

Ypsilanti GLEANINGS

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



FALL 2015

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220 North Huron St. | Ypsilanti, MI 48197

www.ypsilantihistoricalsociety.org



The original "We Can Do It" poster.

As part of the effort to save the Willow Run Bomber Plant from demolition, some 776 women dressed as Rosie the Riveter to set a Guinness Book of World Record. The requirements for participation were stringent, the white poke-dots on the red bandanna had to be the right size and the women had to have on the right shoes and pants. The women succeeded in achieving their goal. Pity, none

of the women who set the record were dressed as Rosie the Riveter.

The requirements were based on the World War II era "We Can Do It" poster. This poster has come to be accepted as the image of Rosie the Riveter, urging women to leave the traditional role of homemaker and replace men in the factory. The problem is the girl in the poster was not Rosie the Riveter. There is

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From the PRESIDENT'S DESK

BY ALVIN E. RUDISILL

We have installed a "Charles S. Kettles" display in the Edmunds/Ypsilanti Room in the Museum. Lt. Colonel Kettles served during the Vietnam War and is currently being considered for the Medal of Honor. The program at our 2:00 pm, September 27th, Membership Meeting will be presented by Bill Nickels and will feature the service of Lt. Colonel Kettles. The display will be dedicated following the program and meeting. Make sure you place the September 27th Membership Meeting on your calendar.

The YHS Museum and Archives was part of the "Walking Tour of Historical Sites" that took place at the Ypsilanti Heritage Festival. Many people toured the museum and archives and had their "ticket" punched so they

would be eligible for the tour prizes. First prize was \$1,000 and second prize was a \$500 golf and weekend stay at the Ypsilanti/Ann Arbor Marriott Hotel.

We are looking for authors to contribute articles for the *Gleanings*. With the passing of prolific authors Phil Barnes and Tom Dodd it has been somewhat of a struggle to gather the number of stories we need to fill the available space. Please call me at 734-476-6658 or email me at al@rudisill.ws if you are interested in submitting a story or in becoming one of our regular contributors.

One of our new projects in the Archives is to transcribe the many "Oral History" audio tapes that have been produced over the years by YHS members and many others, including A. P. Marshall who produced a series on African American history in Ypsilanti. Alice Calder started this project a couple of years ago and now volunteer Sam Smaltz has taken on the responsibility. A new collection titled "Oral Histories" will be established and the printed version of each audio tape along with the actual audio tape will be placed in a folder in a file cabinet.

I want to thank all of the volunteers who serve on our boards, docent in the Museum, provide services in our Archives, or provide other services to the Ypsilanti Historical Society. Without their efforts it would be impossible to provide the many services available through the Society.



The display case in the Edmunds/Ypsilanti Room featuring the military service of Lt. Colonel Charles Kettles.

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nothing in the poster, to indicate that her name is Rosie or that she is a riveter. The poster tells us, "We can do it," but does not tell us what we are to do.

The "We Can Do It" poster was the work of graphic artist J. Howard Miller, who was commissioned by the Westinghouse Company to create a series of posters. The purpose of this series of posters was not to empower women, or encourage women to join the workforce, but to discourage disputes between labor and management. Workers were encouraged to meet production goals, cooperate with management and accept corporate values. Workers were not to consider joining a union, demand higher wages or better working conditions. The posters were displayed in employee only areas of Westinghouse plants, and were never seen by the general public during the war years.

On the bottom of the "We Can Do It" poster is the Westinghouse logo, as well as the words, War Production Coordinating Committee, a Westinghouse committee to deal with issues that might affect war production. The woman is wearing a badge on her collar, such as workers wore on the plant floor, and includes an employee number. In the bottom left corner of the poster are the instructions: "Post Feb. 15 to Feb. 28." The poster was taken down after this time and forgotten until the 1980's, when it reemerged as a feminist icon.

The young woman in the poster was most likely modeled after Geraldine Hoff Doyle, who graduated from high school in Ann Arbor, and at age 17, found employment as a metal presser in the *American Broach & Machine Co.* of Ann Arbor. She left the factory after only a few weeks, because as a cellist, she feared she might injure her hands in the machine. During her brief time at the factory, she was photographed by a wire service photographer. The photograph shows Doyle standing at the metal press, wearing a bandanna with white poke-dots. This image may have inspired J. Howard Miller to create the We Can Do It poster. Doyle did not know of the poster, until 1984.

At about the time the We Can Do It poster was being taken down, to be replaced with the next one in the series, the song Rosie the Riveter was being released. The song was the work of Redd Evens and John Jacob Loeb. The two may have been influenced by the story of Rosalind P. Walter, who was employed by Corsair, building the F4U marine gull-winged fighter plane.

All the day long, whether rain or shine

She's a part of the assembly line

She's making history, working for victory

Rosie, brrrrrrrrrrrr, the riveter

Keeps a sharp lookout for sabotage

Sitting up there on the fuselage

That little frail can do more than a male can do

Rosie, brrrrrrrrrrrr, the riveter

Rosie's got a boyfriend, Charlie

Charlie, he's a Marine

Rosie is protecting Charlie

Workin' overtime on the riveting machine

When they gave her a production 'E'

She was as proud as a girl could be

There's something true about, red, white, and blue about

Rosie, brrrrrrrrrrrr, the riveter

Doo-doo-doo-doo

Ev'ryone stops to admire the scene

Rosie at work on the P-19

She's never twittery, nervous or jittery

I'm Rosie, hm-hm-hm-hmm, the riveter

What if she's smeared full of oil and grease

Doin' her bit for the old lend-lease

She keeps the gang around, they love to hang around

Rosie (Hm-hm-hm-hm, that's me, the riveter)

Rosie buys a lot of War Bonds

That girl really has sense

Wishes she could purchase more Bonds

Putting all her extra cash in National Defense

Oh, when they gave her a production 'E'

She was as proud as a girl could be

There's something true about, red, white, and blue about

Rosie the riveter gal

While other girls attend their favorite cocktail bar

Sipping dry Martinis, munching caviar

There's a girl who's really putting them to shame

Rosie is her name

Oh, Rosie buys a lot of War Bonds

That girl really has sense

Wishes she could purchase more Bonds

Putting all her extra cash into National Defense

Oh, Senator Jones, who was in the know

Shouted these words on the radio

Berlin will hear about, Moscow will cheer about

Rosie (Hah-hah-hah-hee-hee-hee), Rosie (Hee-hee-hee-hee)

Rosie the riveter gal



The original "We Can Do It" poster may have been inspired by a photograph of Geraldine Hoff Doyle taken by a wire service photographer.

The song was originally recorded by Kay Kyser, the big band leader, and was played on radio, becoming a hit.

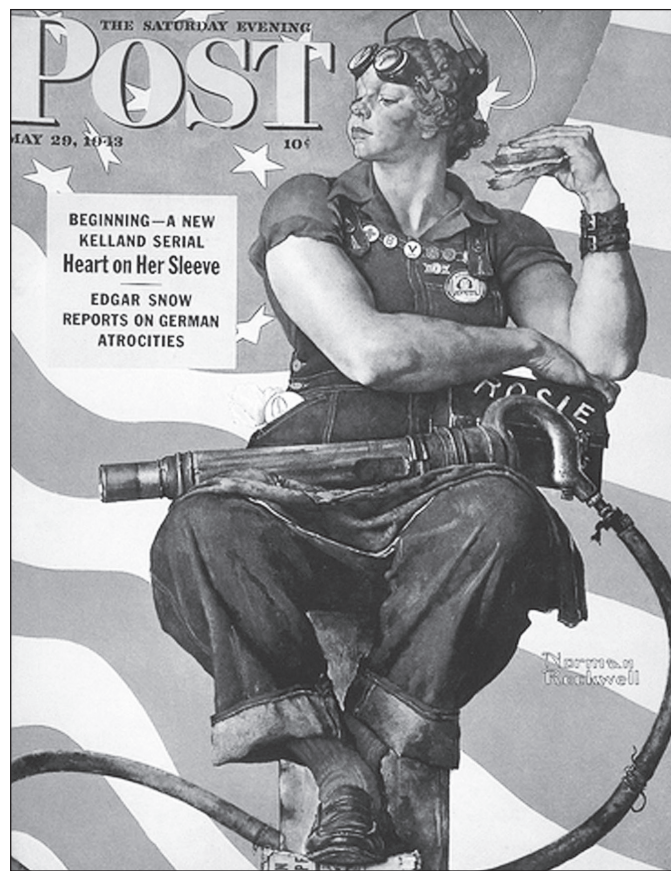
Norman Rockwell, the popular cover illustrator for *The Saturday Evening Post*, was almost certainly among those who had heard the song. This was when women were leaving the home to work in industry, as the men were entering military service. Early in the war effort, there was not only a call to arms, but a call to the production line. At Willow Run, the work force would hit a high of 60% women out of the 42,000 workers there.

Rockwell asked Mary Doyle Keefe, then a 19 year old red-haired telephone operator, to pose for a picture. Mary Doyle Keefe agreed, and posed twice for Rockwell, and for this she was paid \$10. The finished picture was the cover for the May 29, 1943, Memorial Day, issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*. This image is clearly "Rosie the Riveter."

We know this is Rosie, because her name is on her lunchbox. She is clearly a riveter, as there is a large rivet gun in her lap. The focus of the cover is her large masculine arms, and she is wearing rouge and lipstick, as well as nail polish. She is dressed in overalls, as women did not wear pants in public at this time. That would change as the war went on. She wears penny loafers, as there were no safety shoes made for women until July of 1943. One foot rests on a copy of Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. This gal means business.

In fact, Mary Doyle Keefe did not have the masculine build of the cover image, and she took a lot of ribbing because of it over the years. "The kidding you took was all my fault," wrote Rockwell in a 1967 letter, "because I really thought you were the most beautiful woman I had ever seen."

Rockwell was known for his penchant for touches of humor and satire in his work. Not long after the publication of the issue, it was noticed the Rosie bore a remarkable resemblance to Michelangelo's Prophet Isaiah from the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.



Norman Rockwell, the cover illustrator for *The Saturday Evening Post* asked Mary Doyle Keefe to pose for the cover of the 1943 Memorial Day issue.

