Nearly two hundred years ago, in 1828, a young couple along with their two children, made the difficult journey to Ypsilanti through muddy roads, malaria-infested swamps and deep woods from New York State. When Mark Norris pointed out their future home of Ypsilanti to his travel-worn and weary wife Roccena from the high banks along the Huron River, which is now part of Highland Cemetery, she fell to her knees, put her head on a stump and cried. All she could see was the smoke from a few mud and daub log cabins. The family spent the night in one of the cabins and then the undaunted Mark Norris quickly began shaping the small and ragtag village into a place that people would want to live in.

The ambitious 28-year-old soon bought “water rights” on the Huron River in Ypsilanti and built a flour mill and store. At the time, supplies had to be brought in from Detroit. Cabins went without windows because there was no place to purchase glass until he opened his store on the southeast side of the Huron River next to his mill at what is now Michigan Avenue. Mark Norris was soon doing more than providing supplies and led the way for the growth of Ypsilanti by starting a bank and loaning money to other investors. He opened a post office so that there could be better communications with the world.
A joint meeting will be held on Sunday September 9th, accenting the partnership of the Ypsilanti Historical Society and the Ypsilanti Area Community Fund. Several years ago YHS entered into the partnership and made an initial investment with the goal to build an endowment for the museum. The joint meeting will begin at the museum with attendees receiving tours. After the tours we will continue to the Ladies’ Literary Club where refreshments will be served and Community Fund CEO Neel Harja will give us an overview of the YACF mission. I will follow with a history of the museum’s growth, which started from a display in the basement of the downtown library to our current location, where we are currently known as the area’s best source for local history.

We recently had a surprising offer from the Oklahoma Correctional Industries (aka prisons). They are providing job training for their inmates by having them scan high school yearbooks to DVDs for archival institutions. Including two-way postage, they will provide the service free of charge. Reading too good to be true, the references they provided were checked. According to the references, the offer is as described!

During the summer, we were reminded that we own and are responsible for maintaining a 158 year old building. Jerry Jennings, Norm McFall, and Rick Katon did badly needed repairs of the handicapped ramp which, according to Jerry, will need to be replaced in a few years. At the same time, a leak in the roof over the Heritage Room (room accessed by the south entrance) revealed itself during a summer rain. The roof was repaired and we learned it should be replaced next year.

We were invited to share in the 150th Anniversary of the founding of our Ypsilanti library. We have put together historic documents which will be displayed in their second floor display cases throughout the fall.

Monthly meetings of the Board of Trustees have been busy considering insurance coverage of our building and contents, building security, solar panels, and other issues.
and became the first postmaster. He then purchased more land which was added to the tiny village and became known as the Mark Norris addition. He divided the land and sold lots which added to the population growth. He helped found a church and encouraged the railroad to travel through Ypsilanti with a stop on River Street and then built a beautiful new hotel called the Great Western to accommodate rail passengers. Later he built the Norris Block (now called Thompson Block) in Depot Town with the bricks from the hotel when the railroad purchased that property.

Roccena quickly dried her tears and invested time and energy in the settlement. Having taught school in New York State, within the year she started the first school in Ypsilanti in the rooms that they rented to live in behind and above a store at the southwest corner of what is now Washington and Michigan Avenue, then called the Chicago Road, which was basically an Indian trail. She also began the first Sunday school. Roccena and her daughter Elviria were instrumental in founding the library system and ladies aid society. You can read about their lives and that of their children who were part of that exhausting trip from New York in articles I have written about them and their daughter Elviria and her husband Benjamin Follett in the Spring and Summer 2015 issues of The Gleanings at: https://www.ypsilantihistoricalsociety.org/publications/spring2014.pdf and https://www.ypsilantihistoricalsociety.org/publications/summer2014.pdf. As it turns out, almost 200 years after Mark and Roccena Norris settled in the hamlet of Ypsilanti, their g-g-g-granddaughters, Suzanne Benton of Oregon and Roxane Canfield of California, read my articles about their ancestors in “The Gleanings” and contacted me about a proposed visit to Ypsilanti to research and retrace the lives of these Ypsilanti pioneers. I want to tell you about their visit and the many ways the kind and generous people of modern-day Ypsilanti touched their lives and hearts while they were here.

Suzanne and Roxane’s visit was a much easier journey than that of their ancestors, and they traveled by plane, train and automobile rather than ox cart, foot and canal boat. Before coming to Ypsilanti, they first went to New York and visited the communities that their ancestors lived in before “going west” to seek their fortunes in Ypsilanti. I had planned a jam-packed trip for them by contacting people in Ypsilanti to help them with this genealogical adventure. Tina Atkinson-Kalusha, the manager of Highland Cemetery, provided pages of information about their ancestors’ birth and death dates as well as a detailed map of cemetery plots where the Norris and Follett families were laid in rest. Highland Cemetery was our first stop on a gloomy and overcast Saturday morning on June 9, 2018.

There was a big surprise waiting for them at the Follett gravesite. When they were visiting the cemetery in New York where their ancestors were buried, they visited the grave of their g-g-g-grandfather Na-
than Follett - or so they thought - because his name was inscribed on a tombstone. However, at Highland, they found another tombstone with his name. The papers that the manager provided indicated that indeed this local mill owner died here in Ypsilanti and was buried in the family plot. Perhaps he left his name carved on a tombstone next to his deceased wife in New York prior to his journey to Ypsilanti. Another delight was finding the grave of their g-g-g-grandmother, the mother of Roccena.

When Linda French, owner of Sidetrack, which is located in the Masonic Block built by Benjamin Follett, heard that Follett’s g-g-granddaughters were coming to town, she invited them to have lunch with her. Inside the very building that meant so much to their g-g-grandfather and g-g-g-grandfather who were both Masons, they marveled that they were eating a delicious lunch within its beautifully restored interior. Ms. French relayed that restoring it and doing so much to revitalize Depot Town was a labor of love and that this provided a legacy for both her daughter and the city. She told them about the change in the climate of Depot Town since investors like her and her hard working family and others reclaimed the charming buildings which all needed a great deal of work and made Depot Town a wonderful place to visit.

Our next stop was The Ypsilanti Historical Society museum. A small reception had been planned along with another surprise for the two sisters. President Bill Nickels presented them with a proclamation from the mayor of Ypsilanti and historian James Mann gave them each a copy of the book he co-authored “Down by the Depot” which focuses on many facts about the area of town built by the Norris/Follett families. The proclamation signed by Mayor Amanda M. Edmonds embellished with the seal of the city of Ypsilanti, each sentence beginning with the word “Whereas,” pays tribute to Mark and Roccena Norris, their daughter Elviria and her husband, Benjamin Follett, for helping to found Ypsilanti.

Roxane and Suzanne also viewed the oil portraits of their g-g-g-grandparents in the museum parlor painted by noted American artist, Ernest Haskill. Their own branch of the family inherited identical paintings. Their family painting of Roccena was damaged in a flood and thrown away but they grew up looking into the eyes of their g-g-g-grandfather, staring back at them, from their own portrait above a sofa in their living room.

The “icing on the cake” was when they descended the steep basement steps of the museum, and before them, laid out on the large table in the archives, were photo albums, files, documents, and letters completely covering the top of the table arranged there by archives volunteer Marcia McCreary and Eastern Michigan University Historic Preservation intern Millie Latack. The museum archives has hundreds of letters written to and from various Norris/Follett family members, pictures, articles, deeds
and other items of interest.

Sunday morning started with services at the First Presbyterian Church which Mark and Roccena helped form and donated $1000 for its building in 1857. They were hosted by Kathy Tobias and were welcomed by Pastor Keith Geiselman along with the entire congregation, and were treated to a church picnic after services. At noon they went across the street to St. Luke’s Episcopal Church which was founded by their g-g-grandparents and others. In fact, Benjamin, a banker, on his death bed, stated that he could not meet his maker with a mortgage on the church and paid it off before he died. Marcia McCreary, church historian, provided a tour of this beautiful and historical building.

