

# Ypsilanti GLEANINGS

Official publication of the Ypsilanti Historical Society, featuring articles and reminiscences of the people and places in the Ypsilanti area



WINTER 2014

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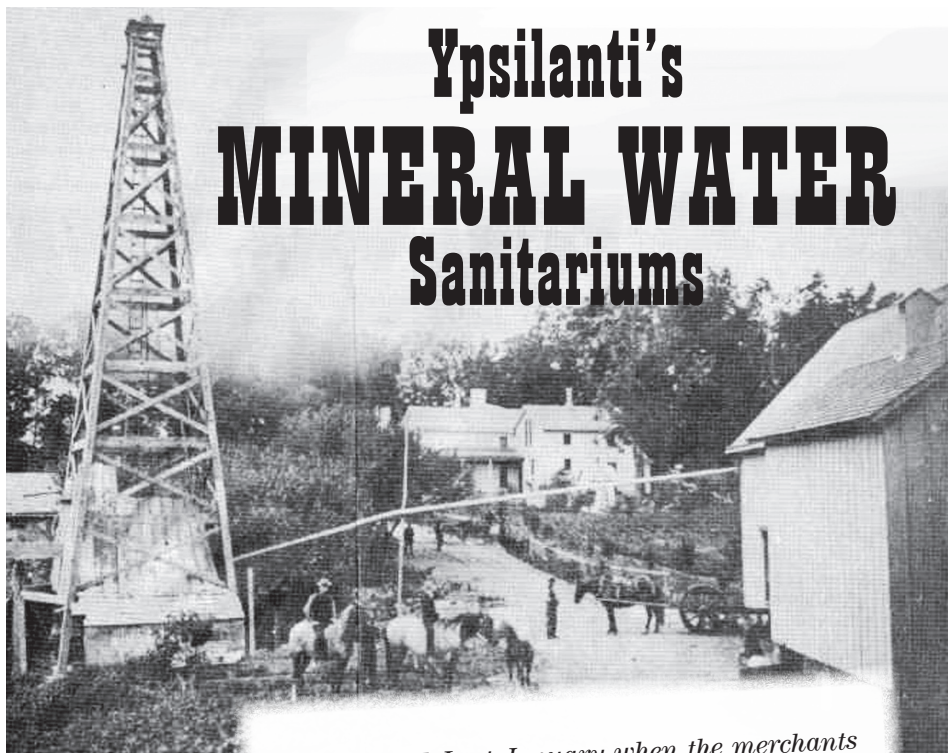
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For information about upcoming Society events, visit us online

[www.ypsilantihistoricalsociety.org](http://www.ypsilantihistoricalsociety.org)

## Ypsilanti's MINERAL WATER Sanitariums



The Owen Mineral Well, named "Atlantis" was located on the back of the Eber Owen homestead off Forest Avenue.

The Ypsilanti Commercial of Saturday, October 6, 1883, contained the following:

*"OUR CITY: Last January when the merchants of Ypsilanti came to figure up the result of their year's business they found that the trade of the City had never before been equaled the sales of the year just past. As this fact was whispered from ear to ear the talk of the town, which for years had been pessimistic, began slowly to change. In the spring the Ypsilanti Paper Company, which, thanks to Mr. Clark Cornwall, has always been an enterprising concern, began to bore for mineral water near their lower mills. After a time the labor was crowned with success and water of unusual strength (and smell) was struck. The water found is strong enough to eat up a tin dipper in a couple of hours' time, and in color has the appearance of milky water. Immediately all the lame and halt of the town began to bathe in this veritable Poll of Siloam, and when the cures were noised abroad there came a struggle to see who should be first to use the limited accommodations of the town. Then strangers began to flock to the City and such was the potency of the water and so great the number of Strangers who came to be cured of their infirmities that an enterprising citizen, Mr. George Moorman, gettingsome aid, began*

*(Note: This article appeared in a 1973 issue of the Gleanings.)*

continued on page 3

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## Ypsilanti Historical Society

220 North Huron Street  
Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197

Museum: 734.482.4990

Archives: 734.217.8236

[www.ypsilantihistoricalsociety.org](http://www.ypsilantihistoricalsociety.org)

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**Ypsilanti GLEANINGS** is published 4  
times a year by the **Ypsilanti Historical  
Society**, 220 N. Huron Street, Ypsilanti,  
MI 48197

From the

## PRESIDENT'S DESK

BY ALVIN E. RUDISILL

The front sidewalk has been repaired and our first order of named bricks have been installed along each side leading up to the front door of the Museum. We have two additional orders for named bricks being processed and intend to install them next spring. We still have space for approximately 20 bricks so if you would like to be included in our final order call 734-482-4990 between 2 and 5 pm Monday through Friday to place your order with Ashley Turner, our Graduate Intern. A photo of the repaired front sidewalk is included in the brick ad in on page 31 of the *Gleanings*.

The YHS Board of Trustees has appointed three new members to the Endowment Fund Advisory Board. They are Melanie Parker, Michael Newbury and Mike Kabat. The Board will be meeting within the next month to review the investment policies for our endowment funds.

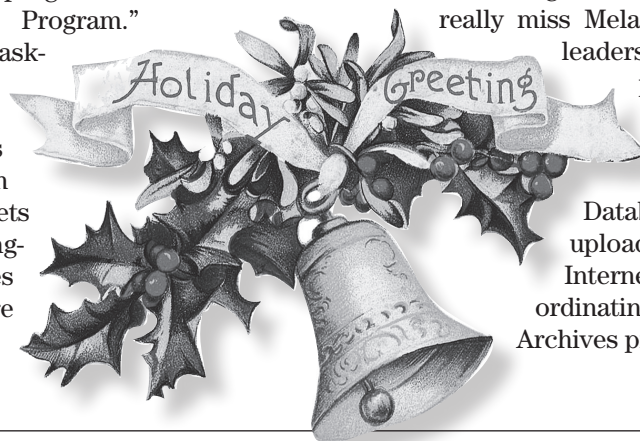
The YHS Board also approved a new fundraising program called "The Closet Art Program."

We will be asking YHS members and friends to check in their closets to find hanging art pieces that they are no longer

using and to consider donating these items to the Society. Donors will receive a donation letter verifying the donation of the item(s) to a 501(c)(3) organization. We will then place the items for sale in one or more Ypsilanti business establishments. For instance, Beezy's Café on North Washington Street has agreed to allow the Society to hang the art pieces on four walls within the Café. Laura Bien is coordinating the program for the Society.

Our Christmas Open House will be held from 2:00 pm to 5:00 pm on Sunday, December 7. Refreshments will be served and musical entertainment provided. The 20 foot Christmas tree has been set up and the Dow House decorated with holiday trimmings. Please come and help us celebrate the Christmas season.

Melanie Parker, our graduate intern in the YHS Archives, will be graduating in December so we will be interviewing candidates to fill that position starting in January. We will really miss Melanie and the leadership she has provided in updating our Master Database and uploading it to the Internet, and in coordinating our Photo Archives project.



Ypsilanti  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
220 North Huron Street  
Ypsilanti, MI 48197

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The Ypsilanti Historical Museum is a museum of local history which is presented as an 1860 home. The Museum and Fletcher-White Archives are organized and operated by the Ypsilanti Historical Society. We are all volunteers and our membership is open to everyone, including non-city residents.

Archives | Collections | Donations | Event Schedule | Membership | Publications | Volunteer



the erection of a \$30,000 bath house, which is now fast approaching completion. In a short time ample accommodations will be provided for all who care to take the baths."

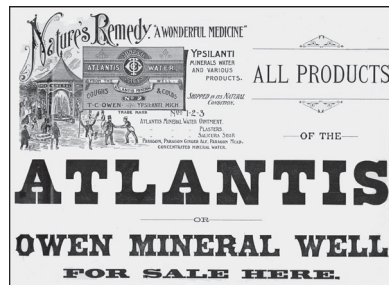
Between the years of 1880 and 1917 there were two successful Mineral Water Sanitariums in our city, each supplied with mineral water from local wells. In an article in *The Ypsilanti Commercial* of December 15, 1883, entitled: "Ypsilanti, a Review of the City and Its Industries," we read:

"...The Ypsilanti Paper Company completed a well on their premises for the purpose of obtaining a supply of pure water for use in the manufacture of paper. The well reached a depth of nearly 800 feet, when it struck a vein of water that had a peculiar taste and was acknowledged to possess some medical properties. The real value of the water was not known until several very remarkable cures of cancer, rheumatism and other kindred diseases could be traced to the effects of the water. The reputation of this mineral water spread very rapidly, and hundreds of our citizens can testify as to its beneficial effects. It became the one theme of conversation on our street, and the demand for treatment from this water became more and more apparent every day. Our citizens became interested in the matter, and, seeing it would be a great addition to the city, offered a donation of \$5,000 to anyone who would start a suitable establishment where persons suffering from disease could receive treatment from this water. After due consideration the proposition was accepted by George Moorman and Clark Cornwell.

These gentlemen began the erection of a building on the eighth of last May. They have pushed its construction as fast as weather would permit. It will be ready for occupancy about the first of January, and when finished, be the finest building in the city..."

In the archives of the City Museum we have the original invitation to the opening of the Ypsilanti Mineral Bath House, Huron North of Congress (Michigan). There were speeches given, music provided by the Ypsilanti Quartet Club and refreshments were served by the Ladies' Library Association. On January 12, 1884, The Ypsilanti Commercial copied a report of the opening ceremonies. The speeches were praised, the Ladies' of the Library Association were congratulated on the refreshments and it was proudly noted that a reporter from *The Chicago Times* covered the event for his paper.

Six months later Tubal Cain Owen announced that he, too, had a mineral well and claimed that his "waters" had even more curative powers than



Tubal Cain Owen was a great promoter and marketed his products to a wide audience.



Owen called his charged mineral water "Paragon" and advertised that his "Paragon Ginger Ale" was "excellent tonic for the stomach."

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that of the Cornwell-Moorman well. The fact that frequent articles concerning the mineral wells appeared in *The Ypsilanti Commercial* seems to point up the fact that the townspeople, particularly the business men and landlords were keenly interested in the success of the Sanitariums. For instance, on July 26, 1884, there appears yet another article, entitled, "The Mineral Wells."

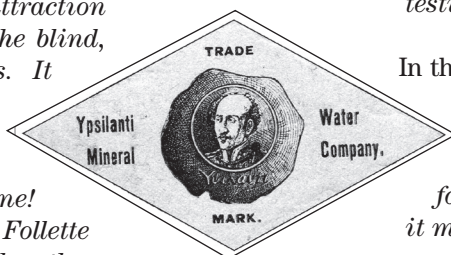
*...These wells are rendering Ypsilanti famous the world over. The healing waters flowing free from these wells seem destined to be an untold blessing to affected humanity...Ypsilanti has already come to be the center of attraction for the halt, the lame and the blind, the palsied and paralytics. It is by no means a crippled city, but a city of cripples. The cry every day, "still they come." Let them come! The Hawkins House, the Follette House, the Barton, and all the other hotels and numerous nice boarding houses are full. Ere another season a mammoth hotel may be in the process of erection.*

About this same time the paper started listing the names of those registering at the Sanitariums. Helen McAndrew had water from the Owen well piped to her "Rest for the Weary" establishment on South Huron Street. The editor of the paper proudly called especial attention to the names of "guests" of the Sanitariums who came from outside the state.

