

# YPSILANTI GLEANINGS

PAST SCENES and OLD TIMES

YPSILANTI HISTORICAL SOCIETY PUBLICATION



Ypsilanti Historical Museum  
~ 220 N. Huron Street ~

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

YPSILANTI HISTORICAL SOCIETY

WILL HOLD OPEN HOUSE

DECEMBER 14, 1980

2 - 5 PM

220 North Huron St.

The TREE will be TRIMMED courtesy of the Ypsilanti Garden Club and the HALLS BEDECKED by Mr. and Mrs. Laverne Howard and their committee. The CHILDRENS CHIOR of the First Congregational Church of Ypsilanti with Marilyn McCallum as Director will CAROLE from 4 - 5 PM. LaMarr Gress of Belleville will allow us to display his minatures (TRAINS, CANNONS, TRUCKS, etc.) for the CHILDREN. CHRISTMAS COOKIES, PUNCH and MERRIMENT will be served.

Join us in the SPIRIT of the YULE!



*Christmas Greetings*

courtesy of  
Arthur Howard

## THE REMARKABLE MCANDREWS

We reprint the story of the McAndrews, written by their son William A. McAndrew and published as a Memorial for Dr. Helen McAndrew by the Ypsilanti Business and Professional Women's Club in 1931.



HELEN WALKER MCANDREW 1826-1906

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Helen McAndrew

O'Henry once told an interviewer that you can change the name of any place in any good story to any other place and have the narrative just as true, which means that Ypsilanti is just as full of romance, heroism, surprise and wonder as any other settlement of its size; just as many heartbreaks, just as many smiles, just as honest men, just as noble women. This is the story of two Ypsilantians.

In the shifting time of 1849 a young cabinetmaker who had moved from Perth to Glasgow met, at the frequent gatherings of a little church, a girl who had come up from Paisley to work in a bookbinding shop. After the usual time that elapses before Scottish people reach an important decision, the minister announced that William McAndrew and Helen Walker were to be married and go to America on their honeymoon. In due time they added up their shillings. William packed his tool chest and Helen packed the Burns, Bunyan, Shakespeare and big Bible she had bound for herself.

Fergus Ferguson married them, and they climbed into the steerage of a sailing vessel that gave them a wedding trip of eleven weeks from the Clyde to Sandy Hook. At Helen Walker, daughter of Thomas and Margaret Boyd Walker, was born February 6, 1826, at Kirkintilloch, Scotland. William McAndrew was born November 28, 1824, in Perth.



**105 S. HURON**  
(Helen McAndrew Octagon House)

Arthur J Howard

Appearing for the second time in this Calendar, he received his degrees in landscape architecture from Michigan State University and Kansas State University while also taking many courses in the fine arts -- well known for his fine work in drawing, painting, photog-

Castle Garden a genial stranger with a fine Scottish burr in his voice welcomed the young couple to the land of the free and offered to show William a lodging-house. Generously shouldering the new arrival's chest of tools, he disappeared in the crowd and the immigrants never saw him nor his burden more. Another Scot convinced them that New York was a squeezed orange. It was on an island, couldn't grow any more. Perth Amboy, at the head of Raritan Bay, was on the mainland, much nearer the ocean and had a railway, the first one in America. Perth Amboy would be the metropolis of the United States. So, ho for the Raritan and the big city-to-be.

But one must eat. While Perth Amboyans are sitting on their corner lots waiting for the ships of the world to sail into their harbor, certain Cornelius Vanderbilts, William B. Astors, Peter Coopers and A. T. Stewarts, not knowing the great destiny of Perth Amboy, are doing business at the old stand at the upper end of the harbor and getting all the trade. Grass is growing in the streets of Perth Amboy. The McAndrews must try elsewhere. Baltimore looks promising. But here they get themselves into trouble teaching negroes to read. The neighbors don't like it. It is not respectable. Friends fall away. Better try some other place.

Out of Baltimore every morning a long white packet-boat is towed by a steamer up the Chesapeake Bay and gets itself somehow or other into the wonderful west. As soon as the passage money is saved the two adventurers are aboard. At Havre-de-Grace, their smoky tugboat turns them over to a trio of mules driven tandem; the leader has a loop of bells springing over his collar. The lock-gates are opened and in goes our long white boat into a stone box.

We float up on foaming, gurgling masses of water, until the upper gates are opened; the mule-boy shouts, the bells tinkle, the rope stiffens, and away we go through the long curves of the canal, blue hills on both sides and, for a neighbor, the rippling Susquehanna, all the way to Harrisburg. Then our watery road winds among the mountainous hills along the blue Juniata. Day after day we sit upon the yellow deck and watch the landscape unfold a great book, each page showing a new and charming picture; farms, factories, bridges, villages, cascades galloping down the mountains, charcoal-kilns reddening the cliffs at night, until at last there are no more streams that may be tapped to float a boat.

We are at the very heart of the Alleghanies. But wonders have not yet ceased. A huge cradle rides down the mountain on an iron track and dangling on the end of a rope. It slides under the canal-boat. Ropes are made fast to the upright stakes protruding from the water. A man waves his arms toward an engine-house up the mountain. Out of her element crawls out great boat with all its company, and like that tropic fish that climbs up trees, the packet ascends the mountain. This is Portage, then counted one of the wonders of the world, now an inconspicuous station four miles south of the Horseshoe Bend on the Pennsylvania railroad. Over the summit the boat advances and then, head foremost, down the western slope. There is a reservoir made by a dam of earth across a valley and holding water for the upper reaches of this canal in time of drought. It is a pretty lake. The passengers admire it. Yet forty years later, long after this canal had gone to ruin, this lovely mountain pool, neglected, was to break bounds and visit Johnstown with death and terror.

