PERRIN MARSH IN GREENBUSH TOWNSHIP

CLINTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEETING May 19, 1988

Adele (Livingston) Jones, Discussion Leader

Map discussed: *Correction & Resurvey of a part of Township No. 8 North Range No. 1 West. Mer. Michigan.* Survey General's Office; Detroit, October 19, 1852. A copy of this map is held at the Archives of the CCHS.

Speakers were identified, when possible, by the secretary's list of those present at the meeting and as stated at the end of the meeting to **Geraldine Workman**, Recording Secretary of CCHS.

1st speaker ...on the marsh just north of St Johns.

Adele Jones: I'm just going to do a little talking and have the rest of you do the rest of it. So you see I'm going to get off just as easy as I can. I should tell you that everything was all arranged this afternoon by, say about 4:30. I had absolutely everything in this parcel. I was feeling very calm and waiting patiently for my daughter to come and get me and I wanted something from my notes; open up a parcel and the notes were not there. I have not found them yet, so it's not over. We did them over very hastily…

Well, ready to talk about the marsh then: Let's look at this map that I just gave you. Orient yourself a little bit. Would anybody like that magnifying glass of mine because it is very small copy? I'd like you to take a look at it and try to orient yourself on it…. This is Greenbush Twp. First thing, do try to locate where you are. See If you can make yourself at home with this map and it'll probably take you a few minutes. It has me. One of the things to notice is, these are not section lines, they are half-section lines, and the township, you know, is six miles square. Does that help now? Can you find where you are and where you now live?

Group discussion in background----

Jones This is Greenbush Twp. Of course, if you don't live in Greenbush, it's not so important to you but you might like to notice where St. Johns would be in the future and where US-27 would like to be. Some things about this map now: You see, there are only a very few shaded sections. One of them is over on the left-hand side here. That's **Bancroft** land [sections 30 & 31]; one is in the middle here and that's the **Whitlock's** [sections 21, 28, & 27]. They haven't got very much cleared yet; and over here on this east end here, I believe—no, that's not **Luman Hall--**but that's in the [Rochester] Colony direction. I actually don't know who it is.

Jean Temple: It's **John Ferdon** [sections 25 & 36]

Jones: He was on Krepps Rd.

? On Chandler.

Jones: On Chandler, I beg your pardon. He was on Chandler? No, he wasn't. The Ferdons were on Krepps, weren't they?

? They were right next to Duplain Twp. John Ferdon had land in both townships.

Jones: All right then, … I understand very well now. Yes, I believe. If we're oriented then, there's some interesting things about it. There is a place up here where it says "impassable," [section 19] --could not be surveyed. There was water running, I believe it said. You simply couldn't do it. You notice what a large part of Greenbush this marsh takes up and it extends considerably to both east and west, also way beyond this. So it was a very big thing. I've tried to think sometimes what it must've looked like. I do know that the section where I was there seemed to be big hummocks and we used to jump from one hummock to another, but that was not true everywhere. There were some places where there were pools of water that probably stayed there all the time. There were large sections of cedar and there were other kinds of trees up on the islands. The swamp, you notice, had several islands. I had a map of those islands and I spent the last week trying to find it. I saw it last winter. It's a very small map…. I saw it last winter and I cannot find out what I did with it at the time. I did think that I might publish that in the paper if I find the map so that you can see. I can tell you that over in this corner, the last island over here was Beech Island. That's all I can tell you right now, but I hope to do that.

Now, if you feel at home with this map, let's talk then a bit about the geology of the business; not very much, because I'm not a geologist.

? …tell us what the roads are?

Jones: Let's see, over on the east side, that would be Chandler. My directions have always been turned around since I was sat in the wrong direction in the rural school. So if I need direction without thinking, it's always awkward. The south one would be Kinley Rd., would it not? The west one would be Airport. The north one, County Line. We were talking about that. That was not always the county line. The county line used to run through where the [Union Home] Cemetery is on Maple Rapids Rd. That used to be the county line.

Arlene Smith: Clinton County, in the early stages, went into Gratiot Co. too.

Jones: Oh yes, but it finally ended the way it is now. The Union Home and things like that came out wrong. They're a mile south of what they should have been. Originally, that was the line and that's why it was called Union Home Cemetery and all that. I think you're beginning to know where you're at now with the things that we're talking about. Excuse me if I'm rather slow because we really had a very distressing time trying to find that map and I feel rather upset over it.

Let's get down to a little bit of geology. I'll let **Frank [Bishop]** correct me any time I'm wrong. But of course, the reason we have this huge marsh--we live, you know, in the trough of Michigan. You all know about that, I'm pretty sure. At one time the glacier

stood right there on French Rd. where I am, two miles high. Can you imagine two miles of ice, up straight, up above you, two miles of ice? That was the thickness of the glacier. It stood there for a while. Of course, the glacier in the great ice age moved back and forth but at one time it stood there for quite a long time. As the ice melted, it left those great big hills that you see up there, those gravelly hills. At the base of those hills, there was a rushing river carrying away the melting snow. That rushing river [Maple River]--this is Perrin Marsh, what is left of it. Frank tells me that the Maple River used to run the other way, that it ran towards the east and not toward the west. Did I get those directions right, Frank?

I thought for a long time about this marsh because I began hearing odd stories at times about it. I thought to myself, these are all going to be lost and so let's get them together just once and put some down and let us see what it was like to come here to live, to settle, to develop some land and a home. Around this marsh, in most particular situations, people didn't just go in and cut down the trees. There was a little more to it than that when you had to live around the marsh. One of the things that was there was mosquitoes and lots of them. Another one was the snakes. There were worlds and worlds of snakes. Children were not to be afraid of them. I'll go into that a little later but they did. Their parents taught them to kill all snakes because they couldn't trust their children to tell the difference between the poisonous ones and the non-poisonous. So they taught them to kill all snakes. That's why a snake became anathema. There were so many around this marsh. They were here to get the frogs, of course, other things like that.

I think we'll go on now and speak about Mr. **[Henry M.] Perrin** and why it's called the "Perrin Marsh." Mr. Perrin was a man from Vermont originally. Once his wife said to him, "Mr. Perrin, how could you bear to leave Vermont? It's so beautiful there." She'd been there to see where he was born. He said, "If you had to go as far to do your work when you were a boy as I did, you would know why I left there." Of course, there was another reason. There was quite a large family. Land was pretty well used up in Vermont so some of the sons had to seek other places to live. At least two of them, **Porter [K. Perrin]** and our Mr. Perrin, came west. Now, Mr. Perrin had to earn himself--that is, I mean financially, as well as studying--a degree from Dartmouth and he also studied law and became a lawyer. When he was ready to settle down, he came to Detroit and made his living carrying wood up seven flights of stairs, I believe. He decided then to go to the end of the new railroad, which was being built up in this direction, the Grand Trunk. It ended then at St. Johns. So he rode up to it and he said, "And here I will live the rest of my life." He did--got off the train and stayed. His first fee was an old sow with her little pigs and he had to drive it into St. Johns, what's more!

