INTERVIEW WITH FRED RYDHOLM
MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN
DECEMBER 11, 2008
INTERVIEWER: RUSSELL M. MAGNAGHI

SUBJECT: LIFE STORY

MAGNAGHI, RUSSELL M. (RMM): Ok, interview with Fred Rydholm, Marquette. December 11, 2008. Fred, my usual question is, what is your birthday?

FRED RYDHOLM (FR): March 11, 1924

(RMM): And what we'd like to do today is a sort of autobiographical interview, so we'll start out with your family. Rydholm is?

(FR): Swedish

(RMM): Swedish background? Ok, can you tell us a little bit about your Swedish origins?

(FR): Well, my grandfather would take different names, Army names. And Rydholm meant the 'the little flat island.' And that was the name he took when he came to America. The rest of the family must have taken it too because a brother came with the same last name. On my grandmother's side their name was Peterson but when they were home they studied in *Carlzen?* There was another Peterson at the same time and they went together and the clerk asked them if they were brothers. They said no relative. He was a Peterson of the *Hogland*, which was a fish boat in Sweden. So he went down as Lars Peterson Hogland. One of the sons took that name and the other took Peterson. There were five sisters and they got married so they all took different names. But two sisters married two brothers. So two of those sisters were Rydholms eventually. And my grandfather was the first Charles Frederick Rydholm.

(RMM): Now the original settlers settled down in Carlzen?

(FR): They came here and settled Chicago and then down into a southern state for a little while and then they came to Menominee and he worked on a Chicago north-western railroad, and he eventually got to Marquette and he became a 'kill burner.' They call them collier, but I've never heard that name. He always used the kill burner. He and his brother burnt kilns to make charcoal. That was quite an exacting process and it took them a couple of weeks to burn the kiln, and they had to stay right with it. If they let too much oxygen in there there'd just be ashes and if they didn't leave enough in there it wouldn't turn to charcoal. So they had to be quite exacting and he became a pretty good kiln burner I guess.

(RMM): So he did that in Marquette or out in Carlzen?

(FR): He went around to the farms where all the kilns were. And then he eventually he eventually worked for the 'cliff dow' out here where they made charcoal too. And he worked there until his seventies when he fell and had an accident. He retired then.

(RMM): He was Charles?

(FR): He was Karl in Sweden but they anglicized it to Charles when he came here.

(RMM): Do you know where they were from in Sweden?

(FR): That family was from Vesita, and my grandmother's family was from Smolen. It's a southern province where Karl Mar and the island, I forget the name, but it was a long narrow island just off of 'Carlmar.' And they fished and the others were farmers and my great-grandfather was a violin maker. They broke glass and scraped the wood with glass.

(RMM): Really? And what was his name?

(FR): That would have been Oli Larson. So my grandfather would have been Olson but he took Rydholm instead.

(RMM): Rydholm, I see. About what year did they settle up here?

(FR): He came here first in 1873 and then he went back to Menominee and came back here in 1875. Their first son was born in 1881, my uncle Karl. And they had seven boys and two girls. And Karl eventually became fleet captain of the Cleveland Cliff Fleet and the Marine Superintendent of the Great Lakes. And the thing that I'm kinda proud of was when he was Marine Superintendent during the war he drove the ice breakers up through White Fish Bay. The '*Wadom*' and *Sault Ste Marie* those two big icebreakers that were at St. Ignace, railroad ferries. He broke ice thirty two years there and he was considered an expert on ice breaking.

(RMM): And he wasn't in the Coast Guard though?

(FR): No, he was with the Cleveland Cliff then. Then during the war they made him lieutenant commander in the navy and he was marine superintendent of the Great Lakes. And he was in Washington and he lobbied for an icebreaker up here. And he was involved in the design of the Mackinac Icebreaker and he was on her maiden voyage. They don't even know that on the *Mackinac.* It was just put out of commission this year.

(RMM): Yes, it's down at Mackinac City.

(FR): Mackinac City? Oh yeah.

(RMM): You can go on board.

(FR): Yeah, I thought it was down there, Travers City or somewhere.

(RMM): Yeah, it's in Mackinac, maybe they moved it south for the winter.

(FR): Maybe, yeah, well anyway that was Karl. And then there was Ed and he went to Canada. He married a Tushet in Canada and stayed there. He wasn't back until 1908. Gus, Roy, and my father, my father was Eber, Eber Ferdinand. They bought the Rainy Grocery store on Fourth St. In 1908 or 08 they wanted to enlarge it but the city wasn't zoned for grocery stores there so they wouldn't allow them to enlarge it so they bought, or rented another store on the corner of Ohio and Third St. So they had two grocery stores so they called them Rydholm Bros. The Fourth Street store went out of business in 1929 or 30 at the beginning of the Depression. And then in 1931, Rydholm Bros were Roy, Eber, and Gus. Gus got killed up on M35 in an automobile accident. So that store went out of business in 1931. But my dad had been working for the carpenter Cook Company from about 1921. But on weekends and everything he filled in at the store. And he was a partner in the store and when they broke up the store, the canned goods all went to my Uncle Roy and my dad got all the bills that were owed. And some of them were paid in kind. They put a new roof on our and a group got together and built a garage in our drive way and my dad always said the bills were paid. After six years, he said they were outlawed. That they didn't owe them anymore. I remember people coming to our house. This one guy had a big handful of money. I think it was all one dollar bills but it seemed like a terrible amount of money, I think it was $37 or something. He said his mother had just died and he found this bill. My dad said you don't owe that anymore, that's been outlawed. "But we want to clear it all up," he said. My dad wouldn't take the money so he left it on the table and went. So there was a lot of that. A photographer in town, when I got my high school pictures, and he was selling me pictures and I said "I don't want all of that, here's one here and this is one of you in football…" They were quite a bit a piece and he said "We owe your dad money, these are all free." A barber, Charlie Johnson, owed us money. Of course it was fifteen or twenty cents for a haircut. I always used to get my haircut free there, so whenever I needed a haircut I would stop in and get a haircut. And my dad said, "Are you still going there? That bill's been paid for years." Anyway, there was that kind of stuff going on.

(RMM): You were born in 1924. Where did you go to school in Marquette?

(FR): The first school I went to was the Frobol School. It was a part of the Frobol-Howard complex. There were four buildings there. The Frobol was on Arch Street, the Howard was on Ridge Street and in between the two were there was a manual training building, with 8 classrooms, two stories of classrooms above it, and then a furnace building with two classrooms above it. They called that… I don't know what they called that one but it was all cement. The other was sandstone with wooden interior. But the whole thing was Marquette High School from 1902-1959. The Frobol was the grade school, up the sixth grade. In 1927, the junior high school elite school, down on Ridge St. Between Front and Third on the north side of Bluff St. That school they sold to the Catholic Church, they gave it another name, I forget the name.

(RMM): Was that the St. John's School?

(FR): I think so, yeah. Then the Frobol school, it was the high school before that, then they built Grayvet (?) in '27. '28 was the first class to graduate from there.

(RMM): You're known for knowing local history. But actually your career was in Science. How'd you get into that?

(FR): Well my father was a travelling salesman and he went from Sault Ste Marie to Ironwood by train and that was back in the '20's before they plowed the roads. He went to every place he could find that sold food. Theaters, restaurants, grocery stores, whatever had food in there. The Carpenter Cook was out of Menominee but he worked out of the Ishpeming Office, but he was living in Marquette, but he was living Marquette. About 1927 or '28 they began plowing the roads so he began going by car. They shortened his route then. He was only Alger, Marquette, Baraga and Houghton counties. Later it got shortened to just Marquette and Baraga counties. He knew everybody up and down the road and lots of people would call, "Did you hear about something down in Ironwood?" and he say, "Yeah, I heard about it and I'll be going down there next week so I'll be getting all the information for it." He moved heaven and earth to find out all this stuff. I heard him talking about all this stuff and people would come over and ask about a family over in Big Bay and he'd say "Yeah I know them, sure. They work here in the mill so on and so forth." He knew all the people and their business so when I started working at Big Cliff, I was one of the only locals from Marquette who was working there. A handful in the kitchen but everyone started asking me about this. I had known some of it but most of it I didn't know. I'd say my dad will be here this weekend and we'll ask him. Of course he knew all about it. He took me to Huron Mt. and Granite Loma? And he knew about Big Cliff. And soon people were asking me about stuff. My grandfather was still alive. They wanted to know about the coal docks, and I'd say "Gee, I don't know but my Grandfather would know, he came here in 1873 and he knew all of that stuff around Marquette. My dad knew all of the stuff up and down the peninsula. It never dawned on me that he knew so much until after he died. People would call and I'd say "I heard my dad talk about that, but I can't remember, I don't know anything about it. Except a train robbery with so and so but I don't know when it happened," and all that. But he had a tremendous amount of information and he'd pass it from store to store. He'd stand and wait for the guy to get ready to take orders in some place in Lance and they'd say "Something happened in Baraga" and he'd just come from there so he knew all about it. After he died, there was nothing. It was cut off and people were calling me and asking me and I'd say "I just don't know" so I started looking it up. He always talked about the Kaufman's and the Longyear's and all that. I got to know Mrs. Plough, a friend of my mother's. When I came back here to teach school, I found out that the Historical Society was upstairs in the library. I was wandering around up there and there was a birch bark canoe hanging. I knew Mrs. Plough when I was in seventh or sixth grade. Nobody in there, just Mrs. Plough who told me a lot about this stuff. About that time, '36 or '37 they moved next door. She and her sister, Abby Roberts, would have tea in there every Friday afternoon. When I came

back to teach in Marquette, in 1953, I discovered they were having tea every Friday afternoon I'd go down there. Just the three of us, though sometimes someone else would come. They would talk about stuff in Historical society, or about their families, or about the Kaufman's. Or about the Pindles. Or about all these different families. Then my mother was a very good friend of Phyllis Rankin, and she had a 1928 Buick Roadster with a rumble seat in it. When I was young, my mother used to bring me up to Phyllis's house, and Carol Watson Rankin was still there. She'd have her long dress on and her hair was going every which way and flowers inside her house and her hands were always dirty. She was piling wood and doing things, but they'd leave me with her while they went off around the island or something. One time, around 1934, '35, she had her stamp collection in loose-leaf notebooks. She saved every stamp, not just certain stamps, but every stamp. Pages and pages of three cent stamps all the same.