Into Pittsburgh, down the Ohio, then by another canal to Cleveland and so by side-wheel steamer to Detroit the travelers came. They heard of another promising settlement, destined to surpass the City of the Straits. Its name was Rawsonville. It had a piano factory, woolen mills, flour mills, stores, hotels. The river boats from Detroit, long, narrow, flat-bottomed scows with a slim walk each side down which the polemen alternately glided, slowly pushing the vessel upstream, brought merchandise up and carried back the products of the region. Here William McAndrew settled and plied his trade, constructing piano and melodeon cases from the native walnut and cherry of the valley.

Last move of all, in 1850, they came up the river to the first station on the post-road west of Detroit, where the coaches rolled up in the evening in front of the long white Hawkins house for hot supper and a night's lodging.

To the life of Ypsilanti for half a century the two McAndrews contributed according to their dispositions. William had acquired a religion of peculiar cast. It magnified the mysticism of Daniel the Prophet, stressed the wheels within wheels, the flying scrolls, the prophecies of an early coming of the Lord. Not finding satisfaction in existing churches, the cabinetmaker turned carpenter and built one on the level ground northeast of town. Here he was preacher, choir and sexton; his congregation, two families besides his own. Convinced of an early dissolu-

The McAndrews' first home was at 16 South Huron street, where their son Thomas was born June 24, 1852. Influenced by his fathers example, Thomas has been identified with the furniture business during his whole business career. On January 1, 1878, he married Alice Rowley, who had filled the place of a daughter in the McAndrew household since her early girlhood.



tion of the world, he saw no need of laying up treasures on earth. What he earned he turned over to a religious society appearing to him nearest in sympathy with his own belief. Ambition, worldly success, the opportunities of a growing state he sets himself steadfastly against; yet rises before the sun and works his fourteen daily hours in summer, twelve in winter, year in and year out, setting forward from time to time, the day when the heavens shall be rolled together like a scroll and the land shall be soaked with blood and the first heaven and first earth shall pass away.

But the little wife saw different visions. She inhaled the spirit of this new land. There was employment for everybody. She found she had a talent for nursing. She could hire her own housework done and have money over from what she earned.

Why not become a physician? There was no school of medicine west of New York that would admit a woman. A colored mammy is secured as housekeeper. Helping the cook on the steamer and Erie canal boat, the pioneer woman reaches the metropolis and argues the college into taking her in. She works at her bookbinding trade for her board.

In time she grasps the coveted diploma and with a few medical books returns to the growing town, a doctor. But who ever heard of a woman doctor? It isn't nice; it isn't respectable. The men physicians turn up their noses. The town doesn't think it likes this sort of thing. Only negroes and poor whites come into her office.

Mrs. McAndrew graduated from Trail Institute, New York City, October 25, 1855. Dr. Parmenic Davis was the first physician in Ypsilanti to send for her in consultation. Her experiences led her to work vigorously for admission of women to the University of Michigan.

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Then comes the turn. The big man of the town has had a long siege of illness in his home. The gentle lady of the household doesn't get any better. He has the high-brows from Ann Arbor come and hold learned consultations by the quiet sufferer's bedside. The judgment is unfavorable. The big man walks sadly in the garden. The gardener comes to him. "Samuel, ye might try the little Scotch woman; she pulled my Jinny through fine." The big man chances it. The little woman is called. She opens all the windows. She empties the bottles of bitter drugs into the drain. She cooks plain and tasty dishes. She moves the bed so as to permit a view down the green lawn and the shady street. She keeps repeating, "How much brighter you look, little lady! If you keep on like this you'll be lifting full flour barrels soon." The sick lady at length got up and lived for many years thereafter. And the big man of the town, Samuel Post, flouted the traditions and prejudices of those who had belittled the woman doctor. "She knows what she's about," he said. "She's a very superior woman. There's no nonsense about her, she knows the laws of health and she works along with them." He sang her praises to the Uhls, the Folletts, the Kings and the Lays. She was great in confinement cases. Whatever men and women born in Ypsilanti are now between forty-five and sixty-five the chances are more than even that Helen McAndrews first held them in her hands and gave them their first bath.

She was a water enthusiast. She built a water cure on Huron Street and a swimming-bath in the river. She put in vapor baths, shower baths, mineral baths, sitz baths and preached a new gospel of scrubbing the mind clean of all meanness, selfishness, greed, conceit, intolerance and sin -- outside and inside washing.

The McAndrew couple were forever in the salvage movements of the day. First it was the abolition of negro slavery. William McAndrew helped hide the runaway negroes in barns and drove them in wagons at night, covered with loose hay, to the outskirts of Trenton, where rowboats ferried them to Canada.

Next the McAndrews entered heart and soul into the war on the liquor saloon. They ran an afternoon temperance Sunday school in a barn on the flats, not far from the present pumping station of the city water-works. They had the best part of the membership of the Normal school working in the barn and in Hewitt hall, where dramatic representations every fortnight gave entertainment and hammered home the lessons. They organized a juvenile temperance society, the Band of Hope\* and held the children together by means of picnics, festivals and shows.

