

ORAL HISTORY DONE BY BUD SMITH

This is dedicated to Virginia Jane Jaspers and Elizabeth Ann Porch, Jane and his two daughters who have for some years urged him to sit down and record as many years of Olivida and other places in his growing years and also as a memorabilia of their grandfather, Charles Simpson Smith, Sr. who was born one hundred and four years ago on August and their grandmother, Olivida Smith who was born on September 11, 1883, and after whom Olivida was named.

It was they who bought this beautiful lakeshore property in 1916, seventy years ago, and who built our first house here in 1918. I was eight that year and have never missed a summer in all that time.

In 1933 Jane McCrady visited here with her family, came back in 1934 and on October 19, 1935 became a permanent member of the family as Mrs. Charles S. Smith, Jr.

On March 9, 1941 Virginia Jane Smith was born and on August 23, 1948 Elizabeth followed her. Virginia married Robert W. Jaspers on September 3, 1967, and Elizabeth married Rodney C Porch on June 26, 1971. Both weddings were held at the Manitowish Waters beautiful little Community Church and receptions were held outdoors at Olivida.

Elizabeth and Rod's children are Amy Suzanne Porch born January 19, 1975, and twin boys, Rodney Jason Porch and Charles Walter Porch born April 12, 1977. That completes this branch of the Smith family to this particular date, August of 1986.

Now to revert to the original intent of this tape to record as they come to mind in no set chronological order the very many interesting events which have occurred during these many years especially the early ones because Elizabeth and Ginny know the events of the latter years.

It is August 16 today and Florence Smith's 90th birthday and just a few minutes ago she came in from a ride that Elaine took her on their Sunfish Wet sailboat, that is remarkable. I'm sitting in front of the office at the far east end of all our homes and looking out toward the lake. I'm over here so I have peace and quiet and won't be self-conscious about this taping. It is 76 today the wind is going beautifully, and I can visualize a wonderful sail if the boat were still in but it got put away just yesterday as there would be no one here to use it the rest of this year. So now let's really begin.

In 1917, Grandma and Grandpa brought us up to Manitowish Waters, then known as just Manitowish, for our first trip. We stayed in a housekeeping cottage at Voss Birchwood Lodge. Then run by Ruth LaPorte Voss and her husband Henry. They had two children, Lloyd and Audrey, both near your Dad's age.

This would be a good place to put in that Audrey runs Birchwood Lodge today, one of our finest resorts in the northwoods. We see her and her husband Bob Dickerson regularly here and in Scottsdale, Arizona.

Our family at this time was Gordon Smith, Jeanette also known as Sis Aunt Sis now, and myself. We stayed the entire summer and had two motor launches, learned to swim, did some fishing and got to love the area very much. We had one of only two cars in the town, a big seven passenger open car, tourist car it was known then, with four fenders a part of the automobile that disappeared a long time ago. As I recall it Voss had their own home and about five cabins. Getting here from Chicago by car was a two-day trip, leaving early one morning and arriving Antigo, Wisconsin about a hundred miles southeast that night then leaving there early the next morning arriving here in the afternoon. The roads were unmarked, rough and narrow and more

than once we got stuck in a mud hole but the trip was worth it. The car when here being one of only two was used to go to Winchester to shop and come home loaded with a hundred pounds bag of flour on one fender and hundred pound bag of sugar on the other and possibly a hundred pound bag of some cow feed on another to feed the Voss milk cows. Henry Voss sold it by going in his boat to various places on the lakes.

Koerner's was already a big and lovely resort at the west end of Spider Lake serving complete meals in their dining room. T.J. Koerner, the owner, was German by birth I believe, but on the Fourth of July they had a big affair there with Evinrude motor boat races in front of the resort. Uncle Gordon, then about fourteen years, was the crew for Lloyd LaPorte and about ten boats were in the race. These old cast iron single cylinder Evinrudes charged down the lake at probably a maximum of ten miles per hour at best but it was all relative and so as they raced along you got the same feeling as a group of motorboats that go along at forty miles per hour today. The big trick was for both racers in the boat, Gordon and Lloyd, to run as soon as possible to the bow of the boat from the start, then at a pylon run to the back so that the nose went almost straight up into the air and they turned around on a dime, then back to the front again. That was repeated for several turns and gave the spectators all the thrills they needed. This was the start of outboard powered boating racing.

Old Mr. Koerner as we called him liked to take his guests on a Sunday in his big sleek motor launch. He was always arrayed in white trousers, dark blue coat and officer's cap, a sight never to be forgotten. So these are some of the impressions made on a seven year old boy in 1917.

Grandpa Smith already owned and operated his own business, the Fort Dearborn Lumber Company in Chicago. It was Uncle Herb Smith who worked with him so Grandpa was free to come north as he wanted to. Then it was in early spring in 1918, Grandpa came north to Manitowish snow still being on the ground and started building Olivida. Our original home was built that year along with a cow barn a pig pen and a chicken house. He brought Uncle Gordon with him. Uncle Gordon was out of school because of some physical difficulty I believe. In Grandpa's building crew were Hank LaPorte and his son George, father of Cal and Jim who now operate the IGA store. John Hawkinson, a very amiable and fat Swede inflicted with asthma, he was the one who took a hod of bricks up the ladder to the mason laying them on the fireplace. But puffing and wheezing, John, always good natured said he didn't mind he just took the bricks to the top and the masons had to do the work. The main building of this house was one large room of genuine logs filled between them with putty, cement and oakum for weather proofing. It was thirty-two feet long and twenty-five feet wide. Upstairs were three bedrooms a large one for Grandma and Grandpa and one at each end for the three of us. This was a balcony looking down on the fireplace, a beautiful spot. On the east end was a kitchen complete with water pump, that is the kind you crank with a handle up and down, and wood stove. To the south was a screened in dining room at the east end and then a screened in porch from east to west on the south of the log main room, it had to be forty-two feet long. Later Grandma and Grandpa added three bedrooms at the west end. Gordon was cook for the crew and he had with him his special pal, a black and white collie, Bob, whom we all loved dearly.

