

Autobiography
Daniel Ross Bateman



1916 - 1992

An Autobiography by Daniel Ross Bateman ①

Chapter I The family tree

Started writing
Dec. 1981

As far back as I have found on my father's side was my great grandfather, John Bateman born in Flintshire Wales and married Christian Milburn born in Lonan, Isle of Man. They had three sons and one daughter, William, John, Henry and Elizabeth. My Grandfather, Henry was born in Lonan Isle of Man and married Hannah Kermode also born in Lonan and her father was Daniel Kermode, a joiner. John and his three sons were lead miners.

Henry and Hannah Bateman had nine children Lawrence (Laurie) born 1867; Joseph (Joe) 1869; Hannah 1871; Eleanor (Nellie) 1873; Jemima (Mima) 1875; Sarah 1877, Daniel (Thomas Daniel) 1879; Miriam 1881; and Henrietta (Etta) 1883. Lawrence married Margaret or Maggie and had five children, Charles, May, Bessie, Jenny and Fred. Joe married Ruth and had three children, Nora, Joseph, and Ella. Hannah married Sam Hannah and had three children, Mary (Molly), Elsie, and Jack. Sam, Hannah and family moved to Capetown, South Africa. Eleanor married Joe Jones and had three children, Ethel, Lily, and Ena.

Jemina married George Bowstead and had seven children, Gordon, Winifred, Donald, George, Irene, Harold, and Roland (Roy). They moved to Detroit Michigan (USA).

Sarah Bateman never married. Daniel married Rachel Boast and had three children, Mena (born in England), Lily (born in Snelph Ontario) and Daniel Ross born in Detroit Michigan.

Miriam married Charles Hewson and had five children, Gladys, Frank, Allen, Madge and Mabel (twins).

Henrietta married Tom Ritchie and had two children, Tom and May.

The records on the Isle of Man state the word Bateman comes from "a man who hated bears". The earliest record of the Bateman name on the Isle of Man is 1810. The earliest record of the Milburn name is 1650. The earliest record of Kermode is 1417 spelled Mac Hermot. Lawrence, Joe, Hannah, Eleanor and Minna were born on the Isle of Man. When the mines became flooded, the Bateman family moved to Dalton-in-Furness, England where there were mines. Sarah, Miriam and Ethel were born in Dalton. Dan, however, claimed he was born in the Isle of Man and it is believed his mother,

was on vacation in the Isle of Man near
Laxey when Dan was born.

Incidentally, the motto on the Bateman coat of arms is "NEC PRECE NEC PRETIO"
which is Latin for "neither price nor prayer".

On my mother's side, I have gone back to my
great-great-grandfather Robert Bryer who was the father
of Mary Bryer. She married William Steel and
they had two children, Isaac and Hannah.

Hannah Steel married Jeremiah Boast who had
two brothers, Charles and Joseph.

Jeremiah and Hannah had six sons and three
daughters. Rachel was born Oct. 21, 1877 and
married Thomas Daniel Bateman.

William Boast left no record of marriage or
children. Jerry Boast married and moved to
Visalia, California. He had two daughters, Lillian and
Edna who married Mr. Hart and Pete Thormolen.
Isaac Boast born in 1886 married and had seven
children, Olga, Karen, Thelma, Helen, Roy, Don
and Patricia.

Mary married Charles Shaw and had two children
Mildred, and John Charles "Charlie". She later
married Thomas Dalton and they had four
children, Edna, Irene, Thomas and Ernest.

This family moved to Detroit.

Albert born in 1890 had four children,
Oliver Mae, Hanna, Elizabeth and Leonard.

① who died in infancy.

(who used the name Minnie)

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Mena moved to Salt Lake City married
Mr. Davidson and ^{had} five children, William,
Evelyn, Ruth, Kathleen and Robert
Harold ^{born 1897} had two children, Brian and Colin
Robert Bryer ^{moved to Detroit} married Ruth and had one child
Russell. He then married Ethel May Corrie
changed his name to Robert Bryer and has
three children, Barbara, Nancy and Robert.

My mother Rachel Boast married my father
Thomas Daniel Bateman in 1905 and moved
from England to Northern ^{Belfast} Ireland, then to
Toronto Canada, then to Guelph Ontario
and then in 1915 moved to Detroit Mich.
Mena was born in England in 1906, Lily
in Guelph 1914 and I in Detroit 1916.

Although this may seem inappropriate.
I am going to list the family history of
my wife Olive Hands whom I married
on July 15, 1939.

The oldest record is Olive's grandfather,
Henry William Hands born in Horsham, Sussex ^{ENGLAND}
Henry married Ann who was a very good
piano player.

They had seven sons and two daughters.

In order of birth was

Henry James, a blacksmith who married ~~El~~
Elizabeth and had five children, Harry, Fizzie,
Emily, Louie, and Stephen.

James (Jim) he was in the Army 26 years, ^{was Regimental Sgt Major} married
Daisy and had a son called Jimmy. ^{Durham Light Infantry}

Charles (Charlie) career in Army was Sgt Major. He married
^{former} Anne Cotton ^{she} but was known as Lily. She was
adopted so we do not know her family history.

Frederick - Wheelwright married Lily and had
three children Fred, Ernie, Lily.

Sarah married an Army man but no information
available.

Ernest (Ernie) was in Army 12 years 4th Dragoon
Guards. He was a Sgt. Major. Later he became a
silversmith. He married Florrie and had a son and
daughter, Fred and Dorothy.

George, a silversmith who had his own business
He married Carrie and had a son Charlie.

Sydney (Sid) In army 21 years in Royal Artillery
as Sgt Major. He married Margaret and had three sons
Jimmy, Ernest and George.

5 HVA married and had
3 children no other
information available

(6A)

The third son Charles and his wife Annie Cotton
but known as Lily were the parents of my
wife Olive.

They had eight children.

Lily, Violet, Charles, Sydney, James, David
and Olive. One other child died very early
in life and Syd is now deceased.

① 9 ②

The union of Daniel Ross Bateman and
Olive Hands July 15, 1939 and three sons
born to them Mark Ross March 28, 1945,
Timothy Daniel April 9, 1948 and
Daniel Stephen March 2, 1951

but let's go back to the birth of
Daniel Ross December 26, 1916 in
Chapter Two

① my Dad's father, my grandfather Henry Bateman, had a habit of being late. I understand that he worked in a mine and as much as it was a long way to the bottom (approximately one mile), the lift or elevator would wait until everyone was on before it made its descent. Otherwise it would require two descents. The miners seemed to have to wait each morning for Henry. When he came running around the corner with his ~~lunch~~ lunchpail under his arm, the other miners would say "Here comes Henry, we can go down now."

My Dad had the same habit of tardiness, and I, too, have inherited

My sons also seem to have acquired the habit.

Even when I started work at Chevrolet, I was sometimes referred to as "The Late Mr. Bateman".

My mother, however, was just the opposite. In her early days in England, prior to the motor car, people traveled by train. When mother learned the time of departure, she would be at the station 2 hours early. My wife was always

② another incident mother told me of my Dad while in England. mother had saved money for rent or food and given it to Dad to pay the bills. Dad saw an organ for sale and used the money to purchase the organ although he could not play it.

Mother & Dad had a bakery shop in Dalton but my Dad was allergic to the flour and they had to sell the shop.

Ollie's Dad had a butcher shop in Toronto Canada.

My mother & Dad left Dalton and moved to Belfast Ireland then to Toronto Canada living for a while with Harry Bennetts (His son Albert Bennetts is an elder at the Bayview Church of Christ in Toronto).

Then my folks moved to Zuelph where Dad worked for the Railroad. My sister Lily was born in Zuelph. Then in 1915, my folks moved to Detroit where I was born Dec. 26, 1916. My Dad worked at Continental Motors near Hudson Motor Car Co on Jefferson near Conners Ave. He began working at J. L. Hudson Dept Store around 1920 and worked there 25 years in the warehouse.

Chapter II

① The midwife was
Eddie Ross, Mary Jean
Wilson's grandmother.

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On December 26, 1916 at 4:00 a.m. just after Christmas Day) Daniel Ross Bateman was born at 705 Engle Avenue in Detroit Michigan. He was born with a veil on his face (a veil of skin) which may have some significance.

Engle Avenue is one block west of St. Jean and runs ^{south} from Jefferson Avenue. ~~for~~ 705 Engle was about five houses south of Eddie on the west side of the street.

① My earliest recollection is that of eating oatmeal in the dining room and I would be about three years old.

705 Engle was a frame home ~~with~~ and mother took in boarders. Most of the boarders came from Dalton in Furness, England as soon as a boarder became established here, he would move and another one would come from Dalton. Before a person could emigrate from England, he must give an address where he was going. So many ^{of them} gave 705 Engle, Detroit that the Emigration Office in Dalton asked what kind of a place 705 Engle Ave was that accepted

① Mother worked in England at a ~~saw~~
butcher shop. She pushed meat in
the grinder and lost part of the
fingertip while making sausage.
They didn't stop the machine
but kept making sausage. This is
similar to a story I heard of
making beet sugar. Muscovy rats
would run into the machine but
it never stopped making beet sugar.

(8)
Bill Burrows

so many immigrants from Dalton -
I don't remember all the borders but some
names I do recall; Eddie ^{Bill} Crallin,
Walter Roberts, Charlie Bateman, Eddie Riggs, Jack Walley.
One border that remained with us was
Tom Fenton. who stayed with us until 1928
when he died in our home.

705 Eagle had bedrooms upstairs and
the stairway was located in the entrance
or lobby of the home. as I grew older we often
played "hide & seek" and I would hide
under the coats in the entrance room. ①
In the back yard fenced in were some
chickens that were kept by Tom Fenton.

②
When I was four years old, I was on the
front porch when another young girl ran off
with my tricycle. I was in such a hurry
to catch him, I jumped over the porch
railing fell on my shoulder and broke
my left elbow. Mother took me in the
house and I don't believe she called the
doctor right away as she didn't get a doctor
unless someone was critically ill. Eventually
she took me to Dr. Cortright who later
became a nose, throat & ear specialist. I.
Apparently the bone was not set properly.

fastened with a button ~~on~~ ^{hobby} horse
* two of my priciest toys were a hobby horse
and a tricycle. ~~my picture of my home made~~
~~seat, button shoes and hobby horse also~~
~~shows the front porch from which I noted~~
~~someone taking my tricycle~~

① The coats in the entrance room were not
hung up but were laid on a platform
about 18" from the floor.
Below the platform was the gas meter.

② another way of playing I enjoyed
was opening the round dining room
table (where the leaves would be
placed) and I would stand inside
the opening and play store.

as my arm was immobile with my elbow bent and my wrist next to my shoulder. Mother took me to a chiropractor, and he had me hold a flexitron with my left hand for 15 minutes at a time which did straighten my arm but not totally. This was not a complete loss as it did keep me from being drafted in World War II.

(*)

When I was $4\frac{1}{2}$ years old I entered Kindergarten at Frank Sengemann School at the foot of Montclair Avenue. I was so thin, the school had me drink $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk and 2 graham crackers each morning and afternoon at school. Actually one of my aunts told my Mother when I was two or three years old that I would never live to be five years old. I guess I was really scrawny. On June 3, 1924 at age 7, I was taken by bus to Northville by the city to enter their fresh air camp. This was a most distressing event for a 7 year old to be taken away from his family for three months. The camp consisted of a dormitory for the boys and a dormitory for the girls and the dining room and kitchen (cuddling in between).

* I have a picture of myself on the porch 4 years old
and with a homemade suit and button shoes.
These shoes were quite common and were put
on with a button hook. I am standing next
to my hobby horse of which I was very proud.
After my accident, I was given a
toy birch bark canoe (perhaps 12" to 14" long)
I thoroughly enjoyed ^{playing with} that canoe.
Tom Fenton purchased this canoe at
Walpole Island Indian Reservation

we were fed three meals each day. You could have as many helpings as you wished but you must eat everything that was on your plate. For example: if you were served lunch and left anything on your plate, you remained in the dining room until you did eat it. Even if you were still there when dinnertime came, you received no more food nor did you ever leave the room until you had eaten all that remained on your plate.

Each week you were weighed. If you had not gained anything or, heaven forbid, you lost weight, you were restricted to your pajamas and stayed in the ~~to~~ large dormitory for the rest of the week. Next week if you again had not gained weight, you were restricted to your dormitory until you did gain weight.

My only contact with my parents was on Sunday when they came and my highlight was when they brought the Sunday comics. While at camp, we had dental work done, once we went swimming at an inland lake, once we went over to the T.B. Sanitarium and looked at the building and patients.

on the porches, we did not go in the building. At that time, the only treatment for T.B. patients was to have them sleep outdoors both summer and winter, hence the many porches.

I do remember at the camp while walking through the woods, I saw my first gooseberry bush.

Returning home, I remember a favorite time each week. On Saturday night my Dad would take us to the corner of Jefferson and Engle and take us into the dime store. He would take us to the candy counter and we could buy 10¢ worth of any of the bulk candy that they sold. I would usually buy 10¢ worth of milk chocolate. Then he would take us outside where a newsboy sold the three newspapers. Dad would buy The Detroit News, Detroit Times and Detroit Free Press. Then we would walk home. Of course our only interest in the newspapers was the comics but imagine comics from three newspapers.

(*) my sister mena told me the wife
ran into the basement windows. (12)

I recall in 1924 there was a flood that covered Engle Avenue from the porches on the east side of the street to the porches on the west side. (*) The street was paved with wooden blocks measuring about 6" in ~~diameter~~ diameter and about 4" or 5" thick.

~~It~~ as the flood lasted several days, these blocks floated and were absconded by many of the residents for firewood. When the water receded, the blocks were gone and the city had to pave the street. Those who took the blocks found they could not be used as they were impregnated with creosote.

Mr. ^(a Shelton) Shelton lived on Engle Avenue and came to our house to give me ~~music~~ piano lessons.