Into the woman suffrage movement both of them went with energy. Susan B. Anthony, Frances Willard, Mary Livermore and Lillie Devereux Blake came by their invitation to lecture and stopped at their home.

Into the Salvation Army they went when that elaboration of Christianity reached town. They marched the streets in their old age with the same grim determination to back up some despised reform that they had shown for

\*In 1829 John Dunlop, Scottish justice of the peace, formed the first temperance society in Greenock, Scotland. By 1847 the need of starting the work with the children was apparent, and the Band of Hope was formed. Helen Walker was then twenty-one years old and worked in the Band of Hope in Glasgow. Starting a Band of Hope in Ypsilanti about 1870, she kept it running for a decade or two. Ypsilanti men and women cherish memories of the Band of Hope and the earnest and inspired figure of the woman who dominated the weekly meetings held with absolute regularity every Wednesday afternoon.

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abolition when it wasn't respectable, for women doctors when they were despised, for temperance when it was unpopular, for woman suffrage when it was ridiculous.

Indeed they charged themselves to obey some call of some power greater than themselves to lift up the down-trodden, to heal the sick, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives and freedom to those that are bound.

Withal they were a quiet pair. No one ever knew of their either pushing for high place or for notice. William McAndrew always wrote "I" as a small letter and when he was told that it was incorrect replied, "It is not incorrect for me." Both spoke in public when called upon, but you never heard them talk of themselves. Their addresses were full of anecdote, short and to the point. They were constant readers throughout their lives, devouring history, travel, religious periodicals, current magazines and newspapers. William McAndrew, when going to fairs or expositions, wore an odd dressing-gown because the pockets generously held all the circulars given away by exhibitors and enabled him at home to extend for many evenings the pleasure of the show. Helen McAndrew held that mental exercise was as essential for the health of the intelligence as bodily exertion is needful for the physical tone. She used to carry about a small mental arithmetic and propose its problems to herself for exercise. William McAndrew was fond of old tunes, but as no one else seemed to enjoy them he would retire to his room and sing several pages through at a sitting. If visitors would say, "What is that funny noise?" Mrs. McAndrew would answer, "Oh, that is William giving himself a concert." He had the habit of work so ingrained that once when he visited a former employee at Portage Lake, doing nothing for three hours so bored him

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that he said he guessed it was time to go home. His host couldn't take him to Dexter to catch a train until the next noon. In the morning McAndrew walked over to a neighbor's new barn. Help was needed to finish it. He borrowed a suit of overalls, worked morning, afternoon and evening for two weeks, took his pay, paid his board at his host's, came home, and ever afterward revived memories of the best visit he ever had.

Both had singular courage. None of their acquaintances recall ever seeing either of them exhibit any trace of fear or nervousness on any occasion. She responded to calls as a doctor at all hours of the night, driving alone sometimes twenty miles. She led committees of women to town officials and laid down the law like a political boss, and yet she was a quiet, modest woman, with a genius for friendship, loving nothing so much as a chat and cup of tea before the fire.

Both loved Ypsilanti and its people as nothing else in the world. They were especially fond of the approach from the East up to the edge of the slope, from which one looks over the trees and the roofs of the houses and the gleam of the river to the western rim of the valley and the great school on the hilltop, a lighthouse for all Michigan and beyond.

--William McAndrew

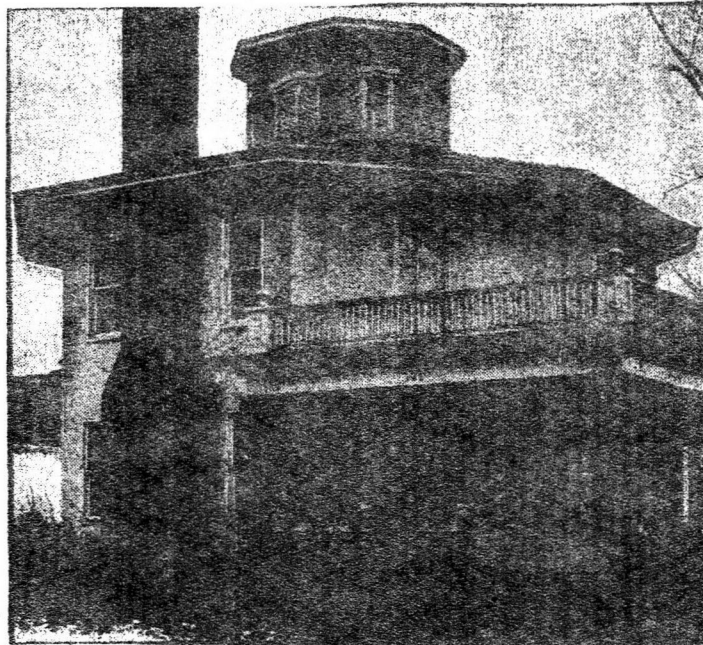
William McAndrew passed away October 22, 1895. His wife survived him eleven years, her death occurring October 26, 1906.