(RMM): All the same?

(FR): Yeah. And I said, "How come you save them all?" And she said, "I got my most expensive stamp in the post office waste basket. It was one of these and there was an error on it." She spotted it later and it was supposed to be worth four or five hundred dollars, which was a mint then. But anyway, she sat me down on the davenport and she's writing in a little notebook, a little five cent notebook with a stubby pencil. She's writing, writing and writing and she'd read me what she wrote, part of a story. Then she'd make up the rest. When Wolf Rock came out, that was her last book about '35 or '36, that was the story she was writing. She wrote them in the little pads. I don't think I was left there more than four or five times but she was full of information. She had all this stuff around and was telling me all this stuff. Another was a good friend of my mother's, Mrs. Redi, and her husband was the logger, Redi. I used to stop in and call her Aunt Emma and Aunt Ellis. And they had Stuart's Cove up there and their last name was Stuart but Mrs. Redi married the logger, Redi. Mrs. Reedy know all of what was going on, and her husband died in 1922, Jim Redi. She was supposed to have lots of money, and we always thought of her as wealthy. She wasn't that wealthy or had gone through it, but they used to travel to California and to Florida in the winters. Alice was the chauffer, and Mrs. Redi would sit in the back seat like a queen and she'd come back and tell all these stories. There were lots of conversation in those days. Every single day Aunt Allison would come and my mother would get so mad at them and say "I can't do anything, they're in here all the time." They'd never knock or ring the door bell, just walk in. One time my mother was mad and she locked herself in the bathroom and the Stuart girls were coming through. Mrs. Redi was born at the Powder Mill out here but she had an eastern accent. My dad always said she put that on or learned it somewhere. I remember her knocking on the door and saying "Louise, I know you're in there. Come out Louise," my mother wouldn't come out and they left her. But my mother was real good friends with them. Their mother delivered my dad out at the Powder Mill. She was a midwife.

(RMM): So then you grew up with all these and also with pioneer people to become… you knew them at their tail-end of their lives so you were compelled into the 19th century's stories.

(FR): Exactly. Many, many times people would call me and say come and give a talk about this or that at a church or something. And I'd say "I'd tell you what I know…" and they'd say, "where'd you get all that stuff?" and I'd say "well I knew Mrs. Morris and such." "Well do you ever write it down?" and I said, "No, It's mind-boggling to try and write it down." I took a course in Michigan history down in Western Michigan, I was teaching Vermontville and I didn't have a teaching certificate. And they'd give you a temporary one as long as you were working on it. So I went over to Western Michigan, and one night a week for eight weeks they had a three hour course in Michigan History. There was a Dr. Starring there. Charles Starring. I had been working, and collecting the history of the Bentley Trail because I discovered that in 1942 and I had never heard of it. And here's this trail going from Huron Mt. to White Dear Lake.

(RMM): How did you get into that, how did you discover it?

(FR): Well I was working at Huron Mt. I worked at Baycliff, 1939 and '40. I was so anxious to get to Huron Mt. because of all that country up there, and it was private, and my dad knew Mr. Perkins who was manager of the club. And he said, "Why don't you apply to get work up there?" I met Mr. Perkins the first time at a gas station on the corner of Bluff and Front St. I didn't know that was Mr. Perkins, I had seen him around but I didn't know who he was. I was with my dad and he said "Fred would like to get in at the club, what are the chances." I felt embarrassed. Mr. Perkins was a real nice man and he said, "Well, I'm retiring this year but you write out an application and send it in around March or April and I think you'll get a job." I typed it two or three times, that was the year I was a senior in High School and I put my graduation picture with it. There was a Mr. Pell who had just taken over and they invited me up there and Mr. Pell said he was the first one he'd hire since he came there. And he wanted me to work in the store because my dad knew Buster Cardinal who was in charge of the store. He always called on Buster. Buster was a Canadian hockey player, and they gave him a job in the summer. In the winter he played professional hockey. That team, they called it the Holy Team because it had one Pope, Pope Demars, was on that team. Two Cardinals, Buster Cardinal and his brother, and three Bishops. The three bishop brothers. So they had the Pope, two Cardinals, and Three Bishops. They always called it the Holy Team.

(RMM): What were the names of the three Bishops?

(FR): I think that was the Wild Geese, might have been Wild Geese might have been the team's name.

(RMM): I mean the name of the individuals.

(FR): Oh well, Pope Demars, and Buster Cardinal, I don't know his brother's name. Robert Bishop was one, but I don't know the other two. There were three.

(RMM): So you were working at the store?

(FR): I was working at the store. There was an old Indian, Indian Jim Dakota, and he was full of stories. Some you couldn't believe, and some were true you didn't believe them and some were lies that were so perfect you believed them. He was living up on Cedar Creek as a guard and he was supposed to come down every eighth day and sometimes he wouldn't come down. They found that he had fallen and wrenched his knee. They asked me to go up there and stay with him. I stayed with him a couple of times, the one time was for four or five days in his tent up there. He lived all alone, and stayed in a tent on Cedar Creek. He was always sneaking around in the woods and he wouldn't make any noise and you couldn't talk to him while we were walking because he wanted to see everything that was going on. And when we came to a fork in the trail he would scratch out the sandy spots and he'd lay a twig then a blade of grass across each branch and then he'd come back and see who went each way. All that kind of stuff you know.

(RMM): He was doing this as patrol work? It wasn't just to communicate with nature?

(FR): No, no. He was doing his job and he watched the whole back end of the club. He watched Cedar Creek, cliff stream, canyon, lake, but he'd walk different days different places. We were going up Cedar Creek this one day and I had seen a hemlock tree and it was all blazed up, blazes all over it and there was a trail that had forked there. I thought that has to be something important but I couldn't ask him right away. He had three or four places on the Cedar, and I guess other places too but I only knew the three on the Cedar where you'd sit and talk, and they were hidden. My favorite one was a hollow pine tree, were little waterfalls came down. Huge, perfect tree like this. But when you climbed that pine tree of pine needles and went around the back side, it was all hollow in there and you could get inside. We'd get in there and sit, it wasn't too tight and then I could ask Jim about that tree, "Why is that tree all blazed up?" And he said, "There was a fisherman's trail that went along the river and then the Bentley trail was straight through the woods, but they were parallel. The Fisherman's trail followed the river." I said "What is the Bentley Trail?" he said, "Oh that's been abandoned for years but that went to White Deer Lake." "Where's that? Do you think we could follow it? You could follow it couldn't you?" He said, "I suppose but that'd take a couple of days." I said, "Couple of days? How long is that trail anyway?" and he said, "About twenty miles." I said, "My gosh and I'd never heard of it but I had heard that name Bentley because they were living down at the club. I had found an old map with the Bentley Trail on it and I kept asking "Who were the Bentley's?" "They were the partners of the McCormack's. They had another place just like the club to the south. "I was so curious I wanted to go there and for the next four or five years I wanted to get a history of the Bentley Trail and find out about it. And there were old guides who used to work on it and some of the club members used to go on it. Whenever I could catch one I could find a little information. I even went to Richard Bentley, the son of Cyrus, Cyrus had died. He brushed me off, "Why you want to know about it?" "Well I want to find the history of it. I don't have any specific questions or I'd tell you." I didn't find anything out from him but I found other people who would bend over backwards to tell me and give me pictures and stuff. This was in '42.

(RMM): This was after you graduated high school?

(FR): Yeah, that was the year I graduated high school, ’41, but I didn’t find out about the Bentley Trail until ’42. Then I went in the service but I told people in the service about it and they were curious and that made me more curious because I didn’t know anything about it. But I’d tell them I was trying to find it out. I was trying to find out that history and I’d gather a little bit here and a little bit there. In 1948 I went to work and taught school in Republic for two years. And then ’49 I went to Battle Creek, and while I was at Battle Creek, no it was Vermontville, I was only one year at Battle Creek. Two years at Vermontville. I was going to go to Western Michigan to take this course in Michigan history towards the teaching certificate.