He was a very imaginative, imaginative man about the new country. He engaged in many projects. He helped to found the National Bank. He and his brother built a hotel. By the way, the kind of place that there was here to eat and sleep in, about the time he arrived, had so many holes in the roof that, when it rained, it was impossible to find any place to eat your dinner where the rain did not drip on it. That was the St. Johns that he found. He built a number of houses around St. Johns.

Eventually, it was proved to him, not too long, that what this growing town needed was a dairy and so he decided to start one. He came out to the **Payne** farm, which we always called the Perrin farm because we knew the Paynes at the top of the hill, where you would drop right down into the marsh. This is on US-27. How many of you would know now where I mean? On US-27 you see a tall, white house just as you drop down into the marsh. We think that Mr. Perrin built that house. His idea was to set up a dairy there and he had the marsh hay. You could cut the marsh hay. He probably cut it with a scythe and raked it with wooden rakes in that day, I imagine. He could make use of that marsh hay to feed stock, to feed his cattle. So he did and he built a barn down there, which has long been gone, but he didn't give up his business.

I should stop here for a moment and say what his peculiar business was. He was a lawyer but he never took a case to court. He wasn't interested in that. There was a kind of activity going on here, which is foreign to us, where we hardly could realize what it was. The great adventure with money was western land. Everybody was investing in western land. These easterners couldn't come out here and see, personally, about their money and so they found a reliable agent and they dealt through him. Now, you notice that the government has surveyed this land off in half-sections. That's all. That's as far as the government went. The people who wanted to buy this land and parcel it out for sale to other people had to pay for the rest of the surveying. That's the sort of thing Mr. Perrin would do and people would come to him and want to buy this land. He would arrange mortgages and things like that so that they could, and he would deal with eastern people too about land to buy to resell to people who wanted to settle there.

One evening I sat at a dinner beside a young woman who said to me, "I don't understand our abstract. My great grandfather cleared the land where we live. Why isn't his name the first on it?" "Well," I said, "It's because the first person's name, the man who bought it from the government, was an eastern speculator who was buying up that land for resale. That's the reason it's not first." Where we live, **Stanley [W. Whitlock]**, we got ours straight from the president. We don't go through any speculator because nobody wanted to live in this land here which had the Maple River flats on the north and the great marsh on the south. So people struggled across there to get their land straight from government and they did but it was a little ----. So we live on a sort of island there.

He came out and started this dairy and used the hay. In the meantime, I should say, he married **Mary Ackley** and they had two little girls. These two little girls, so my aunt told me, used to go down on the marsh where all that tall grass was and make themselves a nice nest, a kind of a house in the tall grass. And she said, "Sometimes we would go back to our house and the next day we'd hear, "ZZZZZZ!" There was a rattler in there. We would just move on." Would your little girls do that? "We would just move on and build a house in another place." They were very calm about it. They didn't run or scream or anything like that at all. They just learned to avoid the rattler who probably moved away himself not wanting to be disturbed.

I think I'm getting about ready to turn this over. Is there anything else I should have said about the Perrins? Oh, I will say this: My mother said that Mr. Perrin had come from a mountain state and he knew one thing. In the end the valley land would be the

best. The most expensive would be the most productive and that is probably the reason why he actually, at one time, my aunt told me—it had it all been squared off neatly--he owned a piece of that marsh five miles long and a mile wide. That's why it was called the Perrin Marsh.

I think I'll quit about here. **Alden [Livingston]** says I have to tell this one story before I finish. This is my story. My father told me that once right down where that upland strikes into the marsh, four of these heifers from the dairy herd got down on the marsh and got mired. The men went down and tried everything they could think of to get them out. They could not. They probably had to be shot. They could not get them out. It was, of course, either drowning in the mud or being shot. There was no hope. So that will give you an idea of what the marsh was like. That's what it was like.

Does anybody want to add anything to this before I say more? …Maybe I'd better talk about Dr. **[Henry E.] Palmer** himself first. One of Mr. Perrin's daughters [**Ella K. Perrin**] was killed in a railroad wreck and that is the reason we have the "Ella" vault downtown in our cemetery [Mt. Rest] now. The indemnity, I'm sure, was used for that. The other married a boy, a young man, eventually that is, who came quite young to work at the Perrin Dairy. He eventually became Dr. Palmer. He had about a third-grade, or possibly more, about a third-grade education. Grandmother Perrin had to teach her two little daughters pretty much herself because that long trip on the road over to the Greenwood School [section 32] where they were supposed to go was covered with water quite a bit of the year and then it was snow and quite deep snow. Those two little girls would have had to go a mile and a half through all this themselves. So Grandmother [Mary (Ackley) Perrin], who was a teacher herself, taught her little girls at home.

This big boy heard Grandmother teaching the girls. Finally, he said to her one day, "Am I too old to study?" Mr. Perrin bought him a book, an Oliver Optic book. Does anybody know anything about the Oliver Optic books? All right, and the name of the book was, *Never too Late to Mend* [sic]. So Dr. Palmer decided that, if Grandmother would let him learn what the girls were learning, that he was going to educate himself. He did and he ended going to the university. Now remember, no high school in that day. It was just about the beginning of founding of the high school. He would have gone straight to the university and taken his make-up work there, but it would be nothing like as much as we would have to have in the literary line now. Anyway, he became first an engineer. He went off then and worked on the transcontinental railroads. He became so angry over the way the employers treated the Chinese employees that he couldn't bring himself to stay. So he came home, went back to the university and became a doctor. Then he came home and he and Aunt **Lucy [E. Perrin]** had been sweethearts for a long time and he married her and settled down in St. Johns to become both a doctor and an engineer. You see, he could do both.

He became very interested in Mr. Perrin's thoughts about the marsh and decided that it could be drained. He looked it all over and … Have I left out anything else? Well, they drained the marsh with dredges. Dr. Palmer built two dredges, a large and a small. Those are not the only--. The Laingsburg Drain was done by Dr. Palmer also and other drains around. These subsidiary drains that came in were done by the large and small

dredges. He kept those dredges--as you go into St. Johns, and go up Clinton Ave., as you turn up it--have you ever noticed, looking onto your left, quite a large, red barn standing in back of the building? That was the building where the dredges were kept.