After school was out the rest of us all came north. It was then that we got introduced to our lovely new home which we all love so much and where we have spent so many years together and had such wonderful times. All of what I have taped so far sets the stage for what is to come. It can't be chronologically as things run together. I do want to put in here though that Grandma's mother Amelia Smith, born in 1854, was with us that summer on up through her passing on in 1937. Her presence is what brings us in our sixth generation at Olivida. Aunt Hester and Uncle Gordon's great grandchildren.

Farm animals were always a great part of our life up here, that is in the early years. I don't just recall when we got our first animals and the stock it could have been the first year. But for some time we always had two milk cows, one Holstein for quantity, one jersey or guernsey for quality. Your grandpa and great grandma did the milking, I never did learn. Each spring we got about fifty little chicks and raised them for eating later in the summer. Each of the three of us, Ken was still an infant in 1919, had a pet each one had a different colored ribbon to designate who was who's. They would specially come to us to be fed and would sit on our hands. Just one trouble, as the supply of chicks went from fifty to forty, from forty to thirty, and so on down until the last six were left to be eaten, we all three lost our appetite for chicken and didn't want to know when our pet became Sunday dinner.

We also had about three little piglets at the beginning of each summer and each of us had a pet. However, we had no problem there for Grandpa just sold them at the end of the summer. We never did butcher them but they too were marked and soon came to know who was their special friend. Our main reason for having them was to consume the edible garbage and we always loved to go out and slop the pigs.

Somewhere along the line "Peggy" our big white horse was added. She was somewhere in size between a milk wagon horse and a draft horse. We loved riding her and all took turns. Of course she knew who was boss and more than once took Aunt Sis to her stall in the barn. We use to race her around a track made up of a road from the big house over toward Mac's then over to what is now Hutter's and back on the road along the lake to the big house. We would time each trip with a watch and record the elapsed time for each rider. I guess we also took turns at winning, but the overall fastest was Uncle Roy Smith, Grandma's brother who had been a regular in the United States cavalry. He did it with no saddle.

Oh yes, we had a couple of laying hens too. They were Uncle Gordon's favorites. We got a couple of eggs a day but then one wanted only to nest and she took a dim view of us disturbing her clutch of eggs, so Uncle Gordon did his best to get her out of the mood. His ultimate method was to drop her in the water about ten feet from shore. You have probably heard that chickens can't swim, don't ever believe it, she got her feet going and was inshore in no time clucking, cackling, fussing and stewing and drying herself off, but she made it.

About this animal swimming business, the same is said of hogs, also not true. We let our's out once in a while, now and then, just to be nice to them, and the first thing we knew they were on their way across the lake. We'd go out in a boat, haul them into it and bring them back. Actually the problem was they always said there was the possibility of them cutting their own throats with their own hooves for they did a dog paddle stroke.

Of course we know horses love to swim and Uncle Roy, still on bareback, went out on Peggy for a swim, so did Dave Frankel some time later. Peggy must have liked it though for she lived to be some twenty years old plus.

Our animals that really took the prize though were Grandpa's pets, thirteen angora goats, one billy goat and twelve nannies. Someone had told him they were good for brushing and we had lots of this to do our first years here. He was told they would eat all the underbrush and clean up real good. The first morning we got up after bringing them here, Mr. Billygoat had a young tree bent over down to the ground with his hooves on it while his twelve ladies were eating off the leaves and stripping it. In those days we needed every tree we could get to reforest our place. Well some one had also told Dad if you took them by water to another location on the property, by way of water so they wouldn't leave a scent behind them, they couldn't find their way back and would work on that area. So we got the thirteen goats in a couple of boats (Grandpa

always had a black man Friday) and they rode them over to the Star Lake point between Manitowish and Star lakes and there they left them. It must have been late one afternoon for when we got up the next morning they were all back in the yard with Billygoat bending a young tree down and his nannies stripping off the leaves. As you've guessed the goats were not here for long.

It's a beautiful night so I've come down to the beach and am sitting there. The sun is just about to set and Aunt Florence and Smitty just started down the lake in a canoe. I bought enough tape so I have three hours all together and what I've done so far has taken me just eighteen minutes so I just thought I'd sit here and talk a little bit about what I see. It's beautiful across the lake all is quiet now, everybody has gone in. The boats today were just going and coming in all directions, it was just unbelievable. Aunt Sis, Mom and I went up to Big Dipper tonight, that's a lodge eating here, I had a double dip but don't tell the boys, the ladies had just a plain single dip. It was a lot of fun and a beautiful night for a ride. A few flashes of lightening down to the southeast but it's all clear to the west so it looks like it will be another beautiful day tomorrow. _____ and Char left this morning with their two boys as did the _____ family so now we're down to just ourselves here and Aunt ----- family are here. Because of not having Bob here to help me this year, Paul and Al put the sailboat away yesterday afternoon. They didn't have a four wheel drive to pull it up the bank like Bob does so they pulled it down to Greer's pier with the motor boat and they backed their trailer into their ramp, put in on, brought it home and tucked it back in the warehouse. It's way in the back so that the three snowmobiles are right up front, easy to get at when they all come up with Aunt Sis at Christmas time. Wouldn't it be fun if we could all get here at Christmas time too sometime. All of us meet here and have a week together. It's just beautiful and it's something we have never done.

As I sit here looking at the opposite shore I realize that way down at the corner of the west end all the way down up to the old place called Blanchard and Gruettner's place now owned by Bob and Marcia Glashagel, there was nothing there. We used to go over there and pick raspberries or we would swim over there to the old dead stump (you kids know that so well). Amy, Jason and Chip would like to do it but it seems wiser not to try to do that any more because of the boat traffic. So the main thing to do now is to swim from here down to the point just in the middle of the swamp west of us. Amy has done it already. The boys haven't but that will be their next step, they can all swim so well and do such a good job of it. We're real proud of them.

