

FAMILY ORIGIN

Coat of Arms: Per chevron or/and azure three mullets counterchanged.

Great: Two wings expanded or/and azure.

DAY

Old records state that the name Day was spelled in various ways, such as Day, Daye, Daie, and D'Aje. The earliest record tells of Richard Day who lived at Newport, Shropshire in the late 15th century. His son, George, became Bishop of Chichester and one of the king's chaplains at London. The family was well known as printers, bankers, and religious reformers. John Day was most noted and he suffered imprisonment for his religious views. He produced, in 1563; the first collection of psalm tunes in London.

Robert Day arrived in Boston on the ship Elizabeth in the year 1636. He was a faithful follower of the Rev. Samuel ~~Tod~~ Toker who established the, Connecticut in 1639.

He **printing tradition** was brought to this country in 1638 by Stephen Day who settled in Massachusetts. He had been hired by Rev. Joseph Glover to operate the printing press. It was on this printing press that Day produced the first book to be printed in America: The Whole Book or Psalms Faithfully Translated into English.

Many ancestors of this family are prominent throughout the United States in the fields of the arts and business.

Sarah Gates Tyler

This pioneer lady was born in Monroe County, New York in 1820. She was the beginning of a dynasty. She was married at the age of 17 to Aaron B. Tyler. In 1838 they moved to Michigan and settled in Ross Township, Kalamazoo County. They built a log cabin on top of Hamilton Hill at Hamilton Lake and were the first non-Indian people to live in that area. Later a Chicago lawyer bought the property and built a house around the cabin, so I guess you could say it is still in existence. How long Sarah and Aaron lived at Hamilton Lake is not known, but when they did move, it was about two miles west to the tract of land where I was raised. It was know as the Tyler Farm. Aaron #1 built another log cabin and started to break up the land for farming, In 1888 the house I lived in was built by my grandfather, Luther C. Tyler. It still stands, but of course has been remodeled several times and is no longer a farm.

In the early to middle 1800's, the Tyler Farm area was pioneer country. The farm actually was a tract of land at the northeast intersection of Hamilton Lake Road (now called A & B Avenue), and what is now known as 44th Street. There was also a small portion of land to the west of 44th Street boundaried by Augusta Creek. There was a total of 84 acres in the original Tyler Farm. It has always been a curiosity as to why Aaron #1 picked that particular tract of land for farming. There were only about 50 acres that could be made suitable for farming and the rest of the land was marsh and swamp. All of the tillable land had to be cleared before any farming could be done. The land was covered with beech and maple trees, and rocks. After the trees were cleared, rocks were picked up for many years. I even picked up many tons of rock while helping my Uncle Aaron. And that was 30-40 years after the clearing had started. In its favor, the land had a sizeable depth of good topsoil and produced good crops of both corn and hay. Deer and bear were numerous and furnished much of the food in the early days. Indians (generally friendly), were their neighbors when Sarah Gates Tyler first moved to Michigan.

One day, Sarah #1 was picking berries when she met an Indian woman. The Indian woman asked Sarah to eat with her. Although the Indians in that area for the most part were friendly, Sarah thought it best not to antagonize her, so she agreed. They went to a nearby Indian camp where the Indian woman picked up a chicken, wrung its neck and tossed it into a pot of boiling water, feathers and all. The Indian woman tossed Sarah a mat woven from cattails (the plant, not the animal), and indicated for Sarah to sit down. After a few minutes, the Indian woman picked the chicken out of the pot, removed the feathers, and tossed it back into the same pot and water. After it had cooked a little longer, the Indian woman broke the chicken into pieces and gave Sarah some to eat. By this time Sarah's appetite had pretty much left her, but in order not to offend her hostess, she ate some anyway.

There was a time when Sarah and Aaron's meat supply was getting low. Aaron went out to hunt and try to bag a deer. Sarah was anxiously awaiting his return... after all, no deer meant no meat. About nightfall she saw him coming up a ravine to the house. Several of the children ran out to see if he had been successful. Sarah noticed that there was some blood on her husband's hands and said, "Oh, you got one!" "No," he said, "I got two."

Aaron said he was a deer and shot at it. He saw it fall. When he approached the deer to dress it out, he noticed there was another deer lying dead. Apparently the second deer had been standing in back of the first one and one shot got them both. The meat problem was solved for quite awhile.

The Indians in that area were unequalled as hunters and especially as trackers. They would never let a wounded animal go off to die and thus waste the meat. If a deer ran off after being wounded, they would track it all day if necessary, never letting the animal rest, until eventually it would tire and they would catch up.

Sarah Gates Tyler and her husband, Aaron's first non-Indian neighbor was a man named John Lepper, also from New York. He moved to the area in 1884. He brought with him a sawmill and settled just north, and on the other side of the road,

of the second Tyler Farm where I grew up. He dammed up the Augusta Creek and used the backed up water to power his sawmill. John Lepper was responsible for the first manufactured lumber in the area. In strong urge anyone reading this to read the Lepper story. The Lepper story is very interesting and there is a lot of material in the book about the Tyler Family. Roy Kent, who stills lives in the area and is a grandson to Ellis, has done a masterful job of writing the book. The Leppers and the Tylers maintained a close relationship until the Tyler's deaths. Of the older Leppers I knew, John (#3) and Ellis, his Dad. Jack and Edwin were also sons of Ellis. I also knew a Lenaar Lepper who ran a passenger boat on Gull Lake.

