

YPSILANTI GLEANINGS

PAST SCENES and OLD TIMES

YPSILANTI HISTORICAL SOCIETY~ PUBLICATION~



Ypsilanti Historical Museum
~ 220 N. Huron Street ~

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CITY OF YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
1 SOUTH HURON STREET
YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN 48197

March 19, 1981

Dear Friend:

Ypsilanti's great history began in 1809 when three French explorers -- Gabriel Godfroy, Romaine LaChambre and Francois Pepin -- established a trading post on the west bank of the Huron River, 100 yards north of the Old Sauk Trail (Michigan Avenue).


Their enterprise in laying out 2632 acres in 1811 for 4 French Claims is a splendid example to all generations to come.

The efforts of the Ypsilanti Historical Society, organized in 1960, have made us all aware of Ypsilanti's remarkable Heritage. Ypsilanti citizens as well as former residents of our area have become interested in the city's history and learning where their families fitted into scenes of the past.

Ypsilanti now has a fine Historical Museum at 222 N. Huron Street, expertly staffed by volunteers, which is visited every year by more and more people. The Society has a membership of more than 375 and publishes a quarterly known as "Gleanings".

If our Historical Museum is to continue to grow, we need continued financial support and additional family records, photos, diaries, letters and memorabilia.

Sincerely,


George D. Goodman
Mayor

GLEANINGS

August, 1982

Publication of the YPSILANTI
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Ypsilanti Gleanings--Past Scenes and Old Times is published quarterly for members of the Ypsilanti Historical Society. Single copies \$1.00.

Editorial overseer Foster Fletcher, contributor-composer Sharon Patterson, contributors Doris Milliman and Ethel O'Connor.

Cover Design by Arthur Howard.

Contents of "Gleanings" may be reproduced if consent is received and credit given.

Office of the Ypsilanti Historical Society is at 220 North Huron Street, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197.

New merchandise has been received for the Salescase at the Museum including a reproduction of a Susie Sunbonnet book, mugs with either a puppy or a bear, flip-flop games, miniature pitcher and bowls, and a very special bisque baby doll. Do take a look before the Heritage crowds descend on our house and see if there is something "special" for you to treasure from the Museum.

Look! Look! Look!

The Upsilon Chi Historical
Society



is having a

BARN SALE

Saturday, August 28, 1982

We need good household items,
furniture & collectibles:

We need your help, too!

Please Give your "Trash and Treasures" for us.

Call us by August 25th for pick-up

Or bring to the Museum 12-5 P.M.
August 26th and 27th.

For pick-up call

Renee Burgess 482-2203
Doris Milliman 483-3236
Museum 482-4490



Look! Look! Look!

Look!
Look!
Look!

PART II

EARLY HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF LIMA

by

SAMUEL CLEMENTS

A paper prepared for the Washington County
Pioneer Society and read December 7, 1874.

*See author note at end of piece

We had, attached to our house, what we called an out door cellar, in which my Mother kept her milk, butter and provisions during the summer season. This cellar was by some means discovered by a large white dog belonging to an Indian camp about a mile away. A careful reconnoissance assured him that it was a good place to get milk of which he appeared to be very fond. For several successive nights my Mother complained that her cellar had been invaded by foragers and that such obstructions as she had interposed for the protection of the milk had been overcome by the marauders. She, accordingly, as is right and proper, appealed to my Father for protection and assistance. As it was then a time of profound peace my Father regarded such incursions upon the milk house as clearly against the dignity of the law and guaranteed rights of the people, and loading his shotgun with a double charge of buckshot, he volunteered in the service of the county to guard the door of the cellar. About nine o'clock in the evening the dog appeared and as he was boldly marching up to the assault my Father opened fire upon him. So unexpected and well directed was the fire that the foe was completely surprised and overwhelmed and beat a hasty retreat, mortally wounded. The out door cellar was from thenceforward a good place to keep milk but the old Indian owning the dog was greatly offended and vowed to kill my oldest brother whom he suspected of having killed his dog. This threat he twice attempted

to execute but was prevented, once by his daughter, an athletic Indian girl who caught and held her father while my brother escaped; and once by his gun missing fire as it was deliberately aimed at my brother who got out of range before it could again be prepared and brought to bear upon him. About this time his own safety, growing out of a quarrel which he had with another Indian family, rendered his removal from that portion of the county imperatively necessary and he was thus prevented from accomplishing his murderous designs upon our family.

The county was, of course, in a state of nature and its fierce denizens undisturbed when we established our home in it. Some varieties of wild animals abounded. Deer were very plentiful. We could hardly go a mile in any direction without seeing more or less. I have counted fifty-six in a drove.

Bears were never numerous in our region. They were but seldom met in the woods and when met were always disposed to go away as soon as possible. There was, occasionally, a lynx and a wild cat seen but they were not plenty. Wolves, however, were abundant. For several years after our settlement it was a common thing to hear them howling around the house but so far as I knew they never offered to attack men. They were, however, often very bold, approaching near the house and attacking such stock as was exposed to them.

