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Welch, Frank J Oral History Interview: General Holland History

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Oral History Interview
Interviewee: Frank J. Welch
Interviewer: Robert Quick
August 3, 1976

RQ: Frank, I'm going to let you speak into the microphone and recall your earliest days at Macatawa. I note here in the Sentinel that you've summered here for 80 years, and since you're 91, that would make you eleven. That takes you back what, to 1896?

FW: Yes, I was born in 1885. We came to Macatawa...I guess I was 10 or 11 years old. We were farm people and after harvest we came up here just to get away from it, and liked it very much. And we've returned many years since.

RQ: What are your earliest recollections of those days, Frank? Your methods of transportation?

FW: Well, I remember that the interurban came out here and came out to this point, and later on, it went down to where Point West is now situated, and it terminated there. We used to always go down there and the boats came in.

RQ: Now, Frank, that's very interesting, your recollection jives precisely with the document that Aunt Rose just loaned me today. It's the bicentennial Park Township brochure. I notice in this very wonderful brochure that was put together for our bicentennial year, some very interesting pictures of Macatawa Park and Waukazoo and other places, and I think that one right there, Frank, shows exactly what you were describing...how the interurban...

FW: Chicago boats used to land here, and, finally, they built a new pier that angled out from that—I suppose it's 200-feet long, probably—and the boats used to come around that. One of the crashed into it and was destroyed. That's sort of early days. Ottawa Beach, I

guess, was lost in a fire. I don't know just when, maybe in the '20s. That was a very beautiful place, and all the kids and young people used to travel back and forth. There were also three ferries that made these three... Macatawa and Ottawa Beach and would go up to Waukazoo. It was all then at Jenison Park, otherwise there was quite an amusement park at Jenison Park, where they had a merry-go-round and some buildings there with different things in them and a shooting gallery, and that was about the main excitement, it was _____ around here, but it was very wonderful and kept all the young people busy.

RQ: Frank, your arrival, first time at Macatawa, was pretty close to the year, I believe, that the hotel was built. Was the Macatawa Hotel...?

FW: The Macatawa Hotel, when we came here, somebody told us, was about four-years-old.

RQ: Do you remember a proprietress of that hotel by the name of Mary Rider?

FW: Oh, sure, Mrs. Rider.

RQ: Mrs. Rider.

FW: She had a son, I think.

RQ: George.

FW: Georgie. He was rather odd.

RQ: He was a Shakespearean...interested in Shakespeare's plays.

FW: I think he thought he was. He was quite a character around here, and I think that he sort of depended on his mother for his livelihood.

RQ: The reason I ask that, Frank, is that I have a sentimental interest in Georgie and his mother. I never knew his mother, but when I was about four or five, we stayed at a cottage, and I used to walk by Georgie and he would always be watering his lawn, which

is in front of the cottage now called the Edgewood and the one which I now own, given to me by my father and mother. It's now the Edgewood, but it was the Georgie, and it did belong to George Rider at one time.

FW: Yes, it did, you're perfectly right. Well, they were a nice family, but he was just one of the characters around here. I guess that's all...

RQ: Speaking of the interesting characters that were in Macatawa, and I guess there still are some interesting characters, but do you remember the Skinner boys, Harry and Adam?

FW: Oh, I certainly do.

RQ: Tell me your recollection of the Skinner boys.

FW: Well, the Skinner boys were two brothers and one of them was nice, he was sort of a painter and he would go and help people sometimes, with this and that. The other fellow was just a little odd, I don't know whether they lived down there next to where Casey lived, in that little house.

RQ: It was called Harry and Al.

FW: It's called Harry and Al, and they were just kind of sort of characters that belonged around this place. I remember Harry used to sit on a _____ keg and catch fish and take them around and try to give them to somebody or sell them. He was quite a character.

RQ: When my mother didn't know what I was doing, I was down playing p-pool with the Skinner boys and Pete Rank. You remember Pete Rank?