The original Tyler's (the ones that came to Michigan from New York), had quite a few children, but some of them died while they were young. Nobody is sure of where they are buried. The surviving children were named, Addie, Sarah, Bathsheeba, Luther G., and Aaron A. Tyler.

Aaron A. Tyler married Julia martin. Aaron's life was very brief. They had no son, George, who was one year old when his father died. Aaron's wife later remarried to an Ed Allen, but had no more children. George married a Harriet Kellogg and she gave birth to Ben, Lula, another Aaron, George, and Leone.

Addie married a John Rickard and lived most of her life in Charlotte, Michigan. They had a son, Merton, and a daughter, Edith. There was a younger man named Richard that used to visit the Tyler Farm. I am assuming that he was Merton's son.

Sarah married a Dr. Martin. I don't think they had children. Dr. Martin got his degree from the University of Chicago.

Bathsheeba married Phillip Solomon and from that union came several well known families still living in the area of the Tyler Farm. More about this branch of the tree later.

When my Grandfather, Luther G. was only 16, he and his Father were planting corn. They came to the end of a row and my Grandfather stuck his planter up against the fence and said, "I'm going to enlist, I'm going in the Army." So he walked to Augusta, got a train to Grand Rapids, and enlisted. That was the second year of the Civil War, what we called the war of the rebellion. That would have been in about the year 1861 that he went into the Army. He was in three years. He was in the Battle of the Wilderness, the Battle Gettysburg, and some other battles, also.

When he got out of the Army, he married Artemesia "Art" Isham. Her real name was Artemesia Deustomony Isham so it's no wonder that everybody called her Art. That union resulted in eight children. Three of them died of diphtheria within three days of each other. I don't know their names... they were always referred to as "the babies." They are buried in the Day Cemetery in Ross Township. The five children that survived were named Will (born in 1869), Aaron A. Tyler (born in 1875), Amarilla (born in 1878), Sarah (born in 1881) and Clara (born in 1881). Of these five, Amarilla was my Mother and the other four, my aunts and uncles. It was with Aaron, Sarah, Clara, and my Mother, that I lived after my Mother and Father were divorced. I was only three when my Grandfather Luther died, so I really don't have much remembrance of him, except the day of his funeral. The funeral was held right at our house and I remember all the children had to stay up stairs until it was time for the funeral, and then we came downstairs. I remember his body was laid out in the parlor. And they had some old wooden chairs set up in there. And, of course, they did the ordinary things that happen at a funeral, but it didn't mean too much to me. His head was up above the edge of the casket. I remember I thought he was sleeping. I didn't know what dead meant. That's about all I can remember of my Grandfather. I do remember my Grandmother, Art. She lived on the Tyler Farm. She was a short, stocky little woman who liked to bake. And I liked to be around when she baked cookies. She passed away when I was ten years old after having been sick a long time. I remember she died one morning while we were eating breakfast. She was sick in bed. We heard her gasp for air and by the time the adults jumped up and ran to her room, she was gone. My Grandfather Luther,

Tyler's Mother (the original Sarah Gates Tyler), also passed away about that time, it was in wintertime. Oh, it was bitter cold. It had been below zero for days. She lived in Charlotte and when she died, they brought her body to Augusta and they had the funeral at the schoolhouse. It was known as the Day Bible School. It was also used as a church. The Day Bible Church is still there. They brought her out there on a sleigh, the snow was so deep. Almost everybody in the neighborhood helped dig her grave, they had to chop most of it with an axe. It was frozen almost six feet down. She's buried in the Day Cemetery.

Of the five children fostered by Luther and Art, Will and Amarilla were the only ones to ever marry. Will worked at building grain elevators and married a former sweetheart late in life. Her name was Edith Willison. Later that marriage broke up. After the marriage failed, Will went to St. Louis and ended up with a contracting business. It is said that he did all of the gorgeous wood carving which decorates the offices of the Anheuser Busch Brewing Company. In the 1920's, Will met again and married a former sweetheart. She moved back to St. Louis with him for awhile, but then he sold the contracting business and moved to Battle Creek, where he lived at 17 N. McKinley. Their marriage was a short one, however, because he died in 1930. My Mother, Amarilla (Rilla, as she was nicknamed), married my Father, Edwin Volney Day.

My Uncle Will passed away in 1930. We're not sure when his wife passed away. My Uncle Aaron passed away in 1948, my Mother, Amarilla in 1949, my Father, Ed in ___ and my Aunts, Sarah and Clara both in 1972.

Basheeba Tyler Solomon

Earlier I mentioned Basheeba Tyler. She was one of three daughters of the original Sarah Gates Tyler who moved to Michigan from New York. I have singled out Basheeba as the woman who has carried on the original Gates/Tyler bloodlines the furthest. Basheeba, who I called Auth Bash, married Phillip, "Phil" Solomon. From that marriage came several well-known families still residing in the area. Their

children were Clara Solomon Harrison, Susan Solomon Nichols, Cassius "Cash" Solomon and Russell Solomon. Russell died as a young man in 1884.