(RMM): But you were teaching science?

(FR): Yes because my majors were physics and chemistry and I was taking the pre-medical course before that. When I got in the service, I couldn’t get into a medical school so they sent me to Great Lakes and I became a hospital corpsman.

(RMM): You went to Northern?

(FR): No, I had gone to Albion one year.

(RMM): Albion, so you had graduated high school in ’41.

(FR): Through ’39, ’40, and ’41, Coach Waltz Spranco, or Dale Sprandle, two coaches, Sprandle and Spranco and they used to come up to the Escanaba Relays and they always gave a little pep talk to go to Albion. The first year was just a pep talk, I had never heard of Albion. The next year they said if I was seriously considering it they could get me a scholarship, a track scholarship. “What’s the track scholarship?” “Well, we’d get you a job that’d cover your meals and books, and then tuition.” My job would cover the meals and I’d get books and tuition for the scholarship. So in 1941 I was the Upper Peninsula Hurdle Champion and Spranco wrote me several letters to come down there. I said that my brother was in school in Ann Arbor and I was going to wait a year and take a post graduate course at the high school here. In ’41 and ’42 I took a full course at the high school again. Then I went to Albion College on that scholarship. But in the fall of the following year these teams of recruiters came, six of them. The army, army air corps, marine, navy, navy air corps and coast guard. They gave a big program for each one, it wasn’t whether you wanted to go in or not, it was which one. So I joined the navy then but they told me to stay in school. That had that V12 program, boy did I room with Ben Frederico, he was an English major, and they pulled him out of school within the month. He died in the Normandy Invasion, killed in that. He was a poet, wonderful guy. I memorized the whole poem that he would recite this poetry. There were four of us, Bob Olson was from Marquette, he went into the Marine Corps, Bob Wilson had an appointment to Annapolis. So I went in the navy. It was when I got out of the navy I went to Albion again and finished up two years and couldn’t get into medical school, they were full for the next three years to come. My grades

weren't the top and they had to be the very top and so forth. Two or three doctors in town recommended me to this school or that school so I went to visit them and they said two years and we'll let you in. So I came back home here I had always wanted to be a coach or school teacher but I had gotten the call and that call was to be a doctor. I'm glad I didn't now. Stanley Williams was a friend of the lady across the street and he was the county superintendent of schools and he called me and said "They are looking for a science teacher in Republic." And I said, "Well I'm a science major I don't have any credentials, I don't have a teaching certificate. And he said, "Well we can work that out but I want you to go up there and talk to the guys and let them know I'm searching. They're desperate for a science teacher up there." So I ended up teaching in Republic for two years and I had chemistry and physics and biology and general science. When he was questioning me, he said, "Can you handle that?" and I said "Yes, I can handle it but I don't know teaching, but I've had all those courses, but I'm not that strong in Physics. People have taken Physics are college bound and I don't know if I can handle that one. Where do those Physics students end up?" "Most of them end up down here in the saloon," he said. "Well if that's the case I can handle that." I was assistant basketball coach there and taught science subjects. When I got down to Western Michigan, the first day of the session, they were talking mostly lower or general Michigan history. He said, "Each one of you need to write an essay, 30, 50 pages at the most and you have all eight weeks to do it." Oh, and a lot of people handed in things that were four or five pages long and I was a terrible typist and a terrible speller so I went up after class and said, "I am from Upper Michigan," he had said to take a church, or a school, or a town, or a business or something for your project and gather the history of it. So I said, "I'm from upper Michigan and I've been gathering material on the Bentley Trail, which is a trail through the woods up there. I was wondering if I could use that as a subject." He said, "It doesn't sound like a very interesting subject to me." "It's twenty five miles long a lot of famous people used to walk that trail and I've gotten some information on it." "Well, if you can't find anything else, do what you can." Well, it was a terrible thing that I turned in, sixty five pages. He was ecstatic, he read pieces of it to the class, he said it was the best thing that ever came in, all original, he really never heard of it, and didn't know there was country like that in upper Michigan and never heard of the Huron Mts.   He was writing me letters and he said, "You just got a start here, collect pictures, interview people. This should be a book." He should up at Huron Mt. next summer and met some of the people I had told him about. It was raining and he was talking and talking and wouldn't come out of the rain and I said come on in the guide house and he said, "No, I want to meet Indian Jim, and Curtstone, and some of those guys."

TAPE ONE, SIDE A END

TAPE ONE, SIDE B

(RMM): How do you spell your teacher's name?

(FR): Starring, S-T-A-R-R-I-N-G. It may only have on R, but I think it had two. And I've met people that knew him, people that came up to Elder Hostel and said, "We knew Dr. Starring." I don't know when he died.

(RMM): So he came up there?

(FR): So he came up there, jus that one trip, to the Huron Mt. Club to see me, he had never heard of the Huron Mt. Club, or the McCormack property. Never heard of any of it. I said, "It's all been kept quiet and there isn't much written about it." And he was amazed at who were all up there and uh, he insisted that I enlarge on this thing and keep him posted. And he gave me letters of introduction to people in these libraries, it's all right here. I don't have to go down there to get it. These people come here from all over every summer. He was a little discouraged that I didn't go nuts over it. I didn't know how to write, how to get it down but I told a lot of people I was working on it and Sue Black, I don't know if you knew Sue Black, she was an assistant superintendent out here for a few years at the high school, she was an English teacher and I was teaching with her.

(RMM): Yeah, yeah I think I had her in class one time. She gave a tour of the cemetery, or did a paper on the cemetery monuments.

(FR): Shocking and all that. Well, she wanted to read that paper that Starring had wrote a lot of stuff about it, A++ and all this. And I said, he was all excited about it I was ashamed to turn the darn thing in. I told him I didn't have time, that I was busy and didn't have time, and was a terrible typist and I can't spell worth a darn. He was looking at the material and said, "That it was the first piece of real original research that he had come across in any of his classes." He said, "I never heard of these places, I didn't know there was Huron Mountains, I didn't know that club…." And he said, "You got to write it, you got to write it up." Well, I worked and worked, I couldn't do it and gave up many times. Sue Black read those sixty five pages and she said, "I'm going to help you get this thing underway." She started going around getting interviews on the machine like this. But they were all disjointed and I couldn't put them together.

(RMM): Were these interviews with you or with people that…?

(FR): She and I went to people. We went to Ted Tonkin, we went to people who worked at White Dear Lake and got interviews with them. But I didn't know how to put it together, so finally, I said, "this is way beyond me, I'm not this good at this stuff." She said, "I'll make an outline, and you follow the outline." So she, oh and she said our scope was way too big. We should just do the Anderson family on the Yellow Dog Plain. Nobody knew the Anderson's, and I knew Chris, I was a good friend of Chris, he was living down in Wisconsin. So she made this outline, and I tried to follow it but I kept bogging down. She said," The only thing you can do is sit down and write it in longhand. And tell their story." Because everything kept falling through and she said, "Then I'll put it together." So she did that for the book three, the Anderson story.

Then she thought that was going to be the end of it. And I said, "Well geese, I haven't even gotten to the trail. I haven't told about Huron Mt. I have to tell about Huron Mt. I have to tell about White Deer Lake, and those people are all involved with the starting of Marquette. And she said, "Well, that's more than I bargained for," so she wanted to be excused. I started on another book on the White Deer Lake, I got a hold of the daughter of Ted Tompkin, who was living in Pueblo Colorado. She wanted to work with that. So I'd write thirty pages at a time, she'd type them, send them back. I'd write thirty more pages and we did that second book like that. By then I knew what I was doing. I wrote the first book, and then the last book, just wrote them out and had different people edit them. Every time I tried to put an end on the thing, there was another guy named Tom Dickson who was at Huron Mt. and he had gotten hold of some of those papers and he was all excited. He said I should put it on a machine, a word processor. I had never heard of one. He had a student, who was the daughter of an editor, a lady editor, out east. He said that this girl had a kind of nervous breakdown and she had dropped out of school so he was going to have her put this on the word processor. So she did that. Her name was Luce Chevy. She lived in Sheffield, Massachusetts. This Tom Dickson was her teacher and was looking over her shoulder all the time so he was the one who got it all together. But there was still four or five years before I was able to get it out. It turned out it was going to be ready in 1989, and that was the hundred year centennial of Huron Mt. So I made a big deal out of that.

(RMM): So the book, the volumes you came out with, really got their start when you took this course?

(FR): Yes.

