

Historical Society of Greater Lansing Historical Society of Greater Lansing Historical Society of Greater Lansing Historical Society of Greater Lansing

January 2003

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Historical Society of Greater Lansing

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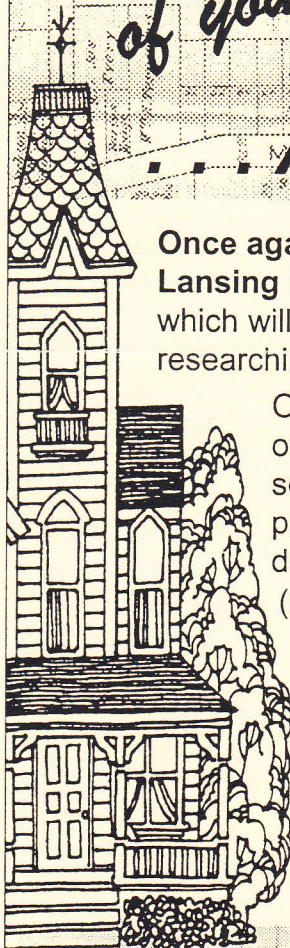
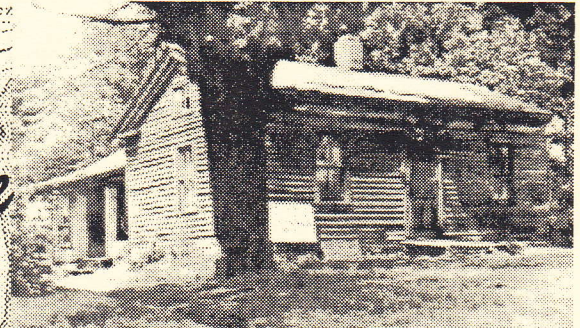
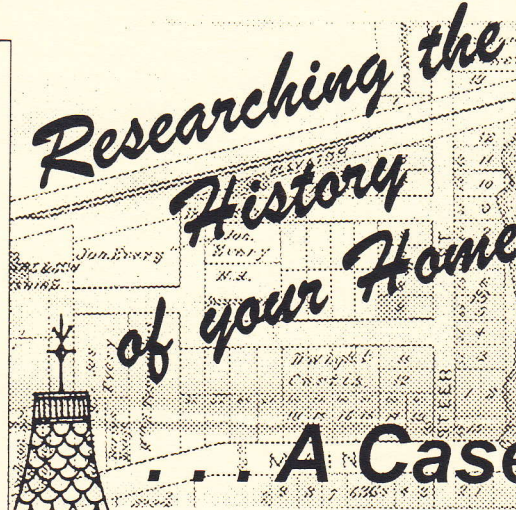
Trustees

- Robert Hudson
- Jerry Lawler
- Jim MacLean
- Fr. George Michalek
- Gertrude Mitchell
- Linda Peckham
- Ron Turner
- Seymour Vanderske

How to contact us...

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This newsletter is published during the months of September to May. Articles and news of historical interest are always welcome.



... A Case Study

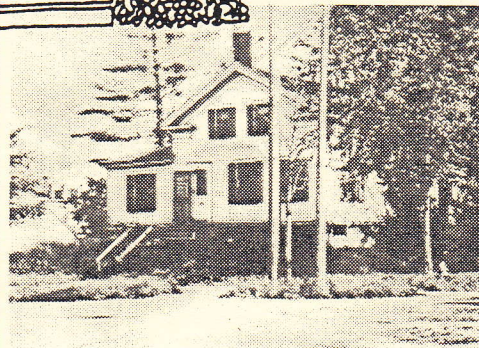
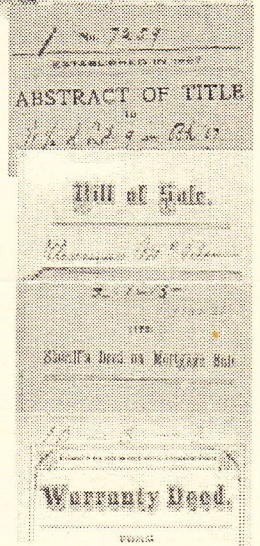
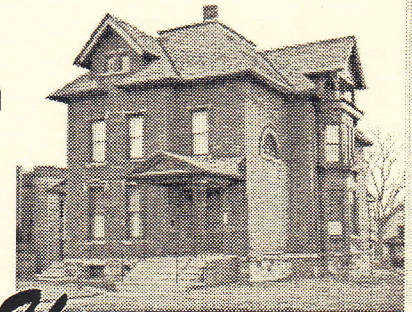
Once again the Historical Society of Greater Lansing is pleased to bring you a program which will provide you the basic steps to take in researching the history of your home.

Our speaker will take you through his own successes of unearthing the secrets of his home. An informational packet featuring available resources, definitions as well as actual documents (copies) will be provided.