Years ago back in the little hollow behind us, it use to be called Skunk Hollow, lived the Garrets. They had a couple of boys, a mother and father and Mrs. Garret use to do our laundry. I remember one day ----- came over here in great excitement one of the boys had stepped on a fish hook and put it right through his little toe. They were boys about Grandpa's age, my age, and I'm pretty sure that Uncle Herb and Uncle Jack were both here at the time this happened. So we all piled in the car trying to find a doctor to take it out. There was nobody here in this area at that time Woodruff, Minocqua, Mercer, Manitowish for sure. There wasn't one so we finally found a doctor up at Lake Gogebic up in Michigan which is about twenty-five or thirty miles from here. I remember it so well because we kids went along too. I don't know they got us all in the car and when we got just north of now downtown Manitowish Waters and were heading up "W" we came to a bridge out. There were just two big pieces of timber across and that's what we had to run across on. So everybody looked, checked it out, and Gordon and Uncle Jack I'm pretty sure looked it over and said they had their poled in just the right place. We all got out of the car and they drove across it and made it OK. Well we got up there, found our doctor, he removed the hook without any great problem and we returned. But I always remember that fact of running the car over the logs that took the place of the little washed out bridge. It is just one of the many different instances that happened here.

Another time we were going to Winchester in our old red pickup as we call it today, Ford, Model T Ford. There was a lot of sand on the road then. It was just a gravel road and on the sides were piles of sand. I remember so well, there was my dad, your grandpa and great grandpa and myself and there was Aunt Sis, Uncle ----- and a Mr. McGrew who was the father of a good friend of Uncle Jacks. Mr. McGrew always had a cigar in his mouth, that was standard with him. All of a sudden on the left side of the road, Grandpa's steering got his wheels caught in some piles of sand, threw the car to the left and all of us went out the right hand side of the truck, up over the top and flew off the back where we were sitting on a board. As we got up and wiped the sand off us, shook it off and so forth, I can remember so well saying to Mr. McGrew "look Mr. McGrew it didn't break any of your cigars in your pockets". That's all the concern I had about it and we all went on our way with no problem.

Another time I was driving that same pickup, the rest of the family were in the good family car and we'd gone up to Mercer to do some shopping and to have a sundae. Everybody else in the family was in the big family car and I, I think I was about thirteen or fourteen then not legal for driving today, and we coming back and would you believe it I had our colored cook Ivory Brown in the car with me. She and I were buddies to go back and forth to town. Well we were just outside of Mercer on the way back to Manitowish and on the side of the road there is a little pond, I think it still sits there, and the road came pretty close and all of a sudden, being thirteen or fourteen years old I wasn't too good at the wheel and all of a sudden we came awfully close to the edge of that thing so that we just short of rolled down into the pond. We went our way and Ivory Brown was three shades whiter after this happened.

Another time on the road here, this was after dark, we were coming home with Grandpa at the wheel, Grandma, myself and Aunt Sis and Uncle Gordon, coming back from Woodruff. And as we came along, we had a closed in sedan I don't remember just what year this was it has got to be after 1920 when the Volstead Act went in and there was no more liquor in the country. As we got several miles this side of Woodruff, several men came out of the woods, stood across the road and blocked our passage. Grandpa was never one to take anything sitting down and so he reached into a glove compartment, I guess it was a glove compartment even in those days, took a gun out that he kept in there to protect his purchases and when they came up and asked him something and told him who they were and they were FBI agents who got into this thing at that time and they were checking for rum runners going through. Grandpa told them in no easy words that he was just about thinking of taking a shot because people coming out of the woods like that wasn't a very healthy situation. But they straightened it all out and he was a deputy sherrif of Vilas County at that time I think. See all these things I've just got to put together as they come back to me but I remember the incidents well. And so what does he do but the next few days he joins forces with them. Later that week up in our old garage, back behind and east of the big house, there were two big Studebakers the old seven passenger kind they made and they had cases of whiskey solid in the back of them and the FBI agents and Grandpa had brought them in there when they caught them on their way to Hurley which was a great place to take it up to or maybe it was going from Hurley down to Chicago. In any case it was an illicit run and it had been stopped. So Grandpa always managed to find something like that to do and was regularly involved in something of this nature.

It is just beautiful here, the lake has not a ripple on it just one pontoon boat went by a few minutes ago. The mosquitos have decided it is a good time to come out and they are pestering me so I'll stop here and pick it up again.

Today is Sunday, August 24th, one day after Elizabeth's bleep birthday. I tried to go to the garden and record first but the mosquitos were there in droves because it's quiet so now I'm back in front of the house again looking down at the lake. It's cold, 64 today against 76 the

other day. A pretty day, the sun comes and goes and there are a few boats coming up and down the lake on occasion.

Now let's talk about my mother, Olivida Smith. Her last name was Smith before she married. She gave us many many Smith relatives. She had five brothers and Dad had two. We don't really know any of his family but the children of Grandma's brother Uncle Herb are Marliss Fox and Joanne Hall. Olive Ottoman is the daughter of Uncle Milton. Uncle Jack's children are Elaine, Harold D. Junior (Smitty) and Don Smith.

All of whom you know well through the years. Mother was one of the finest, kindest, sweetest people you have ever known. She passed on in 1961. When you Virginia were 18 and you Elizabeth were 13 so you must have some happy memories of her too.

Grandma was quiet in her way whereas Grandpa was outgoing you might even say flamboyant. Alice ----- said it most beautifully when she said of Grandma "you can always feel her quiet presence". When all the music was going on in the living room of the big house she loved to sit in her platform rocker and just listen and watch. She and I had a wonderful perennial garden behind the big house, delphinium, -----, black eyed susans, dahlias and so forth and the usual annuals nasturtiums, snap dragon, sinews, and so forth. We had a daily ritual, usually right after breakfast we went out to the garden together and looked it over with many ahs and ohs she would show her delight as each flower came into bloom and she would praise my work of weeding and cultivating. You see I did all that. I don't remember that she ever did any of the physical work, I did all that, but she loved her flowers and our daily visit with them.