Tubal Cain Owen, the owner of the Forest Avenue Mineral Well, was not only a good business man but he was a wonderful promoter of his products. He erected a tall building over his derrick and in it established a factory for making soap ("Sapon"), salts, ointments and other products of the well besides bottling hundreds of bottles and barrels of the mineral water, which he named "Atlantis," the name being in black lettering that reached from the ground to the top of the building. His charged mineral water he called "Paragon." He had various brochures prepared for the purpose of advertising his products and from one entitled, "Natures Remedy; Natural Mineral Water From the Owen Mineral Well at Ypsilanti, Michigan and the DISEASES IT WILL CURE together with Directions for Treatment."



An advertisement for Ypsilanti Mineral Water.



Trade Mark for Ypsilanti Mineral Water Company.

It read as follows:

*"TO THE PUBLIC: The waters of the Owen Mineral Well is on the market to fulfill its errand of mercy, and we wish everyone to know just exactly what he is using, that he may use it intelligently and rationally. We have no myths nor Indian legends to relate to appeal to the public's credulity. We sank our well on scientific principles in search of HEALING WATERS. We use the most approved modern machinery; we believe that waters of untold value to suffering humanity were below us, and we wanted to bring them to the light of day and utilize them for their legitimate purposes. Our expectations were high, and we believe they have been fully realized. We base the claims for our water upon the medicinal value of its mineral salts as demonstrated by the actual experience and testimony of the highest authorities."*

In the same brochure the treatment of cancer was outlined as follows:

*"The water must be taken freely, three or four glasses a day, no matter how nauseating it may be. Sponge the entire body twice a day with moderately warmed water. Apply to the affected part thick cloths saturated with the water at its natural temperature, renewing them as often as they become at all dry. After the disease shows signs of yielding, by no means cease the treatment, but continue it faithfully until the cancer is entirely healed. Besides applying the water by means of the cloths before mentioned, the diseased part should be bathed freely and frequently with the water. We cannot impress too strongly upon the mind of the patient, the absolute necessity of drinking freely of the water..."*

<p align="center"><b>YPSILANTI MINERAL WATER and BATH CO.</b></p>	
<p><b>NATURAL MINERAL WATER</b></p>	
<p>YPSILANTI, MICH., U. S. A.</p>	
<p align="center"><b>DISEASES SUCCESSFULLY CURED</b></p>	
<p>Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism</p>	
<p>Rheumatic Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago and Neuralgia</p>	
<p>Nervous Prostration, General Debility</p>	
<p>Skin Diseases of all kinds</p>	
<p>Catarrh, Hay Fever</p>	
<p>Indigestion, Sick Headache, Constipation</p>	
<p>Genito-Urinary Diseases</p>	
<p>Diseases of the Liver and Kidneys</p>	
<p>Alcoholism, Mercurialism</p>	

Claims were made that Natural Mineral Water successfully cured a variety of diseases.



The cost of the Owen Mineral Water was as follows:

Per Barrel	\$8.00
Per Half Barrel	\$4.50
Ten Gallon Kegs	\$3.25
Pints (per doz.)	\$3.00
Quarts (per doz.)	\$5.00

In jugs, five gallons and under, the water will be sold at the uniform price of twenty cents per gallon, and ten cents per gallon for package.

In yet another Owen brochure are listed testimonials from those cured plus a list of local people who claimed cures and the ailments of which they are cured are also listed. Of course, the Ypsilanti Sanitarium (Occidental Hotel) also had its brochure. It was lavishly illustrated with pictures of the building and of its various rooms. The introduction to its brochure reads as follows:

*"THE YPSILANTI SANITARIUM was designed especially for the rational treatment of cases which require the constant attention of competent physicians and trained nurses. The natural advantages of Ypsilanti, viz.; high altitude, picturesque wooded country, and what is of most importance, The Ypsilanti Mineral Springs, make it especially adapted for a health resort.*

*The thorough equipment of its laboratories for research and study and its complete departments for the treatment of various diseases make it particularly desirable for cases that cannot practically be treated at home.*

*Experienced physicians and professional nurses*

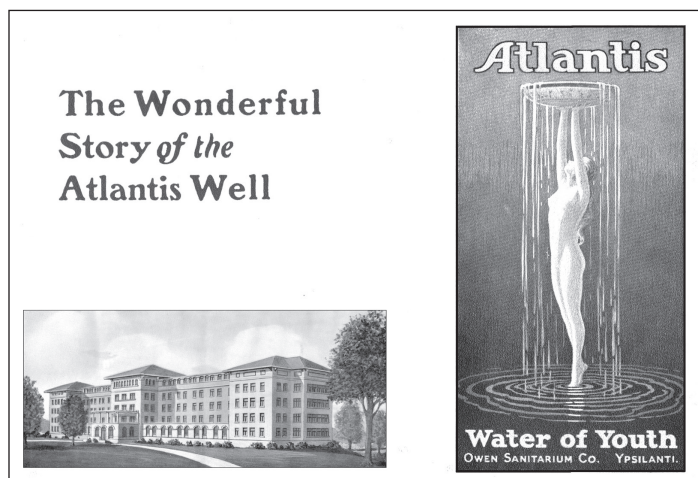
*are in constant attendance. The Sanitarium will maintain perfectly equipped departments...From all boat lines touching Detroit, it is but a short trip. It is on the main line of the Michigan Central R.R., 45 minutes' ride from Detroit and a little over 6 hours ride from Chicago. It is the eastern terminus of the Ypsilanti branch of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern R.R. and its connecting lines viz. the Detroit, Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor trolley lines. From Ann Arbor on the trolley line it is 30 minutes and from Detroit 1 hour and 30 minutes distant. On the Wabash R.R. Ypsilanti may be reached via Belleville..."*

The interesting question is, why did Ypsilanti's flourishing and comparatively well known sanitariums close? An article in the *Ypsilanti Press* for September 9<sup>th</sup>, 1945, tells us that a Mr. J. M. Chidister ran the Occidental Hotel and Spa for the Cornwell-Moorman group during its first years of existence. Patronage declined and the spa was closed for a time.

*"About 1902, however, the mineral industry was revived by Dr. C. C. Yemans, prominent Detroit physician and long time professor in the Detroit College of Medicine. He repaired the well casing, restored the baths and opened part of the old hotel. Hospital equipment was installed and rooms were renovated and furnished for patients. Old students of Dr. Yemans sent patients from all over the country and business flourished. The Hospital, long needed here was filled. However, the hotel part, separately operated was carelessly kept. Patients were admitted without Dr. Yemans's approval and netted too many dt. victims. Their yells annoyed other patients and Mrs. Yemans. That appeared to be the last straw and Dr. Yemans retired. His successor, a young man whose chief interest was in breeding fancy dogs at Mt. Clemens, spent too little time here and the whole concern soon collapsed. About the time of World War I, Tracy Towner, Bert Moorman, and others again opened the well and the baths with Dr. G. F. Clarke, Bay City, in charge. There were patients but not enough for profit and new trouble appeared when the well casing started to collapse. The cost of 220 feet of casing was considered prohibitive, and again Ypsilanti's chance of increased income and mineral water fame went glimmering..."*

On the decline of the Owen Mineral Sanitarium, operated by Dr. M. S. Hall, the same article states:

*"...To utilize the water baths, Dr. M. S. Hall put up*



The Owen Sanitarium Company tried to raise \$1,250,000 to build the Sanitarium Building shown above.

a bath house, next to 510 W. Forest Avenue, about two blocks from the well and fitted up the adjoining residence for a hotel. He had a large patronage for several years and amazing cures for many different diseases were reported. About 1890 he sold the buildings to Dr. O. E. Pratt, but he, because of advanced age, finally closed it and sold the building for residences. After Mr. Owen's death, his son Eber, continued for many years to ship quantities of the Owen water in bulk to Chicago and Boston in response to a steady demand."

In the closing paragraph of the same article the writer attempts to explain the decline and failure of the spas thusly:

"...Just why Ypsilanti's mineral water, equal in medicinal properties to other popular resorts, failed to become a permanent municipal asset seems unexplainable. Opinions of older residents brings out two possible factors. 1) Indifference of management including too frequently insufficient regard for comfort and entertainment of patients. 2) Determination on the part of several of the more wealthy and conservative residents that Ypsilanti

should remain a quiet residential community and that industry of every kind should be discouraged."

There are good and valid reasons for the failure and closing of the Sanitariums of Ypsilanti; but something happened in 1906 of nationwide importance which in all probability was the most important factor in tolling the death bell for these centers of miraculous cures. In June 1906, President Theodore Roosevelt signed the Federal Pure Food and Drug Act which became a law on January 1, 1907. Stewart H. Holbrook tells us in his book, The Golden Age of Quackery that Harvey W. Wiley, Chief Chemist of the United States Department of Agriculture had been trying since 1883 to have a law passed to regulate the labeling of foods and medicines. "Tell the truth on a label," said Wiley, and "let the consumer judge for himself." The legislation of 1906 required honest labels. One of the prime instigators for the passage of the Pure Food and Drug Law was Samuel Hopkins Adams who, early in 1906, wrote a series of articles for Collier's magazine entitled, The Great American Fraud in which he ruthlessly unearthed and named concerns and people who were advertising falsely. The reading public became awakened, and perhaps terrified, when they read Hopkin's shocking exposes. Common sense forced them

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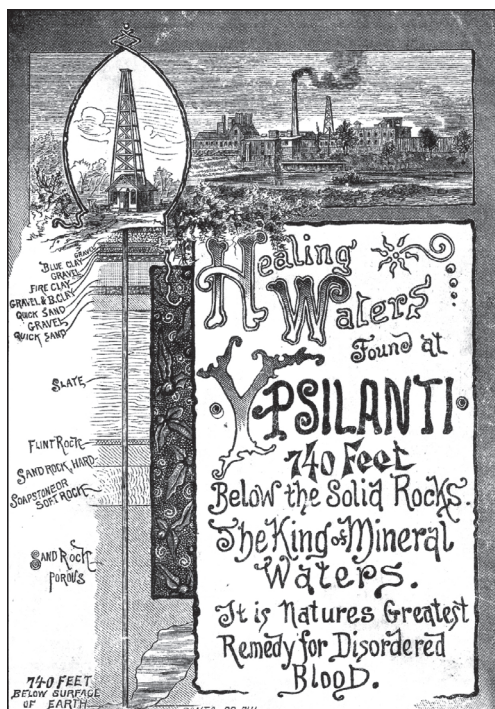
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Ad claiming that "The King of Mineral Waters... is nature's greatest remedy for disordered blood."



Ad for Owen's Salicura Soap. Also sold were Atlantis Toothpaste, Atlantis Shaving Soap and Atlantis Youth Soap that had "...potent curative properties in every kind of skin disease, burns, bites or poisons, yet so harmless that it will improve the skin of a new-born baby."

to realize that no quick cure salts or waters would replace medical drugs as a cure. In *The New York Times* for October 8<sup>th</sup>, 1966, there is a very interesting article about spas which shows that although they have gone from our section there are many still in existence in our country. But the article also points out the changes which have taken place in their make-up. The final passage reads:

"...Spas reached their hayday in the 19<sup>th</sup> century when their special function was as important as the therapeutic activity. Today the less severe European spas still offer operettas, concerts, balls, parties and casinos to divert guests in search of pleasure with therapy."

