



# Ypsilanti GLEANINGS

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



WINTER 2010

## An Odoriferous Education

By Tom Dodd

*A before-standardization memoir: We learned more than our teachers suspected in the schools of our childhood.*

“School stinks!” we proclaimed when we wanted to say something unkind about our childhood headquarters, and indeed, the schools of our past did have a unique smell about them. One wonders if today’s tots enjoy the same sensory experiences we knew in schools that had wooden floors, slate blackboards, wet plaster walls, oak trim moldings, cork bulletin boards, coal and/or steam heat, and

*A typical early classroom with wooden floors, slate blackboards, oak trim moldings, and windows that actually opened.*



windows that actually opened. And we had those long cords on the window shades that could be tied into hangman’s knots! Today’s kids just have iPods.

Our teachers sometimes accused us of “not paying attention” but, in reality, we paid attention to far more than they realized. We saw, heard, tasted and smelled everything that was going on. For some unexplained reason, our library paste was laced with mint flavoring, but the teachers warned us not to eat it. We ate it anyway. We never used “library paste” in the library; only in the elementary classrooms.

Mimeograph ink was so delicious that, when the teacher handed out new papers (“Take one for yourself and pass them back!”), it was the custom to bury our face in the top sheet and inhale deeply. Long before we heard that Morning Glory seeds had a hallucinatory effect, we were convinced there was some magical quality in the smell of that purple mimeo ink. In those days, “purple” was an exotic color, only to be used by “fancy ladies.” That

was long before rip-stop nylon backpacks in purple, pink and chartreuse.

A faint odor of peanut butter & jelly wafted from the lockers in the corridor. In some spots it was mixed with the gentle hint of urine. Old, forgotten sandwiches sometimes mixed into a potion of ingredients nearly unrecognizable by semester’s end. The bright pink deodorizer cakes in the bathroom urinals smelled worse than the smells they were trying  
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# From the President's Desk

By Alvin E. Rudisill

Over \$16,000 in pledges and contributions have been received for the "Storm Window Project" and the donor plaque will be made up in early January. You will find a list of contributors on page 26 as they will be listed on the plaque. If you are one of the contributors please check to see if your name(s) is appropriately listed. If corrections need to be made you can email me at [al@rudisill.ws](mailto:al@rudisill.ws). Thanks again to all those who made this project possible. A total of 52 windows were

holiday goodies to warm the body on a cold winter night. Bring your family and friends to help us celebrate the 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the historic Dow House.

The Front Step Repair Project has been completed and has improved not only the appearance of our entrance but has also removed some of the safety issues with uneven sidewalks and a cracked vestibule. The new limestone sides on the steps and the new



The Huron Valley Harmonizers.

repaired and painted, and 52 new storm windows were constructed and installed by Ron Rupert.

Our next quarterly meeting will be held on Sunday, December 5, from 2:00 to 4:00 pm. We will have a very brief business meeting followed with entertainment by a number of members of the Huron Valley Harmonizers. We hope you will attend to enjoy the entertainment, view the beautiful holiday decorations, and partake of the refreshments.

Our Holiday Open House will be held on Wednesday, December 29, from 6:00 to 9:00 pm. There will be musical entertainment and

limestone vestibule were cut to match those that had deteriorated so we have retained the historic look of the entrance. Many thanks to an anonymous donor who gave \$8,600 to cover the cost of this project.

We are always looking for volunteers as docents for the Museum or research assistants for the Archives. Both the Museum and Archives are open from 2:00 to 5:00 pm from Tuesday through Sunday. If you are available during that time and are interested in helping us preserve the historical information and artifacts of the area, or in educating the general public about our history, please give me a call at 734-476-6658. ■

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220 North Huron Street - Ypsilanti, MI 48197

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## An Odoriferous Education *continued from front page*

to cover up, but they were fun to pee on.

Old books in the library had a musty, mysterious quality about them. The giant dictionary on a reading stand had alphabetized thumbholes on the side and, when you riffled the gold-edge pages with your thumb, the odor of antiquity wafted clear over to the kid doing homework across the table. These were the most popular reference materials available to us, and contained most of the banned words that we had been wondering about. They were easy to find; these pages had been opened so regularly that just placing the book on its spine would cause it to open to the favorite sections. We had

*Every day we would have a new vocabulary list on the blackboard.*

to wash our hands after handling those smelly, old books, but it was worth it.

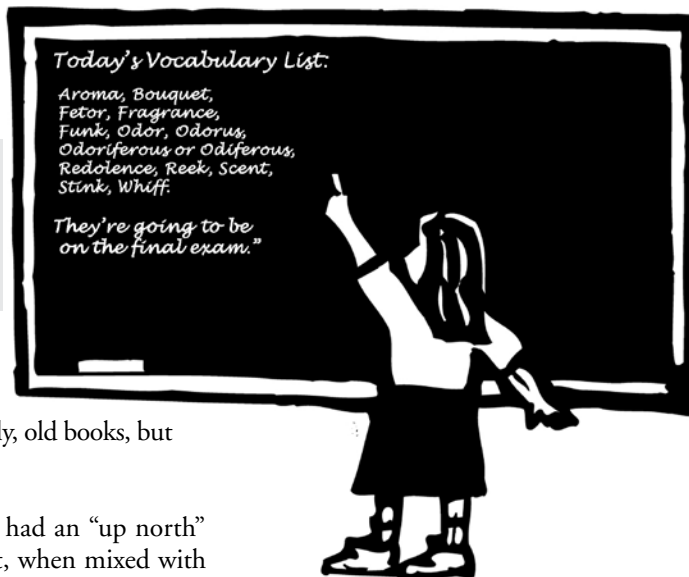
Wood pencil shavings had an “up north” aroma about them but, when mixed with graphite from pencil sharpeners (grinders), they made a dirty mix of pine pitch and acrid chemicals that we were sure were poisonous. At least it killed the plants on the windowsill.

Soft, pink pencil erasers were a “smellifluous” addendum to childhood - until you brushed the crumbles off the page when they mixed with the former pencil marks. Then they were a minor-grade poison. Art Gum erasers were the best crumbles to collect. You could chew on them too, but we did not swallow. Those green or gray kneaded erasers looked like chewing gum, but tasted terrible.

Rubber cement was voted the most volatile smell in the classroom and painting it on your cheek or forearm and then squeezing it together when nearly dry made the most

believable facsimile of a terrible scar. Walking around with a severe limp added to the wounded-soldier-affectation and sniffing the cement reminded us to stay in character for maximum effect.

Airplane glue came later, and we quit destroying our brain cells just in time to get into college. Most of our projects started out soberly but became more sloppy and disorganized as time went on. We never understood what caused that and blamed it on our short attention spans. Imagine a skillfully constructed airplane fuselage with wads of wrinkled tissue paper hanging off the tail. That’s the “designer” taking a nap face-down on his desk. (“Fuselage?” There’s a word we have not seen since the days of Willow Run!)



The custodian dumped a sweeping compound on the floor and pushed it around with a four-foot-wide dust mop in an effort to collect the dirt without sweeping the dust up into the air. The compound seemed to be a mix of reddish sawdust and some kind of sweet-smelling oil. When the custodian was on call with the “slop bucket,” that usually meant there was a “throw-up” somewhere and the corridor did not get dusted for another hour. Students could volunteer to slop for the custodian, but no one ever volunteered to slop the vomits - even though the wringer on the slop pail was great fun to play with. Throw-ups were a common - but still surprising - smell in the corridors. No matter what a sick kid had eaten earlier, it

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# Early Settlers of Augusta and Superior Townships

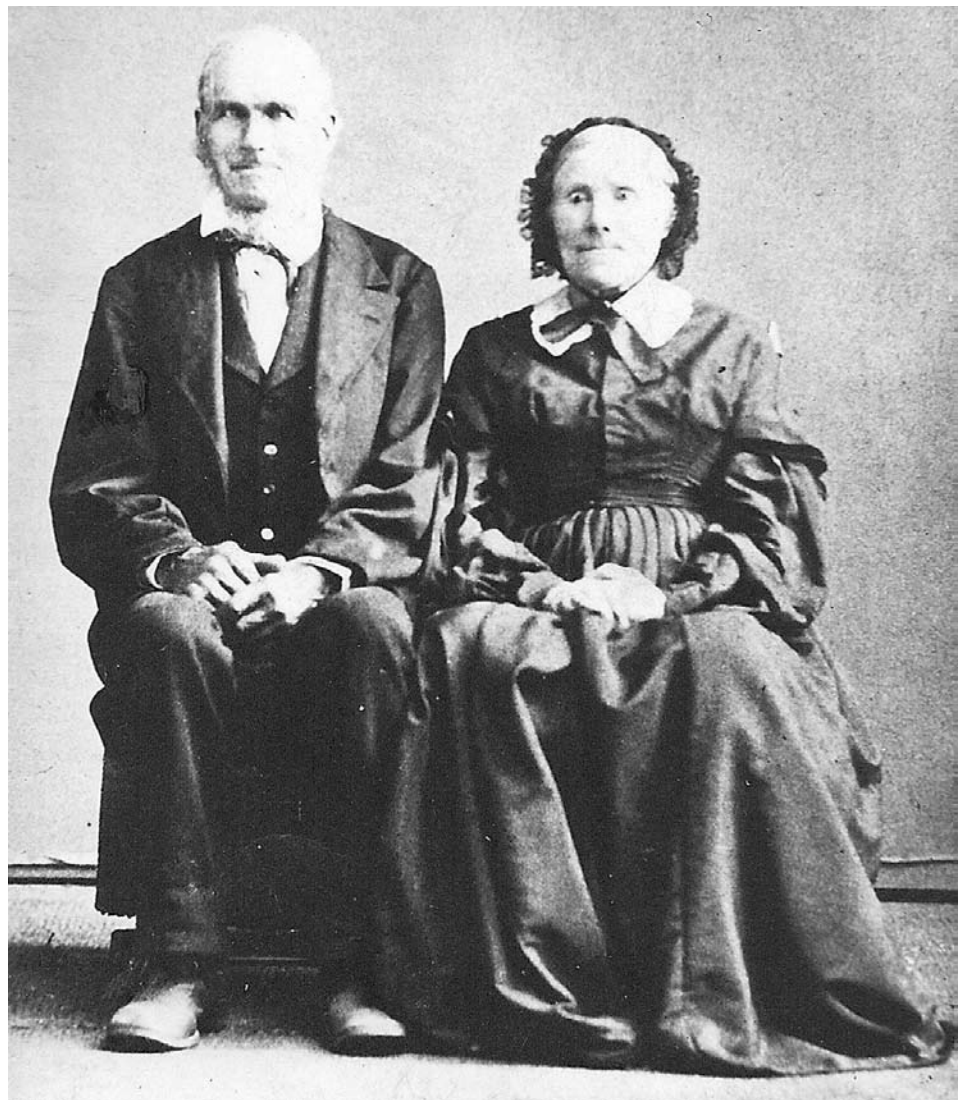
By Janet (McDougall) Buchanan & Heather (McDougall) Carlson

Augusta Township, Michigan Territory, counted as very early settlers the Muir and McDougall families. The first members arrived from Scotland in 1828 and bought land from the government. Slowly encouraging additional family members to emigrate from Scotland over the next several years, they increased their numbers. Surviving letters between family members from America to the 'old country', and back, throughout the years, make for very interesting and informative reading. The Muir children in America (six) had a total of 39 children and at least 63 grandchildren by the late 1800s, most of them staying in the Washtenaw County area.