There was a family living nearer the river of whom I was afraid. I believe their names were the Wright brothers. If you ventured down the street very far they would start a fight with you. If they couldn't handle the fight, their mother would join in. One day I was confronted by them but my cousin Charlie Dalton came to my rescue.

The roads were bad. Eddie was a dirt road and ditches on each side with a wooden walk over the ditch at the corners. My older sister Mena had a boy friend whom she later married ^{Reg. Duggan}. One night when he came to visit, it rained heavily and when he left for home, crossing Eddie Avenue, he slipped on the wooden board and fell into the rain-filled ditch. He returned to our house and was truly a sad sight.

One day I was in the middle of the street and got run over by a bicycle. It ran right over my stomach.

In later years (approx. 1979) Jackie Coats husband Larry died and at the funeral (parlor) I met a friend of Larry's who was called Wright (not one of the fighters) and he lived on Eagle and remembered the 1924 flood and other events.

My Dad had a bicycle before he had a car and used to ride me side saddle on the cross bar.

(XX)

My Dad's first automobile was a used Overland. It was not very dependable and my Dad wrote a poem about it. His second car was a new 1927 Chevrolet Coach that he purchased from Belle Isle Chevrolet, a dealer on the corner of Jefferson and Engle avenues. His next car was an Oakland purchased second hand then a 1929 Hudson with a front seat back that folded down ^{which} although he never did that. Then a 1929 Ford, a 1937 Chevrolet ^{which} ~~coach~~ and a new 1940 Chevrolet purchased ~~new~~ from Gratiot Chevrolet ^{from} a salesman called Mr. Hepplewhite. Perhaps later we'll recount some experiences with these cars.

Today everyone has a television set but when I was a boy, very few people even had radios. There is a controversy between WWS Detroit and a Pittsburgh station as to which one held the first ^{commercial} broadcast. Both stations began in 1920. Because we could not afford to buy a radio, we made crystal sets. These were made by getting an empty Mothe's Oats box, winding wire around it. Putting a crystal on top with a feeder and a pair of earphones. By moving the wire feeder ^{on} the surface of the crystal you could hear.

(*) The 1929 Ford had a broken seat spring in the driver's cushion. When no one was seated there, the spring disappeared. However, when a driver was seated the spring protruded into his posterior.

(**) or whippers

(xx) I remember in the mid. 1920's there was an electric automobile. I saw one on Jefferson Ave near Burns. It was an elegant closed sedan, quiet and perfect for a lady to drive.

another vehicle in the 1920's was the Mack truck. It did not have a driveshaft but the rear wheels were driven by ~~a~~ exterior chain on each side. They were very powerful. I believe this was the type of dump truck that Mr. Valentini used to drive down the alley behind 1256 Fillibudg. He lived on Beuteau Avenue.

another feature of many of the heavy trucks in the 1920's was solid ~~rubber~~ rubber tires with holes through them to soften the ride. They were really rough rides.

the radio station. It took us electricity and sometimes a youngster would go to bed and fall asleep at night with the earphones on his head.

My memories of Ingersoll School ^{at the foot of ~~Windsor~~ Montclair} include the annual booklet called "The Ingersoll Latchkey." There was a class called "Ungraded." These were the children (mostly boys) who were unruly or needed special discipline. The teacher had to be strong and able as the boy would sometime wait for him after school to beat him up.

In 1926, when I was nine years old, Mother and Dad sold their house on Eagle and bought a four-family flat (house) at 711 Lemay Avenue. As I became older, I remember cutting through yards and going to school. I was chased by a Safety Patrol boy and although I escaped I was truly frightened. At school, there were Safety Patrol Boys who served at street crossings. They wore yellow belt and shoulder strap and were taken to see the Detroit Tigers play once a year as appreciation by the school. Other boys were called Deputies and they served inside the school.

I was appointed a deputy and my assignment was to stand in the boys' restroom which, incidentally, had an ~~entrance~~ outside entrance from the school playground.

When I was in the 5th or 6th grade, I was in a school play or dance and was a Russian. For boots, I had leggings made of black oilcloth and had to squat and dance like Russians do. I remember my partner was a very popular girl called Doris Merker. Another event in the 6th grade was a ~~music~~ piano contest. I placed second as a girl called Mable won. Two teachers I remember were Mrs Thomas and Mrs Miss or Mrs Houlikan. Mrs Houlikan must have worn long underwear as her stockings near her calves looked that way. Incidentally, when I was around five years old, I thought women were shapes with legs up to their knees and then no thighs but skin just like their dresses which everyone wore. In school, the girls in gym classes wore ~~black~~ bloomers. These were down to their knees and they usually also wore white blouses.

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Everyone walked to school no school buses. When I moved to Lemay, it was of course much closer.

In 1928, you could walk down the sidewalk at night in the summertime and every radio was listening to Amos and Andy. These were two white men who imitated black men. Andy (Charles Correll) died in 1972 and Amos Freeman ^{at} ~~Norman~~ died Dec. 10, 1982 age 83.

Included as characters (all played by Amos or Andy) were Kingfish & Madame Zuen and they operated the Fresh Air Taxi Company. In 1926, the first fistfight between two well-known heavyweights was broadcast.

Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney. Since many did not have radios, there was a crowd around the refreshment stand ~~area~~ the Waterworks Park Library at the end of the Hot Water Canal listening to the fight. Although Gene Tunney won, many Dempsey supporters claim Tunney was knocked down and the referee saved him due to a long count. I believe a rematch held the following year showed Tunney as the winner. Dempsey was a slugger and the crowd favorite. Tunney was a boxer.

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Other radio shows which became favorites were "Fibber McGee and Molly", "It pays to be ignorant", "The Lone Ranger" and "The Green Hornet".

In 1927, Charles Lindbergh "Lindy" amazes the world by flying his single engine plane ~~non stop from~~ "The Spirit of St. Louis" from New York to Paris. He was known as "The Lone Eagle". His ~~home~~ ^{birthplace} was in Detroit.

He married Ann Morrow, an Ambassador's daughter and their child ^{Charles} was kidnapped. Bruno Hauptmann was arrested, convicted, tried and executed for this kidnapping.

⊕
The movies of that time were black & white and silent. The neighborhood theatres were Jefferson, East End, Plaza, and Gladwin (later renamed The Booth).

My wife would go to the movies with her brothers. Since she was too ~~so~~ young to read the subtitles she would tug on their sleeve and ask "What did he say?"

Naturally her brothers did not want to take her but her mother insisted.

(*) The next year 1928 a man named
Corrigan flew from NY City to Ireland
He claimed he planned to go west but
mistakenly flew east across the Atlantic Ocean
He became known as "Wrong Way Corrigan"

My birthday was December 26 so I did not receive birthday presents. My Christmas presents would have a card reading "Merry Christmas and Happy birthday". It was not until I was eleven years old that I received my first birthday present. It was a jackknife ^{from my Uncle Bob} and I thought it was swell just getting a present only for my birthday.

My mother's sister, Aunt Mary, lived on Marlborough between Mack's Warren (near Forest). I had many enjoyable times there. Uncle Tom was a security guard at the Union Guardian Building downtown. The family consisted of Mildred and Charlie (both older than me) Edna, Irene, Tommy and Ernie. We enjoyed swinging on the front porch swing. We climbed a tree house across the street. It was a time when many youngsters built tree houses. Some people would try to set records as to how long they could stay up in them. Their needs were supplied with a bucket and rope. We often walked to Chandler Park although it was a long way.

One day I decided to roller skate from 711 Lemay to my Aunt Mary's on Marlborough.

Our roller skates were clamp on and had steel wheels. Rather than skating on the sidewalk on Jefferson Avenue, I skated on Edlie, then I read to Marlborough then North to Jefferson. Before getting to Jefferson, one of my skate wheels fell off and I had to come home on one skate.

We built scooters with roller skates using one skate. The front half was nailed to the front of a 2x4 and the back half of the skate to the rear of the 2x4.

We then built a vertical 2x4 and handle. A deluxe version substituted an apple crate in place of the vertical 2x4.

Some scooters had seats built by a vertical 2x4 and a horizontal seat. If you had an apple crate, it was common to decorate it with bottle caps nailed to the front.

The motive power was to stand on the horizontal 2x4 and push with the other foot. A deluxe version could be purchased with rubber tires. The one I had, had a stand that when raised could be used as a brake.

We played games on the street after dark - "Run Sheepie Run", "Duck on the Rock" - "Hide & Seek", "Red Light", "May I" "I am a ..."

Prior^{to} Halloween, youngsters would do mischievous acts. One night we made knuck knacks (or a name similar to that consisting of a empty thread spool with notches in the edges. A string was wound around it and it was put on a pencil. By holding it on a window & pulling the string, the notches would make quite a noise. There was a barbershop near the corner of Lemay and Edlie. We placed our spools against the barbers window, pulled the string and ran. The barber came out and chased us. We ran and turned down Lemay. The barber was right behind me and I ran across Vermeers front lawn (they lived next door to us. They had a wire about 15" high and I jumped over it but the barber tripped and fell on his face. I ran in our back door and the barber went to our front door. I don't know what happened but I was terribly frightened and I think the barber hurt his teeth.

On Halloween, we would go up and down the street in home made costumes. When we knocked on the door we would say "Help the poor". It was not until I was grown that the play was changed to "Trick or Treat." My Dad when we were young would also dress up and

Two doors away was my friend Joe Nardoni. My first job was peddling the Shopping News. This was an advertising paper containing ads from the stores downtown. My route was from Jefferson Avenue to the river, the one side of Montclair, both sides of Lemay and Fairview and one side of Fillingbridge. I faithfully delivered the Shopping News on Saturday morning. During the week, we had specials and I would deliver the one side of Montclair and Fillingbridge so the papers would be visible to the carriers with routes of either side. To my shame however, I often did not deliver on Lemay or Fairview but kept those papers in the loft or the garage. My good friend Joe Nardoni, who lived two doors south helped me dispose of the papers.

Around 1930, a newspaper was published called "The Daily Mirror". I got a job as newsboy but did not do too well getting subscribers.

Soon after, there was an advertising circular published weekly and we could deliver as many copies as we wanted to and were paid so much per hundred. Our district manager was a young man - a classmate at school called Eugene Thomas.

(23)

My best friend in the late 1920's was a boy called Halstead Jackson. He lived on Navarro south of Jefferson. Halstead was very, very interested in model trains and we spent much time playing with them. many years later, my wife Olive and I learned there was a model train exhibit near the Grand Trunk Station downtown. Olive & I went down there one evening after we were married in 1939 and the model trains were all running. In the middle of the display wearing an engineers hat was Halstead. He was too busy running the display to see Olive or me but here was a man who had never outgrown his hobby.

Another friend I had was John Curran who lived on Montclair. John had a cousin Harry Heilmann who was a star player on the Detroit Tiger Baseball Team. John & I built a 9 ft dinghy using the lumber my Dad had at the side of the ^{garage} ~~house~~. We spent 35¢ each to buy some caulking (our only expense) for the boat but it was stolen when we left it tied up at a canal near the river. Unfortunately John was killed in an automobile accident near Bay City. He was thrown from a convertible. John did me a great service when I was twelve years old. He took me over to ~~the~~

age 17

1256 Fifthbridge Ave and introduces me to Dave Hands and a new era enters my life from then on.

But first a few things I remember about the late 1920's

The Vermeers lived next door and as it was the Prohibition era they like many others had a Blind Pig in their basement. The Federal agents would raid their house occasionally and throw the liquor out the backyard breaking the bottles. One evening, my sister Lily who was on a date with one of the Vermeers boys came walking home on Eddie Avenue but when the Vermeers boy saw the raid, he could not go home.

Down at the end of the streets in our neighborhood was "the dump or dumps" a portion of undeveloped property where we youngsters had a lot of fun*. Beyond that near the river was a community where the rum runners would bring their bootleg liquor over from Canada and unload into waiting cars. There was a name for the community but I have forgotten the name. The last vestige of that community was where a man lived called Clubfoot Charlie on a houseboat.

* We sometime cooked steak and
potatoes there over an open fire.
Another time we made a fort
of old Christmas trees after
Christmas was over and ~~we~~
finally set them on fire.
The needles sounded like
bacon frying.

During Prohibition many efforts were tried to bring illegal liquor over from Canada to the United States. Some cars were equipped with gas tanks that were filled with bootleg liquor and a small one quart special tank with gasoline drove the car across the border. Of course, Federal Agents caught many smugglers but many did get across the border. When a boat land they were fast, would try crossing the river with "booze" and the Feds were about to catch them, they would throw the liquor overboard so they would not be caught with the goods.

In 1930 or 1931 we sailed to the Canadian side of Peche Island and motor boats (cruisers) would come from the U.S. side and took them home. An outboard motor boat would come over from Hiram Walker Distilleries in Riverside, Ontario. After getting the boat's order, the outboard motorboat would go to Hiram Walker and bring the liquor to the boat. If the boat ^{did not} consume all the liquor, they ~~had~~ and tried to bring it back to the U.S., they faced possible interception by the Federal agents who had patrol boats.