(RMM): So the instructor really turned you on to writing…

(FR): He was the one who turned me onto it. And I thought it was going to take four years and it took me forty. And I had a pile this high of papers and people said "How are you going to get this thing printed?" and I said "Well I don't know." And they said, "When you go into an editor with that, they aren't even going to read it." And I said, "It's just for the people around here anyway." Somebody wanted to cut sixty acres of my jack pine up on the plains, I had a tree farm up there, and I had never cut any of it. So I found out it was going to cost a heck of a lot of money to get that book printed and nobody would print it, no publisher would take it. No guarantee if it would even sell. But I knew the Huron Mt. people and a lot of Marquette people would so I said I would sell the first set sight-on-scene for thirty two dollars. It was four books, that a lot of people questioned it but a lot of people had worked on that book. I had interviewed them. I had a hundred printed of a special edition. Then I had thirty five hundred of a regular edition. I figured if I could sell enough of the special ones that it would get around. I sold them all in one year. I was amazed so then I had three thousand more, then two thousand. But June was going nuts. We were peddling the books here and there nobody wanted to pay for them, they wanted them on consignment then they'd call and say that one of the volumes was stolen, could I send them another one and did they have to pay for it and all

this. By then the price had gone up to uh, it was 32 dollars, then it was 46 dollars, then 52 dollars. It was 52 dollars then by the third or fourth year. But June said this is it, we aren't going to monkey with this. She was trying to keep the books and all that. So we had a fifth printing of one thousand, and then a sixth printing of five hundred, but we gave up by then. But my son, and Matt Morrison who worked out of the college wanted to take it over. I said it's yours, do anything you want with it. We can't handle it anymore. It's in its eighth printing now but they are only have five hundred done at a time and it takes two or three years to sell. I was amazed, thirteen thousand books, big volume, two volumes. So there is an interest.

(RMM): What happened to the interviews that you did with those people? Were they tapes, were they transcribed, and then what happened?

(FR): They were on a big old' machine, about this big and those things got transcribed on to hand-written yellow papers, I did that. And a lady from Escanaba came here and she said, "I heard you are looking for a ghost writer." And I said, "Who told you that?" and she said, "I just heard that. I write for newspapers around and do articles." This is when I had given up and Sue Black gave up then I tried again and gave up again. I said, "Well, I have a bunch of stuff here, it's in a big mess." She said, "I'd love to just go through it and maybe write some articles." I said, "You're welcome to do whatever you want with it." I gave her a bunch of stuff, never got her name or address and never saw it again. That was the bulk of it. I still got some here, stuff that I rewrote it and rewrote it. I even have some of the notes here someplace down in the basement. Those big pieces, a whole interview with Abby Roberts was in that stuff.

(RMM): The tapes extent?

(FR): The tapes are gone, they got all tangled up. I think we threw them out there from back in the fifties. Those tapes were big wide tapes and the table was about this big and belonged to the historical society and I had borrowed it and I brought the machine. I had the tapes and couldn't run the tapes on anything else. I think they must have gotten thrown out.

(RMM): So what happened, you have them, or the Historical Society?

(FR): Those tapes are gone. I think they are gone. But that big pile of stuff I gave to that lady in Escanaba I don't know who she is and they're gone too.

(RMM): Could you talk a little about your tree farm and your property? Because, as I'm listening here it seems as all these pieces are coming together quite well and the tree farm must fit into this.

(FR): Well, I tried to find that Bentley Trail two or three times and in 1946 I set out from Huron Mt. Oh I took one of the old guides but he said he was too old to walk the trail but he'd put me on it. He brought me up the end of Canyon Lake and you could see the board walk and such. I started to walk the Bentley Trail but I lost it but I knew it was going south and southwest so I

just kept going and every now and then I hit something that looked like the trail ‘til I got to the Yellow Dog Plains and then it was all bracken ferns about five feet high. Walking in bracken ferns it was desolate country. I just kept going slowly (*words inaudible*) way over to my left I saw the roofs of two cabins. I thought what on earth was that and I walked over there and here was a little mud hole with garbage and cans all around it. And two cabins, one of them was well built with dovetailed corners and hewn logs and everything. I couldn’t figure out what that was, but I stayed there that night. Not inside, outside. I camped outside. Then I went south again, and I got into big swamp and I came to a road and a logging truck, empty, coming out. He stopped and wanted to know if I was loss. I said, “Well, I’m heading to McCormack’s property.” And he said, “That isn’t around here, that’s over on the Huron Big Ridge.” And I said well I was trying to go there,” and he said “way over there.” I said, “I’ve been walking for two days.” He says, “Why don’t you come with me, I’m going in to Marquette.” I said, well, I don’t know where I am so I went back to Marquette. I started asking everyone about those cabins up there and there had been logging. One of them told me that’s where Letherby, er, not Letherby, a writer he wrote about Upper Michigan. He was from Ohio.

(RMM): Remen? Raimon?

(FR): No. He was back in the 20’s. Even before that. What was that, I can’t remember his name. I got some books by him out there. Anyway, they said that’s where he wrote his books and that that was his cabin. But it wasn’t. Because when I got to Joe Rose, who owned the cabin in Big Bay, he had sold that cabin and Joe Rose and was a partner with Howard Tredo. And Howard was a sheriff but he was teaching in Big Bay. And Joe Rose said… James Oliver Curwood was the writer.

(RMM): Oh, ok, yup, the Naturals.

(FR): Yeah. Joe Rose said, “He was way over in Baraga County. These were the Bentley halfway cabin.” I said, “The halfway cabin?” “Yeah!” “My god, I’ve been looking for them, here I stumbled right on them. I was looking for the Bentley Trail but they were in deplorable condition.” He said, “I just sold them last year to a guy named Paul Evan, here in Marquette.” And I said, “I’d give my eyetooth to get a hold of those cabins.” I said, “I’ve been trying to find the history of the Bentley Trail, I was trying to find it when I bumped into those cabins.” If I wouldn’t have seen the roofs, they were down in a whole you know, you can see the roofs in the distance. I got all excited about them and looked up this Paul Oven, he was a right-away buyer for the state highway department. He had bought 80 acres up there from Joe Rose and Howard Tredo. They had bought key spots around the plains for little or nothing and sold them for still little or nothing but five hundred, six hundred dollars.

(RMM): This was about what year?

(FR): This was about 1948. It was in the spring of 1949, when I went in there in May with Joe Rose. He said it had been cut over and burnt over, but they had saved the cabins. They had made a fire lane around them and so on. He told me that it was Paul Oven.

(RMM): Paul Oven? O-V-E-N?

(FR): Yup. So I looked up Paul Oven and found him and said, "Joe Rose thinks you might sell them. Even though you bought it last year or two years before." And he said, "You know I was going to plant Spruce Trees there and I found all kind of little baby spruces down toward the swamp and I was going to plant them for Christmas trees. But then I found out they don't plough that road in the winter time and I can't get up there. And then the roof caved in on one of the buildings." He said, "I've kind of given up on it. You really want it?" I said, "Did you know it's the Bentley halfway cabin?" He said, "I knew that." I said, "I would love to get a hold of it," and he gave me a price of eight hundred dollars. And I had seven hundred from teaching school in Republic. I said, "What about seven?" He said, "I paid six hundred and put two hundred dollars in it." He had Osterburg put windows in the guide's cabin and all that. I couldn't talk him down, and I thought I'm really getting cheated for that mess but I wanted it so bad. I said, "If I give you the seven hundred dollars and twenty five dollars a month for four months?" He said, "You got a deal."

(RMM): How many acres then.

(FR): Eighty acres. With two little ponds and two cabins, but the cabins were gone and the land was cut over and burnt over. He didn't know where the corners were even. He said it's all of this around these pounds for sure and it goes across the road about two, three hundred, he said. I bought the place, but he was going to make the deal on a Saturday. Jack Anderson had a Model A Ford Sedan that was a 1932 or something like that and he was going to take me up there and meet Paul Oven and Paul Oven was supposed to come from the other direction, from Lance. So Jack drove me up there and he laughed and laughed, and he said, "What do you want this place for? What a mess! And way up here where you can't get here. Broken down cabins with the garbage way up here. You're crazy." And he laughed and laughed. Well we hung around, and hung around. He said, "You know we better go home, it's going to get dark there's no traffic out here." And I said, "Well Paul Oven said he'd be here, he was supposed to be here at noon," it was about four or five o'clock then. So finally, about six o'clock, Jack took off and I was there alone. I didn't have any food with me or any place to sleep, I didn't have my sleeping bag with me or anything. I was thinking I could find the club from this end if I have to go. I'd never make it at night, I could sleep on the ground and then go the next day or something. But it was just beginning to get dark when in came Paul Oven, he had been lost. All over the woods. He said, "I'm glad I'm getting rid of this place." Then he got all enthused, saying, "I'd go up here between these two ponds and build on high ground," because that was down a whole. I road back to Marquette with Paul Oven and paid him the six hundred dollars and paid him the twenty five a month for the next, four uh, eight months. So I bought that place and started right away planting trees. I had a scout troupe then, Jack Anderson was the scout master but I