FW: Oh, yes. Pete Rank was another character, and I don't just remember what...I think he got killed. Yes, he lost his life in some accident, car accident. Yes, they were all characters around here, and now I'm afraid I am one of them. (laughs)

RQ: You've outlived all of them, Frank. The Skinner boys did do some fishing, as I recall.
Isn't that right?

FW: One of them did.

RQ: You're one of the deans of the fishermen.

FW: They fished all the time. Fished a great _____, and that's about all one of them did in his latter years. So, I just don't know. There's another character here, too, that is around here is with the Ringling Circus. That was Frank Lemmen. He was a fancy bicycle rider. He used to ride a bicycle with wheels on it, that seemed to me like his knees would go up farther than his head, pretty near. And he was another character; there's been a lot of them around here. Of course, that was the days when the three lines of boats—the Goodrich boat came over here, and they also went from Milwaukee. They used to come and anchor here and take passengers in and take them back again for the weekend. So, it was quite a busy place around here in those early days.

RQ: Frank, Pat Rose, last summer, gave me a copy of a most interesting article that her husband had written about Harry Skinner and his funeral. Do you recall, did you ever see that document?

FW: No, I have never seen it.

RQ: Well, I am going to make sure that you get a copy of it because it is very humorous, and it deals with Harry and his very interesting personality. I can't remember now Aunt Rose's husband's first name.

FW: Fred.

RQ: Fred. Fred Camel. Fred Camel wrote this, and Aunt Rose gave me a copy. You'll get a lot of chuckles out of it, I'm sure, about Harry at his funeral. He's actually reciting the

news to people like you would in the newspaper, recounting his own funeral experience.

Most interesting and very unusual...

FW: I think they came from St. Joe or someplace down there, that's where they were finally laid to rest.

RQ: There's also, in the Park Township history, the 200-year history, a recording, or record about a place I used to go. Dad and Mother used to take my brother Ed and me when we were boys, to Getz Farm—up just north of here.

FW: Oh, yes, that's right. Just got to Holland, and then when you get out there to Holland, turn...yes, it used to be marked the _____. I think it belonged to a promoter of prize-fighting in Chicago. And maybe he had some interest in the large _____ business, too. I really don't know. But he had several animals there.

RQ: Oh, yes, there were wild animals. He had tigers and lions.

FW: And he had a python snake there, and he put a little lamb in there one time, and that just worried me to death because I like animals.

RQ: Oh my, a live lamb?

FW: A live lamb. That's the way they have to feed them.

RQ: They have to feed them live?

FW: Yes.

RQ: That seems rather cruel.

FW: We ought not have that in here.

RQ: Let's see, Frank. There was another question I had. Aunt Rose told me about a year ago, about a book that had been written about Macatawa, by a very famous author, Frank Baum, the author of the Wizard of Oz. I was lucky last summer and got a hold of a copy

of this from Art Tazelaar. It's called Tamawaca Folks. Have you ever seen a copy of that book?

FW: No, I haven't, but I've heard about it. Also, Frank Baum lived down where Dr. Hathaway lived down on the lakefront, and he used to have a horse out there. He pinned a saddle on it and it was fastened to a barrel with a lead about 10 or 15 feet, and he used to have the kids try to ride on it. No one would ever ride..._____. All the kids tried in the neighborhood; they could not ride that, the barrel was anchored at the bottom.

RQ: Isn't that something?

FW: That is one of Frank Baum's. They also had some chairs on the porch. The back of the rocking chairs went up, and they were a goose's neck. And they were odd; all the stuff was odd that they had there. I don't know what else.

RQ: Frank, let's talk a little bit about fishing right now. In my earliest recollection as a boy in Macatawa Park, I can remember my grandfather and Mr. Brooks, J. B. Brooks, fishing with Mr. McClung and, I think, with you. Do you recall those times?

FW: Oh, yes, I've fished with them.

RQ: Would you spin me one of your best fishing stories concerning you three?

FW: I've got a little one, I guess. Shut it off a minute.

RQ: Okay, Frank, now continue on with your interesting story.