Andrew and Mary (Donaldson) Muir arrived in New York on the ship *Roger Stewart* on June 9, 1828, along with their children, Mary, Sarah and Andrew. Andrew later married Huldah Jones; Sarah married Oscar McLouth, and after his death she married James Rambo. Mary married the young apprentice, George S. McDougall, who traveled from Scotland with the Muirs. George and Mary Muir were married on October 31, 1828, in Rochester, New York in Monroe County. By the late fall of 1828, Augusta Township became home to Andrew and Mary Muir and George and Mary (Muir) McDougall.

Mary A. Campbell, in her publication "The Andrew Muir Family of Scotland and Augusta Township, Washtenaw County, Michigan," related that Andrew Muir's chimney was "the first that smoked in Augusta." She also wrote that, "He built the first fire ever lighted by an American citizen in that portion of the wilderness, and also the first log house ever erected in that section of the county."

In the book "History of Washtenaw County, Michigan" published by the Biographical Publication Company in 1881, it is noted that



Mr. & Mrs. George McDougall moved to Augusta Township in the fall of 1828.

*"Andrew Muir is said to be the first settler; but there is a faint shadow of probability that James Miller, who made a settlement near Stony Creek in 1829, may be the owner of the honor – he who founded the village of Stony Creek – and to him is accorded the honor of being the father of Andrew Miller, said to be the first white child born in the district." However, Mary A. Campbell stated, "James Miller's purchase of land in Section 7 was recorded May 1, 1828, and the patent was recorded on the same day as Andrew Muir's. These two men made the first recorded purchases in Augusta Township." Further, Mary A. Campbell notes that "Andrew Miller's birth date is July 6, 1831. Elizabeth McDougall, daughter of George S. and Mary Muir McDougall, was born in June 1830 and is stated elsewhere to have taken the honor of being the first born in Augusta Township.*

Mary Belle (McDougall) Logan described to Thelma (Reddcliffe) McDougall that Andrew Muir's land was "considerable farm land at Stony Creek, six miles south of Ypsilanti." Another description of the land (source unknown) is "south of Bemis Road and east of Hitchingham Road (which is east of Stony Creek Road)." And yet another description by Andrew Muir in a letter to relatives in Scotland, gives the land as being "south of Bemis Road and west of Hitchingham Road in Augusta Township." The *Land Office Patent Certificate #626*, dated March 6, 1829 and initialed by President Andrew Jackson, described the Andrew Muir land as "for the North West quarter of Section five, in Township four, South, of Range seven, East in the District of lands offered for sale at Monroe, Michigan Territory, containing one hundred  
*continued on page 22*

# Scraps of History from the Scrap Heap

By Peter Fletcher

This is the fourth in a series of tests related to the history of Ypsilanti. Turn to page 20 of this issue to check your answers.

1. Which long ago real estate broker bragged "...my assets over are over \$1,000,000" based on his office location rather than his financial statement?
2. Who was the individual who asked "...did they ever think of breaking her arm?" while sitting through a painful high school violin recital?
3. During World War II what did you have to have besides money to buy rationed items?
4. When a local business man was told to stop referring to a fellow business man with a well known penchant for strong drink and nubile companions as "...a drunken whore monger" what did he use instead?
5. In addition to having his name on the EMU College of Business there is an area known as the Gary Owen Memorial Mound. Explain.
6. In the 1930's a new Lincoln was always parked in a three car garage at 216 South Huron. Why?
7. The first Washtenaw County Circuit Judge from Ypsilanti had a pecuniary eccentricity. What was it?
8. What was the first Jewish owned business in downtown Ypsilanti and how was anti-Semitism thwarted?
9. Furniture stores often had unrelated businesses in the 1890's. Give two examples in Ypsilanti.
10. Prior to modern refrigeration what was a cheap and convenient local source of ice?
11. Identify the downtown businesses prior to World War II owned by these men: Cy Jenks, Herb Schlager, Charles Lamb, Irving Tyner, Connie Alex, David Landy, E. G. Wiedman, George Handy, and Harry Share.
12. Name the Ypsilanti native who became a world renowned scholar on the British author John Milton.
13. Tell us about the EMU graduate who loaned his top coat to George H. W. Bush to wear during his swearing in as our 41<sup>st</sup> President.
14. Who was the Ypsilanti resident who developed the cruise control for cars?
15. A local G.O.P. stalwart had difficulty getting a personalized license plate saying "G.O.P.4ME." Why?
16. Why should old timers recall the name "Joe Sackman?"
17. In 1937 a very heavily loaded truck bound for Ann Arbor came through Ypsilanti with a special one-time shipment. What was it?
18. Beginning in 1973 Ypsilanti started appearing as a destination on regional highway signs. Why?
19. Where was the "Artificial Ice Company" and why was "Artificial" a misnomer?
20. What was the trademark costume business man Fred Weinman wore in every 4<sup>th</sup> of July parade in the 1930's?

(Peter Fletcher is the President of the Credit Bureau of Ypsilanti and is widely known for his inspirational speeches.)

Turn to page 20 of this issue to check your answers.

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Active in city affairs, Zwergel served as alderman for the Third Ward in 1902 and 1903. He was president of the City Council and Chairman of Ways and Means during his two terms. He died in 1915. Upon his passing, his daughter Mary, who had been clerking at the store, took over the business which she managed until her death in 1944. During her tenure the business expanded to include a beauty shop run by her niece Helen Zwergel Bassett. Prior to taking over the store Mary completed a year's course in Cleary College and worked as a bookkeeper at the telephone company.

The following was written in the January 1, 1932, issue of the Ypsilanti Daily Press: "Miss Mary Zwergel, who heads four business enterprises at 616 and 618 West Cross Street is looking forward to improved conditions in 1932 even though the depression failed to make an appreciable difference in her sales. She is proprietor of Zwergel's (the store at the Normal), Zwergel's Beauty and Gift Shoppe, and Zwergel's grocery and meat market."

The location and the store's reputation for customer service combined to create a very successful business that would last for many years. As the college, then University, expanded all around the store, the corner property eventually was acquired by the University, the

store was demolished and the grounds of Pease Auditorium were extended to Cross Street.

I have not looked to see if there is any sort of marker to designate where Zwergel's once stood. If there isn't, there should be for the store was a vital part of campus and city life for almost 100 years. ■

*(Peg Porter grew up in Ypsilanti and is the Assistant Editor of the Gleanings.)*

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## Liberty Awakes in Washtenaw County: When Women Won the Vote

Visit the Women's Suffrage Exhibit opening January 8<sup>th</sup>, 2011 at the Museum on Main Street in Ann Arbor to learn answers to the following questions: Why did Washtenaw County vote against suffrage, not once, but twice? What town passed the Woman Suffrage Referendum in 1912 and 1913? What famous woman came to Ann Arbor to speak in 1912? And, how many equal suffrage associations were there in Washtenaw County in 1912?



The exhibit is sponsored by the League of Women Voters of the Ann Arbor Area in conjunction with the Washtenaw County Historical Society. The exhibit runs from January 8<sup>th</sup> through February 11, 2011. Co-curators of the exhibit are Jeanne Delay and Zoe Behnke. The hours of the exhibit are 12:00 to 4:00 Sunday through Saturday. To arrange a private tour for a group please email [lvannarbor.org](mailto:lvannarbor.org). ■

# The Farmer and the Poet

By Laura Bien

Well-remembered are Robert Frost's three sojourns to the University of Michigan in the 1920s, and his house on Pontiac Trail, now at the Henry Ford Museum. Forgotten are the works of Ypsilanti poet-farmer William Lambie.

Lambie belonged to a generation earlier than Frost, but like Frost, Lambie had Scottish blood and took as his subject the natural world. Unlike Frost, he never left the occupation of farming or made much money. Lambie never won anything more for his verses than friends' approval, with one exception – a penny postcard that Lambie valued as priceless. The postcard came from another poet whom Lambie admired.

Lambie emigrated to the U.S. in 1839 at age 18 with his parents and eight siblings from the Scottish village of Strathavan just southeast of Glasgow. The family settled in Detroit, then purchased a farm in Superior Township just north of Highland Cemetery.

"We bought the Moon farm, in the town of Superior, in June, 1839, and had a fair, square battle with privations, exile and penury for many a day," wrote Lambie in an essay – he read aloud from it years later at a Pioneer Society of Michigan meeting. "It was the half-way house between Sheldon's and Ann Arbor, and had a bar for the sale of whisky. Kilpatrick,

*"Unlike Frost, he never left the occupation of farming or made much money. Lambie never won anything more for his verses than friends' approval, with one exception..."*

the pioneer auctioneer, said we could make more money on the whisky than on the farm, but we preferred the plow to the whisky barrel." The family purchased 150 sheep.

Lambie's father soon tired of America and in 1854 emigrated again to Ontario with his



*William Lambie with his oldest daughter Anna and wife Mary in the background.*

wife and younger children. Other siblings settled in Detroit. Only Lambie's brother Robert stayed in Ypsilanti, where he worked as a tailor and later opened a clothing store and then a dry goods store. Robert also served on the city's first city council in 1858.

William remained on the old Moon farm. Anna, the first of his six children, was born in 1851 when William was 30. In his diary entry for December 13, 1886, Lambie wrote, "Anna's Birthday - It was a cold dreary day when she was born when we only had one wee stove and one room 12 by 16 and our few potatoes all froze - poverty within desolation." William and his wife Mary wallpapered the inside of the house with newspapers in an effort to save the houseplants, but the plants froze. William eventually built a larger house elsewhere on the farm and planted a grove of oak and apple trees nearby. By 1860 at age 39 he had five children ranging in age from 2 to 9, and a farm whose value adjusted for inflation – in an era of cheap land – was \$94,000, a bit better than many of his neighbors.

On his 80 acres he raised oats, beans, wheat, barley, corn, and chickens and sheep. He

also produced poems. In a May 15, 1876 diary entry he wrote, "A sick sheep drowned – pulling the dirty wool off a dead sheep is not very conducive to poetry."

After William's failed attempts to have a poem published in Harper's, local newspapers began publishing his works. "My poem Auld Lang-Syne in the Commercial," he wrote in his diary on May 26, 1877. This was a reworking of the familiar lyrics. William called it "A New Version of Lang-Syne." His introduction to the poem reads, "It is a great pity that ever the world-renowned song of 'Auld Lang-Syne' should become the song of the drunkard, to lead either drunken or sober men farther away from temperance and virtue, and down the shameful road of disgrace and ruin. If this new song of Lang-Syne is not as good poetry as the old one, it at least inculcates better morality."

The original song, of course, had been partially collected and partially composed by Robert Burns. Burns' January 25th birthday was one of two annual events Lambie faithfully noted in his diary every year. Yet the



“Ploughman Poet,” the “Bard of Ayrshire,” was not Lambie’s favorite poet.

On February 1, 1886, Lambie wrote in his diary, “[daughter Isabelle] and I drove up with old Frank the horse, to her School. Good sleighing – Had a note from my favorite Poet Whittier.” John Greenleaf Whittier’s note was published in the *Ypsilantian*, in an edition unfortunately not locally available on microfilm. It was one of two artifacts Lambie would receive from Whittier.