Clara's husband was Justus "Jut" Solomon. From this marriage came Walter Harrison, Clarence Harrison and Inez Harrison Paul. The dates of Clara and Jut Solomon's deaths are unclear, but I remember he died about the time I went to work at Kellogg's. Walter Harrison married Flora Gambel. He lived on the Harrison Farm and was a Santa Claus to anyone in trouble. They had ten children. I am not sure what order they came in, but the names were Mary, Leroy, Nina, Leola, Irma Jean, Helen, Inez, Richard, Beverly, and Russ. Walter, Flora and four of their children are deceased. Flora died first and Walter remarried, but had no children of the second marriage. His second wife also died first. Clarence Harrison married a Freda Frazier. They farmed for a while but they eventually moved to Battle Creek where Clarence took a job at Post Cereals. They have both passed away. They did have three girls: Clarida, Katherine Harrison Adams, and Pauline. Katherine and her husband, Dick Adams, both worked with me at Kellogg Company. Dick has now passed away, but Katherine is still living and retired from Kellogg's. Inez had a son Charles, born late in her life; as of this writing, he would be in his 40's. I was a pallbearer for both Walter and his wife, Flora. I'm not sure what happened to the rest of Walter and Flora's children.

Susan Solomon Nichols (another of Aunt Bash's children), married Eli Nichols. They had no natural children but adopted a child whose name was Rena Nichols. Rena was somewhat retarded and lived most of her adult life in a foster care home in Battle Creek. She was slightly older than I, so she is probably dead.

Cassius Solomon (another of Aunt Bash's children), married Nellie Trafford. They had one daughter, Fern. Fern and I went to country elementary school together. Fern married a Seward Russell. Seward passed away several years ago of cancer, but he fathered two sons, a Cassius Jr. "Junior" Russell and Wendall, and a

daughter, Leona. Junior married a Gloria Stryker and had two daughters, Rosanna Russell Winfield and Linda Russell Huntington.

The following is from Dad's Handwritten History.....

I was born on March 26 in a little house on what was then called the Day Road, but now is known as Avenue C. The place of my birth was in Ross Township, Kalamazoo County. The house in which I was born is still there but has been remodeled from time to time. This area was once called the Day Settlement, mainly because my Grandfather Chauncey Day and his brothers settled there before the Civil War. That road is lined with maple trees planted there by the Day Brothers. They carried the sapling trees on their backs from their home west of Dowling and planted them. Many of the trees are still standing. Years ago, when my Grandfather Chauncey was young, he used to work in the summer time farming, then in the winter time he'd go us to a little town to the north, called Luther, and work in the woods. This was probably around the year 1880. When he would to work in the woods, he would take his rifle along so he could hunt. In those days you could hunt anything, year 'round. He'd get a deer and ship it on a train down to Augusta. Some of the neighbors would go get it for my Grandmother. That would be her meat for the winter. He did that for several years. One year he took his brother-in-law up to Luther to go hunting with him. He took him out in the woods and said, "You set there and after a while, I'll come and get you."

So his brother-in-law sat there for awhile, but he got nervous and wanted to get out of there. He started wandering around and got lost. After several very anxious hours of wandering, he finally did get back to camp. Later, when my Grandfather got back, his brother-in-law told him about being lost, and my Grandfather said, "Well, didn't you have your compass with you?" And his Brother-in-Law said, "Hell yes, I had my compass, but that didn't point toward camp. It pointed north."

My Father was Edwin V. Day and my Mother was Rilla Tyler Day. Dr. Hobbs of Galesburg was the physician and my Aunt Sarah was also present. That proved

fortunate when, later in life, it came time for me to get my Social Security. My birth certificate was destroyed when the courthouse in Kalamazoo burned. And my Mother had already passed away. So it was Aunt Sarah's sworn testimony that allowed me to prove when I was born.

My first recollection of anything was after we moved to Comstock... and that recollection is very dim. I remember things like my Father used to like to go to the river and fish; and that he was going to take me to a ball game in Augusta on Decoration Day (Memorial Day, now), but it snowed and we couldn't go. My Father was a molder by trade and he had a job in a foundry in Comstock. It was while we were in Comstock that my Dad and Mother "parted." That was a term that in those days meant divorced. I was too young at the time (3 years old) to know what was going on. The only thing I remember was my Mother and I standing on the train platform waiting for a train called the Interurban. The tracks ran from Ann Arbor thru Kalamazoo then split. One track went to Holland, the other down around Niles. My Mother had a satchel (suitcase). I recall it seemed strange to me that my Father stood at the other end of the platform looking rather forlorn. My Mother told me then that we were going to live with my Grandmother (Artemisia, "Art"), my Mother's two sisters, Sarah and Clara, and her Brother, Aaron. I only saw my Father three times after that until he died at the age of 42. There was no such thing as weekend visitation rights at that time. From that time on, I was more a Tyler than a Day.

My first day of schools was the day after my 6th birthday, March 1910. I was scared to death of a neighbor boy by the name of Floyd Peak. It was his first day of school also. We both ended up in later life with brain tumors. He died on the operating table at the U of M Hospital, and of course, I have lived 35 years since my operation.