Featured Speaker:

Robert Hudson

Historic Home Owner & Researcher



Join Us...
January 15, 2003

7:00 P.M.

Friends Auditorium

Capital Area District Library
 401 S. Capitol, Lansing

President's Message

Craig A. Whitford

Dear Friends:

If you have ever considered researching the history of your

home, then our January 15, 2003 program will be just the thing for you. HSGL Board member Robert "Rock" Hudson will take you on his own quest to unearth the secrets of his Lansing home. Rock will provide you with a checklist of tools and resources you will need in order to begin tracing the history of your home. We have prepared an informative packet of definitions, resources

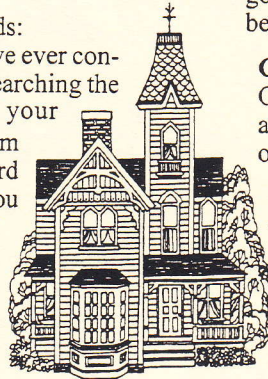
and copies of the actual documents you will be utilizing in your own search. Please join us for a fun and informative evening.

Included in this newsletter is the continuing saga of Charles H. Mead and his comrades in their 1889 adventure on the Grand River. Once the full story has been published within the *HSGL News*, we will work to produce Mead's illustrated cruise in a small booklet format, which will be sent to all current members as our thanks for your continuing support.

Membership Renewal

And speaking of membership...It's membership renewal time and if you have not already done so, please forward

your membership dues to our treasurer, Bill Atkinson. Bill will also be on hand before and after our January program to collect dues. If your membership label doesn't read 02-03 in the upper right hand corner, your membership dues are payable for the coming season. In addition, the goal of the board this year is to increase our active membership. I encourage you to assist us in this



goal by signing up a new member, or perhaps purchase gift memberships for family & friends.

Capital Area District Library Board Sets Millage Request
 On Wednesday, December 18, 2002, the CADL Board approved a millage request of 1.46 mills. This millage request will be voted on in August, and is for a term of three years. The increase to 1.46 mills will cost the owner of a \$108,000 home (*average price of a home in Ingham County*) an additional \$1 per month. The increase will allow CADL to expand hours at the larger libraries in 2004, add needed staff, make more library services available via the internet, provide reference services to businesses, **open the Local History Room part-time**, and replace the existing bookmobile.

We Need YOU! Local History Room Volunteers

As many of you know, we are working on reopening the Local History Room in the Main Library during the coming year utilizing volunteers. The February CADL Board agenda will include our proposal for reopening this room and what requirements

we will have to meet in regards to staffing the room with volunteers. As soon as information is available, those of you who have expressed an interest in volunteering will be contacted...In the meantime if you have an interest in local history and research, and would like to participate in this very important project, please give me a call. Our goal is to open the Local History Room for 4 hours every other Saturday to historians and researchers and we need your assistance.

Email the Historical Society of Greater Lansing at:
LansingHistory@aol.com

Nearly three years ago, a scrap book was donated to the Society. Its contents are rich in the work of artist, photographer and Lansing merchant Charles H. Mead dating from the late 1870's to the turn of the century. Below is the beginning of an adventure involving Mead during 1889 recorded in his own words and drawings as published in the *Lansing Republican*.

...OUR STORY CONTINUES...

Saturday night found us in camp 30 feet above the river, where the hills came down with a scattering outpost of ancient forest trees. Our kitchen fire was going and coffee "frying." Our position commanded both ends of a bridge which spanned the river here, and had we had Justice Pinckney's large smooth-bore warrant, we could have placed the good people who passed under tribute.



If those people who think they would enjoy a trip like our, but hesitate, fearing the hardships, could have seen our band of pirates as we sat on the grass around our festive board - could they have experienced our appetite, they would have pronounced the ice-cold milk (a gallon we obtained of a near-by farmer), the broiled ham, the stuffed sausage, the good old Mocha and

Java coffee, the bread and butter - "food fit for gods." The moon did not shine down on five more contented people than gathered about our campfire that Saturday night.

A proposition to capture the first double carriage that crossed the bridge in the morning, gag the occupants, lash them to the trees about our tent, and drive over to the little town of Maple and attend divine worship, was voted down as likely to get us into trouble.

The Pirates Cruise.

A THRILLING STORY OF PERILS ON THE GRAND

A Quiet Sunday - The Hoodlum Dialect - Exchange of Compliments - The Babes Must Have Milk - Rendezvous at "Devil's Elbow."