The Rockwell Rosie is not as well known today as the "We Can Do It" poster, perhaps in part because of concerns over copyright. The cover was published soon after the release of the song "Rosie the Riveter" and the publishing company may have feared it could be sued over copyright infringement.

At about this time Hollywood leading man actor Walter Pidgeon arrived at the Willow Run Bomber Plant near Ypsilanti, Michigan, to appear in a promotional film for war bonds. There he met Rose Will Monroe, who was employed as a riveter. A real woman named Rosie, who was working as a riveter in an aircraft factory was too good to pass up. She was asked to appear in the film, and she agreed. As her daughter Vicki Jarvis noted years later, "Mom happened to be in the right place at the right time."

Born Rose Will Leigh on March 12, 1920, at Pulaski County, Kentucky, she was one of nine brothers and sisters. "She was," as her daughter recalled, "the one who was a tomboy who could use tools. She could do everything."

She moved to Michigan with her two children, after the death of her husband in an automobile accident, to seek employment in the war industry. Her hope was to be chosen to learn to fly transport planes to carry aircraft parts around the country. She was passed over, because she was

a single mother. Instead, she went to work on the line, as a riveter.

The movie was shown throughout the nation in theaters between the features, to encourage the sale of war bonds. After the war, Rose drove a cab, operated a beauty shop and founded a construction company called Rose Builders. She died at the age of 77 in 1997.

Geraldine Doyle, of the We Can Do It poster, married Leo Doyle, a dentist, in 1943. The couple had six children. She died at the age of 86 in 2010.

The experience of the war years



Walter Pidgeon visited the Willow Run Bomber Plant in Ypsilanti and asked Rose Will Monroe to appear in a film, which she agreed to do.

changed life in America, including the role of women. Before the war, women were expected to be content as housewives and mothers. Working and living on their own brought a new freedom to many, and they were never going back to the old ways. The number of women working outside the home has never dropped to prewar levels since.

There is no wonder in this, as They Can Do It.

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

**Congratulations,
Richmond Rosies!**
(for setting a NEW World Record for the MOST Rosie the Riveters
on Saturday, August 15, 2015 in Richmond, CA)
The Willow Run Rosies

SAVE THE BOMBER PLANT.ORG
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JUST IN! The World Record that was set in Ypsilanti last year with over 700 Rosie's has just been broken in Richmond, California with over 1,200 Rosie's showing up.

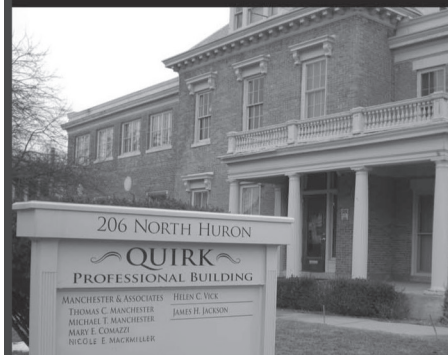
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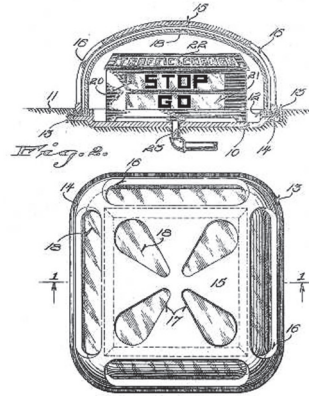
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The Mushroom Traffic Signals

BY AL RUDISILL

According to the "History of Ypsilanti" on the city's web site: "By the 1920s, officers had begun to patrol the streets in a Model A Ford wielding two submachine guns. The first man to actually be called Police Chief was John F. Connors, who managed the department from 1922 to 1929" An article in *The Ypsilanti Press* of February 28, 1924 was titled "Traffic Orders Must Be Obeyed – Police Make First Arrest for Disregarding Signals and Regulations."

The article goes on to describe the arrest of Frank Scott for disregarding the "**Mushroom Light**" traffic signal. The article describes Scott's offense as follows: "Scott didn't have time to wait for the D.U.R. (Detroit United Railway) car to take on passengers and leave the waiting room; he accordingly drove around on the left hand side and went on. The chief wasn't in his car so he didn't see Scott that time. It wasn't more than a few minutes later that he came driving back on Michigan Avenue and this time he decided the mushroom light wasn't put there for any specific purpose and he cut on the wrong side of that too. This time the Chief stopped him. This afternoon he is to appear in municipal court and will doubtless be



In 1922, Thomas Hayes designed a mushroom that doubled as a traffic signal with "Stop" and "Go" lighted sections. This mushroom was often used with an overhead or post mounted signal that could be seen from a distance.

instructed as to what the city traffic regulations are. It is altogether likely he will find out what the penalty for violating them is also."

In the article Chief Connors was also quoted as saying, "Autoists will have to learn the traffic signals are to be obeyed. The police department has been lenient during the winter when the streets were slippery but the thing has gone too far, now. All autoists seen disregarding the mushroom lights will be brought into court from now on."

MUSHROOM TRAFFIC LIGHT

MILWAUKEE TYPE

A Completely Illuminated Traffic Guide

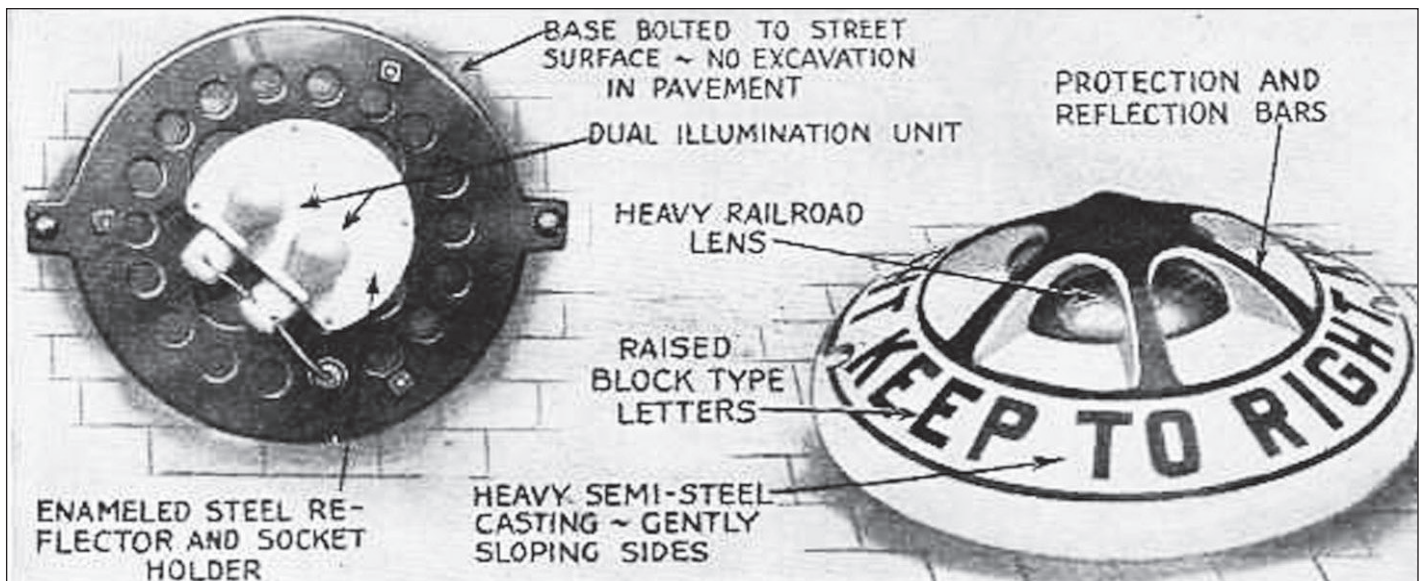
The Milwaukee Mushroom Traffic Light is a cast steel unit that is all light. It is particularly valuable for narrow streets, street car intersections, heavy traffic streets and boulevards. This unit is 8 inches above the street surface and is prominent enough to be respected.

Our descriptive bulletin sent free on request.

Electrical & Specialty Supply Co.
MADISON TERMINAL BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.



The earliest mushroom lighted traffic signals were placed in the middle of an intersection to show drivers where the edge of their lane ended.



Some of the lighted mushroom designs had "Keep to Right" cast into the base.

According to court records in 1924 there were 54 Washtenaw County Traffic Court cases from the City of Ypsilanti involving the mushroom signals. Fines in these cases ranged from \$4.25 to \$10.00 and jail time ranged from 0 to 40 days. Three of the 54 cases resulted in 40 days jail time, 10 of the 54 cases resulted in 20 days jail time, 21 of the 54 cases resulted in 10 days jail time, and in 10 of the cases no jail time was assigned.

At the time there was a great deal of debate regarding traffic signals. The issue related to keeping traffic to the right of center at each intersection. One side argued that mushroom type signal lamps created less of a hazard to errant drivers of motorcars and horse drawn vehicles who miscalculated a turn. The other side argued that pedestal mounted lights were easier to see from a distance and it would cause less damage to run into a pedestal signal than to disregard a mushroom signal and run into oncoming traffic. As time passed the argument became moot as automatically timed traffic signals were suspended over intersections rather than placed in the center of intersections.

(Note: This article was inspired by the research being done in our Archives by Marcia McCrary. She is indexing early Ypsilanti court documents and has run across several cases of fines and jail sentences imposed on individuals for violation of mushroom traffic signals.)



Patrolman Emil Susterka in 1934. Susterka later became Chief of the Ypsilanti Police Department in 1958.



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The George Families of River Street

(Another Episode of the River Street Saga)

BY JAN ANSCHUETZ

River Street in Ypsilanti is a short and beautiful road that has led to fame and fortune for several of its residents including Mark Norris, Lyman Norris, Benjamin Follett, Shelly Hutchinson, Walter Pitkins and Walter Briggs, all of whose stories can be found in past issues of the Gleanings. In this installment I will tell the story of an immigrant family who came to this country from England seeking free and excellent education for their children and whose grandchildren, in turn, did much to influence education in Ypsilanti.