My grade school education was at a one-room school on the corner of the Tyler property. It was known as the Tyler District No. 7 School. About ½ acre of the original farm was donated for the purpose of building a school. A schoolhouse was built in 1884 or 1885, and it was called the Tyler School. It burned within a few

years after it was built. A new school was built around 1886 and was known as District #7. The understanding was that if the time ever came when there was no school on the land, it would revert to the ownership of the Tyler Farm. Unfortunately no one ever found a copy of that deed. It caused me a lot of problems after the Tyler's all passed away in trying to dispose of the property. I did go to another school for 3 months in Cedar Creek. My Mother worked as a live-in caretaker for a Mrs. Noble. I didn't like it there. Mr. And Mrs. Noble had never had children and he didn't like them. He was really a grouch to me.

Part of the time I was in elementary school, my Mother and my Aunt's Sarah and Clara got jobs in Kalamazoo in a playing card factory. They worked there for quite a few years. They made \$5.00 a week. They all had a room together in a rooming house. They had gaslights and gas heat all controlled by a coin meter. They had to keep a stack of quarters on hand. If they ran out of gas, they put a quarter in that meter and then they got 25 cents worth of gas. They were tiny people and ate goldfish. They would buy a pound of round steak for about 12 cents and that would be all they would eat for a meal for the three of them and they generally had some left over. My Mother would trade off with Aunt Clara every six months so she could take care of their Mother back on the farm. I guess this was an early example of job sharing. The other Aunt Sarah, who worked also, was greedy and would not take the time off to care for her Mother. I would go see my Mother ever once in a while. I would get on the Interurban train car at Augusta and ride it to Kalamazoo. That's where I saw my first movie. They weren't talkies in those days. I remember the first thing that would happen would be a light came on in the front of the theatre, then a guy would come out and start playing an old rickety-tickety piano...then they'd start the movie.

My Mother would work six months to get money to buy clothes and other things with, then she would come home so she could be with me and her Mother. Eventually the playing card company was sold, they lost their jobs and then they all came home. My Mother came home; too, she kept on at housework for various people.

I was in the 3rd or 4th grade when my Uncle Aaron had a nervous breakdown. Uncle Aaron and the women received a telegram saying their brother Will, had pneumonia and if they wanted to see him alive they had better come at once. The women couldn't go, but Aaron, even though he was sick, got out of bed and went to see his brother who lived in St. Louis. When Aaron returned, we noticed that he was physically better, but mentally disturbed. We never knew what caused the disturbance and Aaron never completely recovered from it. The irony was that the brother, Will, recovered from the pneumonia, moved to Battle Creek and lived at 17 N. McKinley Street.

Well, I sailed through 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th grade. I remember I had to go to Augusta for my 8th grade exam. In those days most children stopped their schooling at the 8th grade, so the exam was rather like a graduation exam. I was a frightened country boy who was basically afraid of people. However, I lived through and passed the exam. I decided to go on to high school. I had to go to Augusta to go to High School. I had to live there. I worked at the drug store after school and Saturdays. I earned \$4.00 a week. I paid \$6.00 a week for board and room. My Mother made \$6.00 a week doing housework and she paid the difference between my salary and the cost of my board and room. She also bought my clothes. I'll never know how she did it. I got 25 cents a week for spending money. But if I didn't eat supper, the woman where I stayed wouldn't charge me for it so if I wanted to go to some entertainment in the town, I wouldn't eat supper and that way I could afford a little recreation. I only lived in Augusta during the school year. In the summers I lived with my Mother and her Brothers and Sisters on the Tyler Farm. I spent my summers helping my Uncle Aaron tend the farm. Of course Uncle Aaron did farm during much of that time, but there seemed to be as many rocks growing as farm crops. Once Uncle Aaron and I were digging potatoes and I turned up a curious stone. A few feet away and a moment later Uncle Aaron found another. As we looked at them, we realized they probably were Indian artifacts. We were told however, that they predated the Indian era and had been made by primitive man to

skin animals. The Indians used them for that purpose when they could find them, but did not make them originally. It was my job, as a youngster, to follow along behind Uncle Aaron when he was cultivating corn. I uncovered the hills of corn that had been partially covered by the dirt as Uncle Aaron cultivated. It was not unusual to find several arrowheads in each row of corn we cultivated. They were so common that we only kept some of the more unusual ones and threw the rest away. Thousands of arrowheads and other Indian artifacts were picked up on the Tyler Farm. The ones that were saved, along with the stones mentioned above, are in the possession of my son, Richard. Richard is Aaron #1's great, great, grandson.

During my freshman year I was in the freshman school play and was scared to death. I also played baseball on the school team. We only won one game that year, against Galesburg. But we got better. I remember the first baseball game I played was at Galesburg High School. They decided that I should be an outfielder cause I was the only one that could catch a long fly ball. I got up to bat and I don't remember whether I walked or what. I might have got a hit, but I doubt it. We didn't have uniforms we just wore old clothes. I had a shirt that had blue cuff links on it. The cuff links were from the St. Louis World's Fair. My Uncle brought them to me when he went to that fair.

