him and sat with us and passed the peaches during the game. Before the game it was announced that

George Getz would give $5.00 to the player who made the best play, that afternoon. Mr. Getz had a few Guernsey cows and

when it came silo filling time they were having trouble keeping the silage tramped down. Mr. Getz was there and he turned to Van (Clarence VanDusen) and said "can't we keep that silage tramped down" and Van agreed. That night Mr. Getz came into the pigeon house, with his face covered with dust and sweat.

Mr. Stokey was in charge of the pigeons and knew considerable about them. It seems they mate and stay together as long as they both live. The male sets on the eggs about 4 hours during the middle of the day. It is very important to have all of the birds mated in a loft, otherwise there would be trouble. There were 9 lofts of pigeons in this wing, and they were all mated and banded except one loft. The customary way was to stand by the screen door and when a pigeon went on a nest to dash in with a net and catch her, and put a temporary band on her leg. Later in the day, toward noon when we caught a bird on that same nest, it was the male. This was a time consuming job and I suggested to Mr. Stokey "how about using trap nests". He answered by saying "it had been tried and didn't work". I wasn't convinced and went to work on it. After some time I had a trap nest front which worked 80% or better, of the time. I used a number 9 wire for a frame and covered it with poultry netting, which swung out. I used a string for a trigger and ended up by using a weight on the door, so it would drop faster.

I learned one thing at Lakewood Farms that helped me out many years later. That was the importance of having poultry house walls well below the floor. At Getz Farm we had a lot of trouble with rats living under the floors of the pigeon house, where the walls were only a few inches below the floors. As a result of this, what building I have done in recent years, I knew enough to make the walls deep enough to prevent this, and we

have never had any serious trouble with rats.

Mr. Stokey left the first of October to go into the greenhouse business in Muncie, Indiana with Mr. Brown, who had been in charge of the two green-houses at the Getz Farm. Kenneth A. Zimmerman was the new Poultry Manager, and I handled the pigeons along with the chickens. Zim had run the incubators for the Michigan Poultry Farm at Lansing for some years. One time he told me that they were doing all right if they could ship half as many chicks as they put eggs in the machines.

There was a pool table in the dormitory where us fellows lived. At noon and in the evening some of the fellows played pool. I had never played pool and I just watched them for some months and finally took a cue and started playing. In about a month I could hold my own with most of the fellows. Charley Jackson and Mr. Heater, the truck driver were way out of our class. So we had many an enjoyable evening playing pool during the winter when the Farm Bus could not get into Holland. The only bad thing was that at 9 P. M. I had to wade the snow drifts about two blocks, across the road where we used a kerosine lamp on a large flock of Leghorns, and put the lamp out. Occasionally Zim went in my place. All the other houses had electric lights.

I joined the Odd Fellows in Holland in November and got acquainted with different business men in Holland. John Bommers was the farm carpenter. He and a man by the name of Semenga were in the contracting business in Holland. In the Spring of 1920 I was getting itchy to do carpenter work. Mr. Bommers thought that building would be opening up in early May, and they could use me. So I quit my job at the Getz Farm and went home for a visit, and waiting for word from Mr.

Bommers. Apparently building did not open up as he expected and I didn't get word. So Elmer hired me to pull stumps in the old sugar bush. We used George Stillwells One Man Stump Puller, and one of Ed Clears boys helped me. We worked for a few days, but it was too slow and expensive. Mr. Knowlton showed me how to blow them up with dynamite and I blew up about two dozen stumps that spring.

Late in May 1920, I got a job with George Thompson a contractor in Cheboygan, to learn the carpenter trade. During the early summer Rube Wood and I took the windows out of the north side of the school in Topinabee and put them all on the south side. This was the trend at that time. Later in the summer, Rube and I with George Thompson laying it out for us, built the forms for the Cigar Factory in Cheboygan. This was built of concrete 8 inches thick, 60 feet by 120 feet and two stories high. These forms were made of two pieces of Red Fir, each 2 by 10 inches and 20 feet long and cleated together. This took 18 sets of forms for the inside and outside forms. These forms were set up and bolted top and bottom and poured full of concrete each day. The following day these forms were raised up, and the process repeated, six days a week. There was no reinforcing used in this whole building. I helped put the sub floor on the main floor and worked on it all the way up and helped with the built up roof, except during the State Fair.

Sometime that summer I read in the paper that I Ernie Foreman was going to put on a culling demonstration near Cheboygan. Bernie Knowles had introduced me to Ernie at Farmers Week in March 1917, and I liked him. So I attended the meeting and Ernie asked me if I would like to handle the layers at the State Fair in September, at a ten day laying contest, which he was promoting. I replied that I would be interested and he took my

address. The result was that I was there the ten days of the fair and a few days before, and enjoyed it. I saw Roy Hielman there one day.

I had sinus trouble a good part of my life. It didn't bother as much when I was on the east coast, but when I came back to Michigan it gave me trouble again. In the summer of 1920 my mother suggested that I go to a doctor Stringham in Cheboygan. He said that I would likely have trouble as long as I lived in Michigan and advised me to go to Oregon or Washington. I asked about California and he said that it was too dry and dusty. At first I thought it was out of the question to go there and then I realized that there were some large poultry breeders in both of these states. So I wrote to the State College in each state to inquire about poultry work. As a result of this I landed a job with Mr. L. E. Arnold of Lebanon, Oregon. He called his farm Arnolds Egg Ranch. I was to get $60.00 per month and room and board, which Mr. Arnold told me later that it was the most he had ever paid. I left Michigan for Lebanon the night of November 11, 1920. I got to Arnolds about November 18. He had *500* layers in one house starting on their second year of laying. He also had a new house with 500 pullets, which he was trapping. He also had a few special mating pens.

I read an article by Roy Waite of College Park, Maryland in the Reliable Poultry Journal, possibly the May, 1920 issue, about how to feel the egg in a hen. Trap nesting these 500 pullets gave me a good opportunity to practice this. In time I got so I could feel the egg which helped in trap nesting. For instance I never gave a bird credit for a cold egg which she was setting on without checking to see if she had laid it. This helped me especially in the laying contest.

In Michigan the poultry houses face south to take advantage of the sun in winter and I took it for granted the same held true in Oregon. I would do chores for about an hour and then come in for breakfast. I had been there a week or more and had not seen the sun. One morning when I went in for breakfast I asked, what those 3 snow covered peaks were in the south. They asked, "do you mean in the east", I said "no, in the south". They were still puzzled and I said "which way do your chicken houses face?"[1] they said,"east, to keep away from the rains which usually come from the west". That cleared that up.

I had been at Arnolds about a week or so when Mr. Arnold and Lyle took me to a class party at the Methodist Church. I had my Odd Fellow pin on, and Verne Reeves, the Standard Oil man, asked where I belonged, and I told him. He told me when and where they met *and* invited me to attend. That particular night I got dressed up and was starting out. They wanted to know where I was going and I told them. Then they wanted to know how I found out when they met and I told them that Verne Reeves told me. By spring I knew several of the business men in Lebanon[1] and Mr. Arnold said if he was younger he might join.

Mr. Arnold had about an acre of Kale and we fed it to the chickens all winter, picking off the lower leaves each day.

He also fed germinated oats to the whole flock 4 times each day. These were grown in a rack, outdoors. This rack was 4 sections wide and 4 high. The oats were soaked in water overnight and dumped in the rack at the top, every morning, after the first feeding. The shelves pulled out to let the oats down a notch after each feeding, and were fed when they were well rooted, from the bottom.

On December 2, Mr. Arnold took me to Corvallis, about 26 miles from Lebanon, for a visit. When we got there we found that all poultry plants around there had Chicken Pox. We visited Mr. Coon, who was trap nesting a few hundred Leghorns and he showed us a pullet that had laid an egg every day for 133 days. He also advised us to wash our rubbers off good before we went around our flock, which we did, and had no trouble.

We visited Professor James Dryden, head of the Poultry Department at Oregon State College, who is credited with producing the first 300 egg hen in the world. I have his book "Poultry Breeding and Management".

That day Mr. Arnold made arrangements with Professor Dryden for a cockerel which was to be shipped later. I think he paid $25.00 for him. We also visited J. A. Hanson, who was a long time breeder of production White Leghorns. Mr. Hanson had done poultry extension work in Oregon earlier.

When this cockerel came by express, about a week later, I noticed chicken pox scabs on his head. Mr. Arnold called Professor Dryden who said that he hadn't seen the cockerel but thought it best to quarantine him until the scabs cleared up. We did this for a week or two and had no trouble, I was over to Corvallis, later during the winter and Mr. Coon asked, me how Mr. Arnold made out with chicken pox. I told him that he didn't have any trouble with it. Then Mr. Coon said that he saw the cockerel at the express office and that "he was sure peppered with it then". I figured that I saved Mr. Arnold about $1,000 that winter by recognizing chicken pox on that cockerel.

About in late January 1921, when we had had very few days

without some rain, since I arrived in Oregon, I was talking with Mr. Arnold about this. He said, "winter started early this year, it started in September." I said "September, don't you have any fall?" In a moment he said., "yes lots of fall, rainfall."

Mr. Arnold's incubator house was just across the drive from the house. He had several small incubators, 100 to 400 egg machines, and all heated with oil lamps.

As much of a breeder as he was supposed to be, he had done very little pedigree breeding. Actually I think I had done as much with my handful of White Wyandottes as he had done. For instance, when his first pedigree chicks were due to hatch he made some pedigree trays with no covers on them. I called his attention to this. He said the chicks would not climb over there and didn't cover the eggs. The result was that his PEDIGREE chicks were mixed up.

Pedigreeing chicks was an awkward and uncertain procedure until wing bands came into use, about that time. At home with my W. W. I used a Chick Punch or celloid chick bands of different colors.

Mr. Arnold clipped toe nails. Each chick has 2 feet and 4 toes on each foot. By clipping only one toe nail on each chick, he could identify chicks from 8 hens. By clipping two or more toe nails it would multiply many times. It wasn't too bad a stunt, at that time.

I left Lebanon, April 1, 1921 and headed for Petaluma, California, which had long been known as the EGG BASKET of the WORLD. However I stopped off at Medford, in southern Oregon, which I had heard of and which fascinated me. George

Thompson from Cheboygan had lived there some years before. I inquired about poultry farms around there and was directed to Carrol Carpenter, between Medford and Jacksonville. I went there and talked with Carrol. It turned out that a fellow by the name of Ralph Barton, who had done some electric wiring for Carrol, became interested in poultry and built a chicken house, on rented land and started in with 1200 chicks. When they were 3 weeks old and taking more feed every week, he wanted to sell out. Ralph was working for Carrol and I could have his job, if I bought him out. I looked his outfit over and bought him out for $600, a day or two later. What did I get for my $600? I got a 20 by 60 foot building, with a Shake roof, and about 1,000 straight run chicks, 3 weeks old.

I hadn't been at Carpenters very long until I discovered Chicken Pox, in a special mating, and Carrol didn't know what it was. Later I found that Carrol had bought 4 cockerels from J. A. Hanson in Corvallis, and used them in these special matings, and that was where his Pox came from.

And to make matters worse, a few weeks later Carrol decided to put those special mating pens in the barn where he had his main flock, IF they didn't show any scabs. He asked my advice about this and I said I wouldn't do it. He replied, "well I've got to do it anyway. Can you help me tonight?" So I helped him that night and I looked every bird over carefully. About a week later, when I went to work one morning, he said he had Pox in the barn.

Later, when my pullets were approaching maturity, I discovered one pullet with pox scabs. I took her out and isolated her, and from then on for several days, looked the flock over and took every bird out that showed pox scabs. In time I had about 25

pullets, and found no more. When the scabs had cleared up on them, rather than to take a chance on putting them back in the flock I sold them at a lower rate and had no more trouble.

I had another experience with chicken pox two years later at the first Michigan Egg Laying Contest, which I will relate later.

Due to chicken pox and other reasons, Carrol laid me off in late May or June, and I had to look elsewhere for employment. One of the jobs I had was to help L. A. Murphy tear down a stave silo and move it about 3 miles and set it up for Mr. Mankey, who operated a linotype machine for the Medford paper. That was quite an experience for me.

Medford was in the Rogue River Valley, which was noted for apples and pears. It was said that at the peak of the season, Medford shipped out as many as 6 carloads a day, some of it going to England. In the fall I got a job making boxes for shipping apples at one of the packing plants. We made these boxes from Shook, which were made in saw mills and bundled together, ends together, sides together, and bottoms and tops together. I made from 300 to 400 per day, and got one cent a piece for it.

Later in the fall, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sharr from Chicago hired me to build a 20 by 60 foot chicken house and a small barn for them. He had worked in a bank in Chicago and came to Medford to make a fortune raising chickens. Mrs. Sharr's grandmother's husband, Mr. William Helmuth, who was visiting them at the time, was to help me. He was a doctor, on the Chicago Board of Health, and this was the first time he had been outside of Chicago since he was a young man. One afternoon when I was working he said, "what is that over

there?" I said "what do you mean, the mountains?" He said "no in the sky". I said "do you mean the moon?" He said "no, the moon wouldn't be out in the daytime, it isn't in the east." Meaning in Chicago.