During the late 1920's, fruit and vegetable trucks would slowly drive down the residential streets shouting their wares. Inasmuch as most people had ice boxes prior to electric refrigerators, ice trucks came down the street regularly. One of these was The Detroit Ice & Fuel Co. They sold ice in the summer and coal in the winter. Ice Companies gave their customers signs to be put in the front window of their homes if they wished ice. ~~one~~ one edge of the sign ~~read~~ ^{read} 25, ^{As} one side 50, one 75, and one 100. This enabled the ice man to bring ^{up} the right amount of ice. The ice man would carry the block of ice on his shoulder and would sometimes have to carry it three stories to the ice box. His tools were ice tongs and an ice pick. My brother in law Ed Harold was an ice man and you had to be strong to carry the ice. When you deposited the ice in the box, it would begin to melt and the owner had a pan under the box to collect the melting ice. If he failed to empty it on time, there would be a flood on the floor. There was also ice house where a youngster was often sent with

the south side of
 a wagon. One ice house was on Edlie Avenue
 at the alley between Lillibridge and
 Fairview. When you asked for 25 or 50 lbs of
 ice, the man would go inside where the ice
 would be stored in sawdust. It was cool
 in there and seemed delightful in the
 hot summer. I/a youngster was lucky
 he would get a small piece of ice to suck on.
 There was another, and larger ice depot
 south of Edlie on the west side of Lycastr

During the 1920's there were interurban
 which were electric rail cars that were
 very fast. The rail system was known
 as the D U R (Detroit Urban Railway)
 which was sold to the City of Detroit
 in 1928 after a vote. The city renamed
 the system D. S. R. (Detroit Street
 Railway). The vote stipulated that
 the D. S. R. would pay its own way (not be
 subsidized). This was a selling point to
 the public but the system cannot compare
 to Toronto, San Francisco & Oakland, Calif. and many
 other large city transportation systems which
 are subsidized. While the D U R was in operation,
 the terminal or starting point was downtown on
 Bates Avenue just south of Jefferson. It was

on a steep incline as Bates ran down toward the Detroit River. My Dad was wearing a new hat and as he was crossing Bates, a north wind blew off his hat and he chased it as it rolled down Bates toward the river.

The route of the interurban was along East Jefferson and when it was in Grove Point just before the lake front, it turned left and the tracks ran next to a wall on Fisher Road. The tracks are now gone but the wall is still there. Hugh McIntosh, an older man who ~~is now~~ has now passed away once lived near Jefferson and Glover. He remembers when the tracks ended at the Car Barns near St Jean. These interurbans, once they left the city, would travel at high speeds going to Port Huron, Pontiac, Lansing, etc. I remember when I was young to Sunday School at Windsor, we had our annual Sunday School Picnic at Farmington and took the interurban there.

Many people would take their car for a drive along the lake on a Sunday afternoon. It was just a two-lane road and the many cars during the 1900s would make

⑧ My sister Mena advises that ~~the~~ previously, the streetcar marked "Waterworks" turned into Waterwork Park. I remember the tracks but thought they were for freight cars. Dave Hanks remembers seeing freight cars parked on those tracks in Waterwork Park.

a terrible traffic jam. It was one way to get out of the city on a hot summer afternoon.

The D.S.R. had trouble from the beginning to make a success of the new venture into city transportation. They made efforts to remove the competition. Two competitors were the jitneys and the Detroit Motor Bus ^{system}.

The jitneys were large private automobiles which would stop at each corner to pick up passengers and, when full, would drive straight to downtown. It cost 25¢ as compared to 6¢ for the DSR but it was almost like taxi service. The DSR removed them as competitor by not re-issuing their licenses. The Detroit Motor Bus company had their garage on ^{Terminal} Avenue just south of Edlie. They had double decker buses with a staircase on the dash on the outside. There was the driver and a conductor. The conductor came through the aisles upstairs and downstairs with a hand held coin collector. The rider would push a dime in the slot which was the cost of the ride. The DSR tried to eliminate them by receding that no one but the DSR could

pick up ~~and~~ discharge riders within the City Limits, The Detroit Bus Company countered by changing its name to The Lakeshore Bus Company and after crossing the City Limits, it would discharge passengers but not pick anyone up until it arrived downtown at Grand Circus Park. On its return, it would pick up passengers along its Jefferson Avenue Route but not discharge them until it passed the City Limits near Allen Road.

When I was born on Engle Avenue, my parents were attending the newly built Fairview Church of Christ located on Lemay & Vernon Highway. Vernon was previously known as Waterloo Avenue. In the 1960's, ~~Alex Lindsay~~ ~~who was~~ I took J. C. Bailey, Ontario preacher, and missionary to India, to the Church of Christ Home for the Aged then located on Rome's Plank Road near 31 miles Rd. Visiting with Alex Lindsay, a ~~man~~ Scotchman born in the Upper Peninsula, Bro Bailey said he had known me for fifty years. Alex Lindsay said "I've known him since before he was born". For an explanation, he said he was a member of the Fairview congregation when my mother was carrying me before my birth. (X)

(X) at that time Ted Rockcliff (husband of Belle who was midwife at my birth) was preacher at Fairview. Ted Rockcliff was originally from Dalton and both he and Dad were members of the "Band of Hope". This was a group of the church in Dalton and Nelson Wearning was also a member. ~~The Fairview church~~ It was Ted Rockcliff who encouraged Dad and Mom to move from Durolph Ontario (where my sister Lily was born in 1914) to Detroit where they did move in 1915. The Fairview church began services in a small building at the rear of the new building completed approximately 1917. The new building was built with electric lights but as there was some uncertainty about the dependability of electricity, the walls inside the church building had gas lamp accessories on the wall.

Dad was a song leader at Fairview. That congregation got its name from the Fairview district in which it was built. Incidentally, the man who gave the land stipulated in the deed that if the land was used for any purpose other than the meeting of the Church of Christ, the land would revert back to the original family. For this reason when the Fairview church members moved to Allen Road south of Jefferson, the building was sold to a ~~po~~ black group and called Lemay Avenue Church of Christ.

In the mid-1920's, Dad and several others of English descent began the church in Windsor. I attended the second meeting and it was held downtown in a hall possibly the Oldfellows. I was only about seven years old and remember being near the railing upstairs. Later we went west on Wyandott Avenue to a school building on the northeast corner of Wyandott and Campbell & Bridge Avenues. During 1929 or 1930 they built a basement on the northeast corner of College and Campbell Avenues.

My Dad would drive over to Windsor in his second-hand Overland, but it was far from dependable. and would often be stuck on Jefferson Avenue. When he finally did get a new car, his 1927 Chevrolet.

x The Malcolm Coal Company

Coach purchased from Belle H. Cholet on Jefferson and Engle, we made the Trip regularly and usually with no trouble. There was no bridge or tunnel in those days but there was a car ferry, one at Windsor, one at Walkerville and another between Port Huron & Sarnia. It was not until 1928 that the Ambassador Bridge was begun. The year it was opened 1930, the Detroit ~~and~~ Windsor Tunnel was begun. I remember sitting on the Windsor side near the Bridge while it was being built. The first cables were not correct so new ones were built. The cables consisted of $\frac{1}{4}$ " rods twisted together to make a giant cable used for the suspension cables. When the first cables were taken down, we boys got some of the $\frac{1}{4}$ " rods so we could make fishing rods. When they built the Tunnel, they located large sections (tubes) on barges and then sank them in place and we understand they are actually below the bottom of the river.

In 1929 or 1930 Halstead Jackson would go with us to the Windsor church. He would stay at our house at 711 Lemaire and we slept in a bed in the dining room. It actually

was a couch that opened into a bed. Each Saturday night around 10:00 pm, after we were in bed, a radio serial would come on station WJR. It was a spooky serial and the players were later known as the ~~murder~~ Mummies. It was sponsored by McDonald Coal and in a scary voice, the announcer would say "Turn out your lights" The dramas were "The Detective" "The House of Fu Man Chu" and we young fellows would hide under the covers. Mom and Dad would usually be in the Living Room also listening to the drama with the lights out.

Speaking of lights, one night someone apparently at a party telephoned about 3:30 a.m. My Dad answered and the voice said "This is Detroit Edison. Is the street light on at Lemay and Edlie?" My Dad said it was and the voice asked him to check on it again. When Dad came back, he said "yes it is on." The ~~voice~~ voice then said "Blow it out!"

My sister Mena tells me when she was going with Ray Biggs, there was a popular song called "Without a Song" The young people at a party would sing it "Without a Shirt."

Getting back to our trips to Windsor

in the car on the ferry, Dad would drive up the ramp and we often wondered if he would make it. The cars were ^{parked} three abreast and the passengers were on the second deck. After arriving in Windsor, it was necessary to go through Customs & Immigration. How different now that the tunnel and bridge are opened, when we came home on Sunday night sometimes the line waiting for the ferry would be over one mile long.

Later, after I became friends with Dave Hands, he would go with us to the church in Windsor. One time, when Dad was driving and Dave and I were passengers, Dad driving downtown in Windsor caused some pedestrians to scatter. Dave said "You sure frightened those pedestrians" Dad replied "There are enough people frightened in the car never mind those outside."

A friend of mine was our border, Tom Fleeter. One day he said "How about going downtown with me on the bus and I'll show you a Haunted ^{house} ~~house~~?" This intrigued me as I was about 11 years old. He took me on the top of the double decker

bus and when we reached downtown
he showed me the sign reading
"Boyer's Haunted Shack"

It was with great sorrow that I
remember his death. He had a hernia
but when it became displaced, he would
put it back in place and probably was
aspect of truss, one day he was unable
to get it back in place and went to bed
but did not tell anyone of his problem.
By the time someone learned of it and
called a doctor, gangrene had already
set in and it was too late to save him.
He died in 1928. Tom Fenton was a
pattern or cabinet maker at a place
on E. Grand Blvd near the railroad tracks,
between St. Aubin and Russell avenues.
He had a tool chest with a large wooden
plane and many other tools.

at Fingemann, I "skipped" one or two grades,
apparently I had done quite well in class and
consequently was promoted during the year.
This was not uncommon and others were
also "skipped" along.

I was in the last 7th grade class at Lutzmann when that class left, Lutzmann had classes from Kindergarten through 6th grade.

Marshall Foch Intermediate School was built in 1908 and located on Fairview Avenue north of Charlevoix. Today they would call it Junior High ^{or MIDDLE SCHOOL}. It had grades 7, 8, and 9. During my Foch days, I had three close friends, Ronald Penny who lived on Clairpointe about 6 to 8 doors south of Freud on the banks of Connor Creek. I have been to his house. The other two friends were David Patterson and Ervin Stierle. I do not know where they lived. I lost track of all three but in 1982 while reading the obituaries in the Macomb Daily, I noted Ervin Stierle died - he was 65 years old. I called the Funeral Home to pay my respects but they advised the funeral was over and it had been a closed casket. I wish now I had written his widow but I do not have their address.

During my stay at Foch, in gym we had a teacher called Mr. Lamphun. He would hold a conference with all his students in their gym clothes sitting on the floor. He carried a basketball and if any boy misbehaved or talked, Mr. Lamphun would throw the

basketball at him hard. For those boys who misbehaved they were taken to a small room where the "Board of ~~Ch~~ Education" was applied. I was taken in there once and he smacked your backside hard with a board. They couldn't do that in our present school system.

In the eighth grade, we were to select our future career and provide a booklet showing our ability at our planned career. Somehow I selected "Commercial Artists". That was strange as I could not draw well. I do recall, however, making a regular comic strip although I have forgotten its name. Another pastime was to draw stick figures on the corner of pages in a book and then flip the pages so they appeared to be moving.

While at home, I made hand puppets. The heads were paper mache and my mother made the clothes. The stage was a box set on the edge of the table. I enjoyed this very much so much so that I told my history teacher at Foch. She arranged to have me put on our history lesson before the class.

I selected Erv. Steele as my assistant and we practiced at home.

The presentation was made in

front of the class under a table with newspapers or cloths hanging down so the operator could not be seen. The stage was a cardboard box with the front open and doors cut in the side. Our teacher liked it so much that after showing it to our class on Monday, she arranged with another history class to see it Tuesday, and another Wednesday and so on.

Each Monday we presented a new history play that fit in with our lesson. I got an "A" mark in that class for just preceding Puppet shows. One amusing incident occurred while performing. Erv had a ~~puppet~~ puppet head and costume on (it was during the period of the Roman Empire - he was a Roman soldier) as he spoke his line he was to exit out the side door of the stage. He was curious if the class was paying attention and was looking under the newspaper curtain and his puppet missed the doorway. The puppet's head fell off and Erv tried to pick it up with the puppet's hands from off the table while the class laughed at his antics.

In preparation for graduation from Foch, we were told to march slowly and dignified into the auditorium during rehearsal. On the actual day of the graduation, the school band played a popular song "Bethy Coed". It was a lively tune and to keep in step we had to move lively to our seat and the slow dignified walk could not be performed.

We had a print shop and manual training ^{class} which I enjoyed. We did not have such a class in Senior High. ~~During~~ one day, ~~our~~ manual training & Shop Class was interchanged with the girls Home Economics class. I don't know if the girls learned anything but the boys were shown how to cook (I never picked that up) we also learned how to sew on a button. I did remember that and have often used the skill I learned that day.

Although I first met Dave Hands when I was 12 years old having gone with John Curran to Dave's house on 1256 Tillibridge, I was not in any of his classes at Foch although my after-school activities centered around he and his friends. John Curran, after introducing me to Dave and his family, seemed to have gone his own way as he did not continue with the Hands family as I did.

When it came time for Senior High School, I went to Southeastern but Dave and his brother Jim went to Cass Tech downtown to pursue a career in printing.

The Great Depression was a event in our lives which made a deep impression but we were just boys at the time and it seemed the normal way of life.

It began Oct. 17, 1929 when the New York Stock Exchange fell. During the 1920's it seemed prosperity was forever and many people were buying stock in various companies. You could buy stock on margin, that is with 10% down and since stocks were always going up, you would pay the balance when the stock went up. Unfortunately the stock market suddenly

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reversed itself and stocks began to fall. Brokers started telling purchasers who had only put 10% into the stock that they had to pay more margin. Those that could mortgage or sell everything but the stock kept going down. Ultimately the stock for which you had only paid a small margin was taken from you.

Inasmuch as you had sold or mortgaged everything, you now were penniless.