The night after we moved into our log house, our dog, a very large, noble animal, was greatly disturbed by an unwelcome visitor, one who showed him but very little courtesy. We finally drove the dog close up to the blanket-door of the house and took possession of some bones that were scattered about the site of the tent where we lived. The night was so dark that he could not be seen, though not two rods distant but he could be heard gnawing the bones. My Father put his rifle through the crack between the logs of the house and, guided by the sound of the crackling bones, thought, if nothing more, he would fire a salute in honor of our dog's nocturnal visitor. The ball took effect in the neck just behind the ear and stopped the gnawing and crackling of bones instantly. Taking a brand from the fire

my Father rushed out and there lay, dead, an enormous gray wolf.

At another time, a few years later, my Father had a very fine calf in a little pasture within six or eight rods of the house. One morning when we went to see the calf we found nothing but bloody fragments showing that poor "bossie" had been visited by a very cruel stranger the night before, who was very fond of veal. But "bossie" was not long unavenged. For, gathering in the fragments and binding them together with a strong cord we attached a chalk-line to our end of the veal and the other in a trigger of a flintlock gun by the side of which two other guns, with open pan, were placed, all securely tied in their places, and each carefully aimed just above the veal. About eleven o'clock that night we were aroused by the simultaneous discharge of three guns and upon going to the place, we found a gray wolf of the largest size lying in utter unconsciousness beside the remains of his victim. The bounty on his scalp paid for the damage he had done.

There were, of couse, great privations in those early days. But as I recur to them I can hardly appreciate them. We generally had enough of something to eat, enough to wear to keep us warm and a place to rest. Give a child these, all we really need, and it will be happy. We enjoy luxury in food, dress and houses, but these enjoyments are only temporary. Plain food, coarse clothing and humble dwellings satisfy the demands of nature and in the absence of luzury we forget our privations if we are as well off as our associates.

Bread, potatoes and salt pork were our staples of food. We had butter when we could make it for ourselves. Sugar was kept for company and did not enter into the ordinary family use. Of coffee we had absolutely none. Our tea was generally of sassafras or sage leaves. Our sauce was made by mixing about equal quantities of stewed pumpkin and cranberries without sugar.

By the time we had moved into our house, six weeks after our arrival, our provisions were exhausted. Detroit, distant then, going and returning eight days hard traveling, was our nearest depot of supplies. My Father, with my oldest brother, accordingly started the day after we moved into our house, for

provisions and the remainder of our goods, leaving our mother and five children alone in our cabin in the wilderness with nothing to eat but some rusty salt pork. The next day after his departure, my Mother sent my two sisters to Dexter, four miles away with a little tin pail to borrow some flour for us to subsist upon until my Father's return. They brought back eight or ten pounds. This, though carefully eked out was soon consumed and we actually lived several days on salt rusty pork and cranberries which we gathered from a marsh near at hand, without sugar.

Our corn and a very limited supply of potatoes for our first winter were obtained at Woodruff's Grove, a point on the Huron about a mile below Ypsilanti, In the spring of 1826 we fitted out two canoes and floated down the creek into the Huron and thence to the farm of the late Col. Orrin White about three miles, for potatoes for seed and summer use. The canoes were poled up the river to Dexter and thence the potatoes were brought home by wagon. But the supply was so short that the utmost economy was necessary. We cut off the eyes of the potatoes in slices as thin as we dare and planted them while we saved the heart for family use. An incident occurred while my Father and brother were away, as just described, illustrating the feeling of neighborly kindness which prevailed among the people of those early times.

We had a large red ox that we used to call "Old Ben". Well, in his eagerness for the tender grass which grew at that early season only on the marshes, "Old Ben" got mired and my Mother and the children were utterly unable to extricate him. To leave him there until my Father's return we knew would be fatal to him, and the only resource left was to send the little girls, already referred to, to Dexter for help. In due time two vigorous and athletic young men appeared and with the aid of rails used as levers and a yoke of oxen attached to a very long chain, "Old Ben" was placed on the ground and the young men, with the utmost cheerfulness, hurried back to their homes glad that they had done a neighbor a kindness.

As I look back to those early days and remember the genuine

pleasure we had in our social intercourse and the eagerness with which we sought each others society, I cannot resist the conviction that the social sympathies of our natures are stronger in that condition of society than they are at present. It certainly appears to me that there was a greater cordiality among us than we find in our present social life. Upon this point I dare not speak too positively. I know the influence of advancing years upon our susceptibilities and sympathies. It may be that the differences which we notice and deprecate in this particular are in us and not in society.