Shortly after I bought Ralph Barton out I built an 8 by 20 foot feed room on the chicken house. Also an 8 by 12 foot brooder house, in which I lived during the time I was in Medford. In the fall of 1921 I bought a used electric range for $40.00, which I used for heat the following winter. Carrol had several small incubators, 100 to 400 capacity, heated by electricity. A man in Medford made these machines and they were the first electric incubators I had ever heard of.

He also bought old or balky horses and butchered them and fed them to his chickens. He paid a dollar or two for them and it made cheap protein feed, if a person didn't mind the butchering. I drew the line there, however I did help him on a few occasions. He buried the head, hide and guts where he butchered them, and cut the carcuss up in chunks and stored it at the ice plant in Medford. He had a MANN power bone cutter in which I cut the meat and bone up and carried it out by the pailful and fed it to the flock. He had more prolapse of the oviduct, than I had ever seen before or after. And we had no picking as a result of this. I considered it was the result of feeding so much horse meat.

Carrol wanted me to do his brooding in the spring of 1922, and also to build a 20 by 120 foot chicken house, and some shelters, so I went to work for him February first.

His brooder house was a building about 14 by 100 foot, which he formerly used for pigeons. He used four Kresgy, fuel oil,

brooders made in California, in this building. These were double room brooders, which were used a good deal in Oregon. One room was used for the brooder, where the chicks were kept for a week or two and the other room was used later for troughs and fountains. Each brooder handled 1,000 to 1,200 chicks, and they were tricky to use. One day that spring, the fire went out in one brooder, and I tried to light it too soon and after gas had built up in it. The result was that the brooder blew up and was ruined, and the litter was set on fire, and my eye brows were singed and my jacket set on fire. I yelled FIRE and ran outside and took my jacket off and went back to put the fire out in the straw. About that time Carrol came with a pail of water and finished it. The only loss was the brooder.

About 5 o'clock one morning a month or so later the whole building went up in smoke, probably due to a faulty brooder. L. A. Murphy and his son Mason had just gotten up to milk their Jerseys and discovered it burning. They ran by my brooder house yelling FIRE. I dressed and ran over there and the whole building was on fire, I remember throwing stones and breaking some low windows in the back of the building to let some chicks out. He lost the building and brooders, and a few thousand chicks of different ages. Some chicks were running around with some feathers burned off for days.

I built the chicken house in the winter, during my spare time of lumber, floor and all. It was set on rocks. Next, I built several shelters for Carrol, as I remember they were 10 feet square, and had a shed roof. These were the first shelters I ever heard of, and a poultry extension man told us about them. I built two for myself later on.

A crew moved in to build irrigation ditches in that part of the

valley, during the summer of 1921 and parked on doctor Dean' s property, right near my poultry setup. They had a few teams and several men, one man was from Huron County, Michigan. They led the water to the highest place on each farm, and finished it during the summer, and was ready to use the following summer.

One warm day in about May 1922, I helped Carrol irrigate some plum trees in a yard near the barn, where the chickens were running. This was a very warm day and the water was cold, coming from the snow in the mountains. A few days later several of the birds showed signs of colds. Carrol thought that germs had come down with the irrigation water. I asked, "where would they come from?" The next winter I told doctor Stafseth about this. He was poultry pathologist at Michigan Agricultural College. He suggested that was probably due to the difference in the temperature of the air and the water, and I had to agree.

Frank Carpenter, Carrol's father had a few acres of prunes, and I helped him irrigate them. The water was turned in at the highest point, and we each had a shovel and a pair of rubber boots and went around and saw to it that the water soaked every spot in the orchard. When we were through we were wading in mush a few inches deep. I helped pick prunes there the fall before, and they went to a canning plant in Medford and were canned in one gallon cans.

L. A. Murphy had a few acres of corn and didn't get it irrigated until early July. Within a week after that it grew about a foot or more and they were both impressed with irrigation.

In 1921 or 1922, Professor C. H. Burgess who had been head of

the M. A. C. poultry department for several years was replaced by Ernest C. Foreman, who had done poultry extension work there for a few years. I had kept in touch with Ernie since we had been together at the 10 day laying contest at the Michigan State Fair in 1920. In the spring of 1922 I received a letter from Ernie saying that he was promoting an Egg Laying Contest at M. A. C. and hinting that I could have a job there if it developed. The fact that I had been interested in egg laying contests since the first ones started in Conn. and Mo. in about 1911, plus the fact that my setup was on rented land made it more attractive and I replied to that effect and waited for developments.

There was a poultryman by the name of Lockwood at Talent, Ore. He spoke of having trouble with his Leghorns[1] when they were about half grown, their legs or wings seemed to be paralyzed. This condition later became known as Range Paralyze, and came on when the birds were on range. This was the first time I had ever heard of it. This condition has caused poultrymen millions of dollars in loses since that time.

William Warner was Post Master of Medford and he was a breeder of White Rocks. I got to know him real well and one time he took me into the place where Postal Inspectors, spy on the clerks. He was the only one who had a key, except the inspectors. A fellow by the name of Stone and I caponized a few dozen cockerels for him one day.

A few of the leading poultry producers of the Valley formed an organization to handle the poultry and eggs of the valley, in the fall of 1921, and used part of the Farm bureau building in Medford. Carrol Carpenter was one of the largest producers. They hired Edgar Johnson to manage it as he was a dry picker from the midwest. He said that he could kill and pick a chicken

in a half minute. He was out of practice at the time and the best he could do was 35 seconds, I timed him. I learned what dry picking I knew from him, in the fall of 1921. About in June 1922 they let Johnson go and hired an overall manager and I was to handle the fattening and dry picking. We had several fattening batteries in a large room. Also in a corner of the room was a screened in place, where we could keep the dressed birds away from the flies. These birds were taken to the Ice Plant every night except on a cool night, when they would be held over night. The dressed birds were kept at the Ice Plant, until they were shipped to a dealer in San Francisco, about once a week. They were packed in barrels, with ice and shipped by Express, undrawn. These dressed birds had never been in water or ice, until that time. That is the way it was before refrigerators and freezers.

One time in the summer the dry picking got ahead of me and three dry pickers showed up. They were from the midwest, and were traveling along the west coast, and wanted to know about dry picking. They would pick for one cent per bird, so we hired them. They picked one day and made over $9.00 each that day.

I worked there until it was certain that I would be going to the laying contest in Michigan.

I had about 100 cases of eggs in cold storage when I left Medford and received a check for about $300 in January 1923.

In the summer of 1922 I got acquainted with a bachelor, by the name of Foster, who was from around the Soo, Michigan. He had a Dodge pick up truck and we both wanted to see the Oregon Caves, which were 90 miles by the road which went

through Grants Pass. He had heard of a way to go through the Applegate Valley, and up Thompson Creek, which would be about 45 miles and would get us within 4 miles of the Caves. So one Saturday afternoon we started out with some food and blankets to sleep in the truck. We went through Jacksonville and over into the Applegate Valley, and up Thompson Creek. About 5 miles up Thompson Creek we met some Forest Rangers, who had been checking on a forest fire, and we told them where we were headed. They told us that we would climb about 1,000 feet in the next mile and it would be rough going, and we would go down that same distance in about one half mile, but it would be better going. They also told us that we would have to walk 7 miles to get to the Caves. We soon found they were right, especially about going down the other side. When we got to the top we found a place to park. We also found that a stream had been lead along the top of the mountain, and a falls, which was the beginning of Thompson Creek. After a little time there we started down, and soon found how steep it was. We were whizzing along and Foster had one hand on the steering wheel and the other on the emergency brake, while I was almost shaking hands with the tree tops on my side. We were soon to a place where Foster could stop the truck, and get his breath, and he remarked that we must be nearly to the bottom. We soon started on and before long found that we were about half way down. We were soon at the bottom and found a log house and barn and a few acres of cleared land. A creek run through this little valley, and a prospector by the name of Harry Turner lived in the house. That evening he Panned a few samples of Gold for us.

After finding out how far we would have to walk to get to the Caves and back, we gave the idea up, however Foster had his fishing tackle along in case. After sleeping in the open truck

over night and after breakfast, we started up a trail near this creek. We went about 2 miles and Foster decided to try fishing in the stream, and I would continue up the trail.

Before we parted, Foster decided on a system of signals to indicate where he was. He was to leave a twig in the trail, pointing down, to indicate that he was at that place. If he came back and started down the trail, he would do the same, and so forth. I continued up the trail about an hour, about 3 miles and then turned back. Most of the way was good sized timber, but I did pass one spot of a few acres of open going, brush. Now there were cattle pastured on this government land. I did not see any, but I heard a bell. As a result, there were cow trails all through this open spot, which made it hard to follow the real trail. About the time I turned back, I got to thinking about this open place and wondered if I might get lost there. I would be in the mountains, and woods, miles from anyone. So I continued down the trail and soon came to this open spot. I followed through, the way it seemed best and before long I was out of this open place. I found a trail and followed it and soon I was sure it was the right one. Somewhere along the way I found what I considered to be the biggest Cedar tree I had ever seen. I hung my cap on it to show its size, and took a picture of it. It was about 6 feet in diameter. In recent years I have come to believe this was a Red Wood tree. When I got back to the truck, I found that Foster had arrived a few minutes earlier, without a fish.

Frank Carpenter had a barn with a shake roof, in which Carrol kept a few hundred chickens. In the summer of 1921 or 1922, I took the old shake off and put new ones on. Should I say "I shook the barn?"

In the summer of 1922, I had charge of a few Y. M. C. A. boys for Cassius Wood, from the Thumb area of Michigan. They were William and Charles Green, Darrel Huson, Lester Knips, Willy Mier, Jim Bowles and Harry Watson. We did things together that summer.

Later in the summer of 1922, I arranged with Mr. Knips to take me to the Oregon Caves, by the way of Grants Pass. I think I paid him $5.00 for the trip and Lester and another boy went along. We left Saturday afternoon and got there that night. The last 8 miles of the distance was 6 per cent grade, or else the other way around, I don't remember which. We made several horse shoe loops in this last few miles. We slept out in the open that night. There were several Chipmunks around the park and some boys were trying to catch them in a live trap.

The guide took 20 or 30 of us through the Caves about ten o'clock and we were in the Caves about an hour. We each had a light like miners use. We saw stalactities and stalagmites and an underground stream. At that time the guide had each of us put our light out, and one of the group said "take three steps ahead." That would have us in the stream. Near the end of the route the guide sent us through a section where we had to crawl on our hands and knees in places. There was a couple of middle aged people from Wisconsin in the group, and they were the last ones through. When she came out she looked scared to death, as though she didn't expect to get out of there alive. It was very interesting and we all enjoyed it.

On the way back, near Grants Pass there was a long bridge over the Rogue River, which was almost wide enough for two cars to pass, but not quite. About as we got there, a swell car from Illinois, probably with a chauffeur driving it, started across from

our way, while another car was on the bridge coming from the other way. They met and were wedged together, with fenders damaged.

Mason Murphy and I hired Winn Arnold to take us to Crater Lake with his model T Ford, touring car, about a 1914 or 1916 model. Medford was the nearest R. R. station to Crater Lake, it was 81 miles and only about two miles of it was paved. The bus fare there and back was beyond my means, and I must see Crater Lake before coming back to Michigan. I think I paid Winn about $15.00 and Mason paid him $5.00. We left on Saturday morning September 9, 1922, and drove the 81 miles mostly upgrade. In the last mile, we climbed 1,000 feet and there were poles along one side of the road, so that when they came to open the road in late June they would know which side the road was on. They get about 20 feet of snow up there in the winter. It was woods most of the way up there but we came to an open stretch for a quarter mile or so. The road was clay and very rutty. Mason and I were sitting in the back seat as we bounced along over this rough stretch. Suddenly the hooks which held the top in place unhooked, at the front and one of the bows, which held the top up, came down in our lap. We stopped and ate our lunch before we got to the lake. When we got up there we found a hotel and the lake 1,000 feet below, and I was disappointed, after coming 81 miles to see it. We went a few hundred feet to the west of the hotel, toward the Island, and the other two said "look at the boats down there". I was looking out in the lake a distance and didn't see any boats. Then they said "right down there". I looked closer to the shore and saw a dock about 6 feet square, and some dolls walking around on it. Then I saw the boats, which appeared to be no more than two feet long.