On January 19, 1884, shortly after the opening of the city

Mineral Water House, the following poem by "A Farmer" appeared in *The Commercial*:

## Ypsilanti Water

Come all ye weary, sick and sore,  
Who want to suffer pain no more,  
And take a drink of Cornwell's bore,  
Beside the Huron River.

Let Smith and Sampson keep their drugs,  
Fetch on your glasses and your mugs,  
Your barrels, bowls and your jugs,  
And get the healing water.

If you are sick, just try our cure,  
Drink Ypsilanti's water pure,  
That health and life may long endure,  
And all your friends rejoice.

Moorman's put down another bore,  
For water, gas and something more,  
They say it's better than before,  
To drive woe and pain away.

If you are sad with sickness worn,  
And have the headache every morn,  
Just come and drink a healing horn,  
Of Ypsilanti's water.

There's forty new baths agoing,  
And all the healing waters flowing,  
Better days and health bestowing,  
On many a weary one.

If you are growing weak and lean,  
Just come and try our healing stream,  
And splash till you are pure and clean,  
And your troubles washed away.

They will bathe you either cold or warm,  
It will do you good and never harm,  
And it may come o're you like a charm,  
And double all your joy.

You need not travel far and long,  
To drink Saratoga's water strong,  
We have the real thing at home,  
Down on the books of Moorman.

It's true, it has a woeful smell,  
But if your stomache don't rebel,  
It's just the thing to make you well,  
And praise up Ypsilanti.



# THE 1893 CYCLONE

– A Terrible Night of Desolation in Ypsilanti

BY JAMES MANN



Damage to the home of Mrs. S. A. DeNike from the 1893 Cylcone. The house was located on Michigan Avenue just West of Cleary College.

Wednesday, April 12, 1893 was an unusually warm day with rain in the late morning. The skies cleared in the afternoon and the air was still warm. In the early evening clouds were seen forming in the west, the shape and actions of which indicated strong winds. Just before 7:00 pm a storm passed over the city with a vivid display of lightning. As a precaution, the electric lights of the city were turned off, enveloping the city in darkness. At about 7:05 pm a tornado formed and came to earth near the south end of Summit Street. (Note: technically the storm was a tornado but local newspapers of the time referred to it as a cyclone.)

*“Chimneys and outbuildings and trees were overturned on the west side of the street, and on the east side the house of George Voorhees, lately purchased from Mr. Miles, was moved from its foundation, windows and doors broken, and the contents of the house generally wrecked. The family were fortunately absent. An old house north of that was somewhat shattered, and trees and small buildings were destroyed as far as M. T. Conklin’s to the north and Prof. McClenahan’s south showing thus a width of about 500 feet. The trees were*

*thrown both east and west at the same spot,” noted The Ypsilantian of Thursday, April 13, 1893.*

Only one building south of Michigan Avenue was damaged, this was Good Samaritan Hall, a church. It is said the sexton was just raising his arms to ring the bell, when the wind carried off the roof and the belfry. *“His surprise,”* noted *The Ypsilanti Commercial* of Friday, April 14, 1893, *“may be imagined.”*

The tornado continued on leaving the streets full of debris. The tornado lifted at Michigan, then known as Congress, and Ballard, returning to earth at Michigan and Adams. *“The fine double residence occupied by Mr. Grove Spencer and Mrs. S. A. De Nike was utterly demolished. This is one of the most perfect wrecks left by the storm. The entire western half of the house is razed to within a few feet of the ground and the eastern wall all blown away. Mr. Spencer’s family escaped the certain death that waited them had they been upstairs, by being at supper in the basement, and Mrs. De Nike’s family on the first floor were saved by the strong partition walls,”* reported *The Ypsilanti Commercial*.





Damage to buildings along Huron Street from the 1893 Cyclone.

The wind carried away the roof and walls to the upper floor of the Curtis Carriage factory (where the Key Bank Building is now), leaving buggies exposed. The tornado then crossed the street to make a wreck of the Cleary College building, the eastern wall gone, the tower ripped down to the second floor and the north wing totally destroyed. The Opera House was demolished, with only the front wall left standing. The Opera House was empty at the time.

The walls of the Opera House fell onto the Hawkins House next door, caving in the wooden portion at the rear, the first floor used as a dining room with sleeping rooms on the second. Cassius Valentine had just finished his supper in the dining room, and was in the office, where he had

just paid his bill, as he was preparing to leave on the train. Suddenly the large attractive room was filled with dust and particles of brick and mortar. After the roar of the storm had passed, he heard the cries of several young women in the dining room.

*"Mrs. Westfall and daughter were in one of the chambers above, and as the building crushed and darkness enveloped them, they felt the floor sink. They clasped arms about each other and a moment later found themselves in the dining room below, surrounded by brick and mortar and broken boards, and marvelous to relate, quite unhurt. A whole bedroom with its four walls in place now stands in that*



Damage to the Ypsilanti Opera House from the Cyclone of 1893.



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Damage to the West side of Huron Street North to Pearl Street from the Cyclone of 1893.

dining room,” reported *The Ypsilantian*.

“One girl was in the room when the crash came, and she was rescued with some difficulty but unhurt. A traveling man who was ill had retired, and he, bed and bedroom and all was suddenly dropped into the dining room. He gathered his night robe gracefully about him it is said and walked

out from among the rubbish unhurt,” reported *The Ypsilanti Commercial*. It is said the traveling man left the city on the next train.

The tall chimney of the box factory on Pearl Street is said to have been carried off in one piece, and was, it is said, seen flying horizontally toward the east. The chimney was never found. Then the tornado moved onto Huron Street, damaging the buildings between Michigan Avenue and Pearl Street. It ripped the front off the second floor of a market, and shattered the wide windows of the stores, then drenched the interiors with water. A tin roof was carried off a building, and ended up wrapped around the front of a boarding house across the street.



Damage to the Ypsilanti Business District from the Cyclone of 1893.

Crossing the river the tornado continued on its path of destruction, ripping roofs off houses, breaking windows and spreading debris. A barn was torn into kindling wood, but the mustang in the barn was not hurt. “Then the storm crossed the M. C. track to the spacious and beautiful grounds of John Gilbert, destroying trees and fences, but the fine, high house escaped with broken windows,” reported *The Ypsilantian*.

“Across Grove Street there,” continued *The Ypsilanti Commercial*, “the home of W. A. Moore was unroofed and most of the interior and rear walls torn out. His barn was torn all to pieces, and he found his horse on the hay floor, faced about and still hitched to the ruins of the manger, and unhurt.”

As suddenly as it began, it ended. The tornado passed through the city in a span of time lasting ten to fifteen minutes. This writhing demon of a storm had crossed a mile and a half of the city with the sound of a hundred freight trains. As soon as the storm had passed men and women, holding lanterns, went out onto the darken streets, filled with ruin, to search for the dead and injured. The pleasant surprise was, there were no dead, and there were no serious injuries. At the time, the cost of the damage was placed at \$100,000. The work of rebuilding began almost at once.

“The cyclone struck Ypsilanti, Mich.,” reported *The St. Louis Post Dispatch*, “but the name of the town was not harmed. It is neither better nor worse than before the storm. It is supposed that the letters were blown together in the first place, and that no cyclone can further tangle them up.”

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



# Museum Board Report

BY NANCY WHEELER

If you did not get to see the Mourning Exhibit our Interns put up in the Formal Parlor, go to our Facebook page,

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Ypsilanti-Historical-Society/253543834382>.

They had examples of the traditions the Victorians used during a funeral. There was even an 1890's coffin!

The Costume Room is filled with military uniforms and other items. See Virginia Davis- Brown's article in this issue and come and see this exhibit which is a tribute to the men and women who have served in our military.

The Dow House is decorated for the holidays. Robert (Bob) Taylor's lighted firehouses are displayed in the Library. Jane Schmiedeke loaned us 19 interesting antique Santas which are on display in the kitchen. Eileen Harrison crafted the clothespin characters displayed in the upstairs hallway. The Children's Room has cute kids in red flannel and some "new" toys.

We need docents, especially for the weekends!  
Call 482-4990.



*Jane Schmiedeke loaned the museum nineteen antique Santas for display during the Christmas Season.*

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# LEONARD MENZI'S Lost Negatives

BY SEAN McCONNELL

Large monuments are often erected to commemorate famous people or events, allowing passersby to reflect on the past. One may also learn about the past from the historical narratives recorded in books. Yet sometimes it is a dusty box of negatives, housed in envelopes yellowed with age, that brings the lives of those long gone to the forefront. Such was the case when Alexis Braun Marks, head of Eastern Michigan University Archives, gave me a large collection of negatives to digitize earlier in the summer. The negatives date from the late 1920s to the early 1940s and document Roosevelt School's history.

Roosevelt School was constructed on the Michigan State Normal College campus in 1925, becoming the second laboratory school on the campus after Welch Hall. Roosevelt remained a laboratory school until 1969, when the Michigan State Legislature governed the dismantling of the laboratory school system. Roosevelt served as both a grade school and high school during its time on campus, and the building now accommodates classrooms for Eastern Michigan University. We knew little about the newly discovered negatives when I started digitizing them, beyond what we gleaned from words penciled on the envelopes. We knew that the negatives portrayed Roosevelt students and faculty inside and outside the classroom, but we did not even know who created the negatives. We soon found our answer after viewing the images for the first time.

Over 800 negatives have been scanned to date, and hundreds more remain. The name "Leonard Menzi" was written on some of the envelopes. I initially suspected that Mr. Menzi may have been the photographer in question, but I became certain only recently. A few of the images feature a tidy white house on an Ypsilanti street corner. After locating Mr. Menzi's address in the 1940 census, I confirmed that it was the house in which he lived. I later searched through the *Roosevelt School collection*, housed in the Eastern Michigan University Archives, and found books that Mr. Menzi produced. Many of the images in the negative collection appear in these books as prints. *Ypsilanti Gleanings* readers likely know that Leonard Menzi taught science at Roosevelt starting in the late 1920s and served as the school principal from 1940 to 1961. Mr. Menzi's negatives provide a reminder of his interesting life and Roosevelt School's unique programs, as well as the beauty of the Michigan State Normal College campus.



Leonard Menzi hailed from Oberlin, Ohio.

Leonard Menzi hailed from Oberlin, Ohio, where he received his Bachelor of Arts degree at the liberal arts college that shares his hometown's name. He later earned a Master of Arts degree in Education from the University of Chicago. Not bound by national borders, Mr. Menzi traveled all the way to China to teach science and serve as principal of the North China American School. He lived in Tungchow with his wife, Margaret, whose parents were Christian missionaries. The Menzis arrived in Ypsilanti at the end of the 1920s, when Mr. Menzi secured employment





Menzi's Photography Club members posing outside Roosevelt School in 1938.

at Roosevelt. Materials on the North China American School may be found at the Yale Divinity Library, but you do not have to travel all the way to Connecticut to view materials on the Menzis. Margaret Menzi donated her papers to the University of Michigan's Bentley Library, including photocopies of the diary she kept in China. An even shorter trip to the Eastern Michigan University Archives' website leads to the numerous images Mr. Menzi took of his family, colleagues, and the students who populated Roosevelt School's classrooms.