Our tale begins in England and is the life-long love story of Cary Eaton and George George. Cary was the daughter of Susannah Woodhams; she was born in July, 1781 in Hartfield, Sussex, England and died circa 1812. Her father was James Eaton; he was born circa 1772 in Kockholt, Kent, England and died about 1818. His profession is listed as a farmer on Cary's marriage record. Susannah and James were married August 11, 1800 in Hartfield, Sussex, England, and Cary was born May 28, 1808 in Godstone, Surrey, England.

Cary wrote her own life story as published in her obituary in Ypsilanti in 1895: *"My parents lived at Godstone, Surrey, England, and their six children were all baptized at Godstone Church. My mother died when I was only four years old; my father died soon after, and my Aunt Hesham who was my mother's oldest sister, and who stood sponsor for me when I was baptized in infancy thought it was her duty to take me and bring me up with her own family. When I was 15 years old I went to live with a distant relation of my mother's who had not any family and she wanted a companion and someone to write her notes and teach her little niece; so I went there and had a pony to ride and was quite happy. They had a nephew living with them, George George. He fell in love with me. I consented at last and we were married in 1838."*

Their marriage record can be found in Guild Hall, St. Bride Fleet Street, Register of marriages, 1837-1839 in the parish registry, City of London for July 22, 1839. George George is the son of George George (1788 to 1845), whose occupation is listed as a farmer on his son's marriage record. His mother was Ann Worgor. Cary writes a little about their life together, referring to her husband as she continues: *"He had a great deal of trouble, poor man, through the sacrifice he had made, and I am afraid he was never repaid for it: but we loved our children and they were so good and dutiful to us I think that we can say, what very few parents can say, that not one of our children ever gave us*



Funeral photo for Worgor George. Daughter Anna Marian is holding his photo. Second wife Anna E. Shutts Georgs is holding baby Edward Shutts George. Standing is Frederick George and seated is Percival George.

any trouble."

We don't know what troubles that Cary was referring to in George George's life, but we do know that Cary and George decided to immigrate to the United States of America with their children. Their oldest son, Worgor, was born July 4, 1840. He was married while in England to a woman seven years older than him, Emily Morgan, and had a daughter, Marianne, who was born in 1863. Cary and George's son, Frederick, was born February 24,



Emily Morgan George, first wife of Worgor George with daughter Marianne. Emily is holding her son Percival.

1842; Cary Elizabeth was born November 16, 1843; George Edward was born September 1, 1845; Eliza Ann was born in 1847; Susanna was born September 27, 1849 and died two years later; and Martha Maria was born July 14, 1851.

In an audio-taped interview recorded in 1965, Cary and George's granddaughter, Jessie Swaine, stated that her grandparents decided to come to America because they had a large family and wanted their children to have a good and free education. In England, at that time, parents were

responsible for paying for their children's schooling, and the George family could not afford to educate their many children on their own. Family records tell us that George George came to the United States in 1863 and the next year sent for the rest of his family.

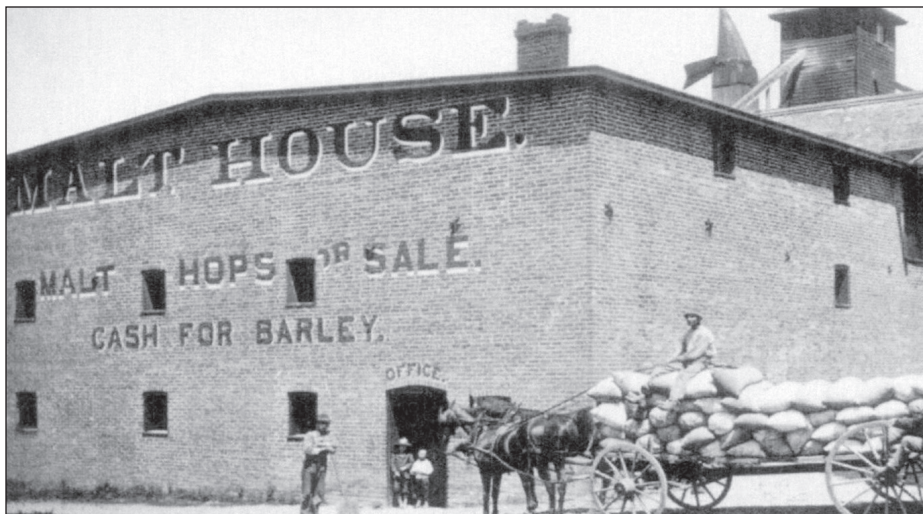


Martha (Patty George) daughter of George and Cary Eaton George.

We do not know how it was that Cary and George George and their children ended up in Ypsilanti, but we do know that their daughter Cary married a local man, Leonard C. Wallington, and lived at 627 River Street. Jessie Swaine, their niece, tells us in an interview recorded 60 years ago that Leonard inherited part of a family farm which was on Cross Street where the golf course is, sold his portion, and purchased a large home on River Street. He soon went into the malt business with his father-in-law, George George, who in 1866 bought the brick school which was built in 1839 as the Peck Street Primary and

then sold to the public school system and became the Fourth Ward School in 1850.

George George, L. C. Wallington, and Worgor George went to work converting the structure into a malt house. A second cousin to the George children visited the family from Kent, England and was impressed with the opportunities in Ypsilanti, Michigan for the brewing industry. Frederick Swaine's family occupation, that of his father and grandfather, had been brewers, and they were licensed to brew for the king. Although he had been orphaned as a baby, Frederick was interested in investing his inheritance, talent and ambition in the malt business to supply the two breweries in town. He also fell in love with the beautiful young Eliza Ann George, his second cousin. Swaine returned to England to pack up his belongings, arrange his finances and affairs, and moved to Ypsilanti where he married Eliza in 1874. The young couple then moved in with his brother and sister-in-law on River Street while he went about the business of becoming a maltster. Frederick quickly bought out the interests of his father-in-law and two brothers-in-law, Worgor and Lawrence, even though they remained employed by him. He also set about greatly enlarging the malt house from a 20 by 40 foot structure to a three story building of an impressive size: 50 by 94 feet.



Worgor George with pitchfork in front of the Malt House on Forest Avenue.

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Jessica Florence and cousins having fun outside the Malt House. Note the Swane home on the left.

Furthermore, Frederick Swaine contracted for the building of a home for his new bride on the north east corner of River Street and Forest Avenue. River Street was soon teaming with George family members – working, playing and living. Worgor, Emily and their three children, Marianne, Percival (born in 1867), and Frederic Morgan were living at 505 River Street. Leonard and Cary George Wallace lived a few doors south of the malt house at 627 River and had two daughters: May, born circa 1870, and Ethel Maude, who had been born in 1872. Frederick Swaine and

Lizzie George had a total of four children: Florence born in 1875, John in 1877 (who died the same year at about six months), then Jessie born in 1880, and son Frederick who was born in 1880 and died two years later of diphtheria.

Meanwhile the malt business and the George families prospered. It seems that the dreams of George

and Cary George were coming true at last with prosperity for their children and a free and excellent education for their grandchildren in the new country. All of the grandchildren of George and Cary were attending the excellent public school at the 4th Ward School, and then the Seminary and Ypsilanti High School. However, their joy was tempered with sadness with the death of their beautiful 22 year old daughter Patti in 1873. A few years later, in 1879, Cary Elizabeth George Wallington died, along with the baby boy named George Edward Wallington she had just delivered

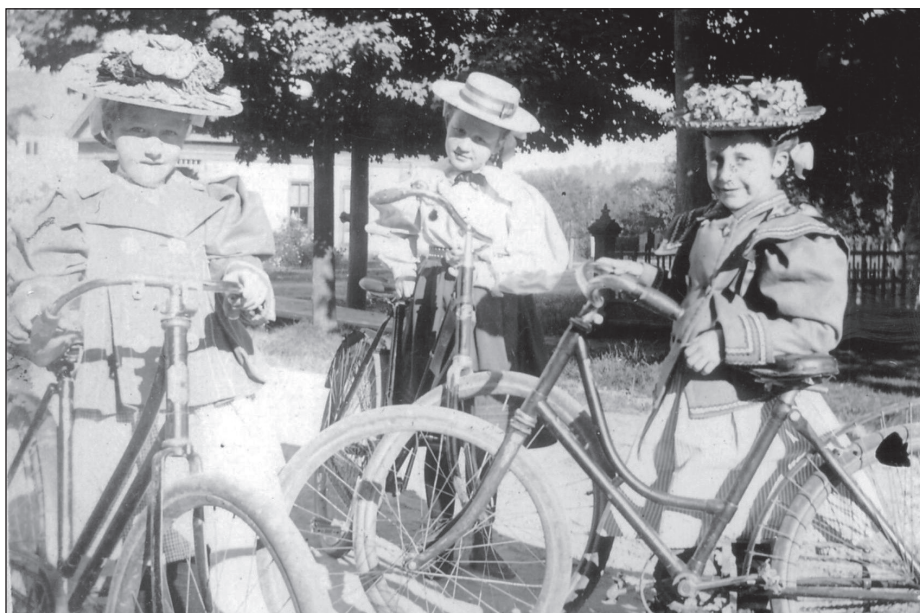
seven weeks earlier. From census records, we know that her daughter Maude moved into her Aunt Lizzie's home.

Tragedy continued when Worgor's wife, Emily, died of consumption in June, 1879 and despite the kind and faithful nursing of her Aunt Lizzie George Swaine, his daughter Marianne soon joined her mother. Her touching obituary in the Ypsilanti newspaper reads

"GEORGE – Dec. 8th, 1880, of consumption, MINNIE, beloved and only daughter of Worgor and Emily George, aged 17. Minnie was left motherless a few months since. The eldest child she was her fond father's dependence. She was 'glad to go and meet her mam'. Shortly before her death she said to her aunt, Mrs. Swaine, 'Pa cries and you cry, but I don't.' Her pastor, Rev. Dr. Wilson made some affecting (sic) remarks at the funeral. Thy Father called thee, loved ones, while yet in early bloom but fond, sad hearts of earth will cry, too soon, too soon."

Worgor did not give up on love and a few years later married a local girl, Anna E. Shutts, who was born September 10, 1850. Anna was the daughter of Martin and Mary A. Shutts who owned a farm in Plymouth, and soon two more children joined their cousins on River Street: Anna Marian and Edward Shutts. Despite these blessings, sorrows were not over for Cary and George George.