Mother had an interesting thing about water. We had a pump in the kitchen sink, I'm pretty sure it is the same one that is now in the brick garden in the circle. It was excellent water at least for drinking and cooking at least according to her, but for dishwashing or any kind of washing she must have water from the lake. It was so soft. There were always two pails available and I made countless so it seems trips to the lake each day to keep them filled. On occasion I would try to sneak out with just one pail and she would catch me always with the admonition "two pails filled carry easier than one they keep you balanced". It made sense, but after all I was a boy between the ages of eight and fourteen and I would take just one whenever I could.

While growing up I had many many school friends visit me, Jim Volley from as far back as 1922-23, Dave Frankel and Bill Hunsings from about 1926-27, and others you didn't know. We slept over in the office. Sometimes as many as four or five of us at once. Mother with the help of her cook, she always had one, plus the help of your great grandmother, Dad's mother, managed to keep us well fed and that's not easy to do with a group of sixteen or seventeen-year-old boys. It's hard to describe the high jinks she put up with all so patiently. She loved all the boys and they loved her. One of our favorite stunts, and Chip and Jason would have really caught it for doing the same, was to run through the kitchen door into the living room, summersault onto our couch which was in front of the fireplace and land on our feet off the other end. Grandma told us again and again not to do so, but our memories were as long as two little boys now we know. Aunt Sis, Uncle Gordon and I had another trick we did. It was when we came from swimming, the last swimsuit tossed onto the fireplace hearth meant that that person had to hang them up. We usually divided the chore. Each of us winning at one time or another. However feeling one time that I just had to win I ran through the living room to my bedroom on the first floor at the west end, Aunt Sis was right behind me heading for her upstairs bedroom, to clinch victory I pulled off my suit on the way through, dropped it on the hearth and continued on, naked as a jay bird to my room, all in full sight of Aunt Sis and unfortunately in full sight of Grandma too who came in from the kitchen at that moment. Now I was in trouble and not only had to hang up the suits that day but got some other restrictions imposed as well.

No story about mother would be complete without talking about our Sunday and birthday party

home made ice cream making. This was a ritual just like the morning garden inspection. It started with going to Plunkett's farm to get the necessary thick thick cream for the base. Then according to the season we'd be getting ripe berries, but chocolate was always a favorite. Then we had to be sure to have a special coarse ground salt to put into the ice in the freezer using one that made a gallon or two. We got our ice in 25 to 50 pound cakes from the ice house at the west end of the cottage right this side of the swamp, wetlands now. This had to be put in a sack and beat against the cement step of the old big house until it was crushed to go around the can which held the ice cream mix. In the meantime Grandma had made her mix and we were ready to start. All hand cranked of course. Crankers were Aunt Sis, Uncle Gordon and myself plus any others eagerly waiting the end result. About fifty cranks each was the basic assignment. The first fifty were real easy, the mixture hadn't started to freeze yet, the fifty cranks got progressively harder until the final fifty really took work. But the reward was licking the dasher, that was the beater that churned the ice cream. As she pulled it out, Grandma would take a spoon, then her finger to clean it off well amid the protest of the one who was to get the disher that day "don't take so much off" and Grandma always left a worthwhile amount for the licker. Not at all like your mother and grandmother who has always scraped off the cake, cooking or frosting dish so she could put it back in the cupboards without washing. So Sunday and birthdays were never without this rich rich delicious treat for us all.

Well I could go on and come up with many more things about your Grandma but I don't know just how long to make this. I will tell you this, when your mother and I were married Grandma was most happy. She shared the two of us for twenty- six years and she never referred to your mom as my daughter in law she introduced her always as my daughter, said she had no daughters in law and that went for Aunt Hester too. So now we'll go on to my dad, your grandfather and great grandfather.

Today is September 2, 1986, the temperatures are now back up to the middle seventies. Last night the temperature never went down below 62 degrees. It's a beautiful sunshiny day and this time I'm sitting in the living room chair looking out at the beautiful sunshine on the lake. Now I'll talk about my Dad, your grandpa and great grandpa, Charles Simpson Smith, Sr., Cap Smith as he was known from his early military service in WWI. He became a considerable part of the Manitowish scene from the time he arrived in 1917. Our first summer at Voss' for the whole family, actually he had been up here before with Mother both in 1915 and 1916. It was the latter year they bought Olivida and here is something of interest about it. As you know Grandma Smith was a very quiet person and she always appeared to let Charles do what he wanted. She always called him Charles, never Charlie or Cap, and not Charles as your mother calls me when I am in trouble, but she had her ideas. Dad wanted to buy a large island called Fox Island in Rest Lake Grandma said in the language of those days, no way. She wasn't going to be trekking off and on an island from that time forward. Again in 1927 Dad got a new idea, he bought some shoreline on the Basswood waters of Minnesota, near Winton and Ely, truly very beautiful country. He wanted to switch up to there and again Grandma said no way, that was it. So we have her to thank for this wonderful place originally and for keeping it although we are sure Grandpa long since recognized that this was our place to be.

Speaking of the Minnesota place, I made a few trips up there with Grandpa. We went up through Ashland and then Duluth on up through ? and Virginia Minnesota. Farms at that time, iron mining areas. It was a good 300 miles from here. In Winton Minnesota Dad had a favorite eating place, the lumberjacks boarding house where he would sit down to eat with fifteen or twenty loggers. Tables piled high with delicious foods and if you wanted to get some you dug in like the rest. One time Dad left there a few days ahead of me and gave me money to take the train later. I was driven into town in the morning and found there was no train to Duluth until late that afternoon and that is how my first and only hitch hiking experience came

