Tales of Battle Creek

Berenice Bryant Lowe

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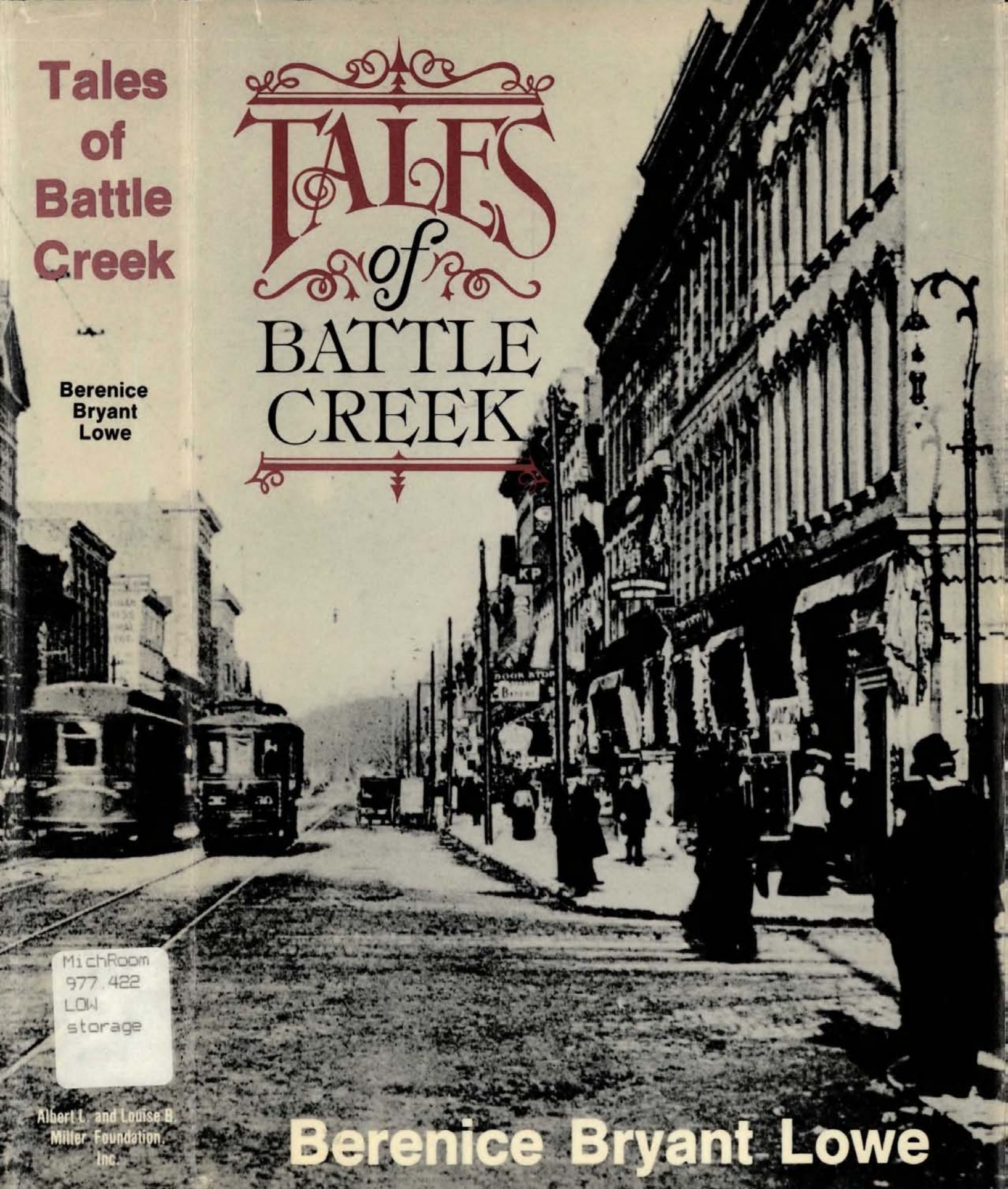

Albert L. and Louise B. Miller Foundation, Inc.

Berenice Bryant Lowe

award from the American Association of State and Local History, Award of Merit from the Historical Society of Michigan, the Award of Merit of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the George Award of the *Enquirer and News.* As a recognized authority on the life and influence of Sojourner Truth, Mrs. Lowe has been cited by the National Organization for Women and received the Certificate of Merit of the Battle Creek Negro Business and Professional Women's Club. Author also of a school text, *Hello, Michigan,* Mrs. Lowe has now brought together as only she could do, the good, the great, the humble and a few colorful sinners of Battle Creek. The hardcover volume is fully illustrated and indexed and sponsored by the *Enquirer and News* under a subvention by the Miller Foundation.

GERALD CARSON

Author of *Cornflake Crusade* and other popular histories.

TALES OF BATTLE CREEK

TALES
OF
BATTLE CREEK

by

Berenice Bryant Lowe

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Published by
The Albert L. and Louise B. Miller Foundation, Inc.

With high hopes for the future
these looking-back tales are dedicated

TO YOU

FIRST EDITION

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Acknowledgments

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PRELUDE

We spend our years as a tale that is told.—Psalms 90:9

At 78 Grandma had a slight stroke. When we visited her a year later she seemed to have as much bounce as she ever had except that she couldn't jump the garden fence anymore; she had to use the gate. Her yarn-spinning nimbleness, though, was up to its old par.

No one, I think, ever twitted Grandma for telling a lie. Her stories were too believable. Never made up out of whole cloth, they were largely autobiographical. Her own life had been interesting enough for several novels as she herself said. Were her stories true? Perhaps not the whole truth. She retained only whatever she knew would interest her audience. When the truth needed embellishment, it received good measure.

Grandma seldom contradicted herself. Her reminiscences were consistent. If she retold a story, she improved it as she went along. By the time she unfolded the newest version, she believed it herself. And so did her listeners.

That year after her illness, Grandma gave me six handsome pearl buttons an inch in diameter and beautifully cut in an intricate design. "These are from my father's riding coat," she said. She knew I liked sentimental antiquary. Her father had been a great horse trainer and died 'the way he would have liked' behind a frisky pair he had in harness for the first time.

"Why, Grandma," I asked gullibly, "how did you manage to keep them while traveling around all of these years?"

Grandma's eyes darkened for just a moment. "Because they are important," she said gently.

About four years later my mother came to our house directly from a visit with Grandma. She was atwitter over the gift that Grandma had sent to me. She gave a hint as she unpacked her suitcase.

"Don't tell me it's pearl buttons from her father's riding coat," I ventured.

Mother was delighted. "Then you have seen them?" she asked.

"Not this set. Grandma's button box must be bigger than her memory. I already have some."

Grandma's daughters never doubted anything she told them; Mother was hurt when she learned I did. I admired Grandma for her resourcefulness, not her adherence to the 'bounden truth.' I enjoy thinking that any number of antique collectors whose paths, if they crossed Grandma's, were brightened with a similar gift from her father's riding coat. Her charming presentation speech could be repeated as long as she could find buttons to give away.

Because her father was fond of animals, Grandma had a fine repertoire about pets, especially dogs. She must have suspected that I considered her dog stories somewhat exaggerated, for she sent us a mongrel spaniel that she trained. She listed the parlor tricks that he could do, including several fancy ones that figured in her dog stories. To my amazement Fritzy could perform all of them on command. Should I have doubted Grandma's veracity?

The last time I saw Grandma her 95 years had dulled her hearing and she became bored with the rapid talk at the dinner table. Looking at me she said sweetly, "Will you excuse me, please? The back of this chair tells me it is getting tired."

"You're a character, Grandma," I said loudly. "I'll be in soon to hear one of your tall tales."

"They're not tall, my dear. Any tale worth telling is worth telling well."

She had talent, she knew technique and her advice was impeccable.

1
Now and Then

Why You Are Here

The Sphinx must solve her own riddle. — Emerson

Have you ever wondered why you are here, in this particular spot, at this time in your life? You can think up a lot of quick, sharp answers to that one. When you are ready, let's find the real answer to why you are here in Battle Creek, Michigan, right now.

You are here because of what happened geologically, the geographic lay of the land. Your work is here because people of another time were foresighted enough to see the possibilities and willing to invest their energies to create an industrial town. You live here because of educational and cultural offerings begun decades ago by talented pioneers. You enjoy life here because there are open spaces, parks, lakes and rivers for sports and recreation.

If you find interesting other times, events and people that designed this setting for your personal, everyday drama, then it is for you that this book is being put together.

Why We Look Back

Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it. — Santayana

Today is 1976, the 200th birthday of our country. Its birth is dated from its Declaration of Independence.

The Battle Creek area dates its birth from the declaration of

settlement 145 years ago. That meant ownership of land purchased at $1.25 an acre from the United States government and construction of a building for human habitation.

We look back partly out of curiosity: who came here and what kind of people were they? What were they seeking? How did they survive in the wilderness? Why did Battle Creek develop into a *Queen City?* a *Health City?* a *Cereal City?*

We wonder about the city's name, its roads and railroads, its bridges and buildings, how it came to be a city.

Daily life of our forebears is an unknown to us who have water from a tap and electricity's light and energy at our fingertips. Financial security through government insurance is quite different from wildcat banking. The supermarket destroys understanding of the need for household soap-making, butchering and preserving meat. Available entertainment and recreation, both canned and live, make us oblivious to the loneliness and isolation of pioneer cabins and the effort it took to gather together for human contact beyond the family.

We call development of man and his manners *civilization.* It is a product of imagination, of energy, of sacrifices, of greed, of cheating, of philosophy, of humor. It's a hodgepodge, all right. Our Yankee ancestors said "It takes all kinds to make a world." Battle Creek was lucky; it was a little world by itself. It surely embraced all kinds.

The Tour Begins

If you would see a beautiful peninsula, look around you.

— Michigan Seal

You have been south — or east — or west — and are coming home or are visiting Battle Creek. Suppose you take the 98B exit from I-94, two miles south of town. You are driving north on M-66 and soon find yourself in a valley. That north-south valley, much deeper before the road was built, is believed to be the bed of a river flowing there before the last ice age. After you go under the Columbia Avenue overpass, you are on what is called The *Penetrator* — because it is the quick way into town from the south.

First on your right above the merging road, you may be able to see the Painted Rock. It's a sentimental stone, perhaps indicative of the sentimental tour you are about to make. When the Penetrator was finished and this old remnant of some ice age was still to be seen, some high schoolers out on an evening's lark decorated it with paint. There was a high school victory posted there; then a happy

birthday; and a Rick loves Linda. "Desecration!" cried some who passed this way. "Delightful!" "Awful!" "Terrific!" said others. "We'll bury it!' the civic fathers pronounced. Another howl went up. Sentiment won. The rock is in full view. And it bids fair to become larger, like a ball of saved string, bit by bit. No one has counted how many coats of paint it has had. No one cares. Cherish it for what it is — an expression of good fellowship, of live and let live, of each to his own.

Next to your right is the Kalamazoo River. Its north bank rises sheer and high, held there by embedded Marshall sandstone. You will hear more about sandstone, for it surfaces elsewhere in Battle Creek as well as in the city's history.

Still on your right you look down on a complex of factory buildings — United Steel & Wire Company. The very first Territorial Road came to the east side of the river at the right of these buildings along today's Kenosha Street, hidden from here by trees. Off to the west beyond the river a gravel road, still named Territorial, climbs a hill, though trees may hide your view of it.

To the east the land is low. Off to the west, above the river's mill pond the land lies 200 feet higher than the river's level. The elevation was left there by the last ice age. The Indians called it *Coghwagiack* (meaning *undulating* for its tall, waving grasses). The pioneers shortened the Indians' jawbreaker to *Goguac,* adding *Prairie.* And well they might. The high level land, a true prairie, was one of the most easterly of the entire midwestern prairie system. When the pioneers climbed Conway's Hill on the Territorial Road after fording Kalamazoo River, the great, treeless plain of waving, blossoming grasses stretched before them toward the sunset. The travail of their western trek fell from their sagging shoulders and spirits, and they breathed deeply of the promise of the west.

A glacier covered all of southern Michigan fifteen thousand years ago. It had picked up many stones and much gravel in its freezing progress southward until it became two or three miles deep, perhaps a mile thick right here in this region. When at last it melted and thereby receded, it dropped its accumulated debris. Due to varying temperatures it receded unevenly, often seeming to stay in one spot a long time. Such a halt occurred when the edge of the ice reached what is now Kalamazoo River valley, where Battle Creek would stand in the future. The melting continued under the high ice, pushing and swooshing the debris and water southward from where it stood. That's the way Goguac Prairie — a moraine — was made. It leveled off like a mushy mud pie. A block of the ice broke off and was covered with soil for perhaps a hundred years. When the ice

block melted, the soil fell to the bottom, leaving an isolated bowl of water, now Goguac Lake.

You leave the Penetrator and are in town, going north on Division Street. You look westward, as you cross Michigan Avenue at the Michigan Mall.

The corner where you are is characteristic of the changes that have taken place in Battle Creek. When the pioneers came they had to circle around a high mound of earth, a hillock that stood here. Leveling it off was one of the first community efforts, although there are no records of how it was done. In 1901 an imposing monument to the soldiers and sailors of the Civil War was placed here; this was a great convenience to pedestrians in negotiating this five-way corner. When in 1966 the monument became a hazard to automobile traffic, it was removed to McCamly Park.

Street names have also been changed. Michigan Avenue, west of the monument, was originally Main Street. East Main continued south of the Methodist Church and still bears the name of Main. Marshall Street became East Michigan. North Division Street is the same, although South Division no longer runs farther south than Jackson Street due to the Penetrator and one other road outlet. Thirty years ago there were still shops adjoining Michigan Avenue and south of them fine residences.

If you are stopped by a traffic light, you have time to imagine an antediluvian ditch that ran under the Baptist Church and the old post office that is to be a justice building for city and county someday. The ditch ran parallel to Division Street into the Battle Creek. Along here the ditch was filled in, perhaps with soil from that Michigan Avenue mound. (That's only a guess, but when you realize that changing the terrain was done with pickax, shovel and wheelbarrow in our town's earliest days, you know how important double-duty labor was.) This ancient ditch must be mentioned, for it contributed to Sands McCamly's decision to build a power canal from the Kalamazoo River to the Battle Creek.

On the City Hall corner to your right stood the first church building in Battle Creek. It was constructed by the Methodists. When they moved across the street they sold their building to the Second Baptists who moved it out East Michigan Avenue just east of Elm Street. The lot was vacant for some years, though surrounded by a hedge of untrimmed lilacs. Eighty years ago a group of itinerant glass-blowers rented the space for a week or two and demonstrated their prowess to paying customers in a row of tents. Bernice Halladay White, well-known antique glass expert, remembers the excitement of her first view of this craft here; ever since, when she has visited glassmakers, she smells lilacs!

As you continue north on Division Street, you will pass the present-day police station on the southeast corner of Division and State. This is where the Fred Parkers lived. It was the Parkers, Fred and Ed, who made ice cream here to supply the drug stores affluent enough to have a soda fountain. Bernice Mitchell ran on young legs from her home on East Jackson Street with a quart pail to buy ice cream for the family's Sunday night supper. That was years before she married Austin, Fred Parker's boy. Halfway along the next block on your right stood the Auditorium, recreation center for many years. It had been built by German immigrants, but it echoed to the dancing feet of the Scotch who demonstrated their Highland Fling and Sword Dance at their gatherings, to the jig of the Irish on St. Patrick's Day, and to the dancing of many local groups that loved the music of the Germania and other orchestras for polka to cakewalk. The Auditorium burned more than 40 years ago.

You cross the creek called Battle. Because the settlement name was changed from Milton to Battle Creek in the 1830s and the village officially became the city of Battle Creek in 1859, the creek has been known as Battle Creek River. Your out-of-town guest may laugh at that redundancy, but it is as important to local residents to designate Battle Creek city or river as to keep John Jones and John Jones separate with Sr. and Jr. After the creek you come to double railroad tracks—ConRail, the long ago Michigan Central.

From the railroad to N.E. Capital Avenue was the setting for some very elegant residences. Cherry Hill Manor on your right and the parking lot for the Y Center have taken their place.

You have reached Capital Avenue, originally Maple Street, and you may find your own way home from here. We'll meet again in this area before the turn of the last century when you'll hardly recognize the place. Meanwhile we'll go back and escort the pioneers. If those pioneers hadn't come here and struggled to make a good place to live, you might not be here now. They came, you came. They founded, you found Battle Creek.

2
Pioneers

How They Came

Most roads lead men homewards, My road leads me forth.

—Masefield

Although northern Michigan in the neighborhood of Sault Ste. Marie was seen by explorers at about the same time that the Pilgrims landed in Massachusetts (1620) and Detroit was begun by the French in 1701, the rest of southern Michigan was two decades behind Ohio, Indiana and Illinois in settlement by pioneers. And for a very good reason: SWAMPS!

The water table was high and the one-time plentiful beaver had constructed dams across drainage ditches, creating shallow ponds, keeping them clear by eating the surplus vegetation. The European craze for beaverskin clothing and hats decimated the beaver. Uneaten water plants took over; ponds became marshes. In 1815 government land-lookers were sent out but they didn't look very far. There was a north-south strip of swampland just west of Detroit. Besides, it was a wet year. Drenched and miserable, they quickly returned to Detroit, reporting that Michigan was one solid swamp and undesirable for settlement.

Before 1824, however, territorial surveyors established a principal meridian and a base line and began laying out range and town lines. Father Gabriel Richard, congressman representing Michigan, had pushed through a federal authorization for several territorial roads as early as 1826. The first territorial road through Calhoun County

was authorized by the Legislative Council on November 4, 1829. Road surveys began immediately, not by experienced road engineers but by eye-trained land-lookers, who understood the needs of horses, oxen and homemade wagons. Among them was Seeley Neale who liked Marengo Township so well that he became the very first settler there with his family of ten children.

Even as late as 1836 William Merritt, scheduled to meet his family in Detroit, dreaded the trip by oxteam and wagon. "The roads are very bad and the oxen will be very slow," he wrote from Battle Creek to his father, still in Moreau, New York. "I found it so when I came out here . . . I want to give thee warning about thy goods," he added, "to have boxes made very tight and then have them well hooped around the corners, for it is a very rough place." His own boxes had come loose and leaked. A packed gun had become rusty, his blankets wet and mildewed.

Yet those original surveyors for our Territorial Road were mighty foresighted gentlemen and should have their share of credit for preparing the very first route from Detroit that led to Battle Creek, even though they followed pretty much a well-traveled route. Wisely as well as conveniently they paralleled the east-west rivers. Often they took Indian trials, for the Indians, too, had been wise in sticking to river banks as much as they could while they were criss-crossing the future state of Michigan. The surveyors may have had one more bit of foresight: they marked their road to pass near the confluence of rivers. Did they guess how future millers would see the advantage of two-river towns where power canals could be built for turning mill wheels? In Calhoun County that included Albion (two branches of the Kalamazoo River), Marshall (Rice Creek and Kalamazoo River) and Battle Creek (Battle Creek and Kalamazoo rivers). There was always a difference in level or a natural waterfall as the streams neared their confluence, a boon to millers.

