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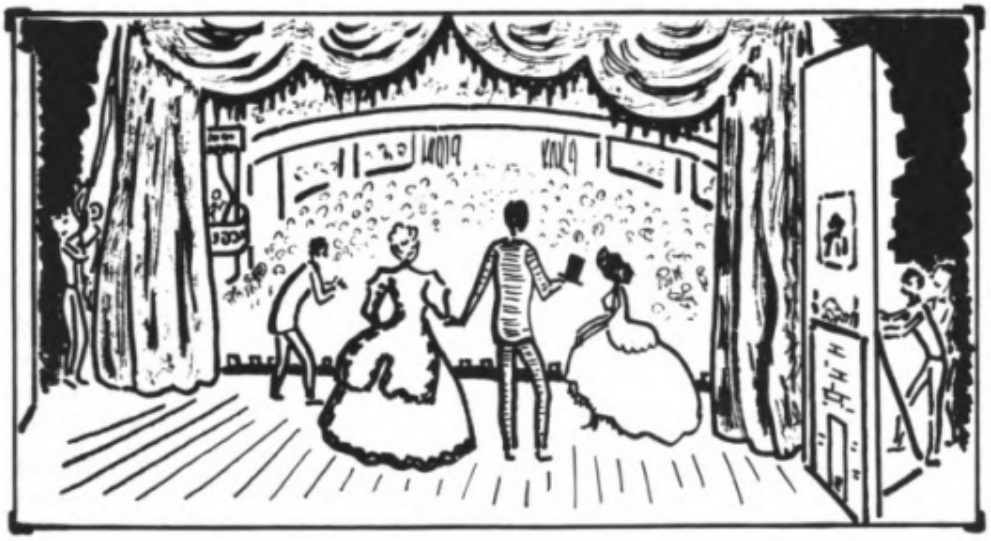

WE MAKE OUR BOW

February 12, 1960

Old houses, old maps, old tales—all have found a place in the news columns of Ann Arbor in the last few months, and all have stimulated a lively response, in letters and in conversation. Eager, yes even frantic, as we sometimes seem to make way for the new, there is a perennial fascination in the old.

In this weekly column we shall try to bring to life bits of old Ann Arbor. We shall try to straighten out mistaken ideas about what used to be, and to separate true history from charming folklore, though both will be welcome. We plan to try to answer questions, to identify pictures, to track down Ann Arbor ancestors. We hope that our readers will co-operate by showing us their old letters, perhaps their family keepsakes, and by writing us those queries that have long been teasing their minds.

The order of these articles will not necessarily be chronological. They will be free to range through time as the spirit moves or as the urgency of the questioners seems to require.

In the meantime, just to get things started, I shall now ask some questions of you, my readers. Is the house in which you are living a hundred years old? If so, has it been lived in or owned continuously by the same family or its descendants for one hundred years? Do you think it might be the oldest house in Ann Arbor still standing? Have you a tree on your property that might be a hundred years old? Could it be a remnant of the original forest? Who within the present city limits has the oldest oak tree? The largest elm? I promise to compile the answers and, some day soon, to publish them.

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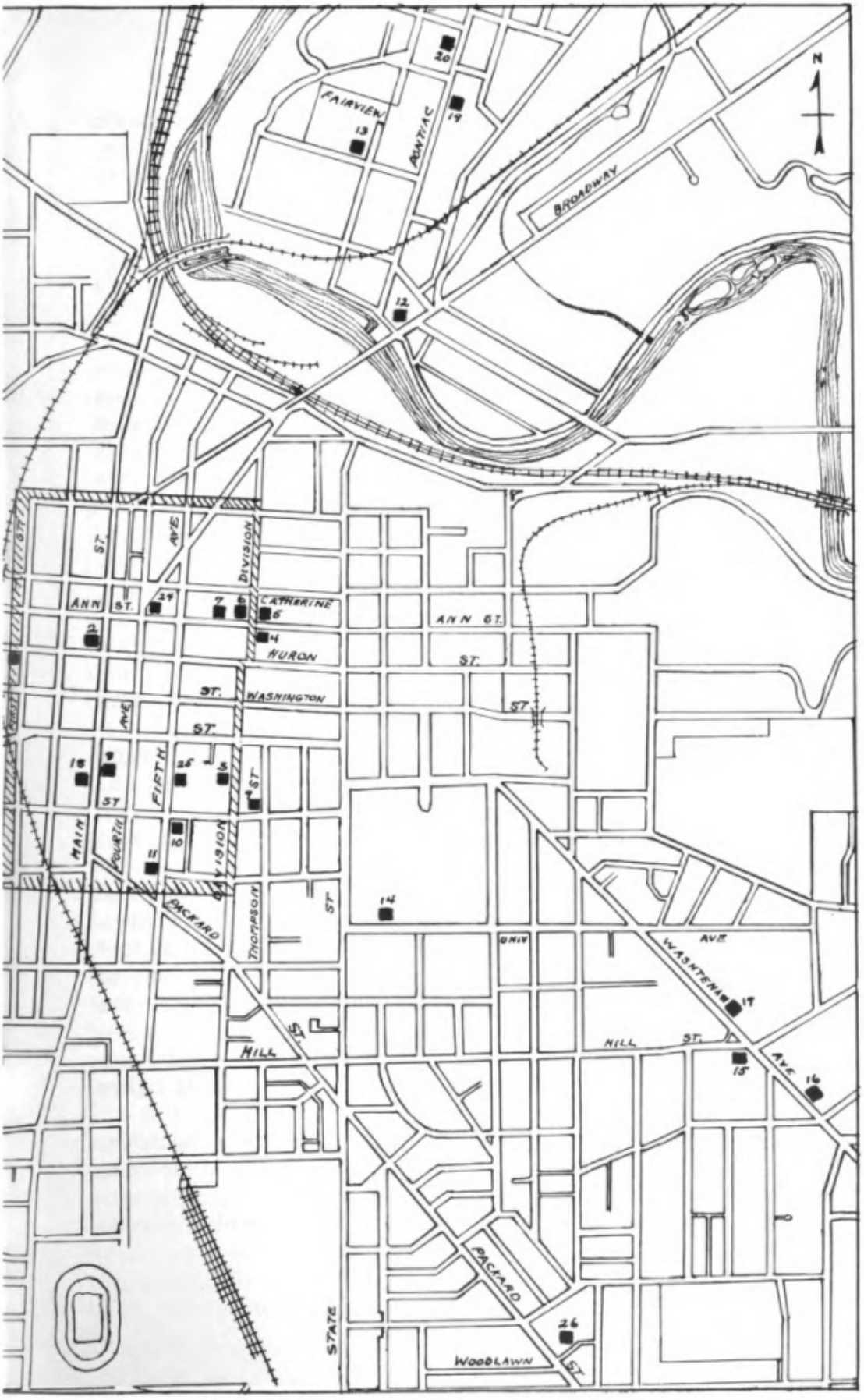

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A WORD ABOUT SOURCES

March 7, 1960

Ann Arbor is blessed with many public sources for the study of local history. One thinks of the public library; the files of "Washtenaw Impressions," the vehicle by which the Washtenaw Historical Society makes permanent the addresses given at its meetings; the reference desk, the rare book room, and the map room of the University main library; the Clements Library; etc.

But away above all these in scope and richness, as far as material on local history is concerned, and second to none in scientific arrangement and care, is the facility known as the Michigan Historical Collections. It occupies six large but already crowded rooms on the ground floor of the Rackham Building.

In its twenty-two years of existence, this organization has collected "20,000 volumes of books and pamphlets, 1400 maps, and over a million letters, account books, and other manuscript materials"[1]—all concerning the state of Michigan. It includes matters of grave historical importance. But it also has room for the details of private life, the customs, the difficulties, and the pleasures of the people, sometimes recorded quite humbly. Although the collections have reference to the whole state, naturally Ann Arbor is unusually well represented.