about. This was in the summer of 1927, I was 17 at the time. I hit the road and turned up my thumb, I got a few rides but things weren't going too fast when suddenly this very sporty car with chrome front and open top came down the road. I wigwagged it down feeling here was my answer. The driver stopped and we continued down the road at about 25 miles per hour. I had visualized 50 miles per hour or better. I didn't know just how to find out how come that slow but it soon came out. The driver just had new bearings put in and in those days we always had to drive the first 500 miles after the work at this 25 miles per hour rate. That's the bad news. The good news was that he was going all the way to Duluth where I joined Dad late that night at his hotel ahead of the train. Another time coming down from there I was driving down alone to Duluth. Dad had gone on ahead again, a train evidently. You all know how Duluth is on Lake Superior, you come down very steep hills to get down to the lake. That time I burned out a set of brakes riding on my pedal all the way down, with black smoke pouring out behind me. Still 1927, still 17 years old. It was still 1927 in early September that Dad took us for our first canoe trip, three days and two nights from Manitowish on the Manitowish River. Our group was made up of Dad, Uncle Ken, Aunt Sis, Aunt Hester, Jim Volhe, Meryl Kram, Judy Bol, myself and Fred Dane. Two to a canoe, except Dad, Uncle Ken then nine years old and Fred Ding were three in their canoe. Fred Ding paddled front as a guide, Ken in the middle and Dad to paddle rear. Thus begins our story. Fred Dane was an old time lumber jack and knew the county that we were going into like the back of his hand. There would have been no need for this just following rivers but this year the Lake Superior District Power Company had built a big dam across the Flambeau and the back up had covered thousands of acres with water completely obliterating the river beds themselves but Dad figured Fred would know the way. Fred was not only known for his backwoodsman's knowledge but also as a heavy drinker. So Dad had had paid to a local man a saloon keeper a \$5 bill to not give Fred anything to drink the night before so he would be clear headed and ready to take us on our way but that morning here comes Fred loaded and completely out of balance. We had put our canoes in the water at Manitowish where the current is fairly strong. Fred stepped into the canoe assigned him, immediately fell overboard and went floating downstream on his back, headfirst with his arms stretched out before him. Jim Folly and I jumped into the river, it was only about three or four feet deep, each grabbed a foot and towed him back to the canoe. Then Dad took Fred, put him in the bow of the canoe feet and arms outstretched, put Ken in the middle and Dad in the rear for power and steering. Such was our introduction to a new experience.

Today is September 5, 1986, I'm sitting on the beach , it's about 55 out but the sun is shining brightly and it's beautiful. The boats have quieted down to nothing although there is a big fishing derby on this weekend, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Ginny and Bob called yesterday morning and they'll be here from Colorado on Sunday and we are looking forward to it. Bob is going to help me replace the roof, or I should say I'm going to help him replace the roof on our cottage and get him to do a few other chores for me which will be a real help. We surely miss his presence around here in more ways than one. etc...

I may have mentioned this before but Jack and Marliis are leaving Wednesday morning and on their way first to New York then out west and then home to Hawaii. So it is going to be fun to have Aunt Sis here with us and Virginia and Bob and the two of us for a nice week together although a work week we'll have lots of time to have fun too. Whoops there goes a boat by, the only one I've seen all day long. I shouldn't say that though because somebody was out here fishing between us and the old dead tree today. That seems to us to be a newly discovered pike place because a guide took Jack Fox and a friend there earlier this week and they caught several walleyes including one about three pounder, but the word must have gotten out because it seems to me there is somebody there each day fishing.

I'll go back to the canoe trip on the other side of the tape. We had lots of fun and there are lots

of details that come to mind but I'll just tell you a couple of incidents to show you what a good time we did have and what a wonderful guide Grandpa turned out to be finding his way down that open water with no river banks to follow. But we made it and had a marvelous experience all the way down the line.

This has been another wonderful summer here and we'll have a couple more months up until the first part of November then we'll shove off for Colorado for Thanksgiving and back up to Billings for Christmas and then our usual tour down to Scottsdale for a little warm air.

Before going on with our regular script we have a guest performer who will now take over. Hello, this is Jim Volhe spelled with an "h". Bud and I first got acquainted in 1922 when we were friends in the same grade of grammar school in the sixth grade. Our families became very close and my folks just thought Bud and Jane's folks were tops and I guess they felt the same way about my parents. We were building a home on Woodland Avenue in Western Springs and were planning between the time that we lived in the west end of Western Springs until we moved into our new home that we would rent an apartment in La Grange. My father wrote a letter to Captain Smith to their home in Wisconsin, Olivida, Manitowish Waters, and called to tell Mr. Smith about this plan of ours. The return mail here comes a letter from Mr. Smith with an enclosed key to their home on grand avenue in Western Spring and the invitation to my folks and me to move in and stay with them through the winter because they were planning on going to Florida and we in the meantime could take care of Bud. Well this sounded very nice and we did move in. Then when Mrs. Smith and Charles Sr, moved back to Western Springs on their way to Florida they came and stayed about a week in Western Springs and then the two families were having so much fun together that they decided not to go to Florida that winter and we spent the year the winter in very lovely mutual love and cooperation. Captain Smith was the justice of peace in Western Springs and he tried various speeding and misdemeanor trials. He held a sort of court on Saturdays. Turned out that he took everybody the next day on Sunday to Chicago and we would go to the Chicago theater or to one of the theatrical productions on the funds that he had collected on Saturday. Gordon, Bud's older brother, use to play the grand piano in the waiting room of the Chicago theater. The piano was up on the balcony there and he got a big hand from the hundreds of people that would be waiting in line to see the next movie that was coming on and also to enjoy the stage production which at that time was really something. They had top notch orchestras like Fred Waring and they also had vaudeville acts and that sort of thing and the big theater grand organ which was really something. It was either before or after the theater that Captain Smith would take us all to dinner. This group of people included Mrs. Smith, my mother, my father, Captain Smith, Kenneth, who was the youngest son of the Smiths and still a young child, and their maid, Ivory Brown, and Bud and myself. Bud and I always got the jumper seats in back of the Peerless and really enjoyed that position because we could see all around us. Mother was always impressed by the fact that Mrs. Smith had a very liberal allowance for keeping up the kitchen and the home. Captain Smith had built a few years before a building at Harlem and Ogden Avenue which he rented to a garage and the income from this building was the income that Mrs. Smith had to feed and take care of the family. Because the Smiths had the Camp + up at Olivida Mr. Smith was able to buy much of the produce and meats and so forth from Railton a wholesaler in Chicago at wholesale prices so this meant that we had really some of the best meals that you ever would expect. You know steaks, roast beef, and almost all the goodies you could expect, apples pears, oranges. Talking about oranges, every night Mrs. Smith would squeeze a great big pitcher of orange juice which she would serve to everyone before we all went to bed. I'm afraid I'm telling mostly the highlights of our living with the Smith family. We were there at least a year, maybe a year and a half. At any rate Bud and I were pals in grammar school. We had a lively bunch of kids in our class. Practically every week we had a dance at one of the people's homes. When Bud and I sponsored a dance at Bud's home, the Captain hired a professional band to play for us instead