I think I could begin to turn this over to somebody else perhaps, and I think I'll turn it over to Alden first and let him tell and start in about the drain, about the marsh, and whatever you want to tell about the marsh. It's going to be carte blanche.

Alden Livingston: I'm afraid I got into this kind of suddenly. I don't know that I have a great deal to add to what you have said…. Yes, I was in on breaking up some of the marsh as far as that's concerned. I plowed quite a little of it myself when it was the original marsh. I guess, going into the dredging, I think that was done in the early 1900's between 1900 and 1910. The Hayworth Creek was dredged with a floater dredge which means it floated down stream and dug the stream as it floated down. It was run with steam and they had coaling places along. As kids, we found places along where they took coal onto the dredge to run the dredge.

I'll go back farther yet. I remember one little thing that my father [**Eugene Andrew Livingston**] told about Mr. Perrin because he thoroughly believed that the marsh would someday be developed but they were not having any luck growing crops on it. They tried crops as they would on the high land and the grain would, because it was high in nitrogen and was so low in other things, it would just grow up to straw and they wouldn't have much and so on, but Mr. Perrin thoroughly believed in it. There was one other thing that did happen to the marsh once in a while. It could catch on fire because it's so highly organic. My father said that one time Mr. Perrin was out fighting one of these fires and the way to fight them—if you had a fire, you couldn't put out with water, you'd have to dig around it; let it burn itself out--dig down to the water; let it burn itself out. Mr. Perrin was a very religious man but he said, "He was digging on this, trying to stop it, and he would dig 'til he was just exhausted." He said, "he would lie down and say, ""Burn, damn you, burn."" My father told that. He never heard him swear in his life but this one time.

As I said, I helped break up some of it, but a lot of was broken up long before my time. I got into it in about 1925, '26, some of the last of it. Some of it had been broken up for probably about 15 or 20 years ahead of that. We were breaking it up then. By that time they came along with fertilizers and things of that kind and they could start to raise grains and corns and things like that on the marsh. I remember when I was a very little boy-- in fact, at the time that we had a barn burn in 1913 in August--I remember my father was down in the field and I was with him. He was picking up some shocks of grain or something. It was at the time lightning struck our farm so they had grain growing at that time in 1913. From then on they tried small amounts of this and that. In fact, as a young man, I remember cutting some grain on the muck with the binder and a team, following my team somewhere…. About 1913, along in there, they tried the vegetable thing and got into some of the vegetables such as onions and cabbage and carrots and so on. From there it's gone on to the mints and things of that type. I don't know that I have a great deal more to add. I probably will think of things along as I go.

Jones: That's the point we want to make. If anybody thinks of anything that should be said, he's welcome to say it any time. That's why we're sitting this way. Just add to this program whenever you would like to. By the way, I wish you'd tell us more about what it meant to clear up the muck.

Livingston: It varied considerably and there are many types of muck. There's what they call prairie muck and timber muck. We had a mixture. There were tamarack stumps and logs and everything like that. I remember plowing that we ran across them many times. It was a lot of work getting them out of there. You're plowing now with the rather large single-bottom plows and when you had one of these logs, sometimes you were tied up for several hours before you got rid of the log, got it cut out, or got it out of the way or did something with it. Later they developed plows that would come up to the log and go over it and go on and you would plow around them, so to speak, and over them and work over them until, in a few years, they would start rotting and then you could do something with them.

Jones: But they wouldn't rot 'til they felt the air.

Livingston: ---until you had air to them. That's another thing that happens to the muck. The muck at that time, of course, was so much water. When you've got air to the muck, it starts to deteriorate. When it deteriorates, it starts going down. It's hard to believe, but I've seen tiles that had been in the ground as much as three feet and now those tiles would only be in the ground that far. That's what sawdust compressed to and gone together through rotting and deterioration.

Stanley Whitlock: Alden, do you know the story of the distilling of the wood alcohol …?

Livingston: From muck? You mean that they tried in St. Johns?

Whitlock: Yeah.

Livingston: *Not a lot about it, Stanley. They took the old Hayes Wheel plant and tried make it into an alcohol plant. They purchased a piece of muck on Colony Road about where Krepps and Colony intersect. They were bringing that muck into St. John's and started to convert it into alcohol. I don't know a great deal about it except that it apparently did not work. It also seems to me there was a rumor around that—you maybe can bear me out on this—that besides making legitimate alcohol they were making something a little illegitimate alcohol. They got into trouble one way or another, either taxes or something with the government on it. Anyway, it finally phased out.… I can't think of the man's name. There was one man that had a lot to do with developing that alcohol plant and it ran for what, two, three, four years, or some such time. Well, it was eventually scrapped.

? **Mueller**. I lived right beside of him….

Livingston: Anyway, out of the remains of that alcohol plant, quite a few stills around St. Johns that were distilling mint were built from the piping and valves and everything else. A man

named **Jim Gray** had acquired a lot of that material from that factory and I guess all of us mint farmers around knew where Jim was and that's where we went for our valves and pipes and various things that we could use in mint stills-- came from the factory.

Jones: One thing that always puzzled me, and I'll get the naturalist to answer this. So much of the muck land, as I remember, stood there in hummocks and it used to be great fun to jump from one hummock to the other. That's what we used to do…. I've always wondered though why all those logs lay there and didn't decay. Why don't you tell us, Frank?

Livingston: Because they were under water.

Jones: Because they were under water, but how did they come to fall there in the beginning?

Livingston: Sometime or other there was a change, of course, and it was trees at one time. Then the trees died and they went down and they became covered with this muck and so on. They were underwater so that's why they were preserved.

Jones: Then, why were there no more trees there?

Livingston: Because of the change. I presume the glacier had a great deal to do with it.

Jones: Maybe so. I don't know. Frank [Bishop] has a thought about that, don't you Frank?

Frank Bishop: I don't have many thoughts about that. It finally ended up as tamarack and birch. We were lucky enough--Alden will remember this --that farther to the east, south of the Richmond School, there was a piece of the original marsh left. It was the last piece of that muck to be broken up and that was birch, cedar, and tamarack.

Jones: You were telling me that you thought perhaps a big wind went through sometime and laid quite a lot of this low and it never grew back. Anyway, it didn't grow back where we were. It was just these hummocks and I think it had been for a long time.

Bishop: When Alden went to school about the same time I did, there was two old janitors in the school. One of em's names was [**Walter J.**] **Dockham** and one's name was **Sage**. Sage was the son of a settler who lived in section 35 of Greenbush Twp. which is right down in the marsh. He told me one day about the marsh. At that time he was an old man. He must have been around sixty, wasn't he Alden?