was on the committee. I said, "If we can get some scouts together, I'll buy some baby trees and we can plant trees. We'll go up for the weekend." Well, Jack says he'd have to ask all the parents, he didn't know if they'd want to. I had an old truck, a '41 truck that was all beat up. An old '41 truck that was all beat up. A '41 Ford. We went to camp, and Jack couldn't come. At the last minute he couldn't come. So I said limit it to six boys, I couldn't handle more than six boys because they'd have to ride in the back of the truck. We started to ride out and the spring broke. It was one of those carriage springs that blew out the back tires and everything. And I had six boys and the assist scout master, Jerry Oldland. I had to get those kids home, that was a Friday evening and they all had to go home and get tires and get the spring fix. It was a big mess. It was about noon the next day, or four in the afternoon. Jack had just finished fixing the spring and I got a call from one of those kids. "Are we going or not?" I said, "It's too late now, I don't think we ought to go. We only have one day to work. And Sunday, and we'd have to leave early then to get home." I said I don't think the parents are too anxious to have the boys go. Everyone wanted to go so I piled them all up in the back and we went up and we planted trees. Well, we started planting and planted and planted. Every time I got a chance, I'd go and plant trees. And in the fall, I'd take school kids up to plant. And in the summer I'd take Huron Mt. kids up to plant. Oh, in 1950, in the fall of 1950, I moved out of my mother's house. I had clothing, a lot of clothes, I put them in the halfway cabin, the part that wasn't caved in yet. I had boxes of books, I put them on the floor in there, and then tools. I was moving up there, getting the stuff out of my mother's house. In the spring of 1950, I was working in Republic and I brought some school boys down and we built that fireplace, in 1950. This was just a shack then. It wasn't a house, it was a camp. Then I went down the Colorado River in June, with my roommate from college. Then I went up to Huron Mt. I said, Dude, I haven't been up to my camp and I have my camp up there in the woods and I haven't been up there this year. This, Tommy Dickson, he was only about twelve then, and another boy, he's a doctor now, Bob Schreiber, those two wanted to go. So we went up there and the water was this high in the camp. And my books had all come apart my clothes were all ruined the tools had rust on them that thick, you would have figured they had been there ten years. And I was ready to cry. But those kids laughed, and I had to laugh too. I said, you know Oven told me to build up on the hill, I didn't know the water was going to come up there. We looked on the wall and there was another high water mark, it had been up there before, 1939 I found out later. So right then and there, we staked out a place up on the hill and we started digging a hole for a well. The stories have changed. I hear it from this kid and that kid and that was sixty years ago. They tell me the story, each one is quite different but that's the way I remember it. So I built my cabin, the camp that's up there now, and we tore down those two old Bentley cabins. One was a guide's camp, and one was a halfway camp. Gradually, I bought land on the plains if I could get it cheap enough. Finally, Bill Snyder, I wanted the forty across the lake because if they allowed it I was looking at cut over land again. And it was growing up after 20 years, it was growing up. Bill Snyder wouldn't sell it to me, it ended up he owed money to another guy and he so he gave it to the other guy. That guy was terrible. He was shooting out of season, a poacher, and made moonshine, and everything. I reported him two or three times and they couldn't catch him, but they finally caught him and he died. His son took it over. Then I bought a bunch of forties for five thousand dollars, 8 or 10 forties for five thousand dollars. Whenever you could get a forty

of land for under thirty dollars an acre, I would buy it. So I had quite a bit of land scattered around. Then I got together with Bill Schreiber and asked if we could trade. The Hiawatha tribe owned most of that land around me. So we traded my other land for a block of land around me, until, I had a big chunk there of nine hundred and forty acres with the camp in the middle forty. But it took all those years. They were cutting one forty that cut out of my place and the logger came to me and said that he has a contract for so many courts and they cut after all they could off of that one and he asked if he could cut into my land. And I said I need the money for my book.

(RMM): Oh, that was then.

(FR): I don't want you cutting up next to the lake, but go ahead and start. First they wanted thirty acres, and then forty. He ended up with forty or fifty acres. He cut it and I used that money to print the book the first time.

(RMM): This was now trees that you, the area was pretty much devoid of trees, these were the trees you had planted years earlier?

(FR): Yes, in fact I had planted all around there, I didn't know where my land was. I found out I had planted state land and Hiawatha land. These kids would just take a pale of trees and walk off, they didn't know where to go. You could see them all over. I said just plant where there are no trees, just go ahead and plant. Some of those are pines that are there now. Jack pines. Some are 85 feet tall. We had an infestation this last year of pine bud worm. A forester went up there and looked at it. He's going to make a recommendation this year. He thinks he can save some of those trees if they cut it selectively, the diseased ones, or the older, mature ones. I said I don't want to clear cut again, I got spruce and white pine and red pine, don't cut any of them, just the jack pine. So he's going in there next year to cut the diseased trees. Now that's the first big cutting we've had now. That first cutting is what I printed the Superior Heartland book with. I never dreamt it would go like that but it went real well. People were quick to show me the mistakes and I made corrections. I made many corrects in the last three or four printings. But anyways, that the gist of it.

(RMM): Now I have sort of a question, maybe coming. I ask this because Dan Trucky who is director, who is directed of the Bovier Heritage Institute, wanted to come and be a part of the interview but he had to leave town. They are going to do an exhibit, I think in the fall, on storytelling. So he wanted me to ask, how do you view the difference between, because you've done both, history and storytelling. Is there a difference?

(FR): There was this fellow who lived on Hewitt Street. I forget where but he used to put on things like that, music and storytelling and all that. He came down here and asked if I would tell histories. And I said well what kind of stories? He said, "Well you're a story teller." I said, "Yes, but I mostly talk about history." He said whatever. I said I have a few good stories about people or incidents of history, I wouldn't mind doing that. Well, they had about eleven people

and we were all back stage. The fellow was all dressed up and he had a long beard and everything and he came over and he sat down with me and he said, "What kind of stories do you tell?" I said, "Well, I mostly tell stories from around here, people I knew or the history of something. Especially if it's a funny story." "Don't you have one that you tell?" "Not really." "Well I tell this one and this one. And I go all over. That's a different kind of storytelling that you're telling." I said, "Well what are you?" He said, "They all have their stories that they tell. They tell the same one down here and they've told the same one over there." And he'd been with some of them. I said, "Well that is different. That's like going to the library and telling the kids a story from a book or something. Mine are mostly stories I've heard from people around, and I don't know if I would tell the same one twice, you know." There's a different emphasis for this group than you would for that group. "That's a new one on me," he said. "That's a different kind of storytelling, hats off to you." I don't know who he was, he was an old guy with a beard. I used to make up stories at Huron Mt. for the kids because they always wanted a ghost story. I had to make them up because I didn't know any. They got worse and worse, they always wanted a funny story at the end because they couldn't get to sleep. Then I got on one story and the kids ate it up, it was just a made up story but this one little boy wouldn't come back to Huron Mt. Because this Dr. Stark lived over on the lake and all that and they had to quit the club. My boss came to me and she said, "You're telling them terrible stories, you're scaring them to death." I said, "They're begging for them." She said, "Well, you better not tell them anymore ghost stories." "They're just made up stories, I won't tell anymore." They still wanted me to tell stories but I wouldn't tell anymore stories. Well, Then the Mining Journal called on Halloween. "You must know some good horror stories of haunted houses around." I said, "Well, I've made them up, I don't know ghost stories. Some of them even get mad at me. They're just stories you know, maybe the key are the same people, there's just something about vampires, you know." I said, "Now, I got so many stories that are real, I don't just feel good about it and I got in trouble at Huron Mt. because the kids loved it but there was always one that hurting their whole physique."

(RMM): So you just found telling the historic story…

(FR): Yeah, they were better than the ones you made up. You could tie them up with something.

(RMM): So then the story, when you tell a story like that, it's really told to a particular audience. So you could tell the same story three or four times and it would be different?

(FR): Yes, different emphasis. In fact, They called from the library and they said, this was ten, twelve years ago I guess, they said that these kids were coming down there and, they were little kids, and they wanted several storytellers. They said they have a theme. I said I didn't feel comfortable with it but asked what the theme was. Its pigs! I said oh, I know pig stories, I know a lot of pig stories. "Well, would you come and tell one or two?" I said, "Well yeah, I'd go down." I went down and told three pig stories, but they were real stories. I was up in the woods one day when I was working at Huron Mt. and there was a tree that was uprooted. Its

roots were all up like this and hanging down and there was a whole down in there and I heard a noise. I thought is there a bear in there or what? I crept up and looked and there was a big pig in there! Huge thing. He had it all rooted out underneath there, you could tell he'd been living there. My gosh, I went back to the club and said, "Where would a pig come from? Can it live in the woods?" "Oh, a pig can go wild, it can live there year round." I said there's one up there in the woods, a big pig, and he didn't look mad at anybody. I looked right at him and he didn't care. I said I'd really like to get him out of there, we can make a pig pen and feed him. So I got a bunch of guys together and we made a pigsty, and I made a wallow in one corner and I thought he would like that. We went up there to get him and we couldn't move him. Four or five of us.

(RMM): He didn't attack you?

(FR): No, he just, was there, he didn't seem to care. He'd grunt and wiggle when we tried to push him.

(RMM): Was he feral? Or still, domestic?

(FR): He seemed tame to me, he didn't try to bite anybody or anything. So I thought about it a couple of days and decided that if we could roll him out onto a blanket, and got a couple of guys we could skid him out. And skid him into the back of the truck. So we went up there with about ten fellows. They didn't believe me. They said, "Pig, well what do you mean pig?" I said well he's up there, these guys saw him the other day. He's got a home under a tree there. Well we went up there with a big blanket, rolled him onto the blanket, he kicked and tried to get off but we pushed him on. And we skidded him into the back of the truck and drove him down to the pigsty and we brought him food and everything.

