

Ypsilanti GLEANINGS

YHS Museum & Archives

Official publication of the Ypsilanti Historical Society, featuring historical articles and reminisces of the people and places in the Ypsilanti area.



WINTER 2007

Dick Ouellette... An Ypsilanti Basketball Icon!

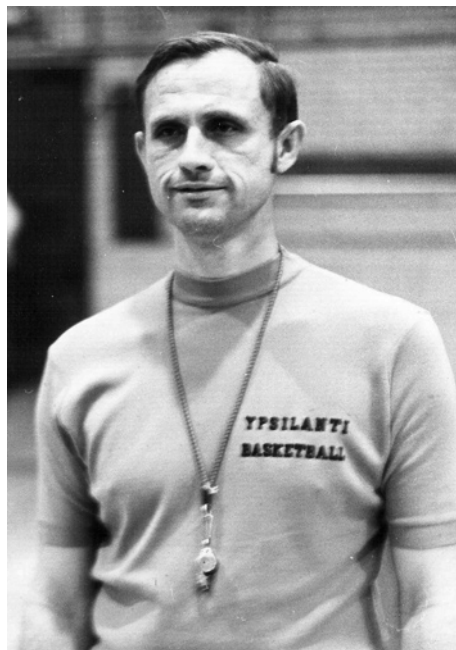
By Phil Barnes

A contract error sent Dick Ouellette, arguably the best basketball coach ever to come out of Ypsilanti, on his way to an outstanding career.

As an aspiring teacher and coach who had just graduated from Michigan State University, Dick had his sights set on coaching football and baseball. The superintendent at Addison erroneously sent him the wrong contract, showing an assignment of football and basketball. His anticipated assignment of football and baseball had been sent to another applicant who signed up for those jobs. The superintendent told Dick that if he would take the job for one year he would trade basketball for baseball at the end of the year. After one year of basketball coaching Dick was hooked and nine successful years later he was recruited by Dr. Paul Emrich, the Superintendent of Ypsilanti Schools to be the Braves' coach. Dr. Emrich had scouted Dick's coaching in the State tournament at EMU and liked what he saw.

"They had 40 straight wins which was a Michigan high school record which may still stand."

Marilyn, Dick's lovely wife, who he had met and married in Florida after graduation, had trepidations about coming to a larger town.



Coach Dick Ouellette.

She had grown up in a small town atmosphere in Michigan and just didn't want to move. Marilyn relented when Dick was offered a \$5,000 raise. It was the first time that Ypsilanti teachers were paid for extra duty assignments. Thus began one of the most successful tenures recorded by a high school coach in the State of Michigan with over 480 wins to Dick Ouellette's credit.

Ypsilanti became home to the Ouellette family, raising four beautiful girls, Michelle, Marci, Renee, and Robin. All of the girls were cheerleaders for their Dad's team. The family lived on Courtland Street in a home that backed up to Candycane Park. Dick loved
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Ypsilanti Historical Society

220 North Huron Street
Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197
Tel: (734) 482-4990
www.ypsilantihistoricalsociety.org

Gleanings Staff

Editor _____ Al Rudisill
Assistant Editor _____ Peg Porter
Design & Layout _____ Keith Bretzius
Advertising Director _____ Jessica Williams
Finance Director _____ Karen Nickels
Distribution _____ Jessica Williams

If you have suggestions for articles or if
you have questions contact Al Rudisill
at 734-476-6658 or al@rudisill.ws.

From the President's Desk

By Alvin E. Rudisill

We are still busy coordinating the many ongoing renovation and maintenance projects underway in both the Museum and Archives. Related activities include meetings with various City of Ypsilanti boards and commissions to obtain permits and/or variances to city building codes. Major projects still waiting for city approval are the renovation of the basement of the Carriage House as a part of the first floor apartment and the resurfacing of the parking lot.

The Endowment Fund Board will be meeting in early December to reactivate our fundraising efforts. The goal of our five year program titled "...A Matter of Trust" is to raise \$400,000 by the middle of 2011. We expect to raise in excess of \$100,000 by March of 2008.

Lockable storage space is needed for items being collected for our annual "Yard Sale" held each spring. We collect items all year long for this sale which is held in June each year. If anyone knows of any easily accessible space that might work for this purpose please contact me.

The expanded hours for both the Museum and Archives require considerably more

volunteers willing to serve as docents for the Museum or as project workers in the archives. If you know of individuals willing to put in three or more hours each month we would like to discuss the opportunities available. We will train them for the activities they will be working on so no previous experience in historical preservation is necessary.

An article in this issue of the Gleanings describes the transfer of the Steven Newton Civil War tombstone to the Canton Historical Society. We are very sorry to lose this piece of history but the YHS Board of Trustees felt this was the right thing to do. The only logical explanation for the tombstone ending up buried in an Ypsilanti back yard is that it was unlawfully taken from the Cherry Hill Cemetery in Canton sometime after 1905 when Stephen Newton died.

In December and January we will be soliciting advertisers and sponsors for the four 2008 issues of the Gleanings. A special 25% discount will be given to those advertisers and sponsors who sign up for all issues. Our goal is to raise \$5,000 which will cover the cost of printing and mailing our newsletter. ■



Ypsilanti Historical Society

220 North Huron Street - Ypsilanti, MI 48197

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Welcome!

The Ypsilanti Historical Museum home. The Museum and Fletcher Historical Society. We are all very welcome non-city residents.

A Matter of Trust

The Ypsilanti Historical Society has initiated a five-year campaign to raise \$400,000 amount will cover the cost of purchasing the property at 220 North Huron Street for the Ypsilanti and completing the many deferred maintenance projects on the building grounds. You may view a Power Point presentation related to the campaign by clicking mouse on "A Matter of Trust" and then clicking on the first picture. The arrow at the page will forward the program to the next slide.

For information about upcoming Society events, visit us on-line at:

www.ypsilantihistoricalsociety.org

Dick Ouellette...An Ypsilanti
Basketball Icon!

continued from front page

baseball and summer evenings he could be found frequently at the little league diamond right behind his house watching the kids play ball.

His early basketball philosophies were formulated as the result of a clinic he attended in the East where John Wooden, legendary UCLA Coach, and Jack Ramsay, longtime coach and TV analyst, were the clinicians. Dick had the opportunity to go to lunch with them and pick their brains. The fortunes of Ypsilanti High School Basketball were, at least in part, determined during this important conference.

“His early basketball philosophies were formulated as the result of a clinic he attended in the East where John Wooden, legendary UCLA Coach, and Jack Ramsay, longtime coach and TV analyst, were the clinicians.”

Ypsilanti was full of potential and Dick got the most out of the players who came out for the team. According to Dick his best teams had solid teamwork. His first team in 1964-65, led by Bill Falk won the District title at Eastern Michigan University. At the first practice that year the players had just finished a demanding session and went in the locker room to get water. Coach Ouellette went in to see why they didn't come back out. They thought practice was over. It was just the beginning of Dick's long and arduous practices. The tourney victory was a great start for Dick and it led to bigger and better wins for the Ypsilanti Braves in future years.

Perhaps the best team of all time at Ypsi was the group of players who toiled between 1967 and 1969. The Braves were Class A
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Ouellette's first Ypsilanti team in 1964-65 – Class A District Champs: (Back Row L to R) Wilson, Allen, Falk, Bentrum, Wescott, Battle, Byrd, Harris; (Front Row L to R) Pope, Duffin, Krohl, Little and Coach Ouellette.



Ypsilanti football coaching staff: (L to R) Tom Siebert, former tackle for EMU; Bob Moffett, former QB for EMU; and Dick Ouellette.



April 1969: (Back Row L to R) Joe Frye, Fred Snowden (UM Asst. Coach), Coach Ouellette, Robin Raymond and Charles Fuller; (Front Row L to R) Bob Rhodin, Sid Frye and Steve Rhodin.

Dick Ouellette...An Ypsilanti Basketball Icon!