In 1886, George George, the optimist who moved to Ypsilanti from England to seek his fortune and make sure that his children and grandchildren were educated, died, and his widow Cary moved in with her daughter and son-in-law. What type of man was George George? Perhaps we can glimpse his kind character and genuine affection for his grandchildren in the little



The Watllington girls May and Maude with cousin Jessie Swaine with bicycles on River Street at Forest Avenue.

poem he wrote to his four-year-old granddaughter, Jessie Swaine, which was found in her childhood album. It reads:

*I have searched and searched
the place around
Searched nearly every house in
town
To see if I could possibly find
A nice little girl for a Valentine
All at once I thought of you
I want no other she will do
That's the girl for me, say I
The one that suits my eye
You are mine dearest Jess
I choose you from all the rest*

Grandpa, 1883

There are several other affectionate and sincere notes from her grandfather carefully pasted by the little girl in the scrapbook on pages which are now yellow and brittle, and now reside in the Ypsilanti Historical Museum archives. The album is filled with childhood memories of Jessie Swaine, who died in the same bed and in the same bedroom that she was born on River Street nearly 90 years later.



Eliza (Lizzie) George Swaine, wife of Frederick Swaine.

Within a year after George George died, his son Worgor died in July, 1887. By this time, Cary had only two of her seven children living – daughter, Lizzie George Swaine, and a son, George Edward, who was a grain buyer in Kansas. Cary wrote “Bereavements have been a great trial, only two left out of seven children, my daughter Lizzie and my son (George) Edward of Kansas City. God grant they may be spared to me. The others, I trust

are safe in Heaven.”

The sadness continued on River Street, and Worgor’s son Percival died of consumption only four months after his father. His obituary in a local newspaper states: “Died – 11-7-1887: Percy George, son of Mrs. Worgor George of River St. died suddenly last Monday of hemorrhage of the lungs. He was but nineteen years old, and a young man respected by all who knew him. The funeral services were held at the house, Wednesday afternoon and conducted by Rev. Mr. MacLean.”

Cary George, who lived with her daughter Lizzie and son-in-law Frederick Swaine and their two daughters, passed away eight years later. Her obituary gives us a glimpse of her life and her last hours, as published in the Ypsilanti newspaper: “Mrs. Cary Eaton George died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. F. J. Swaine, Monday, June 10, 1895, at midnight, aged 87 years and 13 days. The life which then was transferred from this to the world beyond was a beautiful one and presents an example worthy of emulation. Mrs. George was born in Surrey, England, in 1808, left an orphan while a little child, and was reared to womanhood by relatives. At 15 years of age she shouldered the responsibilities of life for herself, and for a long time

made her own way in the world. In 1838 she became the wife of George George, with whom and the family she had she came to this country in 1863. Here she has lived ever since, her husband and five of their seven children preceding her to the other shore. The two surviving members of her family, a son Edward George of Kansas City and a daughter, Mrs. Swaine, were at her bedside to receive her dying blessing. Mrs. George was a consistent member of the Episcopal church in which faith she found comfort and happiness in her declining years.”

Two years later, Frederick Swaine, husband of Lizzie and once a successful business and civic leader as well



Jessie and Florence Swaine circa 1883.



The log cabin built by the Ypsilanti Kiwanis Club for the Ypsilanti Centennial celebration.

as noted musician, died suddenly, leaving the family destitute. By this time, Florence and Jessie Swaine were in their early 20s and, after graduating from high school in Ypsilanti and from the Michigan Normal College, they were able to supplement the family income by money earned in their teaching careers.

George George and his wife Cary came to America so that their descendants could receive a free education and would have been proud to know that this dream had come true and that at least four of their grandchildren attended college. Jessie and Florence were both life-long teachers who went on to continue their education beyond their college degrees, and Jessie was an especially loved and honored founder of the first home economics department in Ypsilanti Public Schools.

We know that Fred George, son of Worgor and Emily, attended college. We have several pictures of him as a student with a mortar board on his head and pipe in his mouth in a student bedroom looking very happy.

Fred's half brother, Edward Shutts

George, son of Worgor and Anna, also grew up to pursue an advanced degree and make his mark on education in Ypsilanti. In fact, he was so esteemed for his contributions that George School on Ecorse was named for him.

In remarks made shortly before he died, we get a glimpse into his personality. Edward teasingly admitted that *"as a boy we had a neighbor, a dear old Irish lady, who once told my mother: 'Why - he's the devil of the Fourth Ward'"*. We know that Edward grew up with this sister and half-brother, Fred, on River Street. He liked to play at the Huron River bank and served as a choir boy at the George family's church, St. Luke's, on North Huron Street. He graduated from Ypsilanti High School in 1906 and worked as a lineman on the railroad that passed two doors from his home on River Street, to earn money to go to the University of Michigan Dental School, from which he graduated in 1911. Edward worked at a dental clinic in Ann Arbor for a year and then joined a partnership with Dr. Louis James in the office at 119 Huron Street, started by Dr. Watling



Cary Eaton George and George George.

who had founded the dental school at the University of Michigan.

His life continued to improve when on June, 1915, he married a local girl, Alice Mable Gass. They lived with Edward's mother, Anna, on River Street until they purchased a large home a block from his dental practice at 219 Huron Street. Edward and Alice had one daughter, Marian Elizabeth, who married George N. Elliot and they, in turn, had three daughters.

Edward's philosophy was to serve the community as well as his family. Soon he went about proving his leadership talents and positive outlook on life through a variety of community commitments. In a speech he once wrote, he stated his view on life by saying *"If you want to be really cruel to a man, just deny him the opportunity of serving his community and his fellowmen."*

Perhaps Edward was influenced by his grandparents' reverence for education. He served on the school board from 1919 to 1939 and wanted to make sure that the educational system in Ypsilanti met the growing needs of the community. During his time on the school board, a gymnasium was added to the high school and the aging Prospect School was rebuilt. Also, an addition was added to Woodruff School and Harriet School was built on the south side of town.

In an undated newspaper article published after Edward's death, found in the Ypsilanti Historical Museum archives, we read about other ways



Children from Fourth Ward School at the corner of Prospect and Michigan Avenue in 1892. Front row 3rd from left is Edward Shutts. Second row in the middle is Miss Stuffy, the teacher. (Anna) Marian George is at the right end of the second row.



Cary Eaton George
as a young woman in
England.

that he served the community: *"Another of his contributions to the city was his leadership in the construction of Island Park. When Detroit Edison bought the water rights at the Huron River he foresaw the possibilities of using the land for a recreational center. The electric company deeded the land jointly to the city council and the school board.*

Dr. George together with his friend, Fielding Yost, who took a personal interest in the project, worked to lay out the recreational field. Both men had become close friends while working together on the County Boy Scout Council. Dr. George had worked so hard on the island project that one day a group of his friends called him down to the area where they had placed a sign naming it "George Island." One reason he chose the spot was because he had played there as



Marianne George, daughter of Worgor and Emily George.

a child along the banks of the Huron River." Thus we learn that what we know as Frog Island Park was once named Island Park and, in jest, "George Island Park."

Dr. George was also president of the Kiwanis club from 1923-1924 and was the enthusiastic energy behind their participation in the city's 100th anniversary projects. The Kiwanis built an authentic log cabin, completely furnished appropriately for the 1823 era at Gilbert Park, where it remained for several years. They also obtained an ox cart, oxen, and driver and gave rides to eager children.

In a speech he gave to the Ypsilanti school board shortly before his death, Dr. Edward George relayed his philosophy of education: *"Sometimes we put too much stress on buildings and equipment, when the backbone of a good school system is in the teaching staff. Personally I have always felt – start with the best kindergarten teachers that can be found – then go one better – if possible – for the rest of the grades."*

The grandson of George and Cary George was well loved and honored for his contributions and betterment of education and the community of Ypsilanti, so much so that after his death in 1949, the new E. S. George School at 1076 Ecorse Road in Ypsilanti was named for him. In a short paper, handed out when the school was opened in 1951 it was written *"this school was named for a Dentist, Dr. Edward Shutts George who was born and raised in Ypsilanti in 1886 and lived here his entire life, until he passed away in 1949. He had been President of the Ypsilanti School Board from 1919 to 1933 and because he was a staunch believer in improving educational facilities, this school was named for him."*

Over 150 years ago when the George family made the long and perilous sea crossing from England to American for the education of their children and grandchildren, little did they



Worgor George, son of Cary and George George.

know that the surname of George would be written on a school building and stand for quality education in their chosen city. The Georges are still on River Street – resting together on a beautiful bluff high above the Huron River and city of Ypsilanti that they loved so well, where the dreams of this immigrant family seem to have come true.



Joseph E. Thompson making presentation to Dr. E. S. George in 1949. Seated at right are Mr. and Mrs. Paul Ungrodt.

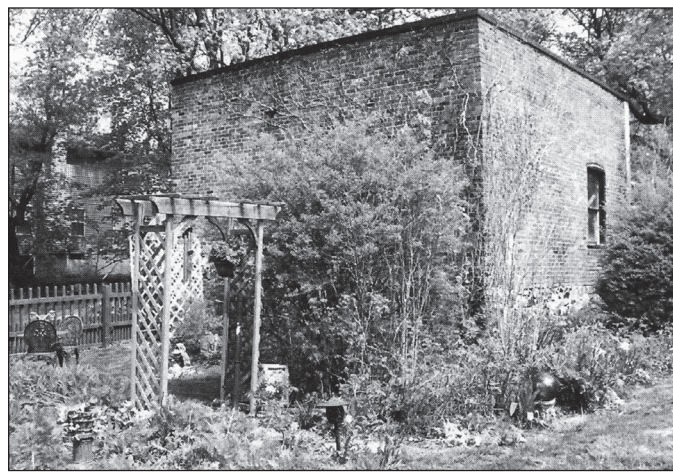
Other stories in The River Street Saga series can be found online at the Ypsilanti Historical Museum web site. More still can be read about the Frederick Swaine and Lizzie George family, as well as others who lived on this pretty little street in Ypsilanti, Michigan, most of whom are still there, in body if not in spirit, in the historic Highland Cemetery.