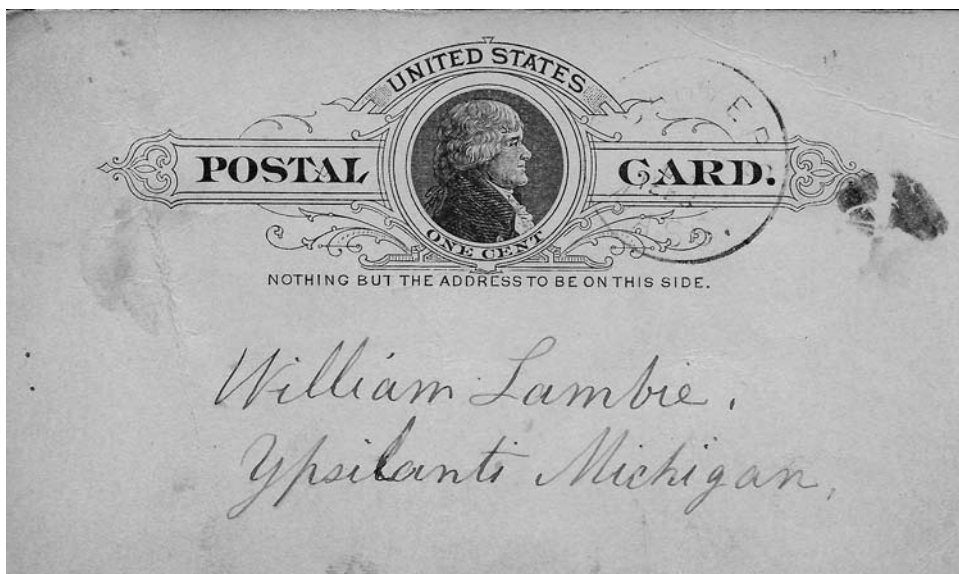
The Presbyterian Lambie shared several values with the outspoken abolitionist Quaker poet, such as pacifism. In Lambie’s essay “Out in the Harvest Field,” from his 1883 collection of prose and poetry “Life on the Farm,” he wrote, “We detest all kinds of war and battle and murder, and believe it is far more manly and heroic to fill a man’s sack with corn than it is to kill him in battle.”

Lambie was also sympathetic to the spirit of abolition. The other annual event he always noted in his diary was Emancipation Day on August 1, commemorating Britain’s 1833 Slavery Abolition Act, which a year later ended slavery in most of the British empire. It was an antebellum holiday that was observed locally in Washtenaw County, Detroit, and Ontario – Canada was one of the British possessions affected by the Act.

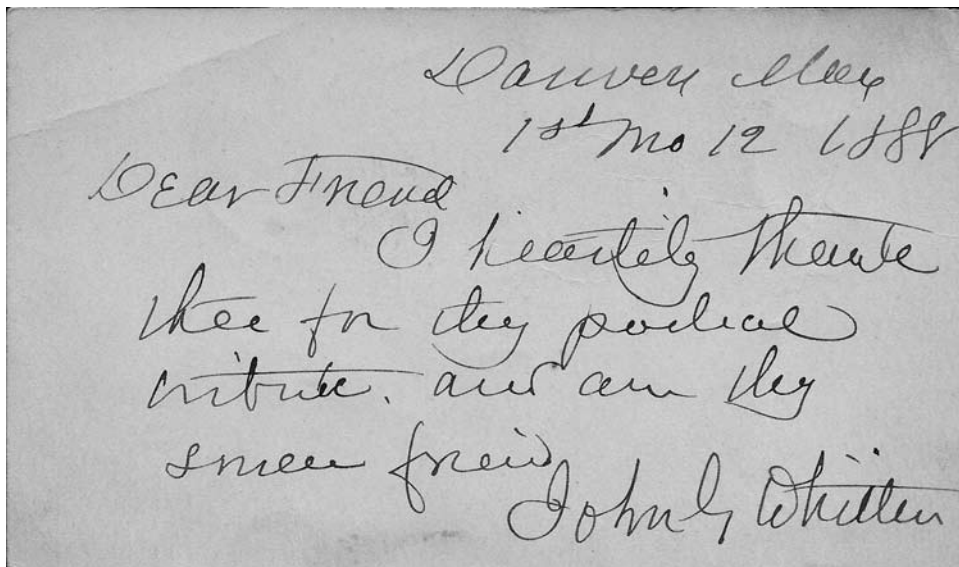
In 1876 William attended the August 1st Emancipation Day celebration in Ypsilanti. In his diary he wrote, “Ground very dry – hoping for rain – the colored man’s day of Freedom – [Isabelle] and I went to see the Celebration in William Cross Grove at the Fair Grounds [now Recreation Park] – The dark Beauties rigged out in white, red and blue and a feast of good things. Apples 75¢ a bushel.”

In December of 1887, at age 66, Lambie wrote a poem to Whittier in honor of the poet’s 80th birthday. He enclosed a prepaid penny postcard. The return address, “William Lambie/Ypsilanti, Michigan,” is written in Lambie’s plain yet graceful hand. The Quaker poet returned Lambie’s penny postcard.

On January 17 of 1888, Lambie wrote in his diary, “Received a kind complimentary postcard from my favorite poet, Dear de-



In 1887 Lambie wrote to Whittier and enclosed a prepaid penny postcard with his return address on it.



Whittier returned Lambie’s penny postcard with a note: “Dear Friend, I heartily thank thee for thy poetical tribute and am thy sincere friend. John G Whittier.”

lightful John Greenleaf Whittier.” Written in a rapid, looping script, the postcard reads, “Dear Friend, I heartily thank thee for thy poetical tribute and am thy sincere friend. John G Whittier.”

Lambie saved this card and passed it down through family members. More than a century after Lambie’s 1900 death and burial in Highland Cemetery, the tiny and delicate card continues to be cared for today. The fragile relic speaks to the heart of a down-to-earth Ypsilantian farmer who never pretended he was otherwise - and yet befriended one of the nation’s leading poets.

... When winter days grow dark and dreary  
And I am sad, and weak, and weary,  
His pure sweet lines oft make me cheery.

Even Milton in his strains sublime.  
And Burns in my land of Lang-syne  
Are not read so well by me and mine . . .

- Whittier,” William Lambie ■

(Laura Bien is a local historian, the author of “Tales from the Ypsilanti Archives,” and a regular volunteer in the YHS Archives.)

# Ralph Garfield Ridenour

By George Ridenour

*(Much of the information in this article about my "Uncle Ralph" was obtained from members of the Ralph Ridenour family.)*

Ralph Garfield Ridenour was born to his parents, William and Emma (Veniman) Ridenour, on March 9, 1921, at 868 Railroad Street in Ypsilanti. The family would grow to five boys and one girl. Ralph attended and graduated from the Ypsilanti Public Schools where he was an athlete and played on the high school football team.

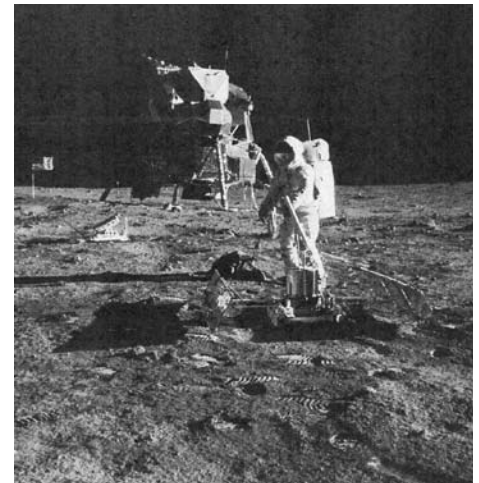
His further education was with the Sales Analysis Institute in Chicago, Illinois, the Primary Mechanics School at the Air Force Base in Amarillo, Texas, the Boeing Airplane and Engine Specialist Training Program in Seattle, Washington and the Army Counter-Intelligence School in Baltimore, Maryland.

Ralph's military experience was with the United States Army where he served for twenty-two years. He was stationed in Seattle, Washington and Savannah, Georgia and for a time in both Italy and Germany. His primary assignment was a mechanic for B-29 aircraft. A letter found in his archives shows he was a Special Agent in the Counter Intelligence Corps, Home Detachment and Zone 5 – APO 512, U. S. Army. The letter dated June 12, 1946 commends him as follows: "...He has performed the tasks assigned to him in an excellent manner, displaying initiative and leadership in the organization of his work...Special Agent Ridenour's assignment in the detachment has been in the investigative section...He has been of value to this office through his knowledge of photography, from photographing to the final development of good pictures." This era of his life provided valuable education for future endeavors.

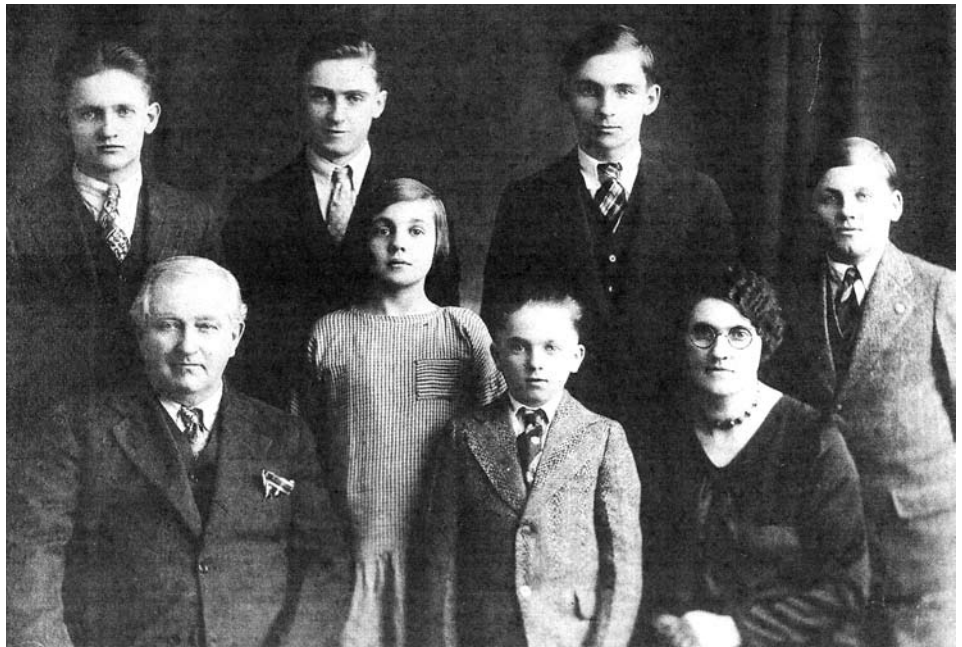
Ralph married Miss Ila Pepper on August 17, 1941, in the West Side Methodist Church in Ann Arbor. The reception was held at the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Pepper. Ila had graduated from Ann Arbor High School and at the time was working as a licensed Cosmetologist. Ralph at the time was employed by the French Home Equipment Company



*Ralph Ridenour's work in photography involved the development of 3-D, holograms and lasers.*



*Ralph developed the moon pictures and the Landsat pictures from satellites.*



*The William Ridenour family: (front row – L to R) William, Goldie, Ralph and Emma (back row – L to R) Dale, Glen, Lloyd and Howard.*

Ralph and Ila had three daughters, Ellen, Riana and Pamela and several grandchildren.