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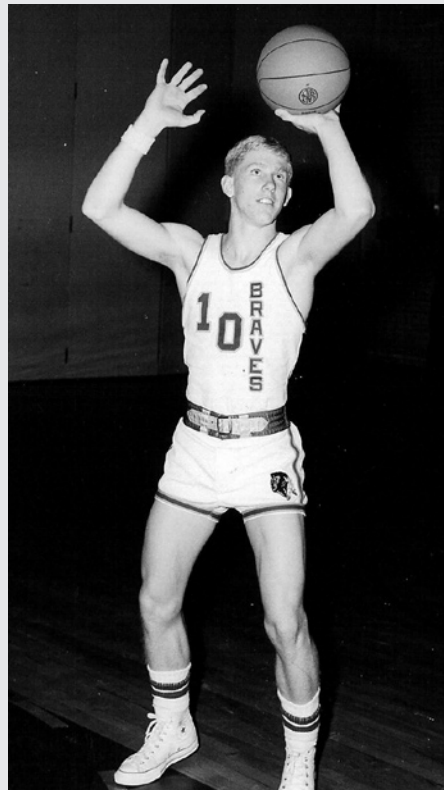
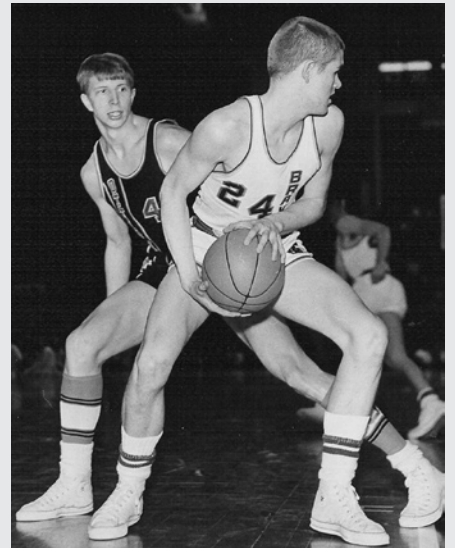
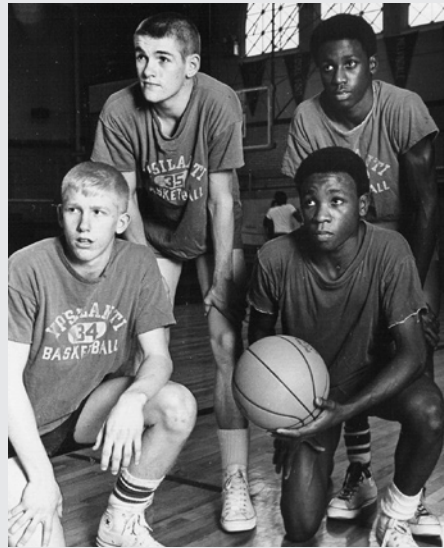
semifinalists and champions during these two years. Starters were Steve Rhodin, slick, hot shooting guard; Bob Rhodin, slashing high scoring forward; Craig Larsen, 6' 10" center; Robin Raymond, excellent rebounding and scoring forward; Sid Frye, speedy guard; Jody Frye, smooth, efficient guard; and Charlie Fuller, all around star.

They had 40 straight wins which was a Michigan high school record which may still stand.

Coach Ouellette named his all-time team at Ypsilanti High School. Many of the players were on the 67-68 and 68-69 teams. These are the stars of all time during Ouellette's tenure of 25 years. Anchoring the team were Craig Larson (6' 10" center), Steve Rhodin, Bob Rhodin, Fred Cofield, Keith Armstrong (6' 8" forward), Charlie Fuller, Scott Davis, Jeff Davis, Bill Richardson, Calvin Patterson, Larry Walls, Spencer Gardener, and Charlie Ramsay, who Ouellette says was a real team player and a coach on the floor.

Dick enjoyed an ancillary career in football officiating. His background as an assistant coach for Bob Moffett in Ypsilanti gave him a unique perspective as an official. He worked with Ron Mercier, Dick Honig, and Phil Barnes during a major part of his tenure as a high school and small college official. He worked two state final games in '73 and '74.

Dick and Marilyn Ouellette are both currently retired and living in Grass Lake. They both love horses and riding. They spend winters in Florida. ■



Top left: Clockwise from Top Left: Bob Rhodin, Joe Frye, Sid Frye and Steve Rhodin.

Top right: Bob Rhodin.

Bottom left: Steve Rhodin.

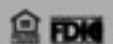
Bottom Right: Marilyn and Dick Ouellette.



helps

in our backyard

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Home & The Handy Store - The Village Core

By C. Tino Lambros

Wherever we roamed around the “village” we always returned to our homes and neighborhoods. There were no sleepovers. Our families, friends, and lives centered on home. It was our gathering place, our shelter, our security. It didn't matter whose home we gathered at, we felt these core values.

There always seemed to be something going on at the Lambros residence. Our yard was good for hide and seek, flashlight tag, kick the can, baseball and football. Sidewalks were for roller-skating, hopscotch, jacks, bike races and jumping rope. Most of our games were not gender specific. We took part in all activities. In fact Mom was the only one that could double-Dutch jumping rope and she always won the pogo-stick competition. We played a form of porch baseball throwing a tennis ball at the steps. A home run was in the street in the air. The porch itself was for relaxing and meeting neighbors, reading, marathon card games and getting away from the heat inside the house. With Dad working late and Mom rising early, someone was awake all but a couple hours a day.

Whatever the activity, wherever we were, after a tough day of serious play, be it hot or cold, one place we

were sure to end up was the neighborhood grocery store. Most neighborhoods had their own - Summit, Abbey's, Oakley's, Howard's, John's, the Tower Market, and more. On the Westside there was only one place to go - Dykman's Handy Store. It was an institution. Edd and Laura Dykman owned and operated the Handy store for many decades. Edd was definitely one of the “villagers” that helped raise generations of youngsters.

Those grocery stores were great places: narrow aisles, shelves packed with all the food choices one needed. As one walked around, the weathered, creaky wooden floors announced your whereabouts. You would see fresh vegetables and fruits, canned goods galore, dairy products, soft drinks, and at Dykman's, fresh meats. Edd did his own meat cutting and had sides of meat hanging in his walk-in freezer.

Edd greeted everyone with his wide, friendly, inviting grin - a warm welcome. You knew you would receive quality service and Edd

would back it up. He knew everyone in this part of the “village” and everyone knew Edd.

My first memories of the Handy Store began about the time I started school. Edd gave me the nickname “Fat Boy.” Being a bit chunky, I suppose it fit. In high school I outgrew that nickname with my fit, teen body. In later years, however, I grew back into it. In all the years I was “Fat Boy,” I never once felt it was derogatory or that I was being singled out. It was Edd's way and only Edd ever used that nickname.

The Handy Store was a block away. If Mom sent me to the store at night, I could go through the dark, threatening alley, or the dark shadowy backyard between the neighbors' garages. As a preteen, I always had a game going to and from the Handy. A loaf of bread was a football and I was a great running back. I was a Korean War soldier escaping the enemy or secretly running through enemy lines. Sometimes I just ran as fast as I could to avoid being too scared for too long. The Handy Store even improved my imagination.

If money was short for the week, Mom would send us to the store and have Edd “put it on the bill.” Edd would write it out and file it away. The weekend would come and the “bill” was paid. No hassle.



Far Left: Edd and Laura Dykman.



Left: Dykman's neighborhood “Handy Store.”

No questions. Just complete trust and faith in your neighbors. Many neighbor villagers received this trust. True honesty. Real friendship. The perfect neighbor. The father figure. The favorite uncle.

Edd knew everything that went on. He was a part of so many families. Families grew, moved away, and came back for visits. The Handy Store was a must stop. We all updated Edd on what was happening in our lives. I'm sure he was invited to countless graduations, weddings, anniversaries, and so many special gatherings.

As kids, we hung out there a lot. At first there was a small front porch about ten feet wide. Sometimes we blocked the entranceway. Later a full-length porch was added that we felt was just for us guys to hang out. There was a definite respect for the Handy Store. Guys like to feel their invulnerability and sneak a candy bar or a bag of chips from a

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We Remember Our Neighborhood Stores

By Tom Dodd

Locally-owned groceries were put out of business when the Big Box stores invaded the city after World War II. Sinkule's Market is now Cady's restaurant and Brooks' Market, Diegel's Market, and others are long gone. National chain groceries like Kroger, A & P, and Farmer Jack have also left the city, making their exit to even bigger boxes closer to the newer subdivisions.