(Jan Anschuetz is a local history buff and a regular contributor to the Gleanings.)

Finding George Family Tombstones in the Anschuetz Family Backyard

BY ROBERT AND ERIC ANSCHUETZ

(Robert and Eric Anschuetz are members of the Ypsilanti Historical Society and regularly contribute articles for the Gleanings.)



Tombstones were found in close proximity to one another near this garage which began life in 1839 as the Peck Street Primary and then became a malt house before being converted into a garage in 1912.

The Swaine family property at the northeast corner of Forest Avenue and River Street held many treasures that went undiscovered for years until the Anschuetz family moved into the house. Over the years while planting gardens and burying animals, the Anschuetz family dug up several artifacts on the property, including pottery, china, old coins, a clay pipe, bottles and buttons. Nothing, however, beat the discovery of seven tombstones they found while digging fence posts in their backyard.

The tombstones were found in close proximity to one another near the Anschuetz family garage, which began life in 1839 as the Peck Street Primary school and then became a malt house before being converted into a garage in 1912. In the early 1970s, twins Robert and Eric Anschuetz, along with their father Bob Anschuetz, took turns with the fence pole digger for the purpose of installing a wooden fence in their backyard.



The Worgor George and Anna Shutts tombstones in Highland Cemetery.

Memories don't recall who struck the marble tombstones first, but the post diggers originally thought the obstruction must be a large rock. When they dug the first tombstone out of the hole, they were really shocked. Robert and Eric were certain that there must have been bodies buried near the garage. It was their mom Janice Anschuetz' knowledge of local history that quickly let them know that the tombstones must have been placed in a heap by the garage when new tombstones were purchased for the George family plot, probably after the death of Anna E. Shutts George in the 1920s, and most likely by her son Edward Shutts George.

The tombstones were from the George family. The largest tombstone was for Worgor George. There were also tombstones for two of his children. One reads "Precious Minnie" for his daughter, and another bares his son's name - Percival. The collection also has smaller footstones, and a tombstone for an infant. The George's were cousins to the Swaine family and lived a few blocks away on River Street. Finding such a strange treasure in their yard justified a visit by a Detroit Free Press reporter, who came over to shoot a photo and write an article of the Anschuetz family and their tombstones. One day in 4th or 5th grade, Eric was embarrassed as one of the girls in his class read the article in class for "show and tell."

The Anschuetz family used the tombstones as part of their ambitious Hal-

loween decorations for years. The old tombstones are now safely preserved in the Anschuetz' basement. The Highland Cemetery now holds the remains of the George family with their once-new tombstones, buried next to the Swaine family. The current tombstones marking the George graves are now crumbling, with the original ones probably in even better shape since they were persevered underground for several decades and are now protected from the weather. Janice Anschuetz has dug up two more unmarked tombstones in the past few years along with much sidewalk slate, buttons, hair pins, old English coins, and slate pencils and slate tablets as reminders of the school house. She has also excavated a silver thimble with an etched letter "S" for the Swaine family who are still remembered for living and dying in the home at the corner of Forest and River.



The George family tombstones that were dug up near the Peck Street Primary structure.

Museum Advisory Board Report

BY NANCY WHEELER, BOARD CHAIR

Charles Kettles was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross in 1967. A display to honor him will be dedicated at the General Meeting on Sept. 27, 2:00 p.m. The display is located in the Edmonds-Ypsilanti Room.

The quilt exhibit will be held September 13 thru September 26. At least 85 quilts are scheduled to be on display. This is always a beautiful exhibit. Thank you to Sara VanderMeulen and her committee.

An exhibit of 25 chairs is now ready throughout the Museum. We have many styles dating from the 1800's. The history of each style is included in the descriptions. Be sure to see the Boston Rocker once owned by the Starkweather family.

Rita Sprague and Midge Fahndrich have asked to be replaced on the Museum Advisory Board. Both have served in many capacities for years and will be great-



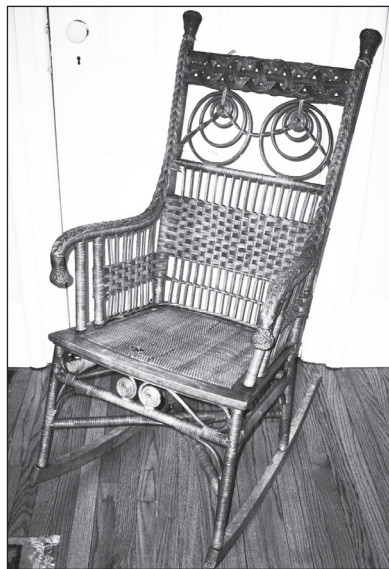
Low-Back Armchair, circa 1850-1900
(Lowest back chair photographed).

ly missed. Both will continue to docent and work on special projects. Thank you Rita and Midge!

More than 50 volunteers helped to present our beautiful Museum to the public during the Heritage Festival. Will you help next year? Will you help us before then? Call 734-482-4990 and Volunteer.



Boston Rocker, circa 1840 from Starkweather family (Black rocker with stencils on back and seat).



Wicker Rocking Chair, circa 1830-1900
(Wicker with scrolls on back).

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The "One Tower House" at 701 East Forest Avenue burned to the ground in 1903.

One Tower House

BY JAMES MANN

Ypsilanti is fortunate to have so many stately homes of the late nineteenth century lining its streets. Some of these homes have been restored to their past glory and add to the quality of life. Then there are homes that can be called "works in progress." Sadly, there are not as many of the grand homes as there once were. A number of the grand old homes have been demolished because of neglect or to make way for a new structure. A few have been lost to fire. One such house stood at 701 East Forest Avenue.

William Evens built the two and a half story frame house at 701 East Forest Avenue in 1892. He is listed in the 1896 Ypsilanti City Directory as a real estate agent. The house had a tall tower on the front west end, and a wide porch below the tower. Evens and his wife Helen lived in the house until 1899, when it was sold to a Major B. H. Rothwell of Detroit, who moved into the house in April of that year. William and Helen Evens moved to Detroit. Major Rothwell would return to Detroit to live in October of the same year, after selling the house to Louis B. Littlefield, the former sheriff of Wayne County. Successful in business in Detroit, Littlefield was elected Alderman in 1883, and later as sheriff of Wayne County.

"In those days the river front, from Gross Point to Wyandott was considered rather "lively," and in certain localities low dives and gambling dens existed with little restriction. Cock fights, dog fights, fargo tables, road houses where orgies were held, and other interesting places, made up a rather warm combination," noted The Ypsilanti Commercial of Thursday, January 4, 1900.

"Sheriff Littlefield made a systematic move on the gamblers and pit fighters" the report continued, and many are the interesting stories related to his raids. When the famous McCarthy road house murder occurred he began a systematic effort to restore law and order among this class of public places, and succeeded admirably. He was an officer feared by law breakers, and was always prompt in deciding on his official course. So great was the fear of his strong hand that a number of River Rouge and Ecorse's sporting residents can even now remember taking a cold plunge into the river one night from back windows of a certain resort, when it was announced that "Louie Littlefield was in front." Littlefield was later elected city treasurer and then retired from politics because of failing health.

"The property conveyed to Mr. Littlefield includes 10 acres, fruit orchard and buildings, and the price paid was \$16,905," reported The Ann Arbor Argus-Democrat of Wednesday, October 20, 1899. "It is not known," the report concluded, "whether he will remain out of politics in this county or whether he will soon make a break for the republican leadership here. At any rate, the younger politicians who get into his good graces will find his political advice of value."

Whatever reason Littlefield had for moving to Washtenaw County never became clear, as he died at his new home on Wednesday, January 3, 1900. Soon after, the house was sold to a Charles Widrig, a traveling salesman, and his wife Elizabeth. Charles Widrig seems to have come into some notoriety himself, as *The Ypsilanti Sentinel-Commercial* of December 1, 1903 noted: "This is the house where Mr. Widrig had his celebrated smoking den, which figured so largely in the lawsuit about the fine rugs which he bought in Detroit."

Widrig and his wife sold the house and moved out by September of 1903. The house was then the property of D. C. Griffin. Mr. Griffin appears to have been in no hurry to move in, as the house stood empty for some time. A Martin Cremer stopped by

the house on Wednesday, November 25, 1903, and found everything in order. The furniture consisted chiefly of two stoves, a gas range, curtains and cushions. Cremer locked the house as he left.

A neighbor was returning home just after midnight of Saturday, November 27, 1903, and saw the house was on fire. An alarm was immediately turned in. The fire department responded promptly and did Trojan work, succeeding in saving the laundry buildings, barns and the adjoining neighboring residences. "When they arrived on the spot there seemed to be fire in every room in the house, and the floors were falling in," noted *The Ypsilanti Sentinel-Commercial* of December 1, 1903. "The origin of the fire is unknown." All that was left of the house were two tall chimneys and the foundation walls. Everything else had burned to the ground. "There was an insurance of \$5,000 on the house but this will not begin to cover the loss," reported *The Evening Times* of Saturday, November 28, 1903. "There seems to be some question, whether on account of the vacancy of the house the insurance has not been reduced one-third," noted *The Ypsilanti Sentinel-Commercial*.

In time, a new house was built on the site, which still stands today.

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

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Big Sister Is Watching

BY FRED THOMAS

(Fred Thomas moved to Ypsilanti in 1948, graduated from Roosevelt High School in 1958, and then from Eastern Michigan University in 1965. He currently lives in Phoenix, Arizona. He is a regular contributor to the Gleanings.)

I had the pleasure of being a public school teacher in Michigan for 32 years. A parent shared the following letter that they received in 1956 from the Office of the Dean of Women at Western Michigan Col-

lege in Kalamazoo, Michigan. I think you will find it is one more example of how the world has changed. Her name and address have been changed to protect the innocent. Enjoy!

Western Michigan College Office of the Dean of Women

According to our records, your daughter Karen Klein
was at home, 428 Godfrey, Saline
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If this is not in agreement with your knowledge, please consult us.

The card sent to parents by Western Michigan University in 1956 when their daughter was off campus overnight.

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Dear Parent or Guardian:

In order that you may have a clear understanding of some of the policies of Western Michigan College, we are writing parents or guardians of all women students who are here in 1956-57.