As to their impression of the city of Ypsilanti – it was a far cry from Roccena’s tears at seeing the shambles that she was to call her new home. Suzanne Benton summed it up nicely by saying: “Roxane and I can’t thank you, the Ypsilanti Historical Society and Museum members, Mayor Edmonds, and the citizens of Ypsilanti, enough for your kindness and generosity during our recent trip. It was such a pleasure to visit Ypsilanti and experience for ourselves the town that played such an important role in the lives of our Norris and Follett ancestors. We were especially thrilled to learn Ypsi continues to thrive in the 21st century, while maintaining its long tradition of hospitality, community support, and opportunity for all. We thank you Ypsilanti for being who we were in our ancestor’s day, and who you are today. With much gratitude.”

I only wish that Roccena and Mark Norris, along with Elviria and Benjamin Follett, could have been on the tour with their descendants to see their joy at discovering Ypsilanti. Even though they were not there in person, they certainly left their mark on a wilderness village, and you might want to consider the impact that they have had on our city each time you visit Depot Town, have a meal at the Sidetrack, drive by the beautiful churches, or drive by the Norris block, which is now under reconstruction.

(P.S. This is the first post script I have ever written to add to an article but I thought that you would want to know that a few weeks after Roxane and Suzanne visited Ypsilanti, the Norris/Follett sights were again visited and this time by Mark and Roccena’s g-g-g-g-grandchildren along with Suzanne’s daughter. They were driving to the Upper Peninsula from New Jersey and decided to stop and pay homage to the beautiful city that Ypsilanti has become and meet some of the nice people too! Again, the gracious Linda French was able to join them for a delicious lunch at the Sidetrack and give them information about Depot Town which was founded by their ancestors.)

(Janice Anschuetz is a local history buff and a regular contributor to the Gleanings.)
Thousands of people drive by the corner of Michigan Avenue and Ballard Street each week but only a few know anything about the “Washtenaw 100 Club” that has a memorial at that location.

The Washtenaw 100 Club was established in 1971. The primary purpose was to provide financial assistance to family members within 24 hours of the duty death of a firefighter or police officer. Although fire and police departments have life insurance policies that eventually pay death benefits, the Washtenaw 100 Club provides financial assistance when it is needed, at the time of death. It was named the “100 Club” because they hoped there would eventually be that many members in the group.

In 1977 the Washtenaw 100 Club established a scholarship program for children of active police officers and firefighters in Washtenaw County. Currently up to ten $2,000 scholarships are awarded each year. Student applications for these scholarships are judged on the applicant’s scholarship, demonstrated leadership, volunteer activities and clarity of future goals. Over the past 30+ years the Club has awarded over $350,000 in scholarships.

The list of Washtenaw County police officers and fire fighters who have suffered duty deaths.

**IN MEMORY OF:**

**Firefighter Matthew A. Heininger March 27, 1928**
**Firefighter William O’Leary October 8, 1928**
**Officer Clifford Stang March 21, 1935**
**Officer Kenneth Payne June 4, 1946**
**Officer Leonard Albright May 31, 1956**
**Firefighter Henry Clement November 9, 1961**
**Officer Headley Downey May 9, 1963**
**Captain Aaron Carson January 11, 1966**
**Chief Russell Forsyth May 11, 1966**
**Deputy Leo Borders August 3, 1966**
**Deputy Jerry Russo January 14, 1967**
**Deputy Frank “Butch” Cramp January 15, 1970**
**Deputy Harold Ewald December 8, 1970**
**Officer Douglas D. Downing July 11, 1975**
**Firefighter Charles Uphaus May 2, 1976**
**Officer Steven J. Reuther February 4, 1991**
**Officer Tammy Sperle February 5, 1996**
**Firefighter Amy Schneearl-Pennywitt January 13, 2006**
**Captain Matt J. Tuttle April 13, 2006**
**Chief Riley Scott Sunner April 13, 2006**
Other goals of the Washtenaw 100 Club are: “(1) To analyze and support the emotional and material needs of families of law enforcement and fire fighting personnel who are killed in the line of duty, and (2) Entertain special equipment need requests of law enforcement and fire fighting departments and assist in fulfilling the needs wherever possible.”

The memorial wall dates back to 2001 when some members of the Washtenaw 100 Club gathered to discuss the number of duty deaths at the World Trade Center. Eventually the discussion led to the number of duty deaths in Washtenaw County but it became obvious that little was known about that topic. That led to research that resulted in a complete list of duty deaths in Washtenaw County. After much discussion about how this information could be preserved and disseminated it was decided to build a memorial wall to publicly display the list. The memorial was completed in 2005.

Membership in the Washtenaw 100 Club is open to everyone. The Club is a 501(c)(3) organization. Yearly dues are $125 for individuals and $500 for corporate membership. Information about the Washtenaw 100 Club, along with a membership application, can be found on their web page at www.washtenaw.org. The Club holds an Annual Dinner each year which is scheduled for October 18 this year. It will be held at the Washtenaw Community College Morris Lawrence Building at 4800 Huron River Drive in Ann Arbor. A keynote speaker is scheduled and individuals who are awarded the Law Enforcement and Firefighter of the year awards are recognized at this event.

2018 WASHTENAW 100 SCHOLARSHIP Awardees:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>HANNA ADKINS</th>
<th>CHELSEA HIGH SCHOOL</th>
<th>ANN ARBOR POLICE DEPARTMENT</th>
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<td>MADISON ADKINS</td>
<td>CHELSEA HIGH SCHOOL</td>
<td>ANN ARBOR POLICE DEPARTMENT</td>
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<td>JAYNA EBRE</td>
<td>LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL</td>
<td>WASHTENAW COUNTY SHERIFF’S OFFICE</td>
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<td>JACOB FERRIS</td>
<td>HOWELL HIGH SCHOOL</td>
<td>ANN ARBOR FIRE DEPARTMENT</td>
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<td>ALEXIS HANSEN</td>
<td>STOCKBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL</td>
<td>ANN ARBOR POLICE DEPARTMENT</td>
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<td>JONATHAN KING</td>
<td>CHELSEA HIGH SCHOOL</td>
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<td>HAILEY KUNATH</td>
<td>HARTLAND HIGH SCHOOL</td>
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<td>MALLORY MATTHEWS</td>
<td>MASON HIGH SCHOOL</td>
<td>MICHIGAN STATE POLICE</td>
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<td>ASHLEY MINER</td>
<td>ONSTED HIGH SCHOOL</td>
<td>WASHTENAW COUNTY SHERIFF’S OFFICE</td>
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<tr>
<td>GARRETT MORALES</td>
<td>SALINE HIGH SCHOOL</td>
<td>UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN POLICE DEPT.</td>
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Recipients of scholarships granted in 2018 by the Washtenaw 100 Club.
Every time I cross the pedestrian bridge that connects Frog Island with Depot Town, I think of Richard Streicher Jr., the seven year old boy who was murdered and his body left on an abutment under the bridge in March of 1935. The case is unsolved. His story haunts me.

A fellow volunteer in the Archives of the Historical Museum was George Ridenour who took an interest in the case. He, with the help of his friend, Lyle McDermott, researched the murder, even obtaining the records of the Michigan State Police on the case. He conducted interviews with those few still alive who knew Richard Streicher Jr. His plan was to write a book on the Streicher murder, but ill health prevented this, and George died before the work could be completed.

The research George did was turned over to Greg Fourier, the author of Terror in Ypsilanti: John Norman Collins Unmasked, in the hope he could finish the work begun by George. The hope has been fulfilled. The result is: The Richard Streicher Jr. Murder: Ypsilanti’s Depot Town Mystery. This book is the only justice Richard Streicher Jr. is going to get.