Livingston: I don't remember him.

Bishop: …. His name was Sage. I kind of scanned on the old map of Greenbush Twp. and just a little bit of Essex and it comes out to a little better than 6,000 acres of that land, I think about 6,400.

Jones: … I'm sorry he didn't come. I'm sorry, because he was going to tell about a

place away off to the west end of the marsh here. I mean on this map. Go down in the corner there by the Bancroft land. You all know where Banner Rd. is. … You'll see down here in the corner. You see the mark of a little trail going off across here, across the southwest corner of your map. That's an old trail that went around the bottom of the marsh. It was originally, I'm sure, a game trail, an Indian trail, and became a settlers' trail. They hooked onto that road when they wanted to make the road from DeWitt to Elsie. That's an old, old trail.

? Is that what you'd call River Rd. down there?

Jones: Yes, that's a piece of River Rd. River Rd. went around and then followed the lower end of … Of course, it doesn't have that name now. Most of it was torn up and straightened. This old road that runs around the south of the marsh is Avery Rd. and it's still crooked. [Avery house is identified on the map in NW ¼ of 32.] It still follows the old map. That's the one that goes over to our grandfather's house.

? Did that become Ridge Rd. over in [section 12]… ?

Jones: Yes, I think so. It would be a continuation. At least in my husband's family, there were some people who moved clear up into the thumb country from the Maple Rapids area. First, they came over to French Rd. and they watered their stock by the French Hotel. Then they went up to Eureka around that crooked road and back of Elsie and connected to the Ridge Rd. and got up there in that way. That was the way they went.

(Merle Redman(?) lived right over in here where you see that little piece of cleared land, [SW ¼ of section 31] right around in there. I don't think that trail was marked on there correctly. It should angle up to north more. Anyway, the Greenwood School is down in there and that school was originally called the Pickerel School and it was called Pickerel Hill. The reason it was called that was because—I wanted Meryl(?) to explain this to you--before the marsh was drained, when the water was still high, there was water around that hill probably a good bit of the year. Back in the corner, below the tall, white house there, you know when you're growing up Banner Rd.? The marsh still continues under that road and there's underbrush there and over in there, I think there's still a pool. That was the extent of the marsh in that direction. It was a great big spring, a huge spring, and there was much more water then. The reason it was called, the Pickerel Hill was because the pickerel came up there in the spring to spawn so they could catch them there. Of course, they made a road there. They got rid of the old hill road. That was all torn up. The new one was filled in so the youngsters could come to school. I can still remember going to school and looking down in the morning from the hill and seeing children coming from three directions up this hill. That was Pickerel Hill and Pickerel School long ago. That was the tip end of the marsh in that direction and those springs would have helped to feed the marsh.

We'll skip that then and go around to where I am now and I'll tell you one or two stories that I have learned since coming here. For one thing, just a little ways to the north of us lived the Smiths. The first Smith of this country **[Henry A.] Smith**** had a fight with a bear. He wasn't attacking the bear either. The bear was attacking him. Were you going to tell that one?

Hazel Beebee No, I wasn't going to tell it because I hadn't thought of it, but I know of it. I've heard Henry Smith tell about it.

Jones: Then, you tell it.

Beebee: The bear attacked him and he had to defend himself. He came within an inch of losing his life, really. He had a terrible struggle and the family still have the bloody clothes. They're still keeping them, [the clothes] in which he did the fighting. I saw that coat. One time we were at the Ladies' Aid [meeting] at the Henry Smith's. [They] were entertaining and he told us about this and he showed the coat. While he was talking, he was so moved by it the tears were running down his face. It was a very moving story because that man was in great danger.

Jones: The county paper used to run a little column about historical facts and one that I remember reading and they can do well to run the thing now. You could find some very interesting stuff there. This was about early mail man, not a man, a boy who rode a horse and delivered the mail. It came all around, I think from Owosso. He touched at the Colony and he touched at Elsie and he touched Maple Rapids. In the story that he was telling about it, he said, "We were always afraid." He said, "There were the bears," and he said, "There were the wolves." You could hear the wolves howling as you came along. You were alone on horseback. You didn't lose any time. You got to the next place pretty fast, I'm sure. He was riding through the woods, you see, hearing the wolves howl….

Speaking about that corner up there, in lands like this there were squatters. There were people who didn't buy the land, who just came and stopped there for a while. There were some of them up at French's Corner, on the northwest corner. They would have to be evicted before people could settle that. My father told me that they used to settle on the islands of the marsh because nobody quarreled with them about them. He said frequently they would not have more than one pair of boots in the family. So in the winter one person could go out at a time. I'll let Stanley tell some of that. He knows some of that, I think, so I won't go any further with that. Let's see what else I might have.

Oh yes, I wanted to tell you about Mr**. Reed.** There are two houses up on the corner. Maybe **Stanley** knows which one of those houses the Reeds lived in. … The Reeds lived in one of those houses and I've never been sure which. This old Mr. Reed had come into that area north of the marsh when he was a young man with a horse and wagon and attempted to get across that trail. Well, of course, that trail across the marsh was just an Indian trail. The colonists have improved upon but in the early days, when they got across there, they mostly had to walk and they had to carry bales of salt pork and pieces of kitchen stoves and put them together when they got there and things like that. They would just walk across, watching their footing and bringing… tied over their shoulders and so forth, everything they could manage in a trip. Can you imagine what it was like? But they got over there to get to that land … They lit fires around the wagon and the horses to keep the bears away because the swamp was full of bears and they were after animals or course…

We're going to let Stanley talk for a bit. He's going to tell us because, you see, here is his home right here in the middle of the marsh, right where his people settled.

Stanley Whitlock: You never heard me talk a little bit. I talk a lot. I have to stand up because I use my arms or I can't say anything. I was going to tell you about the flies and things. Bugs, they grew on the marsh just like everything else did, extra! I remember Dad telling a story coming home from town once in the summer. He had fly nets on the horses but when you go across the marsh you always kept those fly nets to keep the mosquitoes off him. Dad said there was a man walking there and he just pulled the horse up a little bit and said, Would you like a ride?" He said, "Yeah." He says, These blamed chewing things!" … The horse would reach and try around to knock a fly off... He said, "Oh, Jesus hell!" The funniest expression…. Uncle **Orange [Whitlock**] would say, "Nobody ever taught him to swear." My dad didn't swear much. I don't either.