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Officers and Executive Board of the Business and Professional Women's Club:

President, Zella Beardsley  
Vice President, Gertrude Flint  
Recording Secretary, Estabrook Rankin  
Corresponding Secretary, Adele B. Johnson  
Treasurer, Helen Saunders  
Harriet H. Carr, Inez Graves, Marjorie Hiscock,  
Freda Huss, Mary Joslyn, Marie Kennedy, Gertrude  
Parsons, Bernice Smith, Russella Wardroper.

Ypsilanti, Michigan  
February the twenty-fourth, nineteen thisty-one



The water-cure made necessary a three-story addition to their home at 105 South Huron street. This octagon house speaks eloquently of the energy and persistence of Mr. McAndrew, for he built it almost entirely himself in 1853 and 1854.

NAMING THE STREETS OF YPSILANTI  
MASTER'S THESIS BY ELIZABETH TEABOLT

Original Plat of Village of Ypsilanti

Registered April 21, 1826 in Detroit

Although this plat was registered in 1826, lots were advertised in 1825 in a Detroit newspaper.

Plat west of Huron River

It was bounded on the north by Steward Street, on the east by the Huron river, on the south by an unnamed street, on the west by Hamilton Street.

New street names:

Steward, Huron, Hamilton, Adams, Washington, Pearl, Congress, Michigan, Woodward

Steward Street is in all probability a mistake in spelling. A John Stewart came here in 1823 or 1824. He seems to have been very active. The History of Washtenaw County, 1881" says "Ypsilanti city was founded by John Stewart in the summer and fall of 1824." He "went west" in 1830, settling where Battle Creek now is located. John Stewart, Jr., one of the twenty-two children of John Stewart, Sr. died there in 1881. No John Stewart is mentioned after the name appearing on the first plat. The name Stewart appears often.

Huron Street was named for the river beside which it extends.

Hamilton Street was probably named for Alexander Hamilton, and Washington and Adams for presidents. It appears to have been the custom to name streets to express

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one's patriotism as was done in Detroit, Chicago and many other places. The reason for giving the name Pearl to that street is unknown to me. Perhaps further research may reveal it. Congress, again for patriotism, for United States Congress; Michigan Street after the Territory of Michigan; and Woodward after Judge Augustus Brevoort Woodward, one of the platters of the village. Judge Woodward never lived here, but owned much land.

Flat east of Huron River

New street names:

River, Mill, Grove, North, South

There were several unnamed alleys running from north to south and east to west. Most of these later received street names.

River Street was the street running from north to south, and located nearest to the river.

Mill Street, next to the east, ended at the river, at its southern end. Many mills both for sawing wood and grinding grain were a feature of Ypsilanti as they were of other early towns, hence the name.

Grove Street led to "The Grove", established by Benjamin Woodruff in 1823 outside of what was then Ypsilanti.

North Street was one block north of the East Public Square, and South Street was one block south of it. Congress Street, which ran from east to west across the plat, was merely an extension of Congress Street west of the river.

The unnamed street or alley along the southern edge of the East Public Square became Parsons Street when the Square was divided into lots. It was named after Samuel Parsons, an early business man.

Farmer Street was given to the north and south alley extending from Parsons to South Street. It was probably named for John Farmer who drew the original Plat of Ypsilanti.

Norris and Cross - - - 3rd Ward Addition

Registered November 6, 1834



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The Plat was bounded by an unnamed street on the north - later West Forest - by Huron Street on the east, by Ellis Street on the south, and by Hamilton Street on the west. The streets running from north to south mentioned in the Original Plat were extended northward into this.

New street names:

Ellis, Cross

Cross Street was named for the Cross family, headed by the father Jason. He came in 1823 to 1824 and his sons Jason, Jr., Daniel, Alvin and William came about the same time. Jason Cross owned a farm northwest of early Ypsilanti.

For Ellis Street, I quote from "The History of Washtenaw County, Michigan" by Samuel Beakes, 1906. "Emma A. Ellis born in 1838, the daughter of Elijah and Almira (Warner) Ellis, became the third wife of John S. Jenness. One of the principal residence streets here was named in honor of her father."

Norris and Cross - - - 4th Ward Addition

Registered November 10, 1834

The Plat was bounded by what became mill Road on the north, by North River Street on the east; what was to become East Cross Street, on the south; with a short unnamed street, later to be Short Oak Street, also on the southern boundary; and Norris and Furnace Streets on the west.

New street names:

Norris, Furnace, Short Oak

Norris Street was named for Mark Norris, one of the proprietors. He was a settler here as early as 1827, built the first frame house east of the river, and was closely associated with the business and government of the city over a long period of time. A beautiful brick house on the west side of North River built later; it still stands.

Furnace Street, although not listed as a city street today, is still open, although no street signs are in

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evidence. It runs from present East Forest, southeast to Short Oak, parallel to the river. The Furnace property was land deeded by Mark Norris to Alanson W. Hurd, November 5, 1834. The southern end of Norris Street south of the railroad today bears the name Rice. Benjamin Follett about June, 1863 deeded a strip of land 50 feet wide running north from East Cross Street to the Michigan Central Railroad land to be used as a street between the Follett House Block (Ypsilanti Cartage and Storage Company) and the Flour Mill (now a gas station). This from Miss Woodard. An Asa Rice came here in 1826. Whether the name is for him I do not know. Also in connection with this location, (this from Miss Woodard) the city bought some land just behind the old Follett House block from Mr. Follett and gave it to Mr. Cornwell for coal storage and an office. This was called Cornwall Place. No name exists there now. Unnamed street of Short Oak was really a continuation of Oak which also came later.