TAPE A ENDS.

TAPE B BEGINS.

(RMM): Interview with Fred Rydholm, Tape 2. Okay, pig.

(FR): So, we put him in the pigsty and I would bring stuff over from the kitchen, garbage and stuff, and feed him. Well, one day there was a guy came in and said, "There's a fellow out there looking for you." I said, "Is it a club member?" "No, no, no, this guy came in to see you." I went to see him and it was this old guy, and he said, "I hear you have my pig." I said, "Your pig? I went up and found him up in the woods." He said that he worked at one of the lumber camps, uh, the guy from Birch had a mill out here…

(RMM): Gannon?

(FR): No, uh, not Gannon, it was before Gannon's mill, it belonged to someone else. He was from Birch. Anyway, he said he had four pigs in there for the lumber camp and they had butchered one and a bear got in there and went off with the pig. I said a bear couldn't run off with this pig. "Yeah, he grabbed him in two hands and the pig would squeal and get loose and run off and the bear would pick him up again. And ran out into the woods." I had never heard of such a thing. Anyways he said, "There was a whole in the fence then and the other pigs got out." They all disappeared. That was the winter before, the middle of winter when they were logging up there so he had been up there for five or six months up there. So I said, "I tell you, we had a terrible time getting him in the truck. I'll tell you what, if you can get him in the truck by yourself, he's your pig." "No trouble there, no trouble." I said, "It took us ten guys to get him the truck." We went down there and he put two boards on the trucks, opening the tailgate. He grabbed the pig by the ear and walked him right into the truck. I said, "My god I don't believe! We fought that pig for hours to get him in the truck, ten of us!" I said, "He's your pig." And he went off with the pig.

(RMM): Is there a best story that you have attached to, become attached to over the years? One best story, if you can call it a best story. And maybe to tie it together, you sort of mentioned a number of things. One, when you were growing up you mentioned the people you interacted with, then the encounter with Professor Starring on the academic level, and then you had your work you did on science. Did you find that all these pieces came together to make you the storyteller, the person you are now?

(FR): Well, yes, one at a time I was running into the things that nobody had an explanation for, like the dolmen atop Huron Mt. The stone out of the Escanaba River, these caves, or looked like man-made caves with a lintel on top that I kept reporting people telling me about. Then some wild ones, like those carved things like those things in Lower Michigan, the Kensington stone. The Joe Kilas stone and the stuff that, the Newberry stone and statues and all that. Nobody had an explanation about it and I was trying to hitch them together. When I realized that they were ancient, I figured there had to be something to do with those mines in the Copper Country, there were so many of them, there had to be thousands of people here over the years. As each one of those came up with a theory, true or not, it fit in with what I was saying. I always wanted the authority to look into them, few have, mostly they are still ignored. They've been classed as fakes and frauds for so many years they don't know how to get into it. There's a fellow now who swears up and down that the Kensington's stone is real and he's been to Sweden six times with it now. His name is Scott Walter, out of Minneapolis, Minnesota. The two objections they had to it were certain letters weren't used in the twelfth century, but now they found on an island off the coast of Sweden, in the bay of Botany, the Baltic Sea, there's a cemetery from that period with those same ruins on it. Same ones. At first they didn't buy it, then they went into microscopic and they found wedge shaped marks on the Kensington stone and certain marks. Now he's sure that it's authentic, but the Smithsonian won't buy it. All he wants is for more people to get involved. All that fits in this stuff that I've been rooting around with, it all seems to fit. Now I find stuff, there isn't supposed to be any smelted copper in upper Michigan. But, I show you one that I found, I didn't find it, but I was with the guy who found it.

(*speech inaudible)* That piece has the black oxide of copper on it and has bubbles on it. That's been smelted. That was up there in those old beachheads, off of Huron Mt. in a two rut road. I know that if somebody went around there for an archaeological did they'd find smelting stuff. I've even found more. This piece here was melted in ancient times. If it isn't flat like a piece of float copper, they built a coal fire and bubble this up our of the rock. It's been there long enough to get the copper carbonate on it. It was done many, many years ago. Those kinds of things in all of these hammer stones, they were well made. Somebody didn't make that in twenty minutes. I tried to put all that together in the copper book, hoping some professional will go to work on it.

(RMM): When did you get involved, when did you start to focus on that? Was it an ongoing interest?

(FR): The first time I was with the boy scouts in 1937 on Isle Royal, we went to McCargo's cove. I was with Bill Mudge, he called the other day, he's ninety years old, he's still alive! He was our scout leader, Bill Mudge.

(RMM): So then did you know that Dian told you about. I think, Hans Frelin?

(FR): Hans… Verduin?

(RMM): Verduin, yes.

(FR): Hans Verduin, oh yes, I knew Hans well.

(RMM): So he was up there about that time?

(FR): He was up there before I was, but I knew Hans at scout camp in 1935, 36. He was one of the people running the camps. He went to school with my mother. I knew Hans he was a wonderful guy, I wish I knew him better. I used to run into him a lot but we never talked much. He wrote me several letters later on, I was amazed when I found out that he was given 75 thousand dollars for pictures and such. So anyways, we went to McCargo's cove and we saw all of these pits there, thousands of them, anywhere you went. I kept asking the scout leader, "Who did all that? Where'd they come from?" "The last ones were the Americans, a couple of hundred years ago there were Englishmen. Hundreds of years before that were the Indians, the Indians did all that." "All those holes? And there are still copper in them? What did they do with them?" "Made arrow heads?" Arrowheads! I had never seen a copper arrowhead in my life at the time. I wondered what the heck, there is something I didn't know. I talked to Mrs. Plough about it and she sent me to Joe Gannon. And Joe Gannon had been working for years on that subject with Dr. Roy Droyer from Tech. They had written a little book called "Ancient Copper Miners of the Lake Superior Region." So I got to, my dad worked for Gannon and he had known him because they were both in the grocery business, I got talking with him. He put all kinds of ideas in my head, but he didn't know anything about these other things. When I

found out they settled on five thousand mines out there? There's five thousand on the south side of McCargo's itself, and another two, three thousand on the other side. There must be another ten thousand on the island. There must be how many thousands on the main land? And they don't even talk about the mega sea bluff right over here or Michipikata Island or north of Sue Sainte Marie. Thousands, thousands, thousands. Five thousands that's duly. But Joe Gannon had traveled all over the world looking here and there and he said, "You know, over there in the Mediterranean, they used copper like it was water. They used it for everything, they'd line the bottom of boats. Some of these armies, two and three hundred strong, had 48 lbs. of bronze, 90% armor on them. They built the Colossus of Rhodes, 128 feet high, out of bronze. They put half ton rams on the front of their warships, built statues, pottery, copper galore, and bronze. Huge demand for it, and they don't know where it came from. They are over there saying, "Where'd all the copper come from?" And we're saying "Where'd all the copper go?" Those oceans were the barriers they thought of. But they weren't barriers, they were highways. And those ancient people traveled all over. Now they are finding all kinds of stuff. That the Phoenicians were here, and that the Minoans were here and the Berbers were here, and the Irish were here. And they are finding this but it's all been down peddled or ignored because it wasn't even known before. So now, I think it all has to be all looked into because they don't believe the amateurs. But the amateurs are the ones finding it, a few professionals are just beginning. I never have trouble with people from the Copper Country because they believe it, they've known it all the time. I never have trouble with most historians, but the archaeologist, trouble there. They won't buy one bit of it. The geologists buy it. A lot of these people who call themselves Runologists, they aren't runologists, are the ones who pooh-poohed the Kensington stone all these years, and there's a two volume book, I have it in the other room here. By Barry Hanson. He's gone down ninety four people who's condemned the Kensington stone, not one of them had ever seen a rune, a real rune stone. Especially one in the United States, but they were German professors, and Swedish professors. They had read the runes, the formal runes, but these weren't the formal runes. These were the runes of the monks, they always had a religious monk. Benedictine I guess. They were scholarly people, and they knew writing and reading, they were the ones that did all that. Then they found hidden messages in all that. And the guy who found it was pooh-poohed, but he was, his name was Alf Mungai, he was a cryptologist for the Ninth Army in World War II and he was the guy who deciphered the codes out of Japan. He became famous for that and when he retired, 1952 or 53, he went after the Kensington stone. And here he found this message, the date in there. 1362. Found it three times, besides at the bottom of the script. Then he found hidden messages, so and so carved me, Traric made me. Names of people, hidden in the message. Poor old Olaf Ohman wouldn't know enough to do it, he had twenty six days of school in his life and they blame him for carving it. He never made a rune stone ever before or since. I took one look at that rune stone, I thought my gosh it had to be a rune master. Somebody who really knew his business, it's beautiful. And, down the sides, everything in order, but these guys pick it apart, this was false and they didn't use that term. Here, they didn't know, but they're authorities you know. But when the Swedes turned it down right off the back, the Americans turned it down. The people at the Smithsonian are journalists, there are scientists but they're out working. They know so little when it comes to general things.