Not until then did I realize what I was seeing. From then on, I

was awake to the wonder of it. After a few minutes enjoying it we decided to go up to Mount Garfield, which was a 1,000 feet above us. On the way up we found some snow from the winter before, on the north side of the mountain, and I got a picture of it. On the way down, we found a nice cliff and Mason and I got out on it and Winn. took our picture, and after he snapped it he said, "now hurry and get down from there. You don't know what a dangerous place you are in." I have this enlarged picture on the dining room wall. We got to the model T safely after taking many pictures on the way up and down from Mount Garfield. We drove about 20 miles and camped for the night. Winn wanted to get in some deer hunting on the way back to Medford, so he stopped about half way back and hunted for about two hours. We got home in the late afternoon, Sunday after having a wonderful trip.
I attended the Odd Fellow lodge in Medford regularly and either rode my bike or rode with Lester Walton or L. A. Murphy. In this way I got acquainted with several of the business men in Medford.

One thing I missed when I was at Lebanon was chick sexing. Chick sexing wasn't known in this country until in the 1920's. L. E. Arnold attended the Portland Poultry Show in December 1920, and when he came home he had a gaget, which when it was held over an egg, would tell whether the egg would hatch a pullet or a cockerel. It consisted of a thread about 6 inches long with a small weight on the end, like a plumb bob. If the weight swung in a circle the egg would hatch a pullet, and if the weight swung back and forth it would hatch a cockerel. He paid a dollar or so for it and it worked, so he thought. So much so that one Saturday afternoon he was demonstrating it on the street in Lebanon. I tried it out by hanging it over the edge of a table, but it didn't work. It always worked for him until

someone told him it worked like a ouija board, from then on it didn't work for him, either.

While on the subject of chick sexing. I will mention that Mr. James K.Hirst, 628 D. Street, Petaluma, California, was advertising day old pullet chicks in 1921 or 1922. I visited him September 30, 1922, but didn't find out his secret. I have some notes from him in my poultry note book. I also have a recording about him from Bill Newlon, on tape, I have an idea that he was using the same system that is used today.

When I bought Ralph Barton out I paid him $600 for the whole works. When I sold out to Carrol, when I left Medford I got $1100. At that time I had the mature flock and a few hundred pullets, nearly ready to lay. I sold my electric range, which I had used one winter to the Murphys for $25.00 and my bike to Mr. Silliman in the candy store.

I left Medford for the last time Monday morning September 25, 1922. I knew the baggageman at Medford and he arranged to hold my trunk at Medford for a few days as I wanted to do some visiting in California. I changed trains at Sacramento, to go to Modesto, to visit Robert Knowlton there. Robert was a brother of Mabel Delamarter. At Sacramento I saw green oranges growing on trees around the capital, the first I had ever seen. While at Roberts I had some figs, right from the tree, but I didn't especially care for them. After a few days visit there I took a bus to San Jose with the intention of going to Santa Crux to visit an egg laying contest there. The bus stations were about two blocks apart and I just missed the bus to Santa Crux, so I took a bus to Oakland, to visit James Knowlton who lived near Oakland. James married Mary Glass, who went to school with us kids in Hebron. They were both Russellites, and James took

me to one of their meetings in Oakland, one night. They are now known as Jehovah's Witnesses. One morning I crossed the bay at Richmond and took a bus to Petaluma, where I visited several large hatcheries. Also James Hirst who advertised pullet chicks. I have notes on these places in my Poultry Note Book.

After I was through in Petaluma I took a bus to a place where I could get a Ferry across the Bay to San Francisco, and I saw Alcatraz, for the first time. I took a bus tour of China Town that night and the next day I took a bus tour of San Francisco and out to Seal Rock. Next I took a ferry across the Bay to Oakland and back to James Knowltons. I got several nice pictures of boats on the bay while crossing to Oakland.

I left Oakland the evening of October 2, with a ticket to Chicago and was in Sacramento before dark. My trunk was to be held in Medford a few days and then sent on to Sacramento. As soon as the train arrived from Oakland I beat it to the baggage room to arrange for my trunk to follow me to Chicago. But the baggage room was empty, as they were all out to the train. Just before the train left, one of them came in and I arranged about my trunk and then he proceeded to bawl me out for waiting until the last minute before checking my trunk, and I didn't argue with him, I just headed for Chicago. When I went to Oregon I had a sleeper from Saint Paul to Spokane, but on the way back, I traveled in a day coach all the way.

We went 14 miles north of Lake Tahoe and through Reno, Nevada. We crossed Salt Lake by moonlight and were soon in Ogden, Utah. We went through Laramie and Cheyenne, Wyoming. We also went through some nice farming country in Iowa and crossed the Mississippi into Illinois.

We got to Chicago at 5 P. M., October 5, 1922, after spending nearly three days on the train. In Chicago I visited Doctor Helmuth and his wife. Also Art and Martha Delamarter. Art was a student at Northwestern University at Evanston. Sunday night October 8, I left for Lansing and the Laying Contest. When I got there, I found that they were not ready for me so I went to Cheboygan for a week.

When I got to Cheboygan I found that Dad was in the hospital with a stomach ailment, for which he was later operated on at the Kellogg Sanatarium in Battle Creek. While up there I helped Linne put together the old Rusha house which he had torn down and hauled about 10 miles. This house stood near the Hebron Town Hall, for many years. When I got back to the Contest about October 17, I found that they had decided to put straw lofts in the 10 Contest houses, so I helped with that. We had the Federal Poultry students helping us at times. One time I told a fellow by the name of Fletcher to follow up and cut the ties which had held the building together, AFTER the lofts were completed. He got ahead of the other crew and cut the ties before the lofts were in, which caused that building to spread, causing extra work. We didn't have the lofts completed when the birds began to arrive. The Contest started November first and we had 99 pens. Stephen Smith (Shorty) handled the heavies and I had the Leghorns.

A while before the first Contest started, Ernie Forman and a few of his poultry students were scald picking some chickens. I took one and dry picked it. It was then that Ernie found out that I knew how to dry pick, and remarked that he would have me demonstrate it to his poultry students later. Sometime later in the fall, I demonstrated dry picking to the senior class. One of

this class was J. Alfred Hannah of Grand Rapids. Alfred was one of the leaders in the Grand Rapids Poultry Show. He graduated in the spring of 1923 and arranged to have me demonstrate dry picking at the show in November 1923. I demonstrated during the week of Thanksgiving, and a reporter timed me at 1 minute and 4 seconds to kill and pick a chicken. The next day Carl Knopf timed me at 1 minute and 6 seconds. Carl was County Agricultural Agent for Muskegon County, and Stan Knopf's uncle. As a result of those demonstrations, the editor of the Modern Poultry Breeder in Battle Creek, wanted me to write an article about it for the Breeder. This article appears on page 28 of the January 1924, M. P. B. Shorty and I lived in the Class Room building east of the Veterinary Building, because the contest building wasn't finished until March 1923. We also mixed all of our feed there and sprouted oats for the contest pens there. This was a steady job, seven days a week including holidays. I had most of one day off from Nov. 1 to July 1. That was the day that I visited Dad when he had his operation in Battle Creek. That morning I did my chores before I left for the train.

We didn't have the contest pens locked until in March 1923, after it was discovered that 3 birds were missing from the Stict pen. I discovered this March 1 and moved into the building that day, even though it wasn't finished yet. Shortly after that the College blacksmith developed a system which allowed all pens in one house to be locked with one lock. We didn't even have latches on the doors until the winter of 1923, just hasps, which made it very hard to open the door from the inside.

Shortly after moving into the building we had a thaw, which melted the snow in the apple orchard and the water came rushing down to the contest building. The apple orchard was

where the Mason and Abbott buildings now stand. The cellarway wasn't built at that time and the water came right into the basement and flooded it. Shortly before this the Federal Students had moved several small incubators into the basement. I ran up to the Class Room building and told their instructor, George Davis, brother of Art Davis, what was happening and a fellow with rubber boots waded in and carried the machines out. The basement was flooded about half of the summer, until they got a drain in.

Two seniors were regular visitors at the Contest that winter, they were J. Alfred Hannah and Hester Bradley.

Shorty Smith and I took in a good deal of the Poultry Short Course in the winter of 1923. C. M. Ferguson was in charge of it. I got up early and turned the Contest lights on at the pole at 5 A. M. and did my early chores, which included scraping the dropping boards. I might mention that we had to carry our water from the abortion barn, about a block for my row, all the first winter. From then on it was mostly trap nesting during the day. The second year we had a clock, in the building which turned the lights on in the morning.

Glenn Ells, a poultry fancier from Charlotte, did the brooding in the spring of 1923. The early hatches were bothered with rickets. C. M. Ferguson, who was head of the Laying Contest, knew Carl Huffman, who was in the dairy department. Carl had come from Kansas a year or two earlier and knew something about using Cod Liver Oil for rickets in chicks. He used C. L. 0. on these chicks and they came out of it in a week or so. As far as I know, that was the first C. L. 0. was used on poultry in Michigan.

The Contest gave me a wonderful opportunity to practice feeling the egg under the pelvic bone. This helped me to determine whether a cold egg which I found under a hen, was her own or not. Not only that but by feeling the soft shell through the vent, I was able to check the time required for the hard shell to form. I used these figures in my letter to Bud Guest about, Double Yolk eggs.

One summer day in 1923 or 1924, I saw a man spending a lot of time observing the pens on the north row. In time he came over to the Leghorn row and I was surprised to find that his name was Roy Waite, the man who had written the article about feeling the egg under the pelvic bone. I told him that I was making use of it and we had quite a visit.

In about September 1923, I judged the poultry at the Cheboygan County Fair at Wolverine, and took my vacation in Cheboygan at that time.

In the winter of 1923 or 1924, Otto Weisner tested one pen of Leghorns at the Contest for pullorum disease, by the tube test. That was the first time I ever knew of testing for pullorum disease.

We used Sure Trip trap nests at the Contest. They were made of metal at that time and were not too accurate. Later they were made of plywood and the two sections were fastened together with a wire link, which made them more accurate. These metal trap nests were hard on the thumb nail. After opening a few hundred of these metal trap nests, a few times each day for several months I discovered that my thumb nail

was getting thin. It took a while before I realized what was causing it. While I am on the subject of trap nests, I will mention that I have used at least five different makes of trap nests, and none of them are 100 per cent perfect. The Shoup trap nest, which I used at Arnolds, sometimes allowed two birds to get in the same nest. The metal Sure Trip, sometimes failed to trip, which would account for finding a cold egg under a hen. In either case, knowing how to feel the egg in the bird, helped to solve this problem.

During the second year of the Contest we used Semi-Solid Buttermilk, which helped egg production. We pasted it on an eight inch board which hung on the wall.

Mr. W. C. Eckard of Paw Paw, Michigan had two pens in the second Contest, pens 55 and 56. In the spring of 1924 both of his pens looked promising, and I ordered 1,000 chicks from him. This was straight run chicks, as sexing was not used in Michigan until in the 1930's.
Before I ordered the chicks I had worked out a partnership with Harry Teeter to raise the chicks. I also ordered some pedigree eggs from Eckard and Mrs. Clarence Burrows hatched them for me. In the fall of 1924, I advertised the surplus pedigree cockerels in the Michigan Farmer and sold them. I was able to sell the other cockerels to hatcherymen around Zeeland. Later in the summer I tested this flock for pullorum disease, by the tube test. In the fall of 1924 Ernie Foreman bought a pen of these pullets and sent them to the Northwestern Yeast Company Contest in Illinois. As I remember they finished in second place. Eckard's pens in the 1924 contest finished in first and third place. The top pen laid 2622 eggs in this contest, for an average of 262.2 eggs per bird. I might also mention that Alfred Hannah, who later was president M. S. U. also bought a

1,000 chicks from Eckard that same spring and took his vacation to brood them.

In the summer of 1924 or 1925, I selected some Rhode Island Whites for Bill Klever and helped him wash them for a poultry show.

I was at the Michigan Contest the first two years and received $90.00 per month the first year and $100.00 per month the second year.

In the fall of 1924, I decided to try carpenter work again, but it was the wrong time of the year to leave the Contest. I left the Contest November 1, and got a room and board at 214 Baily Street in East Lansing, with Mrs. Florence Liverance. About that same time I signed up for a correspondence course in Architectural Drafting with the International Correspondence School. While I never completed the course, I did get enough out of it to help me in carpenter work, such as being able to draw details of cornice.

My first job was working for Qrville Ayres of East Lansing. I worked on the Nurse's home at the T. B. Sanatoria in south Lansing. I also helped put the sidewalk on the east side of M A C Avenue, between Linden and Elizabeth Streets. I worked for him until December 18, when we had a bad sleet storm and I was laid off. This gave me more time for my correspondence course, which I made considerable headway with.