Although the road was marked and soon grooved by horses' hoofs and then by many wagon wheels, it was not improved by government edict or funds.

By 1829 and 1830 pioneer land-lookers with purchase in mind were coming along this marked route on horseback and with money in their saddle pouches. Not all historians have agreed on the pathway they followed from Marshall to reach Goguac Prairie. The consensus is that the present Michigan Avenue road west from Marshall follows their route. Lowell's log tavern was on the site of the present sandstone house (built 1841) at 1633 East Michigan Avenue, five miles east of central Battle Creek.

East of Battle Creek a small stream flowed from northeast toward the Kalamazoo River. For 50 years this valley with high banks, two

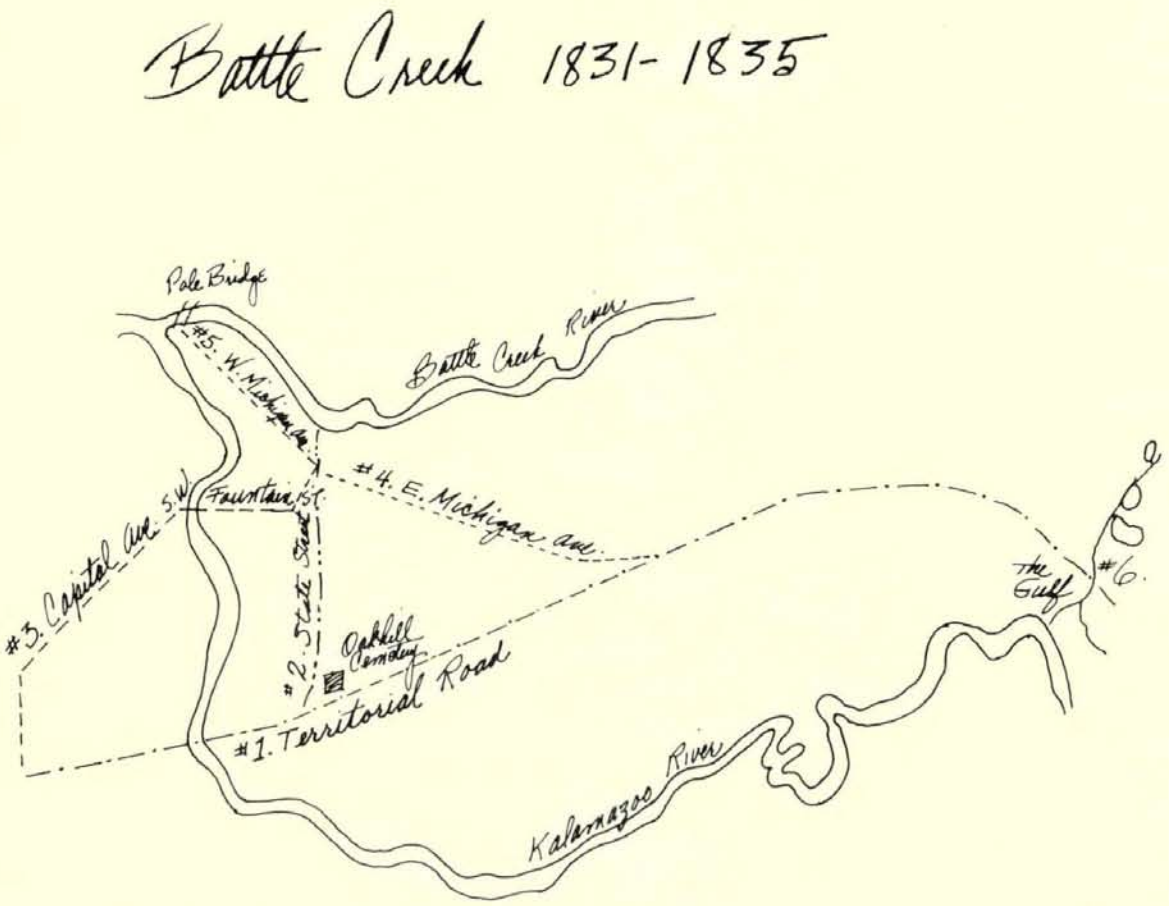
and one-half miles east of the center of the village, was known in town as *The Gulf* or *The Gulch*. The pioneers forded the stream and took the low road circling between two hills by going north, then southwest. This exact road was followed by railroad surveyors in 1845, so that if you were to walk the roadbed of ConRail under the East Michigan Avenue bridge, curving past the Kellogg factory along Porter Street, you would be on that first pioneer path.

Take a map of Battle Creek, place a ruler along Porter Street and you will see that it picks up Newark Street. That first Territorial Road led southwest through the present General Foods property, continued through what is now Oak Hill Cemetery, meandered down hill to the approximate present South Avenue exit of Oak Hill, roaming through the eastern side of Mt. Olivet Cemetery to today's Kenosha Street, then west to the Kalamazoo River crossing. Kenosha Street (formerly Virginia Avenue) lies along the southern side of that cluster of factory buildings (United Steel & Wire Company and U.S. Register Company) you saw from the Penetrator.

In studying history we often miss the obvious, such as the geologic and geographic influences. For example, very few of our earliest Michigan pioneers were directly from New England for the single reason that mountains (White, Green and Adirondack) barred much of the way. The Berkshire Hills of western Massachusetts were like soap bubbles caught together: there was no easy way to create a wagon road between them. Yankees with western fever went around the barriers, either through Canada or via Connecticut on the Old Post Road.

Geology played its part in the Territorial Road layout of the local east-west crossing of the Kalamazoo River. It was at a place no wider or narrower than average but it was obviously well traveled long before the surveyors, commissioned to mark the road, arrived.

No mention has ever been discovered of a foundering of horses or oxen or a single accident to a loaded pioneer wagon at this river crossing, so it must have offered a particularly firm footing. The first report of Michigan's Geological Survey in 1860 gives us the lead by mentioning many outcroppings of Marshall sandstone in the Battle Creek area. The bank near this Kalamazoo River crossing is held high by Marshall sandstone, as was previously pointed out. Now covered by millpond and silt nearly 140 years, it is difficult to prove, but it is more than possible — indeed probable — that it was the firm base of sandstone that enticed the post-glacial buffalo to cross here, the Indians to follow their cowpath, the surveyors to use the Indian know-how and the pioneers to watch carefully for surveyors' tree marks to lead them on their way. Some historians state that the early French traders — even LaSalle himself — used



Legend:

1. Territorial Road (Kenosha-Newark-Porter St.) 1831
2. State Street (South Ave. or Indian Trail) 1832
3. Capital Ave. SW. (Lydia-Fountain St. & Goguac Rd.) 1833
4. E. Michigan Ave. (Marshall Street) 1834
5. East & West Michigan Ave. (Main Street) 1835
6. "The Gulf" (U.S. 12 and Michigan Central R.R. Crossing)

this same route between Saint Joseph and Detroit, while others say the St. Joseph River trail was his choice.

Immediately on the west bank of the Kalamazoo River and on the north side of the Territorial Road, Isaac Toland built a cabin in the summer of 1831. He intended to share it with paying guests and what a welcome sight it must have been to the weary travelers of that year. After a rest the pioneers continued their journey up the hill, named Conway's for the first owner of adjoining property. They felt the refreshing breeze sweeping across Goguac Prairie. "One mile long and two miles wide," according to one early diarist, the prairie was a new sight entirely.

Most of the travelers had in their pockets either a Mitchell or John Farmer map folded between thin leather covers. They could hardly tell from the printing if Coghwagiack Prairie lay in Calhoun or Kalamazoo County. But many had heard of this fertile spot and headed this way. If, after viewing it, they wanted to look further, they could turn southwest, go through Climax Prairie and on to a still larger flat, fertile spot called Prairie Ronde in southern Kalamazoo County.

The earliest Calhoun County atlas, about 1837, shows most of the pioneer roads as following straight lines. However, we do know that short cuts were often taken and that roads angled and twisted and turned to avoid hills and ponds, hillocks, swamps and trees. So it was that Territorial Road's first wagon trail turned southwest at about Pioneer Street (appropriately named). The turn-off from today's Territorial Road worked westward, year by year, to avoid new settlers' planted crops. But in 1831 it ran through Isaac Thomas's farm in sections 14 and 15, then through sections 22, 28, 32 and 31 of Battle Creek Township. If you follow 24th Street south from Columbia Avenue, you will find your car taking one curve after another for a generous mile, still circling swamps and later, low hills. You are following that old pioneer road. It cut across a corner of Leroy Township to reach Climax Prairie in Kalamazoo County. This was the first main highway through Calhoun County to the west.

By 1834 the settlement that became the village of Battle Creek was developing. After the pioneers came through the present Oak Hill Cemetery they could turn northward taking an Indian trail that is now South Avenue. By coincidence it also is the town line between Emmett and Battle Creek townships. This level way was followed to State and Division streets. Even some of the travelers who wished to take the old Territorial route west toward Climax came this way to avoid the Kalamazoo River ford or light pole bridge put up in 1833 and Conway's steep hill. From State and

Division streets they cut back southwest through that dry, antediluvian ditch you have heard about and crossed over Kalamazoo River on Mott's Bridge at Fountain (then Lydia) Street. They then angled southwest on Goguac Road, (now S.W. Capital Avenue) to Bidwell where, instead of twisting south with the present Capital Avenue, they continued southwest until they picked up the east-west Territorial Road.

If the pioneers' destination was Bedford or Hastings, they followed the Indian trial westward along State Street from Division Street, fording Battle Creek River just east of the foot of Tompkins Street. It is interesting to note there is also an outcropping of sandstone here which made a firm base for crossing the creek. The settlers soon built a pole bridge at this place.

Battle Creek's first hotel, built expressly for guests, stood just west of the pole bridge on high ground facing the present Barney Street. It was built of logs by Nathaniel Barney who later built two more taverns further out West Michigan Avenue. To the west beyond the first Barney Tavern, Sands McCamly set aside a public square (now McCamly Park) imitating those he had admired in New York State. He thought this would become the center of town but the business district grew up, instead, around the canals McCamly built and the mills they served. In fact, the area west of the bridge seemed so far away that it soon became known as *Canada*. Since the turn of the century the same district has been dubbed *West End* and *Advent Town*.

The third route westward for a somewhat later group of pioneers, was a continuation of Territorial Road, skirting south of Hart Lake. In Kalamazoo County it turned southwest in Section 10 of Charleston Township, a part of Fort Custer, toward the village of Kalamazoo. This road, too, was known only by the general term *Territorial Road* as were many throughout Michigan. In Calhoun County, however, *Territorial Road* indicates the trail through Goguac Prairie because it was, shortly after its survey, designated as one of two military roads to be used by soldiers to get from Fort Wayne in Detroit to Fort Dearborn in Chicago.

Who Came

I would rather be the first man here than the second in Rome.

—Julius Caesar

Who came to Milton Township, Calhoun County, Michigan? Not all were brave and stalwart men; only a few were properly prepared for the rigors of a changeable climate and the sacrifices that would be demanded of them. Without a gun and ammunition, an ax and a

sturdy knife and without knowledge and experience to use them, the immigrant arriving in Michigan was helpless. Erastus Hussey, who later came to Battle Creek, recalled that he traveled west of Ann Arbor alone with "only a knapsack of provisions, a pocket compass and hatchet," yet he survived in the woods on that land-looking journey for seven days. He had know-how. In her book *A New Home — Who'll Follow?* Michigan pioneer Caroline Kirkland told of the unprepared neighbors who possessed another kind of know-how. They knew how to borrow essential tools but not always how to bring them back.

Some newcomers were adventurers — the men memorialized in the folksong, 'The bear went over the mountain to see what he could see.' Like Dr. Foster, renter of the first cabin built in central Battle Creek, they stayed only a few weeks and then moved on. Jonathan Guernsey, first buyer of Battle Creek acreage at the White Pigeon land office and owner of that first cabin, never lived within the boundaries of his early purchase: his wife and sister-in-law, Mrs. Phineas Sackett, took one look at the place and refused to grasp the golden opportunities to live without the amenities of their York State homes. Not all wives were that independent; meekness sometimes brought to wives the privilege of existing like beasts of burden.

Then there were the brave, the young, the eager. Often they were younger sons in large families with no expectation of inheritance. They came west with their zealous, teen-age, healthy wives. One Calhoun County pioneer woman remembered, "In the year 1831, when the Michigan fever was carrying off hundreds to that country, my husband and myself, then residing in Pennsylvania, caught the raging epidemic . . . We sold all our furniture excepting a little salt dish and a few bed-clothes . . . Two small trunks, a chest of carpenter's tools and a little daughter, 10-months-old, and $300 in money constituted our earthly all." When they finally arrived they made a tent of bushes for walls and two sheets for a roof until in three weeks a house of sorts was ready. "Our tent leaked very badly and our clothing and bedding were often wet, but soon dried when the sun shone . . . As for baby, when it rained too hard we put her under the washtub until the shower was over." Part of that $300 must have gone for a wooden washtub as they came through Detroit.

Of such sturdy optimism was the young pioneer woman made. She slept on wagon boards until enough fallen oak leaves could be gathered and dried to fill the mattress tick. Leaves gave way the following year to hay and by the third year there could be the luxury

of wheat straw for resting weary bones.

The Thomas brothers, Daniel, Isaac, and Jonathan, and their families were among the very earliest to come. They arrived in May of 1831. Daniel's 100 acres, taken up in November of the same year, were crossed by Territorial Road between Oak Hill Cemetery and Kalamazoo River. A path toward Isaac's property west of Goguac Lake also accommodated the stream of wagons that rolled westward along Territorial Road during the next few years. By 1839 Isaac again caught the western fever and moved on. It was all of those Thomases, however, who formed the first Methodist class, nucleus of a group that built Battle Creek's first church building at Division Street and Michigan Avenue, site of the present City Hall.

Methodists were great singers of hymns, the noisy 'Jehovah Songs' of praise. In 1870 Sojourner Truth said, "I liked the Quakers but they wouldn't let me sing, so I joined the Methodists." The one thing that intimidated bears and wolves was noise. We can visualize the Thomas families marching beside their oxcarts, belting out their faith in God and the future in their own hallelujah chorus.

Goguac Prairie was settled earlier than Battle Creek. Each newcomer to the prairie planned to make farming his business. In the Goguac area there was one half-hearted dream of developing industry in a village to be called Hamilton, but nothing came of it. Besides the Thomas families, Josiah Goddard, Augustus Rawson, Dorrance Williams and John Stewart settled in 1831. The real influx came in 1835 and 1836. To the prairie and south Battle Creek came Anson Mapes, the Morehouse brothers, the Rev. John Harris, Rufus, Hermes and Daniel Sweet, Solomon Case, Joseph Young, Allen Willard who bought land first by Minges Brook and later the Hermes Sweet farm, the German immigrant Henry Eberstein, Dr. John Beach, the Van Buren brothers, William Betterley, Andrew Reese, Asa Langley, Peter Dubois, Herman Cowles and Henry Thiers, many of whom still have descendents in the Battle Creek area. Several appear elsewhere in these annals; their lives and deeds have been recorded in Calhoun County histories or praised in newspaper columns.

When Sands McCamly reached the White Pigeon land office in June 1831 to enter claim for the property he had chosen around the confluence of two rivers (Battle Creek and Kalamazoo), he found three other men there of the same mind. Jonathan J. Guernsey and Sands McCamly paid two surveyors $100 to withdraw from bidding. Guernsey and McCamly then agreed that the former should enter a

claim for 837.44 acres, including the coveted water power potential. They had dreams of developing a townsite and were to meet with another of Guernsey's family in Detroit the following October to put up the money and finalize the agreement.

In Detroit, however, the deal fell through. McCamly gave up — temporarily — and settled on Nottawa Prairie in the southern part of Calhoun County. Guernsey returned to his home in Chautauqua County, New York. Inasmuch as his wife would not live in the cabin built on his acreage in September, Guernsey began selling parcels of the land. For $806 he parted with an undivided one-half to Nathaniel Barney December 13, 1832. The deed was evidently executed in the State of New York. Barney arrived with his family in the future Battle Creek on March 5, 1833, and Barney recorded the deed at Marshall in July of the same year—one of the earliest registered in the county. Guernsey sold the rest of his property to his brother Ezekiel and brother-in-law Phineas Sackett in March 1833 although he did not receive a patent from Washington until June of that year. Jonathan Guernsey subsequently settled south of Battle Creek but never lived within the village he had bought with such determination in 1831.

McCamly, meanwhile, continued to long for that waterpower and in March of 1834 bought out the Guernsey relatives, becoming half owner of the 837 acres with Nathaniel Barney but complete owner of all waterpower rights. As previously stated, Barney built a tavern immediately west of the crossing of Battle Creek River and facing that stream's juncture with Kalamazoo River.

Barney quickly obtained the appointment as carrier of the mail from Marshall. His son, Milton, drove the first mail stage over that rough terrain. Nathaniel was criticized for sending the youthful substitute to handle something as important as United States mail. Milton told a newspaper reporter in 1900 that as a result of these trips he "was a witness in the first contested lawsuit in Calhoun County." The reporter gave the details: "The suit was tried in Marshall in 1834, the parties to it being Nathaniel Barney, father of Milton, and Mr. Cuykendall, an innkeeper in Marshall. The latter brought the suit against the former for payment for the use of a stage wagon, which Milton, then a boy of 15 years, drove between Battle Creek and Marshall on his father's stage contract. The attorneys in the case were Francis W. Shearman of Marshall, afterward State Superintendent of Public Instruction, who appeared for Cuykendall, and Ezra Convis of this city then just arrived from the east, and subsequently the first Speaker of the Michigan House of Representatives. Isaac E. Crary, the justice before whom the case

was tried, was afterward the first member of Congress from this district of Michigan, and his office was crowded with people interested in the result. Milton Barney, who was the principal witness for his father, remembers well the effort of Mr. Shearman to confuse him and thus break up his testimony. Barney related the vigorous way in which Mr. Convis, who was his brother-in-law, came to his rescue and the severe language in which he resisted the opposing attorney's assaults and expressed his surprise that the court would allow a youthful witness to be thus browbeaten. Samuel Camp, the proprietor of the stage line from Jackson to Marshall, and Chas. D. Smith, the first postmaster of Marshall and the first merchant in the county, volunteered their testimony to sustain that of young Barney, and the suit was triumphantly won by the defendant."