Because the campus is extensive, students have tended to hitchhike from one area to another. The college is definitely opposed to hitchhiking at any time, and hopes students will ride the college bus or accept rides from specially designated areas only with a person known by the student.

You will find enclosed, if your daughter is a new student and not living at home, a card which you may, if you wish, fill out and return to my office. This will permit your daughter to spend weekends away from her residence, at places other than home. If it should be necessary for her to be out of her residence overnight during the week, she will be expected to have in my office or in the office of the dormitory director, a written note from you giving such a permission. If the time element makes this impossible, the permission may be given by a telephone call from you, to me or to the residence hall director.

It is our policy to send a postcard to parents, specifying the dates when a girl has been out of her residence overnight, and her destination. You need not reply to the card, unless the information on it does not agree with your knowledge. Perhaps it should be pointed out that there have been occasions, such as after some of the big dances, when students have signed out for a certain destination, and then gone elsewhere. When we do not hear from you, we assume you know of your daughter's plans.

We also want you to know that Western Michigan College is opposed to liquor, including beer, being introduced into any college building, and that students entering their rooming places under the influence of liquor may be subject to dismissal from the college. However, since many colleges are faced with the fact that sometimes liquor is served at non-college affairs, and that students, including girls who are minors, might possibly attend such affairs, in order to better understand the student and perhaps be of help to her we would like to know whether your attitude on the use of liquor agrees with ours.

This office is anxious to be of service to you and your daughter in every way possible. We are always happy to hear from, or meet parents, and hope you will feel free to communicate with us at any time.

Sincerely yours,

Elizabeth E. Lichty

Dean of Women

Holy Trinity and the Anniversary That Will Not Be

BY JAMES MANN

Friday, September 18, 2015 should have been a special day for the community of Holy Trinity Student Parish, as it was on that date, 50 years ago, the building was dedicated as a place of worship. This should have been a weekend of special events, a gala party for the members of the community, for example, a mass with the Bishop of the Diocese of Lansing presiding. Instead, nothing will happen. Holy Trinity is no more. Those who were the community of Holy Trinity have joined the St. Johns parish or scattered throughout the region in other Catholic parishes.

The story of Holy Trinity begins in June of 1961, when Fr. Leo Broderick was named assistant pastor at St. John's the Baptist Catholic Church at Ypsilanti. His duties included supervising the Newman Club at Eastern Michigan University. The University had just begun a period of expansion and growth, new buildings were planned and student enrollment was increasing at a record pace. The religious needs of the Catholic students at Eastern could no longer be met by Tuesday night meetings in Starkweather Hall, a Communion Breakfast once a month and other social events. The style of ministry had to change.

"The greatest need I think," wrote Fr. Broderick to John Dearden, Archbishop of Detroit, of which Ypsilanti was then a part, in March of 1962, "is for an altar and chapel that would be specifically the students own. St. John's is close; but the students still come as visitors, not as really belonging. It is separated from their lives as students, just as religion is carefully kept separated in everything else they do at school."

That same year Fr. Broderick arranged with the University to say mass in Strong Auditorium each Sunday of the school year. By January of 1964 attendance had increased to 150 to 260 students each week. The students called Strong Auditorium, "St. Strong."

Fr. Broderick was named to the position of full-time campus minister in 1964. That same year plans for a chapel were made. Land for a chapel had already been purchased at the corner of Forest and Perrin. Construction on the Chapel began during the summer of 1965.

Holy Trinity Chapel was the first Catholic Church in Washtenaw County to be built in accordance with the decrees of the Second Vatican Council. The interior of the Chapel was designed to emphasize the shape of a triangle, symbolizing



Fr. Broderick was named to the position of full-time Campus Minister at Eastern Michigan University in 1964.

the Trinity. The pinnacle of one triangle is the skylight over the altar space, 70 feet above the floor. The base of a second triangle was formed by placing the pews around the altar. "This style," said Fr. Broderick, "allows the priest to be a living part of the congregation." New for the time, was the placement of the tabernacle apart from the altar. Gold sanctuary carpeting accented the black pews. The baptistery was located at the main entrance, "to remind the congregation of the holy sacrament." The stations of the cross and the crucifix were designed and made by John E. Van Haren, then associate professor of art at Eastern. A lower level with a small kitchen provided space for social events and rooms for offices.

Holy Trinity Chapel was dedicated at 10:00 am on Saturday, September 18, 1965 by the Most Rev. Henry E. Donnelly, D. D., auxiliary bishop of Detroit. Attending the ceremony was Dr. Eugene B. Elliott, former President of Eastern Michigan University. The main address was delivered by the national Newman Chaplain. The theme of his homily was: "How Wonderful is the House of God." Msgr. Bradley called upon Eastern President Harold E. Sponberg *"and the whole university to see Holy Trinity as a sanctuary of prayer and a house of study."* He said he saw three challenges for those who would manage the Chapel: *"To overcome complacency, to keep the church from becoming*

a "ghetto", a mere refuge from atheism, and to avoid becoming an egocentric center."

Bishop Donnelly, in a brief address on the new humanism of the church, said students "must learn to understand the positions of their separated brethren," and said the church was "rectifying mistakes of the past in this regard." He expressed the hope that dialogues would reach a better understanding.

Holy Trinity was blessed with an all-wood, mechanical tracker-action organ, one of only a handful in North American. The organ was hand made by Fritz Noack, a New England organ builder.

The story of how Holy Trinity managed to acquire such a gem is this. Not long after the Chapel had opened, Erich Goldschmidt of the Department of Music at Eastern came to Holy Trinity to give a talk on Gregorian chant. Goldschmidt was a native of Europe, and is said to have been a very cosmopolitan man. He believed there had been no composer of note since Bach. He had been a professional organ builder, and had personally installed every pipe to the organ in Pease Auditorium a few years before. Impressed by the acoustics of the building, he decided this was the perfect place for a tracker-action organ. The type of organ used by Bach. Until then, music had been performed on portable electric organs.

The organ was installed in December of 1966, over the Christmas break. The dedication was held on the Feast of the Epiphany, January 6, 1967. Goldschmidt performed "Toccata in D" by Wackman. The University Choir, under the direction of Blaine Ballard, participated. Their selections included "We Christians Now Rejoice" and "The Old Year Has Passed Away" by Bach. The organ has classic toning, making it excellent for 18th century music.

"Students," wrote Broderick to Dearden in January of 1968, "seem to be questioning more than they ever did; they seem less bound by tradition than they ever were. I have to spend much time listening and counseling; I spend 8 to

10 hours per week in the confessional."

For Broderick, as for every member of the staff who came after, the greatest frustration was the rapid turnover of students. Every September he began the work of building a community, which would end when the students dispersed. Over the years the community at Holy Trinity changed, as some of those who graduated stayed in the area, and continued to attend the Chapel as their place of worship.

By the early 1970's people from the general population began coming to Holy Trinity, as many were dissatisfied with services elsewhere. "Traditionally," explained Fr. Bob Kerr, who was pastor in the 1970's, "the haven of refuge for the dispossessed has always been a university chapel. Holy Trinity is no exception." The newcomers provided Holy Trinity with a permanent population and on-going financial and volunteer resources. They also provided a sense of continuity and tradition.

As the population of Holy Trinity changed, the ministry changed as well. Free dinners were held on Thanksgiving and Christmas Day for years. Food for the weekly free dinner at Emmanuel Lutheran Church on River Street was prepared every Tuesday in the kitchen of Holy Trinity. Holy Trinity took part in the Rotating Shelter program for many years. For two weeks every winter for several years, homeless men were conveyed from the shelter in Ann Arbor by members of the Holy Trinity community to the Chapel. Here the men spent the night, were fed, and were returned to Ann Arbor by members of the parish the next morning.

Still, Holy Trinity never lost sight of its main mission to the students of Eastern. "Students need to be affirmed and loved and petted and told that they are O.K." explained Fr. Kerr, "and that they're worth something. No matter what posture they



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Holy Trinity Chapel was dedicated on Saturday, September 18, 1965.

assume, whether a flaming radical liberal, or the most consequential looking conservative, their needs are the same; they're on a new plane, of spreading their wings, testing new things. Their needs are the same. They just express it differently."

In July of 1971 the boundaries of the Archdiocese of Detroit were redrawn, and Holy Trinity became part of the Diocese of Lansing. The Most Reverend Carl Mengeling was Bishop of the Diocese of Lansing from 1996 to 2008. On a visit to Holy Trinity, Bishop Mengeling said he found the place dark and unwelcoming. He instructed that changes be made to the building.

Plans were made and members of the community pledged sufficient funds to cover the cost of the improvements. The plans were submitted to the proper offices of the Diocese for approval. Instead, the Diocese said, more had to be done.

Following approval by the Diocese new plans were drawn up, and the addition to the building would double the space of the Chapel. Construction was begun and work was to be completed by Easter of 2007. Everything that was done, was done with the knowledge and approval of the Diocese.

The new space included meeting rooms, a dining room with a larger kitchen and an atrium. The expanded lower level

now had computers for the use of students and space for study. On a table in the atrium were snacks for hungry students, donated by some of the resident parishioners. One Sunday a month, during the school year, the parish council of the Knights of Columbus would host a pancake breakfast in the dining area, cost of admission was a free will offering. No one was ever turned away.

Holy Trinity now had a debt of almost one million dollars, to be paid over the coming years to the Diocese of Lansing. The Diocese granted Holy Trinity a two year grace period, before annual payments were to be made. Holy Trinity was now staffed by priests from the PIME missionary order, but still under the authority of the Diocese of Lansing. The order had a contract with the Diocese, renewed every five years. The contract was up for renewal in 2012. The pastor of Holy Trinity, Fr. Philip Mayfield, wanted to remain at

Holy Trinity for another five years. The PIME Missionary order wished for the contract to be renewed for another five years. On August 10, 2012, The Most Reverend Earl Boyea, who had succeeded Bishop Mengeling, announced the merger of Holy Trinity with St. John the Baptist. The merger was effective at the end of Monday, September 3, 2012.