FW: Well, we were fishing with several people and the _____ white bass, rather small, seemed to be biting. An older man was there and said to this man, "You should not keep those bass. They are undersized." His answer was, "I have already thrown away two that are too large."

RQ: That is very good, Frank. Do you remember any specific instances of black bass, large-mouthed black bass, that you and my grandfather and Mr. McClung... Did you ever go black bass fishing with them?

FW: No, I went one time with Mr. McClung, but we didn't...we finally caught one old sheephead and that's all. He kind of thought that someone told him just to make a fish story they were fighting over the creek. But they weren't, it was just somebody telling him a fish story that wasn't true.

RQ: I've got a picture, taken when I was about eight-years-old. [Phone rings].

FW: Excuse me a minute.

RQ: Frank, the question that I had when the phone rang was, I have a picture that was taken when I was about eight-years-old. It's down on the old boardwalk in front of what was the Breaker's Cottage then. And it shows Mr. Flood. Do you remember Morris Flood?

FW: Yes.

RQ: He was a friend of our family from the Central Church in Pittsburgh. It shows Morris Flood and a man named Fisher, who was the pastor of the church for a short time. Uncle Morris had taken him fishing somewhere in Black Lake, and they had caught a beautiful...it looked like a great big pike or muskellunge. I don't remember which kind of fish it was, but it must have been at least three-feet long. And he's holding this fish, he and Uncle Morris holding this fish for the photographer to take a picture. My dad tells me the story about the excitement that happened during the landing of this fish. The only thing that he can remember that Uncle Morris said in his excitement was "Hit him with the anchor, hit him with the anchor." Do you remember that story, Frank?

FW: Well, I remember, but that that was a northern pike.

RQ: Northern pike, that's right.

FW: And there used to be a quite a number of them caught here, especially over on Ottawa Beach. They were fish, but if you were fish hungry, you didn't care too much for them. They were full of bones with a little hook on them, just like a fish hook.

RQ: They were great sport, but they weren't too much for eating. Uncle Morris did a lot of fishing. Every time I could recall seeing him, he was going to or coming from his fishing expeditions. Then there was a fellow from...was it Indianapolis that the dentist, Dr. Moyer...

FW: Dr. Moyer was quite a fisherman. He caught one bass that was, he thought, it was quite a _____, so he asked Casey to bring out his long dip net to dip it up for him. But those bass were....he was a peculiar fellow, Dr. Moyer, a little bit. He had a nice bass, it was a nice bass, but many more have been caught like it.

RQ: Yes, I remember...these are faint recollections because I wasn't old enough to really reflect accurately. But my grandfather was down at Casey's one time, early in the morning. He used to like to go down very early, long before we would ever get up. And by the time we got up he was finished with the fishing. Many times we'd have breakfast with what he caught. But he was fishing through a hole in the plank boarding that served as the dock, and thinking that maybe if he did catch something, he could get it through the hole. But he caught a bass that was too big, and it wouldn't fit through that hole. And I can remember the excitement of trying to yell to get Casey to come with his net.

FW: That sounds very natural.

RQ: I don't know whether you remember that particular incident, Frank.

FW: No, I don't remember that. But I do know that we'd been up here in the wintertime when ice fishing was good, and when you're not used to it, it's rather startling to be in one of these fishing houses and have a car drive by. They have snow holes through the ice, and a little fire in there, and a small bucket or something. If a car goes over the ice, you can't believe it, but they do; I've seen them do it. That kind of splashes up through the water, and it seems rather odd and scary, when you're not used to it. And I know of another time when somebody caught a white bass, and he couldn't get that through this...so they got somebody, the man who had charge of that, brought his ice pick and dug a hole out a little so they could get this fish. And it wasn't a very big fish either, but I guess it was a pound and a half or two pounds, maybe. But it was fun, and it's just different. The best part of it was that I think the gulls were very hungry, and if you through a few minnows out there that weren't alive, they would just swarm in for them. When the ice is over, they seemed to be very...and I don't know what on earth they existed on, but that was kind of interesting...anybody interested and kind of liked fish, too. But it's just different.

RQ: Speaking of Casey, wasn't his name Landeman?

