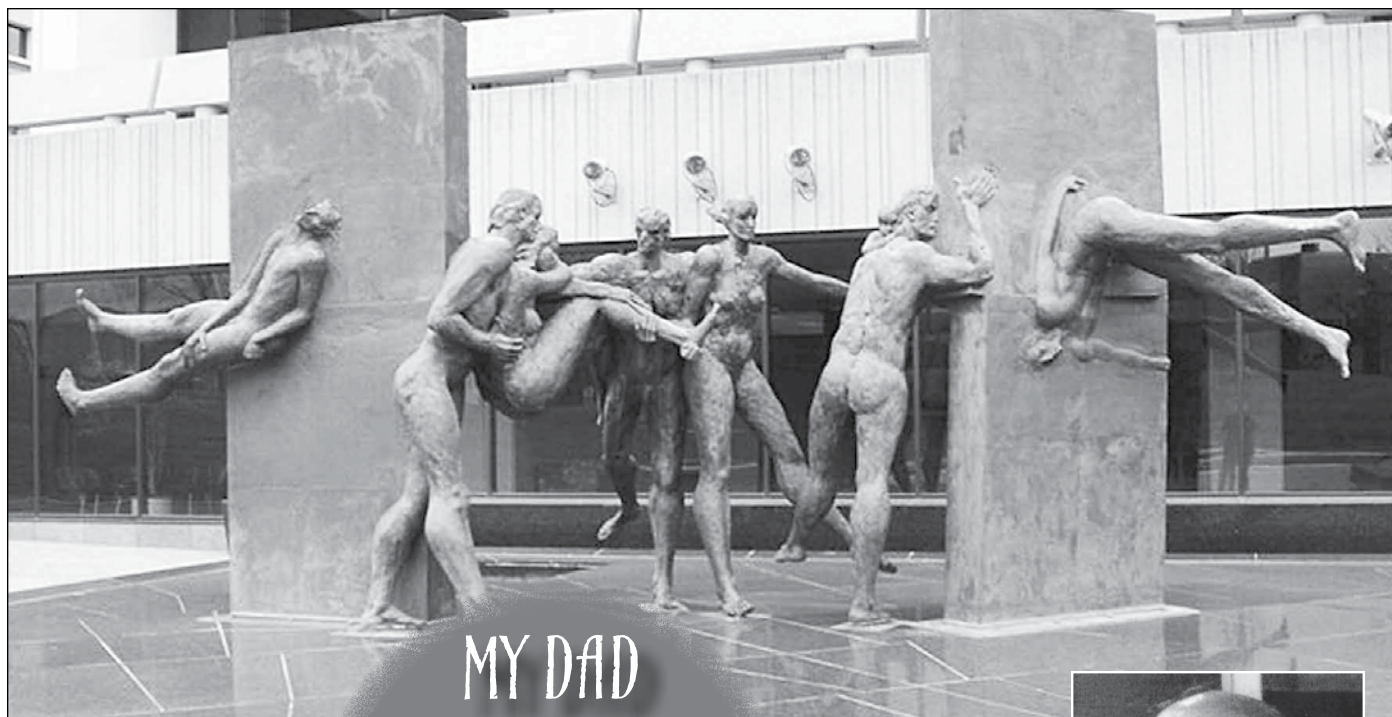


Ypsilanti GLEANINGS

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



WINTER 2015



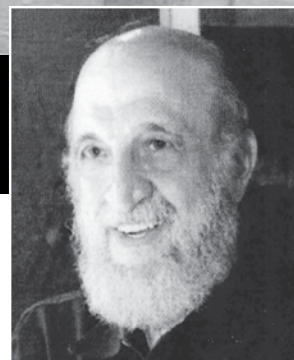
JOHN NICK PAPPAS

The John Pappas 1978 sculpture at the Blue Cross Blue Shield Michigan Headquarters in Detroit, Michigan. The thirteen bronze figures statuary is located in a courtyard set in a reflecting pool and ranges over a sixty foot space. Pappas won an all Michigan competition for this commission.

SCULPTOR

BY CATHERINE PAPPAS

John Pappas was born in Detroit, the son of Greek immigrants. Growing up, Greek was his first language and he served as an altar boy in the Greek church.



WHEN I WAS A KID, PEOPLE WOULD OFTEN ASK ME
“WHAT’S IT LIKE TO HAVE A SCULPTOR AS A FATHER?”

It wasn’t until I became an adult that I realized how unique it was that my dad is a sculptor. Don’t get me wrong, as a kid I thought it was pretty great too, it’s just that that’s all I knew - I had nothing to compare it to. I always loved the smell of the clay and watching him model a lump of nothing into something spectacular.

I remember when he bought his stu-

dio, an historic building and Ypsilanti’s first City Hall located in Depot Town, for the specific purpose of creating the massive statuary he was commissioned to produce for Blue Cross Blue Shield Michigan Headquarters in Detroit. He needed a large space to create what would eventually become a seven ton bronze work. He had to completely gut the building, including removing the

floor on one side, to create the larger than life-size figures.

In addition to being a sculptor, my dad also taught sculpture and drawing at Eastern Michigan University (EMU) for more than 40 years, before retiring in 2000. He still runs into former students, even though he’s been retired for many years now. I’ve been with him on more

— continued on page 3

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MI 48197

From the PRESIDENT'S DESK

BY ALVIN E. RUDISILL

By the time you receive this issue of the *Gleanings* the Museum will be all decked out for the Christmas Holidays. Our "Annual Open House" will be on Sunday, December 13 from 2 to 5 pm. One new feature of the open house this year is that Christmas music will be playing on our newly installed sound system.

We were surprised and pleased to have a visit from descendants of the Demetrius Ypsilantis family. Some members of the family that visited live in Ohio while other members live in Greece and were visiting the family members in Ohio. Make sure you read the brief report about the visit in this issue of the *Gleanings*.

Receipts from our Annual Fund Drive this year will be deposited in our Endowment Fund. The interest from this fund goes to support our annual operating budget and allows us to continue our free admission policies for both the Museum and Archives.

We are fortunate to have so many volunteers who assist with operating both the Museum and Archives. In addition we have a number of interns from Eastern Michigan University and other universities in Southeastern Michigan that contribute approximately 150 hours on specific projects and activities.

If you are not on our email listserv please call the Museum at 734-482-4990 and have your name added. We are using the listserv only for program notifications and your email address will not be shared with others. Also, please check the Event Schedule on our website for upcoming special programs and displays.



**Annual
OPEN HOUSE**
•••
**Sunday
December 13
2-5 pm**

Ypsilanti
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
220 North Huron Street
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A huge crane and four flat bed trucks were needed to get the thirteen bronze figures moved from the Pappas Studio to the Blue Cross Blue Shield location in Detroit.

than one occasion when this has happened and I can tell you, it is pretty special. It makes me beam with pride when I see and hear about the incredible role he has played in the lives of so many of his students. Back in the late 70's, three of his graduate students; Ed Olson, Paul Mauren, Jeanne Flanagan and my oldest brother Nick, worked with him in his studio to help create the Blue Cross piece, which took four years to complete.

After my dad modeled the seven larger than life-size figures in clay, the pieces had to be cast in bronze in large separate sections, and then welded

back together. The pieces then had to be lifted separately by a crane out of the building to be transported to the site in Detroit, where they were installed by a team. Although I was quite young at the time, I remember the excitement at the unveiling of the piece in the Blue Cross Blue Shield courtyard near Greektown. There were speeches and the mayor of Detroit was there along were several hundred others, including family and friends. Following the unveiling, there was a lovely dinner and then we stayed in the Renaissance Center, nearby. The whole evening was quite a wonderful celebration of my

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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.

www.ypsilantihistoricalsociety.org



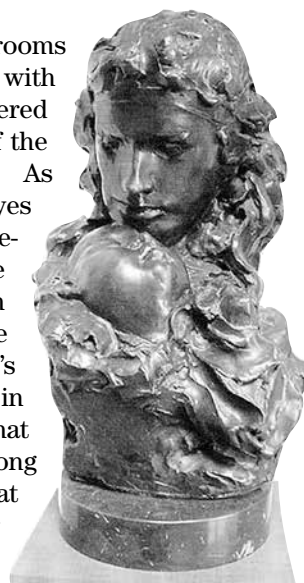
Pappas was invited to exhibit in the international sculpture exhibition in Chelsea Harbour, England and was one of a handful of sculptors who were selected to meet the Queen of England.

dad and the monumental Blue Cross sculpture, "The Procession." My dad said that the piece represented human emotions such as; sadness, joy, fear and love.

The son of Greek immigrants, my

dad was born in Detroit. Greek was his first language and he was an altar boy in the Greek Church. He grew up cooking in his father's restaurant and was never that interested in the academic side of high school, he mostly enjoyed playing basketball and chasing girls. Until one day, when he went to the Detroit main library with a friend. He

went into a number of different rooms before he walked into the room with a large art section. As he entered the room, he noticed that one of the tables had two big books on it. As he approached the table, his eyes opened wide and he felt an immediate connection to the images he saw. One of the books was open to Rodin's "Gates of Hell" and the other was open to Michelangelo's "Boboli Slaves." His experience in that moment made an impact that was life-changing for him. Not long after, he decided to take a class at Arts and Crafts (now College for Creative Studies.)



Although it was a good experience at Arts and Crafts, he decided he needed to further his education in other areas as well, and went on to attend Wayne State University. Mr. Andrews, his advisor, talked with him about his high school grades, which were less than stellar. It was decided to put him on academic probation and things began to fall into place for him after that. It was these events that changed the course of his life.

He told me that he always made sculpture when he was a child, but he just thought that's what everyone did. Another pivotal moment for him in his youth was in his eighth grade Latin class. Mrs. McClure, his teacher, asked the



The "Looking Forward" statue by John Pappas in 2000 is located in BASF Waterfront Park in the City of Wyandotte. Pappas won a competition for this commission.



"The Garden" is a 1997 sculpture by John Pappas that is located in the Dr. Dan Fall Memorial Garden at St. Joseph Mercy Hospital in Ann Arbor, Michigan.



"Emergence I" is a John Pappas sculpture commissioned by Ford Motor Company in 1986.

kids in the class if any of them could make two clay heads, one of Socrates and one of Caesar. My dad shot his hand up in the air and said that he could do it. After he turned the pieces in, the teacher praised him and his work so much that he has remembered it to this day.

Although that early experience was very important, he once told me that he felt like he wasn't really born until he was a student at Wayne. A whole new world opened up to him. He met many different types of people and started learning so much more about different points of view. He had the most amazing professors that made such a huge impact on him that he can still tell you all of their names. He became involved in all aspects of art. He was a teacher's assistant in Sculpture and Art History. On average, he spent 12 hours a day on campus. Everything was new and exciting and he loved all of it.

Years later, when he won the Arts Alumni Achievement Award from Wayne State, he thanked his professors who played a key role in his becoming a successful artist. As a young Art professor at EMU, my dad won the prestigious "Prix de Rome" fellowship to live and study in Rome for a year in the late



"Healing Hand" is a 1983 John Pappas sculpture that is on display at the Detroit Osteopathic Hospital in Detroit, Michigan.



This 1994 bronze sculpture by John Pappas of "Hippocrates" is displayed on the University of Michigan Medical School Campus in the plaza between Medical Science II, Taubman Medical Library, and MSRB III.