One Saturday evening during the Christmas vacation I was invited to a sleigh ride party at the Peoples Church. It turned out that I was sitting next to a very nice girl by the name of Eugenia Van Syckel from near Gregory. She was doing house

work for a family by the name of Bruce Stickle at the time, and later for a family by the name of Lawrence Osmer on Marshall Street in East Lansing. One time I asked her when she was born and she said in May 1903, but would not give the date. Then I asked her what day of the week she was born and she said on Monday. I did not have, or even know of a perpetual calendar at that time but I did have a formula by which I could determine the Mondays in May 1903. I knew that there were 4 Mondays in May 1903. We moved to Hebron Township on Monday, May 11. The next time I saw her I asked if I could have three guesses as to her birthday, and she agreed. I started out with the eighteenth, which surprised her, and she asked "who told you?" I said that I figured it out, and I don't remember if I explained how.

I bought a new Ford touring car from Blandings in June 1925, for $450.00. It was complete with side curtains and bumpers, but no rear view mirror.

During March 1925, I worked for the Christman Company as a carpenter, a few times when they needed extra carpenter. The Christman Co. was building the horticulture building on the campus. I helped build and wire forms most of the time. At one time another carpenter and I laid out the steps in the auditorium. I had very few tools at that time, but I got carpenter's wages which was 75 cents per hour. I lost 2 wrecking bars while I worked there.

In April 1925, I became acquainted with Otto Streeter of Haslett, who was doing some house building around East Lansing at that time. I told him that I was interested in learning the carpenter trade. We talked it over and I agreed to work for him that summer for 45 cents per hour if he would teach me the

trade. We built at least 2 houses in East Lansing that summer. We also built a house for Clifford Rix, on the Okemos Road, near where the Okemos High School is at present. He had boughten a house which had stood on a corner of Capitol Avenue in Lansing for several years, and tore it down used everything including the siding, everything except the plaster. The frame was of oak and contained many broken nails, which were not good for a saw. It was there that I learned from some of Otto's mistakes. For one thing the house roof extended over the porch and the porch was framed later. Otto determined where the porch floor should extend, so the frame of the porch would come directly under the house cornice. I proceeded as instructed, and after it was too late to change, it was discovered that the porch was about 3 inches too far out to line up with the cornice. The result was that the posts leaned to make up for it. Another mistake that Otto made on that house, was to make a set of oak door jams for a 2 foot 8 inch oak door and had it cased up on both sides before discovering that it was an inch too wide. He sent the door back to the mill to have a 1/2 inch piece glued on each edge.

While I have made plenty of mistakes in carpentering, I have never made Those mistakes, in other words, a person learns more by making mistakes than he does by doing it right in the first place. During the summer of 1925, as I learned more and had need for more tools, I bought them and by fall, I had a fair set of carpenter tools. I continued to work for Streeter until in January, and then his work was getting scarce and I decided to raise some broilers.

First I arranged for a place to raise them at the Keystone hatchery, managed by M. D. Knowles (brother of Bernie Knowles). This hatchery was started as the Michigan Poultry

Farm in 1910 or *1913.* Next I ordered 5 Magic, coal burning brooders from K. A. Zimmerman of Mason. Then I ordered 2,000 Barred Rock chicks from Leo Card of Hillsdale. After cobbling up five brooder rooms and a place for me to sleep, with a few boards and some building paper, and buying a day bed I was set to go. I bought a total of 2418 chicks, including the extras. I fed them Cod Liver Oil and Semi-Solid Buttermilk nearly all of the time. I had coccidiosis in them about the tenth week. This was the first time I had seen it to know what it was. I think we had coccidiosis at Carpenters in 1921 and 1922, but didn't know what it was. I was told that I might lose as many as 1/2 of my flock from this, which scared me. The fact that I was using S. S. B. helped in this way, and my total mortality, from all causes was 11.6 per cent. I marketed them in late April and May and received an average price of *48.45* cents per pound in Detroit. My highest price was *65* cents, these prices were live weight. These chicks were started in February, and had it not been for using C. L. 0., I would likely have had trouble with rickets. This was early in the use of C. L. 0. in Michigan, which was reflected in the price I received. I made a net profit of $496.35 on these broilers.

Shortly after I had finished with my broilers in late May, B. M. Hoisington and I built a bungalow at *531* North Foster Street, in Lansing. Mr. Hoisington was an old time painter in East Lansing. He owned a few vacant lots on N. Foster, and had been coaxing me to buy a half interest in one lot and build a bungalow on it. This is the first house I ever built. I could do the carpenter work and he could help with it and he could do all of the painting. We worked together on it and had it finished and ready to sell in early August. Wally Evans bought the house in October 1926.

We were married at noon August 5, 1926, at Eugenia's parents home, by Rev. Hurlburt of the Presbyterian Church at Plainfield. Those present were Mrs. Hurlburt, Lottie Braley, who played the piano, Ada Black. flower girl, Arthur9 Martha and Byron Delamarter, Margorie Van Syckel and Eugenia 's parents Frank and Ada Van Syckel. Dinner was served after the ceremony to all those present. We left about 2:30 P. M., and motored to Mt. Pleasant that afternoon in our Model T. Touring car, after stopping once to put the side curtains on when it started to rain, where we stayed in a Hotel for the night. The next day we continued on to Cheboygan to visit my relatives. One day we ferried to St. Ignace and drove to the Soo, and saw the Locks for the first time for both of us.

Alex Black was born Aug. 6, 1926, and after we returned from our wedding trip, we stayed with Bill and Lousia for a few months, and Eugenia helped Louisa. My first job was for George Smith of Dewitt, and I helped build the house for Mrs. Wilson on Durand St., East Lansing. Later that fall I worked for Otto Streeter. As carpenter work was always scarce in the winter, M. D. Knowles came to see me about a poultry job south of Jackson.

He took the two of us down there during the Christmas vacation that year, which ended up by me taking the job. This was the Nixon Farm, on highway 12 south of Brooklyn, near Cambridge Junction. I was to work for a Jew by the name of E. D. Levy, an Oil man of St. Louis, Mo. He made a trip to New York City about twice a month to meet with the directors, and stopped at the farm both ways. His son Henry Levy, who had been a diamond salesman in N. Y. City was manager of the farm. Henry had an office in the house where we lived.

Frequently in the evening we could hear him dictating letters to his father. It would always be like this, "Mr. E. D. Levy, St. Louis, Mo. Dear Sir:" we would hear the same thing several times in an evening.

He had two of the most expensive chicken houses I have ever seen. Each house had a feed room in the center and about a 24 by 80 foot laying house each way, east and west. These buildings were all plastered inside. The floors were constructed with two layers of concrete with tar paper between. These buildings set about a block from the road, on the south side of highway 12.

I soon found out how a Jew operates in business. One time when Mr. Levy was at the Nixon Farm he told me that he would have the grounds all landscaped and into a lawn, and the chicken houses painted white, trimmed in green. He would have a roadside stand on the highway, which would be a GOLD MINE, as he would produce the bulk of his eggs on a side road about a half mile away, and we don't care how conditions are there.

One time in late January we had a thaw which flooded around the brooder houses. The ground was frozen solid and Henry suggested plowing a furrow to drain the water off. Frank Brown, the herdsman said that would be impossible, but Henry insisted, so they tried it. Henry drove the tractor and Brown held the plow. Finally Henry said he would hold the plow, which he did, and he looked like a grasshopper hanging onto the plow handles, because the plow was shaking him around so.

Early in February 1927, Mr. E. D. Levy sold his interest in the Nixon Farm to an Oil man from Oklahoma, by the name of

Kistler. Mr. Kistler was a nice man, but he didn't know as much about poultry as he should have, to handle that setup.

Early one morning in late February we were awakened by a cry of FIRE FIRE. It came from Frank Brown, the herdsman who had gotten up early to milk the cows. It seems that one of the big chicken houses was on fire. We were using this house to brood chicks in, with several Simplex Brooders, which some way had caused the fire. Mr. Kistler called the Adrain Fire Department, about 15 miles away, and then the two of us broke a window in the west wing, and went in and boxed up a few hundred real young chicks. When the fire department arrived it was too late to save the building, but they did prevent the other chicken house from burning. Most of the chicks which we had boxed up died during the day. It was a great lose, not only the building, but about 5,000 chicks of different ages, were gone as well.

John Cook and his brother Joe Cook, had done most of the building at the farm during the summer of 1926. I had met Joe Cook briefly as his wife was a sister of Mrs. M. D. Knowles, where I had raised the broilers. They did some finishing up while I as there. In that way I became acquainted with both of them. In late April 1927, John came to see me and asked if I would like to work as a carpenter, for him at the Irish Hills? I took the job and moved into Brooklyn. We lived upstairs in the Walker house which we rented from Ray and Ruth Morlan.

Mr. and Mrs. Siller from Indiana bought the farm buildings directly east of the towers in the Irish Hills, and hired John Cook to convert this old barn into tourist rooms. This barn set on a steep knowl, about 15 feet high, south of the house. It was our job to construct three floors, build dormers in the roof, cover

the walls with sheet rock, lay new floors in the whole building and cover the whole building with siding. It was a sizeable job and it took us about half of the summer.

In May 1927, we traded in our model T for a Chevrolet Sedan, which we bought on time, I believe this was the only car we ever bought on time, and the first time we ever had a car without side curtains, and we were real proud of it.

When we had finished on the barn in late June, Oscar Siller, son of the other Sillers, asked Joe Cook and I to build a three room house for him, near the towers, which we did. We were working on it at the time Dorothy was born. The fourth of July was on Monday that year and we were at Bill Blacks over that week-end. We had made arrangements with Mrs. George Collins a nurse at 2320 Cliffton Street, in Lansing to have our first baby there. I got up early the next morning and was at the job at the Irish Hills at 7:00 A. M. About 2 P. M. that day I got a call to come to Lansing. I left right away and Dorothy Mae was born at 10:10 P. M. at 2020 Cliffton, I took a picture of Mrs. Collins holding Dorothy the following Sunday, when she was five days old.
We made the door and window frames for that house, the first I ever made. When we finished Oscars house we moved back to East Lansing.

We rented the Wilson Martin house at 280 Durand Street, East Lansing on August 11, 1927, I worked for Otto Streeter the rest of the summer and into the fall. During the fall B. M. Hoisington talked me into buying a half interest in another lot and building another bungalow. We started this in early November and it is at 601 North Foster Street, Lansing, right next to the first one we built. We had it finished and ready to

sell by the first of February. During the winter of 1928, I built an oak rocking chair at night school at the Lansing Central High School. Later in the winter I built three brooder houses for Ernie Foreman at Lowell. Later on I worked for Gus Carpenter on an addition to a Fraternity House on East Grand River, next to Orchard Street, East Lansing. In the spring of 1928 I worked for Otto Streeter. One house we built was on the corner of Grand River and Cedar Street, where McDonalds is at present. This house was moved to River Terrace Street, later to make way for McDonalds.

Rats were bothering us in the Martin house and they finally got upstairs and drove us out. The Brocklebank house at 285 Durand Street, diagonally across the street was vacant at the time, at $40.00 per month. It was a much better house and had a garage with it. Mama carried the small things across during the day and at night I would help her with the larger things after I got home. I believe this was June 11, 1928, when we moved.

Gus Carpenter came to see me about working for him in about August 1928. I worked for him until the first of April when I quit to build our house on Lilac Street. We started a house for Mr. Albers in November who ran a bakery in Lansing. This house was at the west end of Kalamazoo Street, at the time, and could be seen for several blocks as it faced Kalamazoo Street. This house had a roll roof and was the most expensive house I ever worked on. The roof was of stained cedar shingles and they were shaped at a mill in Minnesota.

During the winter of 1929 we were looking for a place to build a house of our own. We ended up buying two lots on Lilac Street, from the Hicks farm on South Harrison. These two lots

cost $700.00. During March I spent my spare time drawing plans for our new house and had them blue printed at the Rikerd Lumber Co. in Lansing. Lilac Street was not graded and graveled until in the late summer. I quit my job with Gus Carpenter about the first of April and built a one car garage on our lots. We moved into the garage April 11 and lived there until after the house was plastered, which was in October. The Hicks excavated the basement and Bob Hicks laid the blocks and it was ready for the carpenter work about the first of May. About that time Kenneth Teeter came to me and wanted me to build a house for him on an acre of land which his father had given him. I took the job with the understanding that I would get the roof on our house and then start his house. I had help with both houses. I should mention the framing of the roof on our house. I used 16 inch rafter spacing as the roof formed part of the rooms upstairs. There were several common rafters in the back part of our roof. There were 4 valley rafters and a good many jack rafters in the rest of the roof. I believe I cut all of these on the ground before I started the roof. After I got the roof on our house, I started Kenneths house and got it ready for plaster. While it was being plastered I sided our house. After the floors were laid and the trim on Kenneths house, I got our house ready for plaster. The fact that our house stood most of the summer before it was plastered, gave the frame a chance to shrink, which resulted in a better plaster job.

The Hicks helped us finance our house through the Capital Savings and Loan Company. When we came to settle up, about in February 1930, we owed them $4600.