Well, the catcher got to razzin' me, he said, "Look at them fancy blue cuff links. Aim one right at him."

Well, that was enough for me. It scared the hell right out of me. I wasn't much of a ball player then. But finally I got on first base and I decided I was gonna go to second. Now we were playing a field just mostly all grass with little paths more like an animal trail between the bases. So with all that grass it was kind of slippery. I took off running and dove for second. I was running so hard that I slid right by the base about 4 feet and the second baseman tagged me out. I decided right there I better not be trying to steal bases. We won that game though. That made us feel pretty good. Then the Galesburg Team came over to Augusta to play and we beat

'em over there, too. About the time we began to think we were pretty hot stuff, Vicksburg High School came over to Augusta and beat us by about 21 to 5. Then we decided we weren't so hot. Most of that team, me included, started playing when we were freshman. By the time we got to be seniors and had played together four years, we beat some pretty good teams. We beat Hastings and Battle Creek. We beat Battle Creek on their own field, that was a big deal. We won what they called the Tri-Counties Championship. So we were the Champions of Kalamazoo, Calhoun and Barry Counties. And there were some pretty good schools in there.

During my senior year, I walked back and forth to school from home. It was seven miles each way... quite a little hike. I used to have to get up real early in the morning to make it to school on time. But quite often going home at night, somebody would pick me up and I would get a ride. One time at Easter vacation that was a big bonanza week for me. I was coming home for the vacation carrying my suitcase across the field and I saw a skunk. I got back as far as I could and I started pelting him with rocks and finally killed him. I didn't dare to touch him even after he was dead because the smell would have got all over my clothes, so I went home and told Uncle Aaron where he was, and he went and got it. He skinned the skunk for me. It happened to be a good hide, mostly black with just a little white on it. Aaron took it and sold it for me.

This being Easter week, I got my traps out and started trapping muskrat. Those hides were pretty valuable then. Between the skunk and the muskrat, I made \$35.00 that week, and I thought that was all the money there was in the world I didn't know what I was going to do with all of it. Back to baseball for a minute... I mentioned in my senior year, we were unbeaten and won the Tri-County Championship. Although I was offered a partial baseball scholarship to Western Michigan College, I didn't have the rest of the money or the clothes to take the offer. So, after high school, I entered the work world. Since our senior high school team had been so successful, the Augusta Lumber Yard decided to sponsor us as a professional team. We had uniforms and a good field to play on, and as a

professional team, we got paid for playing. We went all over this part of the state. All the way to Benton Harbor, which was quite a trip in those days. We would go play another professional team from the House of David, there. They would usually beat us but we drew some awful big crowds. So we would generally make seven or eight dollars a piece for playing. That was over a week's wages for the average person in those days so we thought we were pretty hot stuff. But after I got married and my wife didn't think too much about me being gone all the time playing ball, so I gave it up.

After high school, at first I couldn't find regular work and took whatever work I could find, so playing ball really helped. But in June of 1925, I managed to buy my first car. It was a Ford Roadster coupe with a rumble seat. I paid \$408.50 for it. I had saved \$200.00 and signed a note for the balance to be paid in one year at 6% interest. About a year later I got my first regular job as a truck driver for the Kalamazoo County Road Commission.

I was at Aunt Dorcy's when I first met my future wife, Bethel. She was still in high school. She was there visitin'. Lawrence (Bostwick) took his girl and I took Bethel and we went down to Augusta. They used to have movies in a church. That was the first time we went out. Then the next time I was in Grand Rapids working, I borrowed my friend's car. We went for a ride and a movie and had some ice cream at a place called _____. Then I didn't see her again for quite a long while. After she graduated from high school, she wrote to me and told me where she was working. I thought that might be a hint that she wanted me to come and take her out. She was working south of Battle Creek on Minges Road keeping house and taking care of a couple little girls. So I picked her up there, and we went out again. Don't remember what we did, probably went to another movie. My wife, Bethel, had an insatiable appetite for popcorn. All I had to do was pick her up on a Saturday night from where ever she was working, buy her a package of popcorn and she was happy. We used to go to a lot of movies. That's about all there was to do in those dates. I dated her off and on for over two years before I finally popped the question.

I never really did pop the question, I got shanghaied into it. She began to tell me that this would be a good time to get married, and she had me scared to death – I didn't dare to say no, so I went along with it. So August 16th in 1930 we were married. We ran off to Angola, Indiana and got married. My wife's folks didn't care for that too much, they wanted to have a wedding. But they also told her all the time she was a little girl about something called a "belling bees." How they come to where the people were staying on their wedding night and make a bunch of racket and raise the devil, and she didn't want any part of that. So we sneaked off to Angola and got married. Then we went from there to Jackson, Michigan and spent our wedding night in the Hayes Hotel there. Then the next day we came home and then went out to Aunt Dorcy's and told her, then we went to my folks and stayed there a day or two, then we went with another couple up north to upper Michigan and took our honeymoon trip up there. That wasn't much of a trip because the other woman had a little boy and she got homesick for him so we came home early.