FW: Landman, L-A-N-D-M-A-N.

RQ: Casey used to make his living in the summertime, taking fishermen out to the pier because there never was a breakwater that crossed over that allowed you to go from the lighthouse to the south pier, and Casey would take you out in his boat.

FW: He took you out, and I think he made great little money that way.

RQ: And he sold bait, of course, and rented poles. He was a real character. Do you know anything interesting about Casey's history, Frank?

FW: Well, I don't know, I think he just grew up here. I really don't know how he fell into this thing, but he did, and he made, I think, a very good living here. Casey was the type of person that if he cared for you, he was a friend; if he didn't, that was it.

RQ: Of course, we were kids in those days, and we did not mischievous pranks or bad pranks but we were mischievous, and I guess Casey never took too kindly to us. But we always thought he was kind of an interesting guy. He had one eye, and I understand he lost one eye to an acid accident. Somebody threw acid at him. Is that correct?

FW: That won't do.

RQ: That's the story...we'll stay away from that story, Frank. At any rate, we'll just call him One-Eyed Casey.

FW: Yes, One-Eyed Casey.

RQ: He lost his one eye in an accident.

FW: He had an unfortunate accident.

RQ: An unfortunate accident, all right. Now then, let's turn to another interesting character. One who, I would say, of all of the many interesting people in Macatawa, this man I seem to recall with the fondest memory, and that's dear old Captain Bosko. Was he not the man in charge of the lighthouse for many years, Frank?

FW: Captain Bosko came here from some...well, he was transferred here from some lighthouse north of Milwaukee, I think. He was here many years and a very interesting fine old man. He would take care of the lighthouse until it was modernized. I know when he was retired, it was taken over by the Coast Guard, and they had to call Cap Bosko to get them straightened out occasionally. But it's all run now with electricity and entirely a different system.

RQ: Not as interesting or colorful as in the old days, is it?

FW: Not as interesting or colorful. I remember when the lighthouse had a small lamp in there, and it also had an extended post out the end and the boats would come in. They didn't have the strong light they have today. But they pulled the lighthouse _____, and then he would pull an ordinary lantern out to this one beyond it, and the boats would line up. That's the way in darkness, that they found their entrance to the channel. I don't know why there wasn't accidents but that was what they had, the boats to get in here when they were coming in all the time, lumber boats. And it was very interesting also as we were talking about boats...when the lumber boats would come in here, the sail boats would come in here.

RQ: Was there a fog horn, too, on that lighthouse in those days, Frank?

FW: Oh, yes, but you couldn't hear it. No, I'm sorry, there wasn't a fog horn, but he had a small horn, a very good-looking horn that he would blow before the fog horn was installed in there. I don't think that it would carry very far, but he had one and used to get out on top and blow that horn.

RQ: It was kind of a manual operation in those days compared to the automatic.

FW: As a kid, I was out there one day when they were trying to get the boat in, and all at once the boat came through the fog and I don't believe it was 200, 150-feet from the...it was Sioux City and any older people remember those boats that glide here from here to Chicago and Grand Rapids.

RQ: Frank, do you recall...There used to be a practice session by the Coast Guard. This is very faint in my memory, but my grandfather, Mr. Brooks, used to take Ed and me...I

think it was on Thursdays, early in the morning, and the Coast Guards would have their practice sessions on rescuing people. Do you remember that operation?

FW: Oh, yes, you are certainly right on that. They had a post out there and they would bring their cart out with their equipment on it and would shoot a line over this post and then they would send a britches buoy out. That is supposed to be, if the boats were wrecked, close enough to shore where they could do it. If they couldn't get the passengers out, they could take them off through this. I've never seen them do it, but I've seen them practice it many times. They would also take their lifeboat out and would turn it over, too. That was the type of boat that was rowed. The captain would sit behind and steer it with a long oar and that was an interesting thing, to see them turn that boat over. Sometimes it was a little cold and they sort of objected to it, but they did it once a week, go through these drills.