Other than a few modern convenience stores that sell mixed nuts, beer, and Lotto tickets, the only true grocery stores left in the city are Dos Hermanos Market and the Ypsilanti Food Co-op. Corporate community commitment only extended so far in this town.

But there are still vestiges of "Mom & Pop" stores in our older residential districts. They've been zoned into apartments or left to benign neglect, but some are still standing. Many of the "Moms" and "Pops" lived upstairs or in the back, but those spaces are rental units now.

These were the places our mothers sent us with a dollar in our pocket. In many cases, we didn't have to cross the street to get there.

"If you were a really polite shopper and could drool and smile simultaneously at the candy counter, Mrs. Shopkeeper might even throw in a licorice whip or a paper strip of candy dots with that loaf of bread Mom sent you to pick up."



Dos Hermanos Market in the former Brooks' Market building on West Michigan Avenue.



Ypsilanti Food Co-op in the Millworks Building in Depot Town at 312 North River Street.

We towed our coaster wagon down the block, parked it on the sidewalk in front of the store and left our dog there to "guard it" while we went in for a loaf of bread and whatever else Mom had put on her "get list."

Kid-friendly neighborhood stores were easily identified by the collection of dogs, wagons, and bikes out in front on a hot summer day. Kids just leaned their bikes on someone else's bike and gave little thought to pedestrians who might have to climb over them to enter or exit the store. Today there's either an ordinance or a bike rack - or both.

In many cases, the rest of the front façade was decorated with tubular steel lawn chairs (see Gordon's Five & Dime in Depot Town) and displays of fresh produce and flowers, stacked

bags of charcoal, and potted geraniums for sale. If there was a snow shovel leaning near the door, you knew what to do with it.

Memories . . . too sweet

If you were a really polite shopper and could drool and smile simultaneously at the candy counter, Mrs. Shopkeeper might even throw in a licorice whip or a paper strip of candy dots with that loaf of bread Mom sent you to pick up. That was in the days before germs were invented and such delicacies did not need wrappers.

Tiny wax bottles were proof of adequate protection; the sticky-sweet liquid inside was sure to kill any contamination that had gathered en route from China where we believed they were bottled by tiny elves.

Wax lips were another safety-last oddity of the period and, even though we were determined to wear them at dinner and surprise everyone as a Joan Crawford look-alike, we always bit into them and chewed them up before we could fool anyone with our new persona.

Only two markets remain in Ypsilanti: These are the Dos Hermanos Market in the former Brooks' Market building on West Michigan and the Ypsilanti Food Co-op in the Millworks Building in Depot Town at 312 North River Street.

An article in this issue of the Gleanings ("Home and the Handy Store") and an article in a recent issue of the Gleanings ("Phyllis Diller in Ypsi") highlighted the "Handy Store" on Sherman Street, but Mr. Dykman's building has been replaced by a new residence. Very few of Ypsilanti's old neighborhood stores are left and virtually none is operated as a business today. ■

NOTE: The author married the daughter of the owner of the local IGA store in 1957.



434 North Hamilton



56 East Forest



Prospect, North of Cross



635 North Huron



908 Congress



309 Miles

Name that store - and date that memory: If you can identify any of the above stores (or any others) with names, addresses, approximate dates of operation, and your memories, please email this information to thomasdodd@comcast.net for a future story of neighborhood memories.

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Dad Shot Down Lindbergh, Phyllis and Fang Diller are Sleeping in Mom and Dad's Apartment, the Tomahawks Can't Climb and it's All Henry Ford's Fault!

By Dennis Baer

A story of the early years of World War II and the accidents of history that changed Ypsilanti.

Early in 1942 my father, Bernard Baer was a 30 year old, married, neighborhood grocer who sported bifocal glasses. A casual inspection of this Ypsilanti resident would cause most observers to deem him an unlikely choice for military service, an assessment that his Draft Board agreed with. Nevertheless, his country was at war and his pilot's license caused him to be needed by the war effort. He answered the call to, well, if not technically a "call to arms" then a "call to discomfort, annoyance, and multiple threats to life and limb while being underpaid" and closed the neighborhood grocery store on North Adams Street that he and his wife Becky had struggled to open and run in the face of the Great Depression. Abruptly commissioned a Second Lieutenant he and fellow Ypsilantian Don Gridley were ordered to report to Lansing's Capitol City Airport to begin giving primary flight instruction to military flight cadets. A motley collection of dubiously maintained, formerly civilian sport planes, Aeronca Champions and Piper Cubs, had been pressed into service as trainers and a school hastily organized.

Dad and Mom left their comfortable second floor apartment on Oak Street and shared a small house in Lansing with the Gridleys. Training began almost immediately regardless



The Piper J3 Cub was built between 1937 and 1947.



The Curtiss P40 Warhawk.



Willow Run Bomber Plant in 1944.

of weather conditions or the airworthiness of the planes. Dad quickly racked up nine engine-out emergency landings in farmer's fields. The weather was considered "good enough" for training as long as the trainers required ONLY two ground crewmen to hang from the wing tips to keep the plane on the ground while taxiing. O.K., now hold on to that thought, because we're going to get back to that newly minted "butter bar" and his bride.

Years before this, the government asked Ford Motor Company to undertake the mass production of aircraft engines. In 1938, legendary aircraft designer, Donovan Reese Berlin had returned from a visit to Great Britain's Rolls Royce's aircraft engine plant burning with excitement about a new liquid cooled engine he had seen running on a test stand. Able to produce an astonishing 1875 horsepower, it is the V-16 cylinder Merlin, the engine that eventually powered the British Spitfire. He quickly revises his design for the P-40 fighter plane so that, should the lighter and more powerful Merlin become available, it can be substituted in the P-40 in place of the heavier, less powerful, American built Allison V-1710 engine.

The Army Air Corp commissioned Ford to build thousands of American versions of the Merlin. Preliminary plans were laid to build a new plant east of Ypsilanti where hundreds of 16 cylinder engines would be built daily on fast, efficient, Ford designed mass production machining and assembly lines patterned after Ford's auto engine plants.

At Curtiss-Wright Corporation, Donovan Berlin anticipated that his new P-40 Tomahawk, if equipped with Ford-Merlin engines would have at least a 20% improved climb rate and even more speed than the prototype with its Allison engine. Henry Ford, however, had other plans. When he hears that the Merlin is a British design, and that the Roosevelt Administration plans to ship completed engines to Britain to bolster British aircraft production, he pulls the plug on the entire project!

Stunned, the government attempts to talk Henry out of his decision but to no avail. Henry is adamant: he will make military equipment for American forces but nothing, *nothing* for a foreign power. He thinks that this will limit the looming world war. After months are wasted in negotiations, the Merlin



P47 Thunderbolt.



P37 Lightning twin engine fighter.

project is given to rival Packard Motor Company. Packard has less engineering resources than Ford and the project progresses slowly. The P-40, often badly beaten in air-to-air combat by Axis fighters thanks to its low performance, is obsolete by the time Packard Merlins are available. Ford's ongoing project to build the Pratt & Whitney R-2800 engine under license is accelerated. The plans for the Ypsilanti Aero Engine Plant are modified so that instead of engines, it will produce entire B-24 Liberator bombers. Henry's meddling with this project causes yet further delay, as late as early 1943, the standing joke is that the plant should be called "Will-it-Run" instead of "Willow Run" (In fairness, Ford was attempt-

ing to apply automotive mass production methods to aircraft building, which up to that time, had been largely a 'shop-craft' effort. This part of the project alone was a huge engineering enterprise).

At its peak, 42,000 aircraft assemblers and 44,000 support staff worked at and near Willow Run. At that point, the plant itself was 8% short of the staff needed to run at full capacity. Eventually, the plant hit its "one-plane-per-hour-around-the-clock" rate but Henry Ford had once claimed that Willow Run could make 100 planes a day. The plant also produced thousands of extra engine nacelles and *continued on page 10*

Dad Shot Down Lindbergh... *continued from page 9*

completed wings that were shipped to other B-24 plants to speed their production.