"This decision," announced Bishop Boyea in the decree, *"is based upon a number of factors, among which are the reasonable proximity of the worship communities and the churches, the desire to avoid duplication of services, the spiritual welfare of the parish communities, the spread of the Gospel, the promotion of unity among the People of God, the enhancement of collaborative ministry and the better utilization of available priest personnel."*

In time, services at Holy Trinity were ended and the building stood empty and unused. Then in June of 2015, the Board of Regents of Eastern Michigan University approved the purchase of the building for \$940,000 as the new home of the Honors College.

(James Mann is a local historian and author, a volunteer in the YHS Archives, and a regular contributor to the Gleanings. Also, he was a member of the Holy Trinity parish community.)



Return of Education

Movie Night

HOSTED BY JAMES MANN

Education Movie Night in the Archives will return this fall, beginning on Friday, September 11, 2015. Movies will begin at 7:00 pm, in the Archives of the Museum. The educational program provides free admission and free popcorn. Entrance to the Archives is on the north side of the Museum, on the side opposite from the parking lot.

Friday, September 11, 2015

Moby Dick 1956, Running Time: 1 hour 55 minutes

Film adaptation of the novel by Herman Melville. Consumed by rage, Captain Ahab (Gregory Peck) seeks revenge on the great white whale, Moby Dick, who maimed and disfigured him.

Friday, September 18, 2015

The Long Voyage Home 1940, Running Time: 105 minutes

Adapted from four one act plays by Eugene O'Neill, and set in the early days of the Second World War. The crew of the cargo ship SS Glencairn set sail for England with a cargo of high-explosives. Members of the crew begin to suspect that one of their number is a spy. John Wayne plays Swedish sailor Ole Olsen.

Friday, September 25, 2015

The Informer 1935, Running Time: 91 minutes

Based on the novel by Liam O'Flaherty. In Dublin of 1922, wracked by Civil War, Gypo Nolan, a brute of a man, turns informer and sells out his friend Frankie McPhillip to the Black and Tan for money. Now Gypo must try to keep suspicion from him, as others search for the informer. Victor McLaglen received the Academy Award for best actor, and John Ford for best director.

Friday, October 2, 2015

Submarine 1928, Running Time: 93 minutes

Two career Navy men (Jack Holt and Ralph Graves), are the best of men, until both fall in love with the same woman. The two have a falling out, and vow never to speak to each other again. One of the two is transferred to a submarine, which, while on maneuvers, collides with a ship. The other, a deep sea diver, is called on to save the men trapped in the submarine.



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Photo of Richard Lederer by Hoffman Photographic.

The Way We Word

BY RICHARD LEDERER

Back in the olden days we had a lot of moxie. We'd put on our best bib and tucker and straighten up and fly right. Hubba-hubba! We'd cut a rug in some juke joint and then go necking and petting and smooching and spooning and billing and cooing and pitch woo in (depending on when we were making all that whoopee) flivvers, tin lizzies, roadsters, hot rods, and jalopies in some passion pit or lovers' lane. Heavens to Betsy! Gee whillikers! Jumpin' Jehoshaphat! Holy moley! We were in like Flynn and living the life of Riley, and even a regular guy couldn't accuse us of being a knucklehead, a nincompoop, or a pill. Not for all the tea in China!

Back in the olden days life was a real gas, a doozy, a dilly, and a pip; flipsville, endsville, the bee's knees, the cat's whiskers, the cat's meow, and the cat's pajamas; far-out, nifty, neat, groovy, ducky, beautiful, fabulous, super, terrific, sweet, and copacetic. Nowadays life is the max, ace, awesome, bad, sweet, fly, kick-ass, gnarly, rad, dank, word, and phat. Life used to be swell, but when's the last time anything was swell? *Swell* has gone the way of beehives, pageboys, and the D. A. (duck's ass), of spats, knickers, fedoras, poodle skirts, saddle shoes, and pedal pushers. Oh, my aching back. Kilroy was here, but he isn't anymore.

Like Washington Irving's Rip Van Winkle and Kurt Vonnegut's Billy Pilgrim, we have become unstuck in time. We wake up from what surely has been just a short nap and before we can say, "Bob's your uncle!" or "I'll be a monkey's uncle!" or "This is a fine kettle of fish!" we discover that the words we grew up with, the words that seemed omnipresent as oxygen, have vanished with scarcely a notice from our tongues and our pens and our keyboards. Poof, poof, poof go the words of our youth, the words we've left behind. We blink, and they're gone, evanesced from the landscape and wordscape of our perception, like Mickey Mouse wristwatches, hula hoops, skate keys, cap guns, candy cigarettes, little wax bottles of colored sugar water, and an organ-grinder's monkey.

Where have all those phrases gone?

Long time passing. Where have all those phrases gone? Long time ago:

Pshaw.
The milkman did it.
Think about the starving Armenians.
Bigger than a bread box.
Banned in Boston.
The very idea!
It's your nickel.
Don't forget to pull the chain.
Knee high to a grasshopper.
Turn-of-the-century.
Iron curtain.
Domino theory.
Third world.
Fail safe.
Civil defense.
Fiddlesticks!
You look like the wreck of the Hesperus.
Cooties.
Going like sixty.
I'll see you in the funny papers.
Don't take any wooden nickels.
And awa-a-ay we go!
Oh, my stars and garters!

It turns out there are more of these lost words and expressions than Carter had liver pills.

The world spins faster, and the speed of technical advance can make us dizzy. It wasn't that long ago that, in the course of a typical lifetime, only the cast of characters playing out the human drama changed. Now it seems the text of the play itself is revised every day.

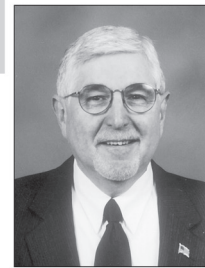
Hail and farewell to rumble seats and running boards. Iceboxes and Frigidaires. Victrolas and hi-fi's. Fountain pens and inkwells. Party lines. Test patterns. Tennis presses. Slide rules. Manual typewriters. Corrasable Bond. Ditto for Photostats and mimeographs. (Do you, like me, remember that turpentiney smell of the mimeo fluid?)

The inexorable advance of technology shapes our culture and the language that reflects it. We used to watch the tube, but televisions aren't made of tubes anymore, so that

figure of speech has disappeared. We used to dial telephone numbers and dial up people and places. Now that almost all of us have converted from rotary to push-button phones, we search for a new verb – "Sorry, I must have pushed the wrong number"; "I think I'll punch up Doris"; "I've got to index-finger the Internal Revenue Service"; *Press M for Murder* – and watch *dial* dying on the vine. With modern radios, can the demise of "don't touch that dial!" be far behind?

How many more years do *hot off the press*, *hung out to dry*, *put through the wringer*, and *carbon copy* have, now that we no longer print with hot lead, hang wet clothes on clotheslines, operate wringer washing machines, and copy with carbon? Do any young folks still say, *This is where we came in*? The statement means the action or situation is starting to repeat itself, and it comes from

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the movies. Today there are so many ways of finding out exactly when a movie begins, but back in the olden days we'd get to the theater at pretty much any time and walk in at random. We might watch the last half of a movie and then some trailers, a newsreel, and cartoons (which the multiplexes don't show anymore) and then the second movie in the double feature and then the beginning of the first movie until the point where we could say, "This is where we came in."

Do I sound like a broken record? Do you think I must have been vaccinated with a phonograph needle? In our high-tech times, these metaphors fade away, like sepia photographs in a family album.

Technology has altered our sense of the size of the world and the things in it. Remember the thrill your family felt owning that six-inch black-and-white rabbit-eared television set (soon to be known as the *boob tube* and *idiot box*)? Keep the lights off. No talking, please!

Today more and more TV screens are upwards of forty inches. We drive bigger cars, live in bigger homes, eat bigger meals, and inhabit bigger bodies. I am 6'3" and I used to be called a *six-footer*. Now the NBA is studded with at least a dozen *seven-footers*, and outstanding female athletes, such as Lisa Leslie, Lindsay Davenport, and Venus Williams, regularly and majestically top six feet, so *six-footer* has lost its magic.

How to respond to the supersizing of America? That's the \$64 question. The \$64 question was the highest award

in the 1940s radio quiz show *Take It or Leave It*. By the 1950s, inflation had set in, and \$64 no longer seemed wondrous. Then in 1955 came *The \$64,000 Question*. The popularity of the show helped the \$64,000

While our bodies and our possessions have expanded, our world has grown smaller, and the language of distance has changed. Remember that admonition *Shhh. I'm on long distance!*?

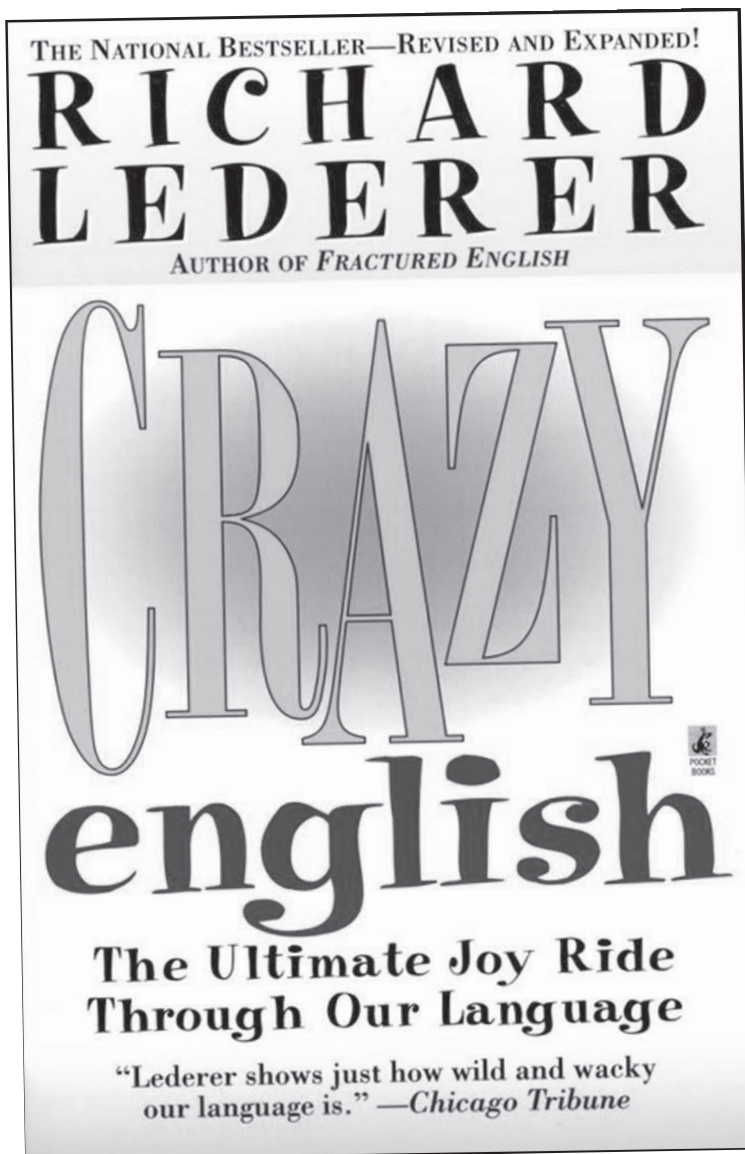
Phrases like *long distance* and *coast to coast* and even *worldwide* used to hold such excitement for us. Now we take them for granted, so we hardly ever use them. Nor do we use the likes of *mailman*, *fireman*, *waiter*, and *workman's compensation*. As a culture we have fashioned *letter carrier*, *firefighter*, *server*, and *worker's compensation*, genderless terms that avoid setting males as the norm and females as aberrations from that norm.