Then we started looking for an apartment. I was working at the American Legion Hospital at the time in the grounds crew, making \$22.00 per week. Our apartment cost \$39.00 a month so it took almost two week's wages every month to pay for the apartment. Bethel saw an ad in the paper for a house that was for rent in Urbandale that was only \$15.00 a month. I didn't want to go look at it because I thought it would probably be a dump. But she insisted so I broke down. I was kinda hen-pecked anyway. Well it turned out to be a pretty nice place, so we rented it and then started borrowing furniture. The house is still on Bedford Road in Urbandale, 12nd house north of the intersection of Spaulding and Bedford Road on the west side of Bedford Road. The first thing we bought was a dinette set. It was used, so we bought some brushes and paint and painted it. Then my Mother gave me a day bed and we used that in the living room for a while. The first thing we bought that was worth anything was the drop leaf dining table that Janet and Jim (Yates) have now. We paid \$35.00 for that which on a salary of \$22.00 per week was a lot of money. Then the next thing that we bought was a davenport (sofa). That was a huge thing. It took up most of the living room. We had a coal burning stove in the living room.

That was our heat ... no central heat. The bedrooms got kind of cold. I remember I had an old Ford car. They were never noted for easy starting anyhow, and during the winter when it got cold they were worse. We had a five burner kerosene cook stove. Before I went to bed every night, I would fill up a teakettle with water. Then the first thing in the morning I would turn on that water and get it to boiling. Then I would take it out and pour it on the intake manifold of that old Ford. Then you had to crank it by hand. There were no electric starters in those days. The heat from the water would warm the manifold and it would allow the gas to vaporize and if you were lucky, the car would start.

I continued to work at the American Legion Hospital for another two years and then times got had and I got laid off. I didn't find work for another two years. I had \$500.00 in the bank when we got laid off, and we lived off that but mostly we got hungry a lot. I was lucky that my landlord was understanding and didn't bother me for the rent. . . so I didn't pay any rent until after I got back to work again. I remember Momma and I went down to the bank on a Thursday and drew our last \$10.00 out to go buy groceries. The next day I got a call to go to work at the Kellogg Company. That was in 1934 and I worked there steady for the next 35 years.

We lived in that first little house for six years until it was sold. Then we moved around the corner to 19 W. Spaulding. It was while we were living at 19 Spaulding that our son, Richard, was born. With his birth, and the security of the Kellogg job, I decided it was time to build something of our own.

We bought two lots across the street at 40 and 44 W. Spaulding. In November of 1940, we dug a small basement and Bethel and I rented a small house trailer to live in until our house was livable. I hired a carpenter to build the outside shell of the house and I was going to do all of the interior work. I didn't work on the shell of the house because by the time I was accustomed to going to the Upper Peninsula to hunt deer in the fall, and I had gone there. While I was gone that year, Bethel

developed a bad infection in her hand, left the trailer house and moved back (temporarily), with her folks in Dowling.

In January of 1941, we moved into the new house, which at the time was little more than a barn. We had no electricity, had to carry water up a ladder from the basement, and had a cook stove that operated on gasoline for heat. We nearly froze that first winter. After several years and much work, it became more livable. Later I added a garage and a roof off the kitchen for dining, called a breakfast nook. Life was very pleasant for Bethel and me. We both loved the outdoors and spent many happy times traveling, fishing, and camping. In addition, we were again blessed by the birth of a daughter, Janet, in 1942.

Richard graduated from college in 1958, and having been in the Reserve Officer Training Corp during college, received a commission as a 2nd Lieutenant and went into the army. While he was in college, he got married and had twin daughters. After he came back from the service, Bethel and I got to take care of them a lot while and his wife, Phyllis, worked (they were both teachers).

In 1964 our daughter, Janet, graduated from college also with a teaching degree. A year later she married her college sweetheart, a fellow named Jamie (Jim) Yates, who also was a teacher. They had two children. Jan stayed home in Utica; Jim has several degrees and awards.

In 1965, my wife Bethel, was diagnosed with colon cancer and had her first operation. As always, we were told that they had “gotten all the cancer” and she should have no further trouble. I was skeptical. The next year we took a nice trip out west and visited the Grand Canyon and several national park areas around there. In 1968 the cancer reappeared and another operation showed the cancer had spread to her liver. We were told she had about six months to live. Actually she lived eight months, until June 11, 1969, although the last five months she was in a coma most of the time. She was 59 when she died.

Also in 1967, I collapsed in the driveway. After a week of tests, I was diagnosed with a brain tumor. I spent eight weeks in the hospital, four of them in intensive care. During that time my wife practically never left my side. After the surgery, I never went back to Kellogg. I drew hospital benefits for a year and then retired. I started drawing my social security and Kellogg retirement benefits. After Bethel died, I spent thirteen lonely years living in the house we had largely built with our own two hands. Then in 1982, I suffered a stroke. While in the hospital I was also operated on for a bowel stoppage and had to wear a colostomy bag for a while. After leaving the hospital I spent about six months in the Southwester Michigan Rehabilitation Hospital, then went to live with my son, Richard, for about a year.

I then bought a mobile home and moved into it with Richard's stepson and the stepson's girlfriend. They helped take care of me. After living there for about two years, we moved to a house in Bedford after a short while there, I moved to the Lyon's Adult Foster Care Home and as of October 1996, am still there.