The book follows the story from the time his parents reported him missing, the discovery of the body and the conclusion of the investigation. The book is based on the reports of the police who carried out the investigation, questioned witnesses and suspects, and tried everything they could think of to find the killer. The account is detailed, but not to the point of being gruesome. The findings of the autopsy are explained in a clear, to the point manner, telling us what we need to know, and no more. The style is clear and to the point, easy to follow and compelling. This is a story one will want to stay with until finished. It is well worth the time.

Now, for my own small part in the story, in late 2015, John Counts, a reporter for The Ann Arbor News contacted the Archives of the Historical Museum, and asked if there was someone he could interview about the Streicher murder. He was preparing a series on cold cases and decided to start with the Streicher murder. George was the person he should have intervened, but George was too ill. I agreed to meet with him, and did the best I could. He followed up with some questions by email, which I answered. I mentioned in passing that Richard was buried in Highland Cemetery in an unmarked grave.

This was mentioned in the story, and a “Go Fund Me” account was started. A marker was placed on the grave, and a dedication service was held on Saturday, October 15, 2016. The Reverend Matthew Postiff presided. He spoke on the value of every human life.

(James Mann is a local history buff, a volunteer in the YHS Archive, & a regular contributor to the Gleanings.)
A volunteer is helping us to determine the age of some of our older garments. A term new to us is “waxed linen.” That is stiffening used inside a full skirt to give it volume. Another discovery was a covered metal strip that also helps with skirt fullness. We hope to display a jacket showing sewing techniques including how stays were installed.

The Art Exhibit will be held September 7 thru 30 during regular Museum hours.

September 7 hours will be extended to 5:00 thru 7:00 for a “meet the artists” reception. The art is by local artists and represents various media.

The Ypsilanti District Library has recently asked us for a display to help celebrate their 150th anniversary. Please see their web site for more information.

The Roosevelt High School class of 1958 is holding their 60th reunion this year. (Roosevelt was the lab school for EMU.) They will tour the Museum and view the yearbooks the Archives will have available for them.

Plans for Holiday decorations are underway! If you would like to be considered for designing and setting a mantle display, call us at 734-482-4990 with your ideas before November 1. Decorations will be up November 20 thru December 30. The Holiday Open House is Sunday, December 10, 2:00 to 5:00.

We have a few openings for guides. We are especially looking for help on the weekends. Just call us at 734-482-4990 to arrange for training.
In the summer of 1947, I had just completed my freshman year in college and was looking for summer employment. I was able to get a job at Scoville Bisbee Lumber Company. Scoville Bisbee Lumber Company was located at the intersection of North Huron Street and Jarvis Street. The entrance to the lumber yard was on Jarvis, and when you entered the lumber yard, there was a parking lot and the company store. The store had numerous building supplies, and it was a place where you could place your order for specific lumber products. Beside the store was the lumber mill. The mill had various working stations and had all types of woodworking machinery including multiple saws, a drill press, a planer, router and sander. These machines were where the lumber was prepared for various customer's specifications. On the East side of the yard, parallel to Huron Street, was a railroad spur with storage bins running along the side of the tracks. The only other equipment was a stake delivery truck which had the name of the company painted on it.

The manager of the yard was Dick Bisbee whom I presumed was also the owner. His countenance was all about business. He dressed and acted the part. He was in charge of the store where he sold items, took orders, managed the books, did the banking and handled the payroll. I knew little else about him except that he was married to Joanne Sturm who was the oldest daughter of the President of the Ypsilanti National Bank. The second in command was Clayton Hoppe. He was a stocky man with a great disposition. He had a lot of humorous things to say and was always positive in his behavior. He filled the orders, and operated the mill. He seemed capable of doing anything associated with the company. A third man I knew only as Red. He sometimes worked in the mill but mainly made the deliveries. He was a masculine looking man with sandy hair and a ruddy complexion. I presumed that was why they called him Red. He was very quiet and seldom talked to others except in short answers or comments.

In order to unload the boxcar, it was necessary to have the door of the boxcar in front of the proper storage shed. This meant that we had to move the boxcar at regular intervals. This sounds like an impossible task, but we had a device which we could place against the boxcar wheel to help with that task. The device had a long handle which when pushed on, provided the leverage to make the car move. Since we could not control how far the car might move, we had to place a block on the track at the right point so that the car would stop where it was supposed to. Once we had positioned the boxcar, we placed a plank from the car to the storage shed and removed the lumber and piled it inside. We discovered that the new lumber was green and thus very heavy. It was considerably heavier than when it later dried out.

The other difficult task was unloading the bags of cement. Again, when we would arrive in the morning, there would be a flatbed truckload of cement bags inside the yard. To unload the bags, we placed a plank down from the rear of the truck to the ground. There were two problems which made the job more difficult. First, the bags weighed about 50 pounds and were heavy to handle. There was no way
In the summer of 1947, I had just completed my freshman year in college and was looking for summer employment. I was able to get a job at Scoville Bisbee Lumber Company. Scoville Bisbee Lumber Company was located at the intersection of North Huron Street and Jarvis Street. The entrance to the lumber yard was on Jarvis, and when you entered the lumber yard, there was a parking lot and the company store. The store had numerous building supplies, and it was a place where you could place your order for specific lumber products. Beside the store was the lumber mill. The mill had various working stations and had all types of woodworking machinery including multiple saws, a drill press, a planer, router and sander. These machines were where the lumber was prepared for various customer's specifications. On the East side of the yard, parallel to Huron Street, was a railroad spur with storage bins running along the side of the tracks. The only other equipment was a stake delivery truck which had the name of the company painted on it. The manager of the yard was Dick Bisbee whom I presumed was also the owner. His countenance was all about business. He dressed and acted the part. He was in charge of the store where he sold items, took orders, managed the books, did the banking and handled the payroll. I knew little else about him except that he was married to Joanne Sturm who was the oldest daughter of the President of the Ypsilanti National Bank. The second in command was Clayton Hoppe. He was a stocky man with a great disposition. He had a lot of humorous things to say and was always positive in his behavior. He filled the orders, and operated the mill. He seemed capable of doing anything associated with the company. A third man I knew only as Red. He sometimes worked in the mill but mainly made the deliveries. He was a masculine looking man with sandy hair and a ruddy complexion. I presumed that was why they called him Red. He was very quiet and seldom talked to others except in short answers or comments.

Activity at the Scovill Bisbee Lumber yard in 1951.

to pick them up except by the ends, and lifting one was much like picking up a mattress. The bags would bend in the middle, making them very hard to hold and carry. In addition, I discovered that cement is treated in a kiln. As a result, the bags were very hot. The top layer was usually cooled enough so that it was just very warm, but the bags underneath were hot and could not be handled unless you had work gloves.

There are still things about that job that I remember, even 70 years later. I had a chauffeur's license so that made me eligible to drive the company truck. That might have been one of the reasons why they hired me. There were occasions when I was the only one available to drive the truck. Once, I was asked to take the truck and move some furniture for Mr. Bisbee’s brother Bob. Another time, I took several loads of building materials to the house that Mr. Handy, the owner of the Ypsilanti Press, was building on Geddes Road. A more exasperating time was when I was sent to deliver a load of flooring. I was going south on Washington Street and was in front of the Martha Washington Theater (now De Je Vous) when a car suddenly pulled out in front of me from a parking spot. I had to brake suddenly and was able to stop without hitting the car. However, the truck was a stake truck which meant it was open in the front. As a result, while I stopped the truck, the load of flooring went flying by me on both sides of the cab. I spent the next hour reloading the truck. Unfortunately, the drivers coming by did not realize what had happened and viewed me only as a guy blocking the road. During my embarrassment of reloading the truck, I received some verbal abuse, a lot of hand gestures, and the honking of a lot of horns.