Many wealthy men suddenly made destitute could not handle it and committed suicide. The Great Depression had begun. In 1928 Herbert Hoover was President and though the depression was world-wide, he was held responsible by the voters and in 1932 Franklin Delano Roosevelt was elected President. Although many events of the Depression could not be fully understood by a boy of 13

in 1929, many actions were impressed on me. Dave's Dad was laid off. He had worked for Ford Motor Co in River Rouge. He was without work most of the Depression and the family was on welfare. My own father worked for J.L. Hudson Dept Store in the warehouse. He had previously worked for Continental Motors.

on Jefferson Ave near Corners.

Reading his diaries, I learned during the Depression, his wage was cut by 10% quite often and finally he was laid off indefinitely. After being off work for a long time, he was finally called ~~back~~ back but the only job available was packing china, etc, using straw or excelsior. He was very allergic to this but since it was the only job available he took it and had an extremely unhealthy experience. Nevertheless, it was a job Dad had worked in Dalton England as a baker and had to leave the job as he was allergic to the flour.

During the Depression, many movie theaters had dish nights and other prize nights to encourage patrons: on dish night, each lady that entered was given a dish. Most of the dishes were held on your lap and during the performance, many a dish slipped to the floor and broke. When this happened most of the theater patrons would applaud.

During the week, patrons would receive a ticket with a number and a drawing would be held one night a week.

In the Hands family, those who did get a ticket would give them to my wife Ollie who being the youngest, could get in the theater with a child's price. During intermission, they would draw numbers from a barrel on stage and if your number was chosen and you were present you received a gift (money or food or merchandise) Ollie would sit with her hands full of tickets hoping to win.

During the early 1930's, The Harnsworth Power Boat races would be held on the Detroit River. Many spectators would be present as it was free to watch. Ollie about 7 years old sold peanuts to the crowd.

She was too young to make change so when she sold a bag and didn't know how to make change, the purchaser would say "Keep it"

Ollie also was sent with a wagon to the railroad tracks to gather coal that had fallen from the locomotive. This was for their coal furnace at home. ~~(see end of page 52)~~ ^{see back} Page 51

The Harnsworth was almost an annual event. It had originally been an English powerboat race but Ben Wood had gone to

England around 1920 and challenged the
 British. He won and the Harmsworth Trophy
 was brought here. England challenged Gar Wood
 almost every year and the race was run
 on the Detroit River. It was run clockwise
 starting and finishing at the Detroit Yacht
 Club. The most disputed race was
 around Labor Day 1931 when Kaye Don
 of England challenged Gar Wood. It was soon
 learned that Kaye Don's Miss England
 was certainly the fastest boat but his
 advisors said that to beat Gar Wood
 known as "The Silver Fox", be sure you
 get ahead of him at the start or you
 may never get past him. Kaye Don had
 easily won the first heat. Gar Wood with
 his Miss America I had four straight
 eight cylinder Packard engines (two on each
 side) running each of two propellers.
 Gar Wood sat in the stern with his
 mechanic Slim — pumping oil to
 the engines. Even this was not enough
 as Kaye Don certainly had the fastest
 boat. Gar Wood's brother George was
 in another American boat the old
 Miss America III. just prior to

The three boats circled near the old water intake and just before the starting gun went off, Gar Wood in Miss America & streaked for the starting line. Kay Don in his anxiety to beat Gar Wood at the starting line, ^{also} made a mad dash for the starting line and he passed Gar Wood on the straightaway towards the Belle Isle Bridge. Unfortunately he was going so fast when he got to the turn, he capsized. It was to no avail, however, as both Gar Wood and Kay Don were disqualified for crossing the starting line before the gun. George Wood then, coasted around the course in the Old Miss Anne, III and was declared the winner.

Willie Bedford and Mr. Hands had many arguments about that race. Mr. Hands believed Gar Wood, knowing he was a slaver boat tricked Kay Don into disqualifying himself and it was therefore unsportsmanlike. In reviewing the race, however, everything possible was available to clarify the start for the race. First a 5-minute starting gun was fired.

Kay Don could check his watch with

the warning guns. At the starting position at the dock on the Detroit yacht Club ~~and~~ were five large black balls, one was dropped at the 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 minute mark following the warning shot. Nevertheless, Kay Don disregarded every warning and precaution. When Harwood sped to the line, Kay Don followed him and thus ended another threat to take the trophy back to England.

A similar event is the America Cup. This was originally an English Cup and the America, a schooner built here and sailed to England, won the race and brought the cup to this country. The rule at that time was that if a country challenged they must sail ~~to~~ the boat to England. This, of course, meant the vessel must be solidly built to take stormy weather. The America was a somewhat radical design for that day and the English were amused by its design. The race was held around the Isle of Wight at the south of England. Queen Victoria was on her yacht to watch the end of the race. ^{When} The first vessel ~~that~~ came in sight of the finish line, the Queen asked which vessel

⊗ He called it "the old mug"

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was in first place. She was told "The America". She then asked "and who is in second place?" The answer "No one is in second place." For several years, Sir Tommy Lipton sent a boat to challenge the Americans for the Cup, His boats were named "Shamrock". He never ^{won} and the cup remained in America. During those days, they used J-Class sloops. They were 135 ft long and were built only for racing ~~the~~ for the America Cup. More recently they have used the smaller 4 class 12-meter sloops and consequently several foreign nations have sent challengers, Sweden, Spain, France, England, and Australia.

It is strange that these two cups, the Harmsworth Trophy & the America Cup were originally English Trophies won by Americans who have continued to successfully defend them.

One year the Harmsworth was defended on Lake St. Clair near the shore. The boys walked out to the Lake telling of the spectacle we had come all the way from Cleveland. Why? For us see... a reason. (P)

④ In 1983 the Australian boat beat the American Defender so after 112 years the Americas Cup is now in Australia

~~When I was visiting the Hands residence,
Dave was building~~

My first experience with boats was when I purchased a rectangular boat built by Dave Hands and Charlie Brady. It was flat bottomed about 6 ft long and 4 ft wide. I and another fellow (I think it was John Curran) paid Dave & Charlie 50¢ each for the finished boat. We would put up a square sail and sail with the wind. We would then row back. We left the boat tied up one night at the canal near Fairview and it was stolen.

My next endeavor was the 9 ft dinghy built with wood belonging to my dad. It too was stolen the same way. I do remember using it one day when all of us boys wanted to go to Beech Island. We took several trips across the River rowing until we were all there.

Another dinghy I built in Al Kerners basement on Navaroe. We built them (8 ft long) not knowing for sure that we could get them out of the basement.

When I was visiting the Hands residence, Dave was building a 14 ft cat boat. It later became a sloop and then a yawl. It was called the "Sea Hag".

Dave and his friends would meet in his living room and when all the boys were there, they would go out for some evening fun. The names of the boys were Tom Lant, Dave Hands, Jim Hands, Alex Dixon, Denny "Beaky" Richards, Jimmy Stevenson, Al Kerner, Bill Brady, Ed Biggarstaff, plus 2 others. Daves younger sister would be doing her homework in the dining room at their round table.

I always found schoolwork easy and if I had done homework would probably have gotten good marks. I like would ask me to help her and I would. I noticed quite often after I had helped her, the boys had gone.

In their backyard, Mr. Hands had horse shoes and he and his friends often played horse shoes. Next door was Mr. Vincent and a friend of theirs had an Essex Terraplane, a well known car in the late 1920's.

Behind their house was Benetian Ave and across the alley was the owner of a large Mr. Valentine.

dump truck. He would drive that dump truck down the narrow alley with real skill. Across the alley was the home of Betty Thornberg who was in Ollies class at school. She changed her name to Betty Hutton, sang in bands and finally became a movie star.

Around 1933 or 1934, roller skating became the rage. They paved Eddie from Terminal to ~~mt. Stevens~~ ^{Monte Stevens} with asphalt and blocked the street off at night. Many of us roller skated at night and the popular song we sang at that time was "You're just too marvelous, too marvelous for words."

Waterworks Park was always open and we enjoyed walking through the pumping ~~the~~ stations and filtration plants. During the skating fever, they blocked off the asphalt streets and roller skaters were out in throngs. I remember them playing "Crack-the-whip" with many skaters in line holding hands. When they cracked the whip the tailenders would go flying across the grass. In front of the filtration plant.

(44)
(51)

approx
was a ten foot wide piece of cement.
we would skate as fast as we could and
jump the cement. It was quite a jump.
Waterworks Park held many attractions.
There was the swimming pond. First the
bottom was all mud. Then it was paved
for about 10 ft from the outer edge. It was
only waist deep for us kids but it was fun.
Prior to swimming season, we sailed model
boats in it. at the entrance to the Park,
was the Hurlbut memorial. on the second
floor was a bust of Hurlbut. on the outer
side of the memorial were toilets. just
being a little fellow, I was afraid of
the toilets. They had a straight vertical
tube under the seat for flushing and the
seat was raised about 2". When you sat
on it, the flushing mechanism would work
and I was afraid I would be flushed
down as I was small. Just inside
the gate was a large floral clock. It has
now gone and I believe it is now at the
Detroit Zoo.

There was also a tower. It was too
far from the water's edge to be a lighthouse.
It was there when the French got peacocks

(XX) During the Depression, Ollie
~~just~~ pulled her wagon to the railroad track
to pick up coal that had fallen from
the train. It was used to heat her home.
We accused her of ~~throwing~~ throwing
rocks at the locomotive & the fireman
would throw coal at her. She disclaims
that and I really don't think it
is true.

in the area. I never knew why it was there but you were unable to climb it probably it was unsafe due to its age. Outside a slide was attached to it in winter for sleds. There was ice skating on the pond in winter and ~~char~~ heated building for changing skates.

Humboldt Memorial Library was there and Tennis Courts. At the other end of the hot water canal was a dock for the Belle Isle Ferry. It took you to Belle Isle for 5¢.

The waste
water from
pumping
the
station

The hot water canal was used by freighters to bring coal for the pumping station. Apparently ~~then waste water~~ was dumped into the canal hence its name. One winter evening two teenage boys in the library were talking. One bet the other 50¢ he could not swim across the canal. 50¢ was a lot those days so the boy jumped into the hot water canal fully clothed in the winter time. He got his 50¢ but I imagine he was frozen by the time he got home.

(X)

XX

OK (somewhere previous)

⊗ When Ollie was young and couldn't read, her mother made her brother take her to the movies. They were silent with captions. She would pull her brother's sleeve and ask "What does that say?" The brother would answer for a while & then get provoked. Later, her brothers would complain to their mother: "Must we take her?" Her mother insisted that she go with them.

Another story that Ollie denies was when she was 7 or 8 yrs old, she and her friends (she was always a tomboy having been brought up with her brothers) would sit in the front row ~~and~~ each with a lemon. ~~The~~ movie theater then had a stage and vaudeville with a small band in the pit. When the small orchestra would play, Ollie & her friends would suck on their lemons and consequently the trumpet player could not play his trumpet.

Inasmuch as both my parents and my wife's parents were from England, they occasionally used expressions no longer heard. Some of them were

- "Trump" - for passing wind - my mom
- "Taking stek" for a car not performing right
- "Cheney" - sugar. Olles Dad used in India
- "2 shakes of a lamb's tail" meant quick - Olles mom
- "vnegarona fork" - if you were sharp - our moms.
- "Can a duck swim?" Olles Mom.
- "My dogs are barking" ~~factured~~ - Dave Hands
- "In & out like a dog at a fair" - ~~our moms~~ Ernie Seymour
- "Bubble & squeak" frying bacon - Ernie Seymour
- "Bangers" - sausages - Ernie Seymour
- "Never cast a clout till May is out" - my Mother
- "She knows how many beans make five" Olles man
- ~~"Sharp as vnegarona fork" Olles mom.~~

(X) cabbage & mashed Potatoes - ~~Olles~~ Olles man
 Spooning & Ladling (X) Chuck Hands

(X) looking around
 with their feet

Ireland

(XX)

also served in ~~Ireland~~ where he
hit a superior officer and he had to
be jailed for a short time

(X) ~~at~~ we took some risk going
downriver without a motor.

55

Ollies Dad was a Sergeant major
in the British Army. He always stood
erect and straight as a ramrod. He had
served in India, Pakistan, ~~the~~ Israel and
in the Boer War in South Africa. He would
not eat dates. He claimed he saw them
processed in ~~the~~ India.

One day when the boys took a sailing
trip downriver to Sugar Island, we took
one sailboat to Grass Isle to get fresh
water. As we returned to Sugar Island,
which was downriver from Grass Isle,
we saw a floating bloated cow.
When we approached Sugar Island,
Ollies Dad was standing on the
shore, and we saw him dip his cup
into the river for a drink, and
told him of the dead cow floating
upstream to discourage him from
drinking the river water. He said
"If you had that dead cow at
Ladysmith, you would have been a
millionaire." Mr. Hanes had
reference to the siege of Ladysmith
during the Boer War when the
British soldiers ate their horses,

and anything available to
survive.

One thing I remember doing was to go to Waterworks Park to play football. We couldn't afford a football during the Depression so we made a ball filled with rags. It seemed that when we played on the grass in front of the pumping station under their lights, I always seemed to be on the front line against Ed Biggarhoff. He was built like a bull and I was quite thin and no match for him at all.

My first experience at learning to sail was on Dave Hards' "Seahag." We were swimming on "The Tug." This was a sanken tug about 20 or 80 ft long. The deck was above the water on a great angle and was sunk in the bay near ~~Fairview~~ the foot of Fairview Avenue. It was near the houseboat where Clifffoot Charlie lived. Many people would swim and dive off the tug. One day, we sailed the Seahag to the Tug and after Dave got on the Tug, and Beaky and I were still on the Seahag, Dave cast us a drift and told us to sail it. Fortunately, it was an inshore breeze and

The Bay was full of weeds. We were caught in the weeds and were somehow rescued though I don't remember how.