Daughter Ellen had the following to say about the reception at the farm. "I don't know how many acres but there was a gigantic front lawn and a side yard with a driveway, a barn where grandpa dried tobacco leaves in the loft, a chicken coop, a spring house, and then there were the fields, woods and a stream in the back. The spring house was small and when the water got piped into the house it went away...Mom and I lived there quite a while when dad was away in the service..."

Ralph's work in the areas of 3D holograms and lasers began with the Conduccion Corporation

of Ann Arbor where he served as an Assistant Research Engineer. Ralph described his duties as: "...I organized a mass production facility for 3-dimensional holograms. This included the selection, ordering and installation of equipment and the design and general supervision of construction of the necessary dark rooms, along with building the hologram viewing devices for which three ideas have been submitted to the Conduccion Corporation for possible patent rights." In September of 1968 Ralph was the Project Manager for Holographic Viewing Systems including the design and construction of prototypes. He worked closely with the Marketing and Sales Department to improve the advertising and display of company products.



*Ralph (second from right in second row) played football on the Ypsilanti High School team.*

Ralph spent 18 years affiliated with the University of Michigan where he perfected his skills as a photographer and researcher. The first eight years with the U of M he was assigned to the Photography Section of Willow Run Laboratories and then eight years with the Moving Target Indication Radar Laboratory. He described this experience as follows: *“During this time a great number of field trips were made and I was responsible for all photography, recording and processing. Further, I was given the responsibility for writing, directing, photographing and editing a classified training film. It was eighteen minutes in length and was well received. During this time a great deal of time was spent researching different films and developers. Two years were spent working in the Optical Section of the Radar Optics Laboratory. The primary concern was lasers and holography. We were charged with photographing hundreds of set-ups in the labs, studio work, micro-photography, laser photography, holography and various other special photographic problems.*

Later, Ralph worked at Argus Incorporated in Ann Arbor. He supervised twenty employees involved in the grinding and polishing of camera lenses. Ralph in his spare time enjoyed photography. A quiet man, he lived with Ila and his three daughters on a quiet, tree lined street in Ann Arbor. He was a member of the Free and Accepted Masons, the West Side Methodist Church and served as President of the Bach School Parent Teacher Organization. His photography appeared in technical journals and newspapers. He was hired by Life Magazine to do laboratory work in conjunction with their special 1966 photographic issue as well as future editions.

Finally, after almost 35 years he retired from what was then known as ERIM. He engaged in an active retirement of travel and working with his daughter and son-in-law in a flower shop. At his retirement, Ralph remembered his work at Willow Run as follows: *“When I first arrived at Willow Run, they were testing rocket engines for NASA. We had a remote motion picture camera set up, and in addition, I had to take still shots. The only problem was that when an engine wasn't working right it usually caught fire and so did everything else. The test facility was rebuilt more often than I can remember.”*

A grandson of Ralph's remembers the following: *“Grandpa told me that during his senior year he performed a solo in a concert given by his high school choir at Greenfield Village. Henry Ford Sr. was in the audience and when Grandpa sang, he told the person next to him, who was head of the Village, to hire Grandpa as a tour guide because of his strong voice. That was in 1939 and a job was a good thing. After graduation, he went directly to work acting as a guide in the Lincoln Courthouse in the Village. After a couple of weeks, though, he was moved to the outdoor silkworm demonstration. Apparently the other guides, even those inside the buildings next door to the Courthouse, were complaining because he was too loud. The silkworm machine makes some noise and being outdoors his voice was perfect for it.”*

Finally, Ralph's daughter Ellen related: *“What Ralph Ridenour did was to set up the cameras that were used and develop the pictures. He developed the moon pictures and the Landsat continued on page 20*

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# Local Education and History Collaborate

By Mark Salzer

The Ypsilanti Historical Society is partnering with the Ypsilanti Tech High School @ Ardis on a project called *Hidden Treasurers*. This project is framed in a letter from the Historical Society requesting that all incoming ninth graders at the school solve a historical puzzle based on artifacts from the local area as they take on a “Junior Archivist” role. Groups of students will investigate a box of artifacts that directly relate to an important local historical person. Each student group will work collaboratively in determining the owner of the contents and their contributions to local, state and/or national history. They then will create a narrative to compellingly tell that person’s “story” in relation to the objects associated with that person.

These budding historians will reflect on what they already know and what they still need to know in order to successfully complete their task for the Ypsilanti Historical Society. The students will learn what an archivist is, how to handle historical items, and further develop their research and analytical skills. Each student group will use the data they have gleaned to determine what family or person all items in their particular box relate to, and that family or individual’s contributions to the Ypsilanti area. The students will write individual and group reports as well as create a video of the investigation, evaluation and conclusion of their particular box of artifacts. All student courses will be aligned to meet Michigan State standards and benchmarks whilst engaging students on real world projects utilizing 21<sup>st</sup> century skills.

The Historical Society has been involved in the planning stages of this project since near its inception and has made many contributions to its evolution and implementation. Among other contributions, the Historical Society will provide their expertise to the students through site visits and possible workshops. Student team members may need to visit the Archives for additional fact finding information as they develop an engaging story in history. One or more staff members of the Historical Society will be evaluating the students’ final oral presentations. The three student groups that best describe and identify the historical person connected to the items in their box will be videotaped for inclusion via a link on the Ypsilanti Historical Society website for one month.

The backbone of Ypsilanti New Tech High School @ Ardis’ learning environment is Project-Based Learning. Instead of handing out daily assignments, teachers assign long-term, real-world projects with different components. The school uses technology to facilitate these student projects. This is a great opportunity to immerse our students in the rich culture of the Ypsilanti area and the History/Tech class of the New Tech High School is excited about working with the community as this and other projects progress. If you are interested in connecting with the New Tech High School for a student based project, please contact us at (734) 714-1500. ■

*(Mark Salzer is one of the history teachers assigned to teach at the New Tech High School in Ypsilanti.)*

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# The Visit to Ypsilanti by George Francis Train

By James Mann

On Tuesday, March 5, 1872, Charles Pattison, the editor of *The Ypsilanti Commercial*, was a passenger on a train from Detroit. On entering the car, his attention was at once attracted to a remarkable person seated there. Soon after John Gilbert boarded the train, and entering the car his attention was at once attracted to this same remarkable person. "Who can it be?" wondered Pattison. After a little while, Gilbert whispered to Pattison, "George Francis Train. I heard him lecture some years since, in Chicago." The conductor soon after came along, and assured them, that this was the "veritable, irrepressible, inexhaustible Train." Yes, it was Train! The next President of the United States!

*"Pattison noted that the American people lack enough amusements, so when Train arrived to give a lecture, it was worth ten times the cost."*

Pattison introduced himself to Train and invited him to speak in Ypsilanti on about the 6<sup>th</sup> of May. When he bade good-bye, Train said to Pattison: "You are looking upon the next President of the United States." To this Pattison replied: "If Grant is not elected, we hope you will be." Train smiled and said: "You may expect a card to my inauguration on the 4<sup>th</sup> of March next."

Who was George Francis Train? Train was a businessman, author, world traveler and eccentric. Born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1829, his family soon after moved to New Orleans. There, when he was four years of age, a yellow fever plague killed his family. After this he was raised by his grandparents in Boston, who were strict Methodist and hoped he would become a minister. Instead, he went into business and was a promoter of the Union Pacific Railroad. In 1870 he traveled around the globe in eighty days. Train may have been the inspiration for Jules Verne's

*Around the World in Eighty Days*. At least, Train said he was. In 1872 he was running as an independent candidate for President of the United States, the reason for his visit to Ypsilanti in May of 1872.

There is no account of the speech Train gave at Ypsilanti, but there were reactions to what he said. *The Ypsilanti Commercial* of Saturday, May 11, 1872, noted Train possessed extraordinary physical and intellectual abilities, was a first class actor, and an unequaled comic.

"Not one man in a million can hold an audience as he can," noted *The Ypsilanti Commercial*. "Let any other man say the same things, and his audience would fly in disgust. One of our prominent citizens became so offended that he said he would not cheer the scamp any more. In less than ten minutes, at a grand, peculiar Train hit, he cheered and stamped and clapped his hands. Fifteen or twenty minutes before Train finally closed, he proposed to dismiss the audience, and still they retained their seats - and here is the mystery - a mad audience, and still aching and waiting to hear more. Only a strange fascinating influence can explain it."

In another column of the issue, *The Ypsilanti Commercial* continued to comment on Train. "As a show on the stage we don't believe that he can be beat. In comic humor, in the ability to produce uncontrollable mirth, and to hold an audience even against their moral judgment, we don't believe that his equal can be found. It is a pity that such noble God given powers that might be efficiently used for high and beneficent purposes should be so ignobly prostituted. He was invited here, and advertised, with his own consent, to speak on political topics only, and it was supposed that he was gentlemanly enough to adhere to the contract. So far as the lecturer was concerned, no one cared whether he was a Pagan, or belonged to any one of the innumerable denominations, or simply a "Nothingarian." ...A highly intelligent audience embracing the cream of our city went to hear Train, as we did, with the expectation of listening to a



*George Francis Train, an independent candidate for president in 1872, stopped in Ypsilanti to deliver a political speech.*

prodigy on the platform, to have a good shake down laugh, but not the least idea of being forced to hear low abuse of the Christian religion, of our sacred Scriptures, etc."

Pattison noted that the American people lack enough amusements, so when Train arrived to give a lecture, it was worth ten times the cost. As such, noted Pattison, these men are public benefactors. "In all other respects he exceeded our expectations...He can capture an audience the most completely of any man we ever saw...He is an unfathomable mystery...Now all his attacks upon the vices and follies of the day amount to nothing so long as he does so much to undermine the morals of society, and of true social order, to corrupt the youth. If he is insane he is to be pitied; if sane he is profoundly and INTENSELY wicked. He is an unsolved mystery at all events - immensely smart - possessing unmeasured talents for good and terrible power for evil."

Train left Ypsilanti and lost the election to Grant, and the nation was most likely the better for it. According to Wikipedia, "He spent his final days on park benches in New York City's Madison Square Park, handing out dimes and refusing to speak to anyone but children and animals." He died in 1904. ■

*(James Mann is a volunteer in the YHS Archives, a local historian and author, and a regular contributor to the Gleanings.)*

# Family Photo Pageant

By Derek Spinei

Our massive undertaking to digitize and document the Fletcher-White Archives' collection of family photo albums is 50% complete. To celebrate the achievement we held a Family Photo Pageant for people who have lived or had family that lived in Ypsilanti. Immediately eliminated from contention were unidentified photos. Also, no contestant could compete in more than one category and their photo had to be in reasonably good condition for reproduction. Through careful contemplation, our panel of judges chaired by Michael Newberry made the painstaking decisions as follows. ***And the winners are:***

*(Disclaimer: The people in the photographs are real, but historical facts have been rearranged or entertainment purposes.)*

## *Most Attractive Woman:*

**Nora Delphine Varney (nee Jacox)**

Nora's beauty and the billowing sleeves of her gowns were the talk of the town.



## *Miss Congeniality:*

**Alice E. Henderson**

On the back of Alice's photo is a detailed description of how she had the prettiest hands in town.



## *Studliest Man:*

**Frank I. Cobb**

Women loved him. Men loved to hate him.