Descriptions of the manners and style of living among our first settlers, when cordial, sincere and in good taste, provoke a smile of amused incredulity at this day even among those of mid-life, who half know it to be true. I shall always remember the first visit from our neighbors and its incidents. It was Friday that we passed through or rather, by, Dexter as we were moving to our new home. The next Sunday morning there occurred in that solitary house in the wilderness a pleasant scene. Two young gentlemen, Captain Jerome Loomis and William Wightman, Esquire, timidly and deferentially approached two young ladies, Miss Hannah Cowan, afterwards the wife of Russell Parker, and another whose name is now forgotten by the writer, and invited them to a pleasure ride on that beautiful morning to call on their new neighbors. With the usual blushings and heart-throbbings, the invitations were accepted. In the shortest time consistent with the circumstances, the most stylish and elaborate "turn-out" which the country afforded was at the door to receive the party. It consisted of a lumber wagon with the usual square box about twenty inches high. The seats were of unplanned oak boards laid across the top of the box with an inch wooden pin through each end to prevent them from slipping off, and a yoke of oxen, broad horned and young. In this establishment, one of the young men acted as Jehu, perched upon his seat with a blue beach whip stalk about ten feet long and a lash to correspond, with his fair companion at his side, he gave the word of command, "go long", and the party, all arrayed in their

best, stated in high glee, promising themselves a day of unalloyed pleasure. But, Alas, for us poor mortals. Even the near future is hid from us, and 'tis well, for the dread of the coming future all present and prospective enjoyment. The party in due time, following the solitary wagon trail through the woods and over the plains, arrived safely at their destination and the time passed rapidly and pleasantly away and as the sun was gradually sinking in the west a black cloud appeared on the southwestern horizon and distant thunder warned all within hearing to prepare for a storm. It was then too late for our guests to think of reaching their home before the shower and nature seemed to care but little for the condition and wishes of men. The cloud swept around the western horizon to the northeast and thence turning to right it rushed upon us with fearful power in one of those terrible August storms which occasionally visit us. Our only accommodations were the tent and covered wagon already described. But the tent was too frail to bear up against the fierceness of the winds for a single moment. Hence, while I crawled into the covered wagon, I remember seeing my Father and the two gentlemen guests take their positions on the north side of the tent and by main strength hold it from blowing away while the ladies and smaller children huddled together inside and were thoroughly drenched by the rain which filtered through the covering. The rain continued until after dark so that our visitors, by force of circumstances, spent the night with us. This visit, though unpleasant in its close, furnished an amusing incident to which the parties afterwards referred with pleasure.

Our social visits in those days were great occasions, especially with the children. They usually occupied an entire day and were participated in by the whole household, men, women and children. I will give a single one as an illustration of the spirits and habits of the times. It was determined that on a certain day we would visit our neighbors, Sylvanus and

Nathaniel Noble, at the house of the former about four and a half miles away. Accordingly, in the appointed day, we all arose early and after doing our chores with extra care, giving extra food to the stock etc., we arrayed ourselves in our best attire, extemporized a box for our ox sled, filled it with hay in which we children nestled, and started, eight in number, drawn by a yoke of jaded oxen. We arrived about ten or eleven o'clock and such a visit, including two meals, as we had. The enjoyment I can remember but cannot portray nor will I attempt it. I have no such visits now, it may be my children do. All I can say is, they do not appear to have. We did not get home until eleven o'clock at night and that visit (the only one we made during the winter) with its sayings and doings, was food for thought and pleasure for months afterwards. But those days are gone and the members of this society labored hard to hasten their departure. The same experiences which we had are being passed through by those upon our frontier but they will never return to this country.

We now deprecate many things, habits and customs which existed in society around us and sigh for the good old days which are gone, But none of us would consent to have time as a desolating wave, sweep away the improvements which have been made and bear us back into that condition for which we sometimes sigh. The fact is this country is just what we have made it and just what we have suffered and sacrificed to make it.

As we remember what it was and then realize what it is, with all its appliances for material, intellectual, social and religious progress; its system of railroads which brings a market and business and a social center within a few miles of every man's farm, its high schools in every village and its primary schools within easy reach of every home and its colleges and universities which are open and free to all; its numerous villages and towns in all parts of the state and its numerous churches which are scattered through the land, and then remem-

ber that by the blessing of God, we have done all this, for with our fathers, whose footprints are yet fresh among us, we were the only actors, our verdict upon ourselves must be, WELL DONE. We shall go down to the grave with the conviction that we have not lived in vain. The verdict of impartial history as it embalms the achievements of our generation must be, well done, Pioneers of Michigan, and our children will feel proud to tell of our triumph to their descendants.

We leave our children a good inheritance and if they are as true to their generation as we have been to ours, improving the condition of society in their day as much as we have in ours, he who writes the history of the next forty years will occupy a standpoint greatly in advance of that from which we write today.

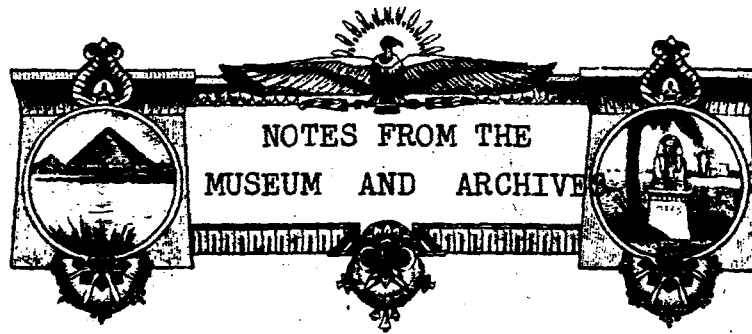
Northville, November 6, 1874.