There was one other memorable experience which I had that I did not understand until some years later. I lived about ten blocks away on South Huron Street. It was really just a nice walk for me. However, Mr. Hoppe, on several occasions, offered to give me...
a ride home. The gesture was nice but a little bit confusing. Before he took me home, he always told me he had one or two stops to make. These were always in parts of town which were never on our way to my house. Also, when we stopped, he would ask me if I would stand outside the car to keep an eye on it. He then proceeded to go to the door, and it appeared that he made some type of delivery. I never asked about why this was happening, but years later, I was telling this story to a friend, and it caused him to chuckle. He told me that Mr. Hoppe was one of the last elected constables in the county. It was his job to deliver subpoenas, legal papers and financial documents to various people in the community. These documents were bad news for some of the recipients and probably caused them to react to the delivery with some anger. I was 18 years old, six feet three inches tall and weighed about 150 pounds. I was actively engaged in competitive athletics, so I was in pretty good shape. My friend felt that even though I had no awareness of what was happening, Mr. Hoppe was using me as his back up.

Probably the most memorable part of my job was the time that I spent with Andy Jones. Mr. Jones was a Black man. He had gray hair and a slight build. He was about five feet seven inches tall and weighed about 130 pounds. As a young person, it was hard for me to judge his age, but I thought he was an old man and probably about late 50s or early 60s. Despite his appearance, he was a hard and diligent worker. He could do everything I could do, and he seemed to be tireless. He was not very extroverted, but I was young with a lot of questions, and he always gave me answers. Over the summer, I began to realize that he was a very wise man. He told me of things in his life, and it seemed to me that he had been greatly taken advantage of. He was born in Mississippi and at one time, he had a cabin (his words) and some land where he grew cotton. He had all that taken away from him in what I thought was a very unfair way, but he told me that when bad things happen, it is as much your fault as anyone else’s. He felt that the grievances which he had suffered in his life were the result of his not getting the proper education. That summer was the last time I ever saw him. At a later time, I was asked by my college Rhetoric professor to write about the most unforgettable character I had ever met, and I wrote about Mr. Jones. While I was still in college, I tried to locate him, but checking the phone book, the employees at Scoville and some mutual friends, I was never able to contact him. I have never met anyone with such Christian principles and such a positive attitude about life, regardless of the circumstances, as Mr. Jones. He used to tell me that whenever things go terribly wrong, you must “keep on and keep on keepen on”.

I left Ypsilanti in 1950, and due to employment and the Korean War, did not return, except for visiting my parents, until 1967. Since again becoming a resident of Ypsilanti, I have had many occasions to drive down Huron Street and go past the old Scoville Lumber Yard. The fence is still there, but all else has disappeared. The yard is now a heavy growth of weeds and underbrush. It appears that the railroad tracks have been removed. But when I do go by, I still have memories of my time working for Scovill Bisbee Lumber Company, the people I worked with, and the good things that happened to me there. However, my most memorable thoughts are of my old friend Andy Jones. He lacked education but was blessed with an abundance of wisdom. I hope that some of his Christian ideas have permeated my life and caused me to be a better person. The one thing that I do know is that my life of 90 years has been filled with a great deal of happiness but also with some times of trial and tribulation. Some of those times have been overwhelming and bordering on despair. However, whenever these things seem unbearable and without a solution, I say to myself, you’ve got to just “keep on and keep on keepen on.”

(Jack Minzey wrote articles for the Gleanings for many years. Unfortunately, he passed away in April of this year. This story is one he wrote for the Gleanings before his passing.)
Before going on this walk you might want to read the following articles which I wrote in the following issues of the Gleanings: Spring – 2014 – Norris Family, Summer – 2014 – Follett Family, and Winter – 2015 – Frog Island. They can be found on the Ypsilanti web site at www.ypsilantihistoricalsociety.org/publications.

1 Start your walking tour at the SW corner of Michigan Avenue and Washington Street. In 1828 this was an Indian trail leading to Chicago through the wilderness. Mark, Roccena and their two children lived behind a store – two rooms downstairs and two rooms upstairs. Roccena started the first school in the village of Ypsilanti here in 1828. She also organized the first Sunday school.

2 Continue on Michigan Avenue east and go over the bridge. Look to your right at the edge of the river. This is the site of the mill that Norris obtained by trading his 120 acre farm at Platt Road and Michigan Avenue. He soon enlarged and improved the mill and dam and built a store. He had to import most of the goods sold there from Detroit and even New York. Because money was unstable at the time, many items were bartered.

3 Walk east and cross Michigan Avenue at the light on River Street. On the west side of the road past and next to the Lutheran church is a tan brick home at 213 River Street which was built around 1833 and was the Norris family’s home.

4 Continue walking north on River Street and at the NE corner of River and Cross marvel at the Norris Block.
which Mark built in 1851 from bricks from his Grand Western Hotel. It had been located directly across the street at River and Cross, about where the crossing gate is. When the railroad bought this land, the bricks from his hotel were moved to build this three story building. The hotel was managed by Mark’s brother Justus, who was a leading and outspoken abolitionist. It was said to be the birthplace of the Liberty Party in Washtenaw County which was the abolitionist political party which held meetings there.

Past the train station and at the NW corner of River and Maple is a white frame house at 501 North River Street. This is the house that Mark Norris built for his family in about 1831. It is the first sawn wood home east of the river. Mark and Roccosa were living here when his brother (He was one of 14 children) started building the brick home seen previously but decided not to stay in Ypsilanti and sold the unfinished home and lot to Mark who finished the large eight bedroom home for his family.

Cross the street at Maple and River Street. The entire block on the NE side between Maple and Oak was the site of the beautiful Follett mansion which Mark built for his daughter Elviria and her husband Benjamin Follett, in part to lure them back to Ypsilanti from New York where they had moved. The house and grounds were a showpiece and people traveled on the train to marvel at it, even the barn was said to be exceptional. This lovely home was filled with children, pets and love.

From here, you can go back to Cross Street, cross it and continue east to Grove Street, turn right and at the NW corner of High Street the house now there was once part of the gymnasium (school) that was on the Follett property and moved by oxen.

The entire area of River Street, Cross Street, Prospect and Forest is known as the Mark Norris addition to the city. He purchased this area and sold lots. On the deeds to the land often both his name and that of his wife, Roccosa, are listed as owners. Roccosa and her daughter Elviria fought for women’s rights – including voting and owning property! Roccosa and Mark’s only son Lyman and his family once lived in a home at the SE corner of River and Forest purchased when he returned home to manage his father’s interests when Mark was ill around 1850. The home was torn down over 100 years later.

Walk north on River Street to Highland Cemetery. Benjamin Follett was a banker and once was mayor of Ypsilanti. He helped found this garden cemetery and made a speech at its opening in 1864 not knowing that four months latter he would be buried there after his sudden death.

The Follett and Norris graves are located here, please see map. Continue on the furthest road at the back of the cemetery and follow it nearly to the Civil War
Monument to a high bluff overlooking Ypsilanti. It is here that the weary Roccena slumped to the ground and put her head on a stump and cried when her husband pointed out a few log cabins as their future home site.

11 Walk back south towards Depot Town and turn right on Cross Street. You might want to make a stop for rest and refreshment at the Sidetrack on the SW side of the street in the Masonic Block built by Benjamin Follett.

12 Follet also built a magnificent hotel at the NE corner of Rice and Cross Streets which was considered one of the finest on the railroad line between Detroit and Chicago. Look across Rice Street to the one story building and that was where the mill was located, built by Norris and eventually sold to Follet’s father Nathan who came from New York State to run it.

13 If you want, go into Frog Island, and view what remains of the mill stream to the right of the cement bridge. The land was made an island when Norris had a mill race dug from Forest Avenue to Cross Street. He rented water rights for a lumber mill which stood in the middle of the land and later took over the mill. (see my story in the Gleanings on Frog Island)

14 Continue your walk by crossing at the intersection of Cross and Huron Street. On the west side of Huron Street directly across from the Ypsilanti Historical Museum view the unusual cobblestone home, which was owned by Nathan Follett. You might want to go into the museum and view the beautiful oil paintings of Mark, Roccena and Lyman Norris in the parlor.