of the usual Victrola. We just had a grand time because you could dance around in the living room around into the music room then into the big entrance hall and back into the living room and so on. The kids really enjoyed themselves there. At school, Bud was a little unruly and I was more the quiet gentle type that didn't cause any trouble other than occasionally wrapping a string of gum around the girl who sat between Bud and me. This girl happened to be Bud's really top notch girl friend at that time, Marty Patterson, and Bud never excused me for the fact that we were from then on separated and I believe neither of us were allowed to sit near Marty after that. I'll never forget one time that Bud called on his girlfriend Martha and it was raining it was really kind of sleeting out and he cautioned Marty about going down the steps very carefully of her home when they were leaving and zingo the first thing that happened his feet went out from under him and he ended up in a heap down below and Marty was able to keep her balance but her boyfriend was in a bad way.

One of the parties that Bud and I went to on one Saturday evening was at Helen Stone's place. It was a costume party. Helen I'm sure was not expecting to see what drew up to her door. Captain Smith hired the local man that had a Hansom cab which use to take the old ladies and people to church or to the train or wherever and he hired this man to come and pick up Bud and myself. We were both dressed as clothes dummies from the eighteen hundreds. When we got in the cab I'm sure the cab driver, Mr. Henderson, was not to sure he wanted to take us but he went on and delivered us to the party where we were the hit of the ball as it were. There was a place in the Forest Preserve which we called the Slew in the winter time it was covered with ice and was ideal for skating. We had a great time skating down in the slew. Bud's Uncle Herb use to drive out with Myrtle, his wife, on a Saturday and somebody got the idea that wouldn't it be fun to take his old Durant down into the slew and then let the kids tie on to the back of it and crack the whip. Herb would speed up the old Durant and Bud and I and all the rest of the kids would hang on in a string behind him and he'd turn around quickly and the car would spin on the ice and we would spin off into the distance. I'm sure that the grandchildren of Bud's should not do this sort of thing and it would certainly not be approved by their mother and I'm sure it was not approved by our folks but Uncle Herb was a character in himself. He was more fun than you could imagine. We had quite a lot of activity in our grammar school in sixth, seventh and eighth grade. One time we had a minstrel show, at this time it was properly OK to have black face comedians. Nowadays of course this would be frowned upon but Bud and I were in blackface and we were both what they called end men. These are the guys that exchange jokes back and forth. Bud's father had been in a very hot political battle for the lead of the party in Western Springs. I know Dad and Captain Smith were in what they called the Citizen's Party and the other the vested interests were in another party whose name I forget. At any rate Mr. McClellan, this was Donald McClellan who was in our class father, was on the ticket and one of the real wild issues at the time was the fact that Western Springs did not have a zoning ordinance and Captain Smith was very very strong on the fact that the town should have a zoning ordinance. So Bud and I as part of our joke we sneaked one in that didn't belong in the script to the effect that Mr. Smith had started to put up a series of posts across from the McClellan what we called mansion at that time with the idea of startling Mr. McClellan into the errors of his ways in not having an ordinance that would prevent this type of building. Our big joke of the evening was that Bud said "I see where Mr. McClellan is being posted on the village's building ordinance." Bud and I were called in on this and told by our teacher that that was the last time those lines would be used in our performance and that we would not be allowed to use that joke again in any other performance. I think we gave about three performances in all of our minstrel show. Bud played his saxophone rather well and I played the violin rather out of tune. I know I have some pictures of the minstrel show in my memory book at home and there is Bud with his high hat, his black face, big mouth and saxophone on one end of the line and I'm on the other end of the line with the same get up but a violin.

This is going to be a rather bouncing back and forth recording I'd like to now go back to the time that Bud and I had the dance at Bud's home and I'll tell you more about that. My father Lee Vahly decorated the place by stringing wires between the picture rails in the living room and then hanging from the wires some crepe paper ribbon and also every once in a while he would have a heart, a cardboard heart hanging down. He made a lovely decoration.

At one of our performances, it was the dramatic play called "Patty saves the Day, we were practicing in the village club house. There was a member of our class, Albert Willet, who was a very serious and a very nice boy, was in the production and he was standing rather close to the backdrop of the theater reciting some of his lines. Bud sneaked in back of the scene and with a large paddle of some sort he whacked through and poor "Hefty" Willets words were interrupted by a loud "Ouch". Our coach, the teacher, didn't approve of this sort of activity and it seemed that whenever anything like that happened Bud would be the only one that would be blamed but I would get part of the blame because I guess maybe the teacher thought I had inspired Bud to this sort of action.

Another time while on stage, we had a little drama of our own set up. Bud was off stage and I was on stage and I called "Jason Jason bring the basin" Bud rushed in and I yelled "whoops too late bring the mop". This was another unappreciated bit of drama that the teacher didn't really approve of 100%. Another time in school I was up at the pencil sharpener sharpening some pencils for myself and Bud was quietly sitting in his seat and I took some of the shavings from the pencil sharpener in my hand and as I walked past Bud's seat I motioned to him and he held out his hand and when he saw what was coming down instead of candy or some other goody here was a bunch of pencil sharpenings he immediately turned his hand over and all the pencil sharpenings fell on the floor. We had a red headed Irish teacher at time, Miss Conklin. She saw Bud throw all these things on the floor and he had to sweep them up and take them and throw them into the waste basket. In the meantime I had quietly gone to my seat and was sitting very innocently enjoying Bud's predicament.