Incidentally the way Beaky got his name was my name was Danny and his was Denny. ~~It was~~ The names were too similar and I'm glad he was given the name Beaky. I was given the nickname "The Count". The full name was "Count de Spiggs of de Guernsey Castle". Even though 50 years have elapsed Dave and others still call me "The Count." In fact when I needed a "handle" for CB purposes, I selected the handle "The Count".

During the Depression around 1932, my Uncle Bob who liked buying and selling cars etc., managed to purchase a used 16 foot motorboat. He sold it to me for \$30.00. Today that seems a bargain but for a boy of 16 years, in the Depression, it was a lot of money. I had been saving for years in a Liberty Bell shaped Bank and had \$30.00 in it and purchased the boat from my Uncle Bob. It was aptly called "G.I. Tremble" and due to its vibrations, it was aptly named. Inasmuch as most of

the boys had sailboats, this was a most unusual craft - a motorboat'. It had a one horse inboard and the propeller was quite small so Dave changed it to a larger propeller. The motor was so weak, it would not turn it over and we had to put on the smaller propeller. More about this boat later.

The 10 or 12 boys who met at Daves each night needed a place for a bunk or meeting place. My dad had a three-car garage at the back of our house with a upstairs that could be reached by a ladder in the wall and a trap door in the floor. Dad said we could use the upstairs if we would wash his 1927 Chevrolet once a week. Although we agreed, we did not wash Dads car regularly as we said we would.

We now had a meeting house with a window at each end. The first night, we had a fight (good-naturedly) but broke both windows that first night.

We needed a name and called ourselves The Windjammer Boat Club (WBC)

During the summer we were sailing. In the winter we spent many nights in "the bunk"

Inasmuch as I had the only inboard ~~motor~~ motorboat, my first chance to prove its usefulness came when Dave captured his "Seahag" in the river off Montclair Ave. I went to his rescue and tossed him a towline. I threw the motor on "G.I. Tremble" into full speed but the current was too much for it, as we continue drifting downstream. Fortunately a friend ~~to~~ named Roger came along in his outboard motor boat, throwing me a towline and together we made it ~~to~~ to the dock.

Another opportunity I had was when the sailboat fleet were stranded by the weather at Belle River, Ontario. Jimmy Stevenson and I set out in the "G.I. Tremble" as we entered Lake St. Clair. Jimmy fell asleep in the bow but we found the sailboats heading home, we were ~~the~~ just able to keep up with them as they sailed home. Oddly enough, the place where Jimmy slept was the "fishwell". It was supposed to be a bulkheaded chamber for fish but we suspected it was a bad leak that could not be repaired so the prior owner had merely contained the leak as a "fishwell".

The safety equipment left much to be desired. The cork life preserver had the cork held together with rotten cotton. The fire extinguisher consisted of a tube with powder to be sprinkled on the fire. The powder, however, had gotten wet at some time and was hardened. The only way you could have used it to extinguish a fire was to hit it like a club. The oars were too long and blades too narrow. As one of the boys said, "You can't tell which end has the blade." One year we took the "~~G.I. Tremble~~" "G.I. Tremble" down to Bridge Ave in Windsor and while moored there overnight someone stole the motor. Dave Hand said it was the thief's misfortune. We reported it to the Police who said to wait at the boat as the Mounted Police must handle the theft. We waited and as youngsters, we expected a red coated mountie to come on a horse. No one showed up & we had to tow the "G.I. Tremble" home. Its inglorious end came in November. Chuck & Dave helped pull it out of the water at the foot of Fairview Ave. It was on a rope attached to the car and when it came out of the water, the powder was

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Covered with snow so the boys just pulled it along the street on this snow all the way home. Its end was to be cut up for firewood and this was the end of the mighty "G.I. Tumble".

The club did have one other motorboat. Bill Brady had a ~~12 ft~~ 10 ft rowboat and a Caille ~~outboard~~ outboard. This outboard had the engine on top of the shaft and the shaft went at a 45° angle to the propeller at the end of the shaft. While motoring in the Detroit River, we would make tea from the hot water coming from the engine as it was cooling the engine. The river at that time was relatively clean. In fact we took water direct from the river between Peche Island and Canada for making tea ~~at~~ at a bonfire on Peche Island.

Bill Brady incidentally was red headed and could not be exposed for long to the sun. For that reason, he wore a hat, shirt collar turned up and long sleeves rolled down even during a hot summer day. Even then, he sometimes blistered.

while the summers were spent sailing, we spent much of the rest of the season in the loft of the garage behind 711 Lemay. We called ourselves "The Windjammer Boat Club". Next door at the Vermeers's, the boys had a club called "The Markers". We knew nothing of their club and they knew nothing of ours. During the winter, it was cold in the "bunk" as we called it. We had an oil burning stove which we put under the table and we played cards around the table. Our only refreshment was to go into our basement at 711 Lemay and my mother had a two-burner gas stove which had been used to boil clothes for washing prior to the electric clothes washer. We had a large copper kettle and we would boil the water and throw in the loose tea leaves (they had not yet invented tea bags. When the tea was made, we would carry the kettle to the garage, up to the loft, and pour it into the cups. So much tea was spilt that we began carving tea grooves in the table top so the tea would not run onto our laps. Over a period of months,

or years, there were so many grooves, that the tea didn't know where to go so we turned the table top over and began carving a new set of grooves.

During our stay in the bunk, we developed certain hobbies. One was a printing press, made by Jim and Dave. It was never complete. Bill Brady had many ideas and we called him "Dr. Zano" whom I believe was an eccentric scientist in the Doofer McHull comic. One scheme was making rockets. He used cigarette paper to roll up the chipped heads of kitchen matches. Then he would light the end of the rocket. At the sides of the loft, my Dad had large cardboard boxes where he stored routine items like you might find in such a place. One of the projects we made were bows & arrows. After the first one was built, we fired into one of the boxes "Pow!" we opened the box and found the arrow had gone right through a mandolin. Incidentally, I had previously used the mandolin as a ukulele. In the late 1920's the ukulele was very popular. I couldn't afford a new one but found this mandolin around the house. It had 8 strings. I reduced it to

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four strings and learned to play it as a ukulele. One of the songs I played was "Vo-do-de-O Vo-do-de-de-o-de".

I also purchased an accordion. My sister's husband Glen Shanks went with me to a pawn shop downtown and I bought a ~~the~~ 12-bass accordion for around \$26.⁰⁰

~~During~~ Around 1928, the Y.M.C.A. built a brand new branch called the Hannan Y on the corner of Jefferson and Garland ~~Avenues~~ Avenues. I became a charter member at the age of 11. I remember the swimming pool etc and the secretary of the branch who ~~was~~ would be like the Manager was Mr. Yochum. While there, I joined the "Stamp Club" but quit when I had collected all the cheaper stamps and it would cost me 25¢ for any other stamps (This was during the Depression and 25¢ was hard to come by). I also joined the Harmonica Band I learned to play Alto in the Band. We couldn't afford uniforms so we settled for dark pants, white shirts and a red Beret.

Around 1960, my ^{old} boss, Andy Swords died and the Funeral Service was at St. Marks Methodist Church, just across

Garland from the Y. after the service.
 I decided to cross the street and visit
 the Y. It had been about 30 years since
 I had been there. When I went inside,
 a young woman was behind the counter.
 This was as stark as no women were ~~working~~
 ever at the Y as I remembered it. I asked
 the young lady if I could see the manager.
 She called him and a young man in his
 early 20's appeared. What a change from ~~the~~
 the mature Mr. Yochum. I told him I was
 a charter member of Nammam Y and could he
 show me around. He did, but I remembered
 it as a new edifice. Now it had aged, was
 run down, poorly maintained and I
 was disappointed. As I reflected on it,
 I should have left my ^{original} memories alone
 and not tarnished them with reality.
 The old neighborhood has changed.
 Our homes on Engle and Lemay are now
 torn down and if I had become famous, my
 birthplace on Engle no longer exists ~~where~~
 where they could have placed a plate
 of remembrance. I lost all incentive to become famous.

(66)

Getting back to the bunk in the loft of our garage, an electrical signal was placed on the door to alarm us if any one entered. A ladder had been erected on the inside of the garage and a trap door about 4 or 5 ft square and hinged permitted entrance to the loft. Each member of the club when he entered the garage would call for admittance. The trap door would then be raised. To prevent members playing cards around the table from having an easy way to open the trap door, a pulley and rope was installed. This permitted the trap door to be raised by pulling the rope. One day, Alex Dixon, called aloft, and the trap door was opened with the rope. Just as Dixon's head came through the opening, the rope broke and Dixon was knocked down and fell into my sailboat. The "spar" wheel was being built in the garage. Dave looked down and said "There's Dixon lying in a pool of blood." Dixon was not seriously hurt, consequently it was a very humorous situation.

There were many activities of the members of the Wemyss Boat Club.

The members were

Dave Hardy

Jim Hands

Alennis "Beaky" Richards

Ian "The Count" Bateman

Tom Lant

Al Kerner

Alex Dixon

Jimmy Stevenson

Bill Brady

Other boys with whom we played ~~with~~ although they were not actual members of the Club were:

Ed Beggerstaff
Roger

Jimmy Schuchalt
Chuck Hands

Although it is difficult to remember and record all our activities, a few are listed. Incidentally, at a later date I discussed these years with Dave Hardy and it was observed that although these were only a few years, it seemed a much longer period. We note that these events occurred during the Great Depression (1929-1936) and we were of the impression that this was a normal way of life. Being raised during the Depression caused an outlook on life which the younger element do not possess.

(XX) Dave remembers Melford Horrocks
and I tarring the bottom of the "G.I. Tremble"
as it leaked in several places. We did it on
the shore near the old Cadillac Boat Club
Dave says we got more tar on ourselves than
the G.I. Tremble

i.e., a desire for security recognizing the uncertainty of everything

Ref^o my ~~first~~^{second} boat was made from some wood my dad had at the side of the garage. John Curran & I paid 35¢ each for a pound of caulking. This was our only expense. We built a 9ft dinghy. We used this one time to ferry all the boys over to Peche Island. Leaving it one evening at the canal at the foot of Fairview Ave, it was missing the next day (stolen). (We never learned)

Ref^o my first boat was a 6ft scow built by Charlie Brady & Dave Hands. John Curran & I spent 50¢ each & bought it from Charlie & Dave. It had 21" it was heavily tarred and had a square sails oars. We would sail with the wind and row back. It had no centerboard & could not tack. This boat was left in the canal at the foot of Fairview & missing the next day (stolen)

Ref^o my next boat was an 8ft dinghy built in the basement of Al Kerns on Navarro. We each built one without ascertaining if we could get it out of the basement. The end of that dinghy is unknown.

My next boat was the 16ft "G.I. Tremble" previously described.

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In July 1934, I began building a 17ft sloop called the "Spray". It was built in my garage and launched early Sept 1934.

It was painted black with orange beek and was gaff rigged with a 6ft cabin.

→ During the 1950's, I purchased three sailing dinghies from the Hanks Shipbuilding Co. One white, one red and one yellow. The brand was "Captainrig" and their names were Spray, Splash & Sprinkle. In 1955 we purchased an 18ft Little Gem Travel Trailer and would mount two dinghies on top of the car and hang the third on the front of the trailer. We visited the Salt Pans this way.

(X) In 1941, we purchased a 22ft catboat second hand from Algarac and put on a cabin and called it "Serenade".

Our first child was born in 1945 and they ended our sailing until the late 1950's.

We purchased a new 17ft Venture and cruised with it calling it "Dumbo". Most people thought this name was from Walt Disney's Flying Elephant but prior to the elephant, I called my wife "Dumbo".

Later we sold this 17ft Venture and purchased a new 22ft Venture also calling it "Dumbo".

(X) While vacationing at Woodland Beach
Ontario, we noticed a 17ft Thistle and
I decided that was the boat we wanted
after a 2 year search of the wanteds
we found one in Grosse Ile and purchased
it. My son Dan bought it after we
got our 17ft Venture. He renamed it
calling it "Gone with the Wind"

When the restriction at Chateau Deck permitted 25 ft boats, we bought a 1969 25 ft Coronado from Bill Smith in Port Huron and called it "Wind-Born".

I have listed the boats we have owned and now back to some of our activities as the Windjammer Boat Club.

James' older brother, Chuck Hands had a 15 ft Sunray. I remember sailing in it at the mouth of the Sand Mountain Canal. Chuck was heeling it as much as possible but we didn't capsize. One day (I wasn't there) Chuck had Ernie Seymour out sailing near Peche Island. He did capsize there with Ernie aboard.

One day we sailed as a float to Belle River, Ontario. I sailed with Earl Hands and another fellow on the Sea Hag. We towed Jim Hands 12 ft row boat and I had a red box with food in it. In sailing, they would let me get in the towed boat to make a snack for the three of us. Incidentally, this was in the depression and all told there were about 12 of us boys going for two weeks and I was the only one with any money (I had 25¢.)

We spent the first night on the head of Peche Island sleeping on the shore. In the morning we sailed for Belle River. We were stranded at Belle River due to adverse winds & with no way, Al Kerney sat on the dock catching fish for eating. The fish were so small, Al had to put

① - a hatchet

66 F.

his hat over them on the dock so we really couldn't see how small they were. I ran out of all food but potatoes so I had them for every meal, breakfast, lunch & supper.

Another time we went to Belle River and this time we came home at night. Dave Hands & I in my 17 ft spray. The only light we had was a kerosene lantern with a broken lens. We were hungry and only had a tin of sardines. Dave opened the tin with his knife and we were enjoying the sardines until one of us struck a match. The sardines were delicious in the dark but under the light of a match they were so cut up, we lost our appetite.

possibly something else

Another time I had not gone to Belle River but knowing the fleet was due to return. Jimmy Stevenson & I took the G.I. Tremble and motored out to the Lake St. Clair ~~we~~ eventually met them. Jimmy fell asleep on the fish bulkhead. We eventually met them and we turned the G.I. Tremble around but the sailboats were too fast for us as we couldn't keep up with them.