He did when he tried to plow that muck with an Oliver 99 plow because it's organic soil that things grew on. It was lots of moisture. Things grew like it would on the Everglades pretty near. There was such an amount of this and these little plows, it would turn over and you'd look back and it was plowing and it would turn right back again. He gave his dad an ultimatum that he would never touch that ground again…. The army worms would get the oats and the frost would get the corn. They tried to pasture the sheep and that grass that you're talking about grew too big for sheep. Sheep don't enjoy low ground anyway. You're afraid a cow would get down there and get lost or get mired.

Those mounds you're talking about, I always remember Dad saying those were "cradle knolls." They cradled [scythed] the grass off from those little knolls. They couldn't harvest in the low spots but they were called cradle knolls. That's what made it so tough to plow because that sod would just push. It's such loose ground. The taming of that was certainly a feat, I think. Nobody even had any dream that this could ever happen--it did come to pass--that it could ever be tamed because it was such wild ground. It just had so much vegetation. Nothing rotted. Right today, if you're on muck, like Alden says, it's rotting but it does this slow. Things that rot down in mineral ground in a year would take five or six or maybe ten years to rot down in muck because of its density, I guess. It just hold things. It holds moisture longer. It holds everything longer. It's interesting ground. I think we've all been pretty fortunate to live right beside it. People that just bordered the muck, like we did all our lives, see those swamp dwellers, we used to call them--they were just starving on that thing--come into their own, families that got quite wealthy on this ground like the smiling [**Edward] Martis** boy's family over here.

Edward Martis: We called them swamp angels.

Jones: Father told me, Stanley, that, say about February, these swamp dwellers would come around and say, "Squire Whitlock, could you spare us a ham or a sack of flour and we'll work it off in the spring, but we need help?" So he would have it in his storage places and he would get it out and tide these families over 'til spring. They lived by berry-picking and trapping and hunting and anything they could put their hands to. They would come around when they were really poor and ask Squire Whitlock for a little help. Well, that's what you have to tell us then about working in the marsh.

Livingston: I could say a little more about those cradle knolls, Stan. They varied from little bumps that were probably no taller than that and about that big around to bumps that were as tall as that. We always thought they were formed by the cows following trails. These cradle knolls would be this far across and the trails in between could be that deep. I'll tell you that plowing that for the first time with a tractor was like riding a bucking bronco. You wanted to be young and quick, I think, to stay with it. I've been stuck on those things many times. The first time that we plowed, I spent a good part of one summer breaking up 80 acres of that stuff with this plow and what we called a 1530 tractor then, a wheel-type tractor. So it was really quite something to stay with that tractor. If you were lucky you had one wheel on the …because the other side was going just like this up and down you know, and you were trying to hang onto the seat and do something. So it was quite an interesting thing.

Whitlock: We tried to plow it with a double-bottom plow. It would just push it off. We got Martis's breaking plow which had a coulter that high and that would just cut right through that stuff…

Livingston: The breaking plows turned a furrow about 27 inches wide and had a coulter that was about 42 inches tall.

Whitlock: …was four or five feet long on that…

Livingston: I did some of that breaking with a two-bottom, two 20-inch plows, and it was great plow to plug up.

Jones: There seems to be quite a difference in the quality of the marshes. Now there are areas like that where I lived where it seemed to be just there that there were these hummocks. There weren't … In other places the marsh seemed to have had…on it. That seems to be a difference in its quality, but of course there were cedars. There were places where the cedars grew prolifically and it didn't have to be high. They were low ground, were they not?

Whitlock: There were cedar swamps along Colony Rd. there to the east...

Jones: My mother used to love to go down there. I don't think that the swamp was ever quite as wet there. Often, down along 27, it could be a lake. I've heard tales of my great uncle having an iceboat on it in the winter. It looked more like a lake than it did like a marsh. Then, of course, it would all dry off in the summer pretty much so you couldn't call it a lake. You see, sluggish streams, very sluggish streams used to drain this marsh winding their way through it. You'd hardly know where they were. It was just the water seeping in that direction and those of course, eventually, opened up as creeks by the dredge, but they weren't that way originally. The water just seeped through this marsh.

Livingston: 27 was a corduroy road across the muck there.

Jones: That's what I should tell you about. That's something I had written down and forgotten it. In 1856 the railroad was built as far as St. Johns, you see, and directly they built US-

27 for access to the north, but it had to cross this great marsh. By the way, I have understood that they had lots of arguments about the location of the capital of the state of Michigan and finally decided on Lansing, but there was nothing much there. You see, they hadn't even built it. It turned out that there was not one single legislator who could get to Lansing without having to fight his way through a marsh somewhere, somehow. That's Michigan. You remember the national surveyor looked Michigan over and he said, "nothing but sand and swamps." … Am I right in saying it was the national surveyor? …

Oh yes, our own relatives went right on beyond to Illinois and to Wisconsin without stopping at Michigan for quite a while. Then they finally discovered there was land up here. Of course, they did know about southeastern Michigan. It was nice country down there, but they didn't think the good country went much farther than that. …

My grandfather came out here in '74. My aunt had already come and was living at the place where we are now. They lived there for five years. My grandfather was considering going west. He had no family. He was going to move so he came out to see what it was like. He came in March. Take note of that. He had to cross the marsh to get to my aunt's where I live. As he went, the logs that the road was built on were moving slightly in the water under the buggy wheels.

Helen Post tells me that her grandfather settled up there around that time. He would have to go into St. Johns for supplies of some sort. It was not very good going. It would be the spring and it was a not good going for horses and rigs, so he walked carrying a sack over his shoulder to bring home the things. As he went across the marsh with the logs, as it was built up, he would jump from log to log.

Sometimes, it's hard to think of, going down [US]27. I will have some young man bringing me home from somewhere and I'll try to say to him, "This is the way it was." He looks at me with open mouth. He can't believe it.

I might as well mention another one… My uncle stayed with them a good deal and probably was going to spend the rest of his life here. They finally had a very late child…He would stay with them during the week and go home for the weekend. When he came home, after the Scott Rd. was built—that was another corridor up there, of course. He was from down in the southeast part of the county. He would come over and go down Scott Rd. One time he was coming home on a Sunday night and he heard something. It was out in the marsh. It went *pad pad pad pad*, like this. If he stopped, it stopped. If he started up again, it started up again and followed him out of the marsh. … was scared. He was about twelve years old. He started running. He was very long-legged. He could really run. He ran just as fast as he could to get out of there because he was afraid of what it was. So what was it, Frank? Now come on, tell us what it probably was. It was something in the cat family, probably. I don't know what but I know why he was scared. He was a scared boy. That marsh had all kinds of things in it. The trail is gone now. I don't think anybody could find it. The people that have plowed up the marsh have destroyed it so we don't have … anymore.

… I'm going to ask **Hazel Beebee** to tell her reminiscences. Her family has been here for a long time.