In the school yard during recess it was a time when we were reading about Lochinvar and the knights of the round table and so forth in school and we had all taken up dueling with laths that were made into swords. Then we would play horseback. One kid would get on the back of another and ride and we'd try to pull another set of kids off his horse and this was wonderful fun. No one stopped us from doing this so we really enjoyed this for some time. Then later in the year, it was near graduation time, with the help of the students our piano from the school was moved out into the school yard and we put on a performance of Knights and the round table. This performance included our school orchestra playing I believe it was the knights chorus from Lohengrin. I've forgotten all the words or I would sing it for you but it went: (hummed tune). Well actually because of the piano being moved outside in the dampness and so on, it was completely out of tune the only thing that was in tune was George and Jamie Hamilton's violin and Norm Peter's violin and Bud's saxophone. My violin might have been in tune but you'd never have suspected it. But our doting parents all appreciated this beautiful performance and clapped as if it was really something special.

During the summer when everybody was up at Manitowish we use to have phonograph records and Bud and I learned some of the songs from this. One of them that we especially doted on was "It's hard to tell the depth of a well by the length of the handle of the pump". I went something like this: A monkey may look like a man and still a monkey ain't. A homely girl may look real cute behind a coat of paint. Oh it's hard to tell the depth of the well by the length of a handle on a pump. It's hard to gauge a camels age by the curl of the hair upon his hump. A girlie who has promised to be true to you may be true to you and who knows who. O it's hard to tell the depth of the well by the length of the handle on the pump.

Another song that we were wild about was "So this so this is Venice, pon my word by jove it's Venice so this is Venice I wonder where a man can park his car." Another song that was very popular at that time was "Bye bye blackbird". You'll have to furnish the words to this song. You better look them up in some old musical record all I can do is give you the tune (humming). My mother and father had a player piano and before they moved up to Smith's home Bud and I used to sit at the player piano , I'd be pumping and we would be singing all these beautiful songs. One that Dad gave us the German pronunciation of was

Evenings at the Smith's mansion on Grand Avenue were as you can well imagine were a wild wild time as far as Bud and I were concerned and also Lee Vahly got involved. One night Bud and I were chasing Lee around the three rooms. There was a suite of rooms really that mother and dad had and this led into the central hall and then there was another door that lead into Gordon's room and here we were chasing him all around these rooms and he was trying to avoid the two of us. etc.

I don't know if Captain Smith was with the Treasury department or what but this was during the prohibition era. He always drove Dad down to his office at Madison and Ashland Avenue. There was a building there called the flatiron building being triangular in shape. Dad would then catch the Madison streetcar and go down to the loop where he worked. One morning when they were driving through the village of Lyons which was a noted place where so called "blind pigs" which dispensed alcoholic drinks to those who chose and were mostly operated by Capone and his gang. Captain Smith pointed the "Idle hour cafe" out to Dad he said no Lee you watch next week there'll be a padlock on the front of that building. Sure enough next week there was a padlock. So Dad figured that Mr. Smith must be with the Treasury department and was really trying to close down these blind pigs which he had done very successfully as the mayor of Berwyn a few years earlier. When Mr. Smith was elected as mayor of Berwyn his votes came mostly from the owners of the blind pigs in town. The first thing that Mr. Smith did was to fire the captain of police and his entire crew and hired his own captain and crew of police and they raided these blind pigs. As you can imagine this was not very popular to the gangsters in the area and when Mr. Smith came up for reelection all the church people in Berwyn were for him but the blind pigs won the election and Mr. Smith was tossed out of office. They then shortly moved to Western Springs where Captain Smith was always interested in politics and very early on he became interested in Western Springs politics.

One of our Sunday entertainment we had been down to I think it was the Studebaker theater to see some play, the whole family except Captain Smith. Driving west to Western Springs we were on Jackson Blvd and going west, Gordon Smith was in the front seat driving, Kenneth, the little brother was sitting between him and his nurse whose name was Ivory Brown. Bud was in the seat to my left and I was in the jumper seat to his right and mother Dad and Bud's mother Olive Smith were in the back seat. Suddenly a touring car it looked like a big Lincoln pulled up in front of us and Blocked our way. Several men jumped out of this car. They had submachine guns and they ran up to the Smiths car which was a peerless opened the doors looked in and then one of the guys said "he ain't here" and slammed the doors they all rushed back to the Lincoln, got in, and sped off. When we got home that night we told Mr. Smith about this very interesting situation that had happened and he immediately dressed got a bag ready shouldered his pistol and left town. For several weeks we didn't see him, I don't know if Mrs. Smith knew where he was or anything but he very quietly disappeared out of this area.

Now during the about two years that our family lived with the Smiths Bud and I attended the Christian Science Sunday School in LaGrange we went every Sunday, we were angels in Sunday school.

The Smiths sold their home in 1924 and moved first to Kenilworth and Bud went to Nutrea High School while I went to the Lyons township high school which was in LaGrange. We both graduated from Western Springs grammar school in 1924 and we were the first class to be graduated from the new school on Wolf Road in Western Springs. Bud went up to Nortland Academy. During Bud's vacation that winter he came back to Kenilworth and Ida and Lee Vahly, my mother and father brought the whole graduating class of 1924 to a party at Bud's house. They made the trip via the CB&Q and then by elevated line to the end of the line in Wilmette. We all had a wonderful time and then Bud came back home to Western Springs and LaGrange with us to spend the weekend I believe afterwards. The kids were like all children at that time were quite rambunctious on the train we were singing and chatting and making a lot of noise. No one seemed to bother maybe because there weren't many people riding the elevated line that late at night. All of us kids had a great time with alphabetical sentences. I know one went like this "ab cd goldfish lmno goldfish osar. ok, if u say so.