When the plant got off to a slow start, Ford called for help. Dozens of people showed up with plans to “fix” the plant, ranging from Air Corp engineering officer General George Kenny to Henry Ford’s personal choice to fix Willow Run, Charles Lindbergh. Lindbergh was a brilliant pilot and a gifted inventor, an enigmatic man of vast intelligence but no experience whatsoever in mass production. His stint at Willow Run was a dismal failure. Henry Ford was able to obtain and misuse the services of the world’s most famous aviator because Lindbergh’s outspoken support of the isolationist “America First” organization and his acceptance of a decoration from Nazi Luftwaffe chief Hermann Goering had made him *persona non grata* in the U.S. military.

Lindbergh had already proven that he didn’t know anything about mass production. In a successful attempt to make Lindbergh believe that Nazi Germany was so powerful that it would be hopeless to resist them, the Nazis showed him a large warehouse with a hastily assembled collection of miscellaneous machine tools, obsolete jigs, surplus fixtures, and drafting tables. This, he was told, was a “reserve” aircraft plant, all ready to begin mass production of new military aircraft. The warehouse lacked sufficient electrical power, compressed air supplies, material handling equipment, etc. but Lindbergh didn’t realize that, he was more impressed that all the pencils in the drawer of the drafting table he was shown were already sharpened.

Regardless, Henry then assigned Lindbergh to do flight testing on an early P-47 Thunderbolt



Henry Ford and Charles Lindbergh.

fighter that was powered by a Ford-built R-2800 engine. This, at least, was more in line with Lindbergh’s skills and he basically was able to complete his daily assignments in a few hours, flying out of Ford’s company airport in Dearborn, Michigan (It’s the test track next to Greenfield Village now).

Having a seven and a half ton, 420 mph fighter plane at your disposal is a wonderful thing. Having someone else pay for the maintenance and the fuel bill is even better. Having only about an hour or two’s worth of work to do with said fighter per day and a huge amount of bitter anger to work off is a recipe for serious airborne misbehavior. In the case of Col. Charles Lindbergh, he’d take his private 15,000 pound, 2,000 horsepower equalizer and go hunt for someone to torment.

From Dearborn to the flight practice area south of Lansing is about 12 minutes at the economy cruise throttle setting of a P-47. Col. Lindbergh would then stalk the hapless trainers from the flight school. Imagine



Phyllis Diller and “Fang” moved to Ypsilanti to work in the war industry.

the fun if you’re flying a light, 1,300 pound, 55 horsepower two seat trainer and a Thunderbolt wants to play with you. Instructors reported that a rogue P-47 would dive on them from 15,000 feet, pass close behind them at full throttle and then turn in front of them sharply. Usually, the wing tip vortex (the small horizontal tornado that all wings generate) was enough to flip the trainer inverted. This was particularly amusing because the students were inexperienced and the ex-civilian sport planes lacked inverted fuel systems so the engines would quit while they were upside down. Small planes back then usually didn’t have built in starters, you had to flip the prop over by hand to start them. Since there’s no place to stand to pull on the prop when the engine quits in flight, you had to say a prayer and glide down to some farmer’s field.

“Champs” and “Cubs” were renowned for their gentle, predictable handling. So docile and pleasant were these machines that sportsmen pilots have paid them the ultimate compliment:

SESI
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Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197



www.sesimotors.com

SESI
Lincoln Mercury Volvo
3990 Jackson Road
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48103



hundreds of them have been lovingly restored and remain on the civil registry to this day. Too small and too slow to be practical transportation, they are treasured for the sheer joy of flying that they impart. To put such a gentle machine into a wicked whip stall takes some doing. Col. Lindbergh did this so often that the victims started to spread the word.

Dad was watching for the “rogue P-47” that other instructors had reported and spotted Col. Lindbergh before he dove on his plane. Dad took the controls away from his student and slowed the Champ from its usual blistering pace of 75 miles per hour to just above the stall speed, about 40 mph and

“At its peak, 42,000 aircraft assemblers and 44,000 support staff worked at and near Willow Run. At that point, the plant itself was 8% short of the staff needed to run at full capacity. Eventually, the plant hit its “one-plane-per-hour-around-the-clock” rate but Henry Ford had once claimed that Willow Run could make 100 planes a day.”

started doing S-turns. Slowing down then forced Lindbergh to dive at a steeper angle than usual. This forced the Thunderbolt to take longer to recover from the dive. Guessing that Lindbergh would follow his usual pattern of snapping into a sharp left turn in front of the Champ, Dad pirouetted the slow moving Champ on its wing tip and easily turned inside the P-47. Avoiding the wall of turbulence, the little Champ impudently aimed its nose at the engine and cockpit of the retreating P-47. Col. Lindbergh was looking over his shoulder at the trainer as he streaked for Dearborn, while the Champ “counted coup” on him. This sort of play fighting is common among military pilots, the loser is often the subject of considerable post flight “hanger flying” humor.

Later in the war, Lindbergh would travel to the Southwest Pacific, allegedly as a “Civilian Factory Representative” for Lockheed and Chance-Vought. His pioneering efforts at engine control and fuel management extended the range of the P-38 by hundreds of miles. Using the diving attacks that he practiced in Michigan, Lindbergh shot down a number of Japanese aircraft while flying the “Lightning.” Later he did the same thing with F4U Corsairs.

Now that we’ve taken care of that green 2nd lieutenant, let’s get back to Ypsilanti. Bear in mind that Ypsilanti was a small factory and college town before the war. Within a year, that small town needed to provide 90,000+ workers, and feed, clothe, and house all of them. As part of the huge military buildup at that time, every aircraft and munitions plant in North America was suddenly hiring everyone in sight. If you wanted to work on aircraft, you had your choice of places to work. East Coast and Northern manufacturers had difficulty in competing for workers with plants in Southern California, simply because the weather in Burbank is better than Ypsilanti. If housing is tight, why suffer

through a Michigan winter when you can go to Southern California and have the same job? If you can’t get a good place to live in So-Cal, it’s a lot easier to camp out in the mild weather than it is in a foot of snow and slush.

Mom and Dad’s apartment in the Craftsman style house on Oak was snapped up early by another couple who came to Ypsi to work in the war industry. Long before her wild sense of humor made her name and image an American household fixture, Phyllis Diller and her husband were Ypsilanti residents. If I ever meet Ms. Diller, I’m going to ask her if she continued to feed the squirrel that Dad trained to climb up the tree next to the house, jump down to the roof and scamper up to the dormer window to take peanuts from his hand. I wonder if she ever opened the window at dinner time. Pop told me “his” squirrel was getting so pushy about his ration of peanuts that he’d walk in through the window and explore the dinner table, looking for his “dinner,” too. I could be wrong but I’m betting that having a hungry, greedy, frustrated wild animal scrambling around on your dinner table might be somewhat unusual. On the other hand, Ms. Diller was living in Ypsilanti with a guy she nicknamed “Fang”, so perhaps she didn’t find it that odd after all. ■

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Jack Looks at the “Time Pieces” in the Museum

By Jack Livisay

The Museum’s Victorian era Tiffany window has been repaired, restored, cleaned and installed in its own cabinet. In the top section of the window, L. C. Tiffany included an image of an hour glass, maybe expressing the importance of time to him and his client Mary Starkweather. My first remembrance of time goes back to the 1930’s. While watching my grandfather work in his vegetable garden, we heard a train whistle blow. Grandpa pulled out his pocket watch and announced that “Old Number 3 is on time today.” He returned his watch to its pocket and continued working.

Our Victorian era museum contains several clocks from that period. France made mantle clocks in the 1660s so by the time of Victoria (1819-1901) French clock-making had come under the influence of guilds with elaborate apprenticeship programs. It seems that improving the accuracy of timekeeping wasn’t enough. The French artisans began to make clocks expressions of art.

Our mantle clock was made by the P. E. Mourey Co. and

was a P. E. Mourey ormolu* clock. P. E. Mourey lived from 1840 to 1910 and was known for including statues in his clock designs. Our clock probably dates to the 1870s and was given to the Museum by Mrs. James Weir on September 9, 1977. We keep it on the mantle in the Milliman Room.

We have another French clock that was made by the L. Marti Co. in 1889. This is a very pretty clock and sets the tone for Victorian decorating in the Museum dining room. It was given to the Museum by the Allen family of Flint.

England’s grandfather clocks were first made in 1659. England produced large clocks with fancy chimes, making it easy to have central community clocks. Our grandfather clock was made in England between 1860 and 1880. It has a mahogany case with inlays. This clock has a moon dial with painted scenes of England. It was given to the Museum in 2002 by Grace and Herbert Cornish.