The depression came on in October 1929, and we paid the top price for everything that went into our house. We moved into

our new house sometime in October, after the plastering was done and the basement floor was in, and probably after the furnace was installed. I put the trim on after we moved in and finished the upstairs last, about February 1930. Mac Moore came to see me in January and offered me a job for three months , of handling the pedigree house and marking pedigree eggs. I took the job and worked there during February, March and April, 1930.

Gordon was born February 27, 1930, at the home of the nurse Mrs. George Collins. When he was five days old his mother had an embolism, which gave her quite a set back. When she came home, we had my cousin, Marjorie Jana stay with her and do the house work for a few weeks.

In May, Bob Hicks hired me to work on Benny Sellhorns house. When that was finished I worked on Ira Coles house. It was a Montgomery Ward house and Ira had a 30 gallon drum of paint in the yard and his electric fixtures upstairs in the house. One morning when we came to work we discovered, that in the night, someone had swiped the drum of paint and 0. C. Wheelers tool box and all of his tools and my miter box. Ira notified the State Police nearby, but we never heard any more about the stolen articles. When that house was finished about the end of August, I couldn't find any carpenter work around Lansing.

Through the help of Prof. C. G. Card head of the M. S. C. Poultry Department I got a job as manager of poultry at the Sewell Farm at Vandalia, Cass Co., Michigan. The Chicago Title and Trust Co. was handling the estate. We were told that Cass Co. was the end of the underground railway during the Civil War, and that half the population of Cass Co. were either Black

or mixed. My wife didn't get along very well with Black people and I only stayed there three months.

Shortly after Gordon was born M. D. Knowles brought Mac McFall over to see me. Mac was a brother of Mrs. M. D. Knowles, where I raised the broilers. Mac offered me a job as manager of his poultry farm at Sparta. I turned the job down at the time, thinking that I would be doing carpenter work when spring came. So when things didn't work out at the Sewell Farm, the two of us drove over to Sparta to see Mac. After about a two hour session with Mac he hired me as manager. Mac was in charge of the Piston Ring Factory at Sparta, and had the reputation of being a hard boiled manager. I was to take Bill Nykamps place, and I went there early in Dec. 1930, and lived over the feed room for about a month, until Nykamps got out of the house. It didn't take very long to find out that Mac was hard to get along with. I was told that he was hotheaded and bullheaded. At one time, when I lived above the feed room, I wrote to my wife and questioned the advisability of even moving to McFalls farm at all. We did move in the early part of Jan. 1931.

McFall had two large laying houses each 32 feet by 220 feet set on a hill about a block from the main road going into Sparta from the west. Each house had a 20 foot by 32 foot feed room in the center and a 100 foot laying house, which housed 1,000 birds, each way. There was a coal furnace in each house with a fan which forced the warm air each way through pipes in the straw lofts. We fed Cod Liver Oil and Semi-Solid Buttermilk in a wet mash and had from 60% to 70% all winter. One flock of about 800 birds in the east end of my house was laying under 40% in early Jan. So one day in early Jan. my helper, Herman Scott and I strung poultry netting to close off under the

dropping boards and drove the flock in there, and I proceeded to cull them. To my surprise I didn't find as many "out of production" as I had expected. If their comb was reds I held the comb against my face. If the comb was warm it indicated activity in the ovary, meaning that the bird would soon be in production. If the comb was WILTED it would indicate NO activity in the ovaries. I culled 108 at that time and shortly we were getting more eggs from that flock, then we were getting before I culled them.

We were having trouble with vent picking, commonly called PICKOUTS, from the time I started at McFalls. At one time, I hired two carpenters to build new nests and form a nesting room right next to the feed room. Part of the nests hung on the feed room wall and the others were on legs, about a foot high. These were set facing the feed room wall about 6 feet away, thus forming a rather dark area to cut down on pickouts. These sections were 4 sections high. All 4 pens were equipped in this way, which helped considerably. At the peak of our trouble I bought a few bushels of carrots and cut them in two and scattered in the flock to keep them busy. We had more or less trouble with pickouts all winter. Occasionally I would find a bird with a few feet of her intestines hanging out and she always had quite a following. By the use of the dark nesting area and the carrots I was able to keep it partly under control.

I took Bill Nykamps place as manager at McFalls in early Dec. 1930. Herman Scott handled the other house, and the wives of both washed the dirty eggs. All clean eggs brought a cent per dozen more and they were allowed that for washing the dirty eggs. We kept Herman on and his wife washed all of the dirty eggs for a time. Early in Jan. when we got our work caught up so we could, the two of us took over the job of washing the

dirty eggs. Mrs. Scott didn't like the idea of losing that income, as much as $12.00 per week, and made some remark about getting even with Mac.

I had told Mac that, in time the two of us could handle the washing of the eggs. I didn't understand what Mrs. Scott meant by that remark, to get even, for some while. It went on for a few weeks, and Mac was out there late one Saturday afternoon, and remarked, "aren't they laying as well lately?" I was busy feeding and didn't take time to discuss it with him. When I got to the house for supper that night, I did a little figuring and soon found that something was wrong. We should be selling over 40 cases a week and we were at least two cases short of that. After supper, on the way to the grocery store, I stopped at Mac's house and reported what I had found out, and he cautioned me not to tell Herman. The next day I was on duty, which gave me a good chance to take inventory at Hermans house. I kept an accurate score every night, and one day there were two cases of eggs missing. I reported this to Mac right away. One Saturday evening he had both of us stop at his house. Mac started in by asking, “Herman did anybody ever give you permission to take eggs away from the farm?" Herman answered by saying, "yes Bill did." Mac came back by saying, "I have enough evidence against you to send you up for Grand Larceny, stealing more than $25 worth." Herman answered with a half smile, "it wasn't me," insinuating that if anybody was doing it, it might he me. I sat there and took it all in, sometimes feeling like laughing and at other times feeling like crying. In the end Mac got Herman to sign a note for $25, saying that it would cover all eggs taken up to that date, thereby admitting guilt. Later we found that Herman had sold a few gallons of C. L. 0. for a dollar a gallon. As near as I know Herman never knew who spied on him. He had worked in the

Piston Ring Factory before working on the farm, and had the nerve to ask Mac for a job there, later. After this happened Mrs. Scott got a job in the Kroger Store in Sparta. After a time I didn't see her there and asked the manager about her. First, he wanted to know if I was related to her. When he found out that I was not, he told me what had happened. He said that Mrs. Scott would gather up a box of groceries and Herman would pick them up later. He said that he was sure that she had more than she paid for, so he let her go. I blamed Mrs. Scott more than I did Herman. We got Hope Seaman, to take Hermans place. He had worked in the Piston Ring Factory before that, and was a nice man and we got along fine.

In the spring of 1931 Mac and I decided to start 6,000 straight run Leghorn chicks. It was Mac's idea that we should buy 1,000 chicks from each of 6 different hatcheries, and he wanted me to scout out which ones to buy from. So I made a trip to Grand Rapids, Holland and Zeeland. We ended up by ordering 1,000 chicks from 6 hatcheries. Alfred Hannah's Hatchery in Grand Rapids was one of them. About a week before they were to be delivered they notified me that they would be unable to supply them, for some reason. We substituted the Keystone Hatchery in place of Hannahs. M.D. Knowles married McFalls sister Cynthia. Here is what Mac said about ordering chicks from Knowles, "he deserves it but she doesn't." We got 1,000 chicks from each of the following hatcheries, plus two that I can't remember. John Meyers, south of Grand Rapids, Wyngarden Hatchery of Zeeland, Wolverine Hatchery and Keystone Hatchery of Lansing. About the first of April, Hope and I moved the birds out of the east end of my house and cleaned it up and got it ready to brood chicks. We used 6 Simplex Brooders, 1,000 chicks to a brooder. The chicks were all toe punched so I could identify them. I kept an accurate score on

each lot. Meyers chicks were 6 weeks old before we lost the extras. We had the greatest loss in the Keystone lot, most of it from pullorum disease. Our brooding loss, over all was not very great.

Shortly after the brooding season was over the chicks had a bad dose of coccidisis and we lost several. Therefore Mac fired me about the end of July 1931. At that time he told me that he would pay me until I had the poultry equipment scrubbed up. I did a thorough job of scrubbing the equipment.

In about April or May of that year, I went over to see Charley Jones, poultryman at Brewers Farm, south of Rockford. Jones took me over to meet Mr. Vary, superintendent at Brewers. While there Jones went in the house to see some young goselines that they had just gotten, and Mr. Vary stayed outside and talked with me. He said that he had heard what a good job I was doing at McFa1ls and wanted to know if I would be interested in a change. Things were going good at McFalls at that time so I turned down his offer.

One Monday morning, probably August 3 or 10, Mama was doing the weeks washing, and I went over to Brewers Farm to see Mr. Vary. After a talk with him he hired me as manager of the poultry. He said it would be about a week before he would make the change So I went to Rockford and arranged for a place to store our furniture for a week or two. Then I went back to Sparta and we moved that afternoon. We unpacked only enough to get along with for a few weeks. We thought this was an ideal time to visit my relatives at Cheboygan. As we were packing up and getting ready to leave, Dorothy accidentally pushed Gordon over, and he cut a gash over his eye on the ear of' a pail. Doctor Peppler of Rockford taped it

up and we were on our way to Cheboygan. After a visit at Cheboygan of about a week we started back to Rockford. We brought Dad back with us so he could do some visiting around Sparta where he lived when he was a boy. When we got back from Cheboygan I started to work at the Brewer Farm. After about a week we were able to move into the house on the pou1try farm.

After we moved into the house on the Brewer Farm we were told that it had once been the first Post Office in Kent County. Whether this was in Grand Rapids we never knew, but it likely was. There was a double fire place in the house, one in the living room and one in the dining room. Mr. Joe Brewer owned the Pantlind Hotel and had a half interest in the Morton Hotel. The farm had a well bred herd of Holsteines and George Clark was the herdsman. The farm produced milk, eggs, dressed poultry and potatoes for both hotels. We had a few thousand chickens, about 100 mature ducks, about 100 mature pearl guinea fowl and a few turkeys.

My Dad worked for Charley Field for his KEEP, from the time he was 12 years old. He worked during the summer and went to school winters until he was 20 years old. Vet. Field, son of Charley, lived near Sparta and we left Dad there for a day or so to visit with him. We also took Dad for a visit with a few boys that he went to school with. Also a women doctor who went to school with him.

Sometime during September we took Dad over to Sheridan to visit his brother-in-law, George Bridinger. Dad had had a full beard for some years, at that time, and Uncle George suggested that he shave it off. One Saturday evening shortly after he came back to our place he went with us to Rockford to get groceries,

and he was going to get a haircut. When we had finished getting groceries, Dorothy and I went to both barber shops to look for Dad. When we didn't find him we went back to the car, but he wasn't there either. So I went back alone and looked in the first sop and as I was leaving a man, without a beard asked, "are you ready to go home?" I looked a second time and realized that it was Dad, I walked back to the car with him and Dorothy wouldn't believe it was grandpa.

Shortly after that we were in Grand Rapids and we took Dad to a photographer and had his picture taken. He was 78 years old at that time.

On a Sunday, late in October, my sister, Linne and their two children stopped in after visiting the Delamarters in Saginaw. Also Uncle George Bridinger, Leon and his wife came for a visit. At the time we had a Star roomer living at our house. He was the chef at the Blithfield Country Club. Now Uncle George for one, had never seen Dad without a full beard for several years. We saw to it that our visitors were informed of our Star roomer, to throw them off track. Dad came down the stairs and spoke and my sister heard him, but could not see him, at the time. She recognized his voice and came rushing out to greet him. When she saw that strange man she backed off, thinking that she was mistaken. At the time I was outside with the other men, and Dad showed up and asked if I was Mr. Delamarter. I replied that I was and he wanted to look around. I informed him that I had some company at that time, but he could look around, and he went on. After he left Linne said, "didn't that man look like your father," I remarked that I hadn't noticed. Shortly Dad came back and Linne recognized him, and our joke was all off. Linnes left for Levering the next morning and Dad went with them to Cheboygan.

Bill Black and family were at our place for Christmas dinner in 1931, also Marjorie Van Syckel and her mother, Ada Van Syckel. While we were eating dinner that day, mama wasn't feeling well. I went over to George Clark's home and called Dr. Peppler and didn't find him home. Then I called Doctor DeMaagh and he came right out. As a result of this mama's mother stayed over for about two weeks and looked after her. In early January I wrote to Donna Delamarter in Saginaw and arranged to have her come and look after mama. Sometime after Donna came, I was in Dr. DeMaagds office one evening and he told me that mama had an embolism and if it went to the brain it would be the end of her, and I fainted in his office. In a few days I went to East Lansing and talked with Dr. Bruegel about her condition and he agreed with Dr. DeMaagds diagnosis. Mama had no more trouble from that and Donna stayed with us about five months.

As the summer of 1932 wore on, my job became more as a figure-head rather than as manager. Mr. Vary was constantly making decisions as the ingredients of a mash and various things of that nature.