Go back to Depot Town to a pub of your choice for some refreshments and silently thank the Norris/Follett families for helping build such a wonderful city.

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

Section 12: On the Northeast side of the Cross Street bridge was the mill built by Norris and eventually sold to Follet’s father Nathan.

Section 13: Frog Island when it was an island with a mill stream.
BY JAMES MANN

In Highland cemetery the grave of Cloyd Beck and his wife Vena rest next to the grave of his brother Roy. The brothers died only a few days apart in 1928, after being shot in Detroit while smuggling beer into the United States from Canada. Although the brothers lived in Detroit with their wives and children, they had family ties to Ypsilanti. This is why they rest in Highland Cemetery. Cloyd and his brother Roy were described by police as wealthy bootleggers, with homes in Detroit.

Records show that Roy Beck had been arrested 12 times on various charges. “He was given a suspended sentence for having no license plates on an automobile, a suspended sentence for speeding, fined $10 on a speeding charge, and given 18 months probation when he was found guilty of receiving a stolen automobile,” reported The Detroit News of February 9, 1928. “He was arrested in September, 1923, in connection with the theft of the automobile,” continued the account. “The case resulted in a mistrial when it developed Beck had paid for the lunch of a woman juror sitting in the case and had eaten lunch with her during a lunch recess.” “Subsequently,” noted the account, “there were 28 adjournments.” The case finally came to trial two years and 42 days after his arrest. Roy Beck had also been arrested in 1926, on a charge of taking a speedboat.

Cloyd had been arrested twice, once for receiving stolen property and again for removing contract property. Charges were dismissed each time.

At the time of the shooting of the brothers, the Department of Justice had been looking for Roy in connection with the disappearance of Chauncey D. Manley, a former prohibition agent. Roy Beck was suspected of conspiracy to extort money from bootleggers and bribery of Federal prohibition agents. Fears were expressed that Manley had been spirited away, murdered, and his body dumped in the river as he was preparing to testify as a government witness. Then again, it was reported that Manley was alive and living in Canada.

On the evening of Wednesday, November 8, 1928, Cloyd and Roy Beck were at the Detroit River, where they supervised the unloading of 300 cases of beer from a boat and onto a truck. Each case contained 60 bottles. When the last of the 3,500 bottles had been loaded onto the truck, the truck was driven up to Jefferson Avenue, with the Beck brothers following in their own car. At Jefferson Avenue, the truck was stopped, and the car was parked. Roy Beck got out of the car to talk to a man posted by the police as a lookout to keep watch for hijackers. Cloyd remained in the car, seated behind the steering wheel.

Nearby was parked a large sedan, with at least one man seated inside. This man watched as Roy approached the lookout. Then the man in the sedan flashed the headlights of the car, as a signal to five or six men hidden nearby. At the signal, these men rushed out from their hiding place “… with the precision of a military company,” as stated by The Detroit Free Press of Friday, February 10, 1928, “and fired their guns at the brothers.” Cloyd attempted to escape by driving away and pulled the car away from the curb before he slumped over the steering wheel dead. He had been shot four times in the left side of the neck and once through the right eye. “Roy was shot twice through the right shoulder, once through right chest, once through the right jaw and once through the right eye,” noted The Detroit News of Thursday, February 9, 1928.

The lookout and the driver of the truck fled. The truck was later found in the private driveway of the Detroit Edison Company, which had buildings under construction near the scene of the shooting. The truck was still fully loaded with the cases of beer.

A Mrs. Wealthy Maynard was sleeping when the shoot-
ing awakened her. “I looked out the window and saw two cars parked on West Jefferson Avenue, across the street. The second car was about 40 feet behind the first. I saw a man get out of the first car and stagger away and then after some more shooting the second car drove away,” said Mrs. Maynard. She dressed and went out to the car, which was riddled with bullet holes next to an iron fence. Roy Beck was leaning against the car in a semi-conscious state. “They got me,” groaned Roy. Mrs. Maynard stayed with Roy until the police arrived. Roy, in a near death condition, was taken to Delray Industrial hospital.

The police confiscated the truck and car used by the Beck brothers that night. Police guarded the home of Cloyd Beck, at the request of his wife Vera. The couple had two small children, Geraldine, age four, and Verne who was two and a half. “Mrs. Constance Beck, the wife of Roy and the sister of Mrs. Cloyd Beck, went at once to the hospital, leaving their two children Roy Jr. 12 and Archie 9, with neighbors,” reported The Detroit News. When questioned by police, Roy Beck would only say, “Never mind. I will take care of this myself when I get out of here. You will have no case against them.” Roy Beck died of his wounds on Saturday, February 11, 1928.

Police suspected Roy knew who was responsible for the shooting, and that a rival gang had carried it out. The man who was driving the truck that night told police the Beck brothers had sold their rum running operation to another rum-runner, and as part of the agreement, not to continue in the business. “Violation of their pledge was believed to have provoked the killings,” reported The Detroit Free Press Sunday, February 12, 1928.

“The parents of the two victims,” reported The Ypsilanti Daily Press of Friday, February 10, 1928, “moved here from Addison, Ohio, and former owned the Bittersweet farm. Roy Beck is building a garage here on South Huron St.”

The two were buried next to each other in Highland Cemetery. Verna Beck, wife of Cloyd, died at the age of 26, on May 25, 1931. The cause of death was peritonitis from a gastric ulcer. She was interred next to Cloyd on May 28, 1931. The grave next to Roy is empty, as his wife, Constance is buried elsewhere.

(James Mann is a local historian, a volunteer in the YHS Archives, and a regular contributor to the Gleanings.)
SOUTH PROSPECT & DAVIS STREET: We’re now at the corner of Davis and S. Prospect heading south on Davis. Charles Herbert’s home is on the corner and he’s a driver for Ypsi Dairy. Next are the Nixon’s; the Frost’s; the Elmer Norris’s (he works at Kaiser-Frazer); the Albert Guilloz’s (he is a salesman at Shaefer Hardware); Clair Simon, an area auto mechanic, and Harry Vealey’s home. The Vealey’s also have other relatives living close by. At the corner of S. Prospect and Factory St. we head down the hill to Grove St. and turn left onto Grove. Here we have the Louis Foerster house on the SW corner. Next is Albert Foerster and his wife Anna. He works at the local Ford plant that is just down the street. The Foerster family is very old in Ypsilanti history and operated the Foerster Brewery in the late 1800’s; it was located along the river and near this family home. Now we cross the street to the James Waite family home; I went to school with son, James. Mr. Waite was a supervisor at Warner Dairy. Next to his home is that of Joseph Hardin, a superintendent at Trojan Laundry. Back across the street again and to the Vernon McCarter home. Mrs. Margaret Santure, a friend of the family and widow of Leo, also lives there and is a cleaner at the County Farm out on Platt Rd.

We now go down this dirt road that runs next to the Nye factory and come to the Ypsilanti Frozen Food Locker. More benefits! They had frozen treats like popsicles, ice cream bars, and fudgesicles and they also had soda pop. I think you can see now why, despite all the calories I burned doing the route, I still ended up the chubby kid you see in the picture.

People could rent lockers to store frozen meats and other foods as there wasn’t much room in “Ice Boxes” (Refrigerators) at that time. The Ice Box, for those who don’t remember, was before electricity and was, literally, a sturdy wooden box with shelves that blocks of ice were put in to keep foods cold. The ice man was a valued and steady visitor to homes all through the city. In 1937, General Electric (GE) produced refrigerators that had one small section for frozen foods and one for chilled foods. In 1947 GE introduced the 2-door combo refrigerator/freezer and by 1955, 80% of American homes had a refrigerator that also had a freezer section. The potato chip building and the frozen food buildings were also razed for the Ford Plant expansion. Again, this is the area where old breweries were located during the 1800’s and early 1900’s.