Our two high schools were great rivals in football and Bud would always come to the games where he and I were spectators. Bud always played the saxophone I wandered around the stands looking at the girls that might be available for us to know. I found one girl who had gone to art institute with me, Jane Beryl of Wilmette. So when the game was done and the band threw, LaGrange as usual had lost, I introduced Bud to Jane Beryl that is Jane McReady sitting here across from me wanted me to get this straight on the record. Bud had several dates with Jane had I'm sure a good time.

The Smiths always threw these lovely parties for their friends and relatives and I remember one party particularly when I was then dating the later Representative Murdy's sister Betty. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning when the Smiths party broke up as they usually did rather late and I was driving Betty home to Western Springs so she could stay with her sister overnight, Mildred, and by golly on the way home just south of Roosevelt Road, next to the cemetery, I ran out of gas. I'd not really been used to running out of gas although Smiths said otherwise, especially on dates, but this time here we were stranded at that time about quarter to three in the morning. Betty went to Sunday school and the next morning was to be Sunday and I was anxious to get her home and I think Betty must have been doing some very good protective work on her own while I was trying to figure out some way of getting gas. A car drove up with about six rough looking characters in it all men, they asked if we were in trouble was there anything they could do for us so we told them that we were out of gas and they said well we'll get some for you and they drove off and then came back with a gallon can of gas. At the moment it was a very scary situation but I sure that the good work that Betty and I possibly had done protected us and we did get home at sunrise.

This tape was recorded on October 27, 1986 at Olivida while I was visiting with Bud and Jane in their lovely home here on Lake Manitowish.

(Bud Smith takes over taping) We had such fun with Jim Vahly here one day we went up to Hurley to the Iron County Museum which we enjoyed so much. Jim was fascinated with the room on mining. We were shown through it by Dan Young who had been a mine superintendent for many years.

I asked Jim if he would like to put a little something on your tapes because he has been a part of Olivida since about 1923 and that is quite a spell. The preceding thirty minutes was his answer to my question, he really got carried away mostly about our schooling experiences through 6th 7th and 8th grade plus experiences involving your Grandpa Smith. As he talked in taping I sometimes questioned his accuracy in some things he told about Grandpa I couldn't recall at all. But his stories were good and I know you will enjoy them.

Here's a couple I'll add to his, then on side A of tape two I'll finish up the canoe trip and go on from there.

One time Jim and I were returning from Elkhart Lake where our dance band use to play and Bill Hutchings and Meryl Kram were with us. We were in Bill's car and we had a flat tire on the road into the house off of the main road. Bill and I started to change the tire and Jim got out his ever present makeup kit which he was always using dressing one of us up, He used Meryl as his subject and elected to convert him into a disheveled drunken bum. He did a great job of it so we sent Meryl on ahead of us on foot. Bill and I completed the tire change and was befitting of our artist Jim just waited for us until we were finished and then we drove on in. In those days the road came in right along the lake from Hutter's the original big house and anyone coming up the road would be seen from Grandma's kitchen window looking east. Now at this time Meryl was sweet on Aunt Sis one of her many girlhood boyfriends, and he went along with this idea that it would be a startling arrival to have a little fun. There was only one thing we forgot to figure out, Aunt Sis had another boyfriend visiting her and he was scheduled to be gone before we arrived and we assumed he was. His name was Otis Crawford, a very staid, proper young man and stuffy too I might add. His dress and appearance fitted the qualities just given. Our favorite nickname for him was privately "Little Wild Otty". As it happened Grandma was at her kitchen window, saw this besotted individual staggering up the road and called Grandpa saying "Charles go out and stop that awful drunk from coming up to the house. Grandma had a thing about alcohol and inebriation and for this to happen while prim "little Wild Otty" was still there was just unheard of. Well grandpa walked down the road, discovered it was Meryl playing a prank and I believe went along with it. When they reached the house Grandma, Aunt Sis and you know who were standing in the back yard not being there I can't report about the flying sparks as Meryl was introduced to Otis. I do know that my mother was really mad and gave us all the old silent treatment for a while but it wore off. I told you earlier that she was the sweetest person we ever knew and she loved all of us boys and put up with so much.

Jim Volhe's dad, Lee, was just as much a prankster as anybody. Here's a story about him. The old Chicago and Northwestern railway sleeper from Chicago was scheduled in each morning at 6 am. Going to meet it and to greet a newcomer was an event. Mother would stir us all out at about 5 am then we'd all drive in to welcome whoever. Uncle Lee was scheduled for this particular morning so we all went. The train pulled in probably up to three hours late which was normal but no Lee VohleP got off. However, way down at the end of the train platform in Manitowish there stood a lady all alone. She waved her hankie daintily at Mr. Rafferty, my Dad's lawyer of many years and he being very proper turned away pretending not to notice it. The lady waved again and started walking up toward all of us. When she arrived she threw her arms around Mr. Rafferty much to his surprise and chagrin and that was our missing Uncle Lee. What fun we all had over that. I'm sure there's a picture in one of our albums he had warned the train porter the night before that he would be dressed as a lady in the morning so as to not startle him but in the morning the porter came up to him and said help you with your bags missy to which Uncle Lee replied in a deep voice it's me to the great surprise of the porter.

Once when there was a whole group of us up here, and we were still in the big log house, Jim and I shared a bedroom in what is now the big house. At that time it was the same size as our home now is. Jim's dad told mother that he would go over and inspect and see how we were keeping it. So he walked over and we were evidently out doing something so we didn't see him. But he reported that our room was a mess so he swept up all the peanut shells and so forth and cleaned it up and mother was delighted until he finished his speech. Quote "and I put them all in their beds and that will teach them a lesson". That's what Grandma had to put up with as I said all the time.

Jim was in on another one, this involved him, Meryl Grahm and myself. I think it was Jim and I who had been out canoeing fully clothed and as we came into shore Meryl walked out and tipped us over, then made tracks for the office where we boys stayed with us right on his heels. He went in, locked the door and laughed at us. Bound and determined we would get even we each got a couple of pails of water, hid at the sides of the back porch and patiently waited. We knew he would come out sometime which he did. We got poised to throw our water a pail from each side ready to give him a good soaking when he emerged fully clothed part in Jim's good clothing and part in mine.