At the beginning of the Victorian era, the United States was a very young country. The frontier lifestyle was in full swing and family independence was very important, so every house needed a clock. Eli Terry, sensing this, became one of our clock manufacturers. His work in developing mass production techniques led to his being called the “father” of the clock making industry. Our kitchen clock is said to have been made in Connecticut in 1835, by the Eli Terry Co. It was given to the Museum by David Davis on January 6, 1977. This clock has Barton Brothers & Co. painted inside the case. All of our shelf clocks are 8-day clocks with chimes and seem to have been influenced by the Terry design.

Terry’s first factory was completed in 1802 and by 1806



Hour glass in the Tiffany window.



French clock made by the L. Marti Company in 1889.

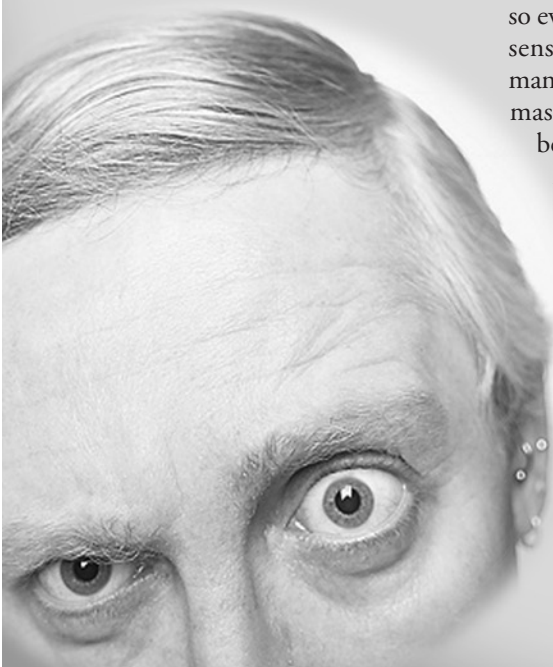


Mantle clock made by the P. E. Mourey Company.



The Mourey clock dates back to the 1870s.

he was making 200 clocks a year. He designed water powered machines that let him mass produce identical, interchangeable wooden parts. In 1807, he was able to enter into a 3-year contract



to produce 4,000 hang-up clock movements at \$4.00 each. He welcomed other clock factories and trained many people to make clocks thus starting the factory system of clock manufacture in the United States. Now inexpensive clocks were manufactured in large numbers for a growing population.

Seth Thomas and Silas Hadley worked in Terry's factories and in 1810 to 1819 bought his Plymouth Clock shop. In 1812 Terry set up an experimental shop to produce low-priced wooden clocks. Chauncey Jerome made cases for Terry and in 1824 formed a company for the manufacture of clocks known as Jerome and Darrow. In 1837, Eli Terry retired from clock making. In 1838, brass shelf clocks were developed and by 1840 the Jerome Company was the largest clock factory in the country. A shipment of brass clocks was sent to England where they were in great demand. By 1844, Jerome had twelve brass clock factories in Bristol, Connecticut, and a case factory in New Haven, Connecticut. In 1847, an economic depression ended wooden clock production.

The clock in the upstairs hall was made by Clarke, Gilbert & Company in Winchester, Connecticut between 1840 and 1850. It has a walnut case and a painted scene of a well-dressed couple sitting on a divan.

The clock in the Craft Room was made by the Waterbury Clock Company of Waterbury, Connecticut about 1857. It is an 8-day and 30-hour type. Originally, this company was a branch of the Benedict & Burnham Manufacturing Company. The Waterbury Company grew rapidly and became independent by 1873. Later, the company would employ approximately 3,000 people and make at least 20,000 watches and clocks daily and by the turn of the century had established a business relationship with Sears Roebuck & Company.

It is 2:25 pm and I hear a train whistle. It must be AMTRACK # 350 from Chicago to Detroit running a little late.

**American Heritage Dictionary, Third Edition. "Ormolu: 1. any of several copper and zinc or tin alloys resembling gold in appearance and used to ornament furniture, moldings, architectural details and jewelry. 2. An imitation of gold. . ."* ■

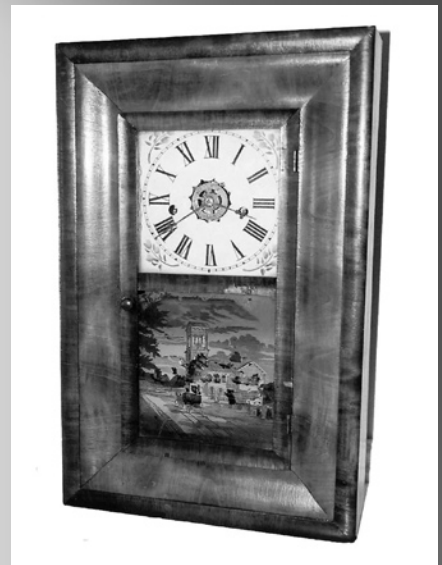


Above: Grandfather clock made in England between 1860 and 1880. (Inset) Moon dial with painted scenes of England.

Right Middle: Clock made in Connecticut in 1835 by the Eli Terry Company.

Right Bottom: Clock made between 1840 and 1850 by the Clarke, Gilbert and Company.

Right Top: Clock made around 1857 by the Waterbury Clock Company.



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News from the Fletcher White Archives

By Gerry Pety

By the time you read this, we will have been in the new archives in the museum basement for four months. The time has really passed quickly. What a dramatic change it has been. Although we are still not completely unpacked, we are open for you to come in to do that research you have been putting off for so long. We have come upon many items that were packed away when the archives moved to the Carriage House in the spring of 2002.

A special thanks to George Ridenour and Lyle McDermott for packing, assisting with the move, and then unpacking and organizing materials in our new location. Also, thanks to James Mann for volunteering to help our guests in the archives on a scheduled basis. Katie Dallos, our intern, has been instrumental in keeping the place organized and civil during the move - thanks Katie! All through this move Al Rudisill has been a tremendous help finding the infrastructure and furniture needed for the archive expansion. He also volunteers for special projects and drafts his grandson for help. Thanks guys!

We are about to receive more help in the person of Jessica Brigle. She has already received the nickname "little Jessica" due to her diminutive stature. She is a student at Eastern Michigan University in the Historic Preservation Program and is learning the ropes at the YHS archives.

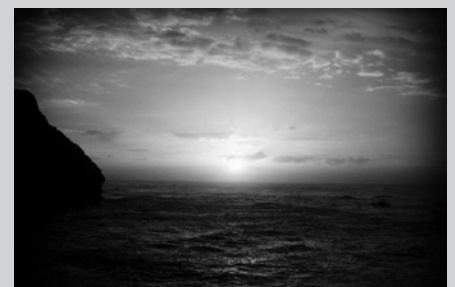
A special thank you to Valerie and Mike Kabat, owners of Haab's Restaurant, for donating information and artifacts related to the restaurant. We received an original 1934 Haab's menu and information on the adjacent storefronts along Michigan Avenue. It is apparent that this area has catered to fine food and drink for over 150 years!

Come and visit the Archives in our new location. If you are interested in volunteering we will assign you to one of our many ongoing projects. ■

Minerva Visitations

By George Ridenour

It is a quiet Saturday in October. The Archives are alive with activity. Lights are aglow on a cloudy day. Everyone is talking and above, in the museum, visitors are looking at the Quilt display. While working on the computer Jessica looks out the door toward the new stairway leading to the archives. She asks "Where did that lady go? She was coming in here, I saw her."



Asked where she was and what she was doing, Jessica answers, "I saw her coming downstairs, she was dressed in grey and her hair was pulled up in a bun! I thought she was coming in here but instead she walked straight forward and disappeared." No one else in the Archives had seen the figure.

continued on page 20

Museum Advisory Board Report

By Virginia Davis-Brown, Advisory Board Chair

It has been a very busy and exciting time since I last reported to you. Heritage Festival brought a lot of visitors into the Museum who had not been here before. Most were very surprised to find such a varied and educational house in Ypsilanti. We have already had some people come back and bring family and friends with them.



September and October found us very busy with the Quilt Exhibit. Thirty people allowed us to display their precious quilts with a total of ninety-three on display. Some were very old going back to the 1800's and some very new and not yet completed to show a special technique being used. Over 200 visitors came through.