While much of its material deals with the long dead past, there is nothing static about the spirit of the place. New treasures coming in create a constant atmosphere of quiet enthusiasm. For instance, there arrived just recently the six-volume, closely

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THE YEAR-OLD VILLAGE

April 4, 1960

As Ann Arbor approached its first birthday, John Allen became almost lyrical when describing it in the long lost letter to his Aunt Jane Trimble of Hillsborough, Ohio. He knew that he would have an understanding reader in this stout-hearted old aunt who had dared to stand up to the McCues in the hassle over whether Ann should join her husband in primitive Michigan.[1]

As a young pioneer woman of Kentucky, crossing a tricky mountain river on horseback pursued by Indians, her baby on her lap and the two-year-old future governor of Ohio clinging to her waist from behind, this Jane Allen Trimble had felt her horse beginning to sink in quicksand. Someway or other she had manipulated the floundering beast downstream in the rushing torrent and onto the far bank, while the waiting band of fellow settlers gasped in despair and then cheered.[2]

Her son also tells in his autobiography of a time when, returning toward evening from ministering all day to a sick friend many miles away in the sparsely settled district, she was pursued for miles by an enormous wolf which got near enough again and again to leap at her horse's flanks and to tear away strips of her skirt in his teeth. (She blamed the wolf's persistence on the smell of asafoetida that lingered on her garments after being all day in the sick room!)[3]

But to go back to John's letter: He notes that in the twelve months since his arrival at the site of the village to be named

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There are two homes on William Street with which I'd like to end our tour, but we must hurry back to the parking lot. We'll begin with them next time. (I hope you've been wearing comfortable shoes!)

The Muehlig house.

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long life. One would soon run short of adjectives to cover the generosity, the cheer, and the general strength of character of Miss Bertha Muehlig.

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MUSICAL MEMORIES

May 2, 1960

Today's column is not meant for the musically elite. These are the reminiscences of a not-very-musical person. To many like me, nevertheless, one of the greatest pleasures of living in Ann Arbor is the opportunity of hearing, and seeing, over the decades, practically all of the world's great musical artists and many of its great orchestras and choral groups. Unblessed by either absolute pitch or an extensive musical education, a couple of thousand of us buy our course tickets year after year and troop to Hill Auditorium to enjoy ourselves thoroughly.

Now a bit of preliminary history: In 1854 there came to the little University a brilliant young Latin scholar, Professor Henry Simmons Frieze, who was also an accomplished amateur musician. After twenty-five years of playing church organs and working with church singers, he was able, in 1879, to generate the enthusiasm necessary for a presentation of *The Messiah* by a combination of church choirs. A year later this group became the Choral Union.[1]

In 1881 a gifted music teacher from Oberlin, Calvin O. Cady, with the encouragement of Professor Frieze, opened a private conservatory here which he called the Ann Arbor School of Music. Both his school and the Choral Union were glad to accept the sponsorship of a recently formed organization called the University Musical Society.[1]

It was in 1888 that Professor Albert A. Stanley, a well-known organist of Providence, Rhode Island, was lured to the

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The Clark-Tanner house

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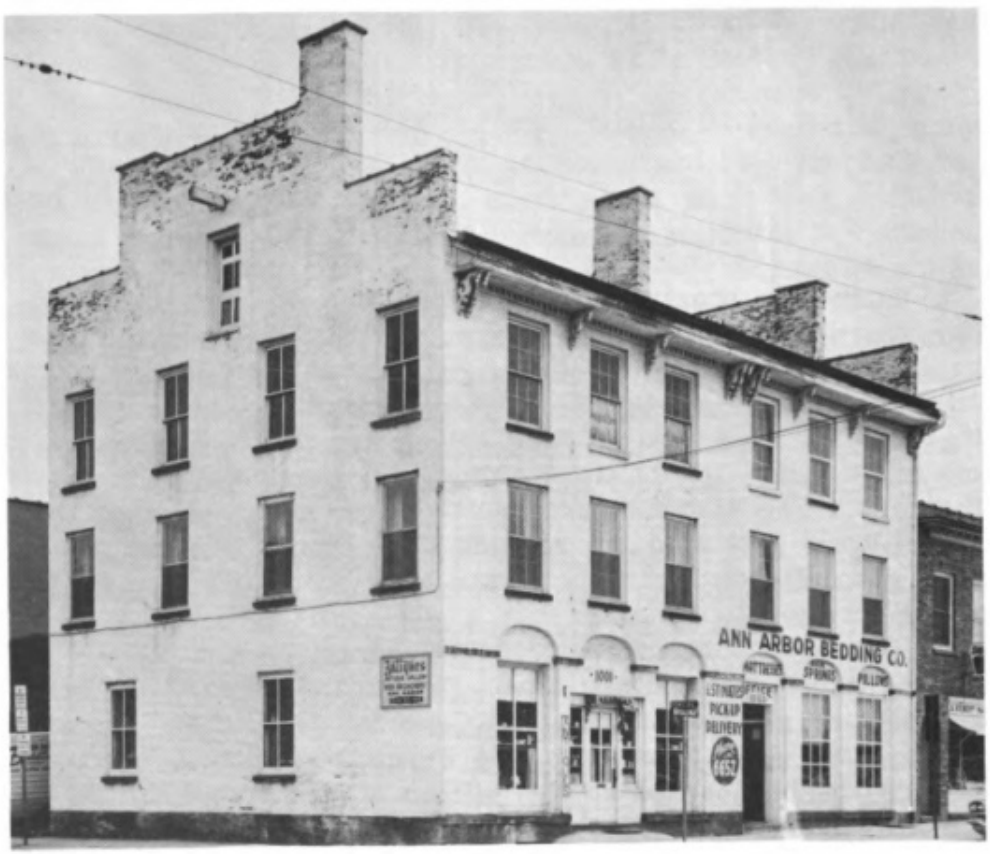
always call the North Side 'Old Town'?" Well, if they do, my only guess is that many decades later people may have confused "old" with "lower," as the historical expression for this first addition to the village was Lower Town. Also the fact that the business district of the north side fell into a long period of comparative inactivity made possible the preservation of a number of its fine brick buildings which were obviously of an earlier period of architecture than those on Main Street.

It is only quite recently that a row of such store buildings on the right soon after one crossed the bridge gave place to a modern motel. That group always used to give me a feeling of having been dropped down suddenly in a village of the Old World. On the left, on the corner of Broadway and Pontiac Streets, the stately white brick building remains that inspired the well-known drawing by Samuel Chamberlain.[4] Just beyond it, the less pretentious little red brick store building seems to have been transplanted from some old street in Baltimore or Philadelphia or Greenwich Village.