The pirates on "Point Comfort" observed the Sabbath as a day of rest. The saloons were all closed, and no boisterousness was indulged in, save by some country hoodlums who came to the bridge as a sort of rendezvous from the neighboring farmhouses. They amused themselves by standing on the bridge, hurling long-jointed oaths at the fishes swimming in the waters below. The vocabulary of swear words seemed to be the only vocabulary at their command, and all nature, including the "pirates" and the fishes, felt relieved when finally they disappeared. Our tent looked off



across the river, over a wide spread of cultivated fields, with groves, and a cluster of farm buildings in the middle ground, where we got out ice-cold milk which contributed so much to our comfort.

Breaking camp early Monday morning, we were soon afloat and

leisurely paddling down a swift current with beautifully wooded banks on either side. Occasionally, deep under the overhanging bank where the shadows gathered darkest, the ripples quivered with the blazing reflection of the cardinal flowers. The same old sand-hill crane sailed from point to point ahead of us; mud-hens and ducks were frequent, and woodchucks now and then smiled down at us from the top of a stump with a sort of a "come-and-get-me" twist to it that was very exasperating to our sporting instincts.

The murmur of falling waters attracted the fleet to a sand-bar reaching into the river from precipitous banks. A stream-let which seemed to come from high up among the yellow cedar thickets which clothed the steep banks to their summit, some 150 feet, came down from under the debris of hundreds of years of decaying nature. Following up the stream we came to a monstrous cedar stump, not less than

The Pirates Cruise, continued.

four feet across its top, three feet above the ground. Many of the cedars growing were from eight to sixteen inches through. (What a snap this thick growth would be to U.D. Ward.)

Resuming our voyage, the fleet humped itself to make the Lyons dam, which we imagined was just around the bend, along the shores of which the Sara Bernhardt gathered in some beautiful white lily blooms, which, together with our cooking range, gave her prow a queenly look. The fleet slid over the dam without unloading an article or shipping a drop of water. A mile below the Maple river joins the Grand, but before we passed that mile the Sara B. had to be led and dragged over nine million round stones covered thinly with water. The entire crew of



the canoe had to get out and lift her fragile form over the dry places. The fleet now presented a most picturesque appearance - the crew, with the boats under its arms, hunting along the river bed for water to float them in. Thank goodness, the highway was short, and we soon found deep water.

With a view of making as big a run as

possible, the gang stowed away the grub, procured at Muir for noon lunch, with as much haste as correct table manners would admit of. The Maple river, which got up on its ear last spring and went through the town of Muir, raking the main street fore and aft, joins the Grand just above with sufficient water to insure us against any more portages.

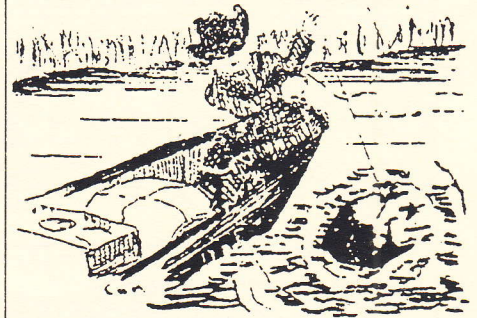
Where the D., K. & N. crosses the river volunteers were called for, to take the town of Ionia by storm. The longest legs and the shortest, offered to act as land forces.

Provided with a full list of necessities they were to march boldly on the town, take what they wanted, and escape along the highway on the other side, near the fair grounds, meeting the fleet at that point. We wondered if the good people of Ionia knew what a beautiful thing they might make of Grand river as it circles around their town. They ought to build a boulevard, following the river from the east, all the way around to the west.

Loaded down with supplies, the land forces reached the fleet in about two hours, and the expedition got up steam, pulled the throttle wide open, as it were, and sailed down past the frowning walls of the prison, and out into the country. For two or three hours we moved steadily down past farm houses, grain stacks, woodland, cornfields and pastures, until the lengthening shadows suggested camp. A party of fishers, their carriage backed up against a tree on shore, and the horse grazing about, asked us how far we had come since morning. "From four miles above Lyons." "O, what a lie!" murmured the sweet toned of a lady fisher. "How many fish you got?" asked the sportsman of our party. "Sixteen," sweetly replied the lady. "O, what a lie!" sang our sportsman, and we floated on in search of camp.

A meadow with a warm sandy soil, a few big trees between us and the river, plenty of firewood and a farm house near by, afforded us a most refreshing night's rest, supper and breakfast.

The first fish of the cruise was caught by our Isaac Walton, late in the afternoon. He was a whopping black bass - a good four-pounder - and when cleaned and cooked to a turn furnished the gang a square meal fit for kings. We voted our



purveyor a salary of \$5,000 per week, and an assistant to cook the fish for the gang, and started out early the following morning.