[tape turned off and back on]

RQ: Frank, we're talking about some of the old timers and the interesting characters that lived here in Macatawa in the summertime. Looking again at some of the stores that we used to have, we had some marvelous places along with the old hotel, and one of these was Mrs. Kelly's store. Do you remember Mrs. Kelly?

FW: Mrs. Kelly had a drug store on the corner there, and it was a right good drug store. Next to it was the post office, and I think also there was a plumbing shop in there. But those were taken down when Mr. Den Uyl took that set of buildings down—also, the nice grocery store behind the old soda fountain.

RQ: Oh, yes, and that was a marvelous soda fountain. As I remember, that was kind of the community center, where people from all over the park could meet.

FW: It was a community center, and we'd meet down there and they had...it's just a nice place.

RQ: Yes, I remember the Noble brothers, the two tall, Henry and George, and even Cranenberg at one time, I believe, worked in that...because I can remember Brian frozen Milky Way's when I was a kid.

FW: Well, you're right. I know I remember you used to take the _____ a sort of new, and you could go down there and have a wonderful time. You could buy a box of popcorn and had three or four peanuts in it for five cents. We'd always stay when the night boat went out. And that was another drawing card—all of the younger people, kids would go down there.

RQ: Your storytelling brings back another memory, Frank. When my grandfather was living, Mr. Brooks, and I was just a little boy, we were coming down the steps of the soda fountain and I had an ice cream cone in my hand. I jiggled it and it fell out, the ice cream fell onto the...and I didn't want to lose it so I put it back on. I can remember you wouldn't let me do that. You went in and bought me a clean one. (laughs)

FW: That sounds like you can't _____.

RQ: Do you remember Mr. Cameron? What did he have, a novelty store?

FW: Mr. and Mrs. Cameron had a little store here, and Mr. Cameron was a good Masonic man, but the poor old soul was, I don't think he ever made much at it. But they were just a grand couple. They sold a few dishes and different things, but I don't think they had much trade here. I think Mr. Cameron went to the Masonic Lodge; I think that's where he passed away. They were grand people.

RQ: They had a little cottage down in...

FW: They had the cottage Boermas have today.

RQ: Right, and they had one of the finest pumps of fresh water anywhere in the park.

FW: That's right, everybody used to go there.

RQ: That used to be my chore. I'd take the bucket for the water for the day, and it was kind of a community pump, really. It was very cold; it was very good.

FW: There was another character around here, Tommy Sorandas, who lived on a boat. He used to go down there and get his water.

RQ: Oh, was that the one that owned the boat called the "Wee Wee"?

FW: That's the one.

RQ: Tell me about Tom. He had the darkest tan of any individual I ever knew.

FW: Oh, yes, he had this boat and he lived on it, and he used to come over here in the evening and catch a few fish. Tommy Sorandas would take that boat and take the _____ and go to Florida. But he told me one day, he said, "I can't come back because I'm getting too old." But he, I found out, this is a true story, he was a very fine shuffleboard player, and he used to play with one of the Wannamakers from New York. And I just didn't believe this story, but I had a good friend that went down there and he knew of the Wannamakers and it was true. Thomas Sorandas used to take his _____ boat and go down there, and he and this very fine merchant man won in the shuffleboard. They certainly did. That is a true story.

RQ: That's most interesting, Frank. I do remember though, Old Tom, we used to call him, and he would come in from the "Wee Wee" to get the mail when Mary Van Regenmorter was the postmaster. I guess we'd call her the post person today.

FW: Postmistress...I don't know what, but anyway.

RQ: She was the lady postman.

FW: That is a very true story.

RQ: When did Mary relinquish that job to Art Tazelaar? Do you recall, Frank?

FW: Oh, I don't remember, but it's been a long while ago. Art has spent his life in there.

RQ: Yes, I just saw him yesterday, and he's nearing retirement now.

FW: Well, Leonard Van Regenmorter had a sister that was in there between...she used to be that, too, used to be the postmistress.

RQ: I see, I don't remember her.

FW: Well, I knew you wouldn't, because I was very small when she used to have that. And that's the small cottage that is back in the garage now. And it's a little small cottage that still exists, and I think the Galls bought it and live there.