Back up the road and facing us as we get back on Grove, is this old log cabin that is obviously pretty darn old. Not much left except four walls, a dirt “floor” and part of the roof. I often wonder if this was left from the original Woodruff’s Grove Settlement. Next, strangely enough, are two very big and stately homes that we deliver to: the George Lamkin home, a draftsman at Kaiser-Frazer and Mrs. Jessie Lamkin, the widow of Deloss. They must be related. We’re now at the point where Grove and Prospect meet overlooking the current I-94 expressway.

Fact or Fiction? I remember an interesting incident that may have happened here during WWII years, though some say I am imagining the whole thing. During the war there were small planes that flew over neighborhoods and dropped information pamphlets onto streets and yards while flying low. As I recall, one plane evidently flew too low or had a problem and landed (crashed?) just beyond the Lamkin homes where the Ford plant was. Maybe someone else remembers this happening and can confirm that it isn’t just a kid’s overactive imagination? Anyway, back on
Prospect to Mause Ave. going up the hill towards Emerick St.

**MAUSE AVENUE:** The Samuel Yates family is the first home on the right and he works at Kaiser-Frazer. Across the street is the big home of Thurlow Vealey and he is a Die Maker at the Ford factory. There is a big alley next to his house the runs from Davis to Mause and that the neighborhood kids used to sled down there in winter time. Across the street is Bruce Worden’s home and he works at the City Water Purification Plant. Next to him is Emil Parre’s home - he is a Foreman with the city works department. Next is Constantine Landi’s home - he’s an Architect in Detroit. Dale Meginson’s house follows the Landi home and Mr. Meginson is a driver for Black & White Cab Company. Edward Dumbach’s home is next - he works at a factory in Detroit. Small world; my wife dated one of the Dumbach sons before I met her.

The Maples home is the next one on the route, he is a Staff Assistant at Kaiser-Frazer. Across the street is Truesdell Vealey’s home, a Tool & Die Maker at the Ford Plant. I think he was related to Thurlow Vealey. May-be a brother? We next come to Frieda Tomford’s home. Her son Glen was a bit older than I, but a close friend for many years and our sons played baseball together. Paul McGuire’s home is next, a Machinist at Central Specialty. Across the street is Lloyd Briggs’s house, a dental assistant is Ann Arbor. Last along there is the home of Frank Waldecker, a repairman with Michigan Bell Telephone Company.

**EMERICK STREET** (from the South near Tyler Rd. to the North at E. Michigan Ave.): Earl Ford’s home is first, the Ypsilanti Township Treasurer. Up a bit and on other side of the street is Steve Berklich’s home. East Junior High School/East Middle School replaced this property. He raised and sold chickens, eggs and vegetables. I think this was his main source of income. I know a lot of people from our neighborhood bought from him. Across the street is Walter Frank’s house, a tool maker at the Ford Plant.

Next to him is Dan Davis’s home, a teacher with Ann Arbor Schools. Across the street, on a corner of Mause is Lloyd Fry’s home and he is a shoe repairman. On the other corner of Mause (and Emerick) is the house of James Evans, a teacher at Willow Run Schools. Next is the home of Layton Stoddard and he works at the Ford Plant. The next house belongs to Mitchell Swikowski and he works at Central Specialty.

Across the street (at Davis), and on the corner, is the grocery store of James Reahard. After “retiring from delivering newspapers I had the opportunity to work there unloading delivery trucks, stocking shelves, packaging groceries for customers and taking them to their car. Even worked the meat counter, and learned how to butcher meat. Great experience! I believe Mr. Reahard played football for the Ypsilanti Vikings Semi-Pro football team as “recreation”. Next is the small home of Hudson Smith and he works at Kaiser-Frazer. This house was later replaced with the Pea Pod.
Restaurant that is still there and going strong.

Next is the Kramer Grocery Store owned by Willis and Doris Kramer. Always enjoyed walking up to Kramer’s and getting a popsicle or fudge-sicle after a hard day’s work. Jack Hewitt was the butcher, and there was always a big carcass hanging in the meat locker; he’d cut off whatever you wanted. Next door to the grocery store is the home of Marvin Drury, a foreman at Kaiser-Frazer. The next home is that of Mr. Young, a shear operator at Motor State Products. On the corner of Mildred and Emerick is the Winter’s home. I remember white haired Mrs. Winter living there and always being so nice. There was a son, Ted. I think he was the only one from our neighborhood that was killed in WWII.

MILDRED STREET: We’ll now turn West, down one side of Mildred and up the other. First is Wilbur McDer- mott’s home, a press operator at Streicher Tool & Die. Next is the home of Leslie Barber, another Motor State Products worker. Keith Schenker’s place is next, a painter with Alvin Rumberger. Last on this side of the street is the home of Merle Myers, a Sales Display Manager for Kaiser-Frazer. He opened Myers Diner on W. Michigan in the 1950’s, next to what now is the Dos Hermanos Market. There’s an empty lot there now. Used to make model airplanes with their son Dan - we’d take them up into a tree, wind up the propellers and let them go. Sometimes we’d light them with fire, on the tail, pretending they were in battles.

Now we’ll cross the street and head East on Mildred. First is Noble Pittman’s home and he’s a shear operator at United Stove. Went to school with son Everett and there was an older brother, Joe, that was into cars and was a member of the local Ypsilanti Nomads. This group was made up of local guys that were into souped-up cars and raced them wherever they could and not get caught by the police.

Next to the Pittman house is Harrison Maltby’s house, a carpenter. Used to play with their sons. The home of Effner Kramer is next, a Sheriff with Washtenaw County. Next to his place is John Robtoy’s, a clerk at Peninsular Paper. Mrs. Robtoy worked in the office at the Ford Plant and you would see her walking to (and from) work every day. Grew up with son Richard and daughter Susan. Last is the home of Henry Seyfried. Not sure where he worked. Back on Emerick heading North towards Ford Street. Only one home here and it belongs to Robert Besore, an assistant engineer with Central Specialty.

FORD STREET: We’ll now head West on Ford Street and the first home is that of William Bryant, a carpenter with Bryant Detwiler in Ann Arbor. Joseph Kuhn’s house is next, a welder at Kaiser-Frazer. Next is Alf Giese’s, a barber at Wisbin’s Barber Shop that is located on West Cross Street, on campus and a bit further up the street from the Wurst Bar toward the Water Tower. Howard Stout’s home is next, another Kaiser-Frazer worker. Next is Merle Curtis’s house, a Ford Plant worker and I went to school with their son, Richard. The next house has the Francis Tates, the Ben Williams, and the Finius Wray families all residing here. Always people coming and going. Across the street we find the home of William Carl, a clerk at the Post Office. Roger Armstrong’s home is next, a clerk at Giffels & Valet in Detroit. Next is the house of Herman Martin, a welder at Kaiser-Frazer. Don Fretner’s home follows those, a foreman at United Stove. Last, we’ll deliver to the Paul Willoughby home, an iron worker at Denst & Armstrong in Trenton. That takes us back onto Emerick Street going North.

On the corner is the home of Floyd Slagenwhite, who works at Central Specialty. There’s only one more house between Ford and E. Michigan Ave. and that belongs to Fred Simons, a watchman for Ann Arbor Construction which is located on the other side of Ecorse Road. He just had to cross the road to get to work. Next to his place is the Idle Hour Tavern, a “watering hole” for thirsty workers and locals. Though I didn’t deliver to them interesting people and businesses on the opposite side of Emerick; Mr. and Mrs. Arnet, who owned Arnet Bros. Cleaners; Loy Anderson, who was manager of the Packer Grocery Store; Harold Williams who worked at Acme Glass just a short walk away from his home; Ann Arbor Construction Company; Streicher Tool & Die; Rutherford Bros. Plating; and George Ennen Inc., a die stamping company.