When I went there the first time to see the Odnogen boulder, they gave me a pamphlet, I took three or four of them and have them in the other room, but this was 72 or 3 or 4. It says that stone weighs only a ton and a half. They say these huge chunks of copper aren't found anymore, extinct, all picked over. This was one of a kind and all that. There had been fifty of them bigger than that. Now we got this big one that we'd like to buy that weighs 50 ton. It isn't the biggest, but it's the biggest in existence. I gave talks in Los Angeles, they never heard of the Copper Country in Michigan. Here these were, well just people, but they are studying that stuff. In the Smithsonian, I tried to talk to one scientist, but copper is always spoken of in pounds. Iron is spoken of in tons. When you start talking about tons of copper, there is only one spot on earth they talk about tons of copper. And that's in upper Michigan. And when you talk about tons of copper to them, they know you don't know anything and they drift away. They can't conceive of it. When I was in Albuquerque, New Mexico, I gave a short talk on the Michigan copper. There five young fellows, I found out later they were archaeologists, I don't know if they were students, but they seemed young. Maybe they weren't young. They told me I was exaggerating the amount of copper, that there isn't that kind of copper anywhere. I said, "Well it's there, they claim ninety percent of it is still there. It was the largest mine of the world, no mine of any kind has produced like the Calumet and Heclub. (*words inaudible*). I said, "But there isn't enough copper here to be the end of a copper trade. To the amounts of copper that disappeared up there." They said, "Have you seen the Hopewell copper?" I said no, I haven't seen it and I don't know much about the Hopewell's. They said, "If you want to see copper you go and see that Hopewell copper collection." I said, "Where is it?" They said, "It's in the field museum of natural history, Chicago." I'd been there lots of times and I hadn't seen any copper there, but I feel inadequate, I said, "I didn't realize that, and I stand corrected if that's so." I went right from Albuquerque to Chicago to see the Hopewell Collection. I had to ask where to go, and they sent me downstairs where I had never been before. I went in a room downstairs and they had a glass case about twice the size of this davenport with pieces of copper spread out all through there. To the man standing behind me, I said, "I'd like to see the Hopewell collection. Could I see them?" "You're looking at it," he said. But I said, "I was told they had breastplates." "That's a breastplate." A little thing like that? They called it a breastplate.

(RMM): Oh, oh, it was like a little amulet?

(FR): Yeah, I forget what they call them, but anyway, the longest piece of copper they had were horns, but it was leaf copper on wood. It was wood. I said, my gosh I got more copper in my heart then they had there. Those people don't understand the amounts of copper we are talking about here. Most people don't. When you read that book by Octave Dutemple, then you'd understand. The largest chunk that they found was four hundred and twelve tons. But they think it was piece of a vein and not float copper. But this one was float, it was in the glacial till, it was flat and seventeen, or sixteen feet long way. They wanted a million dollars for it. I said to the guys who own it, "I said you know if we could save these big ones just to show, because the world doesn't believe it. Over the years we talked them down to $340,000. But we had to pay ten thousand to hold it for three years, and we paid the ten thousand dollars. So

we got a contract, and then they are going to throw in the forty where it was found. And then the price of copper went way up over that. I said, "Geez, we got a contract! I should be calling them. But we got a contract." Kenigot wanted to buy that piece from them and offered them a price that was way over, but they were going to have to cut it. They can cut it with laser now. (Words inaudible) Now they are coming from all over, here I think there are five or six scientist that are coming from all over. (*words inaudible*) What is that a telephone?

(RMM): Yeah.

(FR): (*words inaudible*) I can give you if you like.

(RMM): You know they have…

(FR): I believe it, but I can't expect anyone else to believe it.

(RMM): (*words inaudible*) Could you autograph it?

(FR): Yeah. Was that your wife?

(RMM): I think so but I don't know how to, I catch the phone when it rings, and I don't want to keep you.

(FR): I don't want to misspell your name.

(RMM): M-A-G-N-A-G-H-I

(FR): An 'I' on the end?

(RMM): Yeah. It was interesting following the publication of your book, the different reprints. All of a sudden it was back on the market, I heard people, "its back! Fred Rhydolm's book, it was out of print! Now it's back." They were out there as people were scrounging for old books.

(FR): Yeah, that was when Matt Morrison and my son took it over and reprinted it. They told me they were offered on the internet for four hundred dollars.

(RMM): Yeah, it was like this rare book now and people couldn't get a copy.

(FR): And June said, let it be, let it be like that. And when this Matt came and said they'd like to take it over, I said if you took the whole thing over, the money and the whole works, the peddling it and collecting it because June didn't want any part of it. It was a big headache for her.

(RMM): I have, kind of a last question here, do you have a best story that one of your stories, that you'd consider best, do you have one. Maybe the best, the most told, the most, you know…

(FR): Well, I don't really have a best, there are so many good ones, this one came from that guy, and that one from that guy. The old stories that go back to my mother and my dad, I still tell once in a while. They are funny and kind of tell the way the times were.

(RMM): Could you tell one of those?

(FR): Let's see. My grandmother, my mother was adopted by the Harwood family. She came from a really rough family, Cousin Jack's Cornishmen. They were drunks, the man was. He was mean and I never heard anything good about him until I went up to Frieda and I found out that he had a good side later in life. My mother never knew then, they were adopted to the Harwood family who was the first superintendent of schools in Copper Country and the first superintendent of schools in Ishpeming. His name was Northmoore. When my mother's mother died, when the last baby was born, the superintendent of schools took the family. They were a high class family, related to the Stewardeman's, and the Adam's. Four or five well known families from out east. So that adopted family was high class, and John Brigham, oh Brigham was another name in there, he was President of the Chicago North-Western Railroad. They had passes on the railroad and all that. And my grandfather, adopted grandfather, Harry Henry Harwood, had a drugstore in Ishpeming. Harwood Drugstore, from 1877 to about 1914. He used to go on trips, he had a pass on a railroad, but he had chronic indigestion. Everything had to be exact, trimmed beard, and wore his clothes with his coat chain and all that. So they were on the Pullman, going to Chicago and he got an attack of indigestion during the night. And my grandmother always carried a mustard plaster in the bag to put on his stomach when he got this indigestion and go down the hallway to the woman's bathroom and wet the mustard plaster, and she got in the wrong birth and some man was sleeping there and she pulled up his shirt and put the mustard plaster on his stomach. The guy woke up and she screamed, "You didn't have a beard!" And down she went and hid in the bathroom and he got up and she wouldn't come out, stayed in there all night. In the morning, the guy was up and down, trying to find who put on the mustard plaster. My grandfather told that story many times and it was one that was told many times.

(RMM): That was one of the original stories you grew up with?

(FR): Yeah, I never knew it was true or not, they told it so often it must have had something to it. You never knew, is this just a joke? But they had the names of the people and everything. Frank Shoto called me one time, he was working in the fire station down here, number one fire station. They were taking down the Philmore house and found a broadax in the basement. "You want that?" "Geez yes, I collect broadaxes, I have three or four of them." "Is that a good one?" "Yeah it's a pretty good one." "Well, if you want to drop down to the fire station, the number one fire station, I'll give it to you." All my life, there was another story I heard, there

was a guy named Chet Young. He had tree-sitters out here back in the thirties, up there by Cox's Fox Farm. They had two or three stores up there at different times, he always had some kind of publicity going. But when he was a young kid, he worked for my dad, he had a grocery store on Third Street, there was a trapdoor in the middle of that grocery, there was a stove down there, but they put a lot of supplies down there. Right by the stairway, when you went up, there would be three pickle barrels. They'd send Chet down in the basement to get stuff, a box of this, a box of that. Whenever he went down, he'd reach down into the pickle barrel and get a pickle and eat it on the way up. One of the times he got a hold of a drowned mouse and he put it his mouth. He came up with the box, with the two legs and a tail hanging out of his mouth and the lady in the store let out a scream and he grabbed it and threw it across the store and spit and spit and spit. My dad always told that story. I remember Chet Young but I thought he had died years ago, I had known him in the thirties and he was an old man then I thought. We went in the firehouse there and there were four or five old guys sitting there, telling stories back and forth. This one old guy got up and had a cane, he started staggering out, and Frank yelled out, "So long Chet, we'll see you." And I asked him who that guy was and he said, "Chet Young." "Chet Young? I thought he had been dead for years. Chet come back here. Did you work for my dad?" He said, "Oh yeah, I worked in the store." I said, "I heard a story all my life, and I don't know if it's true or not. I want to know." So I told that story and they all laughed, I said, "How about it?" He shook his head, "That's a dirty lie, it was a rat! That store was full of rats." Those are some of the old ones that go back way before my time. They love to tell them over and over again, and I tell them since but I guess they are dying out.

(RMM): Except for you, there really isn't anyone in Marquette.

(FR): That knows though, no.

(RMM): (phone) Yes, I'm out at Fred's, we're interviewing. I know, we are kind of finishing up here. Ok yeah, I'll be there. I'll see you there. I'll see you on Michigan. Yeah, Ok, alrighty, bye bye. (*words inaudible*) So a lot these stories, are in your head?