Barney's log tavern was a popular and convenient stopping place until 1836 when Leonard Starkweather completed a commodious hotel, the Battle Creek House, at what is now the northwest corner of Capital and Michigan avenues. Besides, Barney's son-in-law had by this time sold the log tavern and acreage to the Merritts, so Barney had to vacate. People could not travel far in one day and Barney went along with the times. His second tavern was quickly built in 1836 at the south end of today's Hubbard Street between the Kalamazoo River and the main road west (Michigan Avenue). It was here that the road to Hastings turned north, then followed a northwest route along the present Waubascon Road. It was not long before the road farther west toward Augusta was improved and the turn-off road north to Hastings, too, was laid out farther west. By 1838 Barney changed location again, building his imposing frame tavern, now a dwelling, that still stands at the northeast corner of West Michigan Avenue and Eldredge Street. Its ridgepole shows the adz marks where builders squared the big log. There are people still alive whose grandparents told them of dancing in the second-floor ballroom. The inn was a popular gathering place for sleighing parties and other social events. John Meachem remembered Nathaniel Barney as a kindly and gracious host. Stables across the road are long gone although many horseshoe nails and bits of iron from old coaches have been found in low ground where horses were led to drink at the river's edge and often left to pasture.

Following the death of the older Nathaniel Barney in October 1857 the inn went to his son, Nathaniel Jr., who operated it about ten years. Nathaniel Jr. bought a downtown bakery in 1867, but soon moved to Muskegon to become a hotelkeeper there. The local tavern was bought by John Powers, then by George Eldredge. George Eldredge's widow Mary, and daughter, May, lived a secluded life there many years. In this century it was purchased by Glenn

Cross, then sold in the late 1920s to Oliver Barney Jr. and wife Althea, daughter of Samuel A. Howes. They had a large family to enjoy the big house and local newspaper feature stories indicate that Battle Creek citizens were delighted that the home was back in the Barney family. The depression of the 1930s caused Oliver and Althea to sell the house and it has since been made into a multiple-family dwelling.

It was on September 22, 1835, that Barney had sold his half interest in the village area to his son-in-law, Ezra Convis, for $6,000, at more than 600 per cent profit. But don't feel sorry for Ezra — his investment reaped its own harvest. He turned it over the following July to Abraham, Isaac and Joseph Merritt and their brother-in-law, Jonathan Hart, for $9,000. That increase in property values was characteristic of Calhoun County's growth at that time.

Ezra Convis—often spoken of as 'General Convis'—turned his attention to an area a mile up the Battle Creek River where he discovered a natural drop in water level. He built a dam, had a mill erected, named the community *Verona* and had high hopes of creating a village that would outstrip the village site he had just sold to the Merritts. He might have accomplished this, too, for he was an energetic, capable man. Elected to Michigan's House of Representatives, he became its first Speaker. He began working immediately towards having a projected railroad routed near his village. In December 1837 in Detroit he was jolted from a sleigh and died from his injuries. Convis had not yet registered a plat for Verona. Such lots as were sold were not recorded, so that a definitive early history of the region is not available. Without the foresight and leadership of Ezra Convis, Verona became a lesser neighbor, and finally an absorbed suburb of Battle Creek.

The Merritts—Joseph, Isaac and their brother-in-law, Jonathan Hart—spent July 1835 land-looking in Michigan. Joseph kept a diary and the 20th century reader is impressed with his records of the heavy migration westward. Three miles west of Schenectady on the Erie Canal the packet boat the Merritts had taken was about 120th in line to go through the lock, which it did after a wait of seven hours. In Michigan they headed for Calhoun County and made Barney's Tavern their headquarters while looking over land in Kalamazoo, Barry, Eaton and Calhoun counties. After a strenuous week of land-looking, Joseph recorded, they returned on horseback from Gull Prairie "to the mouth of the Battle Creek, 17 miles. There we walked out and took a view of the water power, it being first rate at this place, and it bids fair to being a place of considerable importance." The next day they rode to Marshall "through first rate burr and white oak openings," then back "to Barney's near which we had bought some land." Before starting for Jonesville the next morning en route to their New York homes they "viewed the land" they had bought. The deed to their large purchase from Ezra Convis was executed after their permanent move to Michigan the following year.

Now that McCamly and the Merritt family owned the coveted 837 acres, they set about creating the future village. It was a mere 24 days after the Merritt deed was executed that the five men filed a plat to the planned village. McCamly had dreamed of this for more than two years, probably had the plat completed, and the new partners found it satisfactory. It was copies of this map that McCamly scattered through the east, especially at hotels along the Erie Canal.

Occasionally buyers invested in lots 'sight unseen' much to their sorrow when they later arrived and found an unbroken woods. The promoters rectified this by creating streets as rapidly as they could. The buyers could earn their investment back again if they were willing to wield ax, shovel and wheelbarrow, for the owners of the tract were not out to cheat; creating a village was their objective and only lack of labor, equipment and ready funds stood in their way.

Sherman Comings, who had settled west of Galesburg, was indebted to Jonathan Guernsey. When the latter was here in 1831, he arranged to have Comings build a cabin for him on his newly acquired property. In September, Comings, his son and Estes Rich boarded with Isaac Toland in his cabin beside Territorial Road, fording Kalamazoo River daily to build the Guernsey cabin near East Michigan Avenue where a monument to the 'first house' now stands. As we know, when Guernsey brought his wife and other relatives to see his treasures of house and land, there was a quick 'no thanks' and exodus to Detroit. The meeting there with McCamly in October cancelled all previous plans of partnership.

Several immigrants used this cabin for temporary housing. Among them were Dr. Foster, Daniel Guernsey, Polydore Hudson and Moses Hall. Foster soon moved on. Daniel Guernsey built his own home nearby (Division Street and Michigan Avenue) in 1832. Polydore Hudson lived in the cabin while he was postmaster that same year and building his tavern 2½ miles east at The Gulf. Moses Hall moved in the following year. Henry Hall, Battle Creek's first baby, son of Moses and Mary Hall, was born here, probably December 22, 1833. William Merritt boarded with the Halls in the summer of 1836 ($2.50 a week). The cabin was large enough to accommodate paying guests, being "about 16 by 19 feet" in area.

Moses Hall's brother, Tolman W. Hall, built a lean-to on that

cabin and both families stayed until 1837, when it was discovered that the cabin was on Seminary Land instead of Jonathan Guernsey's original tract. The state ordered all squatters off such property set aside for schools. The cabin had done its duty by several pioneers. What became of it is not known. Like a good soldier it had a noble history and then 'just faded away.'

The second cabin in the settlement (officially still a part of Milton Township) was built by Samuel Convis at about Division and Jackson streets. Daniel Guernsey's home was the third building to be completed, and stood a block's distance to the north of the Convis cabin.

Tolman Hall, when ordered off state land in 1837, built a frame house about midway between Division and East Canal (Monroe) streets, on the south side of the recently-surveyed Main Street (Michigan Avenue). It is said to have been the first house in the village to be built of lumber instead of logs, although historians disagree upon which pioneer home this honor should be bestowed.

Jonathan Hart built the first brick house in 1846; it faced today's N.E. Capital Avenue, and stood on the present Y Center property. East Van Buren was originally called Hart Street. Land for the first Quaker Meeting House site at Van Buren Street and Capital Avenue (site of today's St. Philip Catholic Church) was probably donated by the devout Hart. Immediately to the east of the meeting house was The Grove, sometimes called Hart's Grove, Battle Creek's first outdoor gathering place on special occasions.

Development came fast in 1835. McCamly dug the waterpower canal and built the first sawmill. South Avenue, then called *State Road*, and Main Street were surveyed. John Marvin, first blacksmith to arrive, set up his smithy near McCamly Park, later moving closer to the canal where his work was needed by millers.

Erastus Hussey sold his Wayne County farm in 1836, then traveled two years for his health. How anyone could travel in that era with a wife and baby and return feeling better than when he left is a mystery in 1976. But he must have improved, for he came to Battle Creek in 1838 and purchased a store. His sturdy activity in the Underground Railroad is told elsewhere.

H. B. Denman became Hussey's partner in 1843 but the partnership was dissolved and the business closed in 1847. The acquaintanceship remained, for Denman ultimately became Hussey's son-in-law. Hussey built "2/5 of the Union Block," evidently not in partnership with anyone, simply in cooperation. He devoted the years 1848 and 1849 to the antislavery paper *Michigan Liberty Press*. Hussey joined the Free Soil Party in 1848 and was sent to the State Legislature in 1849 on its ticket. From 1850 to 1854 he was

Calhoun County Clerk, then he was sent by the new Republican Party to the State Senate. While there he drafted the *Personal Liberty Bill* which passed and henceforth saved Michigan Negroes from slave-catchers.

Susan Denman and her son Frederick lived with the Husseys after her husband's death, occupying with them *Oaklawn*, the house on Washington Avenue that Hussey built in 1855 and sold in 1874 to the Adventist Education Society for its college site. Susan ultimately married a second cousin named like her father, Erastus Hussey. The younger Husseys built a beautiful country home on the Augusta Road that was a landmark until moved when the site was purchased for commercial use.

Another 1836 pioneer was 23-year-old Elias Manchester. He bought and developed into an excellent farm the northwest section of the city, remembered now by Manchester Street. From 1857 to 1863 he was a merchant in the Averill and Manchester Company. He had been a strong antislavery and temperance activist and was converted to Spiritualism in 1850. A man's religious sect and political party affiliation exerted much more influence on his conduct and reputation than they do today.

To Emmett Township came Dr. Asahel Beach in 1834. He retired from medical practice nine years later, moving to Battle Creek. His home, though fallen into disrepair, still stands on East Michigan Avenue near the Elm Street railroad crossing. Elm Street formerly was known as Beach Street. Beach's Grove on the north side of the ConRail tracks was for some decades in the 19th century a community gathering place for holiday celebrations and picnics.

The settlement's population was tripled from seven to 21 when the Nathaniel Barney, Ezra Convis and Nebediah Angell families arrived in 1833. This arrival was reported years later by Milton Barney and Mrs. Lucinda Angell Clark. The original seven were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Convis with one child and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Guernsey with two children. In 1835 John Meachem 'took the census' and was back in half an hour with a count of 15 which was probably the greatest understatement in the city's history. Meachem's 'directory' listed Nathaniel Barney, Jonathan Comstock, Ezra Convis, Samuel Convis, Joseph Farnsworth, Joel Fordham, Moses Hall, Tolman Hall, John S. Halladay, Polydore Hudson, Sands McCamly, John Marvin, Porter Rossin, Ella G. Smith and Cephas A. Smith. Obviously only heads of households in the immediate downtown area had been contacted.

By the end of 1837 the count was 400, which may have included all the inhabitants of Milton Township. By 1842 the population was estimated at 1,000; in the same report there were recorded ten

stores, three mills, one factory and one machine shop. In 1835 women and children weren't tabulated; in 1842 industrial businessmen such as blacksmiths and soapmakers didn't seem to count either. We assume that our forebears had slight interest in historical accuracy.

What They Found

Houses

Each Man is King in His Own House.—Old French Proverb

The earliest settler on Goguac Prairie is said to have built his cabin, returned to New York State for the winter, and brought his family the following spring. The cabin was gone, burned. He did not know that the Indians burned off the prairie each spring. If they were hungry and needed small game for survival, they burned it off one or two more times a year so that sighting their prey was easier. Thereafter the settlers learned to create a firebreak of plowed ground around their homes and planted fields, until there were enough neighbors whose cultivation protected the whole prairie.

Ecologists today say the Indians *maintained* the prairies by turning the grasses into ashes whose nutrients were more readily washed into the soil than if the verdure had merely rotted each winter. The burning of this natural hayfield kept trees, shrubs and vines from getting a start. The settlers found the grass roots matted six to eight feet deep. These roots had gradually brought trace elements from far below to stimulate the growth of the grasses to four and five feet above the ground. No wonder the prairies offered the richest soil to the newcomers. And what a view! Even the weariest travelers seemed aware of the prairie's beauty and recalled it years later.

How restful to see the sun and shadows, the wind and gentle showers take turns sweeping in waves over the misty green grasses with their miniature blossoms of white, blue, pink and yellow! The Indians said it was *undulating*—Coghwagiack. The pioneers and early map makers used *undulating* to describe the rolling glacial land of Southern Michigan. But rolling land or waving grasses, *undulating* spelled beauty in both languages.

There were no pine trees in this region except on the islands of Goguac Lake. This, too, may have resulted from the Indian custom of burning among the trees to keep game visible. Burr oak was the commonest tree in Calhoun County, its thick bark very resistant to heat. It resembled the pear tree in shape and size. Burr oak *openings* were more like well-kept orchards, clean beneath except for wildflower ground cover. Mrs. Samuel McCrae, who came here

as a teenage bride in 1847, recalled when she was 85 years old the exquisite beauty of "Lupines, Phloxes, Trilliums, Indian Pinks and other flowers too numerous to mention" carpeting the burr oak openings. "These flowers with the various shades of green foliage made the woods a perfect Eden."

The trees stood far enough apart so that crops could be grown among them. The soil was not as rich as the prairie humus but it was easier to prepare for planting. One pioneer recalled that oak openings could be plowed with two teams of oxen while the prairie required four teams and a heavy plow that had to be taken to the blacksmith for sharpening after a day's breaking-up of prairie land.

Burr oak was a workable size, too, for the pioneer's first log cabin. After felling the trees with an ax—his most essential tool—and making all other preparations, such as barking and squaring the logs, he told his neighbors who told their neighbors, Indians included, to come for his raising. The work wasn't light, even with many hands, but a small cabin could be completed in one day.

One man, not always the owner, was appointed overseer. He placed the four best ax-men at the four corners to carve the joints. The others prepared the logs and lifted or skidded them, when ordered, into place. The front and back walls were held together with a ridge pole at the peak. The earliest cabins had grass roofs or small logs were cobbed on sapling rafters all the way to the ridgepole and covered with bark.

If the owner were a clever workman with a broad ax, he would have cut shakes for the roof, probably from red oak. After lumber was available, these were easily put on, shingle-fashion. In the earliest cabins, however, they were attached to stringers (poles) fastened between the rafters. The rafters were hewn poles if the builder had had time to square them with an adz. Shakes were efficient in shedding the rain and snow. The floor was dirt which soon became packed to hardness from walking on it. Later a puncheon floor of hewn timber could be added. No wonder the first lumber millers had more than enough to do, adding a great touch of luxury, the sawed board and two-by-four, to ease the builder's labor.

Often the new cabin had only a quilt for a door. When a wooden door with latch was hung, even if held in place by leather or wooden hinges, the pioneer was changed from immigrant to settler. With chopped logs and branches for his fireplace the interior could be dry and warm. Then Michigan—no longer the place he left back east—became home.

The earliest fireplaces in Calhoun County were made of short criss-crossed branches well-coated with mud. Where outcroppings of sandstone were found nearby, stone slabs chinked with mud

made a very sturdy fireplace. With neighbors sometimes no closer than a mile or two from whom to borrow burning coals, it was necessary to keep a fire glowing continuously. Starting a new fire by friction or spark was laborious and time-consuming. A big, hardwood backlog and a good bed of ashes were essential.

Many Michigan historians have lauded the primitive fireplace, its meaningful hearthstone and backlog, the kettles hanging on the crane and especially the portable iron oven with its cover well flanged underneath and overhung like the cornice of a house. Charles Robinson of Battle Creek, born north of Bedford in 1839, told it with gusto:

"No part of the house is so plain in my memory as the fireplace . . . four-foot cuts of logs, beech and maple, were hauled up on the sleds. At the back of the fireplace were great backlogs . . . then the roaring fire was built up in front. Here all the cooking was done, every bit." Usually the kettles hung from the crane. "But the great institution of the fireplace was the implement which had many names but we always called the *baking kittle.* It was of large size and cast iron. Its heavy cover was flanged underneath on both sides so it fitted down tightly. It could be completely covered, then, with coals and ashes. Everything was baked in it. After the fire had burned down and there was a bed of coals a foot thick, the baking kittle with whatever it contained, bread or meat—most frequently a roast of venison with maybe some potatoes—would be set in the coals and the coals heaped up around it.

"And the odor! Sometimes my idea of happiness is to be a boy again, in from the hard work that boys had to do in those days, and to smell that wonderful odor from the baking kittle and know that a boy's appetite and that meal would get together soon."

Farms

To everything there is a season . . . a time to plant and a time to pluck up that which is planted.—Ecclesiastes

No matter what profession he had followed back east, the Michigan pioneer became, first of all, a farmer. He and his family were required to be as self-sufficient as possible.

Joseph Merritt, having purchased property in the future Battle Creek in 1835, sent his eldest son, William, in late spring 1836 to make preparations for the family's arrival. William reported his progress in letters to his father.

"S. C. McCamly went to the lot with me and showed me the line. I like the land very well and have begun to cut some logs for the fence, and find it more work to make the fence than I had

thought . . . I have not bought any more oxen yet but have heard of some. I find it great trouble to find my cattle every morning and will until I get my fields enclosed . . . I have cut about ten acres of hay on the marsh . . . I have been hindered a great deal this summer with rains. I shall keep my plows running until it is time to sow, shall have 25 or 30 acres sowed. I think I shall get my seed from Moses Hall or Uncle Abraham." Seed for what?—possibly winter wheat. He had, doubtless, already planted food for the fall harvest, perhaps potatoes and corn to last through the winter. The marsh hay was good news. William's father need not worry about winter food for the cattle.

Goguac Prairie and other particularly fertile land had grass roots running six to eight feet deep and as mentioned, could only be worked with the help of a heavy-duty breaking-up plow. Itinerant plowmen came on order with their extra strong oxen and special plows to help the newcomer loosen the soil for his first crops. Later, by 1840, a "breaking-up" plow could be rented in the village, where it had to be loaded on an all-purpose wagon. A Quaker, living six miles west of Battle Creek, did just that but during the first day's work it broke and he had to take it back to town and get another before he could open up the new acreage he wished to sow to paying crops.

In spite of strict attention to the maxim 'waste not, want not,' the early isolated families knew poverty and deprivation. Corn was the first crop and how they wearied of johnnycake or hasty pudding three times a day! Seed corn was brought from the east or obtained from Indians. Plenty was needed for each hill according to a folk rhyme:

One for the blackbird, one for the crow,
One for the cutworm and two to grow.

Grinding was a major problem before the first grist mill came into operation in 1836, and one pioneer youngster remembered preparing in an emergency enough meal for a shortcake by using the household pepper mill. A local settler who heard that seed potatoes were available in Bronson (Kalamazoo), slogged through spring rains the more than 40 miles round trip for the sackful he could carry on his back. A steady diet of wheat bread was a much preferred monotony but it often took two or three years to clean and cultivate enough land for a wheat crop.

The resourceful pioneer supplied his family with venison, wild turkey and prairie chicken for variety. There is little record of fish on the menu before 1840, although well-stocked lakes were plentiful. Before dams were installed, sturgeon came up the Kalamazoo River to spawn. One that weighed 90 pounds was caught near

Albion—the only sturgeon mentioned in available Calhoun County history. From the St. Joseph River in Cass County, a sturgeon weighing 196 pounds was taken before 1839 and an Indian was known to catch one much larger. Pickerel often weighed 20 to 26 pounds and bass were "the most common of fish."

Those settlers willing to trade on friendly terms with the Indians planted beans and squash, learned to make maple sugar and to locate the best berry patches. Surely the pioneer housewife discovered that huckleberries, a delicacy available for several weeks, could add flavor and variety to cornmeal mush.