RQ: Oh, yes, I know the Galls.

FW: That is the original post office here, in the turn of the century.

RQ: That was the original post office of Macatawa Park?

FW: That was the original post office.

RQ: First one to my recollection, of course, is the one up there next to Mrs. Kelly's drugstore.

FW: Yes.

RQ: I think we're coming pretty close to the end of this tape, Frank. Before we do, however, I was going to ask you one thing more before this side of the tape runs out. Speaking of some of the people, former residents of the park, the owner of the park, of course until Mr. Den Uyl purchased it, was Swan Miller, who then deeded it to his daughter Georgia. Would you care to reminisce a little bit about the Millers?

FW: Well, I really don't know much about Mr. Miller, but he lost his wife, and so he brought his niece here, I think, who was Georgie Miller and she lived with him. But it was owned principally by Mr. Westervelt and another Mr. Colby.

RQ: Colby and Westervelt.

FW: They had this earlier. I think I'm right on that.

RQ: That sounds right, because I'll tell you, in Frank Baum's book, both of these gentlemen are mentioned.

[End of side one]

FW: So we ran there, two or three of us, and I took the car and drove up there. It was on fire; an upstairs old fixture dropped on the corner, I guess, and _____ set this mattress on fire. We asked her to bring up some water, so she brought up a little stew kettle of water to put this fire out. So, a neighbor and I got the mattress and dragged it down, and it was literally out in the street. She just really told us to get that mattress back..."I don't want it to get wet," when the _____ was on fire. But we did not take it back in the house.

RQ: Probably a good thing you did, there's been enough cottage burned down up here.

FW: She couldn't do it, you know.

RQ: Speaking of fires, Frank, I was reading this article and it said that the great, beautiful Ottawa Beach Hotel burned in 1923. Do you remember that beautiful hotel?

FW: I certainly remember that hotel. That is the one that we younger people used to go over there in the afternoon and dance. We could go there, and probably stop at some of the other places. There were the little ferry boats—the Lizzie Wells, the Harvey Watson—and they plied between these three _____, and they were busy and it was a very

wonderful place. It was so different from today because they had these entertainments here.

RQ: How about Angel's Flight, Frank? Did you go up Angel's Flight to dance, too?

FW: Well, there was a dance hall up there, but we weren't here those times of Angel's Flight.

RQ: Oh, that was earlier; that was before you arrived?

FW: Well, there's a space when we didn't get there.

RQ: Janet and Barbara and I today walked over to Jesieks, just to look around and see the myriad of ships—that's really a giant marina now. We couldn't help but reflect upon the vast changes that have taken place just in the boating around Macatawa over the years.

FW: Oh, yes, a great deal.

RQ: Do you recall, back in the '20s and earlier, when there were just a few boats, and Jesieks was just a little kind of a hole in the wall?

FW: Oh, I remember before Jesieks were there. When we make this little bend out here...I've taken my mother over there, and she used to like to pick water lilies. And this corner right here? I expected as much as an acre in that corner that had water lilies in it. And there was also an old sailing boat out there was something like 200-feet long, that had got on fire and was beached out there. It was quite a sight to go over and go around that, because the water is very clear, and you can see a great many fish of all descriptions around the hull of that old boat. Very little of it stuck up out of the water; burnt to that place, and that's just what put it out. That was always interesting for kids to go over there.

RQ: I'm afraid we won't find the water so clear right now. We were walking along the beautiful boats, and the water in which they lie, it looks like a cesspool. It's just filled with slime and dead fish.

FW: It's just pitiful the condition that the water is in. There's another thing, too, kind of interesting for some people – I like the wild ducks that have been raised. There's been several of them that have hatched here and put their babies there, and they raise them and they seem to eat this...

RQ: We saw a mother and two little ducklings just this morning.

FW: Oh, there are a lot of them out there.

RQ: Is there?

FW: Living there all summer.

RQ: There used to be some down by Brooks' 7-Up houseboat.

FW: Oh, yes, I know.