#### Clarkesville Addition

Registered February 20, 1838

It was bounded on the north by the Abraham Larzelere property, on the east and south by unplatted land and on the west by Monroe Road.

New street names:

Monroe Road, East, West, two alleys were also found within the Plat

Monroe Road was so named because it was the road leading to Monroe. It is now South Huron, within the city. East Street which was at the east side of the plat became Bell Street, and West Street and the alley leading to Monroe Road became Bell Crook. I am not sure it was an authentic name but at least it was known as that. Bell Street was an extension of Bell from the north in the A. Larzelere Addition, to be spoken of later. A petition was signed July 17, 1917 "to change Bell Crook to Harris in honor of 'Grandma Harris', fifty years a resident upon it, now deceased and whose faithful and efficient services during that time as midwife, nurse and friend make strong her claims to be thus remembered by our citizens". The request carried.

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In the Register of Deeds office in Ann Arbor, there is this record: Agur Clarke sold to William Harris lot 21 in the Clarksville Addition May 2, 1839. On November 2, 1877, Lydia Harris, his wife, sold a parcel from the property. And from the St. Luke's Episcopal Church of Ypsilanti come this record: "Mrs. Lydia Harris, an English woman, born December 20, 1800, died of 'old age' June 22, 1890, age 90 years". She was buried the following day in Highland Cemetery, the service being conducted by the Rev. Mr. Woodruff. Her husband was this William Harris, also English, born February 23, 1798. In the margin of the record about Lydia Harris is written the word "Granny". There can be no doubt that this is the "Granny Harris" of whom mention is so frequently made.

#### Case and Perry Addition

Registered May 8, 1838

It is bounded by a surveyed unnamed street on the north (West Forest), Huron and Washington Streets on the east where they join, Norris and Cross Plat to the south, and Adams Street on the west.

New street names: Arcadia

The street appearing as Arcadia is now called Arcade and is opened through Adams Street. I have been unable to get the slightest clue that would lead to the naming of this street.

#### The Mark Norris Addition

Registered December 14, 1838

It was bounded by unplatted land on the north, by an unnamed but surveyed street on the east (Prospect), an unnamed but surveyed street on the south (Cross) and the Norris Cross addition on the west.

New street names: Mill (Maple Street), Maple Court

Mill Street extended from west to east across the Plat, and again the name was a testimony concerning the number of mills. This street was changed to Maple Street by act of

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the City Council June 17, 1889. It had, and still has many maple trees.

Maple Court is the name of the alley open between between Oak and Maple in the 200 block east.

#### The A. Larzelere Addition

Registered December 21, 1838

This Plat lay along the east side of South Huron Street a little north of where Buffalo Street runs to Huron, and included all the platted area around Bell Street, north of Spring Street. It extended south to the Clarksville Addition.

New street names: Buffalo, alleys (Bell and Spring Streets)

No record has been found as to the origin of Buffalo. The only assumption that can reasonably be made, it appears, is that it was named for Buffalo, New York. The majority of the people coming to the Territory of Michigan came from New York State by way of the Erie Canal, completed in 1825. At Buffalo, they left the much more settled East and embarked upon the "long and perilous" journey to the West, most frequently by water, as they were coming to Michigan.

The alleys surveyed in the A. Larzelere Addition eventually became narrow streets having names. The name Harris Street appears on one early map, not a plat, for the alley that runs into this addition between lots 7 and 8, and turning continued past the eastern end of lots 23, 24, 25, and 26. Whether the name was official or not, I do not know. It was probably placed there to honor "Granny" Harris, but since she lived in the Clarkescille Addition, the name Harris was placed there, as already noted. On August 23, 1873, there was recorded in the Register of Deeds Office in Ann Arbor a transfer of lots 25 and 26 in the A. Larzelere Addition from Hiram Seaver and wife to William Bell. This was followed by another transfer, William Bell to Martha Jane Bell. Then May 24, 1879 Martha Jane Bell disposed of the property and the name Bell seemed to disappear. Some one informed me that a Mr. Bell in the south end of town became a veterinarian and finally moved to Rawsonville. On October 1, 1894, by petition of most of the owners in this small parcel of land, the city council named the street Bell and one running parallel at the east end of the lots carried the same name.

(to be continued in future Gleanings)

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NEWS from the Museum and the Archives

On Saturday morning, October 11, Harriet Feldlaufer, Coordinator, Gifted Programs, Willow Run Schools arranged to have thirty gifted children, 2st through 5th grades, come to the Ypsilanti Historical Museum to learn about Willow Run and Ypsilanti. Willow Run is an old name in this area, perhaps dating back before Ypsilanti.

The youngsters were well-mannered and seemed delighted with the Museum and especially with the talk by Eileen Harrison about the wool and the spinning wheel.

The children were brought by their parents and several parents stayed on for the hour and joined with interest the tour of the Museum.

The special guides were Rene Moran, Eileen Harrison and Foster Fletcher who gave an oral history of pioneer days in the area.

A worthwhile and interesting endeavor for the youngsters, we hope, and for the adults.

On October 13th from 7 to 8 PM, Ypsilanti City Officials were hosted by our Board of Directors and Admisistration Committee for a special evening at the Museum.