On Sundays I went to church in Windsor. In the afternoon Melford Horrocks & I would drive out to Riverside and walk down to the shore. The boys often spent Saturday night on Peche Island. When Melford & I would show, Dave would sail over from Peche Island, pick us up so we could spend the afternoon with them & return.

to the Riverside shore so we could get to church that evening

One Saturday I was with the boys on Peche Island & around 11:00 p.m. I left by myself in the C.I. Tremble. Trying to cut across the steaming channel, I put the spark into "high". It had three positions as I started across, I could easily beat the downbound freighter. However as I started across, the engine slowed so I knew I couldn't make it. I turned back. The motor then speeded up & I turned the boat around as I approached the channel, the motor slowed again and I turned the boat around again. The motor speeded up & I started across. Halfway across the channel the motor slowed again this time the freighter is so close, he gave me four blasts with his horn. I could do nothing but keep going at half speed & really frightening occasion.

Our boats could not tack up ~~and~~ up stream with a East Wind, the wind & current were too much. The Fred the 22 ft cat could go against wind & current. We admired them so in 1941, I had an opportunity to buy one.

When my wife was pregnant with our first child we had sailed down the North Channel into Lake St. Clair. We saw a light at New Baltimore and sailed for it. We arrived just at 1:00 a.m. and

the light went out. as I think back
it was very foolish to have a pregnant
woman on a sailboat at night. I did however
learn how true "the hymn" "Let the lower
lights be burning".

in 1946

One day, Ship Hands, Chuck's son took his first
sail with me in the Serenade. He was about
13 or 14 yrs old and I was 29 yrs old. We
spent one night at New Baltimore. my face
was covered with mosquito bites in the
morning as we had no screening. I was misting
we set out for the Steamer Channel. I had a
knife but was wearing a raincoat. A sudden
squall came up & the heads were belayed
(foolish thing) I reached for my knife in
my belt to cut the lines but my raincoat
kept me from it. we capsized. We put on
life preservers and Ship tried swimming to
Dull Island but came back when it appeared
it was too far against the current
after 4 1/2 hours (as it was getting close
to the end of the day) a cruiser came by.
He tried towing us without success. He left
saying he was going for the Coast Guard
on Harkers Island. They came out, tied a
rope on the mast and towed the Serenade.
turning they steering wheel from side to side
until they had righted the boat and
spilled out most of the water.
They towed us to the Old Club where
Mrs Richard P. Joy took us under her wing.

She had her personal physician examine us then gave us a good meal dry clothes and put us in a room in her cottage.

The next day she told us to use the swimming pool while she sewed our ripped sails. Then she gave us a carton of milk & a tin of cookies, made arrangements for us to be towed to the lake and we sailed home. We ran aground on Sankley Point but finally reached home early the next morning.

Another incident in the spray was when Eric Wiley & I sailed to the Thames. We were towing our 8 ft dinghy and being becalmed, we went swimming nude. Eric got the camera & took pictures when I realized how foolish we were with sails set & belayed & both of us in the water. What if a wind had come up. We reached the mouth of the Thames but we were so sunburned ^{the} we turned around & sailed home ^{mosquito} arriving about 5:00 am.

One time, Albie & I borrowed Dave Handy's 22 ft Privetee. We went up the North Channel until we reached Algona. Running out of wood, we tried starting his auxiliary motor which was a motorcycle engine. I couldn't keep it going so Albie ran it. She stood in the cabin with her head outside as ~~smoke~~ exhaust smoke kept coming out of the cabin. We kept near the shore and many of the stores had porches & docks on the river. The spectators probably thought we were on fire. We spent the first night at the Southeast Bend and anchored just off the Steamer Channel. They were very close all night. Then we went to

The next night we tied up at the foot of one of the streets. In the morning there were several row boats that came to tie up near us. They were Indians from Walpole Island coming to work.

Fortunately they were not after our scalps.

In the morning we sailed across the River to the Chenel Esarte (known as The Snipe). As we drifted down with the current we noticed a ferry

waiting for us. He used a cable to cross and there was a line of cars including a Sheriff's car. We didn't want to go couldn't start the engine so drifted down past the ferry. Now there is a bridge where the Cable Ferry was located -

We went down to the Pydenham River then headed for Wallaceburg. Some boys on the shore started throwing stones at us so we went about and headed for the mouth of the river. We entered Lake Huron about 5:00 pm and headed for the Thames River. The wind came in from the North very strong and recognizing the Thames to be on the lee shore we sailed for Detroit as we could see the glow in the sky. It was a running breeze and the jib kept flapping back & forth. Here I made another mistake.

I sent Alice forward without a lifeline to get the jib down. She did but I often think what would have happened if she had fallen into the lake. We arrived in the lee of Pelee Island about 3:30 am

Q Did you cross the Detroit River to Belle Isle
with self Honors rowing a boat, if could not row
so my effort to swim was taken up by
helping him to save the boat.

threw in the anchor and had a welcome sleep.

One evening, Melf Horrocks, Dick Sanford (both of Windsor) and I took Jim Hand's 12 ft rowboat and the G. Tremble's long oars and set out with a kerosene lantern to visit Melf's girl friend Sylvia.

Dick could not swim neither he nor Melf could row & the G. Tremble's long oars had small blades.

We had no trouble going downstream and moored at the foot of May Avenue. We carried the lantern, oars & walked to Sylvia's. When we returned, Melf & Dick wanted to row. Each took an oar & I said stay near the Canadian shore. We soon were in the middle of the river and the Walkerville ferry nearly hit us on two of its trips. Eventually we did get between Belle Isle & Detroit when

the Harbor Master stopped us. They asked where our light was. I showed him the lantern with a cracked lens. I told him we had only one match.

He said "Light the lantern". I did & he left a few minutes later. The lantern went out.

We eventually got to the foot of Farview & with our long

(X) Chuck Hands remembered
having the Border Patrol stop the
G.I. Tumble and examined our
fire extinguisher. It was a tube
with powder which had hardened
and was ~~hardly~~ not useful
as a fire extinguisher. I don't
~~remember~~ remember the outcome

(XX) my Dad around this time
decided on going swimming (or rather
bathing as I don't ~~remember~~ remember
Dad being able to swim. He put on
an old fashioned bathing suit and
went in ~~in~~ the water several times.
He had to quit when he got some
water in his throat.

we got tangled in the weeds
 when we finally got free, before
 the boat & returned home it was
 5:00 a.m.

← (XX) (X) my earliest dip into the Defeat
 River was rowing the 6 ft boat. I was
 rowing & Dan was in the stern. He
 said he would row & we exchanged
 seats. Before I sat down, he ~~put~~ pulled
 on the oars & I fell over the stern.
 This was April 2 and the water
 was cold. He rescued me & we
 got to shore where the boys built a fire.
 I was afraid to go home soaking wet.
 The boys loaned me some clothes
 while mine were drying. I remember a
 tee shirt & sweatshirt on my upper body
 & a similar shirt at the bottom.
 The other time I capsized was when
 I went in the cabin of my 17 ft spray
 with the sheets belayed. When I
 came out of the cabin the sloop
 was going over. I jumped in the water & didn't
 get very wet.

one day in our 17 ft venture, we were sailing with Ellie on the front pulpit, me on the foredeck, Dave at the helm, Helen Norm & and in the pit. Dave was trying to see how far she would heel over as it was a self-righting boat. I was on the foredeck looking for Danny in the Thistle. A sudden gust and with the binoculars, ~~the~~ I fell into the pit. With the boat out of balance, she went over on her side. Everybody went in the water and ~~and~~ did not come up for quite a while. I got out of the sail and wondered where everybody was as I was sailing by myself.

(Believe referred to previously)

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When I graduated from Foch Intermediate School, we were told to march into the auditorium in a dignified manner. At the actual graduation, however, the band played a lively tune called "Silly Goat" and we marched fast to keep in time.

In Southeastern High, we had "Houses" actually homerooms. Mine was Room 203 with Mr. Cammet as House Principals Leader. Our song was "Shoofly don't bother me, shoofly don't bother me, shoofly don't bother me cause I belong to 203."

When we graduated ~~in~~ ~~the~~ it was held at the Brodhead Naval Academy. It was January 1934 and there was a cold wind blowing from the Detroit River. We did not have coats but only our caps and gowns. We came outside from one door and were to enter the auditorium by another door. This door was locked and the entire class was outside freezing until they managed to get the door unlocked.

Downtown Detroit was considerably different
 in the late 1920's. The art Institute
 was on the south of Jefferson near Beaubien St.
 Woodward Avenue went down to the River
 where the Detroit Windsor Ferry dock
 was between Woodward and Beley just
 to the east of Woodward Avenue. Between
 the River and Jefferson Avenue on the
 west side of Woodward was the old
 Mariners Church moved to its present
 location about 1955. Just south of
 the Mariners Church on the west side
 of Woodward was Vernors Ginger Ale.
 This was apparently the first drive in
 as you could angle park on Woodward
 and a waitress would come out for your
 order. The usual order was for "Cream Ale"
 a combination of cream and ginger ale.
 Just in front on the second floor level
 was an electric sign using colored
 electric light bulbs of a bottle opening
 as the stopper was removed, the ginger ale
 pouring into the glass. On the building
 wall was a painted ad for Vernors
 with the slogan "Deliciously Different"
 My Dad affectionately called my

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mother "Verna's" ~~claiming~~ she was "deliciously different." On the east side of Woodward were outdoor vending stands like vegetable stands. Fruit and a cigar-shaped fruit called locusts were for sale. These apparently came from locust trees and the fruit was sweet. I thought this must be the Locust John the Baptist etc. I have since been convinced he ate the insects which are edible by the natives of Palestine.

After graduating in January 1934 from Southeastern High School, my first job was as chauffeur for a retired Certified Public accountant called Fred Suter. He lived in the Puritan or Pelquin apartment on Jefferson and McClellan Avenues. One of the Windjammer Boat Club. Dennis "Beaky" Richards also lived in the same apartment as his dad was caretaker. Jim Hands was the driver for Fred Suter but he got a printing job and I became Mr Suter's driver in Feb. 1934. My salary was 35¢ a hour and my hours were 2:00 pm to 4:00 pm and 7:00 pm to 11:00 pm.

(Previously referred to)

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Beaky got his nickname as my name Danny and his Dennis were too similar so the boys called him Beaky. Later they gave me the nickname of The Count. The full name was Count Desprez of Desprez Castle.

Working for Mr Suter was most unusual. He weighed 360 lbs. and had a 1932 Chevrolet Coupe equipped with handles near the inside roof to help him get inside.

In the afternoon I would buy him a case of beer at the local A. & P. plus two packs of cigarettes. Occasionally we would drive to Rubys Magazine Store on Woodward near Milwaukee Avenue and I would buy him a magazine called "Filmfun". At night, after driving, I would make a sandwich in the kitchen and when I would leave he was stretched out in a ~~the~~ large chair in the living room reading "Filmfun" drinking beer and smoking cigarettes. Strange, he never smoked or drank during the day but at

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night he would consume the case of beer and smoke the two packs of cigarettes.

He banked in Windsor and we drove over there occasionally. Some ~~days~~ afternoons he would say "Let's ~~be~~ go for a drive and get some fresh air." When I looked at him, he then lowered the window one inch. His car had free-wheeling and a new car was very unusual during the Depression.

Sometimes he would say he wanted to drive in the afternoon. Once he was driving south on Oakley Drive and stopped for a Traffic Light at Mc Nichols. The approach to the intersection was inclined and when the light turned green, he removed his right foot from the brake pedal to place on the accelerator. The car drifted backward and his foot moved back to the brake. By the time he got the car moving forward the light had changed red again. It took three light changes before he got across. His great weight and size prevented him from being very nimble. Once while driving east on Jefferson near Beaubien, I saw a red light. The lights at that time did not have long tubes on them to prevent the sun from reflecting.

The sun from the west prevented me from seeing the red light and the police stopped me. Mr. Suta said let him do the talking. I was too naive to realize that I was chauffeuring without a chauffeurs license.

The first Traffic signal I remember was at Jefferson and the Belle Isle Bridge in the mid-1920's. It was a tall tower, with one or two policemen in the top. They change the signal lights on the tower which was in the center of the intersection.

One time I came into ~~at 2:00~~ his apartment at 2:00 pm and he was on the bed. He asked me to clip his toenails as he could not reach them.

In May 1934, I quit and a boy called Roger took my place. I had saved enough money to build a 17 ft sailboat which I built the summer of 1934 and called it "The Spray". I painted it orange and black. I made the side boards from ~~Redwood~~ Redwood. It was a sloop and was flat-bottomed and had a cabin. At the same time, Jim Nantz built an 18 ft. sailboat called "The Penguin". Al Kerner also built a 20 ft. Sincidol class called "Popeye". Jim had previously built a 12 ft. semi round bottom rowboat. I believe Bill Brody and Jimmy Stevenson had rowboats. The fleet of the Waukegan Boat Club was growing.

While building the Spar in my garage, Ollie Hands would come over and help me, one day while planning the side of the boat, a 2" chisel fell off the deck and the corner of the chisel went into the upper portion of my calf. It ~~hit~~ hit an artery and blood spurted out. My sister, Mena, came out of the house and poured peroxide on it. I launched the boat around Labor Day, 1934. I had built it from a book I got from The Hurbit Library but it was not a very complete plan.

In November 1934 I began my schooling at The Business Institute on the 10th or 11th floor of the Michigan Theatre Building downtown taking the Secretarial Course. It was a 2 year course but I graduated in June of 1936. The courses taken were Bookkeeping, Spelling, Commercial Law, Typing and Stenography Stenotype.

The typing was on manual typewriters as electric ones were not available yet.

My typing speed at graduation was 65 words per minute and my stenotype was 150 words per minute. I also learned Pencil Stenography at 75 wpm. I bought a new Stenotype machine which I still have for \$36.⁰⁰.