Mr. Menzi taught science at Roosevelt before becoming principal in 1940, and he also participated in extracurricular activities. He organized in 1931 the "Kodak Klub," also known as the "Photography Club," and shared with students his passion for photography. Betty Pooler wrote in the 1932 *Hillcrest* yearbook that "members take, as well as develop, print, and enlarge, their own pictures." These pictures were showcased in Roosevelt's main lobby. While the Photography Club clearly existed as a pleasurable activity for Roosevelt students, the organization maintained a practical side as well. Betty noted photography's

burgeoning popularity and found that it "is to meet this rapidly growing demand that members of the photography group are so zealously studying." As the Great Depression ravaged many Americans' fortunes, the Photography Club members knew "that by diligent application they will find themselves safely out of the ranks of the unemployed."

Photography Club members actively engaged in their chosen craft, and also highlighted other well-known photographs. According to a 1938 edition of the *Rough Rider*, Roosevelt's school newspaper, the Eastman Kodak Company displayed photographs in the lobby. Kodak presented, among others, the infamous image of the burning Hindenburg. Photography Club members were to display their own images the following week, and Mr. Menzi was to award the student who took the best photograph. Besides awarding talented photographers, Mr. Menzi encouraged students' creativity when he paired his own photographs with students' poetry. The collaboration resulted in the 1935 edition of *Adventures in Creative Expression*, also housed within the University Archives' *Roosevelt School collection*. Mr. Menzi photographed numerous fall and winter scenes around campus, including the fall image displayed in this article, and placed them in the book. A student's poem appeared beside each photograph. Lillian Anspach, then 10 years old, perfectly captured this photograph's autumnal imagery:

Fall is here. The trees are  
shedding their golden hair.  
When this season is over the  
branches will be bare.

Other teachers also created a lively atmosphere at Roosevelt. Louis A. Golczynski, a science teacher as well, decided that Roosevelt needed a zoo and started housing animals on campus. Students writing in the 1931 *Hillcrest* called the zoo "something

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Mr. Menzi photographed numerous fall and winter scenes around campus and then placed them in a book with student poems.

decidedly unique in secondary education circles." Mr. Golczynski provided shelter for a "strange menagerie" of "coyotes, mice, guinea pigs, skunks, and raccoons" and many other animals. The zoo proved popular. In "one week a guest quota of three hundred was reached," showing the *Hillcrest* writers that "the animal hotel is attractive to those who seek entertainment or information." Geese apparently found shelter at the Roosevelt School zoo alongside the coyotes and mice.

Mr. Menzi and his colleagues promoted progressive education at Roosevelt School. Instead of rote memorization, students learned how to think critically and to apply knowledge. Teachers created programs like the Photography Club to supply students with skills. An article in the Fall 1930 edition of the *Integrator*, the Ypsilanti teachers' newsletter, referred to a proposed industrial arts program that would "give students on the junior high level an opportunity to explore and experiment in the fields of print-

ing, wood work, general metal work (which includes bench metal, forging, and foundry), mechanical drawing, electricity, and home mechanics." The Industrial Arts program became enacted under the guidance of Duane G. Chamberlain, and Roosevelt soon contained home workshops. Mr. Menzi took photographs of the workshops, including the one shown in this article of a boy painting a chair in 1941.

This is a small selection of a wonderful collection of images that have been scanned and uploaded to the University Archives' LUNA database that features faculty, student plays, baseball teams, campus grounds, field trips, and numerous other people and events. These images provide a perfect supplement to the *Roosevelt School collection*, which includes scrapbooks, yearbooks, and other administrative records. Everyone is welcome to visit the archives to view the collection of photographs and documents, or to access the database of images on the Eastern Michigan University Archives' website and see these past scenes from a unique Ypsilanti educational center.



Geese apparently found shelter at the Roosevelt School zoo alongside coyotes and mice.

*(Sean McConnell recently graduated from Wayne State University with a Master of Arts in history and a graduate certificate in archival administration. He is an aspiring archivist.)*



Mr. Menzi took photographs of students working in the school shops such as this one showing a student painting a chair.





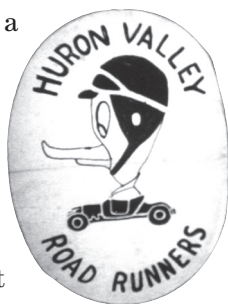
The Ypsi Drive In was located at Michigan Avenue and Burbank.

# HURON VALLEY

## Road Runners

BY FRED THOMAS

The Ypsi Drive In was a small local restaurant located at Michigan Avenue and Burbank, a short walking distance from our home on East Cross Street. I often stopped in for a tasty doughnut or a grilled cheese and a coke. I remember sitting at the horseshoe shaped counter one particular morning. A few stools down from me two fellows were having breakfast. When they got up to go, I noticed this uniquely designed artwork on the back of the black coat one was wearing. The Huron Valley Road Runners emblem was certainly one-of-a-kind.



The Huron Valley Road Runners emblem was one-of-a-kind.

the 1950's hot rodder toiled toward his dream. Working with buddies late at night in a dimly lit garage with the musty smell of motor oil, the parts would be merged into a hand-made car. They took Detroit iron, disassembled it and reassembled it into a combination never intended by the auto companies. A big, powerful, modern engine would be shoehorned into a lightweight, pre-war model car. The creation might be a shiny low-slung roadster that would hit the auto shows; it might be a stripped down coupe that would terrorize the local drag strip; or it might be a daily workhorse sedan that would never get beyond primer gray. In any case, it would be faster and sportier than anything Detroit offered. It was a hot rod, and its owner, driver, designer was a hot rodder. Hot rodgers built dreams, and during the process lifelong friendships were forged."

In 1949 brothers **Jim and Nazareth (Naz) Barnabei** opened the first area speed shop on Huron at Pearl, supplying hard to get speed hop up items. About that time they also organized the Huron Valley Road Runners. The club continued actively into the 'Sixties. Over the years other members were Richard Bailey, Elmer Bernardin, Bob Hoeft, Keith Hettinger, Alan Holloway, Don Horner, Ray Kalusha, Ray Oyer, Joe Pittman, Howard Shannon, Walter Weible, and Dick Vercruysse.

The following description from page 7 of *Middletown Pacemakers, The Story of an Ohio Hot Rod Club* by Ron Roberson would probably have been applicable to any of them. "He would scour the local junkyards for usable parts, and save every spare dollar for that coveted chromed accessory. He might horse-trade a set of wire wheels for a valve job, or maybe a set of heads for a paint job. With greasy hands, little money, and a lot of heart,



Naz (left) and Jim (right) Barnabei behind the counter at their speed shop.

The following paragraphs spotlight unique adventures and vehicles representative of the Road Runners.



Ray Kalusha working on the Road Runners Club "rail" dragster as they called it back then.

**1) The rail dragster.** On one occasion in 1953 the Road Runners found themselves without a club car to race the following Sunday on Ecorse Road between Denton and Beck Roads where the state police detoured traffic and supervised drag racing. The club had invited the Genesee Gear Grinders down from Flint and needed something to race. An inexpensive car with a flathead motor was quickly acquired. Club associates were summoned to a member's house where the car's sheet metal was methodically stripped off and salvage parts were designated for future use. Welders fabricated a frame using industrial pipe. This formed the basic structure of their homemade competitor. Next the front steering and the rear end assemblies were added. The motor was enhanced with aluminum high compression heads and additional carburetion before being lowered into place. After the installation of the radiator and a few minor adjustments, it was time to move the body-less bomb for final tuning. The field next to Vic and Mac's Mobil Service, the unofficial HVRR hang-out, had been plowed so there was no place to try out their challenger before Sunday. It was decided to go early and assess the car's potential prior to racing.

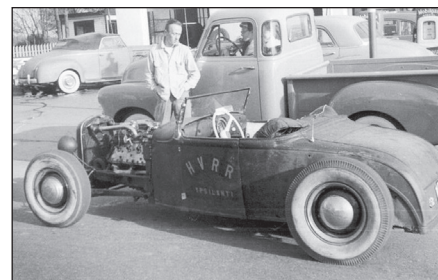
**Ray Kalusha and Naz** did much of the work on the club's "rail", as they

called it back then. There was not much to the primitive dragster. Don't look for safety features. The picture shows Ray connecting a radiator hose. By the time the Road Runners showed up, the Flint club had already arrived. Before the police monitored drags started, the club was going to get the bugs out of the rail. To give it a try, Ray pulled the crude machine over onto the service drive which paralleled Ecorse. The front end pointed east when he initially hit the throttle. The next thing he knew, he was heading south. Apparently one rear tire grabbed better than the other. At the time posi-traction was not a luxury. He managed to stop it quickly, even though he was not able to hang on to much. Thinking he could improve the performance, Naz said, "Let me try it."

They turned the rail around to the west so they could use the roadside ditch for stopping and safety (ha!). Naz revved the engine, and popped the clutch. Same thing happened again! As the front end jumped, the left front wheel came off the ground. Simultaneously, the right rear wheel dug in again. This time gravel sprayed bystanders. The rail ended up in the ditch facing north, with Naz laughing loudly. Naz was not hurt. Not so for the rail. The gas line broke, the brakes were damaged, the battery came loose, and rust had flown everywhere. But, what fun! It was their first "wheelie." The Gear Grinders members laughed at the rail job and the Road Runners' predicaments with it.

**2) The sad end of a hot rod.** Often parked next to the curb in front of the Vic and Mac station on Michigan Ave. was Naz's "31 Ford roadster. Passers by were drawn to the unusually low rod. Such highly modified vehicles puzzled those unfamiliar with the new sport of hot rodding.

Note the big and little tire combination, and rear mounted anten-



Naz's 31 Ford roadster that was totaled by an intoxicated driver.

na. The engine sported dual carbs, and other "goodies." Unfortunately Naz's pride and joy was rear ended by a drunk, while parked in front of the station. The intoxicated driver exited nearby Ecorse Road at a high speed and made a too-wide left hand turn. The roadster sat in his path. The car was totaled. I recall seeing it after the accident.



The "cool" pickup that was lowered by Naz and Jim.

**3) The cool pickup.** Seen here at the Carlton, MI drag strip, this black Model "A" pickup top was chopped (lowered) by **Naz and Jim**. A friend's mother researched legal windshield height specifications and told them it had to be at least 5½" at the mid-cowl measurement. So that's what it was. The first time Naz took his girlfriend to McNaughton's drive in restaurant in it, she had to get out and walk around to get their malts off the tray because the tall glasses wouldn't fit through the chopped openings. Once I had the chance to ride to Silver Lake and back in the truck. For a 14 year old kid it was cool to be in that hot rod.