It was a night of inquiry, of real interest in the role of the Museum and the Historical Society in our Community. Certainly it was an opportunity for the efforts of so many citizens to be recognized and appreciated.

For the visitors and the Society Members, there was an atmosphere of shared pride in our past and optimism for our future. Some of the distinguished men who joined us for the evening and took a minute to sign the guest book were Mayor George D. Goodman, Councilmembers Jerome Strong, Charles Kettles, Barton Thompson and John Harrington, City Clerk Robert Slone, Jr., Parks and Forestry Chief

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News for the Archives and the Museum con't

Richard Miller, Assitant to the City Manager Joseph Charlton.

The house at 220 North Huron sparkled and never looked more elegant. We hope our guests will return often and we were very glad they came!

The Ypsilanti Historical Society Third Annual Dinner was held on October 26th at 5 PM at the Masonic Temple in Ypsilanti. The invocation was sung by Ruth MacDonald with Marge Gauntlett accompanying her at the piano. A beautifully prepared roast beef dinner was served family-style by the ladies of the Temple.

Our President Ann McCarthy introduced the guest speaker, Mr. Thomas Jones. Mr. Jones is the new Executive President of the Michigan State Historical Society and a new resident of Ypsilanti. He spoke of his recent travels throughout the State and of the variety of approaches to the preservation and presentation of local history he had observed.

Much appreciation goes to Rene Burgess for all her efforts in making the evening so enjoyable.

Thursday, October 30th, (just in time for our National Election) a collection of campaign memorabilia is now on Special Exhibit. The mementoes are generously loaned to us by Mr. Douglas Kelly of Ann Arbor. In real life, Mr. Kelly is with the Adult and Continuing Education Department of the University of Michigan but in his youth he was a page at the 1952 Democratic gathering in Chicago and by the 1956 Convention had a Press badge to cover the proceedings for his College newspaper. He still reflects the excitement that led to his fascination with

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the political process.

The only "Reagan" button in our display is "Reagan for Governor" but there is a giant plastic peanut bank with the famous Carter grin from current campaigns.

Our nostalgic look at past contenders for the Presidency will continue through the first week of December.

An Ypsilanti High School "English as a Second Language" class toured the Museum from 7 to 8:30 PM on November 13th. Mary Elin Schneider, their teacher (also on staff at Eastern Michigan University) arranged the session as a special project and the adult students were well prepared and full of questions. Italy and Rumania had been home for many of our guests before coming to Ypsilanti and they were fascinated with the musical instruments, the arrowheads and the early farm implements. The ladies from Italy found Florence Babbitt's lace shawl to be especially fine.

Special guides for the evening were Ann McCarthy and Sharon Patterson.

The Museum guides during regular hours have hosted visitors to our City from Florida, Indiana, Ohio, New York, Wisconsin, Maine and Alabama -- Michiganders from Kalkaska, Port Huron, Warren, Farmington Hills, Garden City, Troy, Clinton, Lansing, Clarkston and Detroit -- and foreign friends from New Olm, Germany and Ashford, England.

The Archives have been a fertile source of information for the DAR, Washtenaw Genealogical Society, Henry Ford Museum, Washtenaw Courrier, EMU and U of M students and many private researchers from Ohio, Bay City, Watford, Ontario, and Dearborn -- and our local citizens.

We want to especially welcome our new Members and encourage them to actively participate in the Society.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS



Herbert Fry  
Ypsilanti

Sheet Music, Ypsilanti Good-Bye  
words by John E. Brooks, music  
by George P. Becker

Ray Gorlick  
Gladstone, MI

Very old hand printing press

Mrs. Ruth Maulbetsch  
Ypsilanti, MI



A medallion of Demetrius Ypsilanti  
sculptured by Fredrika Fyfe Good-  
win, Several interesting local  
Church and School momentos, Photo  
of Canning Factory group, Naomi  
Gertrude Maulbetsch 1917 High  
School Certificate and her diploma,  
Eighth Grade Certificate dated  
June, 1913, Cleary College Diploma  
1919, and old butter mold.

Louis C. Andrews, Jr.  
Ann Arbor, MI

Acts of the Legislature of the State  
of Michigan passed at the extra  
session of 1858 including #30, p.93  
"An act to incorporate the City of  
Ypsilanti", approved February 4, 1858

Foster Fletcher

Clothing items, lace trimmed and  
hand embroidered, including several  
trousseau items, from Marie Bacon  
Schneider, mother of Mary Fletcher

Mrs. Joseph Spring  
Belleville, MI

Arbeiter Verein Badges belonging  
to her father, Jacob Frederick  
Dressle who came from Germany  
before the Civil War, died Feb. 8,  
1925.

Ypsilanti Credit Bureau  
(Peter Fletcher)

Polk's Ypsilanti City Directory  
1966

Mrs. Bancroft Bryan  
Ypsilanti

Large old wooden clothespin

Janice Waldenmyer  
(Mrs. Gordon)  
Ypsilanti

daughter of Maynard C. Richardson,  
Large assortment of apothecary  
bottles, clear and amber with stoppers  
or corks, Erlinger Flask, 2 pestles,  
tin chemical container, glass labels  
for apothecary bottles and seven





Recent Acquisitions Con't.

books including United States  
Dispensary, 1877 Ed.