60s. He and my mom Mary, with their four children - myself, my older sister Anna and my two older brothers Nick and Andy, traveled overseas and I'm told, (though I was a baby and don't remember it, sadly) that we all had a wonderful experience living abroad. My dad studied and learned alongside other exceptional Prix de Rome winners in the Arts.

After returning to the States, and back to teaching at EMU, my dad would go on to receive many impressive commissions over the years. Also, he has had numerous shows all over Michigan, in Chicago, Minneapolis and New York. Many times over the years he has told me "how lucky" he has been. Perhaps luck played a small role, but from what I have observed, it began with talent, which was then combined with lots of hard work over the years.

I remember when he was invited to exhibit in an international sculpture show



John Pappas Family: (Standing L to R) Andy Pappas (son), Nick Pappas (son), Catherine Pappas (daughter), Lexie Pappas (daughter in law), Anna Geppert (daughter), Emma Geppert (granddaughter), (Sitting L to R) Drew Pappas (grandson), John Pappas, Mary Pappas, Cristina Pappas (granddaughter).

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The bronze statue "Icarus" by John Pappas is located on the Eastern Michigan University campus in front of the Quirk Building. It was dedicated in the Fall of 2003. Pappas describes his feeling on the character as follows: "The mythical image of Icarus has always symbolized freedom, strength, imagination, science, hope, and man's fallibility."

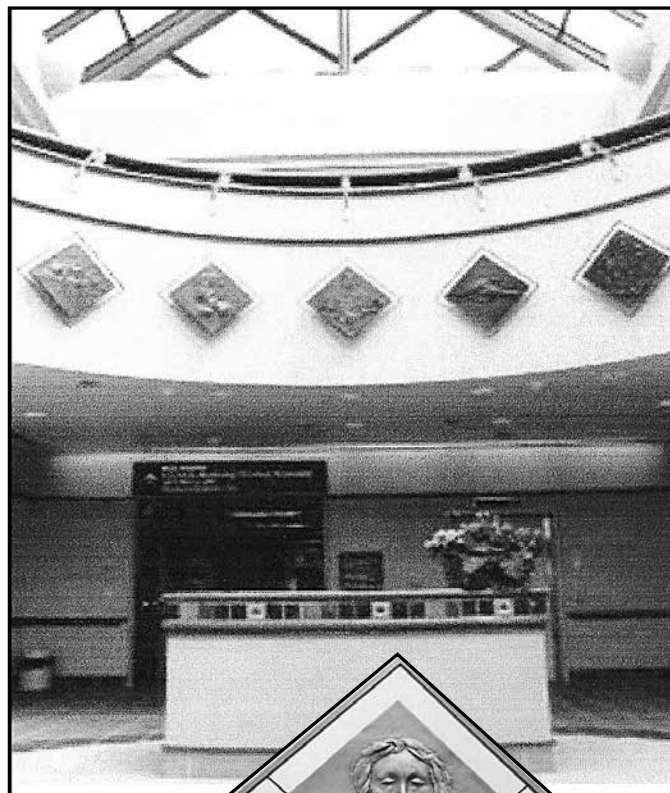
in Chelsea Harbour, England. He was one of a handful of sculptors who were selected to meet the Queen of England. My mom was thrilled by the whole experience. In my Dad's true style, he seemed quite low-key about meeting the Queen.

He continues to go to work at his studio five to six days a week. The only thing he misses about being at EMU is teaching the students. He doesn't miss going to meetings. When talking about going to the studio to work he talks about "luck" again. He tells me how lucky he has been to do what he loves. He simply loves making sculpture.

He is also interested in so many other things and is always active. His doctor recently told him that his test results reveal that he has the health of someone twenty years younger. It's really quite astounding, since he has survived three very serious health scares over the years; bacterial meningitis, a brain aneurysm and an aortic aneurysm. All of us in his family are the lucky ones that we still have him



John Pappas's workshop in the old City Hall Building on Cross Street where his art work is created.



John Nick Pappas relief sculptures at the Robert H. and Judy Dow Alexander Cancer Care Center in Ann Arbor, Michigan. The plaque shown to the right was done in memory of Julie Van Haren.

He has always said
 “family is everything”
 and has instilled that in
 each of us.

after those life-threatening illnesses. Each time he recovered, he got right back to work.

Along with the enjoyment of researching things on his iPad and Nook, building things and gardening, he really loves cooking. He cooks for my mom, his adult kids and daughter-in-law, Lexie, as well as his and my mom's grandkids; Ethan, Emma, Drew and Cristina. He has always said “family is everything” and has instilled that in each of us.

Last week, I ran into one of my dad's former students. I had recalled meeting her many years ago and re-introduced myself. Her face lit up when she spoke of my dad. She said “There isn't a day that goes by that I don't think about your dad! When I walk in to my studio each day, I think about what an incredible man he is and how much he helped me as a student. I am so grateful.”



John Pappas sculpture “Reading Together” at the Ypsilanti District Library on Whittaker Road.



CHRIS MUGIANIS



MODEL



ZAKHOUR YOUSEFF



WALTER P. CHRYSLER

The sculptured busts are all the work of John Pappas.

As I think about what she said to me that day and my dad's role in her life, as well as the stories he has shared with me about what his professors did for him, I am awestruck by the incredible role quality teachers play in the lives of their students. All of that said, my dad is so much more than a sculptor and teacher to me; he is the best father and friend I could have ever imagined. If you would like more information about John Nick Pappas, Sculptor, and to see more images of his work, please visit: johnnickpappas.com.

(Catherine Pappas has more than twenty years experience in the fundraising field. She holds a Bachelor of Science in Speech Communication from Eastern Michigan University and a Master of Science in Administration from Central Michigan University.

She has worked for Saint Joseph Mercy Health System, Ronald McDonald House of Ann Arbor and Detroit Public Television. Currently, Catherine is the Major Gifts Officer for the Humane Society of Huron Valley.)



John Pappas in his studio in the Old City Hall on Cross Street.



Marjorie Walters – One of the Original “Rosie the Riveters”

BY KATIE HEDDLE

A rose was pinned on all of the original “Rosie the Riveters” who attended the record breaking reunion.

At 93 years of age Marjorie Walters has little trouble recalling details of her time spent as a riveter at the Willow Run Bomber Plant. She easily recalls coming to Ypsilanti from Superior, Wisconsin as a young lady and living with her brother and sister-in-law in their house on Perrin Street, “...they had seven roomers in that house,” remembers Walters. “It was hard to get an apartment around here to yourself back then.”

She remembers well the apartment she lived in after that on N. Huron Street and the job she got at the United Stove Company making 40 cents an hour. When she heard they were hiring at the Bomber plant she decided to head over and apply. “Over there they paid a dollar an hour and that was a big raise,” she says with a chuckle, “we felt like we were really making something then!”



Marge Walters was an original “Rosie the Riveter” during World War II.

Marjorie Walters is an original “Rosie the Riveter.” The name having become synonymous with women who worked in factories during World War II. She helped build B-24 liberators in a plant not far from the home she lives in now in Ypsilanti. Though precious little remains of the original Willow Run Bomber Plant, what is left is not only being preserved but converted to the National Museum of Aviation and Technology by the Save The Bomber Plant Campaign. As the need for funding to populate the museum ramps up, the Campaign is gaining more traction and recognition, most recently by organizing a Guinness World Record setting event for the most Rosie’s in one place. Marjorie and 43 other original Rosie’s attended the event.

These women are becoming increasingly precious with each year as they are approaching centenarian status. Nearly six million women answered the call for help as the nation’s men went off to war. Though nearly one million men were still present to work, it was the first time in history that women outnumbered men in the nation’s workforce.

Marjorie recalls after she got her job she had to attend rivet school. Each position at the plant had a ‘school’ which was

a period of training for their position, and although the moniker 'riveter' is synonymous with Rosie's, the women who worked in factories during the war performed a variety of jobs. They put together not only planes but tanks, jeeps, guns, shells and canons as well.

"One of the days I was in rivet school President Roosevelt came through. He was in the area dedicating a road." The day she's speaking of was in September of 1941. He was there to see the newly built bomber plant and to dedicate a stretch of what is now I-94. The stretch of road was the first expressway in America and was created for the sole purpose of giving Detroit workers a road into the plant. Marge showed me a picture she has from that day of the President riding in his open top car and I'm reminded how much the world has changed since then. We would never see a President so out in the open today with no security around.

That day President Roosevelt was joined by Henry Ford and Charles Sorenson, Ford's Production Manager. Sorenson is the man responsible for the design of the plant itself. As the war began the B-24 was made one at a time by hand with no two alike. By 1945 the Willow Run Bomber Plant was making one B-24 an hour on a



Katie Heddle with daughter Leia after a long record setting day!

mile long assembly line, the peak expected production when Sorenson conceived it. The year's production for just that one model of plane exceeded the production of the entire Japanese air fleet for that year.

It seems surreal to many people alive today, especially those of the younger generations who have no concept of war other than what they see on the

news happening far away, that America existed in the way that it did back then. Everyone pulled together for the common goal of defeating an enemy and defending our land, not just in spirit but in action. Action included wartime food rationing, paper drives, the sale of war bonds, saving waste fats for explosives, turning in scrap rubber and metal for tanks and planes. These efforts by all Americans gave a sense of community and togetherness rarely seen before or since that time.

Though we do not wish for the experience of war, we do long for the sense of community that this particular crisis provided for Americans. On October 24th, 2015 roughly 2096 women and children came together to experience a bit of that nostalgia and camaraderie in an aircraft hangar adjacent to the remains of the Willow Run Bomber Plant. The gathering was ultimately a successful bid to set the record for the number of women dressed as "Rosie the Riveter."

Emily Sakcriska, who became involved with the "Tribute Rosies," a group that dresses up as "Rosie the Riveter" for events, over a year ago was head chair of costumes for the event. "It was a very humbling day as we stood amongst 2,096 women. We counted. We made a difference. We were all singing patriotic songs and for



Two young ladies from Ypsilanti that participated in breaking the Rosie Record. On the left is Emma Hasey and on the right is Emily Gruenke.



Emily Gruenke from Ypsilanti poses under the wing of one of the airplanes on display at the Yankee Air Museum.



Posing with the "We Can Do It!" position is Arya Hasey.

a bigger cause. Savethebomberplant.org. everything we as "Tribute Rosies" do... always is for the greater cause of the beloved bomber plant."

"Having so many women come together to accomplish one goal really did make me feel like we can do anything, it was inspiring," said Liz Fancett, of Ypsilanti, who was in attendance with her two daughters as well as her mother, aunt, two sisters and their four daughters. "I'm happy my girls got to be a part of it and will have this memory." Her mother Susan Regner agreed and added "I became involved because I think these 'Rosies' the original ones, deserve to be celebrated."

These sentiments were echoed by all who attended including Staci Aviles who was there with four generations of women in her family, "My favorite part was the amazing sense of sisterhood you felt. I don't know that I have ever had that feeling within a group of women. The history and pride within those walls was indescribable!" Linda Milliman, also of Ypsilanti, attended with friends and echoed the sentiment, "Proud to meet the original Rosies, they worked so hard."

This is not the first time Marge and other original Rosie's have gathered to break a record. She was also present at the previous record breaking gathering at the Bomber Plant in 2014 which had 776 women and children present. That record didn't last long and was soon after broken by a group in California.

Over the past few years these events have garnered much interest and directed a spotlight on the women who worked so hard during the war. Despite participating in many large gatherings, events, public question and answer sessions, and interviews Marge is still a little baffled at the fame. She commented that "We were just doing our job."