Hazel Beebee: I don't think my story is very interesting.

Jones: I think they'll find it so.

Hazel Beebee: You're talking about the marsh. I can remember. … died. The funeral was in St. Johns in March in 1919… and it was just one great big lake on the west side of what is now 27. ... I could see those bogs that were there then, quite a few of them.

Talking about bears, there was a woodlot... across the road from our farm, from the Beebee's**. Nora [Beebee]**, my oldest sister-in-law, would tell about when she was a little girl, she would go down the road to the next house where her grandfather lived and she said she was scared to pieces because there was bears in those woods still. That would be in the 1800's.

I've heard my father telling about Indians roaming around, how they would come through and sell their baskets. My folks had a great big, nice basket that I suppose his mother bought from the Indians. I expect most of you have found arrow heads and things like that on your farm. My father had quite a collection of them.

I've heard my mother-in-law tell about--Her sister, who was my half-brother's mother, taught school over at the Rowell School. Grange Rd. ended right where the Welling Rd. comes up. It went corner ways. There was trail or a road whatever you want to call it. …. He would go over there on Friday nights and get her, bring her home with a team and a wagon. It said it was an awful rough road. Everything was torture…. I wrote down some notes, but they're home on a little paper…

Jones: Will you notice on your map these two cornerwise roads down in here? They're not roads. They're trails.

William Serviss: What section are you talking about? Is it 26? Is that the one you're talking about, the one that goes from the southeast to the northwest in section 26?

Jones: Yes, section 26. Do you notice those two roads there? They're not roads. They're trails. The first one, the one to the west, is the one that we've been talking about mostly. That's where the first settlers mostly came over. That was a very bad one to cross all right. Farther over there is another one. I think that that second one is the one that you're talking about driving over. That wasn't as bad there, you see, as this one was. This other one went through the hardwood swamps and it was really a toughie.

Beebee: I also heard them tell about the people bringing their household goods across… In the Rowell area--I think it was Mr. [Samuel] **Rowell**--had a plow factory.

Jones: He did. They made plows.

Beebee: I remember hearing our neighbor, his name was … used to talk about that place so much. Then, of course, we had the pump factory and the fanning mill factory over in the other part of the township.

Jones: Factories sort of sprouted up all over the place. You could never tell whether the place where the factory was would eventually become a town or not. Now, the railroad was in question. Would it go north of the marsh or would it go south? Well, it went south so you have three railroad towns in there that were never heard of before the railroad. But on the north side, French's Corner, and perhaps Eureka, Elsie, and the Colony, all those places would have been quite sizeable towns had the railroad gone that way, but it didn't. … St. Johns grew up.

Beebee: They had great hope, those people, that the railroad would go through Eureka and Maple Rapids.

Jones: Yes, yes, they we did, very much, but it didn't turn out. We would now like to go down around the corner because that corner towards the Colony is a very interesting spot. I wonder if **Neil Hall** is here tonight. Are any of the Halls are here? I'm sorry. I very much hoped they would come because they had a lot of things to tell us.

I think we have someone here from the **Cornell** family. Do we have someone here from the Cornell family? That party also decided not to come. That's too bad. I'm sorry, we're not going to have them. Is Mrs. **Schultz** here? She told me she would come. I guess it's a bad night. Mrs. Schultz is not here. I'm sorry because she could have told us about the Cornells.

Mr. Ferdon was called "the bear hunter." He lived down in that area and he made it his business to clean out those bears. The bears were terribly hard to live with because they were terribly hard on farmers' stock for one thing. They were dangerous to people, as you can see, but also they were very bad for farmers' stock because they could clamber over any pen and loved to attack pigs and …to attack horses or any other things like that. They had to be really gotten rid of before people could settle around there very comfortably.

Is there anybody else who has something he would like to say or she would like to say because we would like to hear you if you have thought of anything to add to our conversation?

Livingston: You mentioned about the snakes. You talked the about the Michigan rattlers and the Massasaugas. Now on our farm, I never remember seeing one. I know they were there. At the time I was a kid, east of there where the **Bonds** lived, they were catching--we called them Massasaugas--regularly. There were quite a few of them out there. We had other snakes that I don't see now that we used to have. One was corn snakes.

Jones: There used to be racers and things like that.

Livingston: Yes, there used to be racers, black snakes, corn snakes. The corn snake was very highly colored but I never see them anymore.

I don't know whether anybody is interested in how what is now [US] 27 was developed. I remember when it was nothing but a road, and more or less corduroy with some dirt on it. Then it was developed, probably when I was seven or eight years old, into a harder road; and then about 1917, '18, along in there, it was developed more. I remember my mother talking to somebody and said, "We're going to have a nice road going in there." They did. They raised the road across the muck. Then it became M-14 and used to go up to Maple Rapids Rd. and go west to McMaster's Corner; turn north then; go west again and cross the river at Bridgeville. That was the way M-14 went. The direct road north was not until 1929 when it crossed the river and became a pavement.

Jones: We can hardly realize how late that is. I can remember walking down that first dirt road when the dirt was put over the logs and feeling the soft dust coming up between my toes when I went down fishing in Hayworth.

Livingston: I remember they had an iron bridge across Hayworth Creek over there. When cars first came in, it had a plank top. You could tell when a car or something crossed the bridge because it would rumble across that bridge and you could hear those planks rattle. We called it the "red bridge" because it had a red iron rail.

Jones: Oh yes, the big red bridge, as we always referred to it. I was awfully sorry to see the big red bridge go.

Bishop: People drowned in there once. …

Jones: I was there. Do you want me to tell you about it?

Livingston: …Yes, the car was upside down in the creek, he [**Frank Kus**] said, and we've got to get in there and get that car off them if we can. So in we went and lifted it up and got it off or them but the two men were dead. The two boys, when this Ford had slipped into the creek, had come up through the floorboards and gone down to Mr. Kus's for help. He, in turn, couldn't do it alone, so he got us, of course, but it was way too late. Finally, the autopsy determined that the driver had had a heart attack and gone off the road. That's the one you refer to. That happened and we were there and they were trying to revive those men and so on. A newspaper truck came through distributing newspapers and the headline that morning was, Warren Harding was dead, our president, so that's the date of that, when that happened.

Doris Livingston: Do you know the names or the people that died? Do you remember? **Brink** was one……***

Livingston: At that time Hayworth Creek came directly west to 27 at the end of Livingston Rd. there and then went parallel along the road. That was changed at the time when the pavement was put in and was moved back so that it wouldn't ….