Margaret Fuller, writer from New York City, traveled through Michigan and the Great Lakes in 1843. Stagecoaches often broke down from bouncing over rough roads or getting stuck in the mire. Among her experiences while waiting for the stage to be repaired was hunger. Some children, each with a pail of berries, came walking by. She tried to buy some berries but the children wouldn't sell. They knew nothing of money but doubtless knew the joy of a taste treat to relieve the monotony of meals.

Although the legendary Johnny Appleseed who died in 1845 is said to have brought his gift of seed into Michigan he seems not to have come as far north as Calhoun County. An undated newspaper clipping states that apple trees were set out here in 1835. Native fruits were doubtless cultivated to some extent by the energetic. Wild plums, blackberries, dewberries and elderberries made excellent puddings and pies when the supplementary makings were available. Before North Washington Avenue was cut through, a huge bed of wild strawberries lay between today's Champion and Manchester streets.

In New York State such advances had been made with developing hardy fruits that by 1850 catalogues of New York nurseries offered 500 varieties. These included berries, but preferred in Michigan were tree fruits such as cherries, plums, pears and, because they could be dried or made into brandy, peaches and apples.

Henry Willis bought property in East Battle Creek, now the Main-Hall Street region, in the early 1840s and established his nursery immediately. By 1876, apples grown on the Chilson farm, now Kellogg Company property, were exhibited at the World's Exposition in Philadelphia.

Both berries and tree fruits were grown by Charles Merritt whose farm location is remembered by today's *Orchard Place*. He shipped to Detroit, Chicago and as far as Buffalo, as early as 1860. Only quality fruits could withstand such journeys then. Orchard Place cuts through what was his choice peach orchard. His pear trees stood east to Garrison Avenue, the present St. Paul Lutheran

Church site, and the apples were grown where the present George McKay Free Enterprise Center stands and on to the north about to Sherman Road.

Bela Hubbard, Michigan's geographer of the nineteenth century, left field notes concerning weather, meteorology, birds, fish and farming. He even wrote on Oct. 2, 1839, "The katydid singing merrily this eve."

Hubbard was very much aware of weather. The pioneers were, too, for they suffered mightily from extremely cold winters and out-of-season frosts throughout the 1830s and 1840s. "Wheat was cut off by frost while in flower in June three years ago," Hubbard wrote in Cass County in 1839. He also observed that corn was untouched by September frost where surrounded by dense timber. The way lake areas were protected from temperature extremes interested him. "Sept. 16. Indian Lake covers more than a Sec. No frosts have yet touched the crops about it. J.W.W. says they are generally protected from frosts three weeks longer than elsewhere."

Bela Hubbard crossed Calhoun County in 1842 "by stable carriage," leaving Marshall at 8 A.M. and arriving at Kalamazoo at 5 P.M. "Aug. 1. A slight frost this morning . . . The crops improve as we proceed westward from Jackson. E of J (Jackson) Indian corn generally is stunted and poor from the cold and frost. But today we have passed many fine fields—wheat is a large crop almost everywhere. Generally rusted, but not so much as to occasion much injury to the grain. Cattle are in good condition. Saw many hogs and some of the true alligator breed. Sheep are large and fat. The army worm did some damage through this section." (It would interest an inquisitive mind like Hubbard's that, in spite of spraying from airplanes and the use of our modern pesticides, the same old army worm attacked a few Calhoun County cornfields last year, 1975.)

Hubbard mentioned that "meadows of cultivated grass are very few." This hardly seems surprising only a dozen years after the country was first settled. Timothy and clover were planted for a sale crop only when there were enough horses to create a demand. Hubbard had come from Jackson to Marshall by stage and evidently rented horse and carriage from a livery stable to go to Kalamazoo, so he was aware that hay might soon be grown for a cash crop. In America millet was not grown for grain but only for hay, and Hubbard commented, "Some millet is raised but not abundantly." His next entry shows he did more than simply ride through the countryside; he called on Henry Willis, nurseryman. "Mr. Willis of Battle Creek says the cutworm did much injury to his nurseries."

On August 12, 1842, Hubbard saw on Prairie Ronde, south of

Kalamazoo, "two large grain cutting, threshing and winnowing machines in operation. Six pairs of horses were attached to each machine, which moved forward at a jolly pace . . . cutting a swath six feet wide." Perhaps he had only heard of the great threshing machine experiment on Climax Prairie four years earlier. It was July 12, 1838, that Moore's combine pulled by 20 horses cut a swath across Climax Prairie 15 feet wide and made agricultural history.

The farmer diversified his crops for his own family's use. Although his wife sold butter, eggs, hams and vegetables for cash or traded them at the general store and the farmer traded with wood and wool, it was wheat that soon became the prime cash crop. Favored in Michigan was winter wheat, sown in the fall for an early start in the spring.

Flour mills became numerous and all were busy enough the year round. They coarse-ground corn for cattle, fine-ground it for household use. Cornmeal had uses besides Indian pudding and Johnny-cake. "Cheesecloth bags filled with cornmeal are a great assistance in housecleaning," declared a recipe book. "Spots can be aken off the (wall) paper; window shades can be made almost as fresh as new."

The gristmills turned out rye, buckwheat, or barley flour on request, but it was the craving for wheat flour that kept them in business. In the eastern cities demand for wheat flour was growing and the western plains had not yet begun to produce wheat. There came one spring day when the local flour mills couldn't possibly have handled all the wheat that came into town. It was a lucky thing a grain elevator to accept their wheat was available on the north side of the Michigan Central tracks near Monroe Street. James H. Brown heard the story many times from old farmers and reported it years later in the *Moon-Journal* with his customary detail and dramatics.

Due to a bad winter late in the 1860s the price of wheat had gone sailing upwards, so the following September every farmer sowed as much seed wheat as he could afford on every acre he could cultivate. There was a bumper crop and a price drop was threatened. Farm magazines advised their readers to carry their wheat over until spring.

Spring came as Brown related, "and the roads finally got settled. There was more wheat stored within ten miles of Battle Creek than ever before or since. And so it happened on a certain day in May that a great procession of teams and wagons, each with from 16 to 24 bags of wheat, began to line up in the city from Dibble's corner (now Sears, at Fountain and Capital) down to Main (Michigan) and on to the Episcopal Church corner. There a turn

was made on East Van Buren, then down Monroe to drive up the inclined . . . steep bridge to the top of the elevator." The exit route was down the bridge to Division Street.

As Brown heard the story there were 500, or maybe 800, loads of wheat that arrived that dry, sunny May day, from farms chiefly to the south. (If that elevator handled one wagon-load every 5 minutes for 16 hours, there would have been less than 200 wagons.) Not knowing all of their neighbors would be of the same mind, the farmers planned no lunch for themselves or their animals and they didn't dare get out of the slow-moving line. Brown filled three news columns with the dramatic details of how farm men and animals had to go without food all day. He even waxed eloquently and truthfully on how to "fill each bag as full as possible and leave room to draw the twine twice around to just back of the hem at the top. It was a knack to shake down a full bag and fold the top across and into accordion pleats, and tightly tie into a bow knot." But the great thing was that, "Farmers that day received $3.15 per bushel . . . the highest this city ever saw and many farmers [had] raised enough wheat on 20 to 40 acres of ground to entirely pay off the land whereon the wheat was grown."

A more conservative view of those days of great wheat sales was held by historian Charles Barnes who wrote his version 40 years after they occurred and 20 years before James Brown's story appeared.

"Battle Creek people today have no conception of the sight presented on the wheat buying time in those days," wrote Barnes. "At that time farmers from the vicinity of Charlotte, Bellevue, Assyria, Hastings, Athens and Climax brought their wheat here for sale. Day after day (Barnes could also have said year after year in the 1860s and 1870s) the unusual sight could be seen of from 50 to 100 loads of wheat standing in line upon the streets waiting their turn to be unloaded at the mills [and] at the Michigan Central elevator" that stood on the north side of the tracks between Monroe and Division streets. Until the cereal manufacturing boom in 1902, the biggest single product of the region had been wheat—wheat—wheat.

Indians

I would have rid the earth of him
Once, in my pride . . .
I never knew the worth of him
Until he died.—Edwin Arlington Robinson

By the early 1800s it was the Pottawatomi who roamed this part

of southern Michigan. There were villages of a sort near their favorite garden spots and they gathered for powwows of games and dancing before and after their winter treks north for hunting. Much of the time the men were on the move. They were good hunters and in their search for game they packed the soil of their trails to a depth of 18 or more inches that from an eagle's high view would have looked like wrinkles on the face of the land.

The Pottawatomi and the Ottawa whose territory was just to the north were related off-shoots of the early Huron tribes and were much alike: gentle and peace-loving, kind and lenient with their children, seldom in a hurry.

Very few pioneers saw Goguac Prairie immediately after a burning, as the vegetation started up again at once. One or two who did reported that they saw what they thought were human bones lying on the ground. They assumed that a battle had taken place here. The only Indian battle of large proportion before the coming of the pioneers occurred near Niles, when the Ottawa and the Pottawatomi joined forces, and under Chief Okemos pushed an aggressive Chief Elkhart back to his own bailiwick in Indiana. The Goguac Prairie bones were more likely from young deer which had been caught in a fairly recent burning of the prairie. Human bones from a long-ago battle would have been destroyed before the arrival of the pioneers.

About 45 years ago a visiting observer decided the Waupakisco peninsula had been the scene of a large gathering totaling 3,000 Indian fighters. Even the great Niles encounter involved probably no more than 800. One pioneer who bothered to leave an estimate said that the largest powwow he saw was near a lake in Barry County where there may have been 200 men, women and children celebrating their return from the winter hunt. Thereafter they would separate, going to their own villages of, perhaps, a dozen families.

Actually, a Calhoun County township of 36 square miles could support no more than 60 to 65 Indians. The best study by University of Michigan scholars shows only 10 Indian villages in the entire county of 20 townships. Even that limited number of Pottawatomi were not overfed with meat and wild fruits and vegetables. Their standard fare was a boiled concoction of fish and ground corn.

Travelers to or through the Battle Creek environs in the 1830s, even the few who kept diaries, have left no evidence of unpleasant encounters with Indians. Those tourists were interested in tillable soil and the fall of river water for mills. If they saw any mounds or garden beds of the earlier Woodland Indians or fortifications of the later Indians, they were either too uninformed to recognize them

or lacked intellectual curiosity about them.

A mound was seen near the Kalamazoo River in Bedford Township. There are only two known references to a mound near Goguac Lake. Marked on an early map (ca 1840) was an 'Ancient Fort' that stretches north-south across the Waupakisco peninsula. This could still be identified a few years ago, a tumulus two feet high that supported some trees of venerable age. This was probably the 'mound' referred to in a story of Dorrance Williams who was discovered by some Pottawatomi while he was digging in one. The legend adds that Williams had to flee east to save his scalp, staying incognito a considerable time before he dared return. One authority states that the Pottawatomi "build small tumuli or throw up low banks of earth over their dead." This 'Ancient Fort,' then, may have been the 'mound' that aroused the white man's curiosity and caused the ire of the Indians who saw him digging there.

The southwest-northeast main Pottawatomi trail passed near Waupakisco peninsula and a northwest trail met it here. It is agreed that this was a gathering place of many families before the trek north for the winter hunt. As for the peninsula itself, interviews with members of the first families to build homes there have produced no evidences of either prehistoric battles or villages. No remains of fire pits or garbage dumps were discovered while digging basements. No artifacts of battle such as stone axes have been found by cottageers since the 1890s. Mrs. Henry Jacobs said the neighborhood children discovered an occasional arrowhead, but never one larger than would kill a squirrel.

The Calhoun County Indians, then, were quite different from the settlers' preconceived ideas about them. Certainly the pioneers brought with them unfounded fears and prejudices.

In a New York folk song the husband wants to sell everything and move on to Michigan, but the wife answers,

Colin, O Colin, that land of delight
Is haunted by Indians who plunder at night.
They will plunder your house and burn down your barn
While your wife and your children lay all mangled around.

No wonder many pioneer women and children were afraid.

Very few early residents found the Pottawatomi fascinating. Local Indians' clothing was not colorful. The fancy feather headdress of the western tribes was unknown in Michigan. Battle Creek's first log school house faced an Indian trail. The Indians sometimes stopped to peek in at the strange gathering but hardly any white man was similarly curious about the Indian powwows around here.

Few settlers bothered to make friends with Indian women as did

Mrs. Samuel Convis who was known to invite squaws to drop in for an afternoon, which they did, one or two at a time. They brought their porcupine quill embroidery and Mrs. Convis picked up her knitting and they had a great time. She appreciated having neighbors and was willing to accept them on their standards, not hers.

White men were frequently overbearing, which the imperturbable Pottawatomi hereabout did not understand. Greedy traders often used the whiskey lure to intimidate and cheat them. Timid pioneer women and children were usually too frightened to learn why Indians came to their cabin doors or walked in uninvited to warm their hands at the fireplace radiance. If the visitors appropriated food or tools, the pioneer considered it stealing, not realizing that communal sharing was the Indian background, both in need and in surplus. They took without permission when they were hungry and gave generously of fish and game when they had plenty.

If housewives learned from Indian women about growing and using native plants such as beans and squash, they did not tell it in letters that have been kept. Unfortunately, learning a new language or new ethnic customs did not come easily to the local pioneers. They lost the chance to tap the wilderness wisdom which they never guessed existed. In the Saginaw Bay region, the Chippewa and the early white settlers mingled somewhat. A certain Chief Fisher of Genesee County was admired for his athletic prowess. He held contests and field days to which the newcomers were invited. As he refused to speak English, many young whites learned the natives' language. Some Indian names even appear in early Genesee County patents as land buyers from the government. Nothing of the sort seems to have occurred in Calhoun County.

There was a clash of interest from the beginning but with no dire results. Both Indians and our forebears were attracted to the same spots where they found water supply, dry base for housing, rich soil for agriculture and fuel for cooking and warmth. Indians followed rivers in their travels and preferred to halt at the confluence of two or more streams. They had camped at two known local places in fairly large conclaves before and after their trek north for the winter hunt. From both sites trails led northwest. Besides the Goguac Lake location there was one along what are now Champion and Van Buren streets west of Burnham Brook which emptied into the Battle Creek near Tompkins Street just a few hundred feet above the confluence of the Battle Creek and Kalamazoo rivers. The Indians' word for this spot was Where-Three-Streams-Meet. Sands McCamly laid out his future city with its town square on this choice gathering place of the Ottawa and Pottawatomi. It is surprising that the local Indians gave up their favorite spots with meekness.

Of course there were early general territorial treaties before surveyors or settlers came to Calhoun County. Both of the government agreements with the Pottawatomi and this tribe's obligation to the United States were always too casual. Local Indians, hearing of a gathering for payment for lands would hike off to Grand Rapids or Leonidas for a share if they could get one. With equal alacrity they tramped and boated to Canada when the rumor of British payments reached them. They were less concerned about moral obligation than getting in on any available bonanza.

A definitive treaty with the Pottawatomi of Calhoun County was made in Chicago as late as 1833. This treaty called for the Indians to evacuate south central Michigan in exchange for lands farther west. However, nothing was done to carry out this agreement until suddenly in 1839 a government edict demanded immediate removal of all Indians from Calhoun and some adjoining counties. Their prime villages in Calhoun County by this time were in the Athens-Nottawa Prairie region near the St. Joseph River in the southern tier of townships. When agents and troops tried in 1840 to round up the Pottawatomi, some escaped to Canada, some ran away but were subsequently found in Ingham County and taken west. They went on foot with fewer possessions than usual. A Mr. Hobart of Athens is said to have had 250 Pottawatomi brought to his home for the trip beyond the Mississippi.

The Athens Indians had no desire to leave but some had faith in Buel Holcomb, an honest and understanding trader who lived among them. He helped to lead about 60 to Kansas, then he was ordered to take them to Iowa for which he was finally paid $50. Those who stayed west ultimately settled in Indian Territory (Oklahoma). When Holcomb returned to Athens the following year, however, several Indians came with him or followed him and formed the nucleus of what is still known as Indian Town. He left a written account of his journey. At the time of the final return Muguago was still Pottawatomi chief. Pamptopee was a youth of perhaps 18 years. Pamptopee succeeded after Muguago's death as leader of the group, by that time consisting of some 18 men and several boys. Women and small children, of course, were uncounted.

They never became affluent and very few received education. They continued their practice of asking for food when they came into town, a practice frowned upon by the city folk who considered it mere begging. Sometimes the men worked by the day at jobs like clearing out underbrush and hauling stones, although their appearance at the appointed time was erratic and undependable. Woven baskets and huckleberries were their chief cash items. No

one would buy maple sugar made under the Indians' lack of sanitation. The pre-Civil War agreements for the government to supply interpreters, teachers and agricultural agents and tools to all Michigan Indians seem never to have been started among the Pottawatomi. Because of the war, funding for that program was ended by the government in 1863 in all parts of Michigan and thereafter forgotten.

Compared to the coastal settlements, the Indian population here was small. It seems as if our immigrant forefathers were hardly aware that an interesting people lived nearby. A. D. P. VanBuren, the schoolmaster author, told of stubble from an Indian cornfield found on his father's property and a couple of visits by Indians to his family's cabin on Goguac Prairie. Old Leathernose was a Pottawatomi who lost his nose in a fight and thereafter wore one of leather fastened with straps around his head. His morose disposition and cheating ways became legendary but were wreaked on his own people, not the white settlers who were nevertheless afraid of him. James Fenimore Cooper in his novel, *Oak Openings*, refers to a few southern Michigan Indians. In the 1870s Col. Charles Dickey of Marshall began collecting data about local Indians but our recorded county history does not include Pottawatomi songs, verses, legends or dances. We are the losers, for surely they had a culture worth remembering.

Problems

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.—Shakespeare

Life in the old days wasn't all 'beer and skittles' as our ancestors liked to say. Skittles was an ancient game of lawn bowling with ninepins; pioneers had few opportunities to get together for games and drinking. Anyhow, the ground was too rough for bowling and the beer, if any, homemade and sour. Greed probably was as rampant then as today. When it was every man for himself, there were heads knocking together.

An early surveyor, Dorrance Williams, bought land at both ends of Goguac Lake and built his cabin at the north end. He didn't have in his nature the ability to get along with neighbors. He instituted several land encroachment lawsuits. Such legal hassles were common but a judge was seldom available to resolve them.

In spite of surveyed known Town Lines, it was difficult to establish lot lines. In the abstract for property at State Street and Capital Avenue, a lot line begins, in 1841, at "the northerly front corner of Mr. Cady's Mill shed and hogpen." The measurement was

further complicated by beginning at the middle of the Battle Creek stream to "the center of the lower post in the second tier of posts from the southerly side of the Waste Wier to the Battle Creek Canal."

When the lots on Jennings Landing were sold in the 1880s the beginning of measurement was the porch corner post of a cottage that burned soon after. Subsequent surveys were expensive and a nuisance, hence often neglected. Benjamin Graves, made circuit judge in 1857, indicated that much of his problem solving had to do with petty quarrels between neighbors throughout his circuit which included counties as far away as Allegan.