Walters particular job was one that involved working on the 55 foot center wing. She met her husband Alfred



All the Rosie's are gathered for the official record photo.



Four generations of Rosie's starting at the top with Billie Sturgill, her mother Margaret Smith, her granddaughter Charlotte Scharf and her daughter Staci Aviles.

under one of those wings. Though he soon went off to fight in the war himself, he happily made it home. "He came home in October '45' and we got married February of '46,' she tells me with a smile. It is this part of her story that I find most precious because it is the summation of what the fight was for, to come home and live a peaceful life. Marge Walters and the other Rosie's helped make that a reality.

She began as a song. The 1943 tune "Rosie the Riveter" gave a name to the women working in factories during the war.

All the day long whether rain or shine

She's a part of the assembly line



Katie Heddle with daughter Leia posing under the wing of the Yankee Lady.

She's making history, working for victory

Rosie the Riveter

Then she was the subject of a Norman Rockwell painting created for the cover of The Saturday Evening Post. In blue coveralls, a white chalk 'Rosie' scrawled on her lunch pail, riveting gun resting across her lap, blue coveralls, and a polka dot scarf tied around her head, "Rosie the Riveter" came to life.

Over the years many different women have been associated with the image of Rosie the Riveter. The most recent image associated being the 'We Can Do It' poster. I try to think of this as I'm sitting at Marge Walters dining room

table going through her scrapbook. All the images she is sharing are of herself as a grown woman more than 70 years removed from the job I'm asking her to recall. I'm amazed because while she easily answers questions about the job that she held for a few years in the 1940's, I can barely recall the job I held 3 years ago. Though she doesn't have any pictures of herself in the iconic 'Rosie' coveralls and head scarf I have no trouble imagining her that way. "I think people think we really wore that every day," she says smiling a small smile and shaking her head. Even though I know she didn't, somehow the image still fits.

I was there myself that day the record was broken, my four-year-old daughter Leia in tow. We attended with friends and ran into so many others. As we dressed in those same coveralls, tied the same polka dot scarves around our heads, pulled up our red socks and laced up black work boots,



Ypsilantian Liz Fancett with her daughters Maddie and Nina.

we felt instantly transported to a different era. We took piles of pictures, checked out the planes, listened to speakers and performances, we had our outfits approved, and then we gathered together for the official photo of the entire group and to officially break the record which required we all stand together for five minutes.

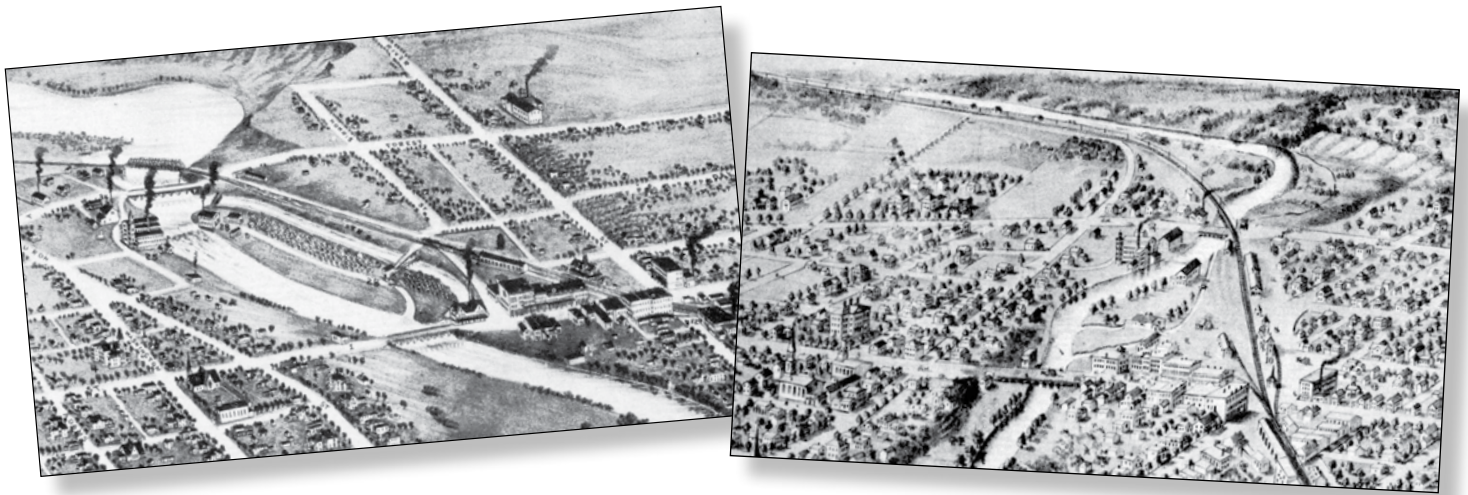
Those few minutes will live easily in my memory. As we all sang America the Beautiful, the Star Spangled Ban-

ner, God Bless America and Amazing Grace, I couldn't keep the tears from my eyes. It was a moment filled with the emotion of gratitude for an entire generation who fought so hard in so many ways to keep a peaceful life for us in this country, and sadness for the unimaginable losses experienced here and around the world. Ultimately the biggest emotion I felt was pride, for being a part of such an amazing event, for being a woman, for being an American, and for being from Ypsilanti, home of the great Willow Run Bomber Plant and the place where record breaking history was made.

(Katie Heddle is a native Ypsilantian and a proud graduate of Ypsilanti High School, Eastern Michigan University and Wayne State University. She wears many hats including wife, mother of four little ones, archivist, librarian and freelance writer. She volunteers at the Yankee Air Museum Archive and is proud to have been part of the record breaking Rosie day!)



Six original "Rosie the Riveters" got a warm welcome at the Bomber Restaurant in Ypsilanti in June of 2015. From left, Marge Walters, Mallie Mellon, Lorraine Osborne, Phyllis Lenhard, Rachel Mae Perry and Mary Jane Childers are all members of the American Rosie the Riveter Association (United Service Organizations photo by Samantha L. Quigley).



(above left) A bird's eye view of Frog Island in 1865. (above right) A bird's eye view of Frog Island in 1890.

The History of Frog Island Park – The Island That is Not an Island

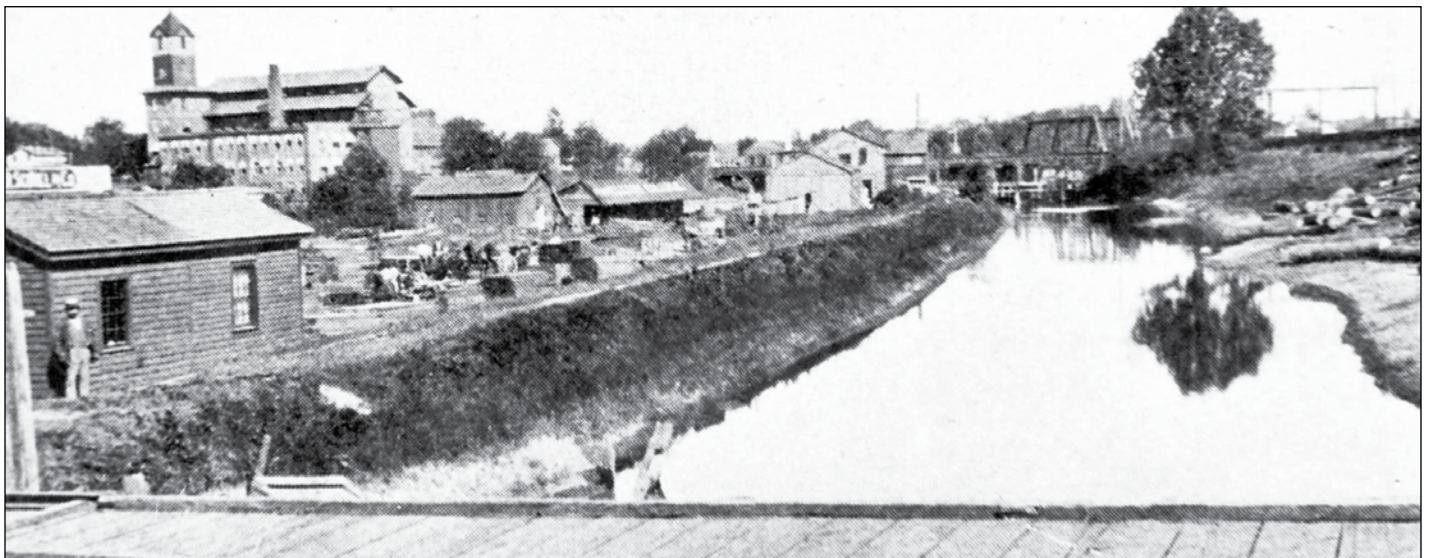
BY JANICE ANSCHUETZ

Frog Island is dear to my heart because it is the reason that my husband consented to purchase our home of 45 years at the northeast corner of River Street and Forest Avenue. When I showed him the aging Victorian house that I wanted to call home, with its leaky roof, water in the basement, crumbling plaster, rotting porches, wheezing furnace and all of its “charms,” he was dumbfounded and thought that I

had taken leave of my senses. Then I pointed out that we would be only two blocks from the running track at Frog Island and the beautiful Huron River. That was enough for him, and in the many years that we have lived in the Swaine House, he has run or walked thousands of miles on Frog Island.

Like many other Ypsilantians, we have greatly enjoyed Frog Island.

Our family has watched soccer games, witnessed historical baseball games, attended jazz festivals, mesmerized when we saw elephants set up circus tents on the island, admired the community gardens, and, in general, experienced the changing seasons of Michigan on the banks of the beautiful Huron River. I would like to share with you the history of Frog Island with the hope that this will add to your appreciation of this charming



Scovill Lumber Company on Frog Island c1895. Note the pile of logs on the right bank.



Damage from the floods in 1918.

part of Ypsilanti.

Frog Island is not an island anymore, and was not even an island when settlers came to the area in the early 1800's. When Mark Norris arrived in what was then a wilderness, in 1827, he quickly surveyed the land for possibilities of making money using the natural resources. Water power was valuable, and he purchased water rights to the river from the partnership of Hardy &

Reading who had dammed the river on the West side where Forest Ave crossed the river. In the book *The History of Washtenaw County* published in 1906, we read how the men initially dammed the river: "The obstruction forming this water power being of brush, clay and logs; it would appear to be the work of a beaver tribe, instead of enterprising men; however, the rude barricade, which confined the Huron at this point, was swept away by the flood of 1832." The mill and river rights were soon after sold to Mark Norris. Norris was interested in building a mill on the east side of the river on Cross Street on land that he owned. In order to do this he needed a mill race to turn the turbines of the mill. He hired men to dig a trench from the river at Forest Avenue to Cross Street and thus what we now know of as Frog Island was born.

In 1832, Norris leased additional water power on the mill race to A.M. Hurd and his partner, a man by the name of Sage. The lease gave them two square feet of water power with a fall of five feet and they used this to build and operate a foundry. They built a structure 50 by 80 feet and hired Benjamin Thompson to supervise it. The next year the foundry became a plow factory and then a wool-



Scovill Lumber Company Race in c1895.