## *Best Dressed:*

**David Montangua**

It was obvious that Mr. Montangua was particular about his appearance.



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*Most Feared:*

**William L. McCullough**

An adventuresome young William carrying two pistols and a rifle.



*Best Couple:*

**Will J. Stone and Bess Neat**

This couple would be competitive today on "Dancing with the Stars."



*Best Dressed Child:*

**Eloise Crittenden**

Eloise loved to dress up and have her picture taken.



*Most Flamboyant:*

**Delinn C. Whitmire (nee Deubel)**

Delinn's wardrobe would be considered flamboyant even by today's standards.



*Cutest Baby:*

**Amy Irene Crittenden**

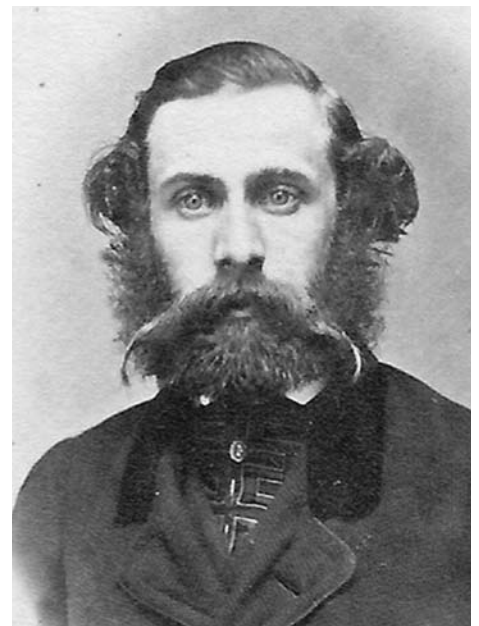
As a baby, Amy was hospitalized twice because of old women pinching her cheeks.



*Most Direct:*

**John B. Russell**

"I spent all day getting ready for this, now take the damn picture." ■



# Among the Rocky Mountains in Colorado

By Florence Lizzie Swaine (c1905)

*(Editor' Note: The author of this article, Florence Lizzie Swaine (1875-1960) was born and died in Ypsilanti, Michigan. She was the oldest daughter of Frederick and Eliza George Swaine. Her father was not only a maltster, but a musician, actor, poet, photographer, politician and a very devoted and encouraging parent. Both of her parents immigrated from England to seek their fortunes in Ypsilanti where they met and married. Florence was born and grew up in the Swaine House at the corner of River & Forest Streets. Both Florence and her younger sister Jessie were independent women, college educated, gardeners, enjoyed playing cards, interested in reading and writing, outgoing, and earned their living as dedicated teachers. This essay and photographs of the trip were donated to the Ypsilanti Historical Museum by the Swaine family and were found in the archives – a real treasure chest!*

One of the pleasantest two weeks' trips my friend and I have ever had and the cheapest, for the pleasure and beauty of scenery it afforded us, we took this summer among the mountains of Colorado. The clear, dry, invigorating climate is a fine tonic; and the medicinal qualities of the water from the soda, iron, and sulfur springs at Manitou are excellent. Whoever has tasted or felt the benefit of these delicious, effervescent waters, which are free to all, will always think of Manitou with much pleasure.

We started from Chicago at 6:00 p.m. and were due in Denver the next day at 8:30 p.m. The weather was the hottest of the season but we met many pleasant people on the train; and having plenty to read, the time passed very quickly. In Denver, we had a very pretty room in the central part of the city; and took our meals at cafes, where we found the cuisine excellent and the price moderate. Having but two weeks for our holiday, we had only two days for this clean and charming city, including a trip around the Georgetown Loop. We took two delightful rides on the observation cars; which are provided with a guide, who in an entertaining manner, points out places of

*Right: Photograph of Florence Lizzie Swaine taken in 1902 when she was 27 years old.*

*Below: This somewhat blurred photograph is believed to be of the group that traveled to Colorado in c1902.*



interest. One car goes around the residence portion of the city; the other, around the picturesque suburbs, showing a view of the distant snow covered mountains. We went through the capitol building, in which is a collection of state minerals; and through the U.S. Mint, where we lifted a brick of gold valued at \$1,200; and saw the gold re-melted in hot furnaces and poured into waxed moulds to cool and harden.

Colorado is certainly an interesting country. It is marvelous what the ingenuity of man has done in utilizing the wonderful works of nature, thereby making a barren wilderness into a fruitful country, giving homes for thousands and supplying the world with large quantities

of gold and precious minerals. If the progress of the last decade continues, what will be the future of this western country! The mountain streams are caught in reservoirs, filtered and carried in troughs or ditches to wherever it is needed for irrigation. Between the rows of grain and vegetables are small streams of water. It is strange to see one side of the road barren; and the other, where irrigation is practiced, fertile. The saying is that, "farmers used to plant rows of potatoes and onions alternately. They watered the onions only, as the onions made the eyes of the potatoes water."

Wishing to spend most of our time in the mountains, we went to Manitou, six miles from Colorado Springs. We were delighted



with this most beautiful spot. The green trees, little gurgling brooks and waterfalls, mountains, canyons and valleys, pretty lawns and little parks all add to the charm of this delightful resort. The red soil reminds one of the red man and his pipe stone. The many legends and traditions of the Indian are brought to mind; although there are few, if any, of this interesting race in this village of "healing waters," which they named in honor of Manitou, the Great Spirit.

This resort differs from Lucerne in Switzerland, although both places are equally attractive. The Rockies are magnificent, the Alps, beautiful. In Switzerland, one finds more snow, plenty of verdure, blue lakes, low floating clouds, and quaint villages. Here, one is alone with nature, surrounded with tremendous cliffs and grotesque rocks. We boarded in such a pretty place, and met many pleasant people. Although we walked a great deal, we were never too tired to enjoy a pleasant evening together. What pleasures

we had playing cards, singing, or sitting on the wide piazza telling stories. There are plenty of amusements in Manitou; concerts, dances, bathing pools, potato roasts in the cliffs, and many beautiful walks and drives.

We walked through the Cheyenne canyons, and never had I beheld such magnificent works of nature. The massive, richly colored rocks towering on both sides; and the rushing streams of water make one conscious of the frailty of man and the strength and greatness of his creator. Above the Seven Falls, which rush down the rocks in seven leaps from a height of over two hundred feet, Helen Hunt Jackson was buried (Editor's Note: Helen Hunt Jackson was a 19<sup>th</sup> Century author and supporter of rights for American Indians).

The scenery on the way to Cripple Creek, the greatest gold mining camp in the world, is grand. The train stops for passengers to gather flowers and view the magnificent panorama  
*continued on page 21*



*Picture taken in front of Swaine House in c1890. Florence Lizzie Swaine is at the right in the middle row and Jessie Swaine, her sister, is at the right in the front row.*



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# Winter on the Banks of Sneak-a-Leak Creek

By George Ridenour

The last produce from the garden had been harvested and either eaten or preserved for the long winter season. Summer had been spent weeding the garden, playing baseball, exploring Sneak-a-Leak Creek, or shopping for clothes. Sadness reigned because the long days of freedom would now be replaced with **School**.

At the end of summer the house smelled of vinegar and pickling spices. Steam rose from the kettles of tomatoes being boiled which would soon be turned into tomato juice, diced tomatoes, and oh God, Moms' great chili sauce. Veggies were cut, dried and canned along with a variety of fruit for jams, jellies and deserts.

There were countless other smells from peanut butter, molasses and anise and the smells wafting from cookies, coffee cakes and other pastries. Many of these items were made by Mom to be used as gifts or for the packages that were delivered for the poor that lived in our neighborhood. The sights and smells tempted all of us whether we were adults or children.

In our house of ten it was essential that every item needed for survival was preserved, used or passed down. Clothes were mended, and if possible, passed to the next brother or sister. Winter, especially to a one-income family, was a hardship. Carrots, potatoes and onions were piled under dirt in the root cellar to be used for those special "Sunday dinners." In those days these dinners were a once-a-week special occasion.

The first of the many hard freezes and snows transformed the Sneak-a-Leak Creek area into fields of glistening snow and ice. Looking back, it seems like it snowed more often and the drifts were deeper in those days. Snow piled over broken corn stalks provided a haven for pheasants and other wild animals. Cows huddled near barns and would not venture out into the pastures until the green of spring.



*George and his sister resting after sledding on Sneak-a-Leak Creek.*

Soon after that first snow the sleds appeared and those that had been especially good brought out their new toboggans. There were many hills in the area for all kinds of sledding. Skis were very rare around Sneak-a-Leak Creek. Skates would glide over the snow crusted ice and the occasional frozen stump served as seats on our "ice rinks." There were places along the creek where you could see rushing water beneath the clear ice and we all wondered "Where'd the fish go?" Traps were set along the banks of Sneak-a-Leak" and we dreamed of selling hides for a few dollars.

Mom would point out footprints in the snow outside our windows. Legend had it that Tom-Tom, a special elf of Santa Claus, watched us through the windows and reported on our behavior. Oh God, our greatest fear that Santa would leave us coal in our stockings.

Speaking of coal, the coal man would come every couple of weeks. With blackened face and clothes, driving a huge coal truck, he would back his truck up to the window to the "coal bin" in the basement. A ton of coal would "thunder" out of the truck into the basement shaking the house. Then every so often someone would go down in the basement, shake the ashes through the grate, and shovel fresh coal into the furnace. If the fire went out during the night you would wake up to a very cold morning. One of our winter chores was to load the ashes into buckets and take them out and spread some on the driveway and empty the rest into the garden.



*George in a snowsuit that was passed down from an older sister.*

As Christmas drew near our thoughts turned to Santa and out came everyone's "dream books." The Sears, Spiegel and Montgomery Ward catalogs, along with their "toy supplements" were used to create our "wish lists." The girls dreamed of receiving dolls, baking ovens and sewing cards, while the boys focused on guns and holsters, bicycles and slinkies. Also on the "wish lists" were board games like Clue, Monopoly, and Sorry. I wonder now if Santa ever read our "wish lists."

Around Sneak-a-Leak Creek Santa was assisted in providing gifts by "The Old Newsboys" through Uncle George Ridenour. Gifts of meat, bread, toys and clothes helped add joy to our Christmas season and into the New Year. We thought we were blessed by both Santa and Jesus (...and we were!).

One of the things we did was lay face up under the fresh cut Christmas tree which was full of colored lights, old bulbs and streams of icicles. A sky of colored lights, shimmering silver reflections and the smell of pine needles overwhelmed our senses. All too soon it was over. The tree stayed for awhile but everything else was put away.

On free days our favorite thing to do was "go outside" to play. Most of the time this meant picking sides for the snowball fights. I often ended up getting my face washed with snow by my brother. Snow forts, snow angels, sliding, skating and sometimes just walking the dog in the knee deep snow occupied our time.