Roads were a major thorn-in-flesh. If one country road was improved, the farmers on a parallel road growled about the dust or mire they had to contend with. Maybe being a friend of a commissioner helped. Or were there some under-the-table negotiations? Accusations galore filled the air.

Sickness was no joke. Indian remedies were unknown among the early pioneers and they wouldn't have been trusted, anyway. Herbs the housewives were accustomed to using were often unavailable. Medicine chests were rare and soon exhausted. In the 1830s Dr. John Beach was the only trained physician in this part of Calhoun county and couldn't begin to make the calls requested. In addition to the common communicable diseases such as measles and whooping cough, there were the dread diphtheria, smallpox and scarlet fever. In the early 1830s a cholera epidemic took a terrible toll of lives in Calhoun County, especially in the Marshall and Athens regions. Tuberculosis was known as *quick consumption* when it killed, especially youth, often within only a few weeks. In 1855 the city sexton's annual report gave consumption as the cause of 12 of 41 deaths. The population was estimated by the *Battle Creek Journal* as 2,000 to 3,000, adding, "We very much doubt whether any town of equal size in the East, can exhibit a sexton's report containing as few deaths."

Two illnesses that recurred and were seldom fatal were blamed on Michigan: the Michigan rash and Michigan ague. Michigan rash could be either common itch (scabies), easily transferable, or impetigo, equally contagious. Lack of personal hygiene, not Michigan, was to blame, but this was not known. Water was not available except by the bucket carried long distances—hardly conducive to clean hands. Even public education had its itching hazards: head lice being one of the more prevalent. After coal oil became available in the 1850s, the visible lice and eggs could be smothered with it and a child's head be freed of the creatures, if he were willing to endure the cure.

Michigan ague was politely knownly as chills-and-fever. In medical circles it had been named *malaria* for a hundred years but, beyond being a product of marshy places, its cause was unknown. Cabins were generally built with a solid wall toward a swamp or pond or lake while windows and doors were closed against the dread evening air. Outside of the discomfort from the insect's bite, the mosquito was not known to be the carrier of this hated disease. The story of how Polydore Hudson, justice of the peace, almost couldn't perform his duty of marrying Amanda Goddard and Frank Thomas has often been retold, but it is such a shiny link in the chain of local folklore that it bears repeating.

Judge Hudson was a victim of Michigan ague and knew just when his intermittent fever would recur. The timing of the wedding was bad for him but travel in those days was equally hazardous and he knew that he couldn't let the young couple and their guests down. There was no other minister or justice in all of Milton Township to take his place. He dosed himself with quinine, the best known remedy, but in spite of everything he was shaking like a popple leaf in the wind when the wedding party arrived. Hour after hour the guests waited. The fever was taking away his ability to think straight and it was feared by the onlookers that he would shortly become irrational. However, his wife was a resourceful pioneer. She led him to the well in the yard where she doused him good with pail upon pail of cold water over his fevered head. The Justice's thinking cleared. His shaking abated. He read the wedding service well enough to tie the knot and thereby performed his official duty.

Battle Creek in 1845

Let me tell the world.—Shakespeare

If a man and his family decided to move to Battle Creek as late as 1845, they must have known that they would still be pioneers, lacking many of the amenities of their home back east. We are fortunate to have what might be called a travel folder of that time.

A good travel article in the 1970s tells you how to get some place, what it will cost to reach the spot and what you will find when you arrive. Sands McCamly, Battle Creek's foremost town-building pioneer, wrote a letter in 1845 that fits today's requirements exactly. He tossed in a bit of boosting—or was it boasting?—good enough for Chamber of Commerce advertising.

The following is not the entire letter to his friend back in New York State, but enough to give a picture of our thriving village 130 years ago.

Battle Creek, March 17, 1845—Henry Price, Esq., My Dear Sir: Some pleasant morning in the month of May or the first days of June, say to Rustin, "Get up old Jack, hitch him to the buggy. I want you should take me to Brook Post. I am going to visit." Then get on board of a Packet and proceed to Buffalo, a distance of, say, 60 miles, cost $1; thence by steamboat to Detroit, a distance of 350 miles, one day, $7; thence by railroad 110 miles [to Marshall], $3.50; thence by stage, same day, 13 miles, 62 cents, to Battle Creek; [total] $12.12.

Thus you see that in four days, allowing all that would be asked, you would be in Battle Creek, at which place you must stop and spend one month at least. You have at that place an old friend . . . He would be glad to travel with you north, south, east or west and show you the country and surrounded as this place is with a diversity of prairies and young and growing villages, I have no doubt it would give you great satisfaction.

Now, sir, I will give you a brief history of this place. The first settlement made in this county of Calhoun was made at Marshall in 1831. In 1835 the first settlement was made in this place. [In this McCamly refers to the year he settled here, and does not refer to the building of the first cabin, which in modern understanding, is celebrated as the town's beginning.] In 1836 a village site was layed out and building commenced. The proprietor (being myself) expended considerable of money in excavating a canal one and one-quarter miles along from the Kalamazoo river to a stream called Battle Creek, the same size as the old Erie canal, say 28 feet on the bottom and 40 feet on the top at four foot depth of water. The canal accommodates a goodly amount of machinery with water power. We have at the present time in this place the following, viz: 17 dry goods and grocery stores, 5 shoe shops, 5 grocery and provision stores, 2 saloons, 2 public houses, 3 churches, 3 flouring mills, 2 woolen factories, 1 furnace, 5 smith shops, 2 saddleries, 1 silversmith, tailoring establishment, pail factory, planing and matching boards, turning wood and iron.

There is a vast amount of business done here besides these already enumerated, saw milling, lathe making, etc., all on a large scale. The place must contain at the present from 1,000 to 1,200 inhabitants. All this has been brought about in, say 8 years, and land that I bought for $2 an acre at the time I was at your house is now worth $6000 [McCamly meant $60.00] an acre . . .

I have had a rough sea sometimes, but on the whole have fared as well as I could have expected . . . Do not think as many of your citizens do of this country, that it is fit for no person to live in. It is a mistake. We enjoy ourselves tolerably well, have a good soil and good climate and enterprising and industrious inhabitants . . .

Kindest regards to your children, yourself and your lady. Adieu—Sands McCamly.

Ethnic Heritage

Our country is wherever we are well off.—Milton

In a 1976 tribute to Arthur Fiedler, conductor of the Boston Pops Orchestra, his success was attributed to his supplying American music for Americans. His offerings have encompassed the entire musical range from ragtime and jazz to classical symphony.

Battle Creek's ethnic picture is like Fiedler's: American through and through. We're all immigrants, some more recent than others. Even the Indians were not indigenous.

Calhoun County about 1855 was reported to have these proportions among its settlers: 28 per cent from New York State, 12 per cent from New England, 8 per cent from England and Ireland. Does that leave more than 50 per cent from other states and nations? What per cent were Indians? What about Canadians?

Negro Pioneers

Precious Lord, take my hand, lead me on.
—Gospel song by Thomas Dorsey

The Underground Railroad to assist escaping slaves from the South to Canada brought the first Negroes into Battle Creek. Most of them merely passed through the settlement. An occasional one stayed on even though risking capture. Perry Sanford was one of these, a respected citizen until his death November 17, 1905. His experience with slave catchers in 1848 helped to precipitate the federal Fugitive Slave Law of 1850. That law brought about counteraction, a protective law, in Michigan.

Sanford escaped from Kentucky when he was about 20 years old. He had come with a group via Underground Railroad from Cincinnati through Indiana. Arriving in Cass County, the escapees joined others in a Quaker settlement.

A group of 40 slave owners arrived one night in the Quaker settlement. A spy in their employ worked among the escapees and knew just who they were and where to find them. The raiders captured about 25 slaves and loaded them into tobacco wagons. During the raid they had broken windows and doors of the cabins where the slaves had been housed.

The owner of the cabins, Stephen Bogue, was alerted. After notifying his Quaker neighbors Bogue hurried on horseback to Cassopolis where he obtained a warrant for "malicious destruction" and brought back 40 men to help arrest the slave catchers. Bogue's neighbors had meanwhile stalled the Kentuckians—mostly with talk—and kept them from getting away with their cargo.

The Kentuckians were thrown into jail, and the slaves placed in care of the sheriff.

During the litigation, the blacks mysteriously disappeared, one or two each day. Equally mysterious, one wheel from the tobacco wagons also was missing each night until all wheels "rested in the bottom of Diamond Lake nearby." By the time the Kentuckians were released they had neither slaves nor wagons.

The slaves who escaped the night of the raid were brought the following night to Battle Creek by a committee of Quakers. Many of the blacks went on to Canada but several stayed here, including four who were not intimidated even by the Fugitive Slave Law. These were Thomas Henderson, William Casey, Joseph Skipworth and Perry Sanford. It was Sanford who outlived all of them and was "held in high esteem" during his 40 years as a faithful employe of Nichols & Shepard Company.

Among the group with whom Sanford originally escaped from Kentucky were some who settled here after the Michigan law made return safe. George Hamilton became the stepfather of John J. Evans the barber who, as a boy, had attended the seminary at Harmonia, west of Battle Creek where Fort Custer later stood. Mrs. A. D. Cook and her parents, the Nelson Stephens, had also been in the party.

Gradually other families settled here. The Haleys lived on Clay Street and the children attended No. 5 school. Olga became a milliner and Cleo was graduated from the Sanitarium School of Nursing. Sojourner Truth brought the Graysons here. Peyton Grayson worked for Nichols & Shepard; his son, Ben, had the popular Chicken Charlie restaurant in a former streetcar on S.W. Capital Avenue.

James Lewis was a barber for 63 years, much of that time at the Sanitarium. He and his wife were keen thinkers and engaged in many good works. The Clarks, John Evans Sr. and Jr., the Paul Haleys, Marshalls, Tillmans, Tuckers, and Valentines were farmers, drivers, machinists, chefs, domestics, barbers, nurses, musicians, businessmen. Dr. Claude Evans arrived in this century and practiced dentistry many years. The Patterson family, 'Pat' the policeman, 'Pat' the postman and 'Dr. Pat' the physician, endeared themselves to many people.

Clifford Marshall and Louis Maxwell started the Bellmen and Waiters Club in 1938. At the time local law prohibited selling whiskey (hard liquor) by the glass except in private clubs to members. Marshall owned the building at 86 S.W. Capital Avenue. The first floor became the club proper with a card room on the second floor; space for a barber shop was rented out, and proved a con-

venience to the patrons as well as the public. The membership has been sustained at about 90 per cent black and 10 per cent white—a quality clientele to be proud of. In 1970 Thomas Snyder purchased the club and building and has managed the club with the same graciousness he showed while serving the Athelstan Club many years.

Until the influx of war workers in this century, there was no 'colored section' of town. Blacks and whites lived near each other, respected each other, mingled, though seldom intermarried. A joint effort that was a particular success was the Emancipation Day celebration of August 1, 1884. Excursions with special low rates were run by the railroads, bringing hundreds into town. There was a parade to the Driving Park on the flats, where Dickman Road and South Washington Avenue now meet, enlivened by the German Cornet Band, Detroit City Band, Capital City Band of Lansing, Kalamazoo Band and the Henderson Band of Calvin. Frederick Douglass, the famous black abolitionist, gave a fine address as did Battle Creek's George Willard. The afternoon was devoted to foot races and baseball games. The Battle Creek team, None Such, won its match. "In the evening several dances were held but the one at the Opera House drew the largest crowd," reported the leading daily paper. The August Emancipation Day, commemorating freedom in the British West Indies, had often been celebrated in Battle Creek even before the Civil War.

The Germans

I've shut the door on yesterday
And thrown the keys away—
Tomorrow holds no fears for me
Since I have found today.—Laramore

Henry Eberstein arrived with his oxteam in 1833. Immediately he built a log cabin and within a short time developed a prosperous farm on Goguac Prairie.

His thick dialect was amusing to his neighbors but his speaking voice was strong and his ideas worth hearing; he was a thinking man. The expected speaker of the day had not arrived at a holiday gathering. Someone suggested that Eberstein be asked to talk and he graciously complied. Patriotism for his new country was one of his enthusiasms. Looking back 120 years we can be amazed at his foresight. That day he advocated acquisition of Cuba by the United States.

"If we don't acquire it, there will come a day when Cuba will cause us trouble," he said in effect. "That trouble will be out of

proportion to the size of the island. It can become the campground of an aggressor." What prophetic words from an immigrant farmer!

Whiskey had long been distilled in Battle Creek but beer was not made locally until John Stahl came in 1858. Battle Creek's first brewery was built by this German who had originally settled in Saginaw. Wendell Ederle built the vats for aging the malt liquor. Stahl originally located about across State Street from the present Masonic Temple. He later built on the hillside at Cliff and Elm. Stahl's avocation was marksmanship and he collected many prizes in Michigan and nearby states with his rifle. His talent was fellowship and his brewery was quite a gathering place. "A German Club met one Sunday and an Irish Club the alternating Sunday" Charles Barnes recalled. Inasmuch as Stahl loved music, there always seemed to be plenty of that. In the annals of Germania Band Stahl's brewery is not mentioned but Stahl may have contributed his bit by getting the musical Germans together on a Sunday afternoon.

The German Workingmen's Benevolent Association pops up in our local history as often as a fairy godmother in Grimm. In the nineteenth century, insurance companies were frequently not all they pretended to be. It was wise of foreign newcomers to form a protective group of their own. The members of GWBA must have been unusually thrifty or a healthy lot with few demands on the association, for they soon built the Auditorium on Division Street. The building's continuous use for social affairs made it a good investment as well as a cement to hold the ethnic group together.

Although the association was for men, there was also an auxiliary of the wives and daughters of members. The building served as a social center for all Germans. The business meetings were held Sunday afternoons but often served as a social outlet as well; families came for a supper cooked in the ample basement kitchen by the wives and served to the entire group in the large dining room. Afterwards there were music, dancing and a general good time. The GWBA annual dance was an important event in town. In 1896 it was a masked ball for which 600 tickets were sold.

Several German families bought adjoining cottages on Franklin Beach at Gull Lake: Jacob Weickgenant, merchant; John Weickgenant, saloon keeper; Carl Gartner, baker; Robert Binder, butcher; and John Heyser, Union Steam Pump executive.

Weickgenants married Heysers and the clan became very close. In fact, John Heyser and John Weickgenant built a double cottage naming it the Two Johns. Other remembered names of the German colony here are Frank Zang, Sebastian Werstein, William Schweitzer, Carl Unterweiler, Tobias Burgomaster, and Otto Gemsch.

Perhaps Jacob Weickgenant is the best remembered of all. It was he whose happy nature and gaiety permeated the entire town. To many families besides his own he brought fun and frolic for holidays; Christmas became more than a gift-giving day—it was filled with his own impersonation of Santa Claus and with music, games and laughter because of him.

Jews from Germany

That which grows slowly, endures.—Author Unknown

The Jewish contingent started coming a century ago, usually one family at a time. One of the first businessmen was Ben Van Praag, who had a cigar factory. Maier Maas, with his friend, Joe Mayer, arrived from Buffalo in 1871. As partners they started their 'One Price' clothing store. Samuel Maas took over his father's store, later dealing in real estate.

Isaac Amberg was a long-time druggist in partnership with James Murphy, an Irishman. Their sons, Victor Amberg and J. W. Murphy Jr. continued the Amberg and Murphy drugstore. The younger Murphy was best known by his nickname, 'Yonkers' (Dutch—of all things!—for youngster), and it was while he was mayor that the business was sold to Charles McSherry in 1950.

August and Henry Kapp and Hugo Meyer were clothiers. Henry Bromberg had a jewelry store and built an impressive business block on the corner of East Michigan Avenue and South Division Street.

These families quickly became part of the established active community, at the same time retaining their religious identity. Most of the pre-1920 arrivals were Reform Jews from Germany. The first service was conducted here in October 1880 by Reform Rabbi Benson. A four-day festival of rites was sparked by Isaac Amberg and August Kapp. These men and other Battle Creek Jews were proud, too, of their American citizenship, largely acquired in the 1880s. There were occasional visiting rabbis, but no permanent home was obtained until Temple Beth El was built in 1951.

Scotch—Irish—Italian

Those who have special concerns are enriched forever.
—Ann Darling

Early foreign immigration to Battle Creek was Scotch and Irish. They seemed to gravitate to the Warren, High, Oak and Cliff streets area. Scotsman John Moreland, his wife, Catherine, and daughter, Helen, were living at 22 Warren before the first city directory was published in 1869. Next door lived Amos Swanegan; Perry Sanford owned a home at 29 Warren. The latter two were blacks and many years later, a grandson of Amos told a granddaughter of John Moreland that her grandmother Catherine had bestowed so many kindnesses on her neighbors and delivered so many black babies that she was known among them as *White Angel.* Helen Moreland married John Murphy, a refugee from the Irish potato famine. Their daughter married the son of Scotsman William Oliver who had migrated here from Canada. He was a Grand Trunk Western freight trucker and lived at 222 McCamly Street, an area that is now completely industrialized. He was for many years the head of the Caledonian Club; in appreciation of his leadership 200 local Scotsmen gave him a bang-up birthday party in his later years.

Robert Coggan remembers going with his grandparents, the Stewarts, to the monthly suppers of the Caledonian Club. As with many ethnic groups, these suppers were held at the Auditorium on Division Street.

Hardly any Italians came to Battle Creek before the turn of the century. Alex Ratti Sr. came from Ann Arbor in 1906 bringing with him his elegant soda fountain to establish an ice cream parlor here on West Main Street. The large influx of Italians to America increased from 1900 to 1930. Four DeMaso families came, like their countrymen, to seek jobs and a better life. Elisio DeMaso had established himself near Chicago a few years before sending for his wife and son and coming to Battle Creek Clark Equipment Company. Elisio learned English quickly and with a beautiful penmanship wrote many letters for his friends in both Italian and English. His six-year-old son had characteristic trouble learning American ways. In school he thought recess indicated the end of the session and ran home, skipping school in the view of his teacher.

Quite a colony of former Italians settled in Springfield Place, helping each other become acquainted with the new language and become adapted to the American way of life. The men formed the Italian-American Brotherhood Society and purchased land in Morgan Woods, north of town on Hubbard Road. There they found relaxation on summer Sundays. The favorite game was *bocce,* Italian-style bowling. They had refreshments late in the afternoon of salami and other cold cuts with crusty Italian bread and homemade dry wine. The women and children generally stayed at home except on holidays when the families enjoyed a communal picnic in their woods.

In the spring of 1925 London-born Otto Maddelena came to Battle Creek from "all over the world," as he amusingly explains. But after coming to "this lovely little town" he was through traveling. Maddelena had learned in England to install marble terrazzo and ceramic tile. Otto and two brothers-in-law, Frank Zanetti and Carlo Manarin, and a friend, Emilio Canciani, started the Imperial Tile Company. The business has flourished and has been sold to younger men who learned their skills from the experienced tile workmen.