At Lowell we met the first relics of the early lumbering days on the Grand, in the shape of long rows of piles standing 20 feet out of the water, whitened by the storms and sunshine of many years. The river scenery is very fine and the river is very much more a river than Lansing is acquainted with. At Ada the party landed, and while some marched inland to find the town, the rest of the crew stayed by the boats. The captain of the canoe went asleep aboard his craft, and the little boat, urged by gentle breezes, floated out into the current, and continued its cruise until the keel, scraping on the gravel at the head of an island, disturbed the slumbers of the first officer, who instantly sprang to his post of duty, as it were, piped all hands on deck, and paddled his craft off to find the rest of the gang. A few miles further down the dinner bell of a pleasant-looking farmhouse jingled out a welcome summons to dinner. A fine landing place, shaded with big forest trees, induced us to accept the invitation. Armed with a three-gallon pail and 25 cents, the kids marched up to get some milk. The milk was all in cans, they said; didn't want to bother. Again the kids went. They were to tell that farmer that we must have milk - the babies were all crying for it - and we got out pail full. That farmer, bless his heart, couldn't stand an appeal like that. Our fisherman took two elegant speckled trout and a black bass before we reached the Devil's elbow.

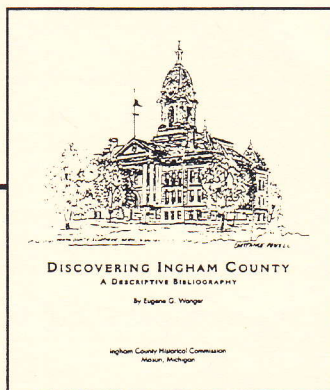
To be continued...

Coming Soon . . .

Discovering Ingham County

A
 Descriptive
 Bibliography

By
 Eugene G. Wanger



This edition is a sequel to Mr. Wanger's **INGHAM COUNTY HISTORIES: An Annotated Bibliography for Students, Buffs and Collectors...** "an interesting and useful guide for discovering the history and historical resources of Ingham County, The Capital County of Michigan..." Published by the Ingham County Historical Commission.

Watch this newsletter for details.

Membership Application 2002-2003

Annual Renewals are due for the 2002-2003 program year.

Please accept my New Renewal membership in the
Historical Society of Greater Lansing. I have enclosed:

\$15 Individual \$25 Family \$150 Life \$ ___ Gift

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Tel: (Day) _____ (Eve) _____

*Historical Society
 of Greater Lansing*

P.O. Box 12095
 Lansing, MI 48901

The Historical Society of Greater Lansing is a 501 (c) (3) non-profit corporation.

Thank you for your support of our programs and activities.

Historical Society of Greater Lansing

Proudly announces the 2nd Annual

**David R. Caterino
Collector's Showcase**

Saturday, April 5, 2003

10:00 AM to 4:00 P.M.

**Capital Area District Library
401 S. Capitol, Lansing**

If you collect history of the greater Lansing area and would like to share it with the public we invite you to join us as an exhibitor.

If you are a local author or artist of the greater Lansing area we also invite you to participate.

Please contact us today!

For an application or more information contact:

Craig A. Whitford Harry Emmons
517.394.4443 517.485.5998
email: LansingHistory@aol.com

January 2003 Calendar

Reserve these historic dates now!

January 14, 2003 - 7:00 - 8:00 P.M.

Connect @ the Library: Getting Published (Adults)

So you want to be a writer? Learn the do's and don'ts of the publishing world from Sam Speigel of Partner's Book Distributing. Involved with publishing 40 books, Sam will offer tips and help demystify the process for aspiring authors.

Capital Area District Library, 401 S. Capitol, Lansing

January 15, 2003 - 7:00 P.M.

Researching the History of your Home...A Case Study with Robert Hudson

This program will provide you with the basic steps to take in researching the history of your home. An informational packet will be provided.

Friends Auditorium, Lower Level

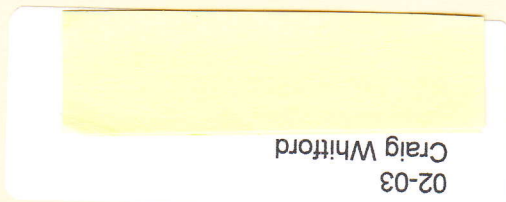
Capital Area District Library, 401 S. Capitol, Lansing

January 26, 2003 - 1:00 to 5:00 P.M.

Celebrate Statehood! - Statehood Day

Michigan Historical Museum, Lansing

Michigan became a state on January 26, 1837. Celebrate the state's 166th birthday on Sunday, January 26, 2003! Enjoy free activities in the museum, hear songs of the period from the Olde Michigan Ruff Water String Band and try hands-on crafts of the settlement-era. Tel: 517.373.3559 for more information.



*92's Membership
Renewal Time*
If your membership label doesn't read 02-03 in the upper right hand corner, your membership dues are payable for the coming season.

Please RUSH to:

Change Service Requested

*Historical Society
of Greater Lansing*
P.O. Box 12095 Lansing, MI 48901