*NOTE Samuel Clements, Sr. came to the Territory of Michigan in 1825. Louis White (first Ypsilanti City Historian) copied the narrative from a typed copy in the possession of Harvey C. Clements of Ann Arbor. Samuel Clements, Sr. died June 16, 1866 and is buried in the Parker Cemetery, Lima Township. He was born August 12, 1780 near Seneca, Ontario County, New York. First marriage to Catherine Lacy on April 29, 1810. Catherine was born July 30, 1785 and after seven children including a set of twins, she died April 20, 1850. The Clements "took up" about 640 acres in Sec. 15, Lima Township.

(PART I of the Clements Narrative appears in May, 1982 "Gleanings")

*Note Samuel Clements, Sr. came to the Territory of Michigan in 1825. Louis White copied the narrative from a typed copy in the possession of Harvey C. Clements of Ann Arbor. Mr. Clements died June 16, 1866 and is buried in Parker Cemetery, Lima Township. He was born August 12, 1780 near Seneca, Ontario County, New York. First marriage to Catherine Lacy on April 29, 1810. Catherine was born July 30, 1785 and after seven children including a set of twins, she died April 20, 1850. The Clements "took up" about 640 acres in Sec. 15, Lima Township.





The Guides of the Ypsilanti Historical Museum provided tours for approximately four hundred students during the months of May and June. Mrs. Raymond's Sixth Grade Class from Adams School, a large group of students from Highscope, Cindy Clark's class from Erickson School, a Fifth Grade Class from Chapelle School, two additional classes from Erickson School, the Fletcher Third Graders taught by Bene Fusilier, Gayle Hood, and Sue Smith, Lu Cregar with Adams School's First and Second Graders, and Mrs. Kathryn Martin's Estabrook students and the 4th Graders from Estabrook taught by Mrs. Connie Williams. Many of the students and their teachers took time to write thank you notes to the guides and noted what they found most interesting. The Guides enjoy hearing these comments and the "thank you" is always nice to hear.

The Guides heard a very special expression of appreciation for the hours of dedication they donate to the Museum all year long at the Luncheon held in their honor on June the 16th at the Museum. The Administration Committee served as Hostesses to fifty-one faithful members. Tables were set up in the Museum by LaVerne Howard and Carl Worley, the main dish was provided by Foster Fletcher and the ladies prepared an array of salads. Doris Milliman who heads the Administration Committee expressed the appreciation of the Board of Directors to the Guides and Mr. LaVerne Howard, President of the Society echoed those sentiments. It was an occasion for Guides to meet all of the other wonderful people who share the interest and dedication to our Museum. Everyone enjoyed the afternoon immensely and hope it will become an event to look forward to next year.

We especially note here those guides who donated time during the School Tours to work many hours above their normal committ-

ment. Ethel O'Connor, our Guide Chairman, and Marge Gauntlett deserve special mention for the scheduling of these tour and arranging for Guides. Many hours were spent here at the Museum with the students and on the phone doing the preparatory work. Many of the Guides listed came for several tours. They are: Flora Block, Eileen Harrison, Rene Moran, Doris Milliman, Jean Scott, Bonny Osborn, Jerry Fouchey, Dorothy Disbrow, Gail Barnard, Roselyn Tapp, Ermaline Benson, Ann Thomas, Kathleen Campbell, Dorothy Smith, Mary Warner, Suzanne Wood, Sue Binder, Jean Jordan, Eleanor Lee, Ann McCarthy, Peg Fitzharris, and Louise Pate. I hope not one name has been left off this list and apologize if that has happened.

Foster Fletcher had been invited to speak to the students of Lincoln Middle School and Fletcher School and also addressed the June 21st luncheon meeting of the Civitan Club.

The Museum Staff welcomed Mr. Frank Lash, Mayor of the City of Allen Park, and Mr. & Mrs. Don Pretty, representing the City Council of Allen Park on May 17th for Mayor Exchange Day. Doris Milliman led tour for Mayor Pro Tem Peter Murdock and his wife, Mayor Lash, and Councilman and Mrs. Pretty. "It's a small world" because Mr. and Mrs. Pretty knew Doris from the days they were students at Eastern Michigan University.

Special tours were arranged for two groups of antique lovers from Ann Arbor, a young couples group from the First Presbyterian Church, and the Ypsilanti Garden Club.

On June 9th fifteen members of the Trenton Historical Commission and the Trenton Historical Museum traveled to Ypsilanti to meet with members of our Society who have special knowledge of training and scheduling guides. The "how do you do it" questions were handled by Doris Milliman, Grace Spratt, Marg Gauntlett, Eileen Harrison and Flora Block.

The Archives was visited by Marie Davis and Madge Ivey from the Eastern Michigan University Archives on June 4th. Foster Fletcher gave a tour of the Archives to familiarize them with the holdings. Much research is done using both of these resources and there is always a spirit of cooperation on these projects.