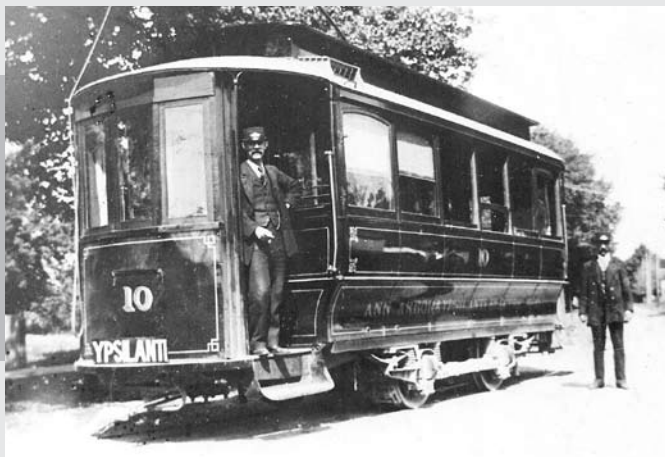
*continued on page 20*

# Strange Story of a Nine Year Old

By James Mann

Children are told not to talk to strangers, and someone should have said this to Mary Lewardowski, who was nine years old in 1920. On Wednesday, August 4<sup>th</sup> of that year, Mary was playing in the street near her home in Detroit, when a strange man asked if she would like a car ride. The car in this case was the Interurban, a street railway or street car line. Mary said she would like a ride, and the two boarded a car together. Once on the car Mary fell asleep. The man got off the

*In 1920, Mary Lewardowski, a nine year old from Detroit, rode an Interurban car like this to Ypsilanti.*



car, leaving Mary behind. The car ended its run at Ypsilanti at one o'clock in the morning of Thursday, August 5, 1920.

“Homer Smith found Mary last night, questioned her and then took her to the city hall, where she slept in the detention room overnight,” reported *The Daily Ypsilanti Press* of Thursday, August 5, 1920. According to the report, Ypsilanti Chief of Police John Connors questioned the girl that morning. In the course of his career, Chief Connors had heard many strange stories, but the story Mary told may have been one of the strangest.

Mary said her mother had died long before, leaving her father with six children. She said her father gave all of the children

away. Her father, she said, was in prison and had been for two years for breaking windows. Mary said she lived with a man named John Kasidlo on Proctor Street in Detroit. Kasidlo, said Mary, had sold all of his furniture and had moved away.

Mary said she had an older sister named Sophia, about 16 years of age, who was accused of stealing \$10 and was sent to the reform school for girls at Adrian. Another sister, she said, lived in Hamtramck. She said she did not know where the other children were and did not know their names.

“Mary can write and is an unusually bright and intelligent looking little girl, with golden hair and blue eyes. She carried a pair of roller skates, which she guarded

carefully,” noted *The Ypsilanti Record* of Thursday, August 5, 1920. “Mary is as bright as they make them. When she is washed and properly dressed, she might be turned into a Polish beauty,” observed *The Daily Ypsilanti Press*.

She was taken to the health cottage on Perrin Street where Miss Sperry, the community nurse, took care of her. Chief Connors notified the juvenile court in Detroit, and was told an officer would be sent for her. It would be up to the authorities in Detroit to determine the truth of Mary’s story. ■

*(James Mann is a local author and historian, a volunteer in the YHS Archives, and a regular contributor to the Gleanings.)*



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## Ralph Garfield Ridenour

*continued from page 11*

*pictures from the satellites that went around the world taking pictures of land and water masses.”*

Later in life Ralph was diagnosed with an eye condition that had the potential of destroying his eyesight. However, he was able, in his retirement, to take over 5,000 photographs from all over the world. Ralph died October 13, 1994. Although little is known outside his work, home and church, he had a major impact on the development of 3-D, holograms and lasers. Ralph was another “Ypsi” boy who accomplished a great deal during his lifetime and never forgot his roots. ■

*(George Ridenour is an historian and researcher, a regular contributor to the Gleanings, and a volunteer in the YHS Archives.)*

## Winter on the Banks of Sneak-a-Leak Creek

*continued from page 18*

I remember delivering the *Ypsilanti Press* in the snow. This meant walking about one and a half miles along the route and then returning home on the dark and lonely roads. Sometimes there was sleet or just the raw, cold wind burning your cheeks. But more often than not, there was the glory and satisfaction of walking along the darkened road as the moon rose, revealing quiet fields now filled with millions of shining diamonds. There was the crunch, crunch, crunch of the cold snow under your feet, the buffs of white breath from your mouth, and the anticipation of getting home and warm again.

Back then, family and home were important, School was a necessary part of learning and growing up, and church and God were a natural part of life. Kids for the most part respected one another and spent a great deal of time playing together. Television was new and computers and cell phones had not been thought of yet. We read newspapers and magazines like *Life*, *Look*, and the *Saturday Evening Post* that we actually held in our hands and would often listen to the radio as a family.

There was an innocence in those days on the banks of Sneak-a-Leak Creek and the wonderful memories of those times will be with me for all the days of my life. ■

*(George Ridenour is a volunteer in the YHS Archives and a regular contributor to the Gleanings.)*

## Answers for *Scraps of History from the Scrap Heap*

Questions can be found on page 5.

1. Harry Peet.
2. Foster Fletcher.
3. Coupons and tokens.
4. “Inebriated slut seeker.”
5. The berm on the entrance to east bound I-94 from U.S. 12 on the west side of Ypsilanti.
6. That was the home of the Lincoln Auto Dealer.
7. He always delayed in paying his property taxes.
8. Family Department Store. When Detroit Edison demanded a co-signer a local Christian businessman stepped forward and co-signed even though they had never met.
9. Mack & Mack & Moore Furniture stores also were Funeral Homes.
10. The Huron River.
11. Jenks Jewelry, Dixie Shops, Lamb’s Grocery, Smith Furniture, Avon Restaurant, Landy Furniture, Ford Dealer, and Ypsilanti Press.
12. Harris Francis Fletcher, 2nd son of Azro Fletcher.
13. Timothy J. McBride of Wayne, Michigan, who was the personal aide to Vice President Bush.
14. William J. Graessley.
15. Democratic Secretary of State Richard Austin ruled it was obscene.
16. He was a popular local motorcycle cop who lectured grade schoolers on safe pedestrian practices.
17. The bells for the U. of M. Carillons.
18. The new Highway Commissioner from Ypsilanti explained to the sign makers the importance of Ypsilanti as a destination.
19. 20 South Huron. The ice was from the river and stored in sawdust during the summer.
20. He always dressed as a clown in the parades. ■

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## Among the Rocky Mountains in Colorado

*continued from page 17*

of stupendous cliffs in fantastic and curious forms, rollicking falls, glistening lakes and rolling plains.

One day a merry party of us walked through the pass to the end of William's Canyon with its mighty rocks and rushing water. We ate our lunch by the side of a dear little stream in a grove of sweet scented pines; and spent the afternoon rambling among the trees, picking flowers and wild strawberries. On our way home, from the top of one of the mountains, we had a most beautiful view of the Rocky Mountains, and let me say now, never were mountains more appropriately named. Above all, loomed old Pike with its bald head and patches of snow. In the distance, were the towering pinnacles and grotesque formations of rocks in the Garden of the Gods.

Of course we could not leave Colorado until we had been to the summit of the world renowned Pike's Peak. There is nothing I enjoy more than mountain climbing and money being an object with us, we were courageous enough to attempt this climb of 9 miles up 7,518 feet to an altitude of 14,147 feet. We started in the afternoon and rested until dark at the Half Way House; then we climbed on, on, and on all night. It was monotonous, but we were a jolly party and full of adventure. It was quite romantic to eat our lunch in the dead of night by the side of a camp fire on the lonely mountain, with the lightening and thunder below us, the lights of cities beneath, the lights of heaven above. We grew very tired and the hard climb seemed endless. I thought of poor Christian's hard journey to the Celestial City (Editor's Note: A reference to the main character in Pilgrim's Progress). We reached the top at 2:00 p.m. and rested until the glorious sunset. We descended the burro trail, going through Crystal Park. We were like witches in appearance when we reached home, and the remark greeted us on all sides as we walked through the streets "They have been to the Peak." We answered "Pike's Peak or bust".

Above the timber line on Pike's Peak, the fields are studded with dainty Alpine flowers



*Top Left: Florence Lizzie Swaine getting a pail of water from the outdoor pump.*

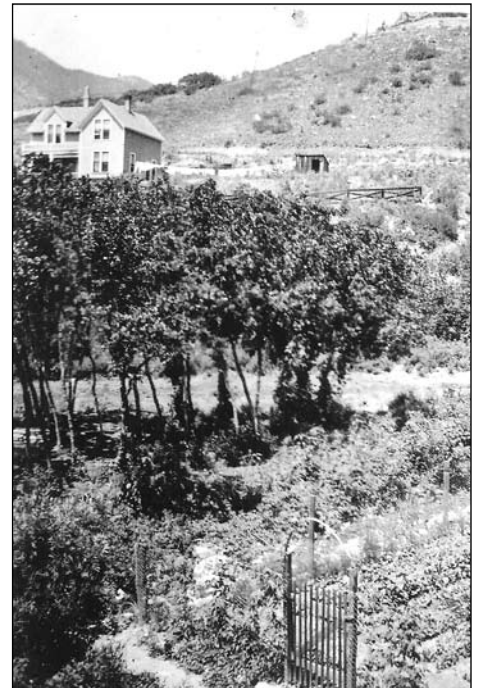
*Top Right: One of the views in the Colorado Mountains seen by Florence Swaine and her group.*

*Right: Florence Swaine and her group in the Colorado Mountains in their "hiking clothes."*

among them the forget-me-not, which has a sweet perfume and is larger and of a deeper blue than it's sister of the lower altitude. The flowers of Colorado are so deep and rich in color. There are fields of a brilliant blue flower like the deep blue of heaven to whose nearness it seems to cling as it soon dies in a lower altitude. Then there are the lovely columbines, the state flower, in yellow, white and blue.

No visit to Colorado is complete without a ride on one of those obstinate little burros, who will do exactly as they please. Space will not permit my speaking of all the delightful times we had, but to enjoy this sublime scenery one must see it oneself, and now let me say:

*Sweet Canyon, All Hail! And Adieu!  
My heart leaps with rejoicing to you.  
Oh, cliffs towering up to the sky,  
So rugged, and mighty and high,  
Oh, dear little brook dancing on  
O'er your wind-about pathway of stone,*



*Some day in the winter so blue  
How my heart will leap yearning to you,  
When I stumble along 'neath the chill frown of fate  
Which follows me early and follows me late,  
And knock all in vain at the Muse's locked gate,  
Sweet Canyon, All Hail! And Adieu! ■*

*(This article was submitted by Janice Anschuetz who currently lives in the Swaine House located at 101 East Forest Street. Janice is very interested in the history of the neighborhood and is becoming a regular contributor to the Gleanings.)*

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## Early Settlers of Augusta and Superior Townships

*continued from page 4*

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and ninety-two acres, and ninety-one hundredths of an acre”).

Muir daughters Margaret and Jane arrived a few years later with their children and respective husbands, Robert Gardner and James Pearson. Robert and Anna (Muir) Campbell and family were the last to arrive from Scotland in October 1842. Their later arrival was probably due to the nineteen year lease on the family Ayrshire farm having nearly expired. The name of the family farm in Ayrshire, Scotland was Lauriston Parish, and was on the Hollybush Estate. A son, Gabriel, had drowned in Scotland in 1826. Daughter Jean's whereabouts are unknown, but she probably stayed in Scotland.