Bill Black had been raising hogs by the 100 and trucking them to Detroit and selling them wholesale. He raised these hogs on M. S. C. garbage, but during the depression the price got so low that he was not making enough. So in 1932 he began butchering the hogs on the farm and making them into sausage. At the end of August that year I quit my job at Brewers and hooked up with Bill Black to handle dressed poultry with him. We rented the Charley Bray house on Hamilton Road in Okemos, and moved there on Labor Day that year. Dorothy started to kindergarten that fall in Okemos. While we were

living there, Gordon put his first words together when he said, "Dr. Kelleys mow cow." We lived there that fall and winter, and in April 1933, we rented the Tom McCurdy house from the Backmans. This house stood where the East Lansing Methodist Church is now. For a time that spring I did carpenter work for Earl Lavengood at 25 cents an hour. While living in that house I got to supplying dressed hens to the State Police about every two weeks, and continued to supply them for a few years.

During the fall of 1933 President Roosevelt started the Civil Works Administration, which was later changed to the Public Works Administration. In time C. W. D. got on the C. W. A. and worked on a drain job on the M. S. C. grounds. I worked as a carpenter to build forms for the man holes on the same job later. In February 1934 my Dad was in the hospital in Cheboygan and I drove up there to see him. In March we moved to the Art Davis house near his hanger. We rented this from Vern Proctor. This house was on Grand River Ave. east of East Lansing.

Art, Martha and Byron Delamarter came back to this country from Albania, in early March 1934. Art stayed with us for a time while Martha and Byron were visiting relatives in Detroit. Our two children had measles at that time and we had the windows darkened. Art was looking for some property to purchase and finally decided to buy 30 some acres on south Logan and Jolly Road, at depression prices. This was bare land and he hired me to build, first a double garage which they lived in later, and then a house. I worked at this mostly by myself and finished the house in the winter of 1935, along with my dressed poultry business. After being without a radio for several years I bought a second hand radio from Davis Radio Sales in Lansing

for $35,00, in the summer of 1934, and Dorothy and Gordon were thrilled with it. At times during the summer we would see Art Davis and his crew bringing a plane down U. S. 16 to his hanger, and holding up what little traffic there was at that time. In October 1934, we moved to the Beard house on Park Lake road, just off old U. S. 16. We moved this short distance with Harry Teeter's trailer behind our car across old U. S. 16. Mama walked along the trailer to keep things from tipping off.

When I was delivering dressed poultry Christmas eve 1934, I was in an automobile accident and taken to the Sparrow Hospital with a head injury. I was going north on Harrison, after making my last delivery, and Kalamazoo was a new street at that time. A car going east on Kalamazoo Street failed to stop at Harrison and put me in the hospital. I was released the next day. Art, Martha and Byron were at our place for dinner that day.

Sometime in April 1935 I worked for Clarence Bashore at carpenter work. He had me making and fitting screens and doing other odd jobs. When I wasn't doing that I was working on a house on the north side of West Saginaw Street in Lansing, for Mr. O'Berry, a top man with the State Journal. This was an old brick house and we put an addition on the back, which was covered with wood shingles. Also we took all of the old lath and plaster off the old part, except one closet and put new plaster base and a new coat of plaster on. While Pete Porter and I were shingling the side of a dormer on the addition, we both noticed something Give in our toe hold. When we took the toe hold off, later we found what had caused this. The center tin which held the 2 x 4 to the roof had let go from the roof and it was a wonder that both of us had not fallen, over two stories to the ground. While on that job, I nearly had

blood poison in my hand, due to a sliver Doctor Albers had me soak my hand in hot epson salts packs and use ice on my arm for 24 hours. Also to drink plenty of liquid for 24 hours, which brought me out of it.

Later in the summer or fall I shingled a two story, long tool shed on the Van Syckel farm, at Plainfield. Through this Mrs. Elmer Braley wanted me to shingle her long, two story shed. Mama and the 2 children went with me that week and we stayed in Mama's Grandmothers house in Plainfield. Mr. Holmes, who worked for Mrs. Braley, helped me pick out some ledger boards to use for scaffolding out of some old lumber which had laid out in the weather for several years. He picked up a piece of oak which had a knotty place in it. At first I turned it down, but Mr. Holmes said that it was oak, which I knew, and I finally consented to use it. When I had finished shingling the east side of the roof and was taking the toe holds off the roof, that knotty oak broke and let me down about 16 feet to the ground. As a result of this I was shook up from the middle down. Doctor Albers had some x-rays taken and found no broken bones, but I was on crutches for a week or more. However my knees, ankles and feet caused me to hobble most of the following winter.

Art Pennock of Nashville, Michigan was the leading dealer of dressed poultry on the Lansing City Market. I became acquainted with him in the fall of 1935, and he wanted me to work for him during the following winter. He wanted to know how much I wanted a month during the winter. I told him $60 per month. He insisted on *$50* per month. And I said we wouldn't move for less than $60, and he finally said we'll try it that way. Ha moved us there about a week before Thanksgiving. We got a house for $8.00 a month rent, about a

1/2 mile from Pennocks. On Monday, before Thanksgiving I started to work at 7 A. M. and worked through until about 5 A. M. Tuesday, with only time out to eat meals. Then I went home and slept about two hours and had breakfast and went back to work, and worked until midnight or later. We had a crew of 5 to 7 that worked that Monday, and we dressed about 1,000 chickens, a few 100 turkeys, and several ducks and geese. Art Pennock went on the market both Tuesday and Wednesday that week. I did all of the sticking and some of the scalding, so I guess he needed me at that time. At Christmas time the poultry dressing wasn't as heavy, but we did work into the night one or two nights.

Art Pennock was so busy at Christman time that he didn't have time to pay me until Christmas eve. At that time he told me that he couldn't afford to pay me more than $50 a month from then on. That reminded me of the remark that he made when he hired me, "we 'll try it that way." I am reasonably sure that was his intention when he made that remark. I had helped him with his heaviest dressing of the year and that I would continue to work for him until spring. He also knew that he and his wife's nephew, Ed Reynolds, could handle the dressing and other work during the winter, in a pinch. It so happened that we had sent to Sears Robuck for a doll for Dorothy and a truck for Gordon for Christmas presents, knowing that we would have $60 about a week before Christmas. When I got the $60 about 6 P. M. Christmas eve, I hurried home and Mama went to the grocery store and bought some candy and nuts to fill their socks.

Shortly after New Years *1936*, Art and his wife took off for New York City to visit her sister. *A* few days later Ed Reynolds told me that they were going onto Florida from N. Y. C. It turned

out that they didn't get home until near the end of January. Another reason why he couldn't afford to pay me what he had promised me.

Art Pennock sold most of his chickens undrawn, but he did draw a dozen or two a week. When he drew them he would always add a 1/2 pound for a five pound chicken, which I considered cheating. He fed the guts to his hogs, but when he sold the hogs, he ordered me to feed the guts to the chickens that he was fattening. I followed his orders, even though I hated it. In early March, Art asked me if I would stay for the summer, if he paid me $60 a month, I didn't give him a reply for close to a month although I had an idea of what I would do. In the meantime we made a trip or two to East Lansing and inquired about carpenter work and it looked favorable.

Nashville is on highway 66 and the route went by the house where we lived. It seems that the main water line by our house was laid several years earlier, and the road was graded later. As a result, for some distance the water line was only 2 or 3 feet deep. One morning, probably in early March, we woke up and found that we had no water. It seems that the main water line was frozen solid, due to the cold winter, and from then on we had to carry water from Charley Mason 's pump, even to flush the toilet.

Bill Black made arrangements for us to rent the house on Mt. Hope Road from Albert Johnson. Art Pennock moved us there, probably on Wednesday April first, and on the way I arranged to buy a Holstein cow from him for $60. Henry Maas and I put a new metal roof on Bill Black's barn that April. I also worked for Glenn Marlette for a time in April. Shortly after I left Pennocks and started carpentering my hobbling let up, possibly

due to the warmer weather. Sometime in April Charley Daniels came to see me about working in a special carpenter gang at M. S. C. I worked there all summer and into the fall. I started in at the old Library, which they were using as the Administration Building at that time. I first worked with Sam Robb and Jim Smith. We worked on several of the old college buildings and covered a few roofs with cedar shingles. Jim Smith and I were working on the old Power House roof at M. A. C., during the hot spell in July, where we took the old slate shingles off and replaced them with asbestos shingles and also replaced the old cornice with new. The hot spell referred to above started on Monday, July 6, 1936 and lasted all of that week and until Wednesday of the following week. The temperatures were from 90 to 101 every day. The front page of the State Journal referred to the hot spell with such headings as Blistering Sun Withers Corn-Scorching Sun Sets New Mark-Heat Peril All Time Mark in City, State-Heat Equals Yesterdays 95- Mercury Here at 98; No Relief Due-First Heat Fatality Recorded Here; Deaths Over Nation Pass 500-At Least Two More Days of High Temperatures Due; Offices, Plants Here Close-Break in Heat Wave Promised Wednesday. After working in that heat for a few days, Charley Daniels told us that we had better lay off, "you fellows have suffered enough." The hot spell effected my mind in such a way that I wrote Tall Tales at that time.

Sometime during May of that year the College had a chick show, and the chicks were auctioned off the last day of the show. I was taking the Poultry Tribune at that time and during the winter there was an article in it which told the good qualites of New Hampshires. Andrew Christie was one of those that got the N. H. in the American Standard of Perfection in *1935.* During the noon hour of the day of the sale I went over to the chick show, and noticed that Andy Christie's entry was

disqualified because one chick had Down Between the Toes. I was curious about N. H. and wanted Christies entry, which was one of 3 N. H. entries. I saw George Cabel from Zeeland there at that time and asked if he would be at the sale and he said that he would. I arranged with him to bid in Christie's entry for me and stressed that I wanted Christie's entry and no other. After I left the show that day I realized that George also had an entry of N. H. there and I felt embarrassed about giving him those instructions. That night when I picked up my chicks I found the chick with Down Between the Toes and I was sure that I had Christie's entry. They feathered so rapidly that they soon looked like young hens, and I fell in love with them. That was the very beginning of "Delamarters New Hamp Farm". I worked at M. S. C. until late in November, when Prof. C. G. Card asked me if I would work on a house which his son Dick was going to build on Beech Street in East Lansing. I asked Charley Daniels about work for the winter, and he advised me to take that job, which I did December first. Floyd Fogle had charge of the job and this was the first time I had ever worked with him and we had work there all winter.

If I remember right, and I think I do, we were getting 60 cents an hour for carpentering at M. S. C. until July first 1936, and then they cut us to 50 cents an hour and we excepted it. In other words we didn't strike. Anyway I had steady work that summer and all of the good days during the following winter and we were getting on our feet again. During the winter of 1937 I was getting anxious to have some property of our own, where we could pasture our cow, have a garden and raise some chickens. We ended up buying the two acres from Mrs. Lettie Huff, March 15, 1937 for $3,600, where we have lived ever since. With the signing of papers and the like, Gordon who had just turned 7 was curious about the whole thing and asked,

"does that mean we can't move any more?"

Shortly after buying the property from Mrs. Huff, I sent for some literature from H. H. breeders. The result was that I ordered 100 N. H. chicks from Twichell of Exter, N. H. and a few pedigree eggs from Larabee of N. H. and Frank Barret hatched them for me. One cockerel from these eggs, was from a 294 egg hen and I used him two years in my strain, and in time his blood was in every chick I sold. Floyd Fogle hatched a few eggs for me from my Christie male and a few Christie females.

I worked for Sherm Ely a few weeks in the spring and working for him when we moved to our present location. Henry Maas, Bun Huycks brother-in-law, helped Mama move with Bill Blacks truck, on May 11, 1937. On that same date in 1903 our family moved from Cheboygan to Hebron Township. We brooded the chicks in the garage for a year or two. Shortly after we moved to this place Floyd Fogle came to see me about helping him build a house for A. B. Love in Brookfield. I worked for him that summer, and in the fall I built a 12 by 20 foot chicken house on our property. In the fall and winter I built two small houses for Art Delamarter on his property on Jolly Road.

Sometime during 1938 I had pains in my chest and I considered it was due to my heart. I first doctored with Dr. Albers in East Lansing and later with Dr. Pinkham in Lansing. Finally I heard of Dr. Parker in Owosso who was supposed to be a heart specialist and I went to him a few times. I doctored off and on, for a year or two and finally went back to Dr. Albers in the spring of 1940 In the end he gave me a test for T. B. and another for undulant fever. When he read the tests a few days later both showed up, and it was determined that I had a child

form of T. B. and had out grown it. (see page 7) After a blood test at the State Lab. in Lansing it was determined that I actually had undulant fever. I took shots for it every week for a time and later every two weeks. Occasionally I had a blood test to determine my condition.

L.E. Arnold and his wife of Lebanon, Oregon, stopped in to see us on July 5, 1940, I believe it was, after they had picked up a new Buick in Flint. In about 1950 they stopped in again after they had picked up their new Olds in Lansing.