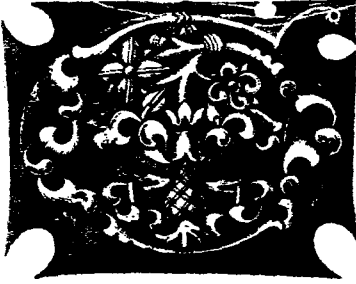
The student rush is over for the Summer and just in time. The

Guides are now enjoying an influx of visitors to view the "June Brides Exhibit" prepared from the Museum collection by Linda Hahlbrock and Mike Miller. The Parlor is an elegant setting for a display of gowns from the 1870's. The display cases show the detailed needlework involved in preparing a trousseau, the four generations of wedding china from the Squire Family, and many photographs and certificates detailing weddings in Ypsilanti. Ann McCarthy has prepared such fine publicity for the exhibit with the Ypsilanti Press and the Ann Arbor News that we are hopeful the response will continue throughout the month of July. If you haven't been in to view it yet, it is special and not to be missed.

The BARN SALE will be held August 28th (Heritage Festival Weekend) to support the Museum. The hard-working committee does need your support and is waiting to take your disposables and turn them into money. We have a built-in crowd at Festival time. All we need is the merchandise. If you would like to work or if you would like to have your disposables picked up, don't wait to call. Do it today. It is our fund raiser for the year and we're looking for a very successful venture!

A celebration was held at the Museum on Sunday, May 16th to honor City Historian Foster Fletcher on his 85th birthday. So many of Foster's friends and members of his family shared the occasion with him. The City of Ypsilanti honored Foster with a Proclamation and Governor Milliken sent personal best wishes. Foster's many years of service to the community is well-known and worthy of commendation. Peter Fletcher was our host and, with the expert assistance of John Kirkendall, provided tempting refreshments. Ladies from the Historical Society served. It is our hope Foster's dedication and service to this City continues for many years. Many, many more, Foster!





WE ARE PLEASED TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE CO-OPERATION AND THE ASSISTANCE OF THE STAFF OF THE DETROIT INSTITUTE OF THE ARTS IN THE PREPARATION OF A GRANT PROPOSAL TO THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT OF THE ARTS FOR THE RESTORATION OF THE NORRIS PORTRAITS AND FRAMES. MOST SPECIALLY WE ARE GRATEFUL TO PAT MILLER OF THE DEVELOPEMENT STAFF, MR. ABRAHAM JOEL, DIRECTOR OF THE CONSERVATION LAB AND MR. RICHARD GILLERANI OF THE CONSERVATION LAB STAFF.

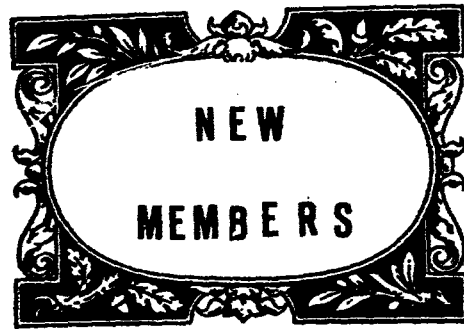
PROJECTS TO BE FUNDED WILL BE NOTIFIED IN NOVEMBER OF THIS YEAR. IT IS OUR FIRST ATTEMPT AT OUTSIDE FUNDING AND WE HOPE TO SEE THESE MAGNIFICENT WORKS RESTORED AND PLACE PROMINENTLY IN THE MUSEUM!



It is with special sadness we report a disaster at the Museum. On Monday morning, July 12th, we entered the house to find the ceiling in the White Parlor had collapsed. Approximately one-third of the plaster had shattered and sprayed throughout the room and the hallway. The medallion had broken and part of it had fallen, shattering into several pieces. The new glass top on the sales case was destroyed and some merchandise damaged. Falling plaster also bent the light fixture slightly.

Craftsman are now estimating the damage and looking to the repair and restoration. Everyone is hoping we will be ship-shap for the Festival.

Disasters do damage to budgets and it is a bad way to begin our fiscal year. Let's make the Barn Sale a "crashing" success!



Normajean Anderson
405 North Harris Rd.
Ypsilanti, MI

Mr. and Mrs John F. Dawson
1119 Grant Street
Ypsilanti, MI

Timothy J. Dyer
38344 Carolon
Westland, MI

Jean L. Ferguson
1584 Wismer
Ypsilanti, MI

Ellen E. Gould
203 South Huron St.
Ypsilanti, MI

Mr. & Mrs. David J. Lamb
903 Hillside Ct.
Ypsilanti, MI

Michael W. Miller
39 South Hewitt Rd.
Ypsilanti, MI

M.D. Obermeyer
2455 Lancashire
Ann Arbor, MI

Mr. & Mrs. James N. Reeves
1335 Skyway Drive
Ypsilanti, MI

Margaret Haas Sias
650 S. Steinback
Chelsea, MI

Janet Shubitowski
210 S. Washington
Ypsilanti, MI

Robert and Sharon Strauss
1124 Grant St.
Ypsilanti, MI

Mr. and Mrs Philip E. White Jr.
2471 Ellis Road
Ypsilanti, MI

Mr. and Mrs. Harold N. Wray
8673 Cordwood Trail
Cheboygan, MI



Noted in the "Ypsilanti Commercial" June 20, 1877...