(FR): Yeah, I heard them and forgot about them. When someone asks for a specific one up at the school there, Bob Glance was the Principal of the Hofwell School, he asked me to come up there and tell stories about the depression. I hadn't thought much about the depression, I was a young boy during that time. But I remember distinctly things where, my mother had a table in the back shed where she always invited people over and people would always ask for food. She had two places set there, and more times than not, in the early thirties, there was two people who would come and eat. Some would offer to do work and some wouldn't. I hadn't even thought about the Depression. There was a pair of snow shoes I had always used to use. They were old and dried out and I had broken them up in the Porcupine Mountains and I repaired them and broke them again on the Bentley Trail. There was an old touring car with no roof on it. A bunch of kids in it going up Third Street. Someone ran into the store and said, "Abe, does this guy owe you money?" He said, "Everyone owes me money." Nobody paid for anything for a couple of years. He said, "He's going up Third Street with everything he owns."

My dad ran out and said, “Hey, where you going?” And he said, “Oh, nothing, no work around here.” He said, “What about your bill?” I don’t know what it was, four or five, maybe ten dollars, probably more because they had a bunch of kids. The guy said, “Well I had to buy a four wheel trailer for all this junk.” Furniture and bedding and everything. “Go back there and see if you can find something.” Dad went back to that trailer and looked there was that pair of snowshoes up on the back end. “Well I guess you won’t need these where you are going anyways, the bill’s paid.” So he took the snowshoes. I still have those snowshoes up at camp, they must be a hundred years old. Those are the kind of stories you don’t hear about the depression. But they’re there. Everybody got ten you know and forgot nine.

(RMM): If you have a chance, maybe we can come back and go over some other things. Another thing, a whole new topic I would like to get your thoughts on, and that is, I’ve heard you talk about Prohibition and making stills and making woods and so on. Their stories that he tells or so and so and they’ve never been written down. I’d like to pick your brain on some of them.

(FR): My dad made homemade brew all the time and the best people in town came and he always gave them a glass of beer. They always put an egg in it those days. Cap. Deegan of the Coastguard and Andy Hardrick of the Police Department and Jack Longear, Jim’s son, that was married to Marian Longear’s father, they got a divorce and he married Amber Hadley. They built that house down there on Hewitt Street, behind that stucco wall. Anyway, my dad knew a lot of people like that.

(RMM): So you know the stories?

(FR): So anyways they came in for a glass of beer, and it was my dad’s homebrew, and my brother and I would make root beer in the same keg after he was done with it and that was blowing up all over the house.

(RMM): We can come back to that some time. The other thing is what is the teepee down the street here? Was that part of a resort or a hotel or something?

(FR): The teepee?

(RMM): Yes, is that old or is that new?

(FR): It’s old, but it’s not that old. There was a guy named L. Jacobson. He had a tourism place over here. He bought that old Marquette club that was on the river. Winkin’, Blinkin’, and Nod. Where the three tourist cabins. He had them and he bought this lot down here from Lindstrum, an insurance man in Marquette and later a city clerk. Lincoln Lindstrum. He tore the old Lindstrum camp down and put up those five teepees.

TAPE 2 SIDE A ENDS.

TAPE 2 SIDE B BEGINS.

(FR): She said we want to build down here but they weren't allowed to put six places.

(RMM): And that was built as a resort?

(FR): Yeah, it was built to rent out?

(RMM): What year?

(FR): I'd say in the forties. One caught on fire and they were allowed to repair it because it's non-conforming. But my mother used to fight, she knew them good, she used to fight with them. Then he bought all that land all the way to M28 on the other side. And he sold those off. He was going to put a lumber camp down on the end and the train was suppose to stop and the people were going to go through the lumber camp and he would cook and serve meals and all that. He wanted a sawmill and everything. Then he ended up selling that to the church, a Lutheran Church. Prince of Peace. Then he sold all those lots on that property all the way up. So he made a mint on it. But he went out to Portland, Oregon, and lived on the eleventh floor out there. And my mother said that's good for him now, he had a beautiful spot here but goes out there. She was always going after him. She fought with everybody. She fought with Doc Buck next store.

(RMM): Did she leave here?

(FR): This is her camp. Judge Button, I see Judge Button, nine years ago in his paper, he just lost out on his election to the Municipal Judge. Anyway, Judge Button owned this camp, he bought it from the Patrick boys, they were high school kids and they built this shack, dragged the wood off the beach. There was some left over from the Halem's next door and built the shack here. Around 1922 or 3 when the Buttons were old, my mother used to take care of Mr. and Mrs. Button. Instead of paying her, we could use their camp. So I was brought up here and I thought it was our camp, and it wasn't ours. In 1933 or 4 when they put electricity in, my dad paid for that and the taxes on it. Two or three dollars a year. And when the Buttons died, they put a value of a thousand dollars on it. You could either pay it five hundred, my mother could either pay five hundred and get the camp, or if she didn't want the camp, she'd get five hundred from the estate. They left that to her. But there were four Button kids, and only one wanted the camp. They had the first choices, that was Mary Button and she was teaching in Chicago. She said, "I love the camp and I'd love to have it but you know it better than I do and I'd never use it." She was down there most of the time, so she said to my mother, "You go ahead and have it." So my mother paid five hundred dollars about 1934, 35 and it became ours. But before that I thought it was ours. I told everyone it was ours. I didn't know the difference. It had a door here and I used to split wood in the middle of the floor here. There

was a wire across here and two bedrooms and you drag a curtain across. There was a bed there and a bed here.

(RMM): It was right here, in this room.

(FR): Right here, yeah.

(RMM): So the camp was this part right here.

(FR): This part, and that kitchen, and those three rooms in a room was all one big dormitory. That must have been added later, I don't know. My dad in 1916, he and Wally Larson, snowshoed from Marquette, across the ice, to a Swede picnic down here. Some of the Swedes had come on the train, and there were two railroad tracks. The DSS&A this side of the river, and the LS&I on the other side. If they took the LS&I they had to walk across the bridge. You could still see the pilings of that bridge, some posts over there. And they could come here. Then they had a big wagon or sleigh. And some of them came sleigh, it had a team of horses and the horses had a sweat coming all the way from town. My dad and Wally came in the front door and it smells of horsesh—in here. They had a big table all the way across here with a smorgasbord and there standing in the room with the team in there. There's a big team of horses standing there.

(RMM): The brought the team in there?

(FR): They had them in the bedroom, yes, because they had a big sweat and they didn't want to leave the horses out in the cold.

(RMM): It's sort of funny, you're telling a story, well the history of the house and you have a very humorous conclusion to it.

(FR): That's like when he was a kid, he'd go down Third Street and pick up all the cows from the people that lived on either side of the Third Street, 16 or 18 cows, and he'd take them over to Peter White's pasture which was where Prospect Street is now, above the bluff. That was Peter White's pasture. Then after school he'd go and get them. He'd walk down Third Street and each cow would go into their own house as they went up Third Street. Some older kids fed him some whiskey one time, and my grandmother said he came home hanging on the tail of a cow.

(RMM): Your father?

(FR): Yeah, my daddy was about eleven years old he'd gotten drunk from the whiskey.

(RMM): So you don't have to make up stories?

(FR): No there's a million stories. I was just thinking of seven or eight now I should tell you but I'm getting tired. The big team that my uncle, my great uncle Joe had. Huge team, weighed almost three thousand pounds apiece. Belgian horses. He worked up in the Huron Mountains with them and in the spring of the year he'd walk them to Marquette, sleep on the way, and when he left the house, my grandmother said, "We love to have them come but the house is full of every vermin, bugs, and tics, and lice and everything. It'd take a month to get rid of all the stuff when Great Uncle Joe left.

(RMM): You hear those stories of what life was like in those lumber camps, they were on the receiving end.

(FR): My dad said that he'd polish that harness up, blacken it, and polish the brass, and he'd walk behind it coming down, the team, and when he'd go up Fourth Street those horses would just strut. And everyone would come out and yell at Uncle Joe because they knew he was full of bologna. And all the stories from the camps and he'd strut behind the horses and they'd put the horses in the barn and everybody would come to see those big horses. Biggest team in the horses, whether they were or not, he'd say that they were.

(RMM): That's great. Ok, well, I thank you for your time.

(FR): It was interesting to have you come and talk with me. I'm so glad I had a chance to tell you a few.

(RMM): Yeah this has been wonderful. I've often wondered how does Fred know all these stories but not it's very obvious.

(FR): I believe everything in that book, you don't have to, but I'd like to have you read it anyway. I know it'll be hard to convince anybody that's been brought up without that background that I had, isn't going to take most of that stuff. I think you should know it anyway, the idea that there is another side to us.

(RMM): As things like this, and a scholar reads it, thinking well, maybe some of it, maybe some of it, you begin to get people thinking.

(FR): Yes, that's the main thing.

(RMM): Whereas in the past no one knew about it.

(FR): And nobody was pushing it except that little book. It just gives hints, it didn't tell anything, it just gave hints. But it opened your eyes. I kind of took up where Joe left off. I had all of his stories and I tried to take off where he did. And I ran into stuff that he didn't even know about.

(RMM): Thank you for everything.

TAPE 2 SIDE B ENDS.