A remnant of the grandeur of Lower Town

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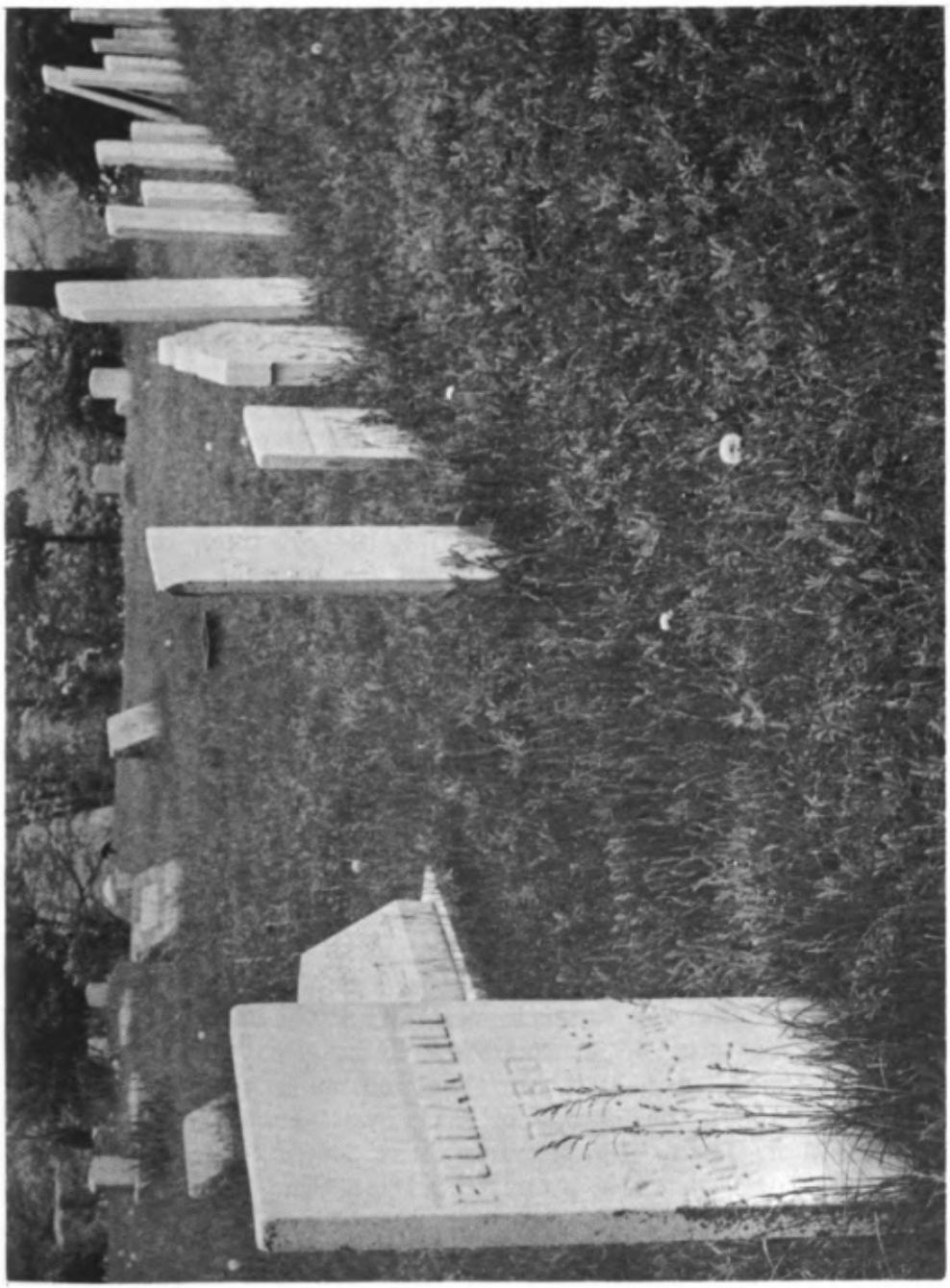

Overlooking the beautiful Huron River valley is this row of headstones in Fairview Cemetery brought from the old graveyard that became Felch Park.

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CAMPUS WHITE HOUSE

June 6, 1960

People seldom think of the University president's house as particularly old. Probably the reasons are the bright-as-new condition in which it is always kept, the taste with which the various expansions have been made, and the fact that its timeless basic pattern is one which underwent a special renewal of popularity in the 20th century.

The only one of the original university buildings still standing,[1] this house happened to be the one of them first finished and occupied, in the summer of 1840. The initial building program included four professors' houses and one combination classroom and dormitory structure, which came to be known as Mason Hall.[2]

On the drawing board the forty-acre campus was divided through the center from north to south by an avenue 100 feet wide, with the professors' houses arranged in pairs on either side, two facing the south edge of the campus and two the north. The avenue never materialized, but the four houses were finished promptly, each complete with woodhouse, cistern, and barn, plenty of room for a vegetable garden, and a picket fence with a gate to keep their own livestock in and other people's out. The houses were identical in plan, two stories high, square with a low-pitched roof, and with a central hall and small entrance porch. Since the organization did not provide for a president, no one of the houses had any look of special prestige.[1]

After a confused period of rotating chairmanships, President

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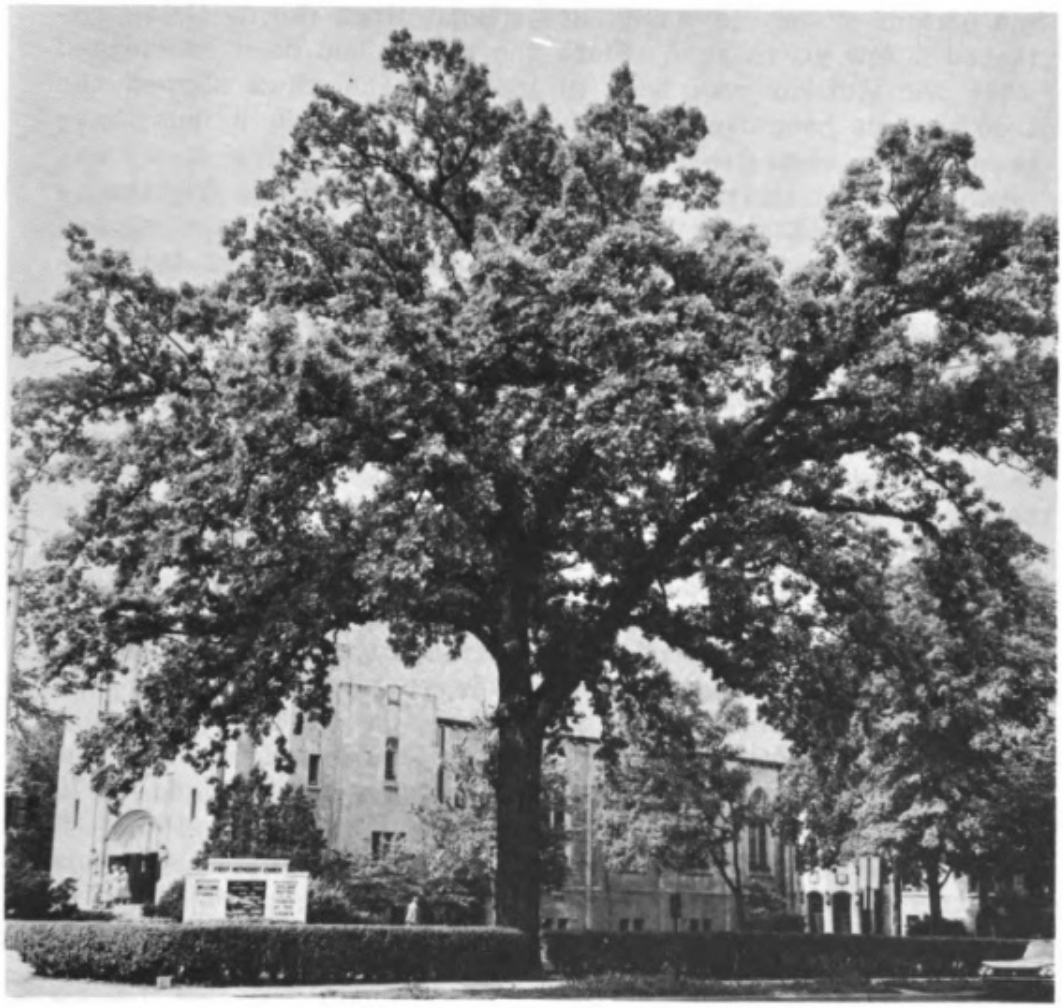

One of Ann Arbor's beautiful old oaks. It may have passed the acorn stage before Allen and Rumsey arrived.