**4) Comfortable custom.** While brother Naz favored hot rods, Jim Barnabei preferred customs which offered more creature comforts. In 1952 he drove a sharp 1949 Ford con-





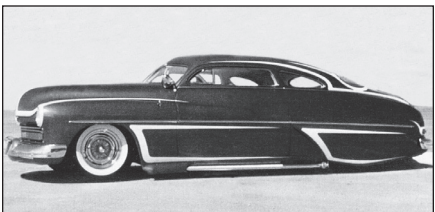
Jim Barnabei preferred "customs" which offered more creature comforts.

vertible. A bull nose molding inexpensively replaced the stock hood ornament. The four vertical center Van Auken bars and deluxe bumper extensions kept careless parallel parkers from damaging the body. Dual spotlights and headlight shades completed the front end highlights. Note the HVRR club plaque displayed up front.



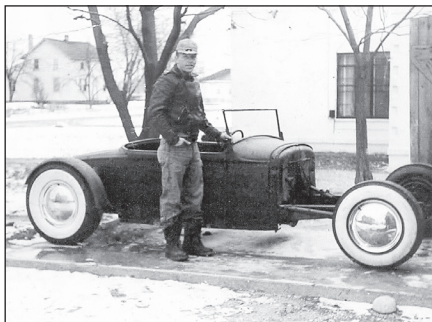
Joe Pittman shelled out four hundred big ones for this convertible, his first car.

**5) Gray Gem.** The proud owner of the 1940 Mercury convertible was Joe Pittman. It was his first car! While still in school he shelled out four hundred big ones for it. Like many young hot rodders, Joe began customizing the light-green cruiser, eventually covering it completely with a coat of gray primer. Being mildly modified, with teardrop fender skirts and sombrero wheel covers, the classy Merc certainly must have attracted a lot of attention cruising up and down Cross Street in front of Ypsilanti High School during 1952 and 1953.



In 1959 Richard Bailey decided to give this 1950 Mercury the full "custom" treatment.

**6) Bailey's Custom.** By 1958 one member's automotive interests had progressed from hot rods to a 1950 Mercury. In 1959 Richard Bailey decided to give it the full custom treatment. Employing the Alexander Brothers Custom Shop in Detroit, over a two-year period, Richard succeeded in creating one of the nicest customs I have ever seen. It had classic styling. The top was chopped. Headlights and taillights were frenched. The hood ornament, trunk hardware, and door handles were removed. "Inkster" skirts by Jimmie Jones extended from the rear edge of the door to the bumper. The fender skirts, lowering, and molded, full-rocker lake pipes brought its silhouette down dramatically. Everyone admired the all white rolled and pleated interior. Even the carpeting was white! A flawless finish of deep maroon sheltered the exterior. White scallops accented its dynamic design. Appleton spotlights, a hand formed grill, and shiny, chromed wheels added finishing touches. A Chevy V-8 powered it. I recall seeing it the first time at Cecil's Drive In. I could really appreciate the fruits of his time and money. Richard kept the Mercury until 1962, winning first place trophies at autoramas.



Howard Shannon waits for winter to end so he can finish his roadster.

**7) Winter Time Hot Rodding.** Howard Shannon waits for winter to end so he can finish his roadster.

*(Fred Thomas lived in the Ypsilanti area from 1948 to 1998 and is a regular contributor to the Gleanings.)*

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## THE RIVER STREET SAGA CONTINUES:

# *“The Dolls are Home Again!”*

BY JAN ANSCHUETZ

**T**he River Street Saga continues with a whimsical and touching story, appropriate to the holiday season. In this series of articles I have attempted to tell the stories of people who once lived on the short few blocks of River Street in Ypsilanti and who have left their mark on Ypsilanti in some way. I think this little tale will shed a little light on some children that lived here long ago. The word “saga” suggests a journey or adventure over time, and that is what the childhood dolls of Jessie and Florence Swaine have had. The Swaine girls lived all of their lives in the Swaine House at the corner of River and Forest in Ypsilanti, and now their dolls are “home again” in time for Christmas.

Although the dolls left the Victorian Italianate home when the last of the Swaine family, Jessie Swaine, died in 1968, their memory lingered. The present owners of the Swaine House, Robert and Janice Anschutz, have had pictures of the Swaine girls hugging their dolls on display in the upstairs hallway for over 40 years. The pictures were taken in about 1883. Another picture hanging in the Anschutz home, below the one of the Swaine girls, shows the children of Worgor George – the Swaine girls’ cousins. Who could ever imagine that the great-granddaughter of Worgor George would return Jessie and Florence’s dolls to the Swaine home in time for Christmas, 2014? Stranger yet, who could imagine that the dolls in the picture still existed?

When the author, Thomas Wolf, wrote his book *You Can’t Go Home Again*, he didn’t know the story of the 130-year-old dolls who returned to their River Street home this August, thanks to the memories, kindness and generosity of Mary Adams, who had inherited them. Mary Adams is the granddaughter of Jessie and Florence Swaine’s cousin, Edward George, who also grew up on River Street, and for whom George School in Ypsilanti is named. She is also the great granddaughter of Worgor and Anna Shutts George. Mary inherited the dolls from her mother, Marian George Elliot, and the dolls moved with her to her home in Mississippi in 2003. The dolls hold special meaning for Mary, who often saw them in the bedrooms of Jessie and Florence Swaine when she visited them earlier in her life. Mary and her two sisters, Peggy and Jennett, were allowed to hold the dolls carefully and admire them when they visited. She also has fond memories of baking gingerbread men in the old kitchen of the Swaine house. The original kitchen table and dough table are still in daily use by the Anschutz family. Jessie Swaine was a life-long home economics teacher in the Ypsilanti Schools, and her recipe for the delicious Christmas treats is probably still used



Jessie and Florence Swaine with their dolls and their brother, Frederick (c1883).

by many area families whose grandmothers were taught to cook by Jessie.

Jessie died in the same bed, in the same room, and in the same house she was born in after living there for 86 years. Jessie and her sister Florence never married. Both became teachers, and the only children they had were their cherished childhood dolls which were kept on display in their bedrooms for all of their lives. Although the dolls are more than 130 years old, they have aged well due to the love and tender care that they have always been given. Mary Adams was afraid that the climate in Mississippi, or perhaps a flooding hurricane coming through, would destroy them and so she carefully and lovingly packed them up and brought them back to Michigan. Mary and her sisters felt that it was time that the dolls went “home.” Mary then called Janice Anschutz who has lived in Jessie and Florence’s home since 1969 and asked if the dolls of Jessie and Florence could once again live there. Janice and her hus-





Jessie Swaine with her doll and her brother Frederick. Frederick died within months after this picture was taken (c1883).

band Robert and their children are the only people to have lived in the stately home after purchasing it from the estate of Jessie. The house had been built by her father, Frederick Swaine, for his bride Lizzie George in 1875.

It was a jubilant homecoming for the dolls, and they are now carefully displayed in the parlor in a secretary desk that had originally belonged to the Swaines. Their clothes are packed in the original toy antique dresser and within the desk drawers. The dolls and their antique tea set are now joined by two doll dishes which Janice found in the attic. There is a box containing a Victorian doll dress pattern and many clothing items for the china-head French fashion doll, which has human hair and brown eyes that open and close. The two wax German dolls in the picture with Jessie and Florence and their little

## Jessie Swaine's Gingerbread Men Cookies

1/3 cup molasses

3 tablespoons shortening

1 1/8 cups flour

1 teaspoon ginger

1/8 teaspoon baking soda

1/2 teaspoon salt

Currants and red cinnamon candies

Heat molasses to boiling point and pour over shortening. Add dry ingredients mixed and sifted. Chill, roll, and cut out gingerbread boy with cookie cutter. Use currants as eyes and cinnamon candy as buttons.

Bake 8 to 10 minutes  
in moderate oven (350 F)

brother Frederick, taken shortly before he suddenly died of diphtheria at two and a half years, are probably the oldest. Their father, Frederick Swaine, bought the dolls in Germany, while on an overseas trip, to surprise his little girls. The rest of the dolls have china heads with stuffed cloth bodies and hands and feet made of goat skin.

Along with the dolls, Mary also brought the special recipe, passed down in her family, for Gingerbread Men that Jessie taught thousands of



Hayden Rice, Janice Anschuetz's great granddaughter holding the Swaine dolls.

girls in her many years of teaching home economics in Ypsilanti.

You might want to hum the holiday tune "I'll be Home for Christmas" as you roll out the cookie dough and think of the simpler times when Christmas meant carefully playing with a few toys and enjoying good smells coming from the kitchen.

*(Janice Anschuetz is a long time member of the Ypsilanti Historical Society and a regular contributor to the Gleanings.)*



Mary Adams sharing the dolls with Janice Anschuetz in August, 2014.



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# LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY

## *The Story of Walter B. Pitkin*

BY ROBERT ANSCHUETZ



Walter B. Pitkin  
(1878-1953)

*(Robert Anschuetz grew up with his two brothers and two sisters at the corner of Forest Avenue and River Street in the Swaine-Anschuetz house. Together with their friends, they played throughout the River Street neighborhood in the tradition of the "River St. kids" mentioned in this article. Robert's mother, Janice Anschuetz, has written a series of articles for the Gleanings called the "River Street Saga". This article fits in nicely with that series.)*

In a series of articles known as "*The River Street Saga*," Janice Anschuetz has outlined several of the interesting and sometimes famous characters who grew up or lived on River Street in Ypsilanti. In this article, I will highlight another interesting man named Walter B. Pitkin who was born in Ypsilanti and had several interesting River Street connections. Pitkin, who is best known for the catch-phrase taken from the title of his best-selling book, "*Life Begins at Forty*," was a world-renowned lecturer, author, inventor, farmer and philosopher. We know he grew up in Ypsilanti and played with the children on River Street because of a type-written note found in the Ypsilanti Historical Society's archives in the folder associated with his neighbors, the Swaine family, who lived at the corner of Forest Avenue and River Street. It is not clear who wrote the note, which reads as follows:

*"Just ordinary boys," neighbors along N. River St. might have said fifty or so years ago. "But today some of those same neighbors consider River Boulevard to have produced a number of outstanding citizens. There have been some world-famous men who spent their boyhood in homes on or right off River St.," one such neighbor reflects. "Some of those boys turned out to be authors, scientists and famous business men." Walter Pitkin was such a person. He authored "Life Begins at Forty." Born in Ypsilanti February 6, 1878, he attended the University of Michigan and wrote the well-known book in 1932. He died in January, 1953. Although he made his home in later life at Dover, New Jersey, Pitkin once played with the "River St. kids."*

As the note says, Walter Boughton Pitkin was born in Ypsilanti on February 6, 1878. Walter was the son of Caleb Seymour and Lucy Tryphene (Boughton) Pitkin. Caleb himself was born in Ypsilanti in 1854, the son of Elnathan Atwater and Lucy Abigail (Seymour) Pitkin. Caleb's siblings were Amelia, Althea, Clement, and Walter. Caleb attended school at the Ypsilanti Seminary until the age

of twelve. In 1866, Caleb began working at the *Ypsilanti Commercial* newspaper, where he served as a printer and later as a foreman. In 1874, Caleb Pitkin and Lucy Boughton were married, and they had three other children besides Walter - Frank (who died in infancy), Grace and Edith. Lucy was the daughter of John and Charlotte (Pullen) Boughton of New York. Following John Boughton's death, Charlotte moved her family to Michigan and married William C. Tenney in 1866.