When's the last time you heard or uttered the word *stewardess*? Now those women and (increasingly) men who try to make us comfortable as we hurtle through the air packed in a winged sardine can have transmogrified into flight attendants. Isn't it wonderful to live in an age when a flight attendant can make a pilot pregnant?

This de-gendering of our language reflects the new realities of our lives and a growing respect for the humanity of women. Remember *housewife* and *homemaker*? Now we call such a woman a *stay-at-home mom*, respecting her choice to fill such a crucial role.

Remember how we used to taunt other kids with "Your mother wears combat [or army] boots!"? These days, your mother could very well be wearing combat boots!

And we've grown more sensitive about other areas of life. Whither *spinsters* and *old maids*, *divorcees*, *illegitimate children*, *juvenile de-*



One of many books published by Richard Lederer on words and language.

question become a metaphor for a question whose answer could solve all our problems, but the expression has faded from our lives because that once sumptuous figure no longer impresses us. Neither does *millionaire* command our awe anymore, now that there are more than two million millionaires in the United States.

linquents, cripples, midgets, and the deaf-and-dumb? Gone, too, are *Bowery bums* and *tramps* and *hobos riding the rails*. They've left the neighborhood and been replaced by *transients* and the *homeless* – kinder, gentler, less judgmental words that recognize that people living on the street and in the woods usually haven't made some sort of lazy choice to be there.

At the same time, we're more blunt about a lot of things. Did women get pregnant when I was a lad? Not that I recall. *Pregnant* was a little too graphic for polite company. Women, instead, were *in a family way* or *expecting*. What they were expecting was a *visit from the stork*.

At the high risk of being labeled a geezer, foggy, and curmudgeon, I'll say right here that along with the bluntness of modern parlance has arisen a certain impoliteness. Has that simple first-person pronoun *I* been banished? What we're hearing these days is "Me and Chip like to go to parties that blow out our eardrums." To those of us who remember the days when teachers thought it important to pass the torch of correct English to the next generation "Me and Chip" squeaks like chalk scraping across the blackboard of our grammatical sensibility. But "Me and Chip" is also a social atrocity because it reverses the order of words that we were taught back in the olden days: always to put ourselves last in a string of nouns and pronouns. "Me and Chip" literally reflects a me-first culture. I'll stick with "Chip and I."

As long as I've left the rant-control district, a certain polite acknowledgment from our youth has gone far south. That statement is "You're welcome." I'm sitting at a table in a restaurant, and I ask the server for extra lemon with my tea. He or she returns with those slices and I say "thank you." How does the server respond? You know, don't you? Not with "you're welcome," but with "no

problem." No problem? I'm sure I'm not the only one who wants to grab the server by the collar and hiss, "You're darned right it's no problem. It's your job!"

During the past century, the English language has added an average of 900 new words a year. As newly minted words have added to the currency of our language, the meanings of the words we grew up with have changed under our eyes and ears. A *hunk* no longer means simply a large lump of something, and *rap* isn't just '60s talk. *Crack* means more than just a small opening, *ice* more than frozen water, and *pot* more than a cooking utensil. A *pocket* isn't just for pants, and a *bar code* is no longer ethics for lawyers or the etiquette of behavior in a café. A *pound* is no longer just a unit of currency or measurement but that tippy tic-tac-toe game that sits above the 3 on your keyboard or below the 9 on your telephone.

Remember when *IBM* was something a two-year-old might say to a parent? The computer, the most deeply striking technology of our lifetimes, has powerfully challenged our sense of so many hitherto uncomplicated words – *back up*, *bit*, *boot*, *cookie*, *crash*, *disk*, *hacker*, *icon*, *mail*, *memory*, *menu*, *mouse*, *pop-up*, *scroll*, *spam*, *virus*, and *window*. Of all the words that have undergone a semantic shift this past half century the one that rattles the most cages and yanks the most chains is *gay*. We grew up with *gay* as an adjective that meant "exuberant, high spirited," as in the *Gay Nineties* and *gay divorcee*.

In the second half of the 20th century *gay* began traveling the linguistic path of specialization, making the same journey as words such as *chauvinism*, *segregation*, *comrade*, and *colored*. Shortly after World War II, activists popularized the concept of Gay Liberation – and many heterosexuals have lamented that a perfectly wonderful word has been lost to general usage, wordnapped by the

homosexual community.

But as much as heteros believe they need *gay*, the English language needs it more – as a more fulfilling word for the gay community than *homosexual* because it communicates a culture rather than concentrating on sexual orientation. For those who lament the loss of *gay* to general discourse, I recommend that henceforth they be merry.

This can be disturbing stuff, this winking out of the words of our youth, these words that lodge in our heart's deep core. But just as one never steps into the same river twice, one cannot step into the same language twice. Even as one enters, words are swept downstream into the past, forever making a different river. We of a certain age have been blessed to live in changeful times. For a child each new word is like a shiny toy, a toy that has no age. We at the other end of the chronological and language arc have the advantage of remembering that there are words that once did not exist and that there were words that once strutted their hour upon the earthly stage and now are heard no more, except in our collective memory. It's one of the greatest advantages of aging. We can have archaic and eat it too.

(Published with permission from Richard Lederer, an American author, speaker, and teacher. He is best known for his books on the English language and on wordplay such as puns, oxymorons, and anagrams. He refers to himself as "the Wizard of Idiom," "Attila the Pun," and "Conan the Grammarian." His weekly column, "Looking at Language", is syndicated in newspapers and magazines throughout the United States.)

Incident at the Archives

BY JAMES MANN

Some years ago, back when the YHS Archives were in the carriage house behind the Museum, a strange event happened. Late one afternoon a tall thin man entered the Archives, stepped up to me, and asked for James Mann. I told him that was me. The man told me he had come to the Archives at the suggestion of the staff at the Library, as I might help identify the ghost in their apartment. The family, he added, was in such fear of the ghost that they had spent the night sleeping in the car. He promised to pay for the research.

As we talked, a little boy entered the Archives, holding a smaller child up to his chest. The boy asked if we had a bathroom. We did, and quickly directed him to it. Once informed of where the bathroom was, he hurried past us and went to do what had to be done. Right after this, a petite, dark haired young woman wearing glasses entered and asked about the children. She was the wife of the man and mother of the children. At some point, we were told she was employed as a waitress at a nude dance club, east of the city.

The man told me the family had left the house one day, and on their return had found a noose hanging from the light in the dining room. He told me about the children playing on the floor rolling balls that would roll back to them from across the room. There was the time, he told me, of a ball rolling down the stairs, stopping halfway down, and rolling back up the stairs. The man added: *"Mary Ann, the Ghost Whisperer, is a friend of ours, and she said the*

house is haunted and the ghost does not like children." This was a reference to the then popular television show, *Ghost Whisperer*, starring Jennifer Love Hewitt. The premise of the show was that the lead character could communicate with the dead. She helped those who could not cross over because they could not find peace because of unfinished business. The stories were said to be in part based on the work

of Mary Ann Winkowski, who claimed to communicate with the dead. The show ran on CBS from September 23, 2005 to May 21, 2010.

The reference to the *Ghost Whisperer* meant nothing to me, as I had stopped watching television several years before, and had never heard of the show. Instead, I asked for the address of the house, which was 106 North Adams Street.

The house was built for Dr. Thomas Shaw, when he moved to Ypsilanti from Chelsea in 1888. He had lived in the house until his death on March 19, 1917. I pulled the biography file on Dr. Shaw and found two photographs of coffins set out in the parlor of a house. It was a common practice well into the 20th Century to hold funerals

in the family home. These were photographs of two different coffins, at two different funerals, in two different homes. There was no information on the photographs as to who was in the coffins and or where or when the funerals were held. Dr. Shaw had one child, a daughter, Mary Shaw, who never married and lived in the house until her death at the age of 94. She, as her father, is buried in Oak Grove Cemetery, Chelsea.

George Ridenour, a fellow volunteer at the Archives, contacted the producers of the show *Ghost Whisperer* because the man had claimed her as a friend. Not long after, George received a phone call from Mary Ann Winkowski, who said she knew nothing of the haunted house, and did not know the family involved. She added, she would have remembered a name like Ypsilanti.

The family disappeared from the area soon after their visit to the Archives. A relative of the family told George they were safe, and no harm had come to them. We finally concluded that the family had probably wanted to break the lease and escape from paying the rent. Such is life in the Archives. By the way, the visitor never paid for the research.

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



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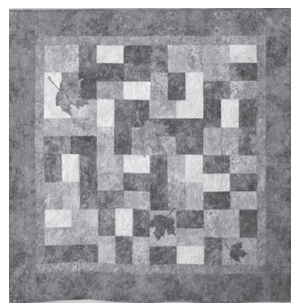


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