John Barr

47 78 RPM recordings including Labels  
Victor, Classical, Decca, Columbia,  
Cameo, Art, Classics, Vocation and  
Rainbow.

A.P. Marshall  
Ypsilanti

Anniversary Program, Brown Chapel,  
AME Church, Ypsilanti, MI.

NEW MEMBERS

Mr. & Mrs. Jerry Fouchey  
1019 Maplewood  
Ypsilanti, MI

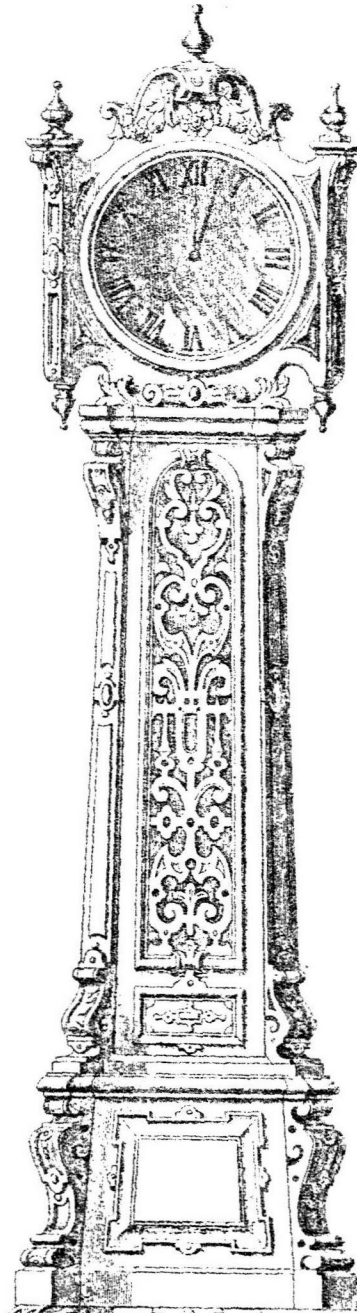
Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Jones & family  
512 Fairview  
Ypsilanti, MI

Rote Holmes  
14625 Flathead  
Apple Valley, CA

Jack L. Houser  
1334 Georgina Drive  
Ypsilanti, MI

Mr. & Mrs. George Patterson  
1313 West Cross St.  
Ypsilanti, MI

Elmer Senff  
35386 Avenue E  
Yucaipa, CA



December -- 1980

Old houses are the best, my friends,  
They keep us old folks spry,  
For all the care we spend on them  
Is more than meets the eye.

We clean and paint and buttress them,  
Renew their brick and stone,  
Replace their pipes, fix creaking doors  
But keep their ancient tone  
For a house that's old has many things  
That only years can bring.  
So it's of our homes this Christmas time  
That we prefer to sing.

Mary Fletcher

#### No Yule Like an Old Yule

Perhaps this is the year for those of us who keep insisting that the "old-fashioned Christmases were more fun" to have one and get it out of our systems. It isn't hard if we try.

Shove back thermostat to about 40 degrees or switch off furnace entirely. This will give the windows a picturesque frosting and cool the house to a temperature in keeping with "the good old days."

The Christmas tree should be cut down with a dull axe in City Park or somewhere and dragged home through the snow over our shoulder. If we can manage a live goose under our free arm at the same time, this will add to the merriment.

Christmas cards we send should carry two cents postage: that's all it used to cost, so might as well be consistent.

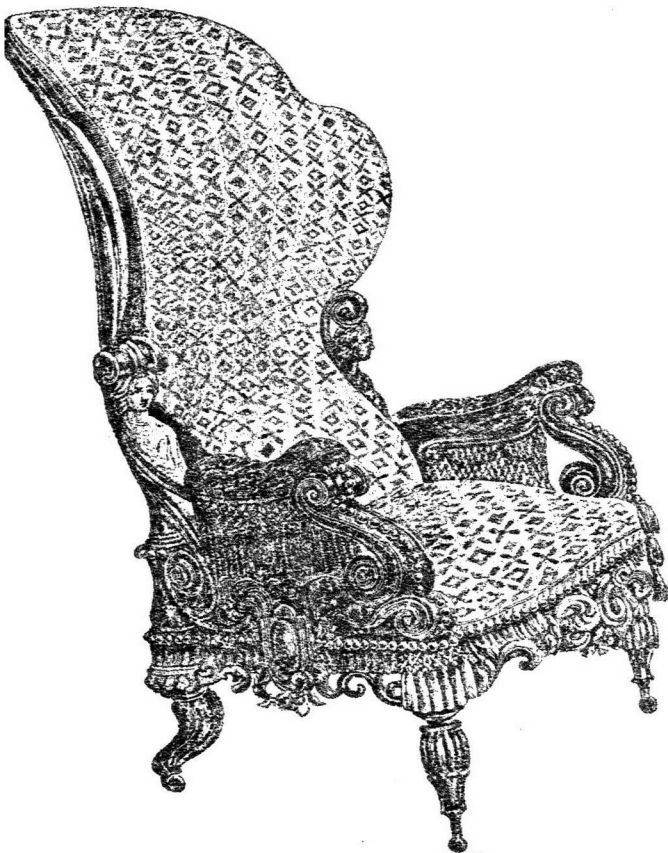
Have on hand a bright new penny for the newsboy when he comes to wish us a Merry Christmas. It will brighten his chubby face and assure us of improved service next year.