Nearly every Michigan city boasted at least one fruit store owned by Italians early in this century. In Battle Creek the Basso brothers, Anthony and John, had such a store on East Main Street (Michigan Avenue), the present Read-Mor Book Store site. A large shipment of bananas directly from New Orleans was received twice a week, the firm's only wholesale venture. Bananas were supplied by the Bassos to the Sanitarium and the neighborhood groceries, of which there were many in town then. In those days, before bananas were ripened by gas, live tarantulas were a hazard to be avoided, so there was a technique to be learned in handling the fruit.

Except for bananas, Basso's was strictly a retail operation. No regular groceries were stocked. Newly ripened fruits and freshly roasted nuts came daily by train from Chicago and, in season, from Michigan's fruit belt. Candy, peanuts and popcorn were sold. With the Strand movie theater just across the street these snacks constituted a big business. There was also a tobacco and cigar counter.

John Basso had a great knowledge of mushrooms and would identify edible or poisonous varities for townspeople. A grandchild remembers that Basso carried a cane with which he examined crevices and weedbeds at the edge of sidewalks as he walked from his home on Ravine (now Washington) Street near Upton Avenue to the store. He was searching for, and often found, mushrooms.

Tony Charameda came to Battle Creek in 1905. At first associated with Jim Tenuta, he soon opened his own similar store on East Main Street next to the Grand Trunk tracks. His new location catered to different customers and he added ice cream for retail sale. Grand Trunk workmen appreciated his large stock of tobacco. He attempted to become (and became) a tough competitor to the Bassos, for Charameda imported many fruits, creating a profitable wholesale business. In his stock were bananas by the carload, grapes packed in ground cork and shipped by the barrel from South America, Washington apples wrapped in tissue paper and crated, figs, dates and Christmas specials.

Rita, one of Tony's two daughters, fell in love with Frank Cusmano of Detroit. But Mama Charameda let it be known that no man could take her daughter away from Battle Creek. Cusmano bowed to the ultimatum and opened a store not far from Charameda's, finding new customers for his wholesale fruits and vegetables. He supplied the A&P stores for many years. The possessive mother became the dowager of her little clan, buying property so that she had the family homes and both stores all in the same block on East Main Street. Keeping the family circle intact was one Italian trait that she would not have Americanized.

East End Settlers

All glory comes from daring to begin.—Author Unknown

Before the twentieth century wars, Southeastern Europe embraced many small, isolated nations. The Balkan States include Albania, Bulgaria, Greece, Rumania and Yugoslavia. Yugoslavia consists now of several former tiny countries. About nine-tenths of the population speak Slavic languages. Of these three-fourths are Serbo-Croatian. The Serbians use one alphabet (Cyrillic) and the Croatians another (Latin). If Yugoslavia has done well absorbing all of its variations, Battle Creek has done even better. Many of its new citizens of 40 years ago emigrated from these and neighboring countries, keeping a few of their differences, at the same time becoming loyal Americans. Every ethnic story cannot be told here—only a few tales to fill you with wonder at the adjustments each group made; to bring awareness of their successes and their contributions.

Bulgaria, Croatia, Greece, Macedonia and Serbia supplied most of the Southern Europeans who settled here. A family or two from Albania came and still have descendents in the area. A colony from further north, the Polish, besides a few Russians, came about the same time as the others.

An immigrant from another country has the spirit of a pioneer. He enters an unknown. He does not understand the ways of those who are established nor do they understand him. Often he is considered an interloper. This sounds a little like the Calhoun County pioneers and the Indians in the 1830s, doesn't it?

The Grand Trunk Western railroad was the chief attraction to those who settled in the 'East End' of Battle Creek. Many had been miners in southern Europe and slipped into railroad needs here: mechanics in the roundhouse, painters, yardmen and section hands.

Of all the groups settling here, the Croatians managed best to keep the old country customs alive, at the same time acquiring great love and loyalty towards America. They created a Croatian

Lodge #533, 'St. John the Baptist,' a unit of the central lodge in Pennsylvania. Locally they purchased their own building, their social center.

Croatians make much of holidays and church and family festival days. Guests at banquets of homemade Croatian dishes, for weddings, baptisms and birthdays, come with a pocketful of money. Nothing is purchased at the store; instead, a fund for the honored one is built up. A plate is passed with the contributions going to a baby's future education or to help newlyweds buy necessities for housekeeping.

At a wedding, for example, a flower is pinned on each guest for which the guest in turn gives a donation, usually a dollar. At the reception, each male guest dances a few steps with the bride, the women with the groom, again with a cash contribution for the privilege. The wedding cake is auctioned off before its cutting, the money going, of course, to the bride and groom. On the second day a mock wedding with the previous day's wilted flowers causes great hilarity. Whenever possible wedding festivities last three days. As neighbors and friends supply traditional foods for the festivities, the third day is for honoring these cooks, the godparents and the wedding party. The entire festival is filled with joy and gaiety.

The Croatians love music and are adept at playing their own on the *prima*, a wind instrument that resembles a turtle shell, and the *brac*, their version of a guitar. On Christmas Eve, a few friends start out to sing and play carols for neighbors, who in turn treat the musicians to food and drink. Often the traveling group is joined by others until it is a fair number that returns to one musician's home for a banquet of traditional dishes, their own noodles being a specialty.

The Greeks and Macedonians and other south Europeans gravitated to industrial Battle Creek because jobs were available. The Greeks, especially, went into business for themselves as soon as they could possibly afford to do so. Candy stores,ice cream parlors and cafes were their contributions.

Excellent and popular eating places for many years were Louis' Grill (Louis Vista served delighted customers in a specially made car diner) at State Street and West Michigan Avenue; Frank Boyd's restaurant at 48 S. W. Captial Avenue; the Belmont Cafe run by the Janetakos brothers near the Bank Corners and, in the same block, the Olympic Cafe owned by the Derlis brothers; the Queen City Cafe managed by the Hirakis brothers at 5 West Michigan Avenue (above which the Lam brothers served Chinese food in their Lantern Garden); the Busy Bee, opened in 1916 by Pete Pascalinos and sold in the early 1920s to his cousin, another Pete Pascalinos, and

two partners, Steve Chelasis and John Kurmadas, the latter remembered as a loyal and active member of the Elks lodge. The Busy Bee closed during World War II. Naoum Kapiliathis had the Calhoun Cafe at 60 Calhoun Street for 17 years and then managed Elks Cafeteria for 10 years.

George Bizzis had the Northside Candy Store on North McCamly Street and later the Handy Store on Calhoun Street; the Cherry Candy Store across from the Regent Theater belonged to Pete Klemos; about 1910 Hippocrates Doss opened the Rainbow Confectionery across from the Union Steam Pump Company on S. W. Capital Avenue and sold it to Ted Ismirl who took as a partner Bill Melko; a similar confectionery store was Pete Manusos' on N. E. Capital Avenue; across from the post office was another Klemos Candy Store. There were many merchants who came in this century as 'foreign born.' Their success proves how well their talents were received.

Thirty families have energetically retained their Eastern religious heritage. For a dozen years the Saints Constantine and Helen Greek Orthodox Church was housed in an attractive building on Adams Street. The location was purchased and the building razed for the enlarged public school complex. The congregation purchased the former Trinity Reformed Church at 1020 West Goguac Street. The building has been completely renovated and a visiting priest from Kalamazoo ministers at regularly scheduled services.

Some Polish Customs

The greatest use of life is to spend it for something that will outlast it.—Author Unknown

The Polish National Alliance, a fraternal and insurance organization, is represented in Battle Creek by Group 2416. The local branch has its own social hall, recently enlarged, and celebrates its 50th anniversary October 9 of this Bicentennial year. The building gets lots of use for festivities for which it is well adapted. It supplies space and equipment for wedding receptions, reunions following funerals, dances, bingo and retirement parties.

Our Polish residents began coming in numbers about 1912. One family would sponsor the next and the little colony grew, chain-letter fashion, until there was a fine representation.

Some of them took advantage of the offerings at the East End Mission and the Croatian Hall where lessons in English and citizenship were available. Most of the men worked for the Grand Trunk railroad as machinists, iron workers (called blacksmiths) and heavy machine operators. The work was far more agreeable than coal

mining, which many of them had done in Poland.

Most of the children attended St. Philip School. A rather typical family was that of Stanley and Mary Galarda. They learned to speak a broken English but bestowed a knowledge of spoken and written Polish on their five children. They accepted American ways but kept alive a remembrance of their heritage.

Mary loved gardening as did many of her neighbors. She grew vegetables and flowers—of course lots of parsley which is used in many Polish dishes. Inside, the favorite growing things were the oleander trees—beauties with red, pink, lavender or white blossoms. The green thumbs of the Polish women reached their ultimate in their oleander trees.

The walls—especially in bedrooms—were decorated with holy pictures in rich colors and elaborate frames, loved objects brought from the old country. And the crochet: everywhere were beautiful white doilies and runners; even crocheted panels hung in the doorways.

Holidays, saints' days and family celebrations were special—and still are. Easter morning is memorable. The house is blessed with holy water. Colored eggs are blessed and shelled with ceremony, each cut into several wedges and arranged on a plate. This is passed around to the family and offered to any callers who drop by. Wishes for a joyful Easter, health and happiness throughout the coming year, accompany the tidbit.

For the Christmas Eve dinner of traditional dishes, straw is placed under the tablecloth as a reminder of the manger and the birth of the Babe. Eating begins after the first star appears or the hour when it would appear on a clear night. A holy wafer from Poland is passed, each participant breaking off a piece to eat. The symbolism is togetherness, for those in America know that relatives in Poland are observing the same rite on Christmas Eve.

Wedding receptions, due to the expense of hiring a hall and orchestra and serving dinner, are being abandoned in favor of greeting guests outside the church or in the vestibule. A dinner at the home of the bride for the family and wedding party often suffices. A special Polish custom is having each guest dance a few twirls with the bride; then her wedding veil is removed and a white, frilly apron, denoting her becoming a housewife, is tied around her waist. She is then free to leave for her honeymoon.

East End Mission

An individual's greatness is represented not solely by spectacular undertakings but also by what others do because of him.—N. C.

"One of the constructive and citizen-making activities of Battle Creek is the East End Mission, which was first started at 61 Stone Avenue in the boarding house of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Klibenski, under the leadership of Albert Crisfeld in December 1925, when he told a Christmas story to eight children of six nationalities." That beginning was reported in the *Enquirer and News* four years later.

The group on the receiving end of Crisfeld's energy and enthusiasm grew rapidly. Local backing was slower in evolving. A nearby dance hall was used but lack of equipment and help nearly caused Crisfeld to bow out. In January of 1927, however, a group of interested citizens formed a board, rented a building at 16 Claire Street and solicited a piano, songbooks, chairs, receiving bits of cooperation from individuals and various churches. Two months later students of sociology from Battle Creek College were helping. Also, "in January 1928 Mrs. George Hard of Urbandale and her daughter, Mrs. Elnora Bowers, took charge of the young people's meetings on Tuesday nights. During the same month Mrs. Ina Knowles, with Prof. Raymond, started midweek classes in English and citizenship."

A scouting program led by Lloyd Shafer was outstanding. A troop of 27 members won "both the Grant and Toeller cups at the scout court of honor."

The Mission was interdenominational and in March 1928 the board resigned to let the Ministerial Association take over the responsibility. The volunteer workers continued under the more central control. Church groups took turns at hosting, teaching and arranging entertainment.

A city-wide Easter offering made it possible to hire Mrs. Nedka Evanova, an experienced Bulgarian teacher and social worker, who spoke several languages. More social events and classes were scheduled. Additional volunteer teachers from all parts of the city gave English lessons at the mission, in their own homes or in the homes of the foreign born.

In 1930 the newspaper reported proudly, "Of the 14 from Battle Creek who received their citizenship papers February 28, seven were helped by Mission workers. Of the other seven, four were from Great Britain . . . and all had been in the country a long time."

3

Names and Places

A Matter of Names

I have fallen in love with American names.—Stephen Vincent Benet

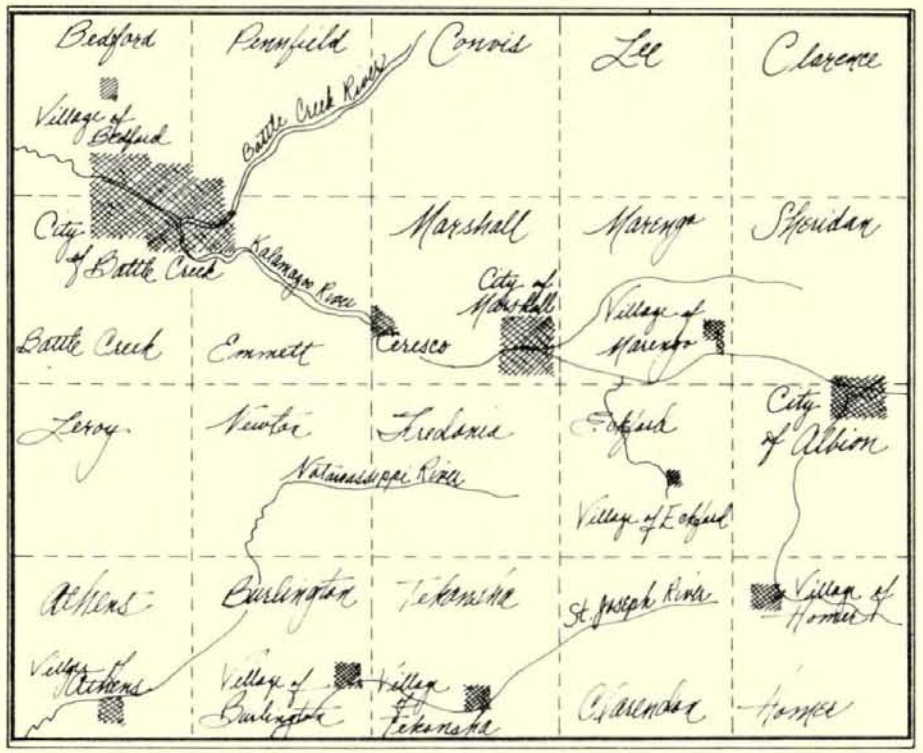
To become acquainted with a city— in this case, the geography of Battle Creek—is like learning a new language. Some people have a natural aptitude for remembering names while others draw a blank; maps may be 'Greek' to you while another in your family is an excellent navigator; there are those to whom *right, left, north, east, south* and *west* are baffling all their lives. So be it.

If you are going to enjoy this tour through Battle Creek's past, perhaps a bit of preparation is in order. Should you find it as dull as coping with French verbs . . . sorry. If, instead, the puzzle of places and names can be solved for you and made as easy as a-b-c . . . glad. Anyhow, here we go!

Calhoun County and How It Grew

The art of . . . geography is about maps.—Bentley

Surveyors must have a fixed spot to which their sightings can be related. Michigan's *base line* runs east-west across the state, right in our region between Calhoun and Eaton Counties. Cutting the base line at right angles and therefore running north-south is the *principal meridian.* It cuts through the middle of Jackson County east of us. Both lines, though imaginary, are as definite as the *equator* and the *meridian of Greenwich* for measuring latitude and longitude on our world globe. Calhoun County's relation to the base line is in *Towns* (townships south of the base line) by number and direction; relation to the meridian is in *Ranges* (townships west of the meridian) also by number and direction. There are 20 townships in Calhoun County; 36 sections in each township. Each section consists of 640 acres. So John Conway, for example, whose 80-acre farm lay south of Territorial Road as it climbed the hill and east of the present Capital Avenue, bought from the U.S. government the W 1/2 of the N.E. 1/4 of Sec. 13, 2TS, 8RW (which means the second township south of the base line and the eighth range of townships west of the state's meridian). If you own property, you can now read your own abstract. Yes?



Since 1840 to the present day the 20 townships of Calhoun County have retained the same designation continuously. But what a scramble between 1820 and 1840! It's as bad as intermarriages on a family tree. The names to remember are Green Township, Calhoun County, Marshall Township, Milton Township, and finally the four townships that converge at the city: Battle Creek, Emmett, Pennfield and Bedford.

There is less confusion if one follows the changes in their order of time.

1829—Oct. 29: Calhoun name and boundaries established by Territorial Legislative Council. Green Township (created for administration) consisted of Branch, Eaton, Calhoun counties and the land north of Eaton County. Nov. 4: For judicial purposes Green Township was attached to St. Joseph County.

1830—July 30: For judicial purposes Green Township was attached to Kalamazoo County.

1831—Territorial Governor Porter appointed a commission to locate a County Seat. Marshall chosen October 17.

1832—June 29: All of Calhoun County became Marshall Township for administration.

1833—Mar. 6: Calhoun County formally organized for administration with circuit court to convene in November. Mar. 29: Marshall Township reorganized to include today's townships of Convis, Marshall, Fredonia, Eckford, Albion, Tekonsha, Clarendon, and Homer. Milton Township included the present townships of Bedford, Pennfield, Battle Creek, Emmett, Leroy, Newton, Athens, and Burlington. Marengo included the present townships of Lee, Clarence, Marengo and Sheridan.

1834—Mar. 7: Homer Township set off from Marshall Township to include Eckford, Albion, Clarendon, and Homer. Marshall Township then became a long strip including Convis, Marshall, Fredonia, and Tekonsha. Milton Township unchanged.

1835—Mar. 17: Athens Township set off to include the lower half of Milton Township, namely: Leroy, Newton, Athens, and Burlington.

1836—Tekonsha Township set off from Marshall Township to its present limits. Eckford Township set off from Homer Township to its present limits.

1838—Burlington Township set off to include the present Newton and Burlington Townships. Convis Township set off from part of Marshall Township to its present limits. Albion Township from part of Homer Township to its present limits. Cady Township from part of Milton Township; renamed Emmett Township in 1839. (Some records give 1837 as the date of origin of Cady Township. The name Andover was proposed but not adopted.)

Fredonia Township from part of Marshall Township.

Leroy Township from part of Athens Township.

Newton Township from part of Burlington Township.

Pennfield Township from part of Milton Township.

1839—Pinckney Township from part of Marengo Township; name changed to Clarence in 1841. Bedford Township from part of Milton Township.

1849—Milton Township name changed to Battle Creek. Marengo Township divided, the northern part becoming Lee Township.

There, now! Can you work out the pedigree of the place where you live?

A Creek Called Battle

We do not remember days; we remember moments.

—Author Unknown

Battle Creek's City Hall, built in 1913, has a window of stained glass bearing the city seal. The design for the seal is as old as the city, for it decorated the cover of the city charter, adopted in 1859 and published in 1861. It pictures the 'battle' of Battle Creek, which was a skirmish between two Indians and two members of a territorial surveying party. Shown quite plainly is the confluence of two rivers, presumably the Battle Creek and the Kalamazoo. A large oak tree actually stood at the tip of the peninsula created by the converging rivers, as shown on the seal; when the oak tree fell in a storm, early in this century, the city mourned its loss.