Elnathan Pitkin came to Michigan from Ohio, and his family had previously come to Ohio from Connecticut and, prior to that, England. Elnathan was a peddler of Bible tracts to the Indians of Michigan, and settled in Ypsilanti to become a pastor. Several of Elnathan's ancestors held political offices in Connecticut. The family history in America can be traced to 1639, where the first Pitkin to immigrate to the Bay Colony, William Pitkin, was the first surveyor of the colony of Massachusetts.

From Walter B. Pitkin's autobiography, *On My Own*, we learn a little about the living conditions in 1870's Ypsilanti when he was born. This excerpt from his autobiography was told to Walter from the perspective of his mother:



Area of Walter Pitkin's Birthplace on Michigan Street in Ypsilanti



*"Before you were born, a terrible epidemic of typhoid fever swept Ypsilanti. Almost every house in the village had somebody sick and dying. Your Aunt Althea seemed immune to the disease. It struck your father and uncle. Your father resisted it well. But poor Uncle Walter went delirious. He escaped from his bed one night, roamed the streets in his night dress, climbed into the church steeple and rang the big bell."*

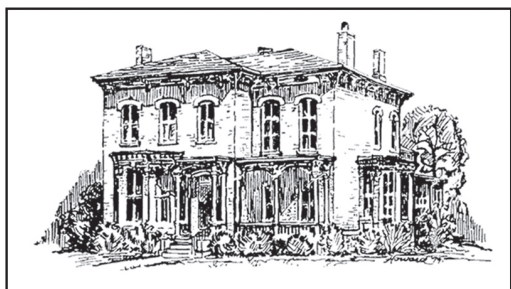
The 1873-74 Ypsilanti city directory shows that Caleb Pitkin lived at 6 Michigan Street. This is the same address given as the residence of his father, Elnathan Pitkin, whose profession is listed as a cooper and bill poster. Prior to Congress Street being renamed Michigan Avenue, Michigan Street was the name given to the street that is now known as Ferris Street. In 1947, River Street resident

Jessie Swaine recalled that Walter Pitkin's parents lived in a house that had been torn down for a parking lot behind the city police station. At that time, the police station had recently moved to the corner of Ferris Street and Washington Street. The 1878 Ypsilanti city directory shows that Caleb Pitkin had moved to a house on Chidester Street, which is located not far from his father's home on Michigan Street, just south of the Huron River. The Chidester Street residence is where Walter Pitkin was born and raised until his family left for Detroit in 1880. Although Pitkin lived only a short time in Ypsilanti, he carried with him for his entire life the values of his hometown that he learned from his family's roots in Ypsilanti. Again, from Pitkin's biography:

*"In 1873 my father had been a successful youth of seventeen. He had an interest in the Ypsilanti Commercial and its*

*job printing business. His father was a minister of good repute in town. His younger brother, Walter, was helping out in the job office. Prosperity was around the corner. That is, around some corner."*

Caleb and Lucy Pitkin moved to Detroit for greener pastures in March, 1880, when Walter was only two years old. In Detroit, Caleb was connected with various printing firms and newspapers for several years. In 1893, while still working for the printing firms, Caleb was elected a member of the Detroit Board of Education for a term of four years. In 1894, Caleb gave up his various printing jobs and was appointed to a clerkship in the construction department of the Detroit water works. In 1896, Caleb was unanimously elected to the presidency of the Board of Education. In 1897, Caleb left his position with the city water works and was appointed to the chief clerk of the supervisor's



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office with the Detroit Board of Education. Caleb went on to be the Prohibition candidate for U.S. Representative from Michigan's 1<sup>st</sup> District in 1890.

In spite of the fact that the Pitkin family moved away from Ypsilanti, Walter's grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins still remained in Ypsilanti, so there was a reason for him to frequently visit his birthplace. In 1947, Jessie Swaine recalled that young Walter Pitkin's maternal grandmother Charlotte Tenney's house was located on Cross Street, just two houses east of River Street. So it made sense that a young Walter, visiting his Grandmother, would have played with the "River St. kids" mentioned in the note found in the Swaine family file. It also appears that Walter's father Caleb occasionally had reason to travel to Ypsilanti as part of his job in the printing industry, perhaps to supply material for the Ypsilanti newspapers. From Walter's autobiography (again, from the perspective of his mother):

*"Your father used to take you back with him to Ypsilanti, when he went on business trips. You always had a good time."*

Walter recalled visits back to his hometown:

*"Here I see things clearly in small spots. I see the great grist mill at the end of the bridge, on the side toward the railway station. Great? To me, a four-year-old, it was titanic. I see its vast wheel turning slowly, the spray on the blades, the black green water of the spillway; the long, low dam across the Huron River..."*

In 1864, the first school for African American children in Ypsilanti, the Adams Street School, was built on

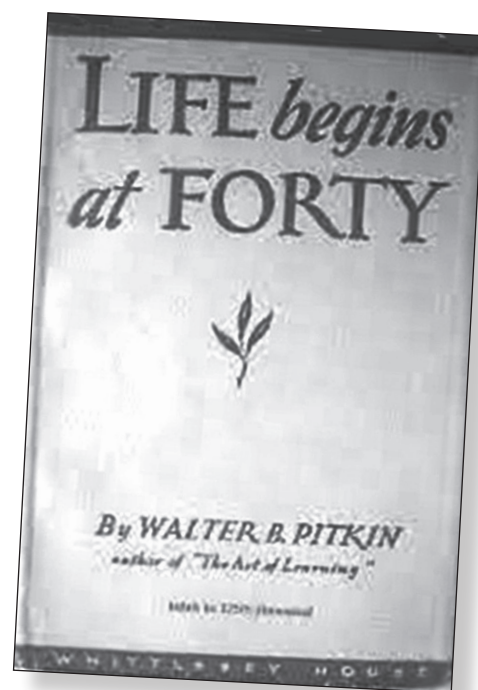
the east side of Adams Street south of Buffalo Street. Walter's aunt Althea Pitkin was the first teacher at this school. Althea married Conrad Unsinger in 1874, and one of their daughters, Clara Unsinger, later married Shelley Hutchinson, of S&H Green Stamp fame. The Hutchinson mansion, where Walter's cousin Clara lived with Shelley, was across the street from the Swaine house. Both houses still stand proudly on River Street. In a messy divorce, Mrs. Hutchinson later moved across the street from the Hutchinson house to a much smaller home on River Street. Did Walter, as a young adult, have reason to visit his cousin Clara on River Street during one of his return visits to Ypsilanti? We can only speculate.

As a child, Walter Pitkin was an avid reader and read a little bit of everything, including magazines, novels, Shakespeare and encyclopedias. Walter later recalled his childhood penchant for voracious reading, *"No matter how wild - be it dime novel or pure fantasy in verse - I read everything that told of tomorrow."* His early appetite for reading obviously helped him formulate his utopian ideals of future living and technology that he later scribed in his own writings.

Walter Pitkin graduated from Detroit High School in 1896. At this time, his father was president of the Detroit Board of Education. Pitkin enrolled at the University of Michigan, but became disenchanted with college education and left school in 1899 before he attained his degree. After dropping out, he joined the United States commission to the Paris Exposition of 1900. While in Paris, he studied at the famous Sorbonne. A year later, he returned to America and entered the Hartford Theological Seminary, in Hartford, Connecticut. While in Hartford, he met Mary Bartholomew Gray, the daughter of a Hartford banker, and they were married in 1903.

Walter had an itch to return to Europe, and he and his new wife Mary soon moved to Germany. Walter enrolled at separate times at the University of Berlin and the University of Munich, where he studied philosophy, art, and psychology. Some of Pitkin's university writings reached a wide audience, and they attracted the attention of some professors at Columbia University in New York. Although Pitkin had yet to attain a college degree, he was offered a job to teach in the department of psychology at Columbia. He accepted, and joined the faculty in 1905. He ended up teaching there for 38 years.

While at Columbia, Pitkin had side editing jobs with the *New York Tribune* (1907-1908) and the *New York Evening Post* (1909-1910). In 1912, the Columbia School of Journalism was founded, and Pitkin became a professor of journalism. Professor Pitkin, who never did attain a college degree in his lifetime, was now a professor of psychology and journalism at an Ivy League school. Pitkin and his wife had an ideal life, and though he worked in Man-



*Life Begins at Forty*, Whittlesey House, McGraw Hill (1932)



hattan, his family lived on a 110-acre farm in what was then a rural Dover (now Randolph), New Jersey.

In 1912, Pitkin edited and contributed to *The New Realism* philosophical manifesto. "New Realism" aspired to align philosophy with contemporary science. Pitkin began writing prolifically, and several of his articles were published under his name and a variety of pseudonyms. While still teaching at Columbia, he was editor of several publications, including *Parents' Magazine*, *Farm Journal* and the American edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

In addition to many published articles, Pitkin wrote several full-length books in his storied career. The most famous of these was *Life Begins at Forty*, which he wrote at age 54 in 1932. *Life Begins at Forty* was immensely popular, becoming the best selling non-fiction book of the year. Some literary critics mocked the enthusiastic portrayal of the future described in his book. But for Americans mired in the deep swells of the depression, it provided hope for aging Americans that the best was yet to come. Pitkin pointed out that with new standards of living, better technology and increased opportunities for leisure, life after forty could become enjoyable, productive, profitable, and exciting. Here is a sample of Pitkin's view of being over forty excerpted from his book:

*"You who are crossing forty may not know it, but you are the luckiest generation ever. The advantages you are about to enjoy will soon be recited, with a sincere undertone of envy. The whole world has been remodeled for your greater glory. Ancient philosophies and rituals are being demolished to clear the ground for whatever you choose to erect upon their*

*sites. Every day brings forth some new thing that adds to the joy of life after forty. Work becomes easy and brief. Play grows richer and longer. Leisure lengthens. Life's afternoon is brighter, warmer, fuller of song; and long before the shadows stretch, every fruit grows ripe."*

There is no doubt that Pitkin's book portrayed an exciting world of possibilities. Pitkin was brazen with his predictions for the future world. Never one to hold back his opinions, Pitkin laid out his vision of the future with unabashed enthusiasm. Some of his "predictions" look a little fantastic, but some of those wild predictions have since come to fruition. Here are some of the things he said that mankind would be able to envision from his perspective in 1932:

*"You will soon look through a 200-inch telescope and scan the back yards of the moon as if they were at the bottom of a little hill. You will remodel your frames and your temperaments with cunningly*



*Life Begins at 40*, Fox Film Corporation (1935)

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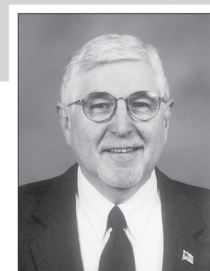
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concocted foods and pills. You will have little cause to worry over the price of clothes and rent. Or, if you do not live to see such wonders, you will at least behold them drawing near — which, of itself, will be a wonder. . . . Yes, you are the luckiest of all. Life begins at forty — now more richly than ever before, and perhaps as richly as ever again.”

*Life Begins at Forty* was loosely translated into a movie screenplay of the same name in 1935 starring Will Rogers. Additional dialog was added and a plot was developed. The movie plot was set in small-town America, where the publisher of the local paper tries to restore a young man's reputation who has been wrongfully convicted of theft. Like the book, the movie script is surprisingly insightful and perceptive given the time of its release. The protagonist newspaper publisher remarks that society's reliance on technology is increasing at such a rate that someday everything could be reduced to the push of a button.