EMERICK & TOWNER: We’ll turn west on Towner and the first house on the right is Joe Samonek’s. He’s a fireman at Kaiser-Frazer and also owns the Idle Hour Tavern. Some years later he sold the tavern to Guy and Gladys Doering. The house next to Samonek’s on the left, belongs to William Woodard. Their son, Jimmy a couple years older than me, had a HAM radio operation set up in their basement; we’d go down there and listen to people from all over the world. Pretty neat! This was just after WWII. Next on the corner, is William Short’s big house. He’s an electrician with K&S Electric (Kramer & Short?). There’s an apartment upstairs with an outside staircase, I had to climb up to deliver a paper to Mr. Foster, a city policeman. Across the street is William Beard’s home, another local Ford Plant worker. We’re now at the corner of Arnet and Towner, headed South.

ARNET STREET: We’ll be going from one side to the other on this long street. First on the left is Bernard McIlhargie’s home, a pharmacist and co-owner of the Parkview Pharmacy in Dutch Town, next to the Bomber Restaurant. Next door is August Binder’s home. Not sure what he did but he’s pretty “old” and very nice man. Always tipped well. Across the street is Jerome Funk’s house, an engineer. Next is Arthur Kramer’s house, a Sergeant with the city police department. There was a big field behind the Kramer’s and it was known as Kramer’s
Field. Played a lot of baseball there. Grew up with son Tom (also a Navy veteran) and remember that while WWII was still going on, Tom, David Lincoln, Gerry Fugate and I would gather all the aluminum foil we could find, roll it into a huge ball, gather pots and pans from people that didn’t need them, and take it all down to the Ypsi Iron & Metal company to turn it all in for the war effort. Getting a little money for it didn’t hurt either but our wagons sure had a workout.

Moving on, a mechanic, Joe Beard has the next home. Mrs. Beard works at Bittker’s Clothing Store in Dutch Town. There is a big empty lot next and then the Clifford Gates home, an inspector at Central Specialty. Across the street on the corner, is Frank Panek’s house, a clerk at Ford Dearborn. The Paneks have a big yard that seems to always have flowers blooming. She also plants Tulips, Gladiola’s and other flowers across the street on the big lot next to the Beards. All the flowers really perked up the neighborhood.

Now we’ll go across the street to the Robert Carter home, a switchboard man with Michigan Bell Telephone. Jump across the street, again, and Joseph Walbrink’s house is there. He works in the hospital at Kaiser-Frazer. Across the street is Mrs. Hagen’s home, a widow. Son, Derwood, lives there also and I believe he was a WWII veteran. Next door is Ray Fugate’s home, a clerk with the New York Central System (railroad). Son Gerry was a year or two older than me. Michael Douglas’s home is next, a painter at Motor State Products. Next door is Bernard Yah’s house, works at Kaiser-Frazer. The next home is that of Richard Rubison, a stock manager at Weidman Auto, a Ford dealer located on Pearl Street. He was also the neighborhood Civil Defense Air Warden during WWII, making sure that everyone was inside and secure during air raid drills. Driving at night was not easy and often not permitted as one had to cover the headlights so that only a slim beam would show through. Mr. Rubison also made sure our dark window shades were pulled down when drill sirens sounded.

Across the street is Clarence Mallory’s home, and he works at Motor State Products. Across the street is George and Iva Binder’s home. He is a Pharmacist and co-owner with Mr. McIlhargie of the Parkview Pharmacy in Dutch Town. Mrs. Binder works there, as well as serving treats at the ice cream counter, along with daughter, Doreen, and son, Richard. Across the street is Clarence Lincoln’s home, a mechanic. Later in life he drove a taxi cab in town and rumor was that he was a distant cousin to President Abraham Lincoln. I remember that Mrs. Lincoln loved the “cupie dolls” that she would win at carnivals. The living room had so many of them it was hard to get through. Their home was the first in the neighborhood to have a TV. Used to go there on Friday night and watch the fights on this small round picture tube. Grew up with son David and his sisters Maryann and Patti. In the summer Mrs. Lincoln would load us into their big ’38 Pontiac and take us to Murray’s Lake, near Prospect and Plymouth Rd. Across the street is the house of Joseph Sari, an assembler at Central Specialty. Son Tom is a bit younger than I. Across the street again and next to Lincoln’s, is Clayton Powell’s home, a foreman with Railway Express. Next is the Francis Grady home, a carpenter/builder. Directly across the street is the George ChapPELL house, an engineer at Kaiser-Frazer. Across the street is my home. My dad, Courtney Novak, a pump operator with the city water department. A portion of the East side of Arnet Street homes still remain after redevelopment.

We’re now at the corner of Arnet and Davis Streets. Davis being another long street, we’ll turn left (East) on Davis going up one side and down the other to the final houses to complete the route.

**DAVIS STREET:** House on corner belongs to Charles Hunter and he works at the Ford Plant. Mrs. Hunter was proud of all the flowers in her well-kept yard. It was always in immaculate condition: she yelled at me when I walked on the yard. Next is Richard “Shorty” Starr’s home, the press room superintendent with the Ypsilanti Press. Daughter Lois, somehow became a friend of country singer Patsy Cline, and whenever Patsy was in the area she would stop and visit Lois. Charles Burrow’s house is the next one, an inspector at the Ford Plant. Mrs. Burrows is a nurse at the Ypsilanti State Hospital on Willis Road. Next is Ronald Spragg’s home, a painter at Kaiser-Frazer. The M. W. Blackwell home comes next and he is a crane operator at Kaiser-Frazer.
Golden Lewis has the next house and he works at The A & P Super Market on East Michigan Ave. next to the Lucas Restaurant and where the car wash is now. His wife Thelma is the cashier at Reahard’s Grocery, just a couple of houses away.

The next home belongs to Leo Howard, a baker at Gauss Bakery. Clark Westfall has the next house and he works for Arnold Nolf, a General Contractor. The home of John Bird is next on this block and he is a carpenter with Darrin & Armstrong. Last is the home of Norbert Hammernik, a realtor. I think he owned the Hammernik Grocery store before he sold it to Mr. Reahard. Across the street is the barn-like home of Grace Sanders, a sorter at Trojan Laundry & Dry Cleaners (which is still going strong). Daughter Glenda went to Woodruff and Ypsilanti High School with me. Arnold Wampler’s house is next and this is a very big property. He raises, and sells, chickens, eggs, corn and lots of other vegetables. I wonder if Mr. Wampler was related to Joseph Wampler who, in 1819, surveyed a large area known as the Michigan Territory. I’m also wondering if Wampler’s Lake in the Irish Hills is named for him. Will have to check that out.

The next home is that of Leo Smith and he’s a foreman with Railway Express. Daughter Susan is another in the neighborhood who went to school with me at Woodruff and Ypsilanti High School. James Cady’s house is next door to the Smiths, a plumber with Frank Blaha Company. The next home belongs to Darrell Gunn, an electrician at the Ford Plant. Son Jimmy was my age. One day we got caught “smoking” corn silk by Mrs. Benson who lived next door and that was the end of that! The next home is, of course, that of Harmon Benson and he is a salvager at United Stove. I spent a lot of time over there visiting daughter Karen and her sister Roberta in the 50’s.

Ben Krause has the next house and he works at Kaiser-Frazer. The home of Raymond Malcolm is the next one and he works at the Ford Plant. Son James was a bit older than me but I considered him a friend. He played football for Ypsilanti High School. Roy Grammar’s house is next and he’s a machinist. The next home is that of Arthur Robinette and he is a foreman at United Stove. Last, next to the alley that runs to Mause Ave. (and that we used to ride our sled down in winter), is the house of Mr. Olson, an accountant at the Ford Plant.

Now, we cross the street and head East to Mrs. Klavitter’s home. This house sits way back from the street and I sure can’t throw the paper that far, have to bike up the driveway. She also works at the Ford Plant. Next
is the big, and old house, of Harvey Mesic. No idea what he did. Henry Collins has the next home and he is a mechanic at Schaffer Motor Sales. Daughter, Jean, was a couple years older than I and she played the piano. I believe my mother taught her how to play.