Everything about the artist's portrayal of the event could be accurate except that the battle of Battle Creek did not occur at the confluence of the two streams. Col. John Mullett, in charge of surveying southern Michigan, wrote his report of the small fight which had taken place March 14, 1825. The location of the encounter was so well pinpointed by Mullett, and again by a researcher in 1883, that we know exactly where the combat occurred: beside a stream as it crosses Base Line, Range 6 West, between Sec. 31, Bellevue Township, Eaton County and Sec. 6, Convis Township, Calhoun County. That spot is about three miles southwest of the village of Bellevue.

Previous to the incident the Indians had been unfriendly, threatening, interfering with the survey, pulling stakes and effacing marks. Mullett's letter to Territorial Governor Lewis Cass which follows explains this and then narrates the battle.

> "On the 14th inst'ce I left my camp, which was on the base line, in the west part of range 6 west, in the care of two men, Mr. Taylor and Baldwin, and with my chainmen and axmen ran north, to return in the evening.
>
> "About one o'clock two Indians came to the camp, with the same hostile appearance that they had uniformly evinced toward us, told Taylor and Baldwin to leave the country; that they had no right to hack the trees. Mr. Taylor made them understand that our chiefs sent us there; that they must get an order from them before we could go, and in every way tried to convince them that no

harm was done or meant.

"They pretended to be in fact satisfied, entered our tent, asked for food, which was given them. Then they examined our rifle, saw that it was loaded, asked how many belonged to our party, where they were gone, and at what time they would return, etc. Mr. Taylor answered that four men belonged to the party, that they were gone north and would return about sunset. Then they asked for tobacco, which was given them. After smoking some, they then went outside the tent, conversed together some time, and renewed their order for my party to leave the country and give them the provisions.

"Mr. Taylor told them he could spare no provisions; his men were hungry. One Indian then drew his hatchet and renewed his demand, while the other Indian presented his cocked rifle to enforce it; telling Taylor to be quick.

"Baldwin at that moment endeavored by a quick step, to get behind the Indian with the rifle; who, perceiving his intent, turned and discharged the rifle at him just as Baldwin struck it aside with his hand. The Indian then sprang, and seized the rifle which belonged to our camp, and discharged that, which was fortunately knocked aside by Baldwin in the same manner.

"He then made for the rifle belonging to the other Indian, who was all this time engaged with Taylor with the hatchet, which Taylor had caught hold of, as the Indian made a pass at him. Baldwin followed his antagonist so close as to prevent him from discharging the third rifle, and succeeded in wresting it from him, although they broke the stock in the affray, and left Baldwin in possession of the naked barrel, with which he knocked him down and flew to the assistance of Taylor, who lay with his antagonist on the ground struggling for the possession of the hatchet.

"Baldwin with one blow of his rifle barrel, relieved Taylor from his disagreeable situation. They bound the Indians, hand and foot, and kept them until my return to camp . . ."

Governor Cass, a man of action, sent to the troubled area Col. Louis Beaufait, an Indian interpreter, hoping he could change the Indian mood. Beaufait quickly found a trader, known as Old Baptis, was inciting the Pottawatomies against the surveyors. It seems Baptis had a good trade going with the Indians and wanted no interference. After Beaufait's explanation to the chiefs and Baptis that the intention was helpful, not harmful, both the trader and his customers promised to let the surveyors do their work unmolested. The promise was kept; the survey was continued and completed between November 1825 and January 1826.

Surveyors seemed easily to run out of names for streams and lakes. *Pine, Birch, Maple, Little, Grand, Mud, Clear* were used again and again. The abandoned Mullett camp was found by later surveyors who stretched their imaginations enough to give the adjoining creek the name *Battle* on their maps.

The City Chose Its Name

A commodity of good names.—Shakespeare

The township was Milton. How was the village to be designated? It is said that letters of the early 1830s addressed to Guernsey, Milton Township, Calhoun County, Michigan reached settlers near the Guernsey cabin. The letters would have been delivered ultimately if addressed merely to Milton without the post office name of *Guernsey.* After 1836 the settlement was sometimes called *Merriton,* again for its owners. Somehow the inhabitants began calling their town *Battle Creek,* perhaps because it was here that the creek named *Battle* lost its identity by joining Kalamazoo River; perhaps because it was in 1849 that the whole township had dropped *Milton* in favor of *Battle Creek.* The following year the Battle Creek settlement incorporated as the village of Battle Creek.

The village charter was filled with trivia (for example, boys must not fly a kite or roll a hoop on the downtown streets or swim in the river within the village during the day) while more essential rulings were lacking. The Common Council voiced a need for a new charter at its November 8, 1858 meeting. Such a change seemed important enough to call a meeting of the general public two weeks later at Pavilion Hall, 18 West Main Street (Michigan Avenue) and handbills to that effect were used for notification. Those attending November 22 voted for a new charter and created a committee to draft one for a meeting to be held December 13, three weeks away. Appointed were N. Filio, Myron H. Joy, Walter W. Woolnough, Leonidas D. Dibble and J. Babcock.

The December 10 newspaper surprised its readers with the announcement that the "meeting to take into consideration a change in the charter of our village will be held at Peninsular Hall on Monday evening next. The committee appointed will be prepared to make their report at that time. It has been thought best by them to get up an entire new charter—a charter making us a city."

The charter of more than "50 pages of closely written foolscap" was read and well received except that an Indian name was suggested for the new city. *Waupakisko* meant *river of blood* and seemed to refer to a tribal battle long ago. Objections to *Waupakisko* became hotter and noisier. Getting into the debate were such highly respected citizens as Dr. Simeon S. French, Tolman Hall, L. H. Stewart, John Stewart, Erastus Hussey, Leonidas Dibble and the Rev. George Willard. Dibble and Hussey really wanted *Wau-*

pakisko but were willing to consider any suggestions, among which were *Eureka* and *Calhoun City.* All names being discarded, a new committee was appointed to come up with a fresh idea. After a stormy session it suggested *Waukisko.* This, too, was voted down by the citizenry. The charter was accepted with no name chosen for the city.

Pros and cons continued on street corners and in stores three more weeks until balloting occurred December 31, 1858. William F. Neale reported in the January 7 newspaper, "The last day of the past year was agreed upon as the time when the local voters of the village should by ballot decide the name." There were 467 ballots cast; for Battle Creek, 315; Calhoun City, 93; Waupakisco, 50; Peninsular City, 9. "Now let our object be," Neale wrote, "to make the city of Battle Creek distinguished as the city where shall be done unceasingly battle for the right."

When the state legislature approved the charter February 3, 1859, to become effective February 25, the newspaper commented, "We are now a city. The swaddling clothes of villagehood must now be laid aside and the boy appear in full measured corduroys for the first time. The people may be excused if they strut a little . . . The inhabitants of neighboring villages such as Verona, Marshall, etc., must be prepared when they visit us to behave themselves with becoming respect for our importance . . . Oh, dear: What can we do? We can hardly promenade enough, the streets are so muddy! Hurrah for the city of Battle Creek!"

Harmonia—Mystery Village

Behold, I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed.—I Corinthians 15:51

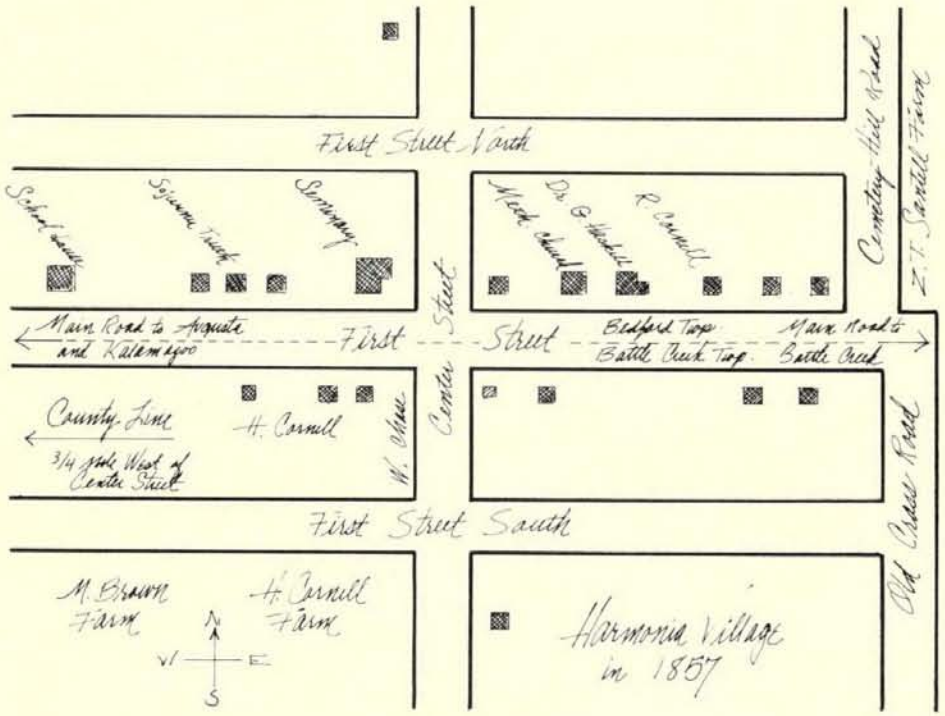
Abstracts and deeds are important links to the past. They were often not recorded with the County Register of Deeds for some months—often years—after the transfer of property had taken place. Census records help in dating location of families except that the census taker—the *enumerator*—often couldn't spell or write or hear clearly, in which case there is more hurdling to find the facts.

All traces of Harmonia are gone now, eradicated in the making of Camp Custer in 1917. The history of the community, six miles west of Battle Creek, is so permeated by myth that a deep study of old land records may be the only way it can come out of its shroud of mystery.

The community was on a high plain above and about one and one-half miles southeast of Bedford Station on the Michigan Central Railroad. Near the top of a nearby hill a cemetery was located —called at first *Bedford,* then later *Bedford Harmonial Cemetery* according to county records in Marshall. Records of the burials are missing and most of the grave markers are gone.

A diary of 1846-1848 by an unnamed farmer shows he lived in a neighborhood of Quakers, farmers who were just then breaking up the land for cultivation. The diarist states that it is six miles to Battle Creek. The names of his neighbors place the writer in the Harmonia area although there seems to have been no village that early.

Much of the mystery surrounds a private school organized by Reynolds Cornell, managed and taught by his son, Hiram Cornell. A description of the school appeared in an advertisement in the Battle Creek Journal in 1852. The huge building was not yet constructed.



The Cornells were Quakers turned Spiritualists. Just when their conversion occurred is not known; the antislavery worker, J. W. Walker, visited the Cornells in 1852 and spoke at the school that was "taught on broad principles." Walker was treated to some interesting table-tipping and rappings. The following year Parker Pillsbury was a bit disgusted with the Spiritualistic overtones at the school that was publicized as nonsectarian.

The institute's many unofficial names include descriptive words such as *agricultural, seminary, academy.* The building constructed by the Cornells was nicknamed the *Band Box* due to its awkward size of four stories, the upper two floors built as dormitories to house boarding students. The upper two floors were damaged or blown away in a tornado August 4, 1862. A roof was then placed over the intact two stories and instruction continued.

Success of their institute prompted the Cornells in 1855 to engage John Meachem to survey 80 acres in Bedford and Battle Creek townships and lay out a village of 140 lots. The plan was recorded November 14 of that year. The 1873 atlas shows less than 20 houses, the public school and a Methodist Church, and no sign of the Cornells or their institute.

It was in July 1857 that Sojourner Truth's purchase of a small house and lot was registered. An 1857 map shows a school house (presumably a public school) a half mile from her house and a *seminary* almost next door. The Cornells were her neighbors. From the 1860 census, taken in June, we learn that her grandson Samuel Banks, age 9, attended school the previous year. Sojourner did not enjoy life in Harmonia and moved into Battle Creek in 1867. Her daughter Sophia and husband Thomas Schyler and four sons subsequently occupied Sojourner's Harmonia house for nearly 30 years.

Harmonia Road signs westward from Helmer Road and a forgotten cemetery hugging the side of a hill are all that can be found to recall the Quakers, the Quakers turned Spiritualists and the integrated community that hoped for greatness through education. The Custer barracks that replaced it are also gone. A west wind uninterrupted by trees or buildings sweeps across a level plain.

Suburbs

We have met the enemy and he is us.—Pogo (Walt Kelly)

A hundred years ago and more, when most people had no transportation except their two good legs, a near place in today's eyes was then a far place. East Battle Creek was the area around the present Grand Trunk depot at Main and Hall streets. Not as far from the center of town was Bartlett's Commons, gathering place for circuses and sandlot games. South Battle Creek was any area west of Grand Boulevard and extending a couple of miles south of Columbia Avenue.

Verona was our first suburb, but in its beginnings, about 1836, it was called a competitor and vied for future greatness that would outstrip Battle Creek. Do you remember the story? Ezra Convis sold out his one-half of Battle Creek and bought a large tract for

which the name Verona was chosen. Convis himself was a surveyor, a lawyer, a road builder—a man of great charisma and talent amounting to genius. He platted his future village and began selling lots. He built the first requisite for progress, a sawmill. Soon a gristmill was also erected. When Convis was killed in a Detroit traffic accident, plans for the city of Verona no longer had genius behind them and not even a proper plat was found, so there was confusion over ownership of land. Today the district is called Verona, its school also bearing the name. A marker to the memory of the genius, Ezra Convis, is in the schoolyard. The 1873 Calhoun County atlas shows it as Fractional District No. 4 of Emmett Township. On a similar 1894 map it is part of the city of Battle Creek.

Where the Wheatfield (now 11 Mile) Road crossed the Michigan Central tracks was a railroad stop called *White's Station.* There was for a comparatively short time a grain elevator and a freight depot serving nearby mills, cheese factory and creamery. The station's importance died out as transportation improved. The nearby millrace and pond were a long-time source of watercress, enough to be shipped to Chicago commercially.

As our city enlarged, farms were made into *additions.* Benjamin Graves, who had purchased the Manchester farm out North Washington Avenue and westward, platted it into lots in the 1890s, officially the Graves Addition. Adams Addition was in the general area of Fountain Street and S.W. Capital Avenue. Washington Heights consisted of the Christian and Hubbard farms purchased in 1902 by five men; the area was large enough to be given that fine district name and was platted, ready to be sold in lots by 1905. It was voted into the city in 1918.

The Lakeview district is legally a part of Battle Creek Township. When Mrs. Unna purchased the Surby property beside Goguac Lake in 1896, she named it Lake View. The first of the Lakeview schools, now Highland Junior High, was named Lakeview, legend says, by a teacher who looked out over the lake and said that would be an appropriate title for the school.

Urbandale's name was the result of a contest, the winner announced January 2, 1901. James Henry who platted the area offered a prize of $10 for the best name. Charles E. Hitchcock won with *Urbandale.*

Level Park has a strange setup; its school is part of the Battle Creek Public School system; governmentally it is under the jurisdiction of Bedford Township.

Springfield is a small industrial city. The community was named by C. W. Post in honor of his home town, Springfield, Illinois. Post had purchased a couple of farms and platted them into an addition

much as he had done successfully in the eastern end of town near his factory; he quite surely expected Springfield, like his Post Addition, to become part of the city of Battle Creek.

Spring Lakes Area

The place is dignified by the doer's deed.—Shakespeare

A water district with lots of history lies both sides of North Avenue between Emmett Street and Roosevelt Avenue. There were originally four lakes and two swamps, the former known as Spring Lakes. Three of the lakes and one swamp lay east of North Avenue, (originally Town Line). Two of these lakes were truly spring fed and very cold. Several drownings occurred when boys used them for swimming. The third, nearest the road, was known as Willis Pond because the Willis home joined it on a hill to the north; during dry years the pond's level went down so that it became a watery swamp. In wet years it looked more respectable but the road, much lower than now, became an impassable mire; then to get out St. Mary's Lake way, residents had to detour along a makeshift wagon road approximately the present Garrison Road and Roosevelt Avenue. The hill where the Willis home stood has been leveled for the Miller Gymnasium, Kellogg Community College; the pond has been filled in and paved to create the K.C.C. parking lot.

The lake on the west side of North Avenue is also spring fed. It was for many years the source of ice for the Peter's four-story ice house that held 6,000 tons of ice and sawdust. When the ice house was torn down, its need replaced by electric refirgerators, there was 10-year-old ice in the bottom. West of the ice house stood a large stable, capable of housing 40 ice-wagon horses. It had further uses as a city tool barn and was not torn down until 1965. A satire appeared in a local newspaper early in this century concerning the attempts to keep Goguac Lake clean for city consumption while the Peter's ice supply came from uninspected water where there were plenty of frogs.

As for the swamps and the low road north of Emmett Street, they were filled in by Harlan Whitney, called *future thinker* by grateful residents. He hired Charlie Thunder to wash down the hill east of the swamp to fill in the low land. Water was forced into a big tank from the Peter's spring lake by a steam cylinder pump with 6-inch pipe suction. The sand and gravel that comprised the hill was washed by hose into a metal trough and down hill. This created a suitable site later for Leila Hospital. The present duck pond beside the Parks Department office was formed years later when Irving Park was landscaped by T. Clifton Shepherd.

The drainage for the entire Spring Lakes area was a sparkling stream admired and used for drinking water by the Indians. Villagers called it *Burnham Brook* for Dorr Burnham whose property was enhanced by its beauty. It emptied into the Battle Creek River near the then confluence with the Kalamazoo River. The brook—as drainage—still exists, underground.

The Willis reservoir created in the early 1880s for Battle Creek's water supply—and never used for that—stood on a high hill at the north end of Fremont Street. Later called *The Tower,* it was long a neighborhood bonus for sledding and skiing. Kellogg Community College Library now stands on that hill although the reservoir and some of its hill were sheared off to create more practical levels for college buildings and mall.

4
Industry

Current Manufacturing

In today already walks tomorrow.—Coleridge

Battle Creek is primarily an industrial city. Its early fame for production of agricultural machinery has given way to manufacturing such as fire trucks (American), deep-draw metal products (American Stamping), gray iron castings (Battle Creek and Springfield foundries), structural building framing (Battle Creek Steel Fabricating), forklift trucks (Clark), fiber glass products (Davis), valves and gears (Eaton), packaging machinery (Franklin Electric), automotive parts (Priest), brass fittings (Sherman), plastic and wire food-handling products (United Steel & Wire) and other companies producing or fabricating machine products. Pumps have been a major manufacturing item for 125 years with one producer remaining (Union Pump, begun 1885).

Cereals account for three extensive plants: Kellogg's; Post Division, General Foods; and Ralston Purina; two baking and distributing centers for cookies: American Biscuit and Archway; paper packaging products for two factories: Consolidated and Michigan Carton, the latter recently absorbed by St. Regis Paper; musical instrument strings for GHS Corporation and V. C. Squier Company, the latter now a division of CBS. The city is luring manufacturing plants to its Industrial Park in old Fort Custer where space and facilities are available.

Sands McCamly Builds a Canal

He sojourned in the land of promise . . . for he looked forward to the city.—Hebrews 11:9

The original foresight for this industrial development rested in the imagination of Sands McCamly. Water power was essential to industry before the advent of steam, gas and electricity. It was McCamly money and brains that created the first canal for powering machines. In 1835 he took advantage of a natural fall of two feet between the Kalamazoo and Battle Creek rivers. By constructing a flume north from the Territorial Road crossing, along the east bank of the Kalamazoo River, he diverted enough water to increase the fall of water in his millrace to six feet.