Preparations for the Yule feast must get under way around 4 A.M. with bread baking in a coal-fired kitchen range especially installed for the day (see Hertz Rent-All); it should have a clogged flue.

All kinfolk invited for Christmas dinner must remain underfoot for at least a week. That is how it was when they used to come by sleigh and stage coach.

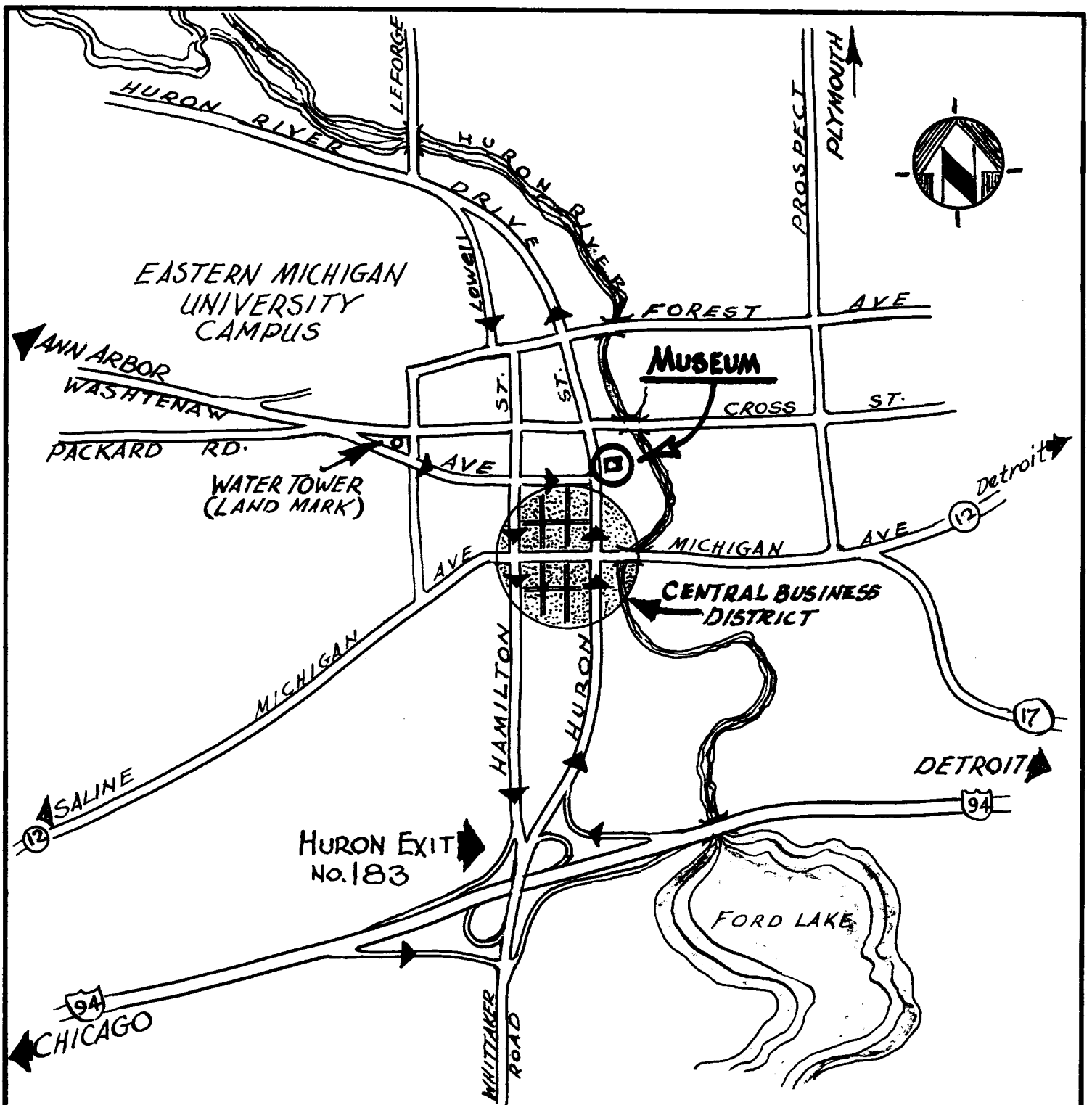
Gifts for the kiddies should be limited to woolen mittens and an orange. They will remember this "old-fashioned Christmas" for the rest of their lives.

And they won't let us forget it either.



**SPECIAL NOTE:**

There is a new face at the Museum. Mrs. Sharon Patterson has replaced Dottie Disbrow as Archivist. Sharon and George came to Ypsilanti from Paso Robles, California four and a half years ago. They are the parents of Mark, Paul, Andrew, Mary Kathleen and Joan. Sharon is a part-time student at Madonna College, an active member of St. Johns Catholic Church and an avid bridge player. We hope you will take a moment when you are at the museum to stop and meet Sharon.



**Upsilanti Historical Museum**  
 220 North Huron Street - Upsilanti - Michigan  
 Zip Code 48197 Phone (313) 482-4990  
 Foster Fletcher - Historian - Museum Hours -  
 Dorothy Disbrow - Archivist Fri. Sat. & Sun. 2-4 PM.  
 Archives - By Appointment