All of these were outside the boundaries of the original village, but Mr. Gallup remembers equally fine oaks around the old Judge Kinne home, which used to stand on the southeast corner of Huron and Fifth Avenue. Of course, Oakland Avenue, where it curves, shows still that it was once an oak grove, as does "the forest" surrounding the Forest Plaza and extending through the Presbyterian Church grounds and across Washtenaw. The middle-of-the-sidewalk trees, as on Haven, are usually oaks. Mrs. C. A. Arnold, who lives at Seventh and Stadium, tells me that last year they found it necessary to cut down a white oak, the rings of which prove it to have been over 119 years old. They are preserving the stump.

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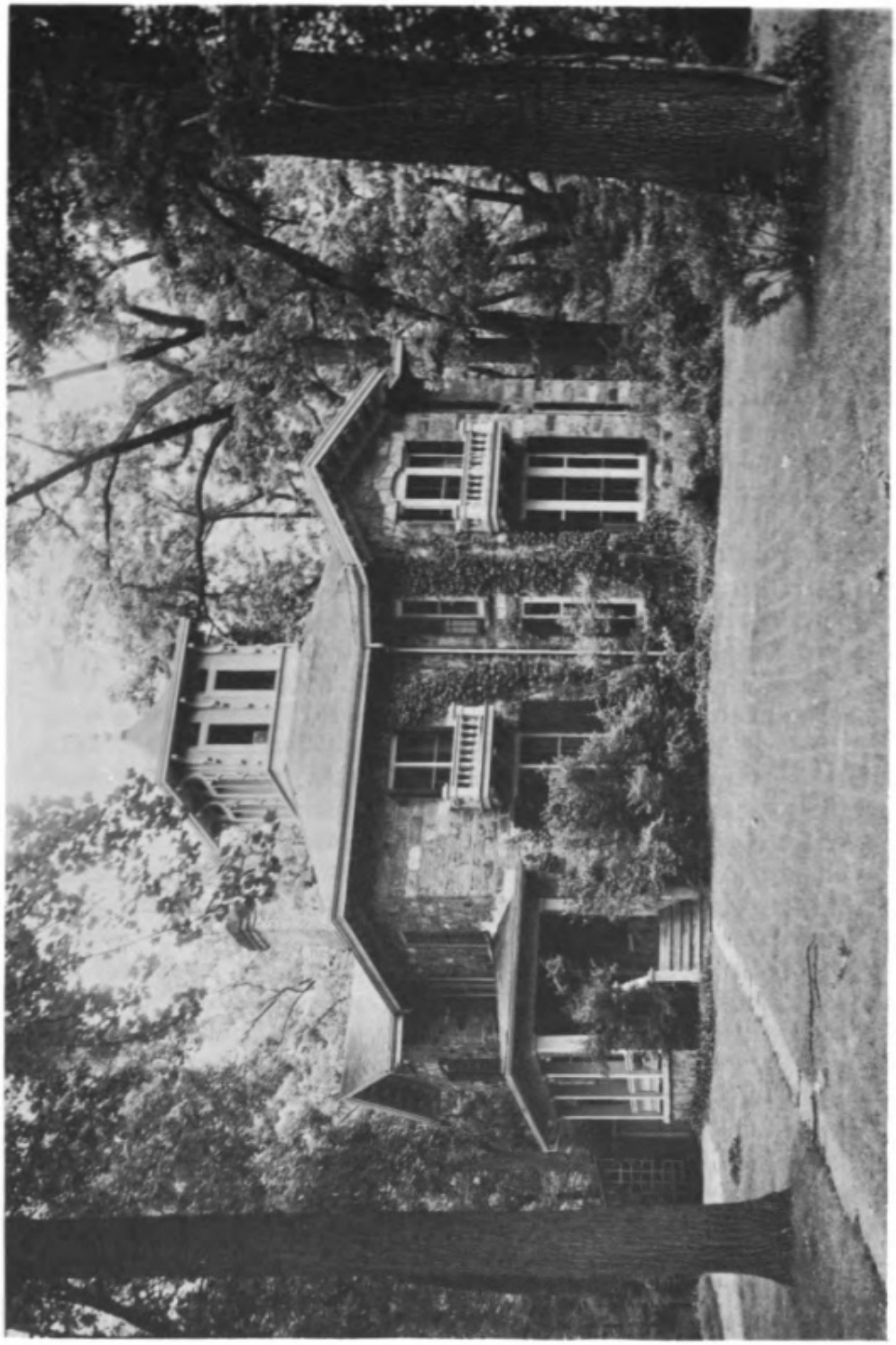

The Frieze-Wilgus-Dodge house

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THE OLD-TIME GLORIOUS FOURTH

July 4, 1960

When Ann Arbor was first settled, the Fourth of July still meant a real celebration of America's Independence. Every white adult in the wilderness had heard the stirring tale from actual participants in the struggle. John Allen's father, though only a baby when the Liberty Bell first rang out, could surely remember well the later years of the Revolution, as could Ezra Maynard. So it was that the grave ceremony with which the holiday was started was as obligatory to the pattern as the feast and the dancing that followed.

In July 1824, the Ann Arbor settlers were still too few, and their log cabins in too uncompleted a state, to hold any proper observance of the date, but the Woodruffs, in their grove just below the future Ypsilanti, had a little over a year's start and invited in the whole county. Mr. Woodruff mounted a stump and opened the exercises, as was right and proper, with the reading of the Declaration of Independence and a speech, after which "all who could sing" joined in "Hail Columbia." Seventeen men and the families of four of them then sat down to an enormous feast, the cooking of which had been no small problem to Mrs. Woodruff and her volunteer helpers. The beef killed for the occasion—a rare change from the customary game meat—had to be roasted over an open bonfire, but the rough boards of the improvised table were "covered with the whitest of linen." In the evening, a lively dance followed, to which the newer settlers made their way along the trails or down the Huron, after a hard day's wrestling with logs for their cabins.[1]

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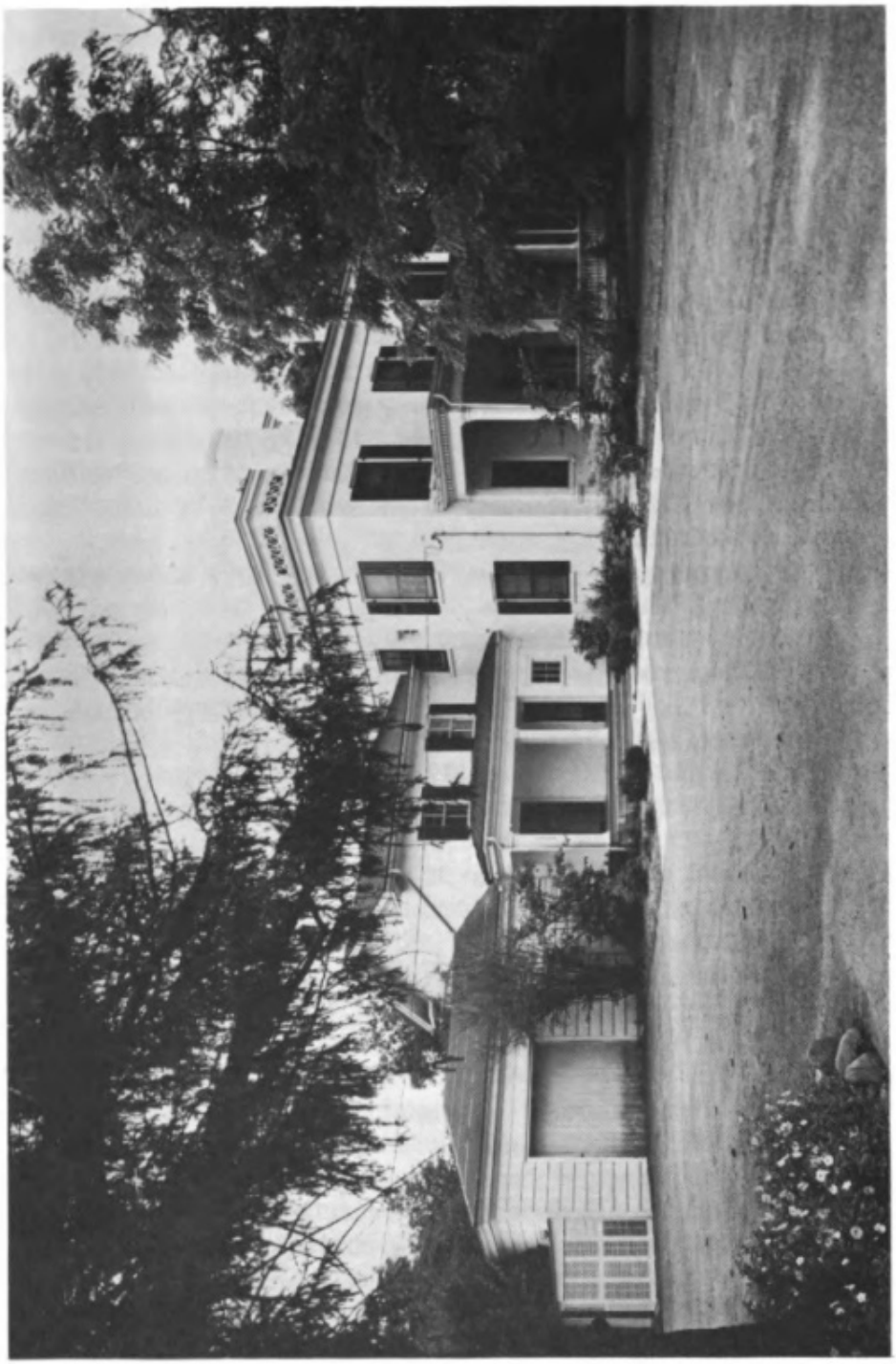