Our tours have been very good this year with eight Underground Railroad tours with people coming from all over the United States. The display will be down now until next spring when it will go back up.



Happy Holidays!

There have been many school tours taking advantage of seeing the items that are no longer being used and hearing about what Ypsilanti was like in years gone by.

The recently restored Tiffany window has been of great interest to those visiting the Museum. They cannot believe the difference restoration has made. If you have not seen the window yet you must come in as it is now on the main floor so it is accessible to everyone.

It is hard to believe that it is time to decorate for Christmas. By the time that you receive this newsletter decorating will be completed. We will be featuring Irene Jameson's dolls this year and a new 12 foot Christmas tree. We are honored to be one of the featured stops on the "Meals on Wheels House Tour" and don't forget our Open House on December 2nd from 2 to 4 pm. We will again be participating in the New Years Eve Jubilee. I am not sure what the entertainment will be but I know it will be wonderful.

There have been a few acquisitions: A World War I uniform in almost perfect condition; A World War II army jacket; A period dress from the Sesquicentennial which was bought at the Museum; An ironer; and two lapel pins from the Marine Corp for our uniform. Thanks to all who so generously donated these items.

The Museum Advisory Board and all the Docents wish you all a very Merry Holiday Season and a Blessed New Year. ■



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Veteran Series

By Bill Nickels

Charles “Chuck” Brown:

Charles “Chuck” Brown graduated from Ann Arbor High School in June of 1942, just months after Pearl Harbor. He worked at an A& P store on the corner of State and Packard and dated his sweetheart Virginia “Ginny” Harwood of Belleville while he waited for a letter from his draft board. He did not have to wait long, it arrived in September of 1942.

In response to the call, he first went to Fort Custer in Battle Creek for a few days before being shipped to Fort Jackson, South Carolina



Chuck and Ginny in 1943.



Chuck at Fort Jackson in 1943.



Chuck in Eupin, Belgium in 1945.

where he went through basic training. He learned to use an M1 rifle which he was destined to never use in combat. After basic training, Ginny traveled to South Carolina to spend time with Chuck during his time off. In love, Ginny and Chuck became engaged in 1943. After basic training, he was assigned to an Ammunition and Pioneer Platoon that was part of the 106th Infantry Division. The division was transported to New York where he boarded the Queen Elizabeth that had been converted to a troop ship. The QE avoided German submarines by zigzagging across the Atlantic alone and eventually reached Scotland where they boarded a troop train to England. In England Chuck waited for the rest of the regiment to arrive.

After D Day on December 1, 1944, Chuck's 106th was shipped to Belgium. They were sent to the front lines on December 11, 1944 and joined other inexperienced and seriously depleted American divisions. Five days later, on December 16, 1944, the German army counterattacked and took the Americans by surprise. This German offensive became known as The Battle of the Bulge. The 106th had the responsibility to protect St. Vith, a major transportation center. American troops blocked the vital roads for six days when Chuck's commanding officer told his troops that they could stay and be captured or leave and try to find their way back to American lines. Over seven thousand members of the 106th Division were captured when St. Vith finally fell to the Germans.

Approximately thirty-five of Chuck's platoon decided to try and find the American lines. Knowing the German buzz bombs were aimed at the allies, they used the flight of the bombs heading west as a compass. Chuck started his search for the American front with one K ration bar and part of a canteen of water. They traveled by night and hid in the weeds during the day. As Chuck slept one day, German tanks rendezvoused within sight, Chuck heard, "Come on Brownie, we have to go." While traveling one night, Chuck hid by a pine bush and heard a German calling for his friend, "Shuman, Shuman." As the German walked by, Chuck could have touched him. Thirsty and hungry after four days of travel, Chuck heard "Halt" spoken by an American soldier manning a machine gun. The American had just completed a day dream describing what he would do if the enemy approached him.

The American guard took Chuck back to his platoon where the soldiers shared their breakfast with him. From there, a captain directed him to a rest area where he could sleep. His sleep was interrupted by a lieutenant who asked, "What are you doing?" Overhearing the conversation, a captain reamed out the lieutenant! Chuck learned he was one of thirteen of the thirty who started back together who made it back to the American lines. .

After his rest, Chuck went back to the 106th which they now named



106th Infantry
Division Patch.



Chuck and Ginny
back together.

the “Hungry and Sick Division.” With two man cross cut saws, he now had the job of cutting trees that were used for building roads the American army could travel on through the Ardennes Forest. A soldier walking by bet they could not fell a tree on his rifle. Not wanting to risk his rifle, he placed a stake in the ground which was promptly crushed by the next falling tree.

On leave in February of 1945, Chuck went to Eupen, Belgium and was photographed with his helmet on. Signing the picture “Love, Chuck,” he sent it home to Ginny. Showing gratification to the Americans, a Belgium family served Chuck a breakfast of Belgium waffles one morning.

Chuck met a friend who had just returned to the war from Michigan. The friend told him Ginny had a new boy friend. Crushed, Chuck wrote an angry letter to Ginny that sealed the end of their relationship. Chuck’s commanding officer refused to send the letter and asked Chuck to wait a week. If he wanted to send it then, he would. Chuck’s disappointment remained after a week and the letter was sent. Ginny never understood why Chuck sent her the Dear John letter.

After Germany surrendered, Chuck was shipped back to England. They thought they were heading to the Pacific. When he learned of the atomic bomb and the surrender of Japan, Chuck said he was “glad it worked out.” Instead of the Pacific, Chuck was shipped back to Fort Jackson, on to Camp Atterbury, Indiana, and finally to Fort Custer in Battle Creek where he was discharged.

Forgetting Ginny, Chuck married after the war. Forgetting Chuck, Ginny married and raised a family. Over the years, they occasionally met at the Stony Creek Methodist Church and local events. Each thinking they were dumped by the other, their meetings were cool and reserved. After each of their spouses died, Chuck learned that his “friend” told him a cock and bull story some fifty years earlier in Belgium. They are now celebrating their 98th wedding anniversary, 40 with Ginny and her first husband, 50 with Chuck and his first wife, and eight together.

Charles Kettles:

Charles “Charlie” Kettles’ grandfather, James Stobie, lived in London, Ontario. In route to Chicago from his home in London, Ontario, James met P.R. Cleary (founder and president of Cleary College) here in Ypsilanti. He moved with his wife Jane and four of his eight children from London to Ypsilanti and bought 11 N. Normal, just north of the Cleary home. James died in 1918 while Jane continued to live on North Normal until her death in 1933.

Charles dad was a pilot in both World War I and World War II. In between the wars, he flew for SKF Flying Service and the State of Michigan in Lansing where Charles grew up. While visiting aunts on North Normal, Charles became acquainted with Ann Cleary living next door. During World War II, Charles dad flew newly built military aircraft to the European theater. After World War II, Charles’ dad flew for Ford Motor Company and the family moved to Garden City where Charles attended the Edison Institute in Dearborn. In 1947, Charles dad moved back to Lansing to be chief pilot for Abram’s Aerial Survey and Charles moved to North Normal with his aunts to finish his high school years. A friendship grew between Ann and Charles during this time.

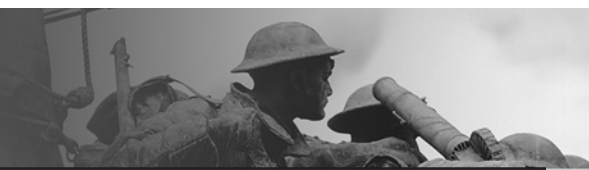
Charles graduated from high school in 1949 and enrolled in Michigan State Normal College (MSNC, now EMU). Graduating from high school in 1948, Ann attended the University of Michigan, graduating in 1952. She married a classmate in 1953. In addition to attending MSNC full time, Charles’ full time job *continued on page 18*



Charles Kettles in May of 1967.