Miss Lizzie Quirk, daughter of D.L. Quirk married
Ira Sylvander Younglove--250 invited to wedding--
many lovely presents. One from a little boy brother,
arrested our attention, labelled "From Little Dan".

Miss Lizzie has been a faithful and beloved teacher
in our Seminary.



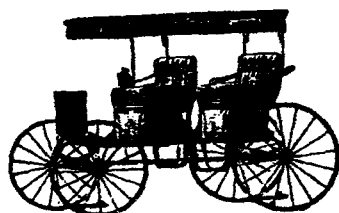
Acquisitions

Bene Fusilier
Ypsilanti, MI

"A History of Elizabeth Fletcher Elementary School" by Bene Fusilier. February 1, 1982.

Jerry Gooding
Ypsilanti, MI

Gooding - Sturm Genealogy, a complete genealogy including Gooding, Suddaby, Dexter, Haynes, Briggs, Fuller, Sturm, Alban, Koerder, Derbyshire and Allen Lines. Extensive research by Mr. and Mrs. Gooding.



U.S. Civil War Store Cards - tradesman tokens from E. Hewitt & Bros. and Showerman & Bros. of Ypsilanti, MI. Issued before April 22, 1864.

Mrs. Thomas Brooks
Ypsilanti, MI

American Biographical History of Eminent and Self-Made Men of the State of Michigan with portrait illustrations on steel, 1878, F.A. Barnard, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Holy Bible presented to Maude E. Basom by her loving husband, Fred J. Basom, July 5, 1904. Pub. Virtue & Co., New York.

Harry B. Price
Ypsilanti, MI

Xerox copies of original documents concerning Samuel Hudson, 1st Lieutenant Michigan Sharp Shooters-May, 1863, Captain August, 1864. Disabled in December, 1864.



(Mrs. Price's grandmother was a Hudson.)

Mrs. Gordon Wallace
Ypsilanti, MI

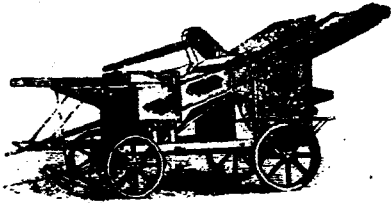
Wallpaper Sample Book, dates from 1905-08.

Harry Stoltz
Ypsilanti, MI

Back issues of "Gleanings" 1980-81 1981-82.

ACQUISITIONS con't

Mrs. Don C. Vogelsberg
Ypsilanti, MI

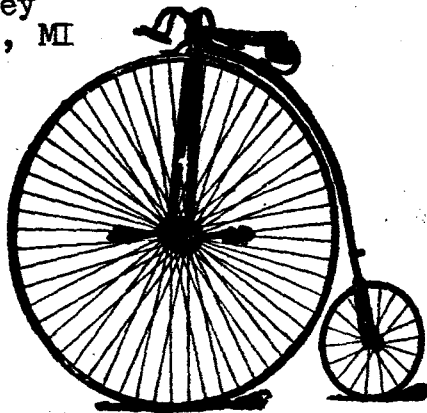


Mr. & Mrs. John Davis
Ypsilanti, MI

Gertrude Murray
Ypsilanti, MI

Joyce Peterson
Ypsilanti, MI

Carl Worley
Ypsilanti, MI



"Woman's Home Companion" November, 1929.

"Ye Susan Burr" Hooked Rug Machine manufactured by The Holly Associates, Torrington, Conn. In original box with instruction booklet.

Beaded evening bag.

1 Jeb Beaded decorative pieces.

On piece of beading handwork, unfinished.

1 elegant mesh evening bag.

Green felt table cover.

Lace tablecloth.

Decanter

Six tin molds, very old, assorted designs.

(evening bag and molds came from the E.C. Cornwell household at 209 N. Huron)

Round Print of "Kitten with Butterfly, framed. Purchased for Miss Murray by her Aunt about 1907 for 25¢.

Wicker inkwell from the Swaine household.

Panorama of Ypsilanti Junior High School Cass of 1926-27.

Panorama of Ypsilanti High School Class of 1926-27.

Panorama of Ypsilanti Grade School Class of 1926-27.

Panorama of Woodruff School Class of 1926-27.

Photo of Ypsilanti Students in High School classroom.

ACQUISITIONS con't

Nell F. Barrett
Paris, Tenn.

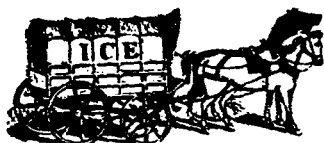


Mrs. John M. Barr
Ypsilanti, MI

Mr. Don Vogelsberg
Ypsilanti, MI

Mrs. Henry A. Rockwell
Ypsilanti, MI

Mrs. Gertrude Campbell
Ypsilanti, MI



Two copies The Story of Willow Run by Marion F. Wilson, autographed and in mint condition.