The Lund-Ward house

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WEST HURON—A MYSTERY AND MAYBE A GHOST

August 1, 1960

Perhaps you remember that a year ago last spring the *News* gave space on two occasions to what might be called "the Mills house mystery." Ross W. Campbell, Ann Arbor attorney, had found among family keepsakes a picture of a fine brick house apparently on a hilltop, on the back of which was written "Lorin Mills, Ann Arbor house, first brick house west of Detroit in Michigan." Since this Mills was his great-great-grandfather, Campbell began a search for the house. A few weeks later, after thirty-two other responses, he received word from Mrs. Harry Atwell that the home of the Atwells between 1917 and 1952, situated at 600 W. Huron, might well be the place.[1]

Now comes the mystery. In the "Reminiscences of Lorin Mills," published in the History of Washtenaw County, 1881, he says himself on page 893 that this "first brick house in Ann Arbor" was "on the corner of Main and Liberty. . . . It was built in 1830. I have a good picture of the house." Convinced that the man should know the location of his own house, even though the lay of the land of the Atwell residence was much more like that of the old picture, I was willing to drop the matter.

Recently, however, in a paper written by Cornelia Corselius in her old age and illustrated with snapshots by Lucy Chapin when she was not young, I found evidence that "Deacon Mills" surely did build the Atwell house. Further examination of the abstracts of title shows that Mills sold the Main-Liberty property

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The Wheeler house

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A CENTURY OF NEWS

September 5, 1960

A considerable addition to the published history of Ann Arbor has recently appeared: *A History of the Newspapers of Ann Arbor* by Louis W. Doll. The neat 174-page paperback is Number 5 of the History Studies series of Wayne State University Press. At present on the faculty of Bay City Junior College, Dr. Doll is a product of this community, being a graduate of Ann Arbor High School and the University of Michigan. I believe that his first venture in the field of local history was his *History of St. Thomas Parish,* though he has subsequently written many articles on Michigan local history, and has been president of the Bay County Historical Society and a trustee of the Michigan Historical Society. After serving from 1946 to 1950 as librarian and archivist of the Historical Division of the Far East Command he was awarded an honorary doctorate from Nihon University in Tokyo.[1]

He has attacked the writing of the recent volume with typical zest and thoroughness. After a careful study of the four previous discussions of the same subject, published in 1857, 1881, 1927, and 1931 respectively, he applied himself to "a page by page examination of the extant newspapers themselves," the bulk of which is staggering even though the files are not complete. When he had exhausted the material in the University Library and the Michigan Historical Collections in Ann Arbor, Dr. Doll pursued his search in the Burton Historical Collections in Detroit, the Clarke Collections in Mt. Pleasant, the

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BITS AND PIECES THAT HAVE COME MY WAY

October 3, 1960

It is time to acknowledge again the many kind letters, phone calls, and conversations that have contributed to the success of this column. Many pieces of information thus obtained have already enriched the articles, and others will find a place later. Some communications have set me straight on matters about which I was hazy or even mistaken. Others have merely expressed enjoyment in the column and thereby have given me the courage to continue it. For all I am deeply grateful.

Today I have sorted out a few for special mention.

Russell E. Bidlack has sent me copies of eight letters owned by the Burton Historical Collection in Detroit, written to John Allen by personal friends in Buffalo. They throw just a little light on the mysterious period between John's leaving home in Virginia and his setting up the village of Ann Arbor in the wilds of Michigan. Mr. Bidlack is about to publish a collection of the Allen Gold Rush letters with a sketch of John Allen himself as an introduction.

Another book-in-the-making of which I have been sent sample pages is a biography of the late Fred M. Taylor, University of Michigan Professor of Economics, now being written by Z. Clark Dickinson. These chapters give a vivid picture of life on the frontier near Plymouth, Michigan, where Fred's grandfather settled in the 1820's. Another point brought to my attention in Professor Dickinson's letter is that the recent American Heritage Junior Library mentions the fact that the

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ARMISTICE DAY 1918

November 7, 1960

Older readers will probably remember November 11, 1918, as the most heart-throbbing day of their whole lives. The suspense that led up to that Monday morning had been tremendous. All kinds of circumstances both directly and indirectly connected with the war had contributed to the build-up of emotions.

The worst flu epidemic in modern history had been ravaging the world all fall, in the homes as well as in the Armed Forces. I remember hearing, for instance, that in Boston the undertakers had been shockingly unable to provide coffins. We in Ann Arbor had been going about with gauze masks over nose and mouth. The schools were closed for two weeks in October. Movies and other public meeting places had been closed, but on November 7 were announced to have been fumigated and reopened.[1] Makeshift infirmaries had been set up for convalescent S.A.T.C. boys, although there had been too many deaths among them, billeted as they were in crowded fraternity houses.[2]

A heated national election took place on November 5, in which the big issue was woman suffrage. The papers had printed many good letters on the subject. A telling one from the elderly but spirited little Mrs. George began: "Women are not asking the ballot as a reward for their war work."[3]

Less featured news space of the week was given to "How to Pack the Christmas Box for Soldiers Overseas,"[4] and to the wrecking of a troop train in Illinois on the way to a football game.[5]

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THE RAILROAD COMES TO TOWN

December 5, 1960

It seemed quite like old times to have Ann Arbor's great rallies of 1960 take place at the New York Central Railroad station. Back in 1921 many of us were a part of the excited throng that greeted Marshall Foch from the hillside that rises abruptly to High Street, and it was from that natural amphitheatre that we were introduced to the appealing personality of Wendell Wilkie some years later. It used to be great fun, too, to join the crowds that always welcomed home triumphant football teams, cheering them from the curved hills or the big bridge.

But never has a more jubilant multitude gathered at that appropriate spot than on October 17, 1839, when the very first train reached Ann Arbor. The newspapers had given specific instructions[1] as to just how the various categories were to arrange themselves when they met at 10 A.M. at the Exchange Hotel across from the Courthouse, to march thence in proper fashion to the depot. Col. Jewett was chairman of arrangements, Lt. Gov. Mundy president of the day, two judges were to give speeches, and twenty other prominent names were listed as the committee.