RQ: Frank, looking over the many years that you've enjoyed coming to Macatawa, I'd like to kind of ask you a personal question. What has it been that has drawn you back to this place? There are many, many summer resort areas, but you seem to have always wanted to come back here. Why is that?

FW: Well, we came here because it was close—it was only 180 miles from home, and I could take care of my business and spend time up here. My mother and my family have had the asthma a little, and even this short change, coming to Holland, that seemed to relieve that trouble. That's the main reason that we came up here.

RQ: The climate here seems to be so agreeable—the coolness of the evenings and in the summertime, July and August, in particular. How much time do you usually spend in the summer up here, Frank?

FW: Well, we used to come and go a great deal. We used to come in the wintertime because it's fun to come up here in the wintertime. We'd get snowed in once in awhile, but that was fun still, when you didn't have to do it. The fishing was good at that time, and I like to fish. And the people were nice up here; the people who lived here the year 'round were just wonderful.

RQ: The Dutch are a very friendly people.

FW: Oh, the Dutch are more friendly than any class of people that I know. They're really wonderful people, and they're just so honest, too.

RQ: Yes, and they're very clean and very industrious people.

FW: It's just that way, you don't need to worry about them misrepresenting anything, because they just do not do it.

RQ: My father and I just went through an experience that proves that, with a Mr. Brook, who painted our little cottage. Based on the agreement that he and Dad reached, they had never met, but they did come to an agreement. He came out, looked over the cottage, made Dad an estimate, sent him a letter. Dad sent him a letter back and said go ahead. So, last summer, he finished the job and it was just a beautiful job. So, when I brought Dad up last summer, I took him over here and so he met Mr. Brook, the painter—never seen the man, but was just delighted with the work that he had done for him.

FW: There's two brothers of them.

RQ: Two brothers. You know them then?

FW: Oh, yes, I know them. They painted this house, too.

RQ: They painted your house? Well isn't that interesting.

FW: Yes, they did. They wanted to come to the store and have a little picnic on the porch, bring some of their people here. They belonged to this little church up here. They were good painters, but I was afraid they might...too old for it, but I wouldn't be afraid to _____ them on anything. They were high tide people.

RQ: Frank, do you recall, back in the days...oh, this is when the hotel was still stood...but my grandfather and Mr. McClung and Mr. Flood started a Sunset Services evening song fest. There, sometimes right out on the beach. Do you recall those services, Frank?

FW: Oh, my, yes; we used to...we attended to them. Earl _____ and I took care of the money there, you know.

RQ: You were the treasurer?

FW: We were the treasurers, and I would like to say, too, that we had a hundred...I don't recall, a hundred and twenty-five or maybe a hundred and fifty dollars, I don't remember. But anyway, we talked to all the people around here, and we took that into Hope College and gave it to the president there and told him that we'd like it loaned out to boys who really needed a little bit. In other words, we started this little...hoping other people would add to it. It was started with the remains of our sunset service.

RQ: Macatawa Sunset Service. I remember my mother used to play the organ, and my father would lead the singing.

FW: Oh, my, yes, I know that. I should say I do.

RQ: Mr. Brooks and my Nana and my Papa were, I guess, charter members, you might say. Georgia Miller, we used to sit there in that vacant lot wasn't it, where the bathhouse used to be?

FW: That's the place. But there was a sunset service on the beach right at the turn of the century. When we came here, I guess in '89 or '90, there were sunset services there and it was much _____. We also had the organ that they used to use, and the song books. I think they're in Mr. Carroll's cottage, in the basement. I don't know, I think they are.

RQ: Earl Carroll still has the organ and the song books?

FW: I think so.

RQ: Well, isn't that interesting. I'll have to stop by and ask him about those song books. I do recall, very fondly, how well-received that was with a lot of the residents of the park. I remember a Dr. Oggel and wasn't there a Dr. Wilson, that spoke regularly to the group?

FW: Oh, yes. Dr. Wilson lives up on the hill and his daughter was around here, and I talked to her this spring.

RQ: Did you?