I built a 12 by 20 foot building on the east end of the garage, 8 feet was a cow stable and 12 feet for chickens, in October 1938.

The Regional Poultry Laboratory was established on Mt. Hope Road on M. S. C. property in 1939, and J. Holmes Martin was in charge. The purpose was to determine the cause of Leukosis disease. Mr. Martin talked to the poultry group at Farmers Week that year and I went to see him at his office later. When he found out that I was a carpenter, he said that they needed a carpenter to do some work around there, and arranged for me to do it. So I worked there about a month that spring.

In about April or May 1940, I took a federal examination for a job at the Regional Poultry Laboratory. If I remember right my score was 88% and 5% was added for time in the service which made me a total of 93. Sometime later when Berley Winton, who had taken J. Holmes Martin's place, came to see me about the job and I turned it down because my N. H. chick business looked so promising at the time.

During the summer of 1939, I built a 16 by 24 foot house for Royson and Geneive Eicher. In August that summer the World

Poultry Congress was on in Cleveland, Ohio the first time it had ever been held in this country, and I couldn't miss it. I had arranged to take Gordon McNeilly, a veterinary student at M. S. C., with me to Cleveland. We left on a Monday morning and at the time I picked Gordon up, I saw Prof. Card and he asked if I had room for another passenger and I told him that I did have. He told me of a man by the name of E. H. Lucas[9] who had been run out of Austria by Adolph Hitler. Shortly after starting to Cleveland I wanted to find out how Mr. Lucas felt about Hitler and I asked him, "that man Hitler is quite a man, is he?" He answered by saying, "Some - may - think - so - but - I -do - not." On our way to Cleveland I found out that he had been a delegate to the W. P. C. in Berlin in 1936, and was to have been a delegate to the one in Cleveland. Instead of being a delegate from Austria, he was hitch-hiking there from East Lansing. Gordon and I were from Michigan, but before we had seen anybody that we knew, Mr. Lucas met a man that he knew who had been a delegate from Germany, in *1936.* Gordon and I went on a short distance, while they talked a few minutes.

The war started in Europe in September 1939. One day that fall I met Mr. Lucas and he asked me if I remembered the man from Germany that he met at Cleveland, and I said I did. Mr. Lucas, said, "that man told him that day, the WAR was all set to go at any time." (More about this in Eben Woods column in the Poultryman[1] February 1,8, and *15*, 1963.)

The World Poultry Congress was the most wonderful thing I have ever seen, relating to poultry. There was poultry there from practically all over the world. Japan had a display of a stuffed chicken on a pedicel with a tail about 10 feet long. Also they had a recording of a rooster with a long crow, about twice as long as an ordinary rooster. Japanese are so clever that they

could splice feathers on the tail to any length. As to the recording of the long crow, that could be faked. If they had such birds why didn't they have live birds there. I think they were trying to fool the public, but they didn't fool me.

I saw Clarence Ferguson and George Quigley there, the first time I the had seen either of them since about 1926 or 1923.

J. A. Hanson of Corvallis Oregon had a display there. I had visited with him at Corvallis in the winter of 1921, and wanted to see him in Cleveland, but I never found him at his booth. Ernie Foreman of Lowell, also had a booth there.

Andy Christie from N. H. had a booth there, and one evening I met him. I told him of 100 hatching eggs that I got from him, and the top layer didn't have a filler flat on them. I set the 100 eggs and got 91 chicks from them. Andy said, "Now they can call you a liar."

Gordon and I got home from Cleveland about midnight Thursday, after an enjoyable an educational trip.

In February 1930, when we settled up with the Hicks family we owed them $4600 on our house on Lilac Street.. At that time the depression was just getting underway. We had to leave the house in September that year, and we rented it from then on, and turned the rent money into the Loan Co. By. November 1934 we had it whittled down to about $3150. At that time a man from the Loan Co. came out to see me about the property. He said that we didn't have much equity in the house and wanted us to give it up. I said, "That is probably true. But don't you think it will be worth more in time?[11] He answered by shaking his head and saying, "We can't see it." From then on I

tried to sell it for $3300 to keep the Loan Co. from making a Haul on it. One party told me later, when I asked about the Capitol Savings and Loan Co. "They had inquired there but they didn't have anything that suited them, at the time." But they told her that "They would be having some more in." I spoke and said, "*Yes*, ours will be one of them." From then on we managed to borrow some money on insurance and hold on to the house. In June 1937, Edward Prophet and his wife rented the house from us and in February 1940 bought it from us for $5200.

Our youngest child Barbara Jean Delamarter, was born at Sparrow Hospital in Lansing, the first hour of June 17, 1943. If we hadn't been using War time her birthday would have been June 16. Mama was in the hospital 10 days and had no trouble.

I have purposely left the N. H., and the chick business until later to have it all together. In 1938 and 1939, Gary Snow of Holt hatched my chicks. In 1940, 1941, and 1942, Walt Kyes of Bath, hatched them for me. At the end of the 1942 hatching season, Walt told me that he would not be able to take any increase in egg capacity in 1943.

I sold a few chicks in 1938,. the first chicks I ever sold. I sold something over double that number in 1939. Each year for a few years I sold more than double the number of chicks that I sold the previous year. The fact that Walt told me in 1942 that he couldn't take any increase in eggs in 1943, I bought three *used* Jamesway incubators in 1942, making a total capacity of 8823. Those three incubators cost me $650. In 1944, I bought a new Jamesway incubator for $300, which increased my capacity to 11,760 eggs. It served a good purpose as 1945 was

our peak year, in which we hatched 8 months and sold 51,883 chicks. When the incubators were delivered in July 1942 they were stored in the garage, as the incubator cellar had a dirt floor, at that time. During the fall I was busy digging the dirt out and carrying it out the north cellarway in a tub, the only door at that time. I dug out from 4 inches at the south end to 8 or 10 inches at the north end. Not only that, but I had to dig out from under the 20 inch stone wall to keep the frost from heaving it in, during the winter. The hardest part was digging under the stone wall and filling it with concrete, which was done along the west wall and around to the cellarway door. This was done at 3 foot stretches, by digging it out with a hoe, and filling it with concrete. After the concrete had set up, I would do another 3 foot stretch, so it was a very slow process. In the end I had to break a doorway in the 20 inch stone wall between the two cellars, and make a frame for it.

I wrote all of my own advertising. My first printed brochure was in 1940 and was titled "Introducing Delamarter's New Hampshires." In the 1943 season I put out, "Greetings from Delamarter's Quality New Hampshires." In this I said, "They are just superior chickens", and "A bird in the nest is worth two on the roost." Also, "Do you buy chicks to Save Money or to Make Money?" In the 1948 season I put out, “The Judges Decided on Delamarter's Quality New Hampshires." I also put out a mimeographed price list every hatching season.

The Chicken of Tomorrow was started in 1946 and was continued in 1947. In 1948 the first FINAL contest was held at Georgetown, Delaware. As a result of the 1947 C. 0. T. contest, my entry placed seventh in a total of 40 entries from 9 mid-western states. The fact that my entry was in seventh place at

Indianapolis, Ind., resulted in me being named an alternate in the first final C. 0. T. in 1948. As time went on, I was directed to send 60 dozen hatching eggs to the Bradley Hatchery at Easton, Md., as an alternate. When the eggs hatched, three weeks later my 720 eggs produced 609 good chicks, giving an 84.58% hatch. My chicks were placed in the brooder house as one of the 40 final contestants. When the contest was over in late June my entry was in the 35th place, just 14% below second place, so it was a close contest. As a result of being in this contest, Dick Frazier, of the State Journal had an article in the Journal April 1, 1948 titled "Chicken Cinderella Tale Now Lacks Only Ending."

I exhibited N. H. at the Ingham Co. Fair starting in 1938 for many years and won several ribbons. I also exhibited them at the Eaton Co. Fair two different years. In 1940 I entered 4 individuals at the State Fair in Detroit, and won 3 firsts and a third. One of my competitors told me that my cockerel was the best cockerel that had ever been shown there. The same string went to the Saginaw Fair two weeks later and brought home 3 red and 1 white ribbons. I made 6 entries at the State Fair in 1958 and brought home 4 first and 2 second ribbons. The ribbons came home, but the birds didn't. I never exhibited a bird that I didn't want to part with, and I never put one back in my flock, because of disease. I won several ribbons and prizes at egg and chick shows in Michigan. I had the kind that would do it, and I knew which ones to select. I was superintendent of poultry a few years at the Ingham Co. Fair. I was superintendent of poultry at the 4-H Show at M. S. C. for 13 years.

Starting in 1938 I tested, my flock for pullorum disease, at least once each hatching season from then on, and for several years, I

tested all of my flocks twice.

I furnished my flock owners with something that would increase hatchability. I also paid my flock owners a bonus for hatchability, at the end of the season. In 1949 I had as many as 7 flock owners. I averaged 83.83% hatch for every egg that went through the incubator that season. As well as selling chicks, I furnished a few hatcheries with hatching eggs, different years.

The last new blood I used in my line was 100 hatching eggs which I bought from a Mrs. Little[1] of New York state in 1940. She had a booth at the World Poultry Congress in Cleveland. I used 6 of her females and 3 of her males in my matings in 1941. Since that time I have had a CLOSED flock ever since. After World War 2 ended in *1945*, I built a 12 by 30 foot addition on the east end of the old chicken house. This gave me 10 mating pens. In 1950 I built the feed room and another pen which gave me a total of 11 matings, the most I ever had.

I kept my egg production records by feeling the egg under the pelvic bone. I checked over 290 every morning before breakfast. When I was marking eggs for pedigreeing I used trap nests. At that time I checked my records with the trap nest records and found that my system was about as accurate as the trap nest. In making my matings every winter I had the assistance of Nelson Waters a geneticist with the Regional Poultry Laboratory.

In breeding my line of N. H. for over 20 years I nearly eliminated broodiness from my flock. As evidence of this, one of my customers bought some chicks of me one spring, early in my N. H. breeding. When the pullets matured in the fall they

started to lay. One day one of them showed up with a brood of chicks, after hiding her nest. When I was told of this I was not proud of my New Hamps. After several years of breeding them, the last pedigree hatch I had was in 1958. That year I leg banded 186 pullets and didn't have a broody bird until June 6, 1959. In June I had 3, July 3, and August 2, making a total of 8 broodies for the whole laying year.

I hesitated for several years to call my N. H. a Strain. From 1955 I sometimes spoke of them as a strain. I wanted them to be Welded together so they belonged to the same family, before I called them a strain.

While I am on the subject, I have a pedigree chart of my strain from the beginning as long as I had N. H. This chart is about 10 feet long and it contains the number of every bird that has ever been in my strain.

I had two birds that were sisters, No. 196 and 197, hatched in 1939. Their Sire and Grand Sire was the Larabee male which I hatched in 1937 from pedigree eggs. No. 106 was broody a few times and I disposed of all of her daughters. On the other hand No. 107 was never broody. I housed 10 of her daughters in 1941, none of them were broody in the first laying year. No. 342 was one of these daughters and I kept her until she died April 7, 1948. At that time she had never been broody and had laid 1,052 eggs during her life. I have a picture of No. 342 and Barbara holding her 1,000th egg, taken July 9, 1947. In a few years every chick I hatched was descended from her, which probably accounted for the thinning out of broodyness. I also have an enlarged picture of one of No. 342's sons.

I produced a few hens that laid 300 eggs or more during the

first laying year. The highest number was laid by No. 207 in *1952*, she laid 334 eggs. I recently made a check of my egg records for a few years back. I will list below the year, and follow it by the number of hens which laid 399 or more eggs that year. *1952-19*, 1953-12, 1954-3, 1955-12, 1956-6, 1957~8.

For several years I belonged to the International Baby Chick Association. I have considered for some years that I produced the best combination N. H. that were bred in Michigan, for meat and eggs. During World War II they began raising broilers in the southern states. It didn't cost as much for housing or for labor in the south. For some years we didn't see much of a dent in the poultry business in Michigan. But in the 1950's it became more difficult to sell our cockeral chicks. To make up for this we asked more for the pullet chicks. The result was that they didn't sell well either. As I have said more than once "the poultry business dropped out from under us". The last chicks we sold were in 1958, and they brought us $354.60. I sold our incubators in about 1962 and they brought a total of $50.00. In about 1959 I sold our two brooder houses and six shelters to James Herndon, and we were through with the poultry business.

When the boy was asked the definition of the word "memory", he replied "memory is the thing we forget with". I have that kind of a memory, I forgot to mention a few things as I went along. First, I might mention that I posed all of the birds that were photographed at the end of the second Laying Contest at M. A. C. A picture of the birds in the high pen in this contest will be found on the front cover of the Modern Poultry Breeder of February 1925. If you have never posed a high speed Leghorn you will not know what I am speaking of.