Two boxes of material dealing with the Willow Run Schools (particularly the development of the Library System), Willow Run Village, Willow Run Airport, Willow Run Expressway, City Annexation, Washtenaw Area Library, Maps of Willow Run and Willow Run Village, Biographical material on Marion Wilson, Nell Barrett, and numerous others important in the history of Willow Run and Ypsilanti.

Duplicate of the original working manuscript of The Story of Willow Run by Marion F. Wilson with hand-written notations by the author.

Piece of eyelet embroidery.

Lace petticoat trim with lace edging.

11" X 14" poster for Holland Power Suction Cleaner, Holland Furnace Company, 212 E. Washington St., Ann Arbor, MI. Approx. 1927.

2 Ostrich plumes. From Mrs. Rockwell's uncle, Dr. John McCleery, missionary to the Sudan for the United Presbyterian Church in the 1920's.

Newspapers, dating from the early 1970's with items of particular interest to the growth and development of Ypsilanti.

July 17, 1982

Dear Miss Harrison,

Thank you for guiding my friend and I through the Ypsi Museum today.

Your enthusiasm and great knowledge as a guide is, I consider, a real asset to a fine museum.

I'm sorry that I interrupted you several times.

Best wishes. Sincerely,

Note: This is one of many nice notes that come to our mailbox. We all know how special Eileen is, don't we!

WHY COMB, TOMB AND BOMB?

Northbrook -- "Bested and Worsted" by Herb. Daniels (Modern Almanac, May 8) made us remember our first English lesson in our native Hungary. When my wife and I questioned the logic of English spelling and pronunciation rules, our teacher, an Englishman, replied with the following verse:

When the English tongue we speak,
Why is break not rhymed with freak?
Will you tell me why it's true
We say sew but likewise Jew?
And a maker of a verse
Cannot rhyme his horse with worse.
Beaad sounds not the same as heard,
Cord is different from word.
Cow is cow, but low is low.
Shoe is never rhymed with foe.
Think of hose and dose and lose.
And of comb and tomb and bomb,
Doll and roll, and home and some.
And since pay is shymed with say,
Why not paid with said, I pray?
We have blood and food and good;
Mould is not pronounced like could.
Wherefore done, but gone and lone--
Is there any reason known?
And in short it seems to me,
Sounds and letters disagree.

Nancor Szent-Gyorgyi

A GREAT LOSS TO THE MUSEUM...

Ruth McIntire Allen has left us.

Ruth died June 7, 1982, in Bay City, Michigan. She was the daughter of Charles and Jerrie Ruth Trim McIntire.

She was born July 13, 1898 in Ypsilanti probably on Brookside Farm in Merritt Road at Whittaker Road. Graduating from Ypsilanti High School in 1916, she entered the Michigan State Normal College that fall, graduating in 1918.

Two years later on February 9, 1920, she married the young dentist, Arthur Allen and they went to live in Bay City. Allen died September 14, 1977.

Ruth was a 50 year member of the Ypsilanti Chapter of the D.A.R. She was one of our most generous contributors to the Museum.

In 1975 Ruth wrote: I happened to spend 3 months in Florida each winter for 5 years and attended antique shows and sales. Saw museums and historic homes. Our family had many old letters, pictures and pieces of furniture so it was natural that I began to sort and assemble things in our spacious home. Arthur ("Doc" everybody called him) encouraged me in what I was doing and so our home became a small museum.

And that explains a little, perhaps, of how Ruth became so devoted to heritage items and memories of Ypsilanti.

Every year when there was an Ypsilanti High School Reunion, Ruth always attended and the graduating class of 1916 has had a reunion every year.

We have much of Ruth's material in our Museum - her daughter has some things and, also, a grandson. She had collected and preserved so much. It is hoped that other families will preserve them.

The Ypsilanti Historical Museum is greatly indebted to Ruth McIntire Allen.

YPSILANTI HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND ARCHIVES

President Mrs. William (Ann) McCarthy
Vice-President La Verne Howard
Secretary Mrs. George (Sharon) Patterson
Treasurer Fred Peters

Board Members

Ann McCarthy, La Verne Howard, Fred Peters, Rene Burgess, Doris Milliman, Phoebe Miller, Margaret Bemis, Linda Halhbrock, Foster Fletcher, William Edmunds, M.D., and Sharon Patterson.

Administration Committee

Doris Milliman, Chairman, Rene Moran, Ann McCarthy, Eileen Harrison, Flora Block, Deci Howard, Marge Gauntlett, Ethel O'Connor and Sharon Patterson.