FW: They've got the cottage up there. Well, that's when we went up the valley there to the tabernacle; it was in the Golden Gates. That's right. We used to get down there, right to Golden Gates and then go back up there. And there's some cottages built up there in this low place. There was a wonderful service up there. They had wonderful ministers there. They would come in from different places. Sunday school, I've gone to Sunday school up there.

RQ: They have...for awhile, while Dad was still coming up here, he became a member of the board of the Central Park Church. They had some wonderful speakers there. In fact, one of the best is coming this Sunday, Reverend Greenway from...I think he's from Grand Rapids now. He used to be in Holland. Have you ever heard Greenway?

FW: Oh, yes. He's a familiar name, but I can't remember. But that's been a long while ago.

RQ: Yes, but he is a regular every summer now. He usually comes in August, and he is so popular that if you go in the evening service you have to get there early or you don't get a seat.

FW: _____ do anyway.

RQ: Yes. We missed him last year, but the year before, we were here right after Watergate. He had a special sermon that Sunday, was just outstanding, and he had done it almost overnight—changed the sermon because of the earthshaking events when President Nixon resigned, you may recall.

[tape recorder is turn off]

FW: Is it turned on now?

RQ: Yes, it's back on now, Frank. I'm going to ask you a question about some dear friends of our family in Pittsburgh. Morris Flood had two daughters, one named Evelyn and one named Mary. They were twins, I believe. They used to come... I think Evelyn came in the odd years and Mary came in the even years and shared their cottage that way, down on Lake Michigan. Do you remember the Flood girls, one was Evelyn Logue and the other was Mary Reed.

FW: Oh, yes, I remember them very well. They were a very fine family.

RQ: I believe that Mary is now deceased, but Evelyn is still living, in California.

FW: Well, she really got...yes, she's in California. These two girls...and they used to be...Mr. Flood's granddaughters were among the good skiers here, but I just don't remember...I remember taking quite a few pictures of them when they, when WGN, when the movies were here and were taking pictures to make a movie that they called *Outdoor Michigan*.

RQ: *Outdoor Michigan*. About what year was that, Frank?

FW: Well, it's been a number of years ago; I don't just remember.

RQ: Now this was Evelyn and Mary, skiing?

FW: It was Evelyn, and it was Mary's daughters that were the skiers.

RQ: Oh, Mary's daughters. Yes, Ann was one name, and I can't remember the other name, the older daughter.

FW: Oh, I can't remember either, the two of them.

RQ: Ann Reed was the one...

FW: That's the Reed daughters.

RQ: And they always were skiing.

FW: They were quite professional skiers.

RQ: Do you remember, Frank...This was the year that I got out of the service. In 1946, the National Water Ski Championships were held.

FW: That's what I'm talking about.

RQ: That's the year then, that you were recalling. '46.

FW: You can come down some night; I've got a few of those pictures here. Bring your family.

RQ: Yes, I will. I'd be delighted to do that because I remember taking a few myself that summer, but I had forgotten that the Reed girls were a part of that. There was a girl named Wilhelmina or something like that who won the ladies championship that year.

FW: There was, and there's still one of them up here. I can't recall her name, but I will remember.

RQ: The Slighs were always very active...

FW: Charlie Sligh was the one. He really led the whole thing. Mr. Sligh was here; he's a grand person. He was a professional skier, and he would ski backwards on one ski, which looks impossible, and he did it. And I have some movies here.

RQ: Yes he's in the furniture...

FW: He's in the furniture business, but he's retired.

RQ: I see.

FW: But a grand family.

RQ: Yes, we passed their cottage, which is right near the Lakeshore Motel.

FW: Yes. But I think they have been abroad someplace this summer. I don't think he's returned; I haven't seen him here.

RQ: Well, I'm going to close now, Frank. This has been a delightful interview, and I want to thank you for taking...

FW: Well, you're certainly welcome.

RQ: You certainly have a good memory. You've run me out of questions, so I'm going to have to take a rest here and think up some more of them for the next time, okay?

FW: Well, that would be grand.

[end of interview]