The catch-phrase “Life Begins at Forty” soon became as popular as Pitkin's book. The phrase was made even more famous by the song *Life Begins at Forty*, sung by Sophie Tucker in 1947.

### *That life begins at forty*

*That's when love and living  
start to become a gentle art  
A woman who's been careful  
finds that's when she's in her  
prime  
And a good man when he's  
forty knows just how to take  
his time  
Conservative or sporty, it's  
not until you're forty  
That you learn the how and  
why and the what and when  
In the twenties and the*

*thirties you want your love in  
large amounts  
But after you reach forty, it's  
the quality that counts*

*Yes, life begins at forty  
And I've just begun to live all  
over again*

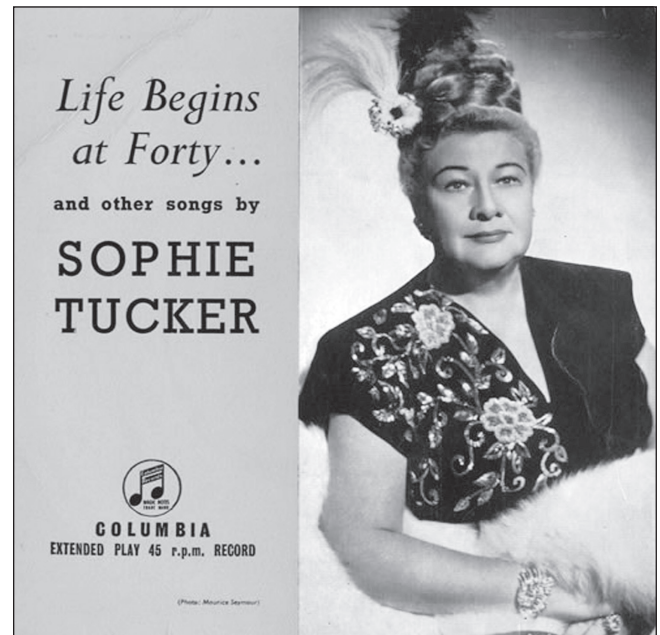
The song title *Life Begins at Forty* was also used by John Lennon for a song written in 1980 - the year both he and Ringo Starr turned 40 and the year that Lennon was murdered. Lennon recorded a demo of the song, and intended to give the song to Starr for him to record on one of his upcoming albums. Lennon felt the country style of the song better suited Starr's musical style. Following Lennon's death, the plan for Starr to record the song was scrapped, but the demo recording was eventually released on the John Lennon Anthology box set of 1998. Lennon's words below are haunting considering that not only did Lennon's life begin at 40, but it ended there as well. You can search for the song on Youtube and hear the song with the following chorus:

*They say life begins at 40  
Age is just a state of mind  
If all that's true  
You know that I've been dead  
for 39*

Following the success of *Life Begins at Forty*, Pitkin continued with his series of “self-help” style books, including *More Power To You* (1933), *Let's Get What We Want* (1935), *Careers After Forty* (1937), and *Escape from Fear* (1940). He also wrote

many more articles that appeared in various magazines, including *How to Cut Your Worries*, *How to Prepare for Top Jobs in Industry*, and *How to Get a Good Job and Keep It!* These articles and books went a long way toward helping America heal mentally during the financial crisis and the war years.

Pitkin's fascinating views of the future were accompanied by his urge to



*Life Begins at Forty*, Columbia (1947)

invent things. In 1920, Pitkin patented a moistening device for printing presses. He may have picked up the idea while growing up and watching his father and uncle work in the printing industry, including the *Ypsilanti Commercial*.

Pitkin's enthusiasm for life and optimistic views, much written after he passed the threshold of forty, showed that he “practiced what he preached” with his writings. His body of work poured out of his typewriter even as he advanced in age. Pitkin was convinced that only man's stupidity blocked progress. His *Short Introduction to the History of Human*



*Stupidity* (1932) reflects this belief. This book was considered by many to be his best, and was translated into 15 different languages. Pitkin extended his philosophical teachings beyond the written word and the classroom. In addition to the earlier New Realism movement, in 1932 he founded the Institute of Life Planning, and in 1939 he launched another movement called the American Majority, which he referred to as a "League of the Middle Class".

Walter and Mary Pitkin had five sons: Richard, John, David, Robert, and Walter B. Pitkin, Jr. Walter Jr. was born in 1913. The elder Walter Pitkin did not think that schools did enough to educate the smartest of students, so he kept his children out of school as long as possible. Coupled by the fact that Walter Jr. suffered from asthma, he was not able to attend school at all. At about age 20, Walter Jr. rented a room in Manhattan near Columbia where his father taught. On his own, he studied furiously to catch up on English, History, Math, and Foreign Languages. He entered Columbia College in 1934 and graduated in 1938 Phi Beta Kappa. Walter Jr. was considered a pioneer in American paperback publishing, and he went on to be a co-founder of Bantam Books in 1945. Walter Jr. was an author of two books himself, including a book mirrored after his father's best-seller,

titled *Life Begins at Fifty*.

Walter B. Pitkin retired from Columbia University in 1943. His wife Mary died later that year. The last decade of Pitkin's writing career included his autobiography, *On My Own* (1944), a retirement planning book called *The Best Years* (1946), and *Road to a Richer Life* (1949), which was a guide to happy living and was his thirty-first and final book. In 1948, Pitkin married Katherine B. Johnson, who had been his secretary since 1925. Pitkin spent his final years of retirement in Los Altos, California. The boy from Ypsilanti who went on to raise spirits, educate, and influence so many people all over the world died in Palo Alto, California on January 25, 1953.

Pitkin's philosophy summarized by *Life Begins at Forty* doesn't apply to just a single decade in life. His message can be applied to anybody aspiring to do more with life. We're only limited by what we aren't willing to try, and we should strive to live life to the fullest. I'm certain that Walter Pitkin would agree that since "60 is the new 40", it's never too late to try something new and make a difference in the world.

*(Robert Anschuetz grew up on River Street and is a regular contributor to the Gleanings.)*

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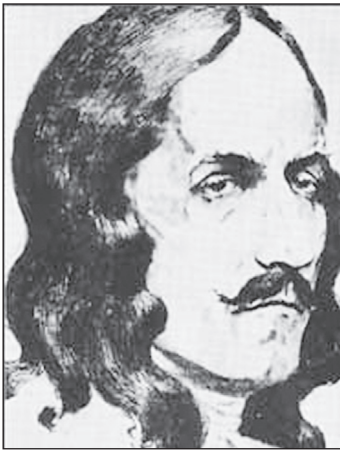
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Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, the French Explorer recognized as the "founder" of Detroit.

# DETROIT'S 250<sup>th</sup> Year Anniversary in 1951

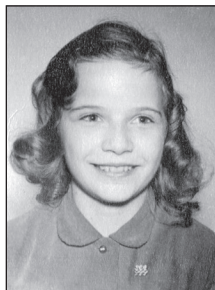
BY PEG PORTER

It was 1951 and Detroit was still booming. With the end of World War II, Detroit began manufacturing cars again. They were sold almost as soon as they came off the assembly line. A building boom was underway as well. Plans were well underway for the construction of Cobo Hall. 1951 was also the 250th anniversary of the city's founding by the French under the explorer Cadillac. The week of July 22 to 29, 1951 marked the official celebration.

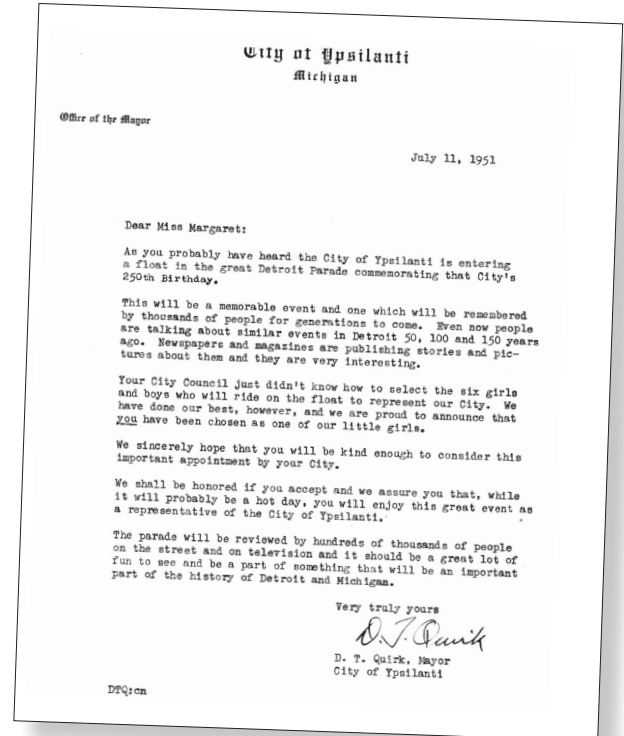
A four story cake was built in Grand Circus Park, decorated with 250 candles. The Major League All-Star Game was played at Briggs Stadium, a Detroit River Regatta brought the celebration to the waterfront, The University of Detroit hosted a large pageant for 11 performances with a cast of over 1,200. A five hour parade held on July 24, was one of the largest events watched by an estimated one million people.

Business and industry, labor unions, and Michigan communities all were represented in a mammoth parade that moved down Woodward Avenue. President Harry Truman, Mayor Albert Cobo and Governor G. Mennen "Soapy" Williams watched the parade from the reviewing stand. Ypsilanti participated with a float representing the then-city slogan, "Where Commerce and Education Meet."

Less than two weeks before the parade, I received a letter from Mayor Daniel T. Quirk on city letterhead with the Office of the Mayor imprint. He wrote about Detroit's 250th birthday and the planned parade. The City Council had deliberated on how to best select six boys and girls to ride on the City float. While he did not go into detail on the selection process, he did announce that I was chosen to be one of the little girls. He hoped I would "consider this important appointment by your City." It was as I later described it, my first political appointment.



Peg Porter at about age 10.



Letter from Ypsilanti Mayor Dan Quirk to author Peg Porter.

Of course I accepted. What ten year old would turn down a chance to ride on a float in a parade that would be watched by thousands including the President of the United States. And, the parade would be on television. Not everyone had TV's in 1951 so this was a unique opportunity.

The Ypsilanti float portrayed a one room schoolhouse typical of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The six "students" sat on benches, no fancy desks, with slates to write on. The "teacher" stood at the front; she did have a desk. We were not provided with costumes but were told to dress in clothing similar to that earlier period. I cannot remember exactly what I wore (which is unusual as I have detailed memories of clothing); however I am quite sure my outfit involved a pinafore and my hair tied back with plaid ribbons.

On the morning of the parade we drove down to Dearborn's City Hall to board our float. We stopped first at a restroom in city hall, a wise move as the parade went on for hours. Once we got on the float and into our seats we were told to "stay in our seats at all times." Floats, despite their name, do not smoothly make their way along





Huge crowds watched the 250<sup>th</sup> Anniversary parade in Detroit.

the parade route. Built on trailer beds with no springs or cushioning, the rider feels every bump in the road. Cornering presents its own set of challenges. Riders fall off floats, sometimes sustaining serious injury.