It turned out to be a gorgeous Indian summer day and "All was gayety and delight." The rancor and bitterness engendered during the eight-year struggle to get the railroad here were now forgotten—though the editor of the *Western Emigrant* couldn't resist a gibe at "the outrageous inefficiency and procrastination

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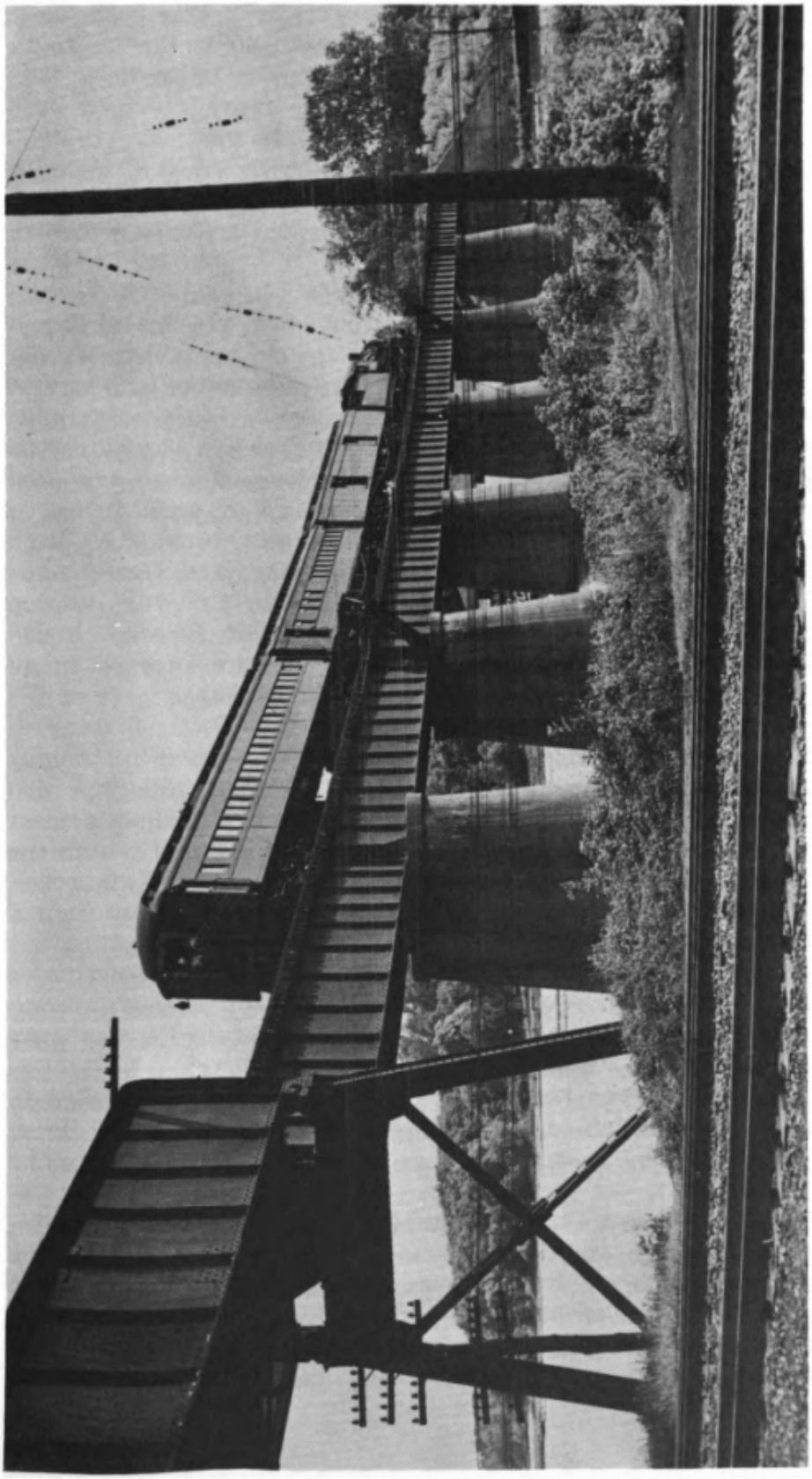

The last passenger train of the Ann Arbor Railroad goes over the bridge.

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"RING DEM CHARMIN' BELLS"[1]

January 2, 1961

A generation ago the residents of central Ann Arbor were used to hearing, on Sunday mornings and on special occasions, a great chorus of bells. It was fun to listen for them and to identify them by pitch and direction as their separate voices came in. One could imagine the different sextons vying with one another as they pulled vigorously on the ropes. Each New Year was heralded in joyously at midnight; and it was the ringing of bells that announced an era of lasting peace, we thought, on Armistice Day, 1918.

There were other bells in those days too: school bells, fire bells, sleigh bells, dinner bells. Poems were written about them, and songs composed to imitate their varied moods. Electric gongs and sirens and wristwatches have now assumed their utilitarian functions, while perhaps the very splendor of the Baird carillon has caused the churches that have moved or rebuilt to dispense with their simple, less sophisticated bells.

The first to move were the Presbyterians. They took with them their fine big bell from its brick tower on the corner of Huron and Division to their grove-like site on Washtenaw, but have left it sitting on the ground, voiceless except when hit with stones by small boys or knocked upon by roistering students in the middle of the night.

Of course the Presbyterians have the distinction of having brought to town another bell, the very earliest in Ann Arbor, in 1829. First rung from the crotch of a great oak tree, it

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All set for the long run down Broadway Hill, 1920. (Milton Wint at the controls, then two Shermans, Bertha and Dorothy Dorows, Ann and Louise Pommerening, and three jolly youngsters on the end that none of the rest can identify after forty-odd years.)

season, every farmer removed the wheels from his "lumber wagon" and substituted two sets of runners, or "bobs," wide enough for a resting place for small feet. The game was to catch an outgoing sleigh when it was in motion, grab the side of the wagon box, swing one's feet onto the runners, and either pull oneself upright or flop into a sitting position. The good-natured farmer would say "Tch tch" to his horses, and the pre-motor hitch-hikers would ride merrily along until, somewhere outside the city limits, they spied another sleigh bound for town, when they would hop off and repeat the process. Sometimes a group would find themselves stranded away out in the country and would not be quite so happy over the long walk back.

Then, too, there was the romantically jolly sleighload party on a crisp night under the stars. Huddled in the sleigh box or perched on a hayrack on the sides, the young folks would sing themselves hoarse. At their destination in some over-heated parlor or kitchen, the favorite refreshments were steaming oyster stew and cocoa.

Outdoor skating, of course, has always been a pleasure. Throughout the years the Huron River has been a temptation, for the beauty of its banks enhances the mere joy of swift motion, but the danger involved has led to many tragedies. Besides the hazard of unexpected "air holes," there used to be the ice companies' cut along both sides of the river when the ice had become a foot or two thick, and the refrozen surface of the water formed a trap for the unwary.

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OUR OWN FORTY-NINERS

February 6, 1961

It is again my pleasure to tell you of a recent addition to Ann Arbor's printed history: "Letters Home—The Story of Ann Arbor's Forty-Niners" by Russell E. Bidlack. This attractive fifty-six-page paperback might be thought of as merely an oversized pamphlet except that its large pages contain matter enough to dignify it as a book. Produced by Ann Arbor Publishers, it is available at bookstores for $1.50. The introduction was written by F. Clever Bald, Ph.D., head of the Michigan Historical Collections, while the lively illustrations reproduce zinc etchings of a broadside of the 1850's.