Veteran Series

By Bill Nickels



handling baggage for American Airlines at Willow Run Airport kept him tangentially associated with flying. While attending MSNC, he learned to fly a single engine Aircoop. The Aircoop was engineered to fly like a car drives. Little did Charles know that this experience would lead to dramatic heroism. Charles dropped out of school after the 1951 spring term and took a second full time job with Kaiser Fraser Export Corporation with the intention to resume school in the spring of 1952. With the Korean War going strong, Charles' plans changed when he was drafted into the Army in October of 1951

In the Army, Charles attended Officers Candidate School at Fort Knox, Kentucky. Later that year, he was assigned to Army Flight School which he graduated from in April of 1954. After graduation, he was sent to Korea. By then, the conflict was over and his unit was transferred to Japan. His unit was transferred a second time to Thailand. His commitment to the Army ended and he married in August of 1956.

Returning to Lansing, Charles joined the 4/20th Field Artillery Battalion commanding an eight inch Howitzer Battery. Starting in 1956, he and his brother owned a Ford dealership in Dewitt and he spent two weeks each summer at Camp McCoy in Wisconsin.

When Vietnam started to heat up in 1963, the Army found itself in need of helicopter pilots. Responding to the need, Charles volunteered in 1963. He attended the helicopter transition program at Ft. Wolters, Texas. From Texas it was on to Germany where Charles learned to fly UH-1 "Huey" helicopters. From Germany, it was back to Ft. Benning, Georgia to form the 176th Assault Helicopter Company. As a Junior Major in 1967, Charles commanded the 1st Platoon of the 176th Assault Helicopter Company. Each helicopter had a crew of four, a pilot, copilot, crew chief, and gunner who manned thirty caliber machine guns on each side of the aircraft. A helicopter lift platoon was composed of eleven helicopters. The Company was composed of two lift platoons and one gunship platoon. The gunship platoon was made up of nine heavily armed gunship helicopters. The 176th was ordered to fly their helicopters to California where they were transported to Vietnam by ship. In

Vietnam, the 176th worked in support of the First Brigade of the famous 101st Airborne Division.

On the 14th of May 1967, Charles was stationed at Duc Pho Airfield in the central highlands of Vietnam. What seemed to be a routine assignment, six men of the 101st were dropped off by helicopter north of Duc Pho to do a reconnaissance patrol. They met heavy fire from the enemy and retreated to a B-52 bomb crater.

"After loading more wounded aboard, he nursed his crippled ship back to his base. In an attempt to supply the men with needed ammunition, another helicopter was destroyed."

Soon after he arrived to pick up the men, he was advised by Flight Control to leave the area. Another B-52 raid was scheduled to hit the area. After attempts to blow down tall trees in the area with the helicopter rotor failed, Charles had his crew chief and gunner remove their safety straps, linked them together, secured one end to the helicopter, and threw them overboard to the ground troops. Several attempts by the ground troops to climb up the straps were unsuccessful. Completely disregarding his own personal safety, Charles slid back his armor plating and hung out of the window in order to demonstrate to the patrol members how to tie the straps forming a sling around themselves. Charles lifted four of the men one at a time using the sling. A second helicopter lifted the remaining two men. Minutes later the B-52 strike finally took place. The two helicopters moved the six men to a secure area to the west where they continued their reconnaissance.

On the 15th of May 1967, Charles' platoon flew a group of eight helicopters with five members of the 101st aboard each helicopter to the area where the patrol was dropped off the day before. After two lifts, eighty men entered combat. They moved up a river valley



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into an ambush and suffered heavy casualties. Charles volunteered to carry reinforcements to the embattled force and evacuate their wounded from the battle site. Small arms and automatic weapons fire raked the landing zone and inflicted heavy damage to the ships, but Charles refused to leave the ground until all their craft were loaded to capacity. He then led them out of the battle area. He later returned to the battlefield with more reinforcements and landed in the midst of a rain of mortar and automatic weapons fire which wounded his gunner and ruptured his fuel tank. After loading more wounded aboard, he nursed his crippled ship back to his base. In an attempt to supply the men with needed ammunition, another helicopter was destroyed. Suffering damage from ground fire during extraction, his platoon was down to one flyable helicopter. After securing additional helicopters from the 161st Attack Helicopter Company, Charles led a flight of six ships to rescue the infantry unit. Because their landing area was very narrow, Charles and his platoon flew back in trail formation making them vulnerable to ground fire. Landing, Charles picked up one man and the tail helicopter signaled that all the men were aboard helicopters. Thinking all were picked up, the helicopters took off on a route that would loop around back to Duc Pho Airfield. After looping around, a radio message from the command control helicopter reported that eight men were still on the ground and missed being picked up. With one aboard, Charles volunteered to return for the others. Without the support of gun ships or artillery and surprise as his only ally, Charles flew back into the river valley. Completely disregarding his own safety, he maneuvered his lone craft through savage enemy fire to where the remainder of the infantrymen waited. Mortar fire blasted out the helicopter chin bubble and part of the windshield, but he remained on the ground until all eight men were aboard. The enemy concentrated massive firepower on his helicopter and another round badly damaged his tail boom. His UH-1 "Huey" had a load limit of five men plus his crew. With nine passengers, he was now four men over the helicopter's load limit. When the copilot tried to take off, his helicopter fish tailed severely. Charles took over the controls and found that the engine did not have enough power for a normal take off. Charles lowered the pitch (angle) of the propeller blade so the rotor rpms could reach normal rpm. With normal rotor rpm, Charles was able to lift the helicopter off the ground and move forward. With the overloaded helicopter, the rotor rpm would again slow down, so again he lowered the pitch, easing the helicopter to the ground, trading a decrease of altitude for normal rotor rpm. With normal rotor rpm, Charles was able to lift the helicopter and move forward, only to have the rpm again slow down. Repeating this process five or six times with five or six bounces down the valley floor, Charles was finally able to maintain flight. Charles calls the UH-1 a "great machine!" We can only imagine the relief the crew and rescued men felt as they finally knew they were returning to their base. Twenty-one helicopters were damaged by enemy fire beyond repair that day. Nine of his crew members were wounded.

On the 16th of May 1967, Major Don Phillips commander of the 176th Assault Helicopter Company reassigned Charlie as Opera-



Charles Kettles.



Charles Kettles.



Charles and Ann with granddaughters.

tions Officer. Explaining why, Major Phillips said "Maybe you can figure out what an Assault Helicopter Company does without any helicopters." Charles left Vietnam in October of 1967.

A second tour of duty found Charles back in Vietnam in 1969. He commanded the 121st Assault Helicopter Company in the Mekong Delta. According to Charles, the war had changed and now was an administrative record keeping war.

In 1970, Charlie returned to Fort Sam Houston where he worked in the aviation division and a readiness group that supported the National Guard and Army Reserve troops. The Army encouraged their officers to obtain a college degree. Charles returned to Ypsilanti in 1971 and inquired about finishing his degree at EMU. While in town, he stopped to visit Ann Cleary's mother at 1310 West Cross. Ann's mother contacted Ann at EMU where she worked and suggested she stop by the house since Charlie was in
continued on page 23



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General Grant in Ypsilanti

From the Ypsilanti Commercial –
 August 19, 1865

Submitted by George Ridenour

The special train conveying the hero of a hundred battles passed here Tuesday at 5 pm. There was a large gathering of people to greet him. The cars remained about ten minutes giving quite a number of citizens an opportunity to take him by the hand. He was kept very busy shaking hands. General Cutcheon shook hands with him and remarked "General, I was with you at Vicksburg." The great Commander took off his hat and politely bowed. Mr. Howland remarked to him, "I am a tanner," and he passed him the same compliment. He took a number of children who pressed around him by the hand.

In appearance he is somewhat taller than we supposed. He looks every inch the soldier. He has an intellectual look. We endorse the poet Holland when he says "whose giant combinations and campaigns" won from his boys the sobriquet, "Old Brains." That peerless man and soldier "General Grant." We call the



General Grant visited Ypsilanti in August of 1865.

especial attention of our readers to the poetry in another column. "Unassuming with not a streak of vanity discernible in his nature, the people delight to do him honor."

Grant, Sherman and Sheridan are a glorious trio. We honor them not in the spirit of man worship, but representing in their persons and acts the overthrow of the rebellion, the unity of the Republic disenthralled and marching on to a grand future. ■

Minerva Visitations continued from page 14

Previously, in the window of the "Children's Room," a shadowy figure was seen. Again, the sun was out and the figure was profiled in the window. Previous sightings had been in this very area on other occasions.