As the parade got underway, we moved out onto Michigan Avenue and made our way toward downtown Detroit. The crowds got larger and the buildings bigger the further east we went. The parade slowed and even stopped at certain points but soon began moving again. I was watching for TV cameras, not sure if I ever saw one. I also don't remember going past the reviewing stand. I do remember the boys on the float starting a spitball fight. This was, of course historically inaccurate as we "students" had no paper." But it drew a laugh from the crowd.

At last we turned onto Woodward Avenue for the final leg of the parade. We were pretty tired by then. The wooden benches were hard, we were thirsty and overdressed for the warm summer weather. A school bus met us at the Fair Grounds for the trip back to Ypsi.



President Truman, Mayor Cobo, and Governor G. Mennen "Soapy" Williams on reviewing stand.



Float with birthday cake

Despite a thorough search of the Historical Society's Archives and contact with the Detroit Historical Society we were unable to find a picture of the Ypsilanti float. While smaller than the mammoth productions sponsored by business and industry, our little schoolroom represented the City's important contribution to education and source of civic pride.

*(Author's Note: The relationship between Detroit and Ypsilanti is long-standing, predating the community that came to be called Ypsilanti. French traders established their businesses along the banks of the Huron River in this vicinity. Later Ypsilanti became the first overnight stop on the Chicago Road for travelers leaving Detroit. Ypsilanti has never been considered a suburb of Detroit and established its own unique identity. It is the home of an historic university, set in a particularly lovely stretch of the Huron River valley, a town that is proud of its diversity and dedicated to providing opportunities for all.)*

*(Peg Porter is the Assistant Editor of the Gleanings and a regular contributor of articles.)*



# The Grant Monument

BY JAMES MANN

*"The other day we took a stroll through the Cemetery. We never visit this delightful spot, this beautiful city of the dead, without exclaiming, 'What a paradise is this—fit abode of gods!' Here peacefully dwell the bodies of our dead—sacred dust,"* exclaimed *The Ypsilanti Commercial* of July 23, 1870.

*"This season of the year,"* continued the account, *"it does the soul good to wander through these dells and winding hills. Every monument you say, 'Let this spot be my final resting place'—There is scarcely a nook or corner which one would not choose as the habitation of the body until sea and earth shall give up its dead in the last grand resurrection day."* Highland Cemetery, the account noted, had several monumental works of art bearing the name of some of the leading families of Ypsilanti. The crowning work, the account noted, bore the name of Grant. *"The son is thus handing down the memory of his father, immortalizes himself."*

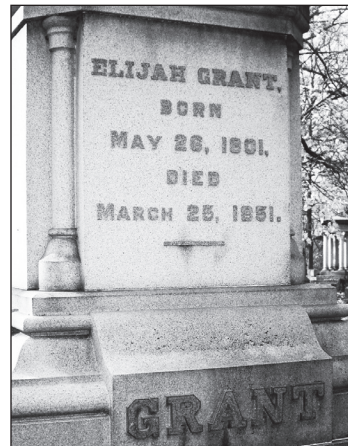
Elijah Grant was the father whose memory was being handed down. He was born on May 26, 1801. He married Mary Brown Flint in Connecticut in 1821. The couple moved to Ypsilanti in about 1834, but returned to Connecticut two years later. The reason for the return was Mary was in poor health. The two came back to Ypsilanti in about 1845. This time Elijah was successful in business and real estate. He died on March 27, 1851. This was the day before "The Great Fire" which destroyed most of what was then the downtown area of Ypsilanti. The Grant family home was then on the southeast corner of Michigan and Washington Streets. The family carried the body of Elijah out through a window at the back of the house, while flames threatened the front of the house.

Mary Grant purchased a house on North Washington Street on May 17, 1851, from Isaac Conklin. Today, the house is the Ladies Literary Club House. Here, Mary would live the rest of her life, with her only child, Edward Washington Grant.

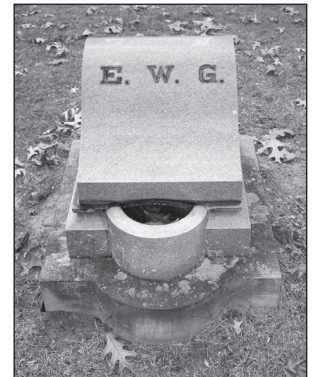
According to local legend, Elijah had been concerned about the trouble caused by the strained relationship that sometimes occurs between a mother and daughter-in-law. The cause for this concern, if it did indeed occur, is not



The Elijah Grant Monument in Highland Cemetery is over thirty feet tall.



The inscription on the Grant Monument indicates that Elijah Grant was born in 1801 and died in 1851.



Three identical small monuments, except for the lettering, are located next to the large Grant Monument. Elijah's is lettered E.G., Edward's is lettered E.W.G. and Mary Grant's is lettered M.B.G.

known. For this reason, it is said, Elijah had a provision in his will, that Edward would be disinherited if he married during the lifetime of his mother. True or not, Edward was still single when his mother died on August 3, 1883.

*"She united with the Presbyterian Church in her girlhood, and remained faithful to her vows to the end. Mrs. Grant was a very charitable woman, bestowing many charities upon the poor, unknown to the outside world. The poor have truly lost a friend. While she gave liberally to her own church in support of the gospel and in building their meeting house, she also gave to other denominations,"*



noted *The Ypsilanti Commercial* of August 11.

Edward was 45 years of age when his mother died. Now he was free to enter into romantic relationships, but he appears to have had no interest in doing so. There is no evidence he every had a relationship with a woman. This seems to have been puzzling to some. *"Ed Grant is perhaps one of the most elegant bachelors we have in the city. His house, in which he is the only boarder, is a model of neatness and elegance. There are books, there are statues, there are paintings: but the tripping steps and musical voice of Mrs. Ed G. is not there. Strange, too, for the present occupant is said to be kind and tender hearted, a good neighbor, a fine musician if he cares to be, and more than that besides. Washington Street claims him as her son,"* so noted *The Ypsilanti Commercial* of August 8, 1885.

Edward had inherited real estate holdings in Ypsilanti and elsewhere, so he did not need to work. There is a story he once met a man who came to the city seeking an investor for a factory. The man, so the story goes, wished to make and market a patent egg crate. Edward let the man build a factory on his land. When it rained, pools of water stood on the site, so Edward had 500 loads of gravel at \$1.00 a load brought in. Even the best machinery was not good enough. The man went ahead with the project, it is said, with all he needed of Edward's money. Then one night he quietly slipped away. Soon after that the factory burned.

He then invested in a car coupler and a rubber bucket for rural wells. These, as it turned out, were not good investments. As his wealth slipped away, he began to sell the furnishings in his house. *"Beginning with a bedroom, he had cleared the entire place, room by room, down the stairs to the first floor, on through the library, sewing room, and dining room, until finally only one room remained in which he might live. It was thus poverty had closed in on him and dispossessed him,"* recounts a newspaper clip-

ping in the files of the Archives at the Ypsilanti Historical Museum. The name of the paper from which it came, and the date of publication, are not recorded.

Edward sold the house to the Ladies Literary Club of Ypsilanti for \$3,000, on February 7, 1914. For more than ten years before this, Edward would come out of the house each day, dressed in his frock coat, silk hat and gray striped trousers. He stepped out onto the wide front porch, stood there for a moment blinking in the morning sunlight and then would walk quickly down to the business section of the city. *"There,"* the account reports, *"he would stand in one doorway and then in another, all day long... One never should think of him as loitering: he was so dapper, so immaculate, so erect."*



Edward Grant, son of Elijah and Mary Grant, inherited a considerable amount of money, but his wealth gradually slipped away.

From the house he had known all his life, Edward moved into a room on the second floor of a business block. He furnished the room with the few items he had been unable to sell. The room overlooked an alley and was reached by a narrow flight of stairs. His daily habit of standing in doorways continued after his move. *"It was as though he had let the life of his little city out-distance him sometime in his early years, so that now he looked upon all things as belonging to another existence in which he had no part."*

For the last ten years of his life, Edward spent 25 cents a day for food, some milk, cereal, bread, and sometimes coffee. Usually he ate two meals a day but often only one. Every night he made his way back to his empty room, and slipped between his blankets in this space without light or fuel. One winter, his last, he had a fire in his room, only four times.

One night, while making his way up the stairs to his room, he slipped on an icy step and broke a bone in his shoulder. He was taken to a hospital in Ann Arbor. There he lay on his back, blinking at the ceiling all day long. At Highland Cemetery the monument for his father stands 32 feet tall, and cost Edward \$8,000. Did Edward think of this place as he stared up at the ceiling at the hospital? There was, after all, a place for him here. No one will ever know as no records exist relating to the occupants of the plot on which the Grant family monument stands.

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



Elijah Grant first moved to Ypsilanti in 1834.



Mrs. Elijah Grant, Mary, lived in the Ladies Literary Club house until her death in 1883.

# A Tribute to Those Who Served

BY VIRGINIA DAVIS-BROWN

Our newest exhibit is found on the second floor of the museum. It is a tribute to the men and women who have taken time out of their private lives to serve in our military to preserve the FREEDOM we enjoy every day. Our exhibit displays items from the War of 1812 up to the Gulf War.

As we were putting the exhibit together, the thought kept running through my mind "if that uniform could only talk, what stories it would tell." The Naval Officer, Floyd Lieb who fought in both World War I and World War II, fought in the first war as an enlisted man in the Army and the second war as an Officer in the Navy.

There are two Marine uniforms of the Harwood brothers, Earl and Jim who took part in the occupation at the time of the Korean War. Frank Sinclair was a medic in the Marine Corps serving in the Pacific on several invasions. Red Cross Nurse Polly Bartlett helped save lives in WWI. George Walker was in the Navy and served in the Pacific. We have two WWI uniforms that are in beautiful condition and it is hard to believe that they are 100 years old, one belonging to Robert Schrepper. How about the uniform of Elizabeth Isaacson, an 18 year old who served on the S.S. Carl Vincent in the Gulf War. Along with her 500 sisters, Elizabeth served with 5,000 men seeing battle so far from home.

There are many items on display including a Vietnam MIA bracelet remembering someone who was missing in action; the reproduction of a water canteen from the Spanish American war; right down to the 2 inch can opener that could hang on the dog tags. There are also Ration Stamps. No stamps, food, gas, clothing or other items could be bought without them.

It is our hope that as you come to the Museum to help us celebrate the Holiday Season you will take time to visit this exhibit and say "Thank You" to our service men and women who gave so much for all of us.

*Wishing you a wonderful Holiday Season.*

*(Virginia Davis-Brown is the past Chair of the Museum Advisory Board and has made significant contributions of time, money and expertise to the Society over many years.)*



The military display is a tribute to the men and women who have served in our military.

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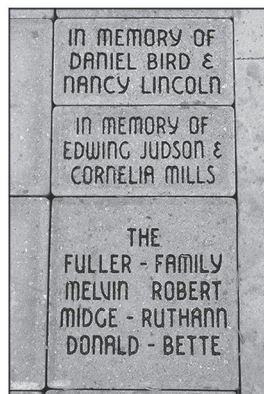


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