My first job was at J. T. Wingo's, a wholesale hardware company near the Detroit Windsor Tunnel. My salary was \$18.⁰⁰ per week.

I worked from June 1936 until Nov 30 1936 when I was laid off. The J.T. Wing had borrowed \$100,000. - from the Federal government (RFC) and could not make the first payment. So had to lay off ten employees.

I remember the summer of 1936 was a hot one with temperatures over 100°F. The building was being sand blasted and we had to keep our windows closed. It was stifling. The owner J.T. Wing Jr. had purchased a 3 masted schooner in the East being greatly influenced by the General Manager, Grant Piggott. They had the boat sailed up the Great Lakes without a propulsion power. It was becalmed on Lake Erie and the crew mutinied.

I finally was towed up the Detroit River and spent some time in the that autumn tied up to the dock at the Detroit Yacht Club. I spent one night aboard with another young man from J.T. Wing and Dave Hands. It was a cold November night with a little north wind. We played a card game called "Hearts" and the loser had to stay in the net below the bowsprit for either ten minutes or half an hour. I forgot who lost but it was not me. While the loser was outside below the bowsprit we called to him from the warm cabin telling him how much time was left in his vigil. On the spring, I recall climbing the shrouds or ratlines. It was a lot higher looking down than looking up.

The J.T. Wing made a few trips as a lumber schooner, then was used by the Boy Scouts and finally donated to the city for a museum.

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It was placed on the south side of
Bell Isle as a marine museum. It became
rotted and has now been replaced by
a building the Dossin marine museum.

While working at J.T. Wang as a stenotypist
stenography in the sales dept. I was
met Eugene — who had also been a
stenotypist. Another man who worked there
lived across Lemay from me and I went to &
from work with him in his car. He had no
heater and claimed by the time the heater
would throw out heat, he was at work.
That wasn't true but it was his excuse
for no heater.

Highlights of life of D. R. Bateman

75

12-26-16 4:00 a.m. born at 705 Engle Ave, Detroit mi.

1921 (4 years old) broke left elbow

1924 (7 years old) June 3 left for Detroit Fresh Air Camp, Northville

1926 (9 years old) moved to 711 Lemay Ave, Detroit

1927 (approx.) Began going to Windsor Church

1929 (12 years old) met Dave Hands began Windjammer Boat Club

1934 (Jan.) 17 yrs old graduated from Southeastern High School

1934 (Feb.) 17 yrs old. Began driving Fred Sute, retired CPA.

1934 (Summer) built sloop "Spray" 17 ft long

1934 (Nov.) Started Secretarial Course The Business Institute

1936 (June) 19 yrs old Graduated & start work at JTW inc

1936 (Nov. 30) Laid off at J.T. Wing

1936 (Dec 3) Began working for Chevrolet Central Office

1937 (Aug 14) Began steady courtship of Olive Hands

1938 (June 22) Proposal marriage to Olive Hands

1939 (July 15) Married Olive Hands

1941 (Sept.) moved into new house at 6165 Guilford Detroit

* 1941 (Dec. 7) World War II begins for USA

1945 World War II Ends

1947 (Oct.) Transferred to Parts & accessories at Chevrolet

1951 Transferred to Parts Catalog Dept

1951 or 1952 Began part time job at Federal Dept Store

1953 Transferred to Order Pad Dept at Chevrolet

1955 Transferred to asst Mgr. accessory distribution Dept

1956 (Oct) Transferred to Parts Complaints (Spec. Order) Dept

1962 Department transferred to Argonaut "A" Bldg

1941 (August) Began Young Peoples Class Lockwood Church

1945 (March) Mark Ross Bateman born

1945 Lockwood Church moves to Nine Mile & Fairbush ^{EAST} DETROIT

1946 (MARCH) move to 30034 Elm Grove St. Clay Shores MI

1948 (APRIL 9) Timothy Daniel Bateman born

[1946 (Dec 7) Mrs Hands Olive's mother dies (age 63)

1946 (Summer) build small house across drive for Mrs Hands

1947-48 (Summer) Mr. Hands lives in small house.

1948 (Dec 6) Mr Hands dies (72 years old)

LATE
1947

~~1948~~ 1949 Dave & Helen move into new home

1951 (March 2) Daniel Stephen Bateman born

1951 approx Mr & Mrs T D Bateman move into little house

1953 Mom & Dad Bateman build house at 30106 Elm Grove St

1947

~~1953~~ (Prior to that church Hands & Kerns build house)

1962 new church building built on Nine mile near home

1963 (May) new church bldg dedicated. Maurice Hall speaks

1956 (FEB 26) D R B appointed as Elder at East Detroit Church

1966 (Sept 1) Transferred to owner Relations Dept

1965 (Nov) Mom & Dad moved to Clintonview Care Center

1966 (May) Mom died age 88

1969 (Feb) Dad died age 89 (2 weeks prior to age 90)

1969 (Aug) East Detroit St. Clair St. Church merged

1970 Elders of Northeast Church made directors Home for aged

1981 (Dec) D R B retires after 45 years at GM

1982 (June) O Cleve retires after 27 years at Fisher Inc.

1982 Oct. begin boat storage at Island Harbor

1982 Marilyn Jones has illness similar to Lupus

1982 (Dec) Clyde Jones dies Marilyn moved late 1982

On Dec 3, 1936 I was interviewed by Mrs. Marion Stallworth Manager of Production & Standards at Chevrolet Central office and was hired as a ~~stenographer~~ stenographer. My first assignment, however, was running a ditto machine and filing blueprints. My salary was \$75.00 per month. Also running another ditto machine was John Hodiak. John had been active in school and church plays and had a part time job at a radio studio. He quit Chevrolet for a lesser paying but more desirable full-time job with the radio station. In the GM Bldg was an auditorium where employees once a month during their lunch hour could see and hear motion pictures. One day, they showed a film of "The Lone Ranger" showing how radio actors simulated the sounds of the drama. Our fellow-employee John Hodiak was a part of the cast. Later, he moved to Chicago after obtaining the lead in a radio program on the cartoon character Lil Abner. Later John went to Hollywood, appeared in several pictures including "Lifeboat" with Tallulah Bankhead. John married actress Anne Baxter. He died around age 45.

around 1935, ^{Rud Polansky, Fred Elger} Fred Elger and others tried to interest us boys in forming another boat club. We organized the albatross Boat Club (initials A.B.C. and I was elected secretary. It was not long lived however.

Dave and I have reflected that our teen age years were but a few years, it seemed a long time and we have many happy memories of those days.

Refered
over

* We met in Buffle's on St. Clair and we moored our boats in the back in Harding Canal. The ~~real~~ club backers lost interest when we failed to sell one a class boat we believe they expected us to purchase them from Pouliot's yard.

The ABC effort began due to a newspaper article referring to our group as the "pebble boat fleet."

Around 1936 or 1937, Al Kerner, his sister, Alvin, Ollie & I would go each Saturday to St. Clair in his model A Ford, we went to a stable and enjoyed horseback riding. Two horses I remember by name were Prince and Bonnie Bell. In the evening the four of us would go to the Ramona Theatre. No one would sit close to us, I guess, we smelled "horsey".

In August 1937, the four of us went in Al's Suicide Boat the Popeye to Peche Island. It was the first time I held Ollie's hand and that was the beginning of our romance.

On June 22, 1938 Ollie's 18th birthday I planned to propose marriage to her. I had, however, asked Mr. Hepplewhite ~~to~~ of Gratiot Chevrolet to sell my 1936 Dodge. He called June 22 and said he had a ~~big~~ buyer and to bring it in. I said I needed the car but he insisted and loaned me a 1936 Ford. Driving with Ollie to Farmington, it started to get dark and I couldn't find the car's light switch. I stopped in a gas station at Maidstone. The man reached into me then drove to Farmington and walked along the sand where the trees meet the sand. As we sat down, I asked Ollie to marry me and produced a diamond engagement ring which dropped in the sand. Fortunately, the full moon that night gave us enough light to find it.

We were married on July 15, 1939 by Albert Keenan at the Fairview Church of Christ. Melf Horrocks was best man but Dave Hanky drove us in his 1937 Oldsmobile in which he had two horns installed so he could play "Here Comes the Bride."

My ^{early} church life was spent in Windsor. [⊗] I was baptized at the ~~small building on College near Campbell~~ on January 5, 1930.

⊗ I was about seven years old when my Dad & others of English extraction began the church in Windsor. I believe I attended the second service there. It was in the downtown area perhaps in the Odd Fellows Hall. I remember sitting in a stairway near a balcony during the service. Later the church moved to a school building on Budge & Wyndolte. They purchased property on the northwest corner of College & Campbell and built a basement church on that corner. There already was a small building at the back of the property and it was in that building I was baptized in January 5, 1930.

The church then purchased the building previously owned by the Catholic Church located on Curry Ave. I believe the purchase price was \$3000.

We were still meeting there in 1941 when Bro. Wearning asked me to teach the young people at the Lockmoor church. My wife and I began working with Lockmoor around August 1941.

My dad's 1927 had a manifold heater, which was a 3" opening on the firewall in front of the passenger seat. I like sitting there with the heat blasting up my pant legs. Of course no one else had any heat but I was comfortable across the street on Lemay but just behind the grocery store on the corner of Lemay was a home where the Amatos lived. The young man (I've forgotten his name) had an old Ford Touring Car (an open body). In the floor of the back seat was a grille where the heater outlet was located. It seemed so strange to have a heater there when the whole body was open. Of course, there was curtains put up during a storm or in winter.

Some people in that day put their cars away for the winter. Wm Horach, in Windsor, did this each winter putting his car on blocks in the garage.

After being laid off Nov. 30, 1936, I returned to The Business Institute. They had a placement service and on Dec. 3, 1936 I was sent to Chevrolet Central Office, in the GM Bldg. I met the receptionist, Miss Florence Farrell. I went down to the Ground Floor to the Production & Standards Dept. There I was interviewed by Mr. Marion Stallsmith, the office manager. I was hired and my first job was filing blueprints and running a ditta machine along with my machine was one operated by John Horach. He was working at Chevrolet full time and also part time on radio.

at the GM Bldg was an auditorium. although it was made into offices during World War II, prior to that time, it was used for several purposes. Approximately once a month there were movies or other entertainment during the lunch hour for the employees. One time at noon, there was a movie of the "Lone Ranger". The movie showed the action of the man on horses; then the scene changed showing the actors in the radio studio and showed the sound effects. There on the screen was John Hodiak. He left Chevrolet for a lesser paying job working full time in a radio studio. Later, he got an opportunity to play the lead in "Jill Abner" on a Chicago Radio station. Later, he went to Hollywood and appeared in several movies one of which was "Lifeboat" with Tallulah Bankhead. John married Anne Baxter. Unfortunately he died while only in his 40's.

after about three months, I did become a stenographer, working for Andy Swords. Andy was responsible for the Chief Inspectors at all eleven Chevrolet assembly plants. There were only men employed in the Production & Standards Dept.

after a period of time, I was promoted to a clerical position wherein I worked with the Laboratory and sent samples to be checked to blueprint specification by the Lab & the inspectors. ~~Just~~ on Oct. 1947 I was transferred to the Parts & accessories Dept as an accessory distributor.

I had several jobs in The Post Dept working also in the Catalog and the Order Pad Departments. In 1962 ~~we~~ our Dept was transferred to the 10th floor of Argonaut "A" bldg and in Sept 1966 I was transferred to the Service Dept later known as Consumer Relations Dept. On Jan 1, 1981 our Dept was transferred to the Treat. Center and I retired, officially Jan 1, 1982 after over 45 years

Although I had known Ollie since she was 9 years old, my first real contact with her was when I came in the evenings to her brother's house at 1256 Tillibridge and she asked me to help with her homework.

Al Kerner, his ~~sister~~ Alby, Ollie & I went in al's Model A Ford each Saturday to St. Clair to go horseback riding. No romance involved, as Al & I sat in the front and Ollie & Alby sat in the back. Two horses I remember were Prince (supposedly a race horse at one time) and Bonnie Bell. One day coming back to the stable, Bonnie Bell made a quick turn & threw Ollie another time, Prince began galloping & threw me off. We would eat at a restaurant near Multnomah & go to the movies at night at the Ramona or Graciot. No one would sit near us (I guess we smelled like horses).

One day I took a blonde with us and her horse kept going into the woods & I would follow. When we drove home, I took Ollie home first & this blonde last. Ollie couldn't understand why and it was the first time she noticed me. She has since said of Al the boy in the club, I was the least attractive & least desirable.

In any event, on August 14, 1937,
 along with Al I went to Peche Island
 on his suicide sloop the Popeye.
 sitting across the center of Al I
 I held hands. our first hint of romance
 I asked her to marry me on her birthday
 June 22, 1938 (the details ~~mentioned~~ ^{mentioned} ~~previously~~)

and on July 15, 1939 we
 were married by Albert Keenan in
 The Fairview Church of Christ
 Mel Horrocks was my best man &
 we drove away from the church in
 Dave Hands Oldsmobile. Dave had
 installed two horns and plays
 "Here comes the Bride"

We moved into the Brownmans
 apartment at 711 Lewman Ave.
 In 1941 we bought a lot and started
 building a house at 6165 Guilford
 we moved in in Sept 1941 just three
 months before Pearl Harbor

On March 28, 1945 our first child
 was born Mark Ross Bakeman at
 Cottage Hospital, Long Beach

In March 1946 we sold our house on Guilford and purchased Morris Dady Cottage at 30034 Elmgrove in St Clair Shores. Lower Helen moved in upstairs & began building their house across the street at 30035 Elmgrove.

On April 9, 1948 our second child was born Timothy Daniel Beloman at St Joseph Hospital in Mt Cement.

On March 2, 1951 our third child was born in St Joseph Hospital Mt Cement.

In 1957 the lots along Elmgrove were purchased by a developer & new homes were constructed on 50 ft lots.