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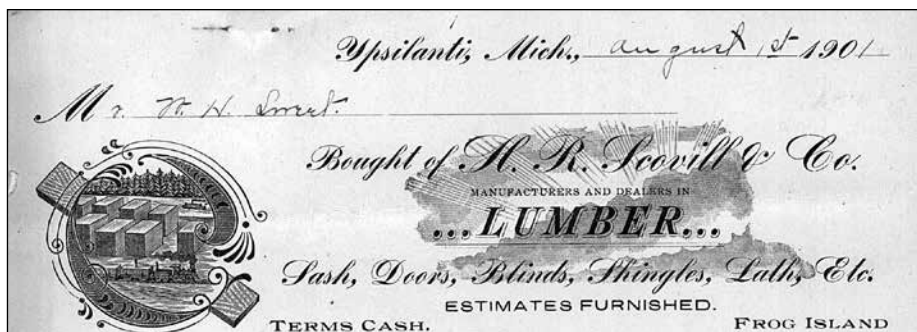
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en mill. Within a matter of years it became an iron casting plant. All of these changes occurred within a matter of 14 years!

The property was sold in 1844. Timothy Showerman purchased it and converted the building once again. This time it became the Aetna Flouring Mills, which was a rival to the Eagle Flour Mill owned by Mark Norris and his son-in-law, Benjamin Follet. Follet was an attorney and sued Showerman for violating the lease to the water rights stating that the Aetna mill was using too much water power. The flour mill was shut down and Norris and Follet took possession of it and converted the building, still again, to a sash, door and blind factory, taking advantage of the plentiful lumber supply in the area. They expanded the business, which was later purchased by Chaucey Joslin, into a planing mill, gypsum mill, and axe handle factory. However, all was lost in 1854 when a mighty flood washed away all but the heavy water wheels and planing machine. Estimates of value of the loss of the buildings and machinery was over \$12,000, which was a great deal of money at that time.

This island did not remain vacant for long. There seems to be something about Ypsilanti, and maybe the river, which attracts colorful characters such as Henry R. Scovill, who soon after the Civil War founded a new com-



Scovill Lumber Company letter head.

pany there. Scovill was born in Cleveland, Ohio on January 28, 1843. When he was only two years old his family moved to Ypsilanti. As a young man he enlisted and fought in the Civil War and survived the Battle of Bull Run. After the war he returned to Ypsilanti for a short time and then decided to take the railroad as far west as it traveled and then took a boat to Omaha, Nebraska. There he got a job driving a mule team to Salt Lake City, Utah. This took six months. Along the way he told of meeting up with a number of gunmen including the then famous "Quieting Angel" named because of this reputation as a murderer.

Scovill earned \$30 for his six months as a teamster and used this for passage on a wagon train going on to California. He traveled in the chuck wagon. Once there, he got a job as a ranch hand and hunted for gold in his free time. It seems that Scovill did not "strike it rich" and decided to seek his fortune back in his hometown of Ypsilanti instead. This was not an easy journey at that time. He took an ocean steam ship to Nicaragua, went across the isthmus of Panama by boat, took a pack mule to a ship which would

make the journey to New York, and by the time he arrived back in Ypsilanti, the adventures of his youth were over.

In 1869, Scovill mortgaged his home for \$700, went into partnership with Joseph

Follmor who provided an additional \$1,000 and started a lumber business renting the island where a lumber mill had once stood. There were still the remains of a saw mill and planing mill. The land at that time had been sold to William Deubel, Sr. who ran the flour mill on East Cross Street once owned by Norris and Follett.

Legend says that Scovill was responsible for the name "Frog Island" due to the number of frogs residing there on the swampy land between the Huron River and the mill stream. Another version, told to us by Chip Porter in an Eastern Echo article from June 13, 1990, explains the name a different way. Ypsilanti was a town where prominent citizens participated in temperance and when the "town elders started staying out most of the night, and had to make excuses to tell their wives that they were at the island killing frogs", the name Frog Island was born. Of course the town children also went to the island to catch frogs so perhaps that is how it got its name. In the 50 years our family has been visiting Frog Island and the river bank, I have never seen or heard a frog there. Perhaps they were all caught or



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killed in the 19th century.

Contemporary locals would like us to believe that Frog Island was named after the rare "Smeeth Frog", with fur and being capable of flying, but that legend seems to be related to the creative imagination and incredible sense of humor of Tom Dodd, one of the optimistic people who brought Depot Town in Ypsilanti back to being a vibrant part of the community in the 1960s. "Town Elders" would have to spend more than one night on the island if they went in search of the Smeeth Frog. After Tom's death, a plaque was placed in his honor on the bridge reminding us to remember Tom and the Smeeth Frog legend.

Instead of hunting for gold or frogs on Frog Island, Scovill and his partner were using another natural resource to form a business and make a living – standing timber. In the 1860s, the area was filled with trees of many varieties – basswood, oak, maple, beech, ash, walnut, maple and hickory. As soon as the ground froze and snow covered the roads in the winter and the crops were harvested for the year, farmers would pile wagons high with logs. By Spring, the

east bank of the mill race would be piled high with thousands of feet of logs which had been bought by Scovill and Follmor.

One of the most popular types of wood used for building at the time was white pine, which was not readily available in the Ypsilanti area. So Scovill would go by train to various destinations in northern Michigan where he would hire a livery to go to towns such as Bay City, Flint and Saginaw to purchase trees. Then the lumber would be shipped to his mill, which was a short distance from the railroad track freight yard and depot. Large open flat cars, each carrying about 10,000 board feet would be used for this purpose.

Scovill and Follmor built a planing mill to cut the lumber into finished products on the west side of the island east of the Woolen Mill, located across the river, and made famous by Ypsilanti Underwear. They shared power from the same dam which was located in the river as opposed to the mill steam. This water power was controlled by the Deubel Mill on Cross Street and the Woolen Mill Company.

In the 1890's Scovill bought out his



Baseball game on Frog Island on May 18, 1940.

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partner and continued the business by himself. The business was often hampered by high water and floods, which often did a great deal of damage, especially the monumental flood of March, 1903. The high water poured down the race from the river and washed away hundreds of feet of lumber and timber. Water poured over the banks of the river and the workmen had to be taken off the island by boat. Like the captain on a sinking ship, Scovill was the last man to leave the island and by then the water was so dangerous that his boat was overturned and he struggled to get to safe land with the river raging.

Even though water power was a cheap way to run machinery, much cheaper than steam or electricity, Scovill decided to move his operation to higher land and settled at the nearby property at 298 Jarvis St. in 1903. Even by 1910 Scovill still delivered his lumber in horse drawn wagons. In an article published in the Ypsilanti Press on September 3, 1962, we read about this interesting man who was elected major of Ypsilanti for 3 terms in 1881

and again in 1890 serving 2 terms. "He was probably the last consistent horse driver in Ypsilanti. Each day he went to and from the lumber company in a wagon so punctual that residents could set their watches by the time he passed." Unfortunately he died the way he lived – but at a ripe old age. His horse and carriage was hit by a car on Forest Avenue and he died almost immediately. Scovill's business was eventually taken over by his son and his daughter closing after 93 years in 1962.

And what of the island he left behind? Detroit Edison purchased the water rights and was persuaded by Dr. Edward George, then president of the Ypsilanti School District, and others to deed the land to the City of Ypsilanti and the public school district. Dr. George along with his friend, Fielding Yost, drew up plans to transform this once industrial landscape into "Island Park" which contained a running track, baseball field, and football field. Because of his dedication to the transformation of the island, it was jokingly referred to as George Island Park by

his friends, instead of Island Park, which was the name that it was given. Island Park was the athletic field for the nearby Ypsilanti High School on Cross Street. Students would walk from the school for their track, football, and baseball activities. During the Great Depression, the Works Progress Administration (WPA) built the cement bridge connecting what was then known as Island Park to Cross Street.

By 1962 the mill stream was all but gone, deliberately filled in by Ypsilanti's garbage and trash. A sliver of it can be seen today looking to the east of the cement bridge but the water is supplied by a drainage pipe from the nearby parking lot instead of the river. By the 1970's Island Park was deeded to the City of Ypsilanti by the Ypsilanti School District when the new high school was built on Packard complete with ample athletic fields. The island, whose name was now officially Frog Island, and not Island Park, soon looked unkempt and deserted, perhaps by all except the few who enjoyed fishing in the river and those



Athletic Field on Frog Island in the Spring of 1941.

running the track. Then, the Depot Town Association and Eastern Michigan University formed a team, and in 1981 the island came alive again with a jazz competition which was part of the Heritage Festival. In 1983, the Frog Island Music Festival rocked the island, and this became an annual summer event for several years. Sadly, severe storms several years in a row bankrupted the festival and it ceased to be.

The 1980's, however brought some improvements to this park. Trails around the high banks were built and a bridge was constructed to allow a beautiful connection to Riverside Park as well as Cross Street and Depot Town. A small stage was built and soccer fields sprouted in the midst of the running track. Cement steps now went from the high flood wall banks to the fishing shore of the river. A recycle center was located on the island around 1987.

More improvement plans were drawn up with grants applied for and some approved for funding by the state, but, by the 1990s the city was unable to come up with the matching funds. Today, Frog Island remains a jewel, with its own charming personality, in the string of parks along the river in Ypsilanti. It is part of the Border to Border Trail which will connect Frog Island to Riverside Park to Water Works Park to North Bay Park and beyond, as far as the Wayne County line, in the near future. The park has recently been



Henry R. Scovill

adopted by a hard working team of volunteers, and community gardens grace the land that was once a foundry. Soccer games with cheering fans play there weekly during the season and the track is now used by more than just a few hardy individuals like my husband and others in the neighborhood. Not just neighborhood boys are fishing the river. From its shores, fly fisherman can be seen sporting in the waters. Sometimes herons and eagles are spotted, less often a deer. I hope that this brief history of the island, that is not an island, will add to your enjoyment of one of the prettiest places to live and enjoy in the great city of Ypsilanti.

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

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Site on the Huron River at Frog Island where Robert and Eric Anschuetz once caught 100 fish in a single day.

Childhood Memories of Frog Island from the 1970's

BY ROBERT AND ERIC ANSCHUETZ

Twins Robert and Eric Anschuetz spent much of their childhood hanging out at the Huron River while growing up in Ypsilanti during the 1970's. They knew almost every foot of the river from the Peninsular Paper Company dam on Leforge Road, past the Highland Cemetery, along the area known as "Greenland" behind Railroad Street, near the Forest Avenue railroad and street bridges, along the stretch bordering Frog Island, through Riverside Park, past the hobo camps across from Waterworks Park, leading up to Gilbert Park, along the stretch near Grove Street, past the Ford plant, and emptying out to Ford Lake. Robert and Eric were never the most avid fishermen, but they did enjoy going fishing at the river when they were children. Their two favorite spots to fish were on top of the drainage culvert that fed into the river next to the railroad bridge at Forest Avenue, and on the

bank of the river at the Forest Avenue and Rice Street entrance to Frog Island. They would typically go fishing by themselves, with their brother Kurt, or with other friends.

One of their fishing buddies was a kid about five years older than them named Eugene who lived a block away on Dwight Street. Eugene used to stop by Robert and Eric's house on the way to the river and ask if they wanted to go fishing. They would usually oblige and go along with him. At the end of the day, they would bring home a string of fish and sell them to some of the families who lived on River Street, between Forest Avenue and Norris Street, in houses that have since been torn down. In those days, it seemed that there were only four kinds of fish in the Huron River: bluegill, catfish, suckers and carp. Bluegill and catfish were plentiful. The catfish were a beautiful variety with long whiskers, stinging gills, a bright white

under-body, yellow coloring on the sides, and a dark green back. Suckers were bigger and pretty rare. They were called suckers because their mouth had a distinctive shape that looked like a suction cup. Carp were also pretty rare but they were a prized catch. At least once a year, a local kid fishing in the river would land a huge carp up to 30 or 40 pounds. Sometimes Robert and Eric would find a huge carp on the side of the shore rotting away.

