

"I REMEMBER ..."

This is about Grandma Florence and Henry Ford as told to me by my Mother. Mr. Ford was trying to get the Railroad Company to make a connection at Escanaba. As the Company already had 4 ports of call on that side of the lake and with only 4 boats they felt they already had a full plate. Anyway, getting to Escanaba in the winter was harder than Menominee, which was bad enough. Mr. Ford came to Frankfort one day and arranged for the carferry No.4 to take him and his entourage to Escanaba. Grandma was first cook and my Mother was cabin maid. The boat left Frankfort in the morning. Mr. Ford came back to the galley where he engaged my Grandmother in conversation. There was a large passage way between the galley range and the pantry. It was like a door way and Henry stood in this, leaning against one side and his arm across the top to the other door jam. There was plenty of room for Florence to pass by him and under his arm. She was preparing dinner and among other things she was preparing pies for the oven. According to my Mother, he tried every which way to get one of those pies. Even offered her \$5.00 for one. She told him there was just enough to go around and he would get his share at meal time. I guess she just couldn't be bribed. Can you imagine telling someone like Henry Ford he couldn't have something he wanted, in that day and age? He went ashore in Escanaba and had a meeting with the city fathers. The whole trip must have been a big disappointment for him. He didn't get all the pie he wanted and the carferry's never stopped at Escanaba.

Theron Haas
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Ludington

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Once, when my Grandmother Florence Haas was cooking on the AA4 (Ann Arbor No.4 CarFerry), she would, of course, be around the Commissary a lot and hear things. She began to learn that the Marine Superintendent was making deals and taking kickbacks on purchases in Frankfort for the boats. She started keeping a "little black book". One day the Superintendent told her that he was going to purchase day-old bread from the local bakeries instead of sending the makings aboard. Florence didn't like this, but there wasn't much she could do about it. The Superintendent owned a farm outside of town. One day a shipment of red paint showed up in the Commissary and then disappeared. She made some inquiries and found that the paint had somehow gotten all over the outside of the barns at his farm. Not only that, but he used railroad workers to do the painting on company time. Awhile after this, a batch of bread came aboard that was really old. In fact, it was moldy! She had the porters throw the whole batch overboard. That must have made the sea gulls happy! She went over to the office and told the Superintendent what she had done. He flew into a rage! He didn't stay raged very long. She got out her "little black book" and recited the incident with the red paint. He folded. She got her lard, flour and yeast. Now the crew was happy too!!!

by Theron Haas
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