Dr. Bidlack, an Associate Professor of Library Science at the University, wrote his doctoral thesis on the early history of the University of Michigan general library. In the research involved he was impressed by the value of old newspapers as source material. The method of this new book is to reproduce, in their entirety or in significant excerpts, eighteen letters published in contemporary newspapers which were written home by five well-known Ann Arbor citizens who pioneered in the California Gold Rush in 1849, and to preface and intersperse the letters with rich explanatory background. Carefully annotated, the book is a trustworthy supplement to anything published elsewhere on that mad outburst of "Gold Fever."

Since the Hon. John Allen, illustrious founder of Ann Arbor, did not undertake his fatal attempt to profit by the movement until 1850, his long and illuminating letters are not included in

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THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

March 6, 1961

The very first minister to preach a sermon on Ann Arbor soil, in the summer of 1825, was a Baptist, the Reverend Moses Clark. Since his hearers on that day included no ready-made members of that denomination, however, Mr. Clark thought best to bide his time. In February 1827, in his own log house some three miles down the river, a "Covenant Meeting" of the Baptist Church of Farmington was held, at which Phebe Hiscock of Ann Arbor became a member. In May of 1828 the Farmington church dismissed the Clark family and some others at their own request for the purpose of forming a church in Ann Arbor. The eight charter members of the church so constituted were the Reverend Moses Clark, Lucy and Sally Clark, Phebe Hiscock, Benjamin Slocum, Elizabeth and Nancy Brown, and Charles Stewart.[1]

Meetings were held for a time in the schoolhouse on Jail Square, near William Street between Fourth and Fifth Avenues.[2] In 1832 the congregation moved to Lower Town under the influence of the prosperous Brown brothers, Daniel B. and Anson, whose hope it was to make the newer section north of the river become the heart of the community. From 1830 to 1837 the Reverend J. S. Twiss was pastor, "a preacher of much strength and vivacity," whose "personal eccentricities increased rather than impaired his useful influence."[2] (I wish that the dignified county historian had confided in us the nature of those endearing eccentricities!)

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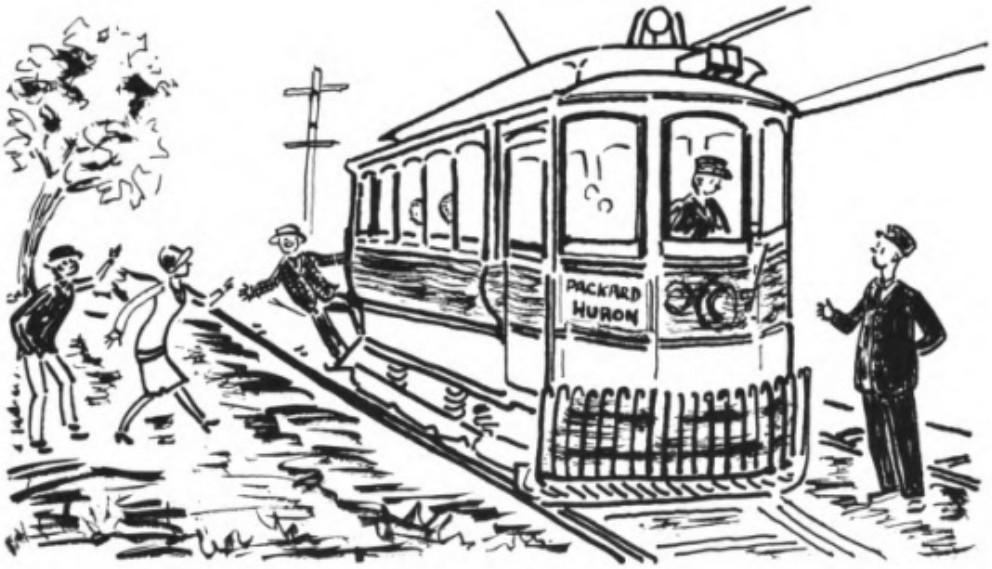

FROM THE MAILBOX: STREETCARS AND STREET USES

April 3, 1961

As I have told you before, one of the pleasantest features of conducting this column is the help I get through the mail, both from friends and from strangers. Today I am going to quote for you some passages from two letters, one from a witty friend of mine who insists on remaining anonymous; the other passed on to me by a city official after it had been lying in his files for years, but written by a gentleman unknown to me who at the time of writing was in his eighty-third year. Both might be classified in a "Do You Remember?" department and both recall former sights in our city streets.

"Do you remember the old car barns at the end of Lincoln," my anonymous friend begins, "where the street cars turned around? We sure had a unique system in our town. The car stopped, the motorman climbed down the front steps and, with the necessary handles (I don't know what else one would call the implements that hitched on to either end of the car and controlled it) reversed the trolley, then climbed in to what had been the rear end of the car and we were off.

"Another feature of our street car system was that the only designations on the front of the cars were 'North' and 'South,' and a passenger who came in at the other end of the line—the M.C. depot—could reach his destination by boarding either car. That mystified a relative of mine from Chicago. 'What kind of a town is this?' he asked. 'Can't it make up its mind where its street cars are going?' The explanation, of course, was

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HOME GROWN MUSIC AND THE KEMPFS

May 1, 1961

The May Festival series can boast an impressive record, having serenely made its annual appearance in Ann Arbor since 1894, uninterrupted by world wars or world depressions. There was an earlier music festival here, however, that was at least equally impressive considering the times, the relative size of the town, and the fact that it took place in late summer when the University was not in session. I refer to the "Seventh Peninsular Saengerfest" held in University Hall August 16, 17, and 18, 1886. The participants were German vocal and instrumental groups formed among German immigrants of Bay City, East Saginaw, Lansing, Jackson, Detroit—which had five separate societies—Ann Arbor, and Waterloo, Ontario. Dr. Conrad Georg, Sr., was president of the combined organizations for that year and Professor Reuben Kempf the director of all the concerts.

A worn and yellowed scrapbook cherished in the Kempf family contains long clippings about the occasion, some from various German-language papers as well as the leading English language papers of Ann Arbor, Detroit, Chicago, Toledo, etc.; while "a nice notice of the Fest" was reported to have been given by the New York "Keynote."

Ann Arbor was hailed as "the Athens of the West." The pretty, bustling little town of 10,000 went all out to welcome the thousands of musical visitors. Streets and buildings were profusely decorated "with the mingled colors of Germania and Columbia." One large banner even showed "die Lorelei" combing

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CELEBRATED VISITORS

June 5, 1961

The discontinuance of the Platform Attractions Series has set us to thinking about the old Lecture Course and the famous men and women who began coming here over a century ago to address their audience seriously for a couple of hours on some grave and stimulating subject. In the old days they usually spent the night as a guest in some private home, and often a little group of congenial spirits would be invited in to meet them informally.

The diary of T. C. Abbot, first principal of Ann Arbor High School, tells us of one such happy occasion. Abbot had left Ann Arbor to become a professor (and later the president) of the newly organized Agricultural College at East Lansing, but made frequent return trips here while courting his future wife, high school preceptress Miss Sarah Merrylees. On February 7, 1860, Ralph Waldo Emerson gave his "Manners and Morals" address in Ann Arbor. He was a house guest at the home of Judge Edwin Lawrence on the corner of Division and Kingsley, and the young engaged couple were invited to the reception which the Lawrences gave after the lecture. Since Emerson was not at his best at a party, the townspeople found him a little hard to talk to and were glad to elbow young Mr. Abbot into the position of honor. Although Abbot was usually not too glib with strangers himself, he was able to get on easy terms with Emerson at once, and he records their conversation as one of the high points of his life.[1]