One day Robert, Eric, and Eugene decided to set a lofty goal of catching 100 fish in a single day. If the families on River Street did not buy the fish, Robert and Eric's mother (frequent Gleanings contributor, Jan Anschuetz) would bury them in her garden as fertilizer, taking a hint from the Indians who also taught that technique to the Pilgrims. This was way before the time of "catch and release" fishing that is much more humane. Robert, Eric and Eugene spent the whole day fishing, and sure enough, at the end of the day, they had their 100 fish. They remember taking them back home to show their mother, who took a picture that has since faded, but still captures the monumental achievement. It was a day of fishing that the twins will never forget.

Fishing wasn't the only activity that Robert and Eric enjoyed at Frog Island during their childhood. Warm spring days with westerly winds always meant one thing to Robert and Eric – kite flying weather! In those days, Frog Island was a rarely-used park that provided a vast expanse of open space to fly kites. When Robert and Eric first started flying kites, they tried to construct a "box kite" out of sticks of balsa wood and newspaper. Their box kite never really flew too well, so they changed their strategy to buying plastic kites – usually from Weber's Drugs on Cross Street in Depot Town or from the Hobby Shop on Prospect Road near Prospect Park.

Their favorite model of plastic kite was called the "baby bat" kite. The "baby bat" was a black kite in the shape of a delta-winged bat that had two stickers for eyes. This type of kite didn't come with any string, so Robert and Eric had to buy a spool of string separately. Just as all kids do, they would try to launch the kite in the air by running along the field with about 10 feet of string leading to the kite. The kites would invariably get a couple feet off the ground, do a couple twists, and then crash down to the ground with a thump. The spines of the kites were constructed out of plastic sticks, which sometimes bent, or even broke, if the kite crashed too hard.

If the wind was really blowing steadily, Robert and Eric would be able to get their kites in the sky and slowly let out more string. They would put their index fingers on either side of the spool of string and let the wind carry the kite further and further into the sky. Sometimes the string would burn the twins' fingers if they tried to grab it when it was unwinding too fast. On rare occasions, they

used up an entire ball of string. When the kite eventually came crashing to the earth when the wind died down, it would always be a huge mess to roll the string back onto the cardboard tube which held the string. There would always be small sticks and grass entangled with the string, and it would become so full of knots that it would basically be unusable ever again.

One year, Robert and Eric bought a plastic kite crank-handle that was attached to a spool of string. This allowed the string to be let out while flying the kites, and then it could be easily reeled back in after the day of kite flying was over. This made the hassle of flying kites go away, and the twins went more and more often to Frog Island to fly their kites. On one particular fine spring day in the mid 1970's, the wind was blowing from the west directly



Eric, Eugene, an unknown friend, and Robert with a portion of their haul of 100 fish. These strung-up fish were the unfortunate leftovers destined for the garden after the kids made some sales on River Street.

over the Huron River and across Frog Island toward the railroad tracks. Robert and Eric got one of their kites so far up in the sky that they had to use two rolls of string connected together on their crank-handle system. They still remember looking far off in the distance seeing the little spec in the sky dancing above the railroad tracks near the Michigan Ladder Company. Suddenly the kite string became entangled in the power lines running along the railroad tracks and that ended a great day of kite flying. Ah, those were the days, long before video games, high-def televisions, smart phones, and laptops would provide the modern generation of kids with all of their entertainment that keeps them mostly confined indoors. They don't know what they're missing!

(Robert and Eric Anschuetz grew up on River Street and are regular contributors to the Gleanings.)



The Final Resting Place of the Nordmeer's Anchor

BY JOYCE E. MAMMOSER

In 1983 the Nordmeer anchor was transported by heavy-duty wrecker and flatbed to its new location on Crane Road.

Have you ever traveled across the country and saw something so out of place that you exclaimed loudly, "How in the world did that get there?"

One such phenomenon which perhaps you may have seen is the *Nordmeer* anchor which presently is 'anchored' at 8496 Crane Road in Washtenaw County's Milan, Michigan, just ten minutes southwest of Ypsilanti. The *Nordmeer* was a German freighter which met its fate in November 1966 just off the shore of Lake Huron near Alpena, Michigan, when a blizzard with 70 mile-per-hour winds stranded the vessel, running it aground where it eventually sank. The sound of a ship running aground has been described by the author, Joseph Conrad, as "*a sound, for its size, far more terrific to your soul than that of a world coming violently to an end.*"

In the following story, I will attempt to explain just 'how in the world' the anchor came to rest in a waterless area over two-hundred miles away. The owners, Tom and Carolyn Scott, are all too eager to share their story. In fact, because of the many passers-by who have stopped to question the Scotts or to just snap a picture, Tom and Carolyn are creat-



The anchor arrived in 1983 during the winter and was covered with dirt, rust and snow.

ing a display to be mounted at the entrance to their driveway adjacent to the anchor's moorings. It reads:

What Is THIS Doing HERE?

Behold: the port side ANCHOR of the NORDMEER, a significant artifact of Michigan Great Lake's maritime history.

On November 19, 1966, this German freighter was making its maiden voyage through Lake Huron off Alpena's coast when it approached the hazardous buoy-marked shoals of Thunder Bay. Despite the mandated employ of a local guide, the NORDMEER met its shipwreck fate. Much has been written about the blizzard weather and heroic rescue attempts that finally resulted in the entire crew's survival 10 days later. Efforts to salvage ship and cargo continued for years. In 2010 the last visible remains of the NORDMEER slipped beneath the waves. A light bell buoy marks the vessel's final resting place.

This NORDMEER mooring, however, was destined to ANCHOR a new beginning, to bountifully fulfill a joked-about dream to own an ANCHOR. Behold: Tom Scott's wedding gift from Carolyn, 3-25-83, secured from Master Diver Bob Massey, salvager of the NORDMEER.

And now YOU know!

— continued on page 22

Museum Board Report

BY NANCY WHEELER, BOARD CHAIR

After many hours of volunteer help we are decorated for the holidays! Jane Schmiedeke has loaned her antique winter village houses and are displayed in the kitchen. Maxe and Terry Obermeyer have donated the wreath hanging in the Milliman Parlor as well as other beautiful decorations. The mannequins are dressed in their winter clothes. Great displays have been set up in every room.

Be sure to attend our Christmas Open House on Sunday, December 13, 2015. The Huron Valley Harmonizers will entertain from 2:00 pm to 4:00 pm. They serenaded us beautifully, several years ago. Refreshments will be served.

The Quilt Show held in September was a great success! Thirty-seven people loaned us 87 pieces for the exhibit. Seventy-two signed the guest book and six new exhibitors were added to the books, for future shows. Vera Sabastian and Arlene Measley were the winners of the beautiful wall hangings donated by Rita Sprague. THANK YOU Chair Sarah VanderMeulen and her committee.

Welcome to John Stewart and Louise Nagle, the two new members of the Museum Advisory Board.

Group tours continue to be popular. Call us to set up a visit for your organization.

We have several new volunteers debating a Docent position. Will you join their training group? Call 734.482.4990 and give Michael your name and contact information.



Maxe and Terry Obermeyer donated Christmas decorations for display in the Museum including this wreath hanging over the fireplace in the Milliman Parlor.



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The Nordmeer anchor was a wedding gift from Carolyn to Tom who had always wanted an anchor.

The Scotts have owned the shiny black 8,000+ pound anchor for 32½ years. The anchor is proudly displayed leaning against a tree beside the roadside entrance of their acre-long driveway for all to appreciate as they pass by. Tom had always wanted an anchor, so rather than a gold replica to wear on a chain around his neck, Carolyn surprised him with the Nordmeer anchor as a wedding gift.

Their own appreciation has been enhanced over the years by continued research of the Nordmeer's fateful maiden voyage on Lake Huron forty-nine years ago. Introduction to the anchor's history was appropriately made by the very man who salvaged the sinking Nordmeer, master diver Bob Massey. Even after the huge flat-bed truck transported the rescued anchor 240 miles southward from Thunder Bay off Alpena, Michigan's Lake Huron coast to their home in Milan, Michigan, Tom and Carolyn have returned to the shipwreck scene several times.

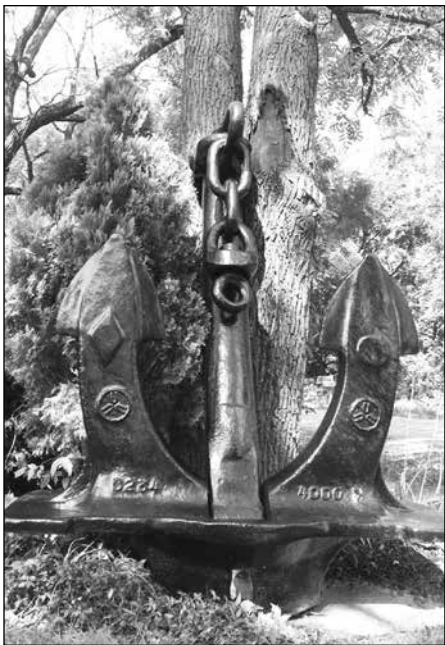
In late 1983, they spent an entire day devouring related files at the Alpena Press. (Their access was granted thanks to a newspaper editor/friend's personal phone call). In the summer



The anchor is leaning up against a tree at the end of their driveway on Crane Road.



In 1992 Tom and Carolyn visited the Nordmeer "sister anchor" in Marine City.



The Nordmeer anchor in 2003 with a fresh paint job.

of 1992, their desire to learn more about their beloved anchor took them to Michigan's Marine City Park on the St. Clair River shore. There they met and photographed the anchor's "sister anchor" from the starboard side of the Nordmeer. She was handsomely displayed, but in her prone position with her gray, dull top coat, she could not match the awesomeness of their 9-foot erect lustrous black artifact. Still, they were glad to meet 'her.' In the summer of 2003, they visited Alpena's Thunder Bay Marina, and on a clear day with calm water the nearly hidden remains of the Nordmeer were visible from a third-floor window where they said their goodbyes.

The writing of this article all came about after reading the recent Michigan History, July/August 2015, issue. Shown on the cover is a picture of the sunken Nordmeer with the caption, Nordmeer, A Diver's Delight in Thunder Bay. The article itself is entitled, A Thrilling Thunder Bay Rescue written by Ric Mixer. If you haven't read the well-written and informative article, your local library is sure to have a copy of the magazine or you could contact Michigan History at 800-366-3703.



Tom and Carolyn Scott in 2003 hold hands during a visit to the anchor in their front yard on Crane Road.

And, if you haven't already done so, drive down Crane Road and witness for yourself the magnificent Nordmeer anchor!

(Joyce Mammoser is a member of the Ypsilanti Historical Society and a neighbor of the Scott family on Crane Road.)



The anchor decorated for the Christmas season.