Jones: If I can add a codicil to that, because I went along. I had to know what was going on. So I went down there. My mother and my cousin, **Ruth Walling,** … artificial respiration. Mother knew how to do it. She said, "Adele, you have got to help. You have got to work on one of these men while I work on the other one." I'd never done any such thing before but I had watched them a little bit so I knew what she was talking about. She said, "You have to do this. First you must pull out their tongue so they will not choke on their tongue. You have to reach in this dead person's mouth and pull his tongue out; and put his head over on his side and then get in a proper position on his back. I'm going to count and we have to push down on so many counts and I'm still going to count, then push down so many counts." All this happened on a chilly--seems to me it was a June morning.

Livingston: August.

Jones: August was it? All right. Anyway it seemed cold. It was very foggy, I remember, at the time. Just everything was absolutely dank with dew. I was down in this tall grass trying to revive this drowned man. I have a memory of Hayworth Creek that not so very many people would have. I was quite young to tackle that.

? What road was this on now, Hayworth Creek at what road?

Livingston: US-27, just north of Livingston Rd. probably about 30 rods. The creek used to go right parallel to the road on the east side. That's the creek they went into. The water at time, because it was sluggish, was probably about three feet deep or so.

Jones: I don't think I ever knew about the autopsy. I always thought they simply drowned there.

Livingston: The autopsy said that the driver had had a heart attack. There was no water in his lungs.

Jones: They thought at the time that he had gone to sleep. Their car was full of fish and huckleberries. They thought they had been driving all night and gone to sleep. … I have just learned something. No one ever bothered to tell me.

I'll just stop for just a minute and go around the corner with my grandfather. Down here at the bottom of the map, just off the map in next-to-last section, lived my grandfather and in later years, my uncles. In fact, they grew up there, the uncles did.

Geraldine Workman: Would you give us their names?

Jones: **Keys**. That was the Keys family who had that place for years and years. Well, I can remember two things. When I was a little child, we would be invited to dinner over at my grandfather's or one of my uncle's and my mother would say to my father—Say it was spring--"Eugene, can we take the swamp road today?" We always loved to go that way. You know, it was thrilling—all the cedar forest which is all now cut down, no fun whatever, nothing but gravel, not tarvia even yet. In those days it was black muck and dark cedars growing all along the way and that was thrilling. Anyway, she would ask

that. Father would stand there for a few minutes thinking and then he would say, "No, not yet, we can't take that road yet." That tells you more about the swamp than probably anything else that I could say.

One more thing I remember: I talked to my uncle when he was about 96 anyway. We were discussing the old farm. He said, "When they first dug the drain through, the water in my father's well went down four feet." That gives you an idea of what a change it made in the entire countryside when those dredges went through.

Delbert [Whitlock], I haven't called on you yet. Has anything occurred to you that you would like to add?...

Dorothy Cressman: I can just say that, when I was a kid going to country school, the Sherwood School, we used to go cross-lots. Across from **Bear's**, we would go from Bear's to **Posts**, cross-lots through Post's woods. These little knolls that they were speaking about, we used to hop from one to the other and sometimes fall off. I remember the cowslips growing there and a dogwood tree back in that woods. I've often thought about that dogwood tree. I loved to see that dogwood tree that was growing there.

Jones: I think there's one other place in Clinton Co. where dogwood grows. I've been meaning to drive over there and find out. If you follow French Rd. away to the west, just as you hit those big hills, just as you're coming out of the county, I think my cousin said that dogwood grew there. He used to take his wife around there to see it in the spring. I've always intended about this time of year, along pretty soon now, to drive there and see if I can't see the dogwood, if there isn't some still living there.

Cressman: Over to Elsie, before they put that road around, we used to go around by the cemetery. If you went around that curve, there was a dogwood tree right there. When my mother I used to go over, we would stop and pick a dogwood.

Theda Wing: It used to grow over there in the Becker woods. When Mrs. **Scott** was here, she would call every spring for dogwood for the church. It got to be such a big tree, the last time **Lawrence [Becker]** tried … ladder, he said that's the last time he's going to …

Jones: May I say one thing? **Marie [(Wiley) Redman],** does the dogwood still grow in your woods?

Marie Redman**:** Far as I know**.** Isn't there a lot of dogwoods, you know where the veterinary lives on Colony Rd.? On the other side of the road, there used to be a lot of dogwood trees.

Jones: I didn't know. We're in the northern limits for dogwood, you know, in this county.

Cressman: I have a pink dogwood that I sent to Stark Brothers some forty years ago for. After it met with several accidents, this year, for the first year in forty years, it's got pink dogwood….

Catherine Rumbaugh: Have you all seen the dogwood at the [Paine-Gillam-Scott] historical museum? … That one's beautiful and the white one's in bloom too, old dogwoods on the museum property. It's asking quite a lot to get dogwood to bloom in this climate.

Jones: Have we anything more to say about the marsh? I only wish I could tell you the islands. My grandmother also, I should say, when the weather dried up sufficiently so she could cross the marsh, early in the day she would cross the marsh and pick berries on this island down on this corner, probably this small one here. That's what she would do. That's where she would get them.

D. Livingston: Where exactly was the Walling gravel pit? That was the first gravel pit. Now we're mostly gravel pits; on this map, I mean.

Jones: It would be in the marsh on an island.

? …..

Jones: Section 34. That's beech and sugar, meaning maple sugar.

I have one more story myself that you will enjoy. One more story to tell and that was told to me by **Charlotte Walling**. She wrote me a letter not so very long ago and she told me that her mother told her--so this how far back it goes--and her mother was **Ruth Walling**. Her grandmother was Lucy Palmer and her great-grandmother was Mary Perrin. She told me that in the spring, when the water was still high but the wildflowers were blooming beautifully, her grandmother—that would be Mrs. Perrin--and her mother, Mrs. Palmer, decided that they would like to make a little picnic trip over to the island on Colony Rd. and pick flowers over there, take a lunch. So they did. They hitched up the horse and buggy, and packed their lunch, and set off by Scott Rd. to get down there. Well, when they went from the high ground down onto the low ground, the low ground was all covered with water up to the hub of the buggy, but that didn't deter them. They drove right through it and went right straight on to the island on Colony Rd. and picked their flowers and had their lunch and then drove back. Would you like to do that? That's what they did.

Have we anything else to add now?

? Did you want Theda? Yes, I did want Theda.

Theda Wing: I just mentioned the dogwood because it was there for years that Mrs. Scott used to call out there every spring to have the dogwood ready. She would have it in the church.

Jones: Do you feel as if you know a little bit more about the marsh?