Next is the home of Fred Wilkens, my grandfather and my mother’s father. He is a retired baker and had bakeries in Detroit and Clinton. He purchased a large piece of property bounded by Arnet, Emerick, Mildred and Davis, when he moved here from Detroit around 1917. He sold off lots to bring relatives from Germany to live here in Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor. My mother said he gave properties on Mildred Street to the city in lieu of taxes but I haven’t checked this out. He had a lot of fruit trees in the front yard and a big vegetable garden in the back. Also grew grapes and other fruits. I loved the big apple tree in the back yard. Spent a lot of time over there as it was just around the corner from my home.

The house of Harold Ziegler is next to my Grandfather’s and he is a purchasing agent at the Dearborn Ford Headquarters. Son Bill is a year or so younger than me and we remained friends into later years. In fact, he later introduced me to the West side girl that later became my wife. The last home on the route is that of Jerome Dunn and he works at Central Specialty. Son Paul was a bit younger and I used to baby sit him.

We are now at the end of this long journey. It really didn’t take long to cover the route once I organized it but you may wonder who delivered the newspapers when I was sick? I think the carriers all had a “backup” plan and often helped each other. In my case, my backup plan was my dad, my mom and brother Don (“Crow”).

I hope you enjoyed going along with me and hope the trip gave you a glimpse into life in the East side of Ypsilanti at the time and a bit of my life.

(David is a lifelong Ypsilanti resident except for his tour with the U.S. Navy. He graduated from Ypsilanti High School (1955) and Wayne State University (1978). He was the Corporate Services Manager for the Kelsey-Hayes Company of Romulus, MI for over 36 years until his retirement in 2001. David serves on the Board of Directors for the Ypsilanti Automotive Heritage Museum and is a member of the Ypsilanti Historical Society and the U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary. He and his wife Joyce have four sons, 5 grandchildren and 2 great-grandchildren.)

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Woodlawn Cemetery

BY JAMES MANN

Woodlawn Cemetery on South Huron River Drive is a project waiting for someone to take on. This is one of the abandoned cemeteries of Washtenaw County. The cemetery was incorporated in 1946 by the Rev. Garther Roberson, Sr., of the Second Baptist Church of Ypsilanti, as a burial place for the local African-American community. Today the cemetery, located between Carton Avenue and Brown Drive just east of the Michigan National Guard Armory, appears little more than an empty field. A sign proclaiming “Woodlawn Cemetery,” stands in the center of a break in the trees. A few flat headstones can be found in the open space. The rest have been covered over with soil and grass.

Rev. Roberson founded the cemetery for the parishioners of his church, as well as for the general African-American community, as few other cemeteries would then accept people of color. There are perhaps 150 people buried in Woodlawn Cemetery, the majority are African-Americans. The exact number is not known, as the records of interment were destroyed in a fire years ago.

The Rev. Roberson died in 1955 and ownership of the property passed to his wife Estella Roberson and a Mrs. Booker Rhonenee. Soon after inheriting the property, the women declared bankruptcy. Both women have since died.

The Woodlawn Cemetery Association had failed to file the appropriate papers of incorporation and no money had been set aside for the perpetual care of the grounds. The last burial in Woodlawn may have been in 1965. That same year the cemetery was abandoned. By 1971 Woodlawn Cemetery was considered the “worst maintained” cemetery in Michigan.

“Most of the graves are sinking, some as much as three to four feet, and a heavy rainfall could expose the caskets, making it a little easier for whoever is responsible for management of the cemetery to count the number of its occupants,” reported the Ypsilanti Press of Friday, November 26, 1971. “A narrow swath divides the cemetery covered with weeds and bushes,” noted the account, “often reaching ones chest. Few of the graves are identified by markers, and some cement tombstones bear dates of birth and death inscribed with a nail without name.”

The account noted there were plastic bouquets placed about the cemetery, some at sites without names. “Except that they are sunken, there is no sign they are graves.”

“One cannot walk around the gravesites,” continued the account, “without fearing his feet will be ‘caught’ in one of the holes. The stark combination of the rubbish and bright colored artificial bouquets, coupled with the thought of the bodies lying

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beneath, makes one sick. The flowers may very well have been there for months or years.”

Over the years attempts have been made to do something about the cemetery, and some progress has been made. A few times a year, someone cuts the grass, but the markers are still sinking into the ground. About ten years ago a boy scout took on the cemetery as his community service project. He removed a broken down shed in the rear of the grounds, as well as a pile of used tiers behind it. A sign was placed at the entrance to the cemetery, so those who look can see what the site is. Someone cuts the grass from time to time. Little else has been done over the years.

Woodlawn Cemetery is a project waiting for someone to take it on. It will require a good deal of work and money to bring the cemetery up to even minimum standards, but it can be done. Then, to prevent the cemetery from falling back into its current state, long term planning will be needed. Still, it should be done.

(James Mann is a local history buff, a volunteer in the YHS Archives, and a regular contributor to the Gleanings.)
The Greek Revival building at the corner of Washtenaw and North Adams Street has been a house of worship for 90 years. When built in 1928, it was intended as the home of the First Church of Christ, Scientist. Today, it is the home of Ekklesia Fellowship Ministries.

The first Christian Science meetings in Ypsilanti occurred sometime in the late 1800's when a small group of followers met in the home of a member to read the Lesson-Sermon from the Christian Science Quarterly. Then the members met for a time in the basement of the Ypsilanti Savings Bank building. Later, after some of the members moved away, the meetings were discontinued.

In about 1901 new people became interested in the faith, and meetings were held in the Union Block on what is now West Michigan Avenue. In 1910 a Christian Science Society rented space above Nissly's Store where Sunday services and Wednesday evening Testimonial Meetings were held. A public Reading Room was opened as well. The Society attained the status of a church in 1914, when it was granted a charter as the First Church of Christ, Scientist, Ypsilanti. The church began holding meetings in the Ladies Literary Club House at 218 North Washington Street in 1915.

By the winter of 1927-1928 the members of the church decided it was time for them to have a building of their own. The site for the church was to be on the corner of Adams and Washtenaw Avenue, which had been purchased some years before. For several years prior to that time the site had been an unsightly vacant lot.

Charles Faulkner of Chicago, who had experience in planning Christian Science Churches, was chosen as the architect. The contract for the construction for the building was awarded to William Waidner of Ypsilanti. Subcontracts were awarded to local firms.

Ground was broken on April 11, 1928, and the cornerstone was laid on May 8th of that year. The first meeting in the new building was held on October 28, 1928. The building was 46 x 83 feet, and cost $36,000, not including the organ and furnishings. “The church is of cream brick, with windows of pale amber cathedral glass, and with its columns supporting the portico, follows in the main, Grecian ideals of architecture,” reported The Ypsilanti Daily Press of Tuesday, January 1, 1929.

Reading Rooms were at the entrance off Washtenaw Avenue, at the rear of the building. “This entrance gives access also to the retiring rooms of the readers and musicians, and to the basement where rest rooms are located, as are the heating plant, and a large-airy room for the Sunday School,” noted the account. “Entering the building from the front on Adams Street one finds himself in a pleasant foyer with adjacent cloak room, and through the three large openings into it, sees the auditorium,” continued the account. “This auditorium when completely seated will accommodate 275. The room is plain and dignified in design, and harmonious in coloring. The walls are deep cream with wood-work in old ivory, doors walnut. The floor is entirely covered with taupe carpet portieres between foyer and the auditorium are taupe and rose, and the platform chairs are walnut with rose upholstery. Comfortable folding chairs are in walnut with leather seats. The front of the room with cream and ivory seen also in the desk and organ grill, is most chaste and lovely.”

“The lighting of the room is cheerful and ample, in the day, coming through the amber windows with a soft warmth and in the night radiating from a large central light and accessory ones at the side.”

The building is still a house of worship, but the Christian Scientists are gone from the site. The Ekklesia Fellowship Ministries moved into the building in 2004. The congregation promised to protect the historical integrity of the building. The promise has been kept.

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