Andrew and Mary (Donaldson) Muir, their children, and George S. McDougall, were born and raised in Scotland where they attended the same kirk (church) that Robert Burns (1759-1796), the poet, had attended in his lifetime. George McDougall and Mary Muir knew each other from childhood. George was born November 7, 1799, in Moncton Hill, Ayrshire, and Mary was born April 1, 1802, in Glencaird, Dalrymple, Ayrshire. The following was related by Mary B. (McDougall) Logan. *“In Scotland the Muirs were wealthy but Andrew's partner was clever and captured the booty and left them poor so they came to America to begin anew. Mary and her sisters had beautiful linen nightgowns and petticoats and lots of them all trimmed with choice hand embroidery. The bush [of Ypsilanti] offered no place to wear these so they were eventually made into clothing for the babies, nicer than anything that could be obtained otherwise in the new land.”*

The following is from a letter dated April 18, 1936, written to Walter McDougall by Delphine (Fowler) McDougall (wife of John A. and mother of Walter): *“Yes, Father McDougall's name was George, but I never heard much about his family. He was bound out to a farmer when he was a boy, and came here with the Muirs. Mother McDougall's father said he did not want his girls to marry in Scotland for they would never be anything but servants, so Mother and Father McDougall did not get married until they got to New York, then they*

*both got a job and stayed there a year. The rest of the family came on to Michigan. I don't know how old he was but she was 19. Her father sold everything he had and brought his whole family. George McDougall had four brothers and one sister, Mary McDougall, in Ayrshire, the same place that Robert Burns lived. We heard later that his brothers came here, but don't know where. There is a large settlement of McDougalls south of Hillsdale.”* **Note:** We now know that Andrew Muir did not bring his whole family with him and Mary Muir was 26, not 19. Father and Mother McDougall refer to George S. and Mary (Muir) McDougall and Mother McDougall's father was Andrew Muir.

### The parentage of Andrew and Mary (Donaldson) Muir:

What we know about the parents of Andrew Muir is from his baptism records and those of his siblings, Gabriel and Ann, known children of Andrew and Jean Osburn Muir of Ayrshire. The baptismal dates for these children indicate they are considered “lawful.” In the case of Ann's baptism record, Jean is mentioned as Andrew's spouse, this is the only time her name is actually mentioned. These records were transcribed by Heather (McDougall) Carlson from the Scottish Parish Records. The assumption is that Jean's maiden name is Osburn.

Mary (Donaldson) Muir's parentage is not clear but Heather has done much research on this, also in the Scottish Parish records. It appears likely that Mary's father was James Donaldson and James' father was John. We assume that Mary's mother's name was Margaret because of the naming patterns of her children. She did stray from the male naming patterns with second and last son, Gabriel, but one assumes it was because of the early death of her brother, Gabriel.

The following letter is one of many that still remains in the Muir family and was first published by Mary A. Campbell in the *Family History Capers* article. It was dated October 23, 1830, written by Andrew to his brother, Gabriel, a farmer who still lived in Gorton Parish, Ayrshire, Scotland. The following letter was received January 30, 1831.

*“Thanks to the giver of all good we are all in good health. I wrote you last year a long letter and have learned since by a letter from Aunty Ann to Sarah [McLouth] that none of the letters I sent from Scotland ever were received. This is a fine pleasant*

*country though great varieties of soil and of climate prevails. I looked a good deal over the state of New York for a situation. Old settled places are much exhausted by mismanagement and everywhere at a high price to be in this country. They would ask from 15 to 100 dollars per acre for land.*

*We stopped about 4 months at a place called Clyde on the canal about 146 miles east of Buffalo. I having a strong desire to see the country farther west I started off for Detroit in the territory of Michigan. From there steered my course southward 35 miles here I found a pleasant healthy country, good rich land water pure and abundant. After looking about the country a little I purchased (70 acres of) land of what would in any country be called first-rate land. About 70 acres nearly cleared and the remainder fine timber of hard wood no fir. The price was six dollars per acre I paid the money down and got a handsome allowance for ready money. The situation is very inviting having abundance of pure spring water. One spring brook runs past where we have fixed our house sufficient to drive a threshing machine. Land in its natural state can be had of government at 1 ¼ dollars per acre. I read the newspapers and am sorry to observe the disastrous state of the old country. Two men from Edinburgh are with me when I write this. They are going to purchase land. They say matters are always getting worse in the old country.*

*I will naturally be asked what is the best way to come among the Yankees. It is answered here temperately . . . are firmness and truth the course everyone ought to pursue whether in an old or new country. The potatoes I got from you had a blessing in them. There were a few of them left after we arrived at America. We planted them and have some of them yet.*

*Blacksmiths charge very high for their work. A single potato hoe costs a dollar and other things in proportion. A tailor charges dollars for making a suit of clothes. The cotton and woollen goods are much inferior in this country to what they are in the old country. We have wheat of excellent quality and as to vegetables we have all kinds that are grown in any country in a similar latitude. It is certainly advisable to such as mean to follow agriculture to come here. There is no method I know of for vesting money equaled to purchasing land in this district. Please give our best respects to all our friends, particularly to Margaret and Anne's families. My impression is if they can come here have ordinary health and ordinary luck they will soon be independent. In the old country a man with a*

large family is kept down not so here. A large family is their riches. They soon come to do something and as they grow up the parent is enabled to give each of them 80 acres of land that is equal to a hundred dollars in money. How any children they have there is land enough for at least a thousand years to come. When any of our relations come here please be so good as write us direct to Andrew Muir of Shieldhall by Ypsilanti, County of Washtenaw territory of Michigan, North America.

*I shall conclude with the words of the Hebrew poet happy is he who has the God of Jacob for help whose hope is in the Lord his God. I am D Sir yours most truly.* Andrew Muir

Two more letters, with only these remaining excerpts shown below, are retained by the Ypsilanti Historical Society. The first dated January 29, 1832, by son, Andrew Muir, Jr., written to relatives in Scotland.

*"The land in our immediate neighborhood is mostly bought, some of it very good and some not ... it is about six years since Ypsilanti was founded, there is 600 inhabitants in it, and it is growing fast; there is a grist mill, a turning mill, two carding mills and a filling mill at Ypsi, which is 4 1/2 miles from my fathers farm. There is a saw mill a mile above the town, a saw mill 1/4 mile below it... there is limestone on the Huron 4 miles above the town, the snow lies in general 3 & 4 months, the river runs toward the lakes. We are said to be about 40 miles east of the ridge where the water turns west, & about 34 west of Lake Erie.*

*There are six stores, two groceries and 5 Taverns in Ypsilanti & almost everything you can name (except honesty and trust) is to be had for money or produce ... most articles are 10 to 25 per cent cheaper than when we came here ... "I am nearly broke down. The bears have taken 6 of my hogs last summer... I have been employed nearly two years past for on a farm belonging to Mr. Wilson. This farm is 500 acres. This farm lies on both sides of the River Huron, 2 miles below Ypsilanti. I had 50 [cents] per day summer & winter, & harvest time, haying, 62 1/2 cents... I like this country middling well, I don't much admire some of the people, ... there is too much cheating and lying..."*

Another quote from the above letter quoted in a newspaper article from 1962 states Andrew, Jr. urged his brother-in-law (Robert Campbell) to come to America where he could easily get land. But he cautioned him not to tell the "poor and idle" about the new country because "a

man without money and who will not work, is just as fit to farm the land in America as an old black coach horse would be fit to clerk in the Bank of Scotland."

The second letter noted above is from the father, Andrew Muir, again to his brother, Gabriel, in Scotland, and is dated January 12, 1832.

*"... This is the third year I have paid taxes. First year I paid 1 1/4 dollars; second year 13 shillings currency, for the last year I paid \$1.29 thus it becomes less as settlers come in. This is called the county tax. 6000 settlers came to this county last year...so you are going to have a reform in your election of members of Parliament. The generation which commenced a change in any government very rarely completes it...we are not disturbed by the Indians...greater part of them 100 to 300 miles west...a few straggling Indians came about last year but when they found the country thickly settled they soon cleared out. By a late treaty of Government, they now get the interest of their money when the government takes up their lands. This keeps them in check...when they do not behave this money is withheld. The president has given them to understand that they must give up the practice of going annually to Canada to receive presents from the British government..."*

Each letter urged the family to leave Scotland, where it was rare to own land, and move to Washtenaw County where land was there for the settling. The letters even gave specific instructions on how to pack. One letter stated, "Put your baggage in moderate size boxes or barrels like what two men can lift. If too small you are apt to get them stolen. Our press (chest) was rather too large and very unhandy when traveling. But not so now, it is of great use to us."

A letter written in March 1835 by Sarah (Muir) McLouth to relatives in Scotland, explained that "Our father is very frail but mother is in good health and able to do her own work and is brisk and cheerful." Andrew Muir, Sr. died on April 13, 1837, and was buried on his Augusta Township farm, which he called Shieldhall. His wife, Mary, is buried next to him. Their son, Andrew and his wife, Huldah Jones, are also buried near them. The area has since been developed with homes and condos. The headstones were moved and are now in the storage shed at nearby Stony Creek Cemetery. One headstone reads: "Andrew Muir April 13, 1837 in 68th year," and the two footstones, read A.M. (Andrew Muir) and M.D.M. (Mary

Donaldson Muir). A Dalymple Cemetery Transcription website containing records from Ayrshire, Scotland, has this entry: #196 - "In Memory of Andrew Muir 13.4.1837 age 67, wife Mary Donaldson 27.4.1864 age 94, interred Augusta Michigan U.S.A., son Gabriel 26.6.1826 interred here." Their son Gabriel's stone and his remains also lie in that cemetery. At the bottom of the stone, it says, "...erected by Robert Campbell and Annie Muir his wife, 1882." Heather Carlson surmises that they must have put up the stone as a memorial to Annie's parents, and young brother long after his death. Mary A. Campbell wrote, "Mary (Donaldson) Muir was blind for many of the last years of her life before her death in 1864. Her daughter, Margaret Gardner, cared for her much of the time." ■

*(Janet (McDougall) Buchanan edited, compiled and submitted this article. She is a great-great-granddaughter of George S. and Mary (Muir) McDougall, and great-granddaughter of John A. McDougall. Heather (McDougall) Carlson, also a great-great-granddaughter of George S. and Mary (Muir) McDougall, and great-granddaughter of George McDougall (brother of Chet and John A.), has researched the McDougall and Muir families in Scotland for many years. She contributed greatly to this article.)*

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## An Odoriferous Education *continued from page 3*

always smelled like a mixture of orange juice and tomato juice. Who do you know who has TWO glasses of juice for breakfast? Today, “throw-up” is a term used by graffiti artists. Vomits are just called vomits now.

When contractors repaired the school’s roof, we collected their droppings and chewed on tasty chunks of warm, black tar. The flavor was a lot like Beeman’s Pepsin chewing gum and the blackness made our teeth look whiter.

Gym lockers gave us the worst and probably most memorable smells. In the days when only women used deodorants, we brought our own towels to school. Some days there were only two or three “acceptable” towels available from donors in gym class, and that was enough to convince most athletes to take theirs home for washing. Long after our gym clothes were washed, the mildew smell remained since not everyone had the same tolerance level for the stench of moldy towels, shorts, shirts and jock straps. It seems the acrid odor had seeped into the steel of the lockers, never to dissipate.