I have mentioned deer hunting several times. It was one of the highlights of my life. I hunted from the time I was married up to the time I had my stroke. As a matter of fact, it was when I was putting away stuff from deer hunting that I collapsed in my driveway with what ended up being the brain tumor. At one time or another, I hunted with Laurel Bolyen, my brother-in-law, Hubert "Hub" Pettingill, a distant cousin of Bethel's. Walter Bolyen, my father-in-law, my Uncle Aaron, some of Hub and Laurel's kids, and even my son, Richard, who came up one year while he was in the army. Following are some of the good times we shared:

The first year we went deer hunting, we tented. We went to a spot near Channing, Michigan, just a little ways north of the Wisconsin border. We drove my old Model A Ford. We had a box in the back end of it to carry our stuff in. .we had dishes among other things. We were going through Chicago; somebody banged into the rear of us. Hub said, "Oh, my Lord, there goes all of our good times."

We could hear the dishes we had in that box crash. We got out and looked and the crash hadn't hurt anything, just shook it up. We drove all night that night, got up to Milwaukee. Went in and got a cup of coffee to kind of wake us up a little bit. While we got a cup of coffee, a guy that ran the diner got to tellin' about an explosion they'd had up there. There'd been a garage blown up. . . somebody'd put some dynamite in a garage. It had been a sheet metal roof and it blowed that roof straight up in the air and it came down on a spire of a church across the street. We could see the sheet metal from where we were. We drove by there and we saw it. This guy talking to us told us that the guy that done the dynamitin' had gotten blown to pieces. He said the fact of the matter was, one of his fingers hit his window. He said, "I went outside and picked it up." He said, "I got it here." And he came out with a box. He opened it up and it was filled with cotton batting and had a finger laying in there. And apparently had blood all around it, which turned out to be Mercurochrome. And (laughs), he sez, take a hold of it. Of course we were all a little reluctant to take ahold of that dead finger. But finally we did take ahold of it, and we found it was fastened to his hand. There was a hole in the bottom of the box and he had stuck it up through (laughs) and he got a big kick out of that, but it looked real real.

We drove all night that night, got up to Channing 'bout 3:00 in the morning and the stores didn't open 'til seven. We hadn't bought any of our groceries yet, so we went over to the railroad station and set there on them old hard benches and tried to get some sleep. Finally it come seven o'clock and we went over and got our groceries. Then we started out and went up to the camp . . . went up to where we was gonna camp. Hub was the only one that had been up there and he got lost goin' back in there. We took the wrong road. First thing we knew why we didn't know where we was. We was on tote roads and everything else. We came up a hill that a goat would tip right over backwards if he started to walk on it. But we poured the coals to the old Model A and she went right up the hill, over the rocks and everything. We finally got to the top and it was fairly level . . . the tote road was fairly decent. We drove along and pretty soon we saw a cabin and then Hub knew where he was. We

turned off there and thought we'd go down next to the swamp and put up our tent. We started unloading to get ready to put up the tent and it started snowing. Before we knew it, there was about eight to ten inches of snow on the ground and we had to shovel it off before we could put up the tent. We'd brought some snake medicine along just in case we got bitten by one of those snow snakes, and we got to thinkin' that we just might get bitten at any time, so we started takin' a few nips of that snow name medicine. First thing you know, we weren't too sure of what we were doing, but we finally got the tent up. It ended up that our site wasn't very good and there was a big pile of snow in the corner of the tent, and it was there all the time we were up there.

Well, next, we put the stove up and we'd forgot an elbow for the pipe, so we ran the pip right out of the tent and didn't have an elbow to point the next piece up to the sky. Later the wind changed and started to blow from the direction the pipe was pointed and the tent filled up with smoke. We had a smoke filled tent all night. Next day, we went to town and got an elbow and fixed that pipe.

Then we decided to make a pole bed. So we cut some boughs and laid 'em down. We had a bale of straw so we put that over the boughs and an old horse blanket that we put over the straw. That was our bunk. I woke up next morning, my foot was prite near frozen and I looked down where my foot was and right next to where my foot was, was a crack in the tent about ten inches long and I'd had my foot stickin' out of that most of the night. We tented that year and had pretty good luck. We got three deer for the first year up there.

Then the next year, we got to talkin' to an old native that owned that cabin up there and he didn't have it rented so we rented a cabin the next year. We rented the next year and the third year we were going to rent it but somebody burnt it down. Then we rented a tent out of Kalamazoo for a couple of years. Then in 1940, we built the old shack that's still there now. Built it out of rough lumber and tarpaper. We figured if it stayed there two years we'd have our money out of it. We didn't have only \$75-

\$80 invested in the thing. And here it is '91, and it's still up there. It's a lot better shape than when we started in, cuz we kept addin' to it every year.

Hub and I don't go anymore. But Laurel and his brother-in-law and son-in-law, they still go. But in 1955, I think it was, his brother-in-law came up there and stayed in a tent and they decided they wanted to have something like that. So in the summer time, they came up there and they bought what had been an old trailer, home made and they brought that in there and lived in that for a year (during hunting season). Then the next year they decided they would build on to it, so they built on to that thing and made a pretty decent lookin' thing out of it. They've leased that out now, and the guy that leased it has improved it so I guess it's quite a decent respectable lookin' place. So, really on that 40 acres that we bought in 1950, I guess we bought that, I'm not sure about that.