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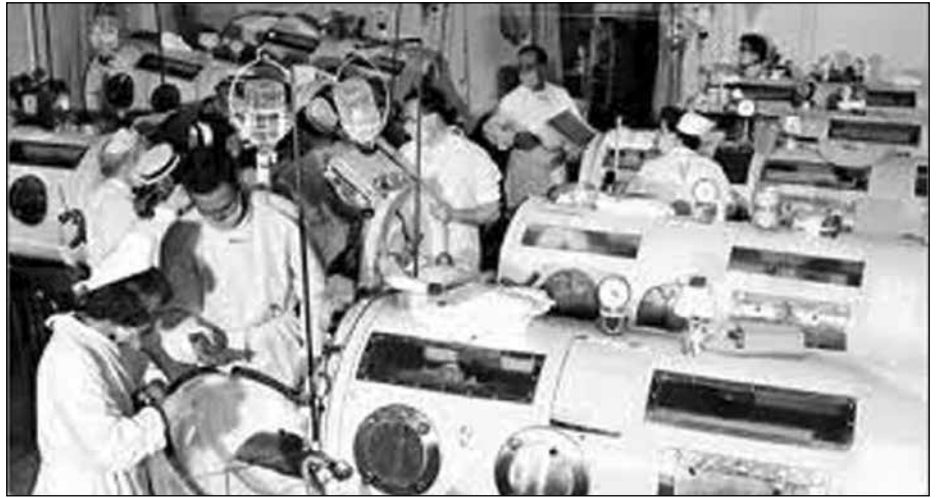
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The Article I Never Wanted to Write

BY PEG PORTER



Iron Lungs were used when Polio was at its peak in the late 1940s and early 1950s.

On April 8, 1955, I celebrated my 14th birthday. On April 12, four days later in Ann Arbor, just a few miles down the road, Dr. Thomas Francis and Dr. Jonas Salk announced the successful field trials of Salk's polio vaccine. This medical breakthrough signaled the beginning of the end of one of the most feared and destructive illnesses. Each summer brought new outbreaks of the polio virus. Its victims were primarily but not exclusively children. The announcement of an effective vaccine meant an almost immediate reduction in the number of polio cases. The demand for the vaccine in the first few years outstripped the supply. Age limits were placed to determine eligibility. Younger children were the primary target. If you happened to be a young teenager, your chances of being vaccinated were remote, to say the least.

The summer of 1955 was a hot one. Fortunately we had a cottage on Base Lake (aka Baseline Lake). My brother and I spent hours in the water, reluctantly returning to shore to eat. Mother sometimes made us lie down during the hottest part of the day but as soon as we could we went back in the water.

In early August my parents decided we should take a short road trip. My brother and I sat in the back seat of the family's turquoise Plymouth Station wagon. Baby sister Jane stayed home watched over by her Granny from Canada. Off we went toward Niagara Falls, first on the U.S. side, finally to cross over to the Canadian side with its lovely gardens, tea rooms and the best view of the falls. We rode the Maid of the Mist before heading back west through Ontario. Dad pointed out the signs to Guelph where his Nova Scotian father attended agricultural college. We stopped in Stratford for lunch. The Shakespeare Festival was in its second year with all performances

in a tent in the city park.

The last leg of the trip was up to Godrich, Ontario, a pretty town on the northern shores of Lake Huron. There was an old inn on a bluff above the lake. That was where we stayed. As soon as we could, my brother and I were in our bathing suits headed down to the beach and into the cold water. It certainly was cooler than Base Lake. Our swim was short as we had to dress for dinner, an experience mother used to reinforce etiquette. The following day we headed home to Dexter.

Less than two weeks later, I developed a tingling in my legs; by that evening I found myself struggling to go up and down the porch steps. The next morning when I got out of bed, I fell to the floor. My legs could not support me. The crash brought my parents to my room. I could not stand up and was lifted into bed. I heard my parents conferring. Dad was going to summon Dr. Al Milford who had a cottage at Portage Lake. We had no phone in those days. It wasn't long before Dad returned with Al. After a brief examination, I heard Dr. Milford say, "We must take her to University Hospital."

And so my mother made a bed of sorts in the backseat of the Plymouth station wagon. My father carried me out to the car. Off we headed for Dexter then on to Dexter Ann Arbor Road. My head was propped up by a pillow and I watched the familiar scenes flash by. Dr. Milford guided us to the Emergency Entrance. They did a spinal tap. That was the one sure way to diagnose the virus. The diagnosis was what we all expected - polio.

Then I was loaded into an ambulance for a trip down the hill behind the hospital. The Contagious Ward was housed in an old World War I cottage



Dr. Thomas Francis from the University of Michigan and Dr. Jonas Salk, vaccine developer, announce the success of polio vaccine in field trials in April 1955 in Ann Arbor, Michigan.



Peg Porter holding her sister Jane a few months before contracting the polio virus.

with screened in porches on all sides. If you saw the film "The English Patient" that is what it resembled. I was put in a small room, my body encased in sandbags. It was hot, no air conditioning not even a fan. Staff were gowned and gloved when they entered the room. Their visits were as short as possible. I could see my parents through a small window at the back of the room. This was isolation. My one human contact was the resident physician, a young man with a kind face who spoke with me as if I were a person, not merely a patient. One night I felt I was having trouble breathing. I asked for the doctor, the nurse resisted but finally relented. He came, calmed me down and stayed with me until I went to sleep.

After four days, I was put back in the ambulance, went up the hill to the main hospital to begin rehabilitation. My home for the next two and a half months was Ward 4-C. This was a noisy often raucous place that housed all of the patients who, like myself, had paralysis from polio and were undergoing rehabilitation. We were almost all teenagers and now that we

were no longer "sick" did what teenagers do.

There was a TV mounted on the wall. That fall the Mickey Mouse Club made its debut. We watched faithfully and picked our favorites among the Mousketeers. In the evenings we listened to local DJ Ollie McLaughlin. At least once a week he dedicated a song to "my friends at 4-C." We had visits from some of the Michigan football players, including Ron Kramer who I thought was really good looking. We were indulged but for the most part this treatment kept the depression at bay that follows a traumatic illness or accident. That would come later.

Friendships developed in 4-C. Some would last beyond discharge from the hospital. My closest friends were Ellie, a freshman at the University of Michigan from New York, and Sarah, like me, a freshman in high school. She was from Manchester. My parents "adopted" Ellie who started referring to me as her "little sister." Both Sarah's parents and mine were regular visitors: they also supported each other. I was the most severely disabled and the last to leave the hospital. At one point four of us, my two friends and I plus another teenager named Joan, were moved to a women's surgical ward to reduce the overcrowding in 4-C. It was a typical hospital ward of the times, two rows of



The University of Michigan Hospital in the mid-1950s. The contagious ward was behind the main hospital.

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beds facing each other in a long room. Not an appropriate environment for four teenagers. The move was short-lived. Someone (we never found out who) went directly to Dr. Francis. I heard a commotion at the entrance to the ward. Since we were at the far end, I could not understand what was being said. But I recognized Dr. Francis as he was very tall. Clearly he was not happy. Within the hour we were moved back to 4-C. It seems that Dr. Francis viewed the patients who were recovering from polio as "his." Surely he recognized the irony of the teenagers recovering from polio just months after he joined Dr. Salk in announcing the success of the vaccine.

My therapy consisted of being placed in an "oven" that produced warm steam. Only my head was outside the "oven." It had a timer that I watched; when it rang, I was removed to a table and the stretching began. It hurt but was felt necessary to keep the muscles from contracting. This was followed by some strength building exercises. After six weeks or so I was fitted with a full-length leg brace on my left leg and provided with "Canadian" crutches so I could stand and begin to walk.

My mother visited the hospital and was told to go down to Physical Therapy where a surprise was waiting. She came into the room to see me standing though propped up by the crutches. It was a shock for her. Up until then she had seen me either in bed or in a wheelchair. During that visit she faced what the virus had done to my body. She kept herself together until she reached her car and then broke down in tears. She was sobbing so hard that when she reached Washtenaw, she pulled over. A truck driver saw her and pulled up behind her. He walked to the car and asked if she was alright. It was difficult for her to stop crying long enough to answer him. He offered to call my dad or to drive her home. By then she had pulled herself together, thanked him and told him she was able to drive the rest of the way home.



Peg Porter with sister Jane on one of her visits home.

Now that I had the brace and crutches much of my physical therapy involved practicing walking, sitting down and getting up, and the most frightening of all, climbing stairs. I could go up the stairs but when it came to come back down, I froze. I was taught to put my crutches on the next step down, balance myself and then lower my braced leg first. Of course it felt like I was going to fall head first. I think it was the first time I cried in Physical Therapy. But I had a cheerleader. A male patient with both legs missing sat at the bottom of the stairs in his wheelchair and talked me down.

I've seen this happen in therapy again and again. The fellow patients are very supportive of each other and a camaraderie develops. When one person succeeds the other patients offer their support and congratulations. It is a crucial piece of regaining confidence.

After about six weeks, I made my first home visit. This was just for a half-day but it was an important milestone. I had not been outside since late Au-

gust. I remember going out the door into the cool autumn air and seeing the first touches of color on the leaves. The two family members who seemed most happy to see me were Muffin, our English cocker spaniel who cried and covered my face with kisses and Janie Lynn my fifteenth month old baby sister. Janie stayed as close as she could.

About two weeks after that first visit I was signed out for a weekend visit. I remember I slept on a pull-out couch in the den; the stairs would be tackled later.

The home visits and the progress I made in Physical Therapy signaled the preparation for release from the hospital. And on a cold day in mid-November, my father's birthday, I left and headed home.

My next goal was to return to school in January. I had been receiving assignments regularly from most of my teachers. Through these I managed to stay on track in my classwork. I was physically ready but I was not mentally ready for the changed world I was going to reenter. I was now a person with a disability. My good friends remained my good friends. I was not however ready for the rejection I would experience.

I began this by stating this was the article I never wanted to write. Why? And why did I choose to do it now?

I was determined to resume my life much as it had been before I contracted the virus. I did not want to draw attention to my disability. It was not me and I was determined that not be defined by changed physical characteristics. To do so would limit my opportunities. But to others, especially those who had not known me before, that is exactly what happened. It was terribly unfair. I experienced what we would now recognize as discrimination although much of it was benign, done in the guise of protection.

The 1950s were a time of conformity. This was particularly true among the young. As a teenager I was sometimes

excluded from social activities. I still remember a New Years Eve Party. The first New Year's celebration among my peers. Many of my friends attended but I was not invited. Yet, I was well-liked and involved in numerous activities. When it came time to apply for college my options were more limited than my classmates. I was accepted to one of best private liberal arts colleges in the state but I did not attend as there "was no dorm space." This, I realized later, was blatant discrimination but there were no laws then that prohibited an educational institution from such practices.

I know that my struggles were similar to those experienced by many others with an acquired disability. Yet, most of us try to preserve a positive attitude and to be the best in whatever we do. And many, if not most of us, not just succeed but to do so almost effortlessly or so it seems. There is a term "super cripp" used within the movement that recognizes that phenomenon.



Peg Porter (at right) on her 15th birthday on April 8, 1956. At the upper left is Eleanor Bergeret, a U of M student and friend of Peg during her hospital stay.

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The demands that we place on ourselves and that others come to expect from us can be exhausting. Those are some of the reasons I chose not to write about my own experience.

Why now? This past year marks a highly significant anniversary. Many view the development of the vaccines as the most important medical advance of the 20th century. There are fewer of us to tell the story, to educate and enlighten not just about polio but to look inward and honestly think about how we view and value other people. In this age of inclusiveness, more attention needs to be paid to how others are excluded. Attitudes and awareness require constant attention.