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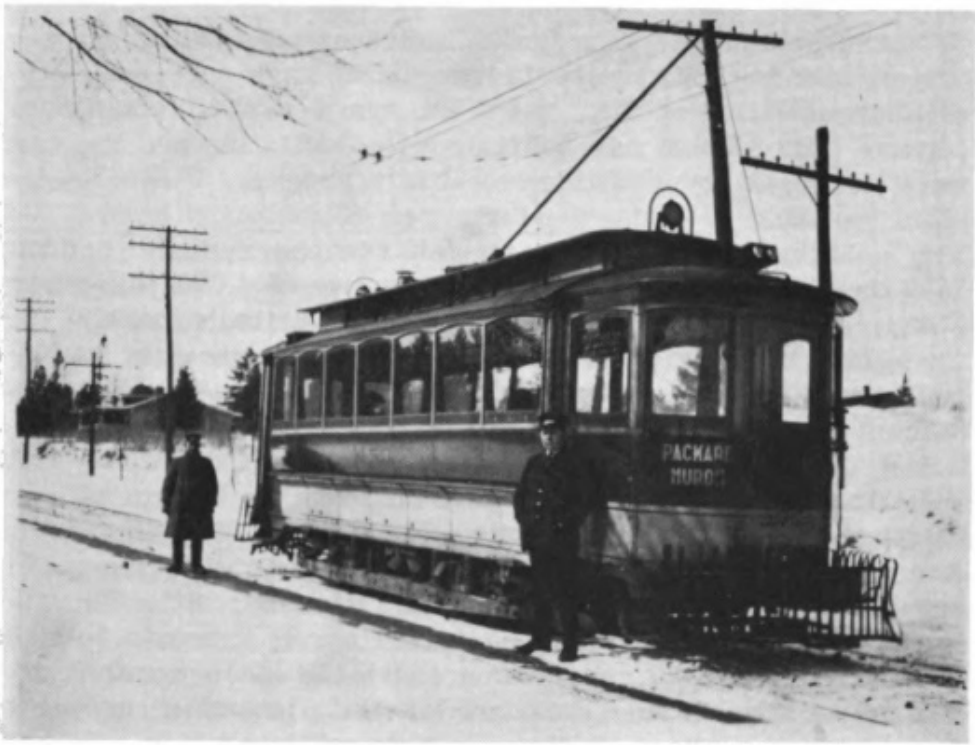

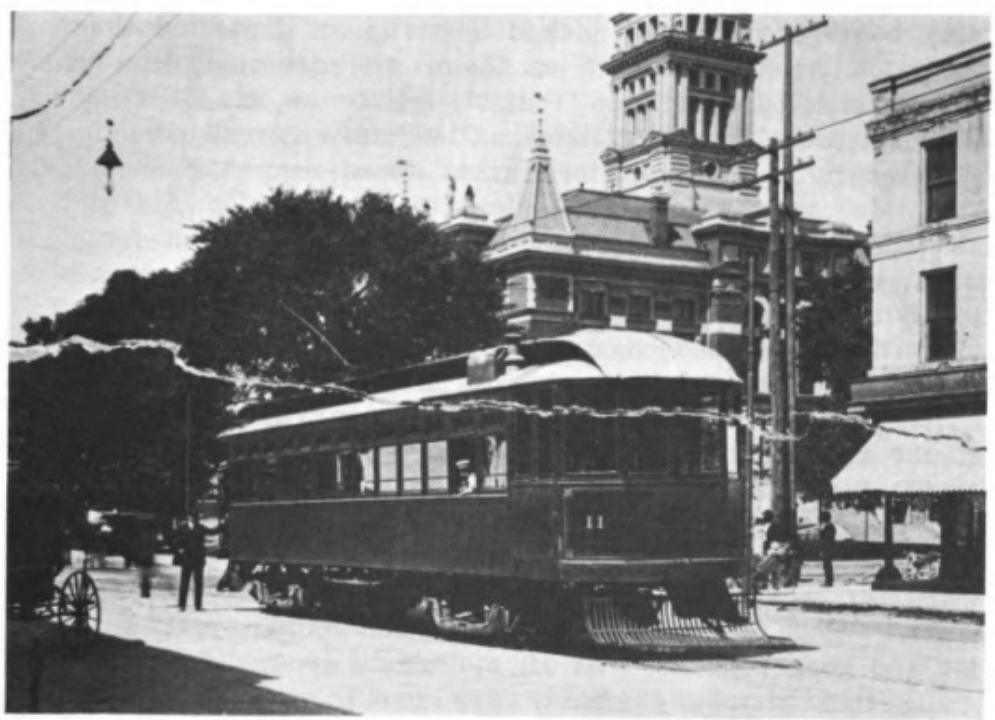

Two of the Trolley Watchers' Favorites

Above: On the Packard-Huron run, with Steve Duris presiding at the front and John Kraft at the rear.

Below: Car 11 of the Detroit, Ypsilanti, and Ann Arbor Electric Railway, sometime between 1898 and 1901, pausing before a backdrop of the old courthouse and the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank.

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The Eberbachs, Christian and Margaretha Laubengaier and the Hallers, Jacob and Christina.

These two old Ann Arbor business families became linked by the marriage of the Eberbachs' son Ottmar to the Hallers' daughter Katharina.

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FROM OX CART TO TAXICAB

July 3, 1961

Before we get too far away from the subject of Ann Arbor's street transportation, suppose we have a look at what sort of vehicles, in the various generations, have been available for private hire. In a historical brochure published in 1919 we find an ad declaring "YOUR GRANDPA Traveled by ox cart, but YOU can CALL A TAXI." Now of course no-one was ever able to "Call an Ox Cart," but in the early days yokes of oxen plodding the dusty village streets were no unusual sight. You remember reading that during that first Fourth of July celebration here, in 1825, Orrin White's oxen broke loose and disappeared while the family were dancing the night away at the Rumseys' little log "Coffee House." A friend of mine from Dexter remembers driving (and riding) an ox team on her father's farm as late as the 1890's,[1] but of course more sophisticated turnouts had long since taken their place for social purposes.

Probably the most spectacular vehicle ever offered for hire in Ann Arbor was the tallyho that is now a cherished possession of Leo Hoey of Dexter. You may have seen it at the dedication of our present County Building filled with members of the Historical Society dressed in heirloom costumes. Bought from the Mullison livery on East Ann Street, it can be traced back to the Walker cab company on East Liberty and to the Robison stables on Fourth Avenue between Washington and Liberty, but just when and by whom this Cleveland-made luxury bus was brought to Ann Arbor is veiled in obscurity.[2]

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LELA DUFF

LELA DUFF is one of Ann Arbor's best-known citizens. She was born in St. Louis, Michigan, the daughter of Thomas George Duff of Canada and Elizabeth Crawford Duff of northern Ireland, and has been a resident of Ann Arbor for over forty years. She attended St. Louis schools and Alma College before taking her A.B. and M.A. degrees at The University of Michigan.

Now retired, Miss Duff taught English at Ann Arbor High School for thirty-five years. It was there she began studying her city's history.

As an acknowledged authority on local history, Lela Duff is a member of the Michigan Historical Society and the Washtenaw branch, and is the editor of *Washtenaw Impressions*.

Lela Duff is also the author of *Pioneer School*, the definitive history of Ann Arbor public schools, with special attention devoted to Ann Arbor High School. *Pioneer School* was published in 1958.

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Lithographed by E. H. Mullen, Chicago & Cincinnati

1 Court House
2 Jail
3 Huron Street

1 Medical Office
2 Laboratory
3 Lower Department
4 Museum
5 Lecture Room
6 Observatory

Presented by Publisher

ANN A

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Res. of HENRY KRAUSE, WEST LIBERTY ST

Res. of S. N. WEBSTER, Cor. STATE & CATHARINE ST

Res. of M. A. BEAL, Cor. 5th & WILLARD ST

Res. of PHILIP BACH, MAIN ST

Res. of L. R. BUCHOLZ, FIFTH ST

10 Methodist
11 Presbyterian
12 Congregation
13 Catholic
14 Baptist
15 Lutheran Church
16 German Methodist Ch.
17 M. E. R. R. Depot

Churches

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