Recently, while touring the house during the showing of the quilts, a visitor approached a volunteer docent. The visitor asked what had happened in the area "where all the kid's toys are located?" When asked the reason for her question she replied "there is a great deal of sadness in that area of the house!" Although, not seeing or experiencing an apparition, she too, felt the feelings of sadness in the same area where the "woman in grey" had been seen!

Another time while working alone, a historical society member heard the door bell

ring. She called out but no one answered! Going to both doors, she observed no one near the door or in the yard. Perplexed, she went back to work. Later that same day, she noticed a sensation of being "brushed" by something while standing near a table in the house. Noting that there was no sensation of evil or foreboding she feels that she, too, had a visitation from "the lady."

Strangely, most sightings have been during the day! Does Minerva Dow still inhabit the house her husband, Asa, built in 1860? Many have doubts of the veracity of these "sightings" and the odors of perfume that has been experienced at 220 North Huron Street. Can reports of five persons be delusions?

What does go on at 220 North Huron Street when the lights are turned off and darkness surrounds the house? Right now no one is saying! ■

Newton Tombstone Returned to Canton

By Al Rudisill

The tombstone of Civil War veteran Steven Newton has been turned over to the Canton Historical Society. Newton died at the age of 61 in 1905 and was buried with family members in the Cherry Hill Cemetery in Canton. Some time later the tombstone disappeared from the cemetery and in 1970 was discovered by Harley Hein and Tom Bates, students from Adams School, in the Hein's backyard at 145 Johnston Street.

In 1971, Mrs. Thomas E. Bates, mother of one of the boys who discovered the tombstone, donated it to the Ypsilanti Historical Society where it had since been displayed.

“Research indicates the Newton family came from England to New York, and then to Michigan. Stephen and Henry settled in Canton, Michigan.”

About a month ago the Ypsilanti Historical Society received a letter from Richard Waldecker, President of the Canton Historical Society, requesting the gravestone be returned to Canton. Waldecker indicated they would like to place the tombstone in the Canton Historical Society Museum as part of their Canton Civil War soldier display.

Research indicates the Newton family came from England to New York, and then to Michigan. Stephen and Henry settled in Canton, Michigan. In fact, Newton Road in Canton was named after the Newton family, and at one time extended across the entire width of Section 28 of Canton Township, from Beck Road to Canton Center Road.

Stephen Newton was a Civil War soldier having enlisted in Company D, Third Michigan Calvary. Like so many other Civil War soldiers from Canton, Stephen enlisted in Ypsilanti. ■



Tombstone of Civil War veteran Stephen Newton.

Stephen Newton from an old tintype photograph.



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Fundraising Contribution/Pledge Agreement YHS – “A Matter of Trust”

The Internal Revenue Service has designated the Ypsilanti Historical Society an organization described in section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code.

AMOUNT OF CONTRIBUTION/PLEDGE: On this _____ day of _____, 20____,
I agree to contribute and/or pledge to the Ypsilanti Historical Society the sum of \$_____.

CONTRIBUTION CATEGORIES:

- Demetrius Ypsilanti Circle..... \$50,000 or more
- Benjamin Woodruff Circle \$25,000 - \$49,999
- Mary Ann Starkweather Circle..... \$10,000 - \$24,999
- Elijah McCoy Circle \$5,000 - \$9,999
- Daniel Quirk Circle..... \$1,000 - \$4,999
- Friends of the Society up to \$999

Donor Recognition: A permanent plaque will be placed in the Ypsilanti Historical Museum identifying donors to the Property/Facilities Fundraising Program by name and category.

METHOD OF PAYMENT (please initial):

- _____ A. An immediate cash payment of \$_____ .
- _____ B. An immediate cash payment of \$_____ with annual cash payments of \$_____ in each succeeding year for a period of _____ years.
- _____ C. An immediate cash payment of \$_____ with the balance of \$_____ payable through my estate upon my death. I have consulted a lawyer and I understand the balance is an irrevocable pledge that my estate will be obligated to pay to the Ypsilanti Historical Society. This Deferred Pledge Agreement may also be satisfied in part or in full by payments made by me at my discretion during my lifetime.
- _____ D. I pledge that the total amount of my contribution to the Ypsilanti Historical Society will be payable through my estate upon my death. I have consulted a lawyer and I understand this is an irrevocable pledge that my estate will be obligated to pay to the Ypsilanti Historical Society. This Deferred Pledge Agreement may also be satisfied in part or in full by payments made by me at my discretion during my lifetime.
- _____ E. Transfer of “other assets” such as securities, other personal property or real estate interests. (*Note: The Society reserves the right to accept or reject gifts of other assets pending a due diligence review of the assets, their transferability and the appropriateness of acceptance of such other assets by the Society. This review will be conducted by legal counsel for the Society.*) Donor to provide description of assets being transferred.

EXECUTION: Executed this _____ day of _____, 20____.

Donor: _____ Signature: _____ Donor Address _____

Witness: _____ Signature: _____ Donor City, State & Zip _____

Witness: _____ Signature: _____

ACCEPTANCE: The undersigned, being a duly authorized officer of the Ypsilanti Historical Society, does hereby accept the within contribution/pledge.

Ypsilanti Historical Society Officer Signature: _____ Date: _____

INTERPRETATION: This Agreement shall be interpreted under the laws of the State of Michigan.

Home & The Handy Store -
The Village Core
continued from page 5

store. The Handy Store was off limits. It was not an option. No matter who came into our neighborhood it was made perfectly clear that there would be no law breaking at the Handy Store and we would protect its premises. It was everybody's store. Dykman's just happened to own it.

If one was adventuresome or needed a few coins for a Pepsi, a trip under the porch might be in order. Many a coin slipped through the wood slatted porch. If desperate enough you could fight through spider webs, strange creatures and general filth under the porch. It seemed worth it at the time.

One special neighbor in the late 40's was Phyllis Diller. She lived around the corner from the Handy Store on Oakwood. This was long before she became the famous comedienne. When she and Fang (her famous ex-husband) moved away, she kept in touch with the Dykmans. Even when she became a celebrity her years at the Handy Store remained important to her. She never forgot the kindnesses of the Dykman's. If she was performing nearby,

Phyllis always sent a couple of choice tickets to the Dykmans. She always remembered the good will and respect she received from Edd.

Edd lived the life many of us strive for. He was always there to help in times of need. We learned much about life and how to treat people from Mr. Dykman. All through high school I had a yearly bet with Edd. We bet a steak dinner on how I would do in wrestling. Each year I would visit with my money to buy Edd a steak. Each year I returned home with my money and a steak. There was never a discussion. He wouldn't listen that I didn't earn it based on the bet. Edd waved it off and I had a great meal.

The Handy Stores of the world provided more than just food and drink to the "Village." They gave us friends and neighbors like the Dykman family. They were warm places to go, a welcome center to one and all. They were places you returned to visit if you were away. Everyone fit in. Everyone was cared about and welcomed. The Dykman's raised more than their wonderful family. They helped raise hundreds of children and touched the lives of so many families. Our families - our neighborhoods - our Dykman's Handy Store - all played a big role in who we are. ■

Veterans Series – *continued from page 19*

town. They married in 1977. He finished his service as a Lieutenant Colonel in 1978 while at Fort Sam Houston.

Upon his discharge, Charles returned to Michigan and finished his undergraduate degree that he started twenty-nine years earlier. He went on to complete a Masters and taught at Eastern for six years where he established the Aviation Management Degree program in 1982. During this time, he was elected and served as an Ypsilanti City Council member. In 1984, Charles went on to work at Chrysler Pentastar Aviation until his retirement in 1993.

For his efforts on the 14th of May 1967, Charles was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for heroism while participating in aerial flight as evidenced by voluntary action above and beyond the call of duty. For his efforts on the 15th of May 1967, Charles was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations involving conflict with an armed hostile force in the Republic of Vietnam. The Bronze Star with Oak Leaf Cluster was awarded to Charles for bravery. The Bronze Star is the fourth highest combat award given by the United States. The Republic of Vietnam awarded Charles the Gallantry Cross given for heroic conduct while fighting an enemy force. By displaying meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flight, Charles received twenty-seven Air Medal Awards. A hero is sometimes defined as a person who disregards their own personal safety to help another. By that definition, Charles is a hero several times over. ■

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