Prior to that we had fields, dirt roads, no sidewalks, sewers on street light, we now have all of these improvements.

Soon after moving to Elmgrove we decided to get a home for Ellie's mother. She often said she didn't even have a Rabbit Hutch. We purchased a small real estate house from Ray - near Harper & the County line. It cost \$75. - we had it moved to the vacant lot just across our driveway. This was done after Ellie's mother had left for Toronto as Lil was expecting Jane.

While Mrs Handy was gone, we moved the little house onto the place across from our driveway, dug across our drive to give her water, put in a siphon tank & put an electric wire from our house for lights, put up a picket fence painted white, put in a lawn painted the house, put in a phone, flood lights on the tree and a sign in front "~~Handy~~ Mom's Rabbit Hula!"

We were all in our house knowing Chuck had gone to Toronto to get Mrs Handy. We watched & when we saw a car come down Garfield turn down Elmgrove, Dave rushed to our garage & turned the flood light onto the little house & sign.

Since that time we thought the shock could have caused Mrs Handy to have a heart attack.

She was surprised & overjoyed. Unfortunately it was not to last as she passed away in our house on Dec. 6, 1946.

After her death Mr Handy moved into the little house. He was taken later to Wapre County General Hospital and died Dec. 8, 1948.

we tried to dispose of the house after that but although the price was low enough, when a potential buyer had a mover estimate the cost of moving it, they backed out.

Because of the memories, we decided to tear it down & I had taken quite a lot of it down when due to my mother's illness which was nearly fatal, the doctor suggested she leave Lemay & I rebuilt the little house & Mom & Dad moved in in 1949 or 1950. They lived there until they moved into their new home at 30106 Elmgrove in 1953.

They had 30106 Elmgrove home built by National Lumber. It was completed outside but only studding inside. We finished the inside with wall board.

This is the same way Chuck Handy built his house at 30105 Elmgrove.

Al Kerner built next to Mom & Dad's house. Al built his house of cement blocks.

It's strange that of the boys in the Windjammer Boat Club, several live close together: we at 30034 Elmgrove,

Dave & Helen Hands at 30035 Elm Grove
 Chuck Hands at 30105 Elm Grove at Kerney
 at 30110 Elm Grove & Bell Brady on the
 corner of Garfield & maison just one
 block away.

In the 1920s, mom & Dad purchased
 lots at Bummy Run Country Club near
 Lake Orion about 40 miles from our house
 at 711 Lemay. Not having much money
 during the Depression, they decided to put
 a cottage on the property. They bought
 a small real estate house for \$5.00 and
 my Uncle Bob moved it onto the site. Then
 he located a bus body used as a waiting room
 at the bus terminal on Second Avenue in
 Highland Park, mom & Dad bought it
 for \$5.00 and moved it on a trailer to Bummy Run.

One week mom invited several of the
 Windjammers to come to Bummy Run to
 help build & complete the cottage. Several
 of us went but we didn't do much work.

There was a clubhouse there near Long Lake
 and a logan toboggan slide that was
 used in the winter. The toboggans went
 across the frozen lake. In the summer,
 we would climb up the slide & come down
 on a board stopping before we went in the water.

I remember we would go swimming on
 Memorial Day May 30 but it was often cold
 July 4 was warm. Uncle George & aunt Mima
 also had a cottage at Bummy Run.
 mom & Dad's burned down and they talked

the lots for other, on Artificial Lake
but never rebuilt a collage.

My church experience started at the
Fairview Church on Fenway & Vernon. I
remember the Christmas programs when I stood
on the stage with my sister Lily. I was too
scared to recite and hoped Lily would make
the recitation.

In 1924 or 1925, my Dad & other church
members with an English background started
the congregation in Windsor. I attended the
second service. It was held in a hall up
downtown Windsor. I remember sitting on the
upper level. Later the church began worshipping
in a public school on Bridge Ave & Wyandotte.
They bought lots on Collage & Campbell
and met in that small schoolhouse on the
property until they built a basement where
the meeting was held. In the small
schoolhouse was a baptistry. I was
baptized on January 5, 1930. Bro Wm Horrocks
was our Sunday School teacher and he taught
the teenage boys in the coal room in the
basement of the new building. Many happy
memories of events in that building. I went with
Dad regularly and we would be invited to lunch
or dinner by the various members. When Mom came
she would not go. Instead brought lunch
consisting of sausage rolls, etc. we then ate
at the church building. Since the bridge & tunnel
were not built until 1928 and 1930 we often
had a long wait (approx 1 mile of cars) to get on the

Windsor Ferry at night

Dad often drove people to their home in his 1927 Chevrolet. I remember one morning after service he had his car packed with people. He put the car in first gear and as he moved towards the railroad track which was near the church building and on an incline, he put it in second gear but in error he actually put it in reverse. The packed car had moved forward & we all expected to continue. Suddenly we were in reverse.

I remember learning to drive in the 1927 Chevrolet. I was only 12 years old (at that time you could get a license when 14 years old). Dad would let me start the car after morning services. I learned to drive at 12 years of age.

One day Melford Horrocks & I were with my Dad driving along Sandhill Street going to Toronto via Belle River. Dad followed the road but instead of turning left, he continued on then turned right. Mel & I kept telling him he was going in the wrong direction but Dad didn't listen until he came to a sign that said "East Windsor City Limits". Then Dad said, "We must be going in the wrong direction."

The church in Windsor purchased an old Catholic Church on Curry Ave for \$3000.- A real bargain. Its only drawback was no parking only in the street. We sure had lots of fun in that building. The young people had parties and games in the basement.

We had a very active young peoples group. I had invited Dave Hands over and he came quite regularly. I introduced him to

Heley Bean & he married her in 1940. My future wife Ollie began going to Windsor with me and we were married July 15, 1939.

It was somewhat awkward going to Windsor. They were at war and the U.S. was not. In 1941, Bro. Nelson Wearning came to our house on Lemay and asked me to come to the Lockmoor church to teach the Young People. Ollie & I left Windsor and began our work at the Lockmoor church.

During the war we began building a new church building at Stanley Ave & Harper (NE Corner) but the contractor ran off with our money & we had to pay \$90. - to have the hole filled in. We then bought a new duplex home.

at 17500 Nine Mile Road at Lambrecht.

It was not long after that, the church divided, some going to Roseville to begin the church there.

→ In 1962, the church bought property at 15537 Nine Mile Road and the new building was dedicated May 1963.

~~In 1960~~ In August 1961, the East Detroit Church & the St. Clair Shores church merged & became known as the Northeast Church of Christ

On Feb 26, 1956 appointed elder. Had previously been a deacon

In 1970 the elders of Northeast became the Board of directors at the Roman Home for the aged. Erse, Vera Mae Rigganbach's were the administrators

Efforts were made to expand at Rome but without sewer or water we could not get a loan. a new 130 bed facility was built in Clinton Township followed by a 52 unit Senior Citizen Housing Complex. Neil Burnham was the administrator. He left and Lou Elliott became the new administrator. David Wallace resigned as elder. Later (in 1983) Jack Loftis resigned as elder leaving Jim Langford, Bob Wilson & myself as elders. In 1983 our son Dan & Jack Wilson were appointed deacons.

Lester Allen was spiritual director at the Care Center but resigned. Dick Crossman took over this work until he was called back to Chrysler. I did this work in the Spring of 1980 until David Walker began this work in Sept 1980. I worked at Chevrolet Central Office retiring Jan 1, 1980.

Olle worked for Lake Shore Public Schools for 27 years retiring in May or June 1980. At her retirement it was mentioned that she had driven school buses for 500,000 miles without an accident. Her brother Dave said that amounted to 20 times around the world at the equator.

Vacations

after ~~the children were born~~, we were married. Ollie & I went vacationing in the Mich State Parks. Our favorite was Ludington State Park. The trails had been built during the Great Depression by the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) a Federal Government Project. Counsellors were employed and children were taken care of during the day. In the evening, they had campfires and sing-alongs.

* after the children were born, we began camping again but we found the old umbrella tent we used before the children, was too small for the five of us. We purchased a larger tent and a stake trailer and visited the State Parks with our 1950 Chevrolet.

In 1955 we purchased and used our brand new 18 ft Vacation Trailer Little Gem.

We again visited the State Parks this time with our 1953 Chevrolet.

approximately 1956 Audrey & Norm Fisher purchased a cottage called "Silver Sands" on Georgian Bay at Woodland Beach. We spent several vacations there until the Fishers sold the cottage.

When I began to get four week vacations at Chevrolet, we would take one week and Ollie & I would drive on a special one week trip. One year we went to New England, one week to Florida, one week to Kitty Hawk, NC, and as far south as Myrtle Beach, S.C.

On our 25th wedding anniversary, we drove to Martha's Vineyard, Cape Cod, and the White

* we also spent vacations at Little Lake
in Midland Ontario with Ollie's sister Lil
and her husband Ernie Seymour

mountain in New Hampshire

In 1975, we flew to England. Spent one week in London, rented a car and drove two weeks around England, Scotland, and flew over from Blackpool to The Isle of Man.

We saw most of our relatives, Harry & Clare Hands in Hawkinge, Frank & his wife Lily and her mother Lily in Exbridge. We went to church at Welbly and spent Sunday afternoon at Madame Tussauds Wax Works & Hyde Park.

We visited Stonehenge and Bath and went into many castles & Cathedrals.

In Dalton, we visited Fred & May Bateman, Charlie Bateman, Mr. & Mrs. Jimmy Clague and Ethel & Brian Boast. In Laxey, Isle of Man, we met a cousin Joyce Sarrett.

In approx 1976, we took our 1973 Chevrolet Station Wagon and spent a month traveling out west, sleeping in the car. We met my mother's sister, Aunt Minnie (Mena Davidson) one year, we went with Eddie & Jeannette Schiele and met Earl Beatty and his daughter & son-in-law Johnnie & Carolyn & their two sons and floated down the Colorado River Rapids & through the Grand Canyon. It was a five day trip climaxed by a helicopter & small airplane ride back to our car at Page.

after the children were grown, we took one week of our vacation and drove to various parts of the country. one year we went to Atlantic City, rented bikes & rode on the Boardwalk, then to Kitty Hawk NC, and down to Myrtle Beach South Carolina. We also visited Gettysburg, Pa.

One year we went to Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, the Cog Railway on Mt. Washington in New Hampshire.

One year to Nova Scotia and a ride on the Bluenose schooner.

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A Ring Retrieved

(1)

During the summer of 1982, we sailed up the west side of Lake Huron through the Straits of Mackinac into Lake Michigan towards Traverse City. My wife and I were in our 25 ft. sailboat and my brother-in-law and his wife in their 29 ft. sailboat. We anchored off the shore at my wife's niece's cottage. We were anchored in about ten feet of water but about 100 yards further from the shore and our boats, the water depth dropped to about 600 ft. ~~and~~ a storm ~~was~~ was imminent and we therefore put out double anchor lines to prevent drifting into the 600 ft depth.

Since the storm was still a few hours away, my wife and I decided to scrub the boats' topsides using a small boat to hold us. My wife had a ^{valuable} ring given to her by a friend for her retirement a month previous and it was slightly large for her finger. It was valuable as it was gold with diamonds. After scrubbing the topsides, we put on the mast light which serves as an anchor light for the night. We then rowed to shore where my wife discovered the ring was missing from her finger.

Marilyn Jones

(2)

Inasmuch as the storm had now commenced, it was not possible to go out again. The storm lasted two full days and nights and, fortunately, the anchors held and the boats remained in position.

After the storm, we made viewers by cutting the bottoms out of large coffee cans and placing plexiglas in the bottoms. We then took two rowboats and patrolled the area. We thought we saw a glister on the bottom which consisted of sand and rocks. It was later discovered that what had gleamed was a small bolt glistening in the sun.

Eventually, we knew we would not be successful and when we gave up the search, a friendly neighbor told us of a professional diver who taught students in Traverse City.

Upon phoning the diver, he came out promptly, spent one hour searching with no success. When asked if he should continue at the rate of \$50.⁰⁰ per hour, my wife's friend, knowing of the ring's value, said to continue the search.

(3)

Meanwhile, my wife's brother, after ~~see~~ reviewing how the boat lay prior to the storm, suggested the divers try another location which he did.

After ten minutes of searching in the new location, he came up with the ring in his hand.

We were all overjoyed and you can imagine how very pleased my wife and her friend were on shore when they learned of the success of the search.

The ~~remarkable~~ success ~~was~~ of the find was especially remarkable when you consider the two day ~~se~~ storm that prevented us from ever getting out during the daytime to extinguish the anchor lights.

That, together, with a mixture of sand and rocks on the bottom made us all especially appreciative of our divers success in locating the ring.

(4.)

Needless to say, as soon as
we returned home, the jeweler
resized the ring so it now fits correctly.

To our baby-to-be, I am writing this poem.
And I'm welcoming you now into our town home.
Although you're not born, we're expecting you soon,
and Mama and I have been fixing your room.

It's such a nice room, and you'll love it so much
For there's pictures in there of rabbits and such.
The ceiling is pink and the walls they are blue,
and a border between that we think you'll like, too.

There's Peter and Teddy and Little Chuck, too.
They romp all around on a background of blue
They bounce around and around, and they fall on their bum,
and to watch them go 'round is sure lots of fun.

And then there's a girl, she's real cute, oh, yes, very.
And I think she might answer if you call her, "Mary."
They're all very happy and they're waiting for you
To come live in their room with the walls that are blue.

I know you're not here yet, but I just can't wait.
And I thought that today was a pretty good date
To have Santa Claus bring you a cute little toy.
He didn't know if it was for a girl or a boy.

Well, here it is Christmas and we hope it is merry
For you and for Mama; Peter, Teddy, and Mary.
We all love each other and Daddy's included,
And so with a "merry Christmas," this letter is concluded.

The End