As the years passed, I became more and more of an advocate and not just on behalf of polio “victims.” I learned about deafness, the deaf community or communities. A close friend and colleague of mine, who was diabetic, lost most of her vision and eventually her life. I worked with blind individuals and watched the advances in technology that provided support on the job. I came to understand that various types of physical disability presented their own unique challenges. For example, people with spinal cord injuries function differently than those with cerebral palsy. And perhaps the most damaging of all are the closed head injuries that affect communications and the thought process and often result in outbursts of anger that are frightening to the injured and those around them. All of this is at times overwhelming and yet disability coalitions have been built that have had major impact on the lives of both disabled and TABS (Temporarily Able Bodied) people.

When I moved to Washington, D.C in 1980, Michigan and California were viewed as the states who led the nation in securing rights for disabled people. I was privileged to attend the signing of the Americans with Disabilities Act on the West Lawn of the



President George Bush signs the Americans with Disabilities Act in July 1990 on the West lawn of the White House. On the left is Evan Kemp; Justin Dart, Jr. is to the right; both Republican disability advocates.

White House in July of 1990.

Previously people with disabilities were treated with a kind of patronizing pity. Now it was the law of the land that disabled people were entitled to full participation in almost all aspects of life. On return to my home state I found that times had changed. In part this was due to the change in political leadership and a struggling economy. Michigan, in my view, was no longer proactive but more reactive. More than once I have pointed out barriers to full participation only to hear “we don’t have to do that.” The end result is loss: the group or organization loses the potential contribution of people who are excluded and these individuals are denied participation. Most barriers, whether they be physical or attitudinal, aren’t the result of maliciousness but have their origins in lack of awareness or lack of knowledge regarding the law. Personally I would rather not have to take legal action but it is sometimes necessary to ensure fairness and equal opportunity.

My own perspective has changed significantly since 1955. In the early

years I was defensive, easily hurt while still pushing myself not only to do well but to be better if not the best. Over time, as I experienced some level of success I realized the much larger issues that face so many people. I rejected the role of “victim” and became an advocate and leader. This represents personal growth and a greater level of comfort in my own body. It also allowed me to write this article, the one I did not want to write.

(Editors Note: Peg Porter was born in Ann Arbor and grew up on the west side of Ypsilanti. She graduated from Roosevelt High School and received a Bachelor's and two Master's Degrees from Eastern Michigan University. She was on the faculty of Central Michigan University, a staff member of Eastern Michigan, a program manager at Macomb County Community College and a consultant with Michigan Rehabilitation Services. She was a Department of Health and Human Services Fellow and a staff member in the Office of the Secretary of Health and Human Services. She also is a trained mediator, writer and editor.)

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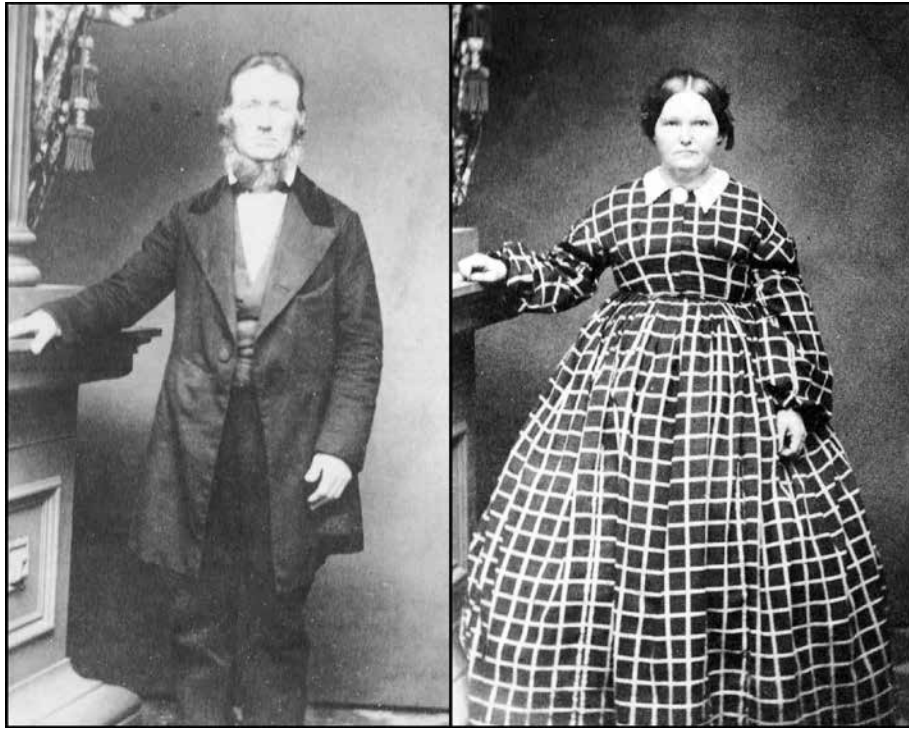
Come and see the stark beauty of Highland Cemetery this winter. James Mann will again host the annual lantern tours. Tours will start at 7:00 pm at the entrance to the cemetery on River Street. Tours are family friendly. Dress for the weather. Price is \$5.00 per person. Lanterns are provided.

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Christian Kelly (1809-1869) and his wife, Sarah Ann Steers (1812-1893). These photographs taken about 1862 by Edwin P. Baker, Ypsilanti photographer.

Primitive Open Hearth Trammel

BY PETER DIEHR

(The Trammel with hooks and chain were found on the old Kelly Farm at 6170 Whittaker Road in Ypsilanti Township, Washtenaw County, Michigan)

Our neighbors found this rusty old chain with three hooks near the old barn of the former Kelly farm.

It was clearly hand-forged from old-style wrought iron by a blacksmith. It is a Hearth Trammel: "An adjustable pothook that was used to hang cooking pots over the fire at different heights. The cook could adjust and lock the trammel into different lengths, thereby controlling the temperature." This one was made to hang from a beam up inside of a great hearth.

This trammel has three hooks. The largest is on the end of the grab bar and will be hung from the support. The other



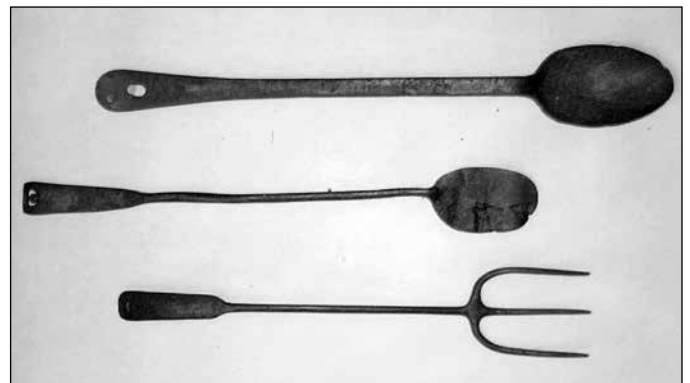
Trammel after rust removal.

two are at the opposite ends of the short bar at the hanging end of the chain. The smaller hook can be used to adjust the length of the chain, while the final hook is for hanging the pot.

It probably dates from the earliest days of the Kelly homestead, as cooking was an everyday activity! It would have been relegated to the summer



Detail of the individually forged links connected to the grip bar which has been twisted.



Early blacksmith work by the Kelly family, John Peter or Christian c1825.

kitchen after a major enlargement and renovation of the house in 1860, when they probably installed a box stove. It was removed to the barn when the farmstead was renovated in 1940.

The founder of the Kelly farm, John Peter Kelly (formerly Köhli) (1780-1829) left Switzerland after the Napoleonic Wars, bringing his family to Philadelphia in 1818. Later, while working on the Erie Canal at Lockport, NY, he met Lyman Graves. When their work was done in the spring of 1825 they came to Ypsilanti Township and took up land near today's Textile and Whittaker roads. John Peter was a

formally trained blacksmith, and the family story is that he started the first blacksmith shop in the area by burning out an old stump for a forge pit.

So John Peter probably made the hearth trammel to fit the great hearth of his new home; or it may have been his son, Christian Kelly (1809-1869), as the house was enlarged over the next few years. Christian married in 1833 and he and his wife raised a large family. Christian was



A demonstration, at Sauder Farm Ohio, of cooking over an open fire with a trammel to hold the pot.

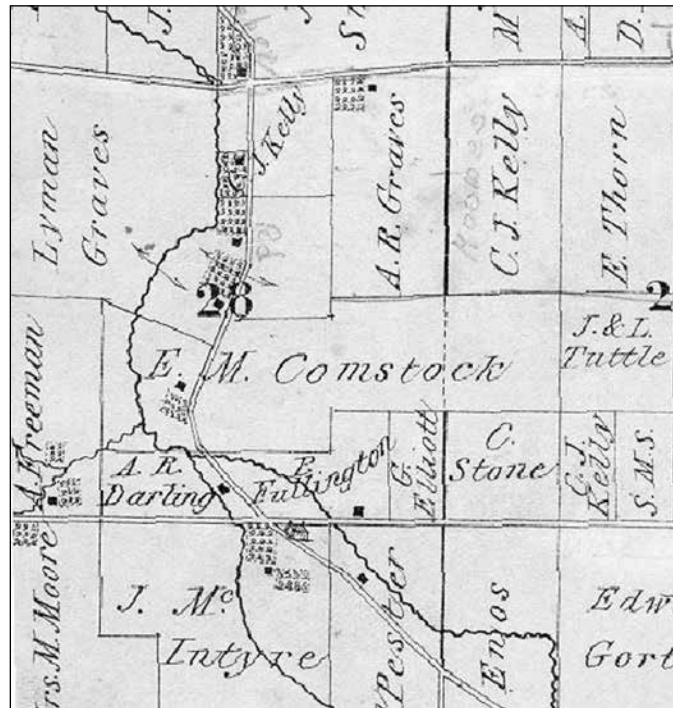
trained in blacksmithing by his father, and there are entries in his cash journal from 1866 for straightening plow shares and sharpening saws.

The "rusty chain" was partially restored by removing the heavy rust without damaging the existing metal or finish, by means of electrolysis.

(Peter Diehr was raised on the family farm and remembers his great grandmother, Ella Youngs Kelly. His grandmother donated many items to the Ypsilanti Historical Society and he has continued the tradition by donating the hearth trammel. You may be able to see it soon, with an old iron pot, hanging in the YHS kitchen! Six generations lived on the old homestead between



Kelly farmhouse in 1938. The photo was taken by Harlan John (Foster) Diehr.



C. J. Kelly farm on E. Monroe, now Whittaker Road, from an 1873 Atlas.

1825 and 1975. The farmhouse is still standing.)

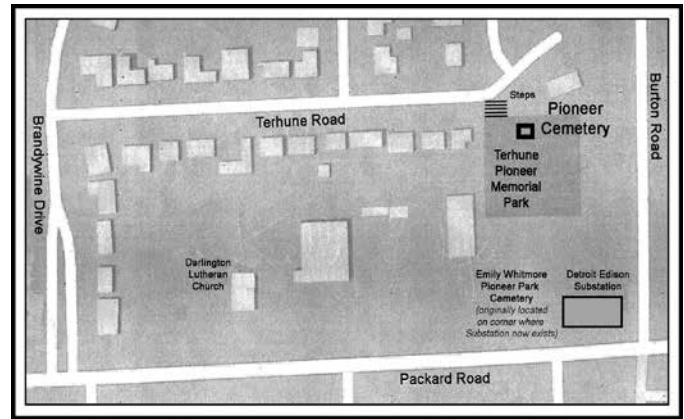
Terhune Pioneer Memorial Park – Current Site of Pioneer Cemetery

BY ALVIN RUDISILL

Pioneer Cemetery is a well kept secret that many Washtenaw County residents have never heard of or seen. It is located in Terhune Pioneer Memorial Park, which is part of the Ann Arbor Parks and Recreation Department, and is hidden by a grove of trees near the intersection of Packard Road and Highway U.S. 23. Although it is one of the oldest cemeteries in Washtenaw County, it contains only three tombstones and no bodies.