I don't know why I forgot the flooding condition at Arnold's, but I did. The ditch flooded a few acres of adjoining land. How was that? Well this was a man made ditch, about 10 feet wide, which lead water from the mountains to the power house in Lebanon, and was mostly above ground level in the valley. This ditch went between the house and the barn. The chicken houses were in a row south of the barn. Mr. Arnold had two horses and a cow and he lead them to the ditch to drink. The horses were inclined to work the dirt away from the ditch so he used an 8 inch pole about 10 feet long to prevent this. Shortly before Christmas 1920 the whole family went to Albany to do some shopping and left me alone for the day. When I went to dinner at noon I noticed water was coming under the pole, but I didn't realize it was anything serious. When I came out after dinner I found that the pole had been washed out of place and about 5 inches of water was flooding around the barn. I first contacted the power plant about it, but they had no sympathy for him, as he shouldn't have watered his horses there in the first place. So I got a pair of rubber boots on and waded in and carried the pole back in place, but the force of the water took it right out again. So I carried it back again, with the same result. I decided that something else must be done. So I got an axe and a couple of stacks and drove one at each end of where the pole was to be. Then I carried the pole back and put it in place and proceeded to fill around it with dirt. About that time a man from the power plant showed up and saw that I had everything under control and left. But by that time the water had flooded a few acres and was nearly to the stable floor. When the Arnold family arrived home they were surprised at what had happened.

I had a heart attack in April 1960 and was in the St. Lawrence Hospital 10 days. I had another heart attack in May 1961 and

was in the Sparrow Hospital 5 days.
I have one marriage and three grandchildren to record, which do not appear in my genealogy which was mimeographed May 16, 1962. Our daughter Barbara Jean married Robert Sheldon Ward July 11, 1970, and spent about a year in Berlin, Germany, while Bob was in the Army. They had their first child, a boy August 14, 1974. They named him Gregory Robert Ward. Another grandchild which does not appear in my genealogy is Nancy Kay Knopf, who was born March 9, 1964. And another one is Julie Ann Delamarter who was born February 8, 1971.

Herman Waltz of Mason had been coaxing me for a *few* years to look up my family tree. I didn't have the time for such foolishness so I kept ignoring his suggestions. At the funeral of my brother, Elmer, in May 1957, I saw my cousin Nellie Doe who I hadn't seen for several years. In our conversation I found that she was curious about our ancestors. This matched with Herman's suggestion and I asked if she would really like to find out, and she replied that she would. So later in the summer, in late July or early in August I stopped in at the State Library in Lansing and asked Ester Loughlin about our family name. She asked me a few questions about our family and then started searching. In a few minutes she came with a book, "Claude Le Maitre". I wondered why she was bringing that book to me. I began reading it and soon found that it was about our family. In the Le Maitre book it mentioned the History of Harlem by James Riker. I bought the H. of H. in the fall of 1957, and found the name spelled le Maistre My cousin Marjorie Jana of Cheboygan had some Bible records which said that Jacob Delamarter was born in Andes Township, Delaware County, New York, May 12, 1825. In time I bought a map of N. Y. state which gave the counties and townships, and I located Andes Township in Delaware County.

H. of H. says in part "Claude le Maistre, ancestor of the entire Delamater family in this country." When I read that I became more interested than ever and began searching in earnest. The early census records listed only the HEAD of the family, followed by the males and females in different columns. The first census which listed the names of all members of the family was in 1950. The State Library, at that time had only the 1830 and 1850 census later than the 1800 census of N. Y. After finding out that the 1850 was the first census that I could find my grandfather's name, I looked through the Delaware Co. census for his name. Since I did not find his name there I continued on and ended up by searching the entire state of N. Y., and still didn't find him listed In time I got the name and address of Norine Delamarter in Baltimore, Md. As her last name was spelled exactly the same as mine, I wrote her and sent her a stamped addressed envelope. I asked her to name her ancestors as far back as she could. In due time I had her reply and she listed her ancestors back to her great grandfather who was MOSES, born in N. Y. state in 1776. She also said that her father was Lewis Delamarter who was in the cavalry during the Civil War. The only Moses Delamater listed in H. of H. is No. 278, born June 9, 1776 on page 509. I later found the baptismal record of Moses Delamater. (More about this on page 9 of my genealogy.) This Moses No. 278, was not only Norine's great grandfather, but in time I found out that he was also my great grandfather.

In the summer of probably 1959, I got about 40 letters that my grandfather had written to his wife, while he was in the Army during the Civil War. My nephew Melvin Delamarter of Fort Wayne, Ind. had these letters and didn't know who had written then. In one of these letters Dec. 21, 1862 he mentioned seeing

Lew Delamarter who belongs to the Cavalry.

In September 1961 Leslie Wilcox and I made a trip to N. Y. state to look up some of my relatives. I found some of our family in Waterloo, Elmira and Binghamton, and got some information from them. We went as far as Montrose, Pa. where my grandfather worked in a brick yard until he enlisted in the Army in 1862. We also saw Niagara Falls, the first and only time for me.

During that fall and the following winter I wrote the genealogy of my family, which I had mimeographed in May 1962. At the time I wrote it I didn't have proof in some cases, but used what evidence I had. In the fall of 1973 I received some information from Howard Lemaster of Carlinville, Ill., which proved what I had guessed at was actually true. Howard had found this in the "History and Biographical Record of Washington County, Maryland". Hagerstown, Md. is in this Co. and it seems that Lewis Delamarter$_1$ my Dad's first cousin was in the Lumber Business in Hagerstown following the Civil War. Howard had three sheets copied and sent to me. On these sheets Lewis had listed the names of the children of Moses and Diadema, Pardon and his wife, and Lewis and his wife. These names cleared up some things that I had more or less guessed at before.

In my search for Delamaters or Delamarters over the country I have corresponded with people who have the same name in about half of the states is this country. I have corresponded with my Dad's first cousin, Guy Delamarter in Idaho, my second cousin Franklin near Denver, Frank at Modesto, California, and many others.

In 1963 the State Library was moved from Shiawassee St. to the

John Deere Building, on Michigan Avenue in Lansing. During the time they were moving Esther Loughlin let me use a small reader which I used to copy the 1830 census of Susquehanna Co., Pa. This is now bound and is in the State Library in Lansing. I not only searched the whole state of Pa. 1330 for Delamater names, but also the whole state in 1850 as well.

Sometime after this I copied the census of Delaware Co., N.Y. 1800, and it is now bound and in the State Library in Lansing. I will quote here, the first paragraph from this census.
"Included in this 1800 census of Delaware County is the 1790 census of Middletown Township, Ulster Co. N. Y., which became part of, and comprised over half of Delaware Co., when it was formed March 10, 1797. Many of the names appearing in the 1790 census of Middletown will be found in the 1800 census of Delaware Co."

This census which contains an index, includes 59 pages. I had a request from a man in Columbia, S. C. for some information from this census.

In time the State Library added the 1810, 1320 and 1840 census of N. Y. state to their collections. They now have the 1860 census of the whole state and I am searching that for Delamater names. In 1968 I compiled the Delamater names in the census of N. Y. state starting with the 1790 census and ending with the 1850, and every 10 years between. Included in this book are the Delamater names which I found in the New York City Directories for the years 1790-1800-1305- 1810-1315-1820-1825-1830-1335-1840-1845-1850- *1859*. This book is also bound and in the State Library.

In addition to this book, I have an index of all Delamater names

which I found in the 1850 census of N. Y. state, in Yesteryears, a quarterly magazine. This is in the winter 1968 edition, and gives the age and county of each individual.

In 1970 I com piled a list of the Delamaters which I found in the 1840-1850-1860-1870-and 1880 census of Michigan. In 1840 I found only 10 Delamater families listed in the state, which are on one page. Starting with the 1850 census I have an index for each census.

In addition the to census records, I have been able to trace several families back to where they connect with H. of H. Also a few families that I could not connect with H. of H. However I was able to trace their lines back a few generations.

Several years ago I searched the whole state of Pa. in the 1830 census and found one Delamater family in Crawford Co. Later I searched the whole state of Pa. 1850 census, and found some Delamater families in Crawford Co. and Pardon W. Delamater in Susquehanna Co.

A few years ago I searched the whole state of Indiana and found only two Delamater families, in the 1850 census.

In recent years Ohio put out a book which was titled "Index to the Federal Population Census of Ohio in 1850". This book listed all of the surnames in the state in 1850. I looked through this book and listed all Delamater names, with different spelling. From this I looked up the different rolls and copied the information about the whole family. Thus I have a record of 18 Delamater families in Ohio in 1850. Mrs. Trout in the State Library has a set and I have a set also.

I now have 4 Bound books under my name in addition to the genealogy of my family.

We spent four winters at Zephyhil1s, Florida, 1969-1970-1971 and 1972. We had our travel trailer parked in the Rainbow Mobile Court, about a mile from my old bunky William Hallbauer in the Marines. The first winter in Florida we went to Cape Canaveral with Mr. and Mrs. Marion Tanner from N. Y. state. In 1970 we went to what there was of Disney World, at the time, with Eli and Edna Woodard of Howell, Michigan. In 1972 we went on a bus tour to Disney World with Mable and Roy Knopf, which cost us $10.00 each, Disney World was about half completed at that time.

My poultry education came from reading the American Poultry Advocate, starting in 1907' or 1908, and later the Reliable Poultry Journal. Also buying some production White Wyandottes from W. B. Candee of Dewitt, New York, which I later trap nested with the WELCOME trap nest. And by working on poultry farms for close to 10 years. Also by taking most of the eight week poultry short course in the winter of 1923. And by breeding and selling New Hampshire chicks, which paid off in the end.

Regarding booze. Dad told us boys, on a few occasions, "Never accept the first drink and we would not have to refuse the second one."

At my birthday party in 1973, Dorothy suggested that I write the story of my life. Barbara has done a wonderful job of typing this. My wife “Mama" has been a great help to me, especially in looking up the spelling of words. Between us we have nearly worn the dictionary out. As to myself, I have

enjoyed it.

This is November 2, 1974, in other words I am 81 years old today. My father was born July 1, 1853 and died May 21, 1934.

Captain Isaac Delamarter, one of my ancestors was, baptized June 3, 1694. Isaac died April 20, 1775. Few, if any of my male ancestors, with our surname have lived to be 81 years old.

I failed to mention a few rather important things when I finished my story in November 1974.

As mentioned in my story, Dad drilled 6 acres of oats in the spring of 1903. We had no reaper or binder, but the Rusha family had a reaper and Dad hired them to harvest the oats with a reaper. This was the forerunner of the binder, which pushed the oats off in bunches, to be bound by hand.

John Mann had sowed about two acres of wheat, around the log house and barn, in the fall of 1902 Dad cradled this wheat and Elmer raked and bound it by hand. I am not sure, but Elmer who was thirteen at that time, may have done some of the cradling. Dad or us boys cradled what wheat we raised until World War I.

I nearly missed learning to bind wheat. It happened in this *way*. Dad was right handed and I was left handed and he about gave up to teach me how to make a band. When he gave up trying to teach me, I began to realize it was up to me to learn myself, so I finally learned to make a band and bind a bundle of wheat. It was a matter of grasping a handful of wheat heads in one hand and bending half of the stalks around to form a band. This was wrapped around the bundle of wheat and twisted and

tucked under the band.

When I first started cradling grain, probably when I was 12 or 14 years old, I was putting too much power in the swing of the cradle. This resulted in the heads, being heavier, following the fingers of the cradle and ended up end ways in the swath, making it almost impossible to bind into bundles. I soon realized the reason for this and cut down on the swing, and in time I could lay the heads all one way. In time I could nearly cradle as well as Dad.

McFall let *me* go at the end of July 1931, even though I had an excellent record the winter before. *One* flock of 958 birds in my house, *produced* an average of 75.46 per cent for the month of February. Shortly after that I saw McFall and he told me that he had arranged with Queenice DeVries to put a hatchery flock in Mc Fall's houses. Then he asked if I knew him. I told him that DeVries was one of the biggest crooks in Michigan. Queenice had his nephew handle the operation at McFalls. I heard later that Mac told this nephew to find some Leghorn hens to buy and he would foot the bill. I was told that the nephew bought the hens for 50 cents a piece and charged Mac $1.50 each for them.

When I wrote in my story about pedigreeing my New Hamps, I missed a few important facts. All of my pedigree eggs were checked for size, shape, color and shell texture, and given consideration for these things before being used. Few, if any eggs were used if they did not weigh 24 ounces to the dozen.

When I took the chicks from the pedigree trays, I attempted to sort the cockerels from the pullets. In time I was getting about 70% to 80% right. In several cases, a few hens had a 100%

score. This was called Color Sexing.

When my pedigree chicks were 10 days old, I checked them for feathering. I rated them 1 to 4. If their tail feathers were one half inch long at that time, I rated them no. 1, and so on from there. About 80 % to 90 % rated 1 - 2 or 3.