Some historians state that McCamly imported Irish labor—25 to 35 men to build the first millrace. Where they were housed and how they were fed in 1835 remain questions. There is indication that he hired as many local young men as were available. Victory Collier, not yet of voting age, is said to have made wooden wheelbarrows for the canal diggers. The only tools were pickax, shovel and wheelbarrow; the power was human brawn. Actually, little is positively known as to how the job was accomplished, but finished it was. Water first ran through the canal in November of 1835. McCamly also had a sawmill built near the Battle Creek River—it was the first mill to use the water power; Benjamin Wright assembled the machinery.

Within a few years a dam closer to town was constructed under the supervision of "General" Cholett Cady. This formed a millpond that assured less power waste. The strength of the current into the millrace was doubled and the canal given sturdy stone walls that are still preserved and can be seen beneath the Battle Creek Gas Company office. At the height of its usefulness the canal supplied power to 18 mills.

Mills

Need and struggle are what excite and inspire.—William James

Need for sawmills was greater than for gristmills and in most localities their construction antedated the grist or flour mills by two or more years. John Meachem, who surveyed much nearby property, especially in Bedford Township, left a record of some of the early mills as he recalled them. He believed that a mill built by John Conway west of town was sawing lumber earlier in 1835 than Sands McCamly's. The Conway mill used the power of the creek from Hart's Lake and was located about one-fourth mile west of the

present Bedford Road bridge on the south bank of the Kalamazoo River.

When Gen. Ezra Convis decided to build his village, Verona, he first built a dam on solid sandstone across Battle Creek River. There may have been a small, natural waterfall at this spot, over varying levels of sandstone. The picturesque dam can still be seen from Verona bridge. A sawmill built at the east end of the dam functioned until it fell in 1890. A sawmill built at the west end of the dam was torn down in the 1920s. A flour mill on the west side of the river was completed in 1839 by Col. John Stuart and John VanArman; the sills and frame of the dam and mill were made of green oak timbers and the millrace had to be dug in solid sandstone. For many decades the making of flour was Verona's chief industry.

As usual, regarding the history of Verona, records are exaggerated or conflicting. There is a legend that John VanArman, son-in-law of Ezra Convis, got into a hassle with someone over the ownership of Verona mills and property. The argument ended with VanArman being thrown into a flour bin. Subsequently VanArman may have decided that debate in court could be more effective than in a flour mill, for he became an attorney here, and later a famous trial lawyer in Chicago, according to local newspapers.

Battle Creek Township's first manuscript map shows three mills powered by McCamly's canal in town and two on Langley Creek (now Minges Brook). Both of the latter were sawmills built in 1837. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gage found remains of the old dam near Riverside Drive when building their home on Hamilton Lane about 50 years ago. The mill was the nucleus of a planned village to be called Hamilton. Although the mill functioned several years, nothing came of the original dream.

When still a boy, Andrew Kane trudged with his pioneering family along the rough road east of Goguac Lake in 1838 and so crossed Langley Creek. He did not guess then that Abram Minges would build a flour mill north of the creek on the west side of the road in the mid-1860s and that one day Andrew Kane himself would own that mill. Neither did he know that right then, one-fourth mile to the west, stood Asa Langley's sawmill, that would continue turning out boards from logs for nearly 30 years.

Daniel Onderdonk purchased the Langley mill in 1856. Years later his son Frank remembered that "one of the 'pleasant' features of the property was the going out of the dam nearly every spring. I remember one occasion during a freshet and about the time the rising water began to get dangerous my father started my brother, Charles, to the mill below, and he reached there in time to lift the headgates, thereby saving the dam. In 1857, the year of the big

comet, we built a brick house on the property. I say 'we' because my brother and myself carried all the brick for the mason who was the late Dr. J. V. Spencer, then a bricklayer by trade." Susie Freeman Riedel recalls as a child playing in a long dip in the yard of her home. She called it *Freeman's Ditch.* It was doubtless originally the flume or race of Langley's sawmill.

In September of 1837 Almon Whitcomb finished Battle Creek's finest gristmill. Located north of Jackson Street, it used power from McCamly's canal. It had many owners until J. J. Hicks and Ellery Hicks, brothers, bought it in 1852. Millwright Ephraim Preston was employed to rebuild the mill. The following year Capt. Richard F. Titus bought the J. J. Hicks half interest. The Titus and Hicks mill continued in operation through a second generation: sons Samuel J. Titus and William E. Hicks were still running the mill well into this century.

Gen. Cholett Cady built a flour mill—commonly called the Red Mill—near the corner of State Street and Capital Avenue. In 1856 Loyal C. Kellogg purchased this mill next door to his White Mill that he had bought with a partner the year before. These mills could turn out some 300 barrels of flour a day.

Loyal Kellogg (no relation to the cereal Kelloggs) became sole owner of both mills. He had many interests in town—a bank, a woolen mill, his own cooper shop, and was considered the first millionaire in town. A colorful figure, he had paid the highest prices to farmers for wool and wheat and led his own workers in his cooper shop in the town's first strike. The coopers had asked for higher pay which Kellogg approved, but he wanted other barrel manufacturers to pay the same wages. The parade he headed visited all cooper shops and brought the desired concessions.

During the days of his prosperity Loyal Kellogg paid out $2 million to the farmers of our area and was touted as the first man in Michigan to pay $1 a bushel for wheat. But in the winter of 1866 he tried to corner the wheat market by holding 44,000 barrels of flour in Detroit and Chicago at the time that it was $20 a barrel in New York. He figured that if he could use boats instead of railroads for shipping he could save $36,000, so he waited. By the time the ice broke, very late in May that year, flour from other sources began to reach New York. When his flour reached the city it was $8 per barrel cheaper, and Kellogg lost more than one-third of a million which, in the vernacular, was "his shirt."

Maybe Kellogg was not a millionaire after all, for both mills "fell into the hands of H. J. Perrin," Marshall banker. The optimism and generosity went out of the comparatively young Loyal Kellogg and he became a recluse in his beautiful home at Maple and Cherry

streets. He no longer had his stable of fine horses across the street. Some folk thought he died in poverty in 1907 but perhaps that was an exaggerated report equal to that of his million dollar holdings.

Nichols & Shepard Company

In order that people may be happy in their work, these three things are needed: They must be fit for it. They must not do too much of it. And they must have a sense of success in it.—Ruskin

The first foundry to turn out heavy engines here was established in 1848 by John Nichols who came from Marshall and joined with a partner, Charles Shepard. At first they made plows and small castings. After a leave of absence to join the California gold rush in 1850, Nichols returned. David Shepard, a fine mechanic, became partner in place of his brother Charles. The firm then made mill machinery and grew into a great producer of farm equipment, especially threshing machines.

Edwin C. Nichols, John's son, joined the company, becoming an excellent executive and city booster. E. C. Nichols constructed downtown buildings and helped keep the town on even financial keel during panics while sitting as director on several business boards. He contributed to cultural and political life, holding offices in clubs as well as in city and state governments. It was John Nichols who gave the original $10,000 to the Charitable Union for the establishment of Nichols Hospital to which his son and daughter gave generously. It was superseded by Community Hospital in 1938.

The Nichols & Shepard Company brought out one of the great inventions for agriculture, the Vibrator Threshing Machine. Its importance was reflected in the many local endeavors and social affairs named for it. There was a Vibrator Cottage on Jennings Landing at Goguac Lake owned by the Vibrator Club, a group of sportsmen.

The most famous of the Vibrator Club's exploits were its hunting parties. At first a few men—eight according to an early news story—set camp by the Au Sable River nearly 200 miles north of Battle Creek. The club grew to include some 25 enthusiastic hunters and they went on to the northern peninsula. As railroad service was extended and improved, the hunting parties traveled as far away as North Dakota.

Executives from Detroit to Chicago coveted invitations to join the Vibrator hunting parties. Locally, top men of Nichols & Shepard were guests in turn, and the Rev. Reed Stuart, broad thinker and community booster like his hosts, often appeared in the Vibrator camp. The outstanding local artist, Frank Courter, was a guest and painted several pictures on commission—one painted for Sam Titus is now in a private collection in Detroit, and Kingman Natural History Museum owns a large one, presumably painted for E. C. Nichols.

Newspapers generally announced the return of the Vibrator hunters and told where the townspeople could see the line-up of deer brought home by the sportsmen. On November 14, 1877, there was a parade down Main Street for local admirers. Exhibited were 48 deer besides wild geese, ducks, partridges and fish. "Three of the party were unfortunate not to kill a deer and consequently had to pay their board." E. C. Nichols generally picked up the tab for the entire group. The hunting parties were conducted 44 years. They became famous enough to pay their way in free advertising and public relations for their namesake threshing machine.

As there was little refrigeration then, stay-at-home friends and company employees were given a slab of venison. The hunters gave sumptuous game dinners to celebrate their take and reminisce on their adventure.

John and E. C. Nichols and David Shepard all owned homes on Maple Street (N.E. Capital Avenue). The younger Nichols, like his father, enjoyed being the genial host. There is a newspaper account of "the annual Vibrator supper" given by E. C. Nichols on New Year's Day, 1887. Notice, it was a supper, for John Nichols believed in beginning the New Year right by having the factory going full tilt the first day of the year. In his huge three-story home with mansard roof, Edwin C. Nichols entertained city officials at a banquet while he was mayor. In 1886 he hosted his father's birthday party for which the Vibrator Club had prepared an album of pictures and recollections of the previous hunting parties.

John Nichols died in 1891, David Shepard in 1904 and Edwin Nichols in 1924. Their company retained its old name until 1929 when it became a part of the Oliver Corporation. Ultimately the factory buildings were abandoned and torn down and the business taken away from Battle Creek.

Battle Creek Gas Company

. . . Possessing the faculty of continuing to improve . . . and of delivering those improvements by generation to its posterity.
—Erasmus Darwin

The oldest continuous local industry is the Battle Creek Gas Company. The town was growing fast in 1870—it had just inched past the recognized big-city size of 10,000 population. The same civic

boosters, whose names appeared often in Battle Creek's history, received a franchise to incorporate the Battle Creek Gas Light Company. Among them were Victory P. Collier, Thomas Hart, Richmond Kingman, John F. Moulton (who became the first president of the company), Edwin C. Nichols, Alonzo Noble, Clement Wakelee and Joseph M. Ward.

The gas was used primarily for lighting. It was made from coal while the by-product, coke, was as popular for many years as the gas itself. House furnaces, as central heating became commonplace, generally used coal which gave off more heat than coke, but coke was slower burning and longer lasting. It was especially good for banking of fires that would glow unattended for many hours.

Water coils in furnaces produced running hot water in the winter. A small auxiliary water heater that used only coke was installed in many basements for summer use. At the turn of the century and for some time thereafter, coke for the water heaters was big business for the Gas Light Company.

Deliveries of coke were made in wagons pulled by teams of handsome work horses wearing brass-mounted harnesses. These teams were considered good advertising—a trademark of the company until 1925.

In 1898 the business, that then had 600 customers, was sold. W. A. Foote of Jackson, whose intensive interest in gas and electricity later became the basis of Consumers Power Company, purchased one-third. David Henning, holder of two-thirds, became president and appointed his grandson, David Henning Frazer, general superintendent. Frazer and his bride moved permanently to Battle Creek.

Expansion began at once. Both gas storage capacity and office facilities were increased. A new office building was erected on the southeast corner of East Michigan Avenue and Monroe Street. Henning had the building faced in brick of unusual design and ordered the mold destroyed so that the facade would have an appearance not to be duplicated. However, customers were not expected to visit that elegant office. "In those days, all gas bills were delivered by hand and the men carried little black bags with change, as many of the customers paid at the door at the time the bill was delivered to them."

Battle Creek took to the convenience for cooking as well as lighting. There were 7,000 customers in 1914. The methods of producing gas were improved in the next few years and storage capacity greatly increased. For several years before and after 1930 Battle Creek was famous for using more modern produced energy than similar cities in the United States. The then Battle Creek Gas Company

prided itself on supplying "the largest per capita manufactured gas consumption of any city of any size in the world." The ovens of the cereal companies helped to keep that 'per capita' average high.

David H. Frazer Jr. became president in 1935. Natural gas was made available in 1943. The government insisted on the company's manufacturing gas and coke until the end of World War II. Then complete conversion was made to natural gas.

In 1946, with an enlargement in 1956, a liquid propane-air plant was built to help out during times of peak demand such as on cold days.

Its newest office building, completed in 1965, has been a nucleus for the downtown development of the Mall. Its site is historical. The first power canal ran beneath the building. Stone walls of the canal have been preserved for office and garage space beneath the building. Pioneer Henry Willis opened his first store at the State Street end. A. M. Minty's cigar manufactory, at the Michigan Avenue end, fell into the canal in 1899. The 'modern' Woodward Square building covered the entire site betwen Madison and Monroe streets from 1902 to its demolition for the present Battle Creek Gas Company office.

An interesting contribution to local cultural life is the Gas Company's sponsorship of the *Battle Creek 100,* an art competition of varied media. In cooperation with the Battle Creek Civic Art Center a biennial exhibit is arranged for artists within a 100-mile radius of Battle Creek. The company supplies cash prizes and a professional jury. It then buys items of its own choice for its permanent collection.

Long Gone

What's come to perfection, perishes.—Browning

Industries have been moved away and products no longer manufactured here are many—but worth remembering. By 1860 Battle Creek had a tannery, blacksmiths, furniture and sash, door and blind manufacturers, harness, shoe, soap and wagon makers, hatters, milliners and companies to make gloves, mittens and other woolen goods. Later in the nineteenth century and into this century factories large and small turned out albums, cigars, dresses, organs, pianos, printing presses and threshing machines.

After Nichols & Shepard had moved to the eastern edge of town, Richard Merritt and Dan Kellogg took over the firm's foundry on West State Street. Their specialty was agricultural machinery to supplement the N & S products, water wagons to supply engine needs of the threshing machines, for example. They made automo-

tive history by turning out the first self-propelled engine, 'Macomber's Marvel,' that under its own power went from State Street up the Jefferson Street (Capital Avenue) hill to Van Buren Street. Machinery of several kinds was made by Upton Manufacturing Company on East Jackson Street. Advance Thresher Company thrived a couple of decades.

It was in 1859 that Dorr Burnham, former miller, built a tall chimney on the warehouse he owned immediately north of the Michigan Central tracks and on the east side of Jefferson Avenue. Here he began manufacturing plows and other agricultural machinery. He took as a partner in 1867 his cousin, Hiram Hyde, and together they enlarged the plant in order to manufacture Boult's Patent Moulder, a locally patented foundry product. In 1873 the name Battle Creek Machinery Company was adopted. Fifteen years later the manufacture of Marsh steam pumps was begun. Ultimately the constantly enlarged foundry complex became the American-Marsh Pump Company. It was one of the last of the big machine shops in the immediate downtown area. After the company was sold and moved out of town, the buildings were demolished. The space is now largely St. Thomas Episcopal Church parking lot. It is generally agreed that the appearance of the area is improved with the ancient red buildings and smokestacks gone.

5
Health Becomes an Industry

Health for Sale

Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned in schools. —Whittier

Pratt's Blood Purifier

Nearly all men die of their remedies,
and not of their illnesses.—Moliere

Calhoun County has long been a nationally recognized center for health by mail, for health by promotion, for health by manufacture. Battle Creek's first radio station was WKBP (We Keep Breakfast Popular) and shortly changed its call letters to WELL, retained for decades, and since assigned to a Marshall station.

Amberg and Murphy built a chest of numerous square-front drawers in their drug store to hold anciently accepted roots and herbs needed to compound home remedies. The late Charles McSherry, who operated the store for many years, said there was still call for some of those old remedies in the 1960s, so he had kept a supply in the same wooden chest. The front of each drawer was painted white with large handlettering in black; there was no danger of using the wrong items, most of which carried botanical names.

An early commercial customer for these drug supplies was E. H. Pratt. In the 1880s and 1890s he and his wife periodically stewed up a cure-all typical of the offerings of the times. Pratt's Blood Purifier

was attractive to local symptom sufferers because it could be purchased fresh. It was this characteristic that made it seem superior to the nostrums on drugstore shelves. Fannie Sprague Talbot, an early journalist, remembered the Pratts and researched their background.

Both Edward Pratt and Elizabeth Hathaway had been brought with their pioneering families to Kalamazoo County. When Elizabeth turned 16 she was already a professional seamstress going about, living with the families for whom she worked a couple of weeks or more at a time. While she was working for Edward's mother, the 25-year-old man fell in love with Sweet Sixteen and they were married March 12, 1845. The wedding might have been earlier except that the supply of maple sugar in the Pratt and Hathaway households was exhausted and the young people waited for a new harvest in order to have a proper wedding cake.

As farmers, living in a log cabin, they made friends with their Indian neighbors. Presumably they learned Indian uses of local plants to add to the recipes in their own family heritage and hence created Pratt's Blood Purifier. After the couple moved to Battle Creek, living at 534 Lake Avenue, they created a demand for their homemade product. Mrs. Talbot, as a young reporter, interviewed them and retold their story years later. "The concoction was poured into a tin wash boiler, kept for the purpose, then simmered on an old-fashioned cook stove in the Pratt kitchen. Meanwhile, bottles were thoroughly sterilized ('twas *scalding* then) both the newly purchased bottles and those returned by old patrons. Of course, the bottles had to be uniform in size and labels were always printed ahead by the hundreds . . .

"When the whole lot had been made ready for delivery, off would start Mr. Pratt on customary rounds, his carriage drawn by a faithful old horse that seemed to know what streets and which houses to stop at . . . The very best testimonial to merits of his Blood Purifier was the remarkable health of his entire family—himself, his good wife, 9 children, 28 grandchildren and 15 great-grandchildren. Death had never taken one of the lot."

The top floor of the Amberg and Murphy drug store was used to store great boxes of medicine bottles of many sizes. There was plenty of call for them from other makers of patent medicines.

That Man Peebles

Evil is easy and has infinite forms.—Pascal

Dr. James M. Peebles was far more interesting than any of the promissory remedies he sold by mail. His photographs show a hand-

some, full-faced man with a Santa Claus beard and white hair waving gracefully over his coat collar. His niece, Nan Beach Griswold, remembered him as a glamorous giant in the knee-length, black frockcoat of a divine, and recalled that he entranced his relatives with stories and gifts when he rolled in from his exciting worldwide travels. He loved doing things in a large, expansive way and almost realized his ambition of living a century; death did him in only a month before his one hundredth birthday in 1922.

He had done so many interesting things, lived such an exotic life, that much of his past was eliminated from his obituary. But maybe that was just as well.

He first came to Battle Creek in the 1850s as the Rev. James Peebles, a Spiritualist minister. Within the first decade of its existence, the sect of Spiritualism had made great progress proseletