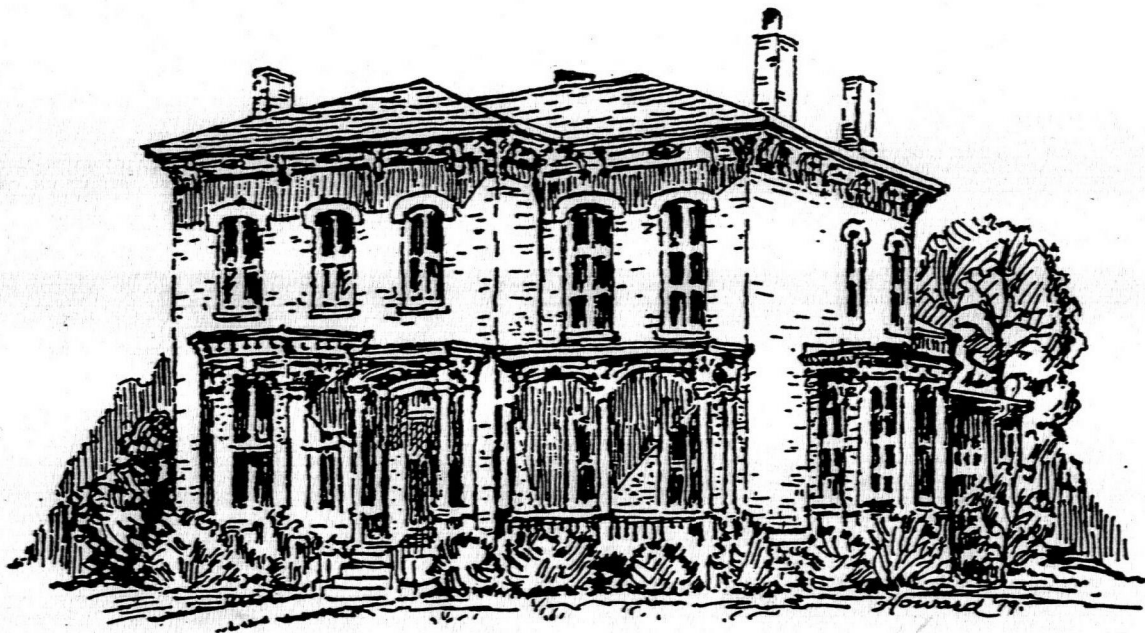


NOV ~~2~~ 1897

YPSILANTI GLEANINGS

PAST SCENES and OLD TIMES

YPSILANTI HISTORICAL SOCIETY ~ PUBLICATION ~



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Ypsilanti Historical Museum
~ 220 N. Huron Street ~

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Office of Ypsilanti Historical Society is at 220 N. Huron Street

The Museum at 220 North Huron Street is owned by the people of the
City of Ypsilanti, Michigan and operated in the public interest of
Ypsilanti Historical Society. A non-profit group of public
spirited citizens. Museum is open Thursday, Saturday and Sunday
from 2:00 p.m. until 4:00 p.m. Archives is open Monday

through Friday from 9:00 until 12:00 Noon. Closed Holidays

Telephone: 313-482-4990

Fax 313-483-7481

I am looking for the Tate family, Do you know them?
I understand they are in every organization in Ypsilanti.

There is Dic Tate, who wants to run everything.
Ro Tate, who always tries to change things.
Agi Tate, who stirs up trouble whenever possible,
with a helping hand from Irri Tate.
Deves Tate, who loves to interrupt and Potan Tate,
who wants to be the big shot.
Every time new ideas are suggested, its Hesi Tate and Vegi
Tate who are there to say they can't possibly work.
And Imi Tate, who would rather copy than try something new.
Thank goodness for Facili Tate, Cogi Tate and Medi Tate
they get everyone pulling together.

Anon.

WILLOUGHBY'S SHOES

SING WHILE YOU DRIVE

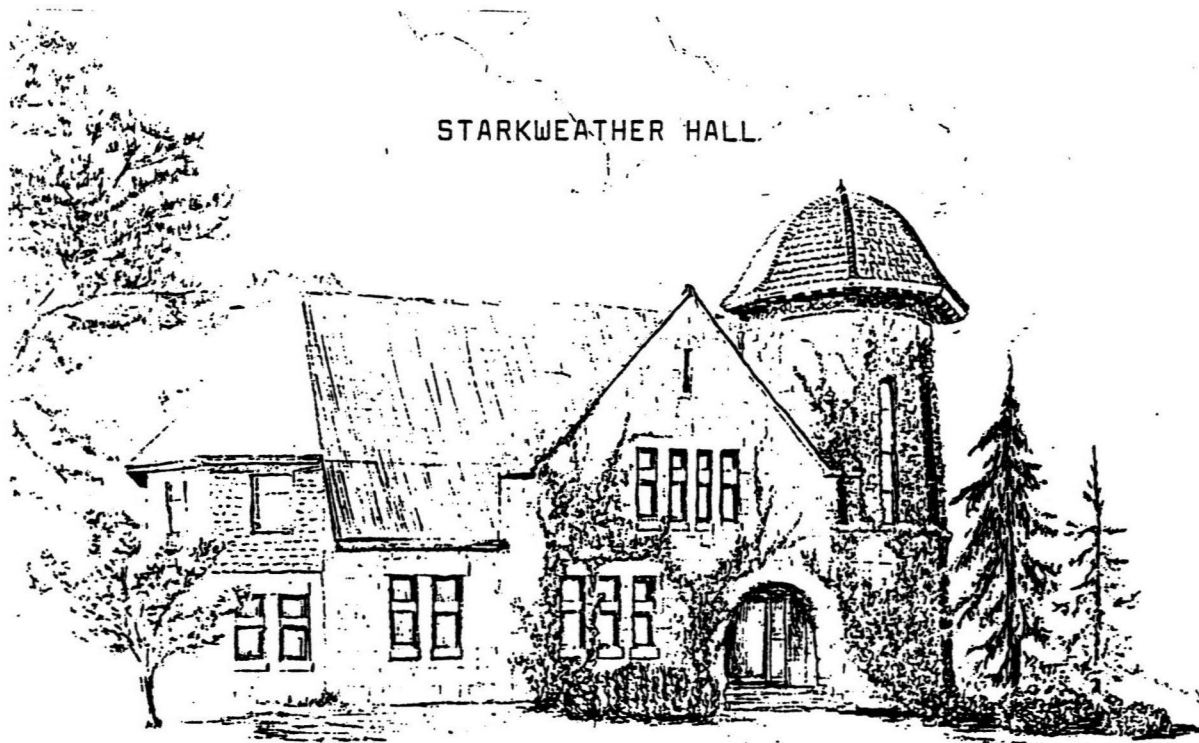
At 45 MPH sing "Highways Are Happy Days"
At 55 MPH sing "I'm But A stranger Here, Heaven is my Home"
At 65 MPH sing "Nearer My God, To Thee"
At 75 MPH sing "When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder, I'll Be There"
At 85 MPH sing "Lord, I'm Coming Home"

A little humor from the Archives

These items are copied from the records that were kept by
Louis White, Ypsilanti's First City Historian

1897

- March Starkweather Hall Dedicated
- April Training School at the Normal School first occupied
- June 3rd Issue of Ypsilanti Commercial says W. J. Yockley
Who lives a mile this side of Rawsonville, has found
a quantity of Indian Arrowheads and Hatchet Heads on his
place.
- Sept. Ypsilanti Commercial of the 9th says "The Weekly Times
has just started".
- Oct. New Steel Bridge erected at Paper Mill crossing to
cost \$2,000.00 by King Bridge Company of Cleveland,
Ohio.
- Dec First car on new Electric Line Detroit to Ypsilanti made
trip today to Dearborn. Track laid to St. Joseph's
Retreat.
A.W. Monroe bought out P.K. Crocker of the Ypsilanti
Commercial.



YPSILANTI

It spread to the islands of the sea. It reached the Sultan in his Palace in the city of the Golden Horn. Mahaoud, The Butcher, answered in true Turkish fashion; he took the most illustrious Greek in Constantinople, Demetre Morousi the Grand interpreter, a young and learned Panariote, and strangled him to death, he picked out ten more Greeks of the first families of the city and killed them by horrible tortures; he seized the head of the Greek Church, old Gregory. A gentle, blameless patriarch of ninety years, and upon Easter Sunday. after church services hung him over the palace gate to be scoffed at and spit upon by every dirty Turk in town and then thrown into the harbor; he turned his soldiers loose upon the Christians; men and women and little children were hacked to pieces in the streets, in their homes, in the churches where they fled for refuge. The streets of every town in Turkey ran with Christian blood; the smoke of villages rose to heaven; the roadways of the empire swarmed with fugitives fleeing to the mountains. In every land of Christendom the news of this outrageous massacre filled the souls of man with horror, even to the little village of Woodruffs Grove on the banks of the Huron, this dreadful news came and I doubt not the good settlers added to their nightly prayers a petition for the freedom of the suffering Greeks and the success of Ypsilanti's expedition.

But poor Ypsilanti! fortune was not to be his guardian, he was the wrong man in the wrong place. Alexander Ypsilanti was brave and gallant but he had no judgement; he was confident and experienced but without caution and foresight; besides that he had a vanity that made him believe that all an insurrection needed for success was to have Alexander Ypsilanti at the head of it. It seemed to some of his commanders that he was more anxious to distinguish himself than to deliver his country; it seemed to them certain that he wanted none to share distinction with him. And so, while he lay with his army in the Capital of Moldavia(Jassy), doing nothing until his ambitious generals should yield complete submission to his will, he might have made a bold attack upon the garrison of the Turks and by the brilliancy of the movement won the whole district to his side and gained the admiration and approval of the ally whom his country so much needed, the great and powerful Czar. But Ypsilanti sulked; he issued pompous proclamations to his dissatisfied generals. At length the Czar sent word that he would have nothing whatever to do with Ypsilanti, and that his expedition was a crazy scheme. This was enough to complete the discouragement of his men, already tired of doing nothing. Little by little, they disappeared and hastened to join their more active countrymen in southern Greece. Even the Sacred Band of the skull and bones, with their beards uncut for liberty's sake, deserted him and at last he fell into the power of Austria. Here being considered a person dangerous to public peace he was cast into a gloomy prison. He seemed to drop completely out of the memory of man. In vain a few faithful friends importuned the Czar to use his influence with Austria to have Ypsilanti released.

The Czar would think about it. In vain the Prisoner asked his captors to grant him a trial; he had done nothing to deserve the loss of liberty; his country needed him sorely; his dull and dreary confinement was worse than death; his dungeon was dark, damp, and unhealthy; chills and fever were breaking down his constitution, but all his pleading was of no avail. Everybody seemed too much occupied to give him attention. At length after six long years of languishment in Prison, six years that in the outside world were packed with the most stirring events, Ypsilanti found the door to his dungeon opened and himself permitted to totter out into fresh air and sunshine. There was no more reason for letting him out than there had been for putting him in; there was no redress for his loss of liberty and loads of health. His heart turned him once again toward the battle fields of Greece whence the sounds of glorious conflict reached his ears; but his weak and emaciated legs were unable to carry him. Broken in health and in spirit, a disappointed old man, he took himself to a lonely bed and died. This was the end of the gallant, cultured, rich and distinguished Ypsilanti. If he had been the only one of that name I doubt whether our town would have been named anything more unusual than, Smithfield, Jonesburgh, or Woodruffton. But there was another Ypsilanti to whom nature in dispensing personal qualities was more kind and fortune, in awarding victory, more generous. If your patience will endure we shall learn about this Ypsilanti, seven days from now.

IV.

Our young friends who have read the previous articles of this series will remember that Prince Alexander Ypsilanti marched into Moldavia to attack the Turkish forces there, and that the other Greeks in their homes at the south on the mainland and in the islands followed the example given and rushed to arms. You will remember that the Sultan, Mahaoud, the butcher, at once proceeded to kill every Greek he could lay hands on. This of course served to make the patriots all the more determined to be rid of him for good and all, or die in the attempt. Poor Alexander Ypsilanti, from lack of enterprise and through his excessive vanity and personal ambition, came to nothing in his Moldavian Expedition and died a prosaic death of chills and fever contracted in a dismal prison. But his brother Demetrius Ypsilanti was more fortunate.

Of all the Ypsilanti Brothers, -Alexander, George, Nicholas and Demetrius-the last was the one you might have least supposed to be the greatest. You may see his portrait in our city council chamber if it has not been removed to the Ladies' Library Rooms. (I knew there was some talk of moving it. Mr. Osband will please set me right on this by a footnote, perhaps.)*You will observe that he is not a handsome man like Professor Pease, Captain Allen, or me. He was in stature about like Clark Wortley. He was always baldheaded, and at twenty-five years of age he looked as though he was forty. He had a most disagreeable voice; it came through his

nose and is said to have sounded like a saw going through a thin hard board. He was, all his life long, awkward with his hands and feet, and never at ease in company. His bashfulness was painful; his manners distressing. He found it hard to look people in the eye. His health was easily upset and had to be guarded by him very carefully. He needed three or four more hours of sleep a day than most men require. If he did not get them he suffered much. This was the physical equipment nature gave this man; but she endowed him with certain mental and spiritual powers that far outweighed the qualities of his more brilliant brother. She gave him an ingrained spirit of sincerity and a love of honor. As Alexander was the extreme of vanity, Demetrius was the pattern of unselfishness. As Alexander was not above the liberal use of other People's money, Demetrius was the soul of honesty. At a time when the Greeks were incited to the highest pitch of frenzy by the atrocities of Turkish massacres, he protected the prisoners that fell into his hands with calm and generous humanity. He was an upright man, a gallant soldier, an ardent Patriot. His name is held in honor in his own country. His name is worthy to be given to a city in this land of the free.

When the Greeks sounded the call to arms, Demetrius Ypsilanti was learning the trade of a soldier where his brothers (?) had learned it before him, in the armies of Russia. When the news of the uprising reached him he put on the disguise of a servant and set out on horseback to ride through Austria and Turkey and to join the Patriots in lower Greece. At last, after some narrow escapes he reached the Island of Hydra, where the people and chief man hailed him with great joy. The revolting Greeks now made a provisional government and chose Ypsilanti General-in-chief of the troops in the southern Peninsula. Such troops as they were! It is impossible for us to realize the difficulties of doing anything at all with an army such as the Greeks made in 1821. They were absolutely without discipline. Before giving an order the commander had to get the consent of his captains, and they had to get the consent of their men. Now a days every soldier understand that success depends upon the mechanical perfection of the regiment and the companies; obedience must be unquestioning and immediate; every man is inspired with Pride for the army and forgets about himself. With these Greeks there was no such feeling; nothing at all of the esprit de corps on which successful battles mostly depend. The men were brave enough; probably no men in any army were braver; but they were absolutely ignorant of the value of concerted action. If they were surprised at close quarters they would fight like demons and cut their way through overpowering numbers, but they could never be brought to move forward in mass against the enemy and crush him by the weight of their united numbers; they never could be sent in a body through a breach nor in a charge over a wall; they would not stand under fire but would break and run for cover. In a European army they would probably be set down as cowards. But they were not such. A Greek soldier was brave and daring by himself. He was intelligent, active, hardy and frugal. He would march, or rather skip, all day, among the rocks, expecting no other food than hard crackers and a

few olives or a raw onion. He would sleep all night, content with a flat stone for a pillow. Tents and baggage wagons he never heard of. He wore a skirt of white cloth called a fastlerellar, of the shape of a Scotch Kilt. He used it for handkerchief, table cloth, napkin and towel. A Greek soldier would not work, for he thought it disgraceful, and so he would not drill. He would not submit to discipline, for he felt that this took away his liberty and made a slave of him. He had no respect for officers for he felt himself as good as they. He came and went as he pleased; sometimes a captain had two thousand men, and the next day fifty. Worse than all this, the Greeks, from the earliest times have been so fond of personal independence that they have been jealous of each other. This made them an easy prey to foreign foes, from the time of Philip of Macedon to the last oppression of the Turks. This made their revolution glow and uncertain; this made the work of Ypsilanti precarious and discouraging.

With such an army, or rather a mob of Greeks, Ypsilanti began the work of liberating the lower half of Greece from Turkish possession. Greece, as you know is a remarkably mountainous country. Every bold and commanding height was held by a Turkish fortress; every city was garrisoned with Turkish troops; every harbor was at the mercy of Turkish ships of war.

In the center of the great Peloponesus, or great peninsula of Greece, lies a large plain hemmed in by mountains through which there are no outlets, except through two or three narrow Passes. On this plain is Tripolitza, a large square city surrounded by a wall which is crowned with battlements and flanked with towers. It was the Turkish capital of southern Greece, and a place about as large as Kalamazoo or Saginaw. An army of six thousand Turks with artillery and cavalry held the place. Around this town Demetrius Ypsilanti encamped with his undisciplined army to wait until the Provision of Tripolitza should give out and the Turks should surrender. The Sultan heard of it. He got a great fleet together and commanded it to sail for southern Greece, to land a horde of troops and to march to the relief of the besieged capital. You may be sure an anxious man was Ypsilanti, and that the friends of liberty in this land of ours were in anxious suspense for him.

V.

We left Demetrius Ypsilanti and his soldiers on the plain at Tripolitza casting anxious eyes at the city each morning, to see whether the hungry Turks had yet reached a point where they must hoist the flag of surrender or starve to death. Every day of continued resistance made the chance of surrender less certain, for the Sultan's fleet with reinforcements on board, was sailing to relieve the town. The cavalry of the Turks caused such disturbance to the Greeks who had none; but at length the besiegers made a rush by night and took possession of a grove of trees which commanded the pastures where the Turkish cavalymen fed their horses. Thus, having lost their fodder, the Turks were compelled to give up their cavalry raids, and they killed their horses for food. After the siege had been continued many weeks, the Grecian commander,

Ypsilanti heard the unwelcome news that the Turkish fleet was off the coast with reinforcements and about to make a landing. The Turks inside the guarded Tripolitza heard it, too, and were much encouraged to hold out, though they were now reduced to the direct extremity. It seemed best to Ypsilanti to take with his part of his troops and to attempt to keep the Turks from landing, while he left the rest around the city in command of Colocotroni, his lieutenant. No sooner had the general departed than, relieved from his influence, the soldiers began the most shameful proceedings. It was known that great wealth was stored in Tripolitza; the Greeks, with the characteristic avarice of their race, began to trade for it. The soldiers set up booths upon the Plain before the city, and there sold to the starving Turks, who came outside the walls to buy fruit, bread, meat, and other food, often for its weight in silver. All the lowest, basest, most worthless men and women of the country swarmed about the walls. there was a carnival of wickedness, and in the midst of it the Turkish Troops within the city fell to quarreling and demanded of their commander that the place be surrendered. A Parlay was arranged with Colocotroni and other Greek chiefs. The Turks wished Ypsilanti present. Though he could have returned from the coast and have been back again without endangering the country, he was not summoned. Colocotroni and his friends knew too well that Ypsilanti would not allow them a penny of the spoil of Tripolitza but would turn it all into the public treasury to defray the expenses of the war, so they declined to notify him, but bargained with the richest Turks, insuring them safety in return for gold and silver plate, jewels and rich tapestries. Every night mules were laden with the spoil and sent off to the homes of these greedy sons of liberty. These shameful operations could not be concealed from the soldiers, who, mad with rage at the thought of losing a share of the spoil, found a part of the wall unguarded. Raising a mighty shout they rushed in on the unsuspecting city. Without restraint of commander, exasperated by the long resistance of the town, the cries of the massacred countrymen ringing in their ears, the Greeks lost all self control, and cut, hacked and shot every Turk that showed himself in the streets. The fugitives shut themselves up in their houses and defended themselves with fury. The maddened soldiers burned them like so many flies. All night long the terrible work went on until the crazed avengers ceased only because of weariness. The next morning found a terrible scene. The streets were choked with the bodies of the slain; the air was full of smoke and the sickening smell of smoldering human flesh.

And this was only seventy-three years ago, in the land whence sprung the most ennobling arts that civilization can boast. The Land where Socrates taught the blessings of tranquility and Paul preached the gospel of Peace. This was in the nineteenth century, the era of progress and culture and charity, yet the era of as bloody wasts as ever reneled pages of history; an era that saw Napoleon stain the soil of Europe with the life blood of thousands who had no natural hatred for one another; an era that saw our own enlightened nations, without the shadow of a cause, a weak and suffering neighbor, a crime to be expiated in the horrors of a

suffering neighbor, a crime to be expiated in the horrors of a civil conflict; an era that even now sees the smoke of burning cities on an island close to our coast (Cuba), and finds all of Europe armed with instruments fashioned to kill, seeming each year to be nearer the entrance to a bloody war, we cannot realize the nearness of such barbarous times, we in our little town of quiet days and silent nights; we who hear on Sundays the words of Peace that have been preached to the fighting world for nineteen hundred years. Are we forever to go on from century to century with one great war to each generation? God forbid:

This article is continued from our last issue.

Perhaps I will be able to complete in the next issue.

ADMINISTRATION COMMITTEE

It has been a busy Fall this year at the Museum. We finished the Heritage Festival and then Craft Demonstration Day. This year we did not have quite as many crafter's because of some illnesses, but we had a great time and a beautiful day. There were about 65-70 visitors went through the Museum. We were glad to have the children visit so they could learn about how things were done in the 1800's. We had some interesting kitchen items that were demonstrated as well as butter making. The children seemed to really enjoy making beads and butterflies and several of the Moms were interested in getting the patterns so they could be used in Scouts or Sunday School.

Thanks to Carolyn Wines Girl Scout Troop who played games and did the face painting for the children that came to visit.

We are blessed to have Rachael Armstrong, a teen ager that came and helped us again this year, she became interested in learning to do weaving by coming to our Craft Day about 4 years ago. Next year we have another teenager that has asked if she could help. It makes it worthwhile when we can see that it has given someone the inspiration to start a new hobby.

We hope you will plan on coming next year and perhaps you could help us.

We are thinking about the Christmas Holidays and our hours will be extended starting the day after Thanksgiving. We will be open Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday through December 20th from 2:00 until 4:00 P.M.

We are part of the New Years Eve Jubilee again this year. Why not put us in your plans for the New Year Holiday. Our hours on New Years Eve are from 6:00 P.M. until 10:30 P.M. Refreshments of cookies, coffee and hot chocolate. Come see the beautiful museum at Christmas Time.

The Museum will be closed during the month of January for our annual cleaning. If you can help us by guiding, refreshments during the holidays, or cleaning in January please call me at 484-0080.

We extend our best wishes for a wonderful holiday season.

Your Administration Committee.

Virginia Davis

THE THIRD ANNUAL FUND RAISER

for the Automotive Heritage Museum was another stellar success thanks to many people. We especially thank our corporate sponsors and special gift benefactors:

Absopure Water Co.	Yesterday's Collectibles
Central Title Service	Coldwater Corporation
Credit Bureau of Ypsilanti	Citizens Bank
Michael J. Vincent, Attorney	Sidetrack Restaurant
Detroit Edison Foundation	Mrs. Anne M. Thorne
Ideation & Crown House of Gifts	

In addition to acquiring additional vintage vehicles connected with Ypsilanti automotive history we need these revenues to pay for our utilities, insurance, supplies and general upkeep.

At the event, Skip Ungrodt unveiled a proto type of the brochure he is preparing to use in the major fundraising effort to construct the building which will connect the Automotive Heritage Museum at 112 E. Cross with Miller Motors at 100 E. Cross. This will provide much needed display space and an overall theme for visitors to enjoy. This entire project is fast becoming one of the major attractions for visitors and guests in our community. It is estimated this added space will cost \$600,000.00 to build and furnish so start garnering the long green needed now.

Mayor Cheryl Farmer did a very nice job of reporting to our annual dinner on her recent trip to Greece and a pilgrimage to the tomb of General Demetrius Ypsilanti. She brought back an interesting assortment of mementoes which had been displayed at the Museum on N. Huron Street. The Mayor expects to entertain some of her gracious hosts from Greece in the Spring and we look forward to showing them our special hospitality.

A missing piece to a Woman's Past

was recently supplied to a visitor to our Museum and Archives. She was born in 1924 to an unwed Mother who immediately placed her for adoption. All the adoptive family ever knew was that the child's mother was "a student in Ypsilanti". After the deaths of both adoptive parents the woman began tracking down her birth mother. Following an extensive legal tussle she obtained a copy of her birth certificate which listed the mother's name and address in Ypsilanti. With that clue she found the name in our old city directory library together with her mother's High School Year book where she finally saw a picture of her mother. History and heritage are important for both community and personal reasons. We are indebted to all who have gone before us and preserved the records of the past for our use today and those who will follow us. We should be just as committed to this worthwhile task

Many of you commented affirmatively on the story in our last edition on the appointment of a home town person to the Board of Trustees of Michigan State University. We regret that the quality of the duplicating was inferior but we are working on that issue to

assure better legibility in our future editions. We also invite others with personal stories on interesting aspects of their past to share them with our Gleanings readers.

The Holiday Season is always a special and splendid time at the Museum. We are especially flattered that we have been invited back to Briarwood. Billie is our contact again this year and plans are well underway. We shall be featuring many Ypsilanti items in the sales space and we urge you to bring your family and friends out to see us. Our location is the same as last year, on the south side of Sears courtyard entrance.

We join in saying a fond farewell to the Rev. Laurence Woodruff, long time Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Ypsilanti. Rev. Woodruff has rendered a matchless service to our community as a devoted, kind and caring part of the ministry of this area. We wish him well in his retirement and hope he will continue to be a part of this larger circle where ever he selects as his next interest.

It is never too early to start giving us things to include in the yard sale next Spring. Feel free to drop off your white elephant, rummage, garage sale items which we can convert to cash for our assorted Museum programs.

Requests to the Historical Society were discussed in the Gleanings a few weeks ago and as a result we have received some inquiries as to how this works, We hope you remember that generous benefactors in the past have made much progress to date possible by including your Society in their estate plans. Of course, you do not have to wait until your death to make a gift or gifts, but, the final gift of a portion of your estate is a wonderful way of insuring your wishes surrounding the preservation of our heritage will be carried out far into the future.

Your Holiday Shopping is Made so easy right at the Museum gift shop. Leading the list of potential gifts is our 1998 calendar...an exclusive only available through the Historical Society a telling of Ypsilanti's heritage and history through original pen and ink drawings by Bill Shurtliff, prominent talented local artist of much renown. Get your supply today.

Peter B. Fletcher,
Past President

Musings from the Archivies,

Doris and I have been very busy, I'm not sure if it is the time of year or not. I seem to keep busy perhaps they have taken an hour or so out of the time when it was changed. There have been quite a few students from E.M.U., in checking on houses. We certainly do have some beautiful old homes.

Joan Carpenter and Bill Zolkosky have been busy getting some pictures, making a collage for Briarwood. We will have a little more space this year and will be having cups, tote bags and pottery from Ypsilanti to sell. Ann Arbor News is going to be joining us this year. And everyone that buys a subscription to the Newspaper will be given a \$15.00 gift certificate to spend in History Lane. They have also very graciously given us some books of Ann Arbor to sell and we may keep the proceeds from that. Isn't that great? 160 books at \$10.00 we are very grateful for that. So be sure to come out and get your bargains. Of course remember that our Gift Shop here in the Museum is still open also. It is open any time the Archives is open, we don't want to have you go too far for that last minute gift for Aunt Susie or Uncle John. We also have some great toys for the kids.

There has been a lot of activity in the Museum the past few months. The ceiling in the front hallway has been redone and our back railing(outside) that has been broken for some time. Some heavier material has been used. We certainly hope that the kids will leave it alone. We had replaced it twice and finally the City decided that perhaps the kids would have a problem with this one. The ceiling was paid for by the Society and the city paid for the railing on the porch. We were grateful for that. It is too bad that the Historic Commission will not allow a fence just up to the top of the fence as when the kids slide down the hill, I'm not sure why they have to break the poles in the fence. There are signs that says no sliding, it bothers me that one of the children are going to hit the tree at the bottom and get hurt or much worse.

Just a reminder that the Museum will be closed for the month of January but the ARCHIVES WILL STILL BE OPEN.

We have enclosed a renewal form so you may renew your membership. All dues are renewed the first of each year. This would make it a little easier for the office if you would do this about the first of January.

Well I guess this will be all for this time, look for you during the holiday season. Do come to our Open House December 7, 1997.

We hope all have a very Merry Christmas and a productive New Year.

I WISH TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE
YPSILANTI HISTORICAL SOCIETY

RENEWAL _____

INDIVIDUAL \$5.00 _____ FAMILY \$10.00 _____

SUSTAINING \$25.00 _____ BUSINESS \$75.00 _____

PATRON \$100.00 _____

LIFE (ONE TIME) \$200.00

SIGNATURE _____

ADDRESS _____

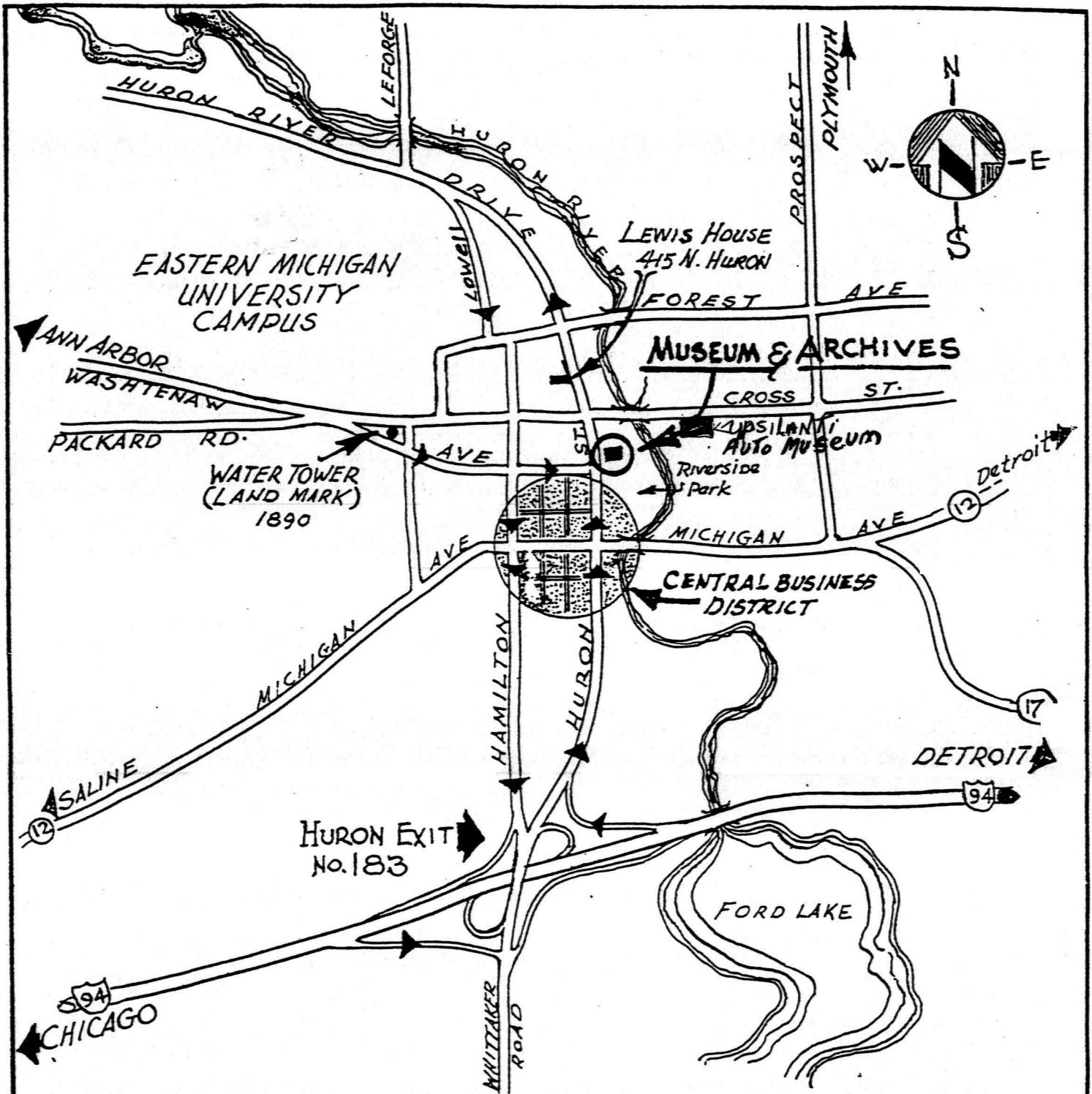
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TELEPHONE() _____

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AND OPERATED IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST BY THE
YPSILANTI HISTORICAL SOCIETY

WE WOULD APPRECIATE IF YOU ARE RENEWING, PLEASE DO SO, IT WILL SAVE
TIME AND POSTAGE AND YOU WILL GET YOUR MEMBERSHIP CARD EARLIER.

220 N. HURON STREET
YPSILANTI, MICH, 48197



Upsilanti Historical Museum

220 N. Huron St.

Upsilanti Michigan - 48197 - Phone 313 - 482-4900

Doris Milliman-City Historian

Billie Zolkosky-Archivist

Museum Hours: Thurs, Sat and Sunday 2-4 P.

Tours by Appointment-483-2929

Archives: Open Monday thru Friday 9-12 Noon