Miss Ethel O'Connor, Chairman of Museum Guides
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Howard, Plant Room
Ruth Reynolds, Clothing Curator

Lewis House Board

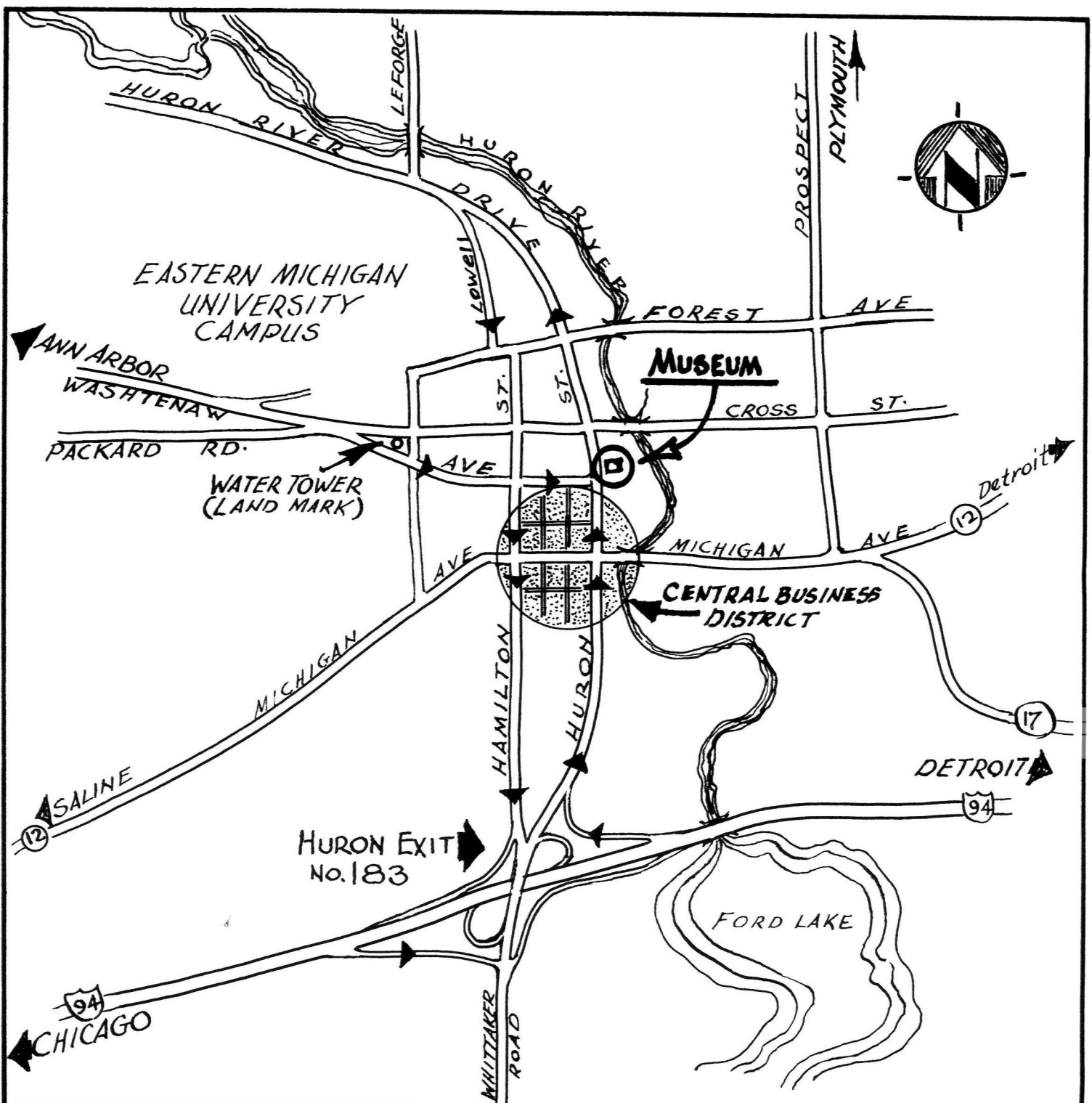
Arthur Howard, Chairman and Treasurer, Evangeline Lewis, La Verne Howard, William Edmunds, M.D., Secretary and Horatio Lewis



State legislation was passed in 1957 authorizing local governing bodies (Ypsilanti City Council) to "raise and appropriate money" and help with "any activity or project which...tends to advance historical interests" of the community. Public Act 213, 1957 applies to cities and villages.

February 2, 1960, Mayor Rodney E. Hutchinson appointed the following to serve as a Historical Committee: Mrs. H. Z. Wilber, Mrs. George Ennen, C.D. Bassett, T.S. Webber, Westly M. Dawson, Harry F. Shaefer, Miss Clara Sweet, Mrs. Elson (Ruth) Shaw, F.B. McKay, Mrs. M.I. Stadtmiller, E.R. Isbell, Albert W. Brown and the Mayor as Chairman with Louis S. White serving as City Historian.

October 10, 1960, the organizational meeting of the Ypsilanti Historical Society was held in the Estabrook School.



Upsilon Historical Museum

220 N. Huron St.

Upsilon Michigan 48197 Phone 313-482-4990

Foster Fletcher ~ Historian
Sharon Patterson ~ Archivist

Museum Hours
Fri. Sat & Sun. 2-4 P.M.
Archives ~ By Appointment