Leta [(Silvernail) Fisher], aren't you going to say something? You lived on the edge of the swamp. Oh Leta. Wait a minute. That's somebody. You see, I lost those notes that I haven't got all the names I should have and she came up here to talk. It's Leta Fisher,

isn't it? You came all that way and none of those people would come out. Now, tell us all you can. I'm sorry that I forgot.

D Livingston: We used to go the cedar swamp at the back of your farm to get some cedar branches sometimes at Christmas time.

Leta Fisher: I remember the story being told to me that my great-grandmother [**Dora (Crooks) Silvernail**] would have a gun on a chair in the old log cabin in order to discourage the … No, no, mostly the bears or wolves or whatever. She was a spritely one and I'm sure that Helen would agree that she probably wouldn't mind pulling it if she needed to for self-defense. You see, I'm just a slight amount older than Helen so if she doesn't remember these things, it's because of my two months ahead her. I really have some fine memories.

Jones: Have you anything else you would like to tell us because you can tell us things we want to hear the most about the old swamp?

Fisher: I really don't believe I do.

Jones: You see what we trying to catch, some of these stories before the people that know them are dead and then they never will be told.

Fisher: The house that burned June 13, 1937, destroyed many of the artifacts of the [Civil] War which Great-Grandfather **[Lafayette] Silvernail** … That always seemed quite a loss. It really would have amounted to something today to have that regalia. He was a drum major, wasn't he? He had a water canteen. When we would clean that particular closet, **Reta [(Silvernail) Gower]** would love to parade with this army regalia on. I think she got out of house cleaning that way by entertaining us.

Whitlock: I wonder how old that brick house was. I bet that was the first brick house north of the swamp. That was a lot of brick!

Fisher: It was three courses below and two courses above. Helen [(Miller) Fisher] has more of that history than I do. I'm still working on it.

Helen Fisher: It was built about 1885. Mother was only four years old.

? I've always said that the brick they brought right down the lane from the French Rd. actually…. Scott Rd. here. It was kind of swampy ground there where that ditch ... I know that was a lot of bricks in those days.

? In fact, it cost more to destroy the brick and tear the house down than the insurance had.

Jones: I really marvel at it because our house was built, you see, at the time of the… yet it was all finished off with nice white plaster. So much plastering was done in that day with sand plaster. I really marvel, with all of that island being swamps, they managed to get

such excellent plastering. I have to tell you there were two notes drawn on the place during the Civil War, one for $200 and one for $300. I think one was for the house and one was for the barn but that number has been lost--$2 for the wagon load.

Fisher: The abstract for the home was signed by President Buchanan…

Jones: Someone came and asked me about the underground railroad in Clinton Co. I only knew one thing. My great uncle lived approximately two miles from us. He would have come in on that little trail that goes across the swamp. That would have been all there would have been for him to use to get into this country. He had with him a negro nobody ever called by any name but "Nigger Tom." He had no last name that anybody knew anything about. I am quite sure that he was an escaped slave because my great uncle came up from Ypsilanti which was a station on the underground railroad. I think that he brought this man with him, the idea being that the slave catchers would never find him up in this little-known spot so that he would be quite safe. He never had any last name. It was only Nigger Tom. The slaves had no last names. I suspect that's exactly what he was, an escaped slave living right there in our section.

Beebee: I remember hearing about him. My father came to Greenbush when he was nine years old during the war and he used to tell a lot of things. My father-in-law came two years later. They were the same age within six months. One was nine years old and the other one was eleven. I think that's the way it was. Mr. Beebee used to tell about Mrs. [**Mary (Stitts**) **Silvernail**, how hard she worked--her husband [**Andrew Silvernail**] was in the army--what a struggle it was to raise her family and all those things. What Leta was telling, I have heard and knew what she was talking about, maybe not every word for word like she told it, but I knew what she was talking about. I used to hear those stories so much.

Geraldine Workman: Would you, for the record, give us your name and the names of the two men you were just speaking about, your father and father-in-law?

Beebee: I'm Hazel Beebee.

Workman: Well, I want it on the record.

Beebee: My father was **Norton Blank** and my father-in-law was **William Beebee**.

Jones: I think that island in the marsh that we lived on was… I suspect that's what it was. Do we have somebody else because, you see, did I mention the fact that I had lost my notes just before I came before my daughter came to pick me up? So therefore my evening has sounded rather crooked because I've been forgetting people that I should have remembered. I apologize to those people. Their names were all right down in my notes very carefully. We had to recreate them in an awful hurry to get here at all… There could have been some I didn't get on there. You see, I did a lot of telephoning. For a long time I've talked about this but I did quite a lot bit of telephoning quite recently so some names I would have missed this way. I think that ends it. I think that's all we have to say.

? I think your notes were pretty good in your head.

Workman: Could I say one thing before you all start moving around? When I point to you, would you say your name because I want it in the record--the people that spoke tonight and some that didn't?

Doris (Payne) Livingston; Alden Livingston; Edward Martis; Frank Bishop; Delbert Whitlock; Stan Whitlock; Mildred Brown; Gertrude Eick; Marie Redman; *Who's sitting beside you, Marie?* Esther Crosby. *…Yeah, let's get him. the lady sitting next to Mrs. Beebee,* Theda (Redman) Becker Wing *(The Becker farm was the one I was referring to)*; Leta Fisher; Mary Miller; Helen Miller; Janet Snyder (*I live on Banner Road on part of the marsh…. A few weeks ago my husband got our big diesel tractor down in the ditch and we had to pull him out with a caterpillar, right by those cottonwoods…);* … Adele Jones; Catherine Rumbaugh; John Rumbaugh.

I think I got just about everybody now.

Jones: You are welcome, if you would like, to take one of these little maps home. Keep the maps.

*[1926] The Hayes Wheel Co. factory in St. Johns was sold Wed. to Mueller Process Co., a new corporation. Mr. Mueller is a chemist and bacteriologist, and some time ago perfected a process whereby large quantities of alcohol, potash, and other valuable products could be extracted from peat or muck soil when mixed with certain other ingredients. (*History of Clinton County, Michigan;* 1980; p 175)
[1929] The Kelsey-Hayes Co. is foreclosing the land contract they hold on the Mueller Process Co…. (*History of Clinton County, Michigan;* 1980; p 183)

***An Exciting Bear Hunt,* Michigan Pioneer Collections, Vol. 1, p 152; Henry A. Smith.

***George E. Brink & Henry Raby drowned Friday, 2 Aug 1923; US-27 near Livingston Road. The two boys who survived were John Brink, age 12, and Porter Palmer, age 11. (*The Clinton Republican* 9 Aug 1923)

Transcription edited by Myrna A. VanEpps; June 2019; Revised Aug. 2025

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