Orange peelings left over from lunch could be placed in the bottom of a gym locker to mask the smell of athletic appurtenances, but they had to be removed after two weeks - or the fruit flies made their presence known to the coach. We were surprised to see that orange turned to dark green in two weeks and most of the smell was gone by the time that green color appeared.

Milk cartons didn’t seem to have much smell about them at first, but if kept in the back of your desk with a few inches of liquid in them for a week or so, they soon joined the other mysteries of that dark space as beacons to direct you to your overdue homework.

Dixie cups were a much anticipated school treat and, when the ice cream was gone, it was still satisfying to keep sucking on the tiny lozenge-shaped wooden spoon that had been stuck to the top of the original product. If you were able to save the spoon until the bus ride home in the afternoon, it was a clear signal

to everyone else that your class had a treat... and perhaps they didn’t. Not much flavor was left three hours after the ice cream was gone, but the wet wood had a naturalistic and subtle flavor that lasted long into the day.

Some of the most exotic smells came from our four-hundred-year-old virgin Latin teacher, Miss Virginia Dowdy. On warm days she emitted a tangy sour-milk smell. That was the signal to take up a collection for her annual Christmas present: a blue glass vial of Evening-in-Paris perfume. The larger bottle would last until near the end of second semester as Miss D slathered the not-too-subtle hints of a continental lifestyle across her entire torso.

The high school social studies teacher smelled equally wonderful. Mr. Schaeffer wore the most intriguing tan leather sport coat—often with a Real Bow Tie (not the clip-on kind). Leaning over his desk with a question, a student could get close enough to smell the leather and maybe even briefly touch the softness of the former bovine. Such brave and intimate inspection also reinforced the suspicion of other smells coming from this dapper professor: tiny bits of Sen Sen tried (unsuccessfully) to hide the fact that he smoked in the boiler room between classes, and Listerine antiseptic sometimes dribbled from the corners of his mouth. Schaeffer kept a big bottle of the volatile mouthwash in his largest desk drawer and, as there was no sink in which to spit it out, he swallowed it. He was always in his best mood for the class that met the first hour after lunch. One big bottle usually lasted a week.

Similarly, the Home Economics staffer sipped on the giant-size bottle of vanilla extract. She was one smart cookie and always jolly and friendly.

School students of an earlier age could literally “follow their noses” to a more sensory education. Maybe we could apply for a grant to open a new charter school to reinvigorate the “stinky education” we experienced before standardized testing took the senses out of learning.

**Addendum by Robert Fox:** “Oh yeah, and I remember the smell of the asphalt playground. Seemed like there was always some kid four years older than me who thought I needed another taste. The Catholic school paved the playground so it



*Gym lockers gave us the worst and probably most memorable smells.*

*could be used as a parking lot on Sunday - and there was less mud tracked around. And then there was blood - so much blood. You see, I didn't like fighting, but I was big for my age and someone was always thinking I'd be a good foil for testing manhood. I had a rock jaw, but a glass nose - just a touch and my nose would gush. It became a deterrent. Those bullies with white shirts and ties - as soon as my nose bleed started, I'd grab the assailant and hug them - making certain as much of their white shirt turned scarlet red as possible. They looked gut-shot and I'd spend the remainder of the day with a head full of blood clots draining down my throat. Then there was the taste of dirty, salty snowballs. They stung twice, like a razor burn when they hit you in the face, and later when we got the paddle for throwing them.”*

Scratched onto the upper-left-hand side of the chalkboard, outlined and labeled “Save” would be the daily vocabulary list with the notice “They’re going to be on the final exam.” So, if you are up to it here is your list!

### **Today’s vocabulary list:**

*Aroma, Bouquet, Fetor, Fragrance, Funk, Odor, Odorus, Odoriferous or Odiferous, Redolence, Reek, Scent, Stink, Whiff.* “They’re going to be on the final exam.” ■

*(Tom Dodd is a retired teacher, historian and author and is a regular contributor to the Gleanings. He is also the author and editor of the Depot Town Rag.)*



# Museum Advisory Board Report

By Kathryn Howard, Chair -  
Museum Advisory Board



The Museum had a very busy and exciting fall with many activities.

We started with the Quilt Exhibit in September and October. Our 44 exhibitors brought 87 beautiful quilts, hangings and table pieces.

It took two floors to show all of them. We thank all of the exhibitors for their talents to make a beautiful showing which was admired by more than 200 visitors. Many of the visitors to the Museum on scheduled tours also had an opportunity to view the Quilt Exhibit. Our thanks to Rita, Kathleen and all the helpers.

The Hattie Deubel oil portrait, age 14 as a young lady who lived either on North Huron or North Washington Street is ready to be displayed for the Holidays. It has been newly framed. Hattie was only 14 years when she passed away in the late 1800's and the picture was finished after her death.

We have a wonderful exhibit for the Holidays. Mr. Richard Robine, owner of the Olde Coin and Gold Shop in Depot Town, has loaned us his collection of beautiful paperweights.

We have a number of new volunteers in the Museum. A new member of the Advisory Board is Daneen Zuriech. She will be helping with special decorations, exhibit placements, etc. New docents are Jim Curran, Shirley Graessley, and Lindsey Wooten. We welcome all of these new volunteers.

Our book sales are now being handled by the YHS Archives. We still have many items on sale in the Museum Gift Shop including our 2011 Calendar. The Gift

Shop will be closing on December 31, 2010, so please hurry on over.

Tours have kept Nancy Wheeler and a number of our docents busy. More than ten tours have been scheduled during the Holiday Season. If you have a group that would like to tour the Museum and Archives please call the Museum.

Our manikins have all been dressed by Fofie Pappas, Doreen Binder, Nancy Wheeler and Irene Hamilton and are ready for winter and the Holiday Season. Karen Nickels has refinished a chest of drawers, which is now part of the Lewis House Collection. It will provide much needed storage for the costume room. What a beautiful piece. Thank you, Karen.

With our Holiday Open House here soon, decorating is going on. We have a very special musical group for our Open House on December 5<sup>th</sup>. The Huron Valley Harmonizers will be with us. Eight members in all have been thoughtful in providing their talent and time. Thank you.

Our Holiday Reception is scheduled for December 29, from 6:00 to 10:00 p.m. This is a great time to stop and visit with friends and neighbors after Christmas. Anne Stevenson is in charge of the Reception and has planned for some great musical entertainment and refreshments. Do come!

**Please make sure you notice the repairs that were done to the front steps and the threshold under the front door! They look great!**

The Museum Advisory Board wishes all of you a wonderful, safe Holiday Season. Please be sure to visit us. ■

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# 2010 STORM WINDOW PROJECT

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#### *In Memory of:*

Florence S. Leach by Donald & Mary  
 Anne (Leach) Massey  
 Donald & Leah Sprague by  
 Willard & Wendy Sprague

# News from the Fletcher-White Archives

By Gerry Pety

It is hard to believe that it is *'that time of year'* already. Seems like it was just yesterday that we were enjoying 70 degree weather, and next month it will already be Christmas. Where has the time gone?

Several of our Archive Assistants have written their articles for the Winter Issue of the Gleanings and they have out-done themselves again. In addition to their writing abilities, each of them has their own special skills in updating Archive collections, assisting with visitors, and completing research tasks. James Mann, our historian, is here on Sundays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays. He is a master of local history, publishes a blog, and does considerable historical research for people who visit the Archives or write to us with questions. His new book called "Wicked Washtenaw" is a must read and can be purchased in the Archives.

On Thursdays Marcia McCrary is here to help our patrons find their genealogical roots and assist with "family tree" development. Finding your family can be a daunting ordeal with the passage of time. Marcia has the knowledge and skills and we have a subscription to ancestry.com to help with searches. On Fridays our historian, author and research specialist, Laura Bien is here to assist you. You probably have read many of her stories that appear in local papers on a

weekly basis and her blog associated with the YHS web site. She is very talented at finding all the unusual stories that are the basis for her many published articles.

Saturday finds George Ridenour and Lyle McDermott running the Archives and they both do research on all aspects of the history of the Ypsilanti area. George also spins a tale or two in every issue of the Gleanings. Where George comes up with the stuff in his articles is a mystery to all of us. Just keep-em coming George! Amanda Ross, our researcher/assistant on Saturdays will be leaving us next year to get married and plans to get back to the books as a student at EMU. We all wish her well and hope she visits us from time to time and will bring her beau, Josh, with her. We also have Derek Spinei, our IT specialist and Assistant Director of the Archives, who keeps our equipment operating and our records in order. Jeff Davis, another volunteer, is the only one who knows where everything is located (because he keeps moving things around). We are all here waiting to help you find that missing piece of history!

Again, I am asking our membership and friends who read the Gleanings to see if they have any items, pictures or historical stories about the people, places and businesses here in the Ypsilanti-Willow Run area. We would love to have them or make copies of them for our collections. I do wish to thank Earnest Griffin for bringing in many pictures that we have added to our many collections. Thanks Earnie! It is these many little additions that help to improve and expand our many Fletcher White Archive collections. ■

*(Gerry Pety is the Director of the Fletcher-White Archives and a regular contributor to the Gleanings.)*

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## And We Still Live!

By James Mann

The world did not end on Monday, September 6, 1875. "The city is yet intact. The sun, the moon, and the stars still continue in their courses. The heavens have not fallen. No earthquake, no great physical or moral revolution. Our churches and schools are still in running order, and yet *THREE WOMEN ACTUALLY VOTED MONDAY!*" reported *The Ypsilanti Commercial* of Saturday, September 11, 1875.

That was the day the school board election was held, and Charles Woodruff and E. F. Uhl, an attorney, were taking the ballots. Arriving at the poll were Dr. Helen McAndrew and Mrs. C. D. Bassett. Woodruff refused to accept the ballots from the women, as, he said, it was illegal and 'unconstitutional' for women to vote.

"Mr. Uhl asserted his belief that women were entitled to vote, and secured for himself their gratitude, and the gratitude of every womanly woman in the city, by going to his office and looking up the law," noted *The Ypsilanti Commercial*.

By the time he had completed this task, the women had left the poll. Mr. Uhl went to the trouble of finding the women who were at the home of Charles Pattison, editor of *The Ypsilanti Commercial*, near the corner of North Huron and Cross Street. There, Mr. Uhl informed the women that he had ascertained they were entitled to vote. He offered to accompany the women to the polls. Soon after this Ellen Fry Pattison, the wife of editor Pattison, went to the polls and cast her vote.

"Even Mr. Woodruff confessed to these ladies that woman suffrage was coming. If coming, why oppose the inevitable? It is coming, because it is demanded on the part of the most enlightened of our women, based in gospel common sense, wisdom and justice. It is coming, because the large majority of the women of this country cannot much longer remain under a free and democratic form of government, submissive non-entities, unappreciative of a Christian and grander citizenship. It is coming, because the opposition is the most absurd, the meanest and the most ungodly ever brought to bear against a political reform and righteous cause in a free government," observed editor Pattison.

On the day of Monday, September 6, 1875, the world did not end, but the world had



*Dr. Helen McAndrew, born in Scotland, moved to Ypsilanti in 1850 and became the first female doctor in Washtenaw County. She, along with other prominent women in Ypsilanti, pursued the right of women to vote.*

changed. Yet, as Editor Pattison noted: "***And still we live.***" ■

*(James Mann is a volunteer in the YHS Archives, a local historian and author, and a regular contributor to the Gleanings.)*