The first year we had our cabin up there, it was on a man's land from Kalamazoo. He was an electrical engineer and he brought his wife up there and they had an umbrella tent, and it was cold and they was starved to death or froze to death if it hadn't been for us. They ran out of fuel oil, they run out of food, and everything else. We went out to town and got 'em some fuel oil. And brought it back in there to them. He was so darn grateful, the told us, "You put that up there and anytime you want to," and then he says, "If I ever sell the property, I'll give you first chance at it." But when he got around to selling the property, he forgot about that and another guy bought it.

So we ended up buying it from a fella in Battle Creek, a fella by chance I happened to know. So we bought that property, bought 40 acres there. And still is up there yet, but I haven't got any share in it anymore. I deeded my share over to Laurel. I haven't been since 1981 ... was the last year I went. I felt pretty good that year and planned to go the next year. In 1982, in March, I had my stroke. That ended my deer hunting.

In 1933, Laurel was overseas (WW II), and of course he wasn't able to go hunting and his Father (Walter Bolyen, my Father-in-Law), and I went up alone. We had the cabin alone that year. I got three deer that year.

The first day it was kinda rainy, wet and nasty, but you could walk around and nobody (the deer) would hear you and I see a lot of deer in the morning, so I said to Walter, I'm going right back up where I was this morning and I'm going to pussy foot around up there and see if I can walk up on one. I walked up over a ridge, I looked and there was a deer. I knew I'd seen him in the morning, I'd shot at him and missed him and he was standin' under an old fallen poplar tree. I managed to get a shot at him and knocked him down and he started to crawl. So I shot him in the neck and finally killed him. That was a big deer that was a 10-point. Then the following Saturday, my Father-in-Law, he wanted to go to town. And there was boys in another camp there and they were to town. So they asked me to go and I said to him if you don't mind, you go ahead, I'd rather stay here and hunt. I said I never shot a deer in a beer tavern in Channing (MI) in my life. So Saturday afternoon I started walkin' down a tote road toward the swamp. I was leanin' up against a tree, I looked down the road and a deer started walkin' across the tote road, so I shot at him and he jumped. I shot at him again, and I didn't think I'd hit him, but I wanted to be sure, so I went down there ... there wasn't any snow to see if I could see a little blood. If I'd known I hit him and I'd look around there a little bit. But I couldn't find any blood. There was some deer trails there and I knew if he'd been shot he'd get on one of the deer trails so I followed the trail. I hadn't gone only about four or five rods (65-80 feet), I looked and I see somethin' white up ahead. And there was my leer layin' there. So then I went back to the shack and the boys, they came home from Channing and they were pretty well loaded up. And they were going to have a lot of fun with me so they bought me a lot of lipstick and rouge, like that for a present. After they'd shot off their mouths for a while, I said OK< you fellas have had your fun, now I'll have a little fun. So I went out in the woodshed and came back in with a pail of water that had a deer heart in it. I said while you was foolin' around up in Channing, I was out don' what I saw supposed to be doin' ... hunting. One

fella said right away, "For God's sake, did you get another one." And I said, "Well, right there's the heart, but I haven't brought him in yet." You didn't have to then, there wasn't so many hunters and we generally waited until we had help to drag them in.

Well, that was on Saturday. On the following Tuesday night, we went out to get some groceries. I called Hubert (Hub). He hadn't gone that year because his wife was about to give birth to what turned out to be twins. She wouldn't let him go. She told him if he went, when he got home she wouldn't be there. So he decided he better not go that year. So, I called him and told him, "Hub, I wish you was up here. The deer are walkin' around like cows, it ain't nothing at all to get em."

Boy, he prit near went crazy then. She'd already had the twins, and he was about ready to hop a train. He said he wasn't sure if he was gonna come, but if he did he would get somebody in Channing to bring him to the camp. Wednesday morning I got up and went out hunting and I sat down in a place I had never been to before. I hadn't been there but a few minutes and I looked and here come a doe... a big doe. She come runnin' by me. I looked behind her to see if there was a buck following her and here comes this big buck with 12-point antlers on him. Found out later it was a 22 7/8" spread. He got right opposite me and I sot at him. And he jumped. And I thought I'd missed him. So I shot again. But there was a lot of stumps there and I shot right into a stump the second time. Well, he fun down through there a ways and I got up to look to see if I could see him, I thought maybe he' stop. But he went out through there a ways and I could see them standing there. And I couldn't tell which one was the buck and which one was the doe. While I was looking, he turned around and came right back toward me. And I couldn't figure that out, but he kept comin' and kept a comin' and he came to a little pot hole that was there and instead of comin'; out my side of the pot hole, he went over on the other side. He got right opposite me and he saw me standing there and he stopped dead still. And I sez, "well, you ain't gonna get away from me this time." So, I aimed at him and before I got a chance to pull the trigger, he dropped dead. When I dressed him out, I

found that the first shot I fired at him and taken the end of his heart right off. Yet he run down there all that distance and turned around and came back. They've got a lot of stamina. That was the biggest deer I ever got.