The story dates back to 1825 when several families arrived in Woodruff's Grove via the Huron River and settled in what is now Pittsfield Township. The area became known as "Carpenter's Corners." One of the pioneers who settled there was Luke Whitmore. When his 18 year old daughter Emily died, there was no local cemetery available so he set aside a site on his property for a cemetery. Some believe that Emily Whitmore was Washtenaw County's first-born white child. It was also believed by others that Alpha Washtenaw Bryan was the first non-native American child born in Washtenaw County and was buried there though historians have not been able to confirm that. It is believed that approximately 20 to 50 individuals were buried there. Eventually the ground, consisting of approximately one acre was permanently dedicated as a "cemetery."

John Terhune, who was born in Hackensack, New Jersey,



The Pioneer Cemetery is located in Terhune Pioneer Memorial Park near the intersection of Packard Road and U. S. 23. Access is off Terhune Road which is accessible from Brandywine Drive.

and his wife moved to Michigan in 1831. They settled near the farm of Luke Whitmore, close to "Carpenter's Corners." Terhune had served as a Sergeant and Ensign in the Revolutionary War and received nine bayonet wounds. His wife, Sarah, was also a hero in the Revolutionary War. As a girl of seventeen after seeing her aged and bedridden grandfather shot before her eyes by a British officer, she made her way early in the morning through brush and weeds to warn the American Army of the presence of British and Hessian troops camped on a corner of her father's farm. Her clothes were torn and she was scratched and bleeding when she reached the camp. Ensign John Terhune was a member of the company and a romance started as a result of that first meeting. They were married on December 26, 1779. John died in 1839 and Sarah died in 1850. They were both buried in the cemetery located on the Luke Whitmore farm.

The site was referred to over the years by a variety of names including Emily Whitmore Cemetery, Pittsfield Cemetery and the Terhune Burying Grounds. Many of the bodies that were buried in the cemetery were moved to other cemeteries such as the Forest Hill Cemetery on Observation Street in Ann Arbor. In about 1900 the cemetery was in such a state of neglect that the farmer who owned



The steps off Terhune Road that provide access to Terhune Pioneer Memorial Park and the Pioneer Cemetery.



Pioneer Cemetery, located in Terhune Pioneer Memorial Park, is surrounded by a low rock wall and contains the gravestones of John Terhune, Sarah Terhune and Emily Whitmore.

the land around the cemetery piled up the headstones in a corner and tilled the land. In 1909, the Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution (D.A.R.) discovered that the grave of Revolutionary War veteran John Terhune, which had been obscured and forgotten for many years, was in that location. In the early 1920's the Whitmore home and barn buildings were torn down and a real estate company platted a large portion of the ground and began selling lots. The particular lots which included the cemetery area had not been sold but all of the markers and gravestones were again removed and placed in a pile. The members of the Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor chapters of the D.A.R. discovered what had happened, and knowing that Revolutionary Soldiers were buried there, started proceedings in Lansing to reclaim the area as a cemetery. The Boy Scout Troop of Platt became involved in attempting to piece together the broken markers and gravestones and an attempt was made to restore the cemetery.

Then in 1939 the Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti Chapters of the D.A.R. constructed the Pioneer Cemetery just north of the original cemetery. The cemetery consisted of a low rock wall and the gravestones of John Terhune, his wife Sarah and Emily Whitmore. In the cornerstone of the wall was placed: 1) a history of each of the three pioneers; 2) records of the two D.A.R. Chapters; and 3) a photostatic copy of the original deed of the property granted by Luke Whitmore. About 50 members of the two D.A.R. Chapters were present for the naming and dedication ceremony. The ceremony was conducted by Mrs. C. A. Thomas, Regent of the Sara Angell Ann Arbor Chapter and Mrs. Horace Z. Wilber of the Ypsilanti Chapter. Mrs. Thomas donated the stones for the wall and the Ypsilanti Chapter provided the gate in memory of one of its members. For many years classes of students from Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti schools visited the site to pay homage to the veterans of wars including the Revolutionary War.

In 1955 the Township Board of Pittsfield petitioned the



Members of the Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution (D.A.R.) on Memorial Day in May of 1939 at the dedication of the Pioneer Cemetery.



The Dedication Ceremony of Pioneer Cemetery in May of 1939.

court to vacate the property on which the Pioneer Cemetery was located. The Daughters of the American Revolution went to court and prevented the cemetery from being abandoned. After that time there have been at least two attempts to condemn the Pioneer Cemetery and use the property for other purposes. Finally the property was bought by Bert Smokler who agreed to leave the cemetery intact. Smokler then built the Forestbrooke subdivision and named one of the streets Terhune Road. The general area became the city of East Ann Arbor in 1947 and then in the April 1957 election the property was voted into the City of Ann Arbor.

For many years the property was maintained by the Ann Arbor Parks Department with the help of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Conn, who lived next door. Maintenance was

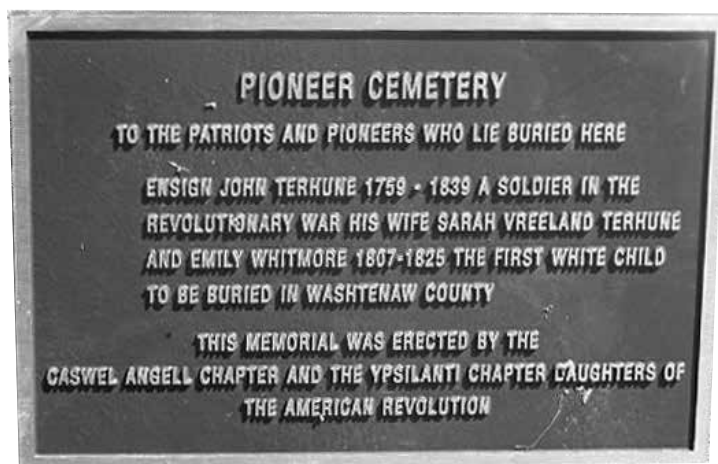


View of the three gravestones in the Pioneer Cemetery.

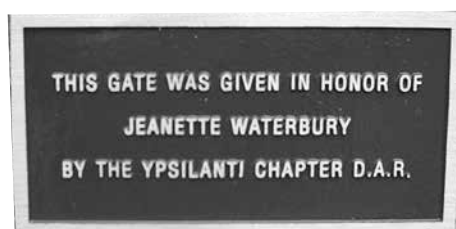


The Terhune Memorial Park sign that is located close to the Pioneer Cemetery.

continued on page 34



The Pioneer Cemetery sign that is attached to the rock wall around the cemetery.



Sign on the gate to Pioneer Cemetery.

a problem because the property south of the cemetery on Packard Road was surrounded by a fence cutting off access to the property except for a very steep bank off Terhune Road. The Conns allowed the City access to the site through their property and often mowed the grass themselves. Then, in 1990 the City installed steps off Terhune Road creating public access to the property.

(The information for this article was gleaned from letters, newspaper accounts and court documents in the "Pioneer Cemetery" file located in the Cemetery Collection in the Ypsilanti Historical Society Archives.)

An Ypsilantis in Ypsilanti

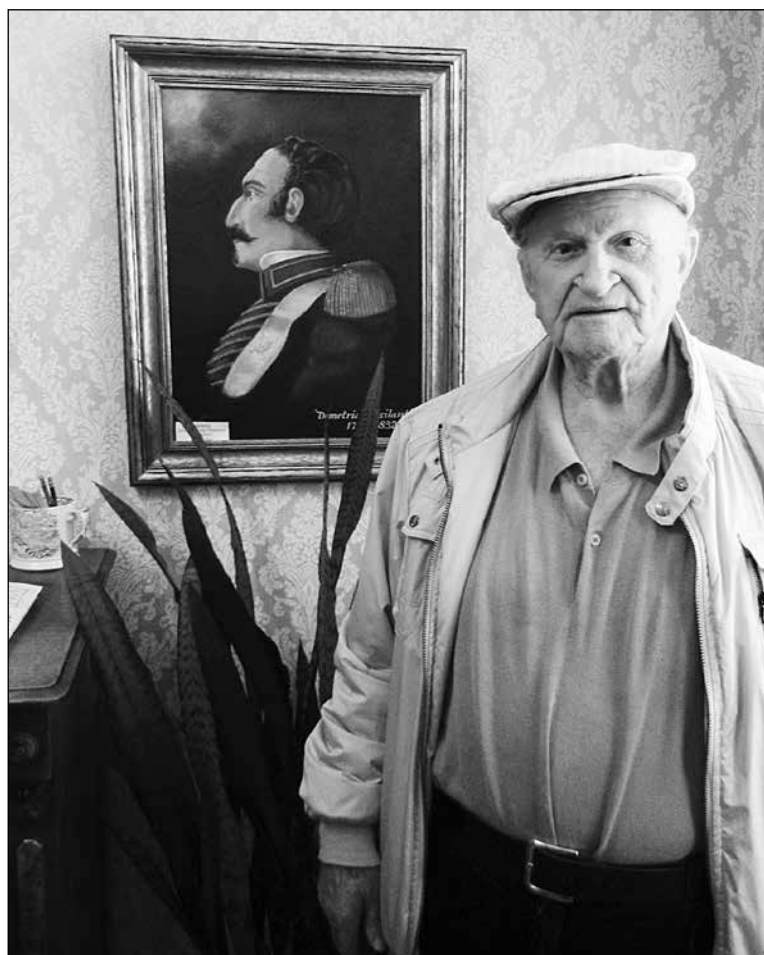
BY MICHAEL GUTE

The Ypsilanti Historical Society had the honor of receiving Dr. Tena Ipsilantis Katsaounis and her parents, the Ypsilantis. Yes, you read that correctly. Tena's father, Haralambos Ypsilantis, is a decedent of the Ypsilantis Family from Greece. He and his wife were in the United States visiting Tena, who resides in Ohio.

In 1825, Judge A. B. Woodward donated a large area of land used to form the Original Plat of Ypsilanti, Michigan. It was Woodward, who named Ypsilanti in honor of celebrated Greek General, Demetrius Ypsilantis.

During their visit the Ypsilantis family visited the YHS Archives and spent considerable time reviewing documents in our family files. Many of the documents they reviewed were Ypsilantis family-related documents that they had never seen. After the family left, Kelly Beattie our archive intern, spent several hours copying documents and then mailed them to the family in Ohio. Haralambos will return to Greece with a little more family history, and the experience of visiting the city that boasts his famous family's name. The world is not so big, after all.

(Michael Gute is enrolled in the Graduate Program in Historical Preservation at Eastern Michigan University and is serving an internship at the YHS Museum.)



Haralambos Ypsilantis is a member of the Ypsilantis Family from Greece and a descendant of Demetrius Ypsilantis, the individual that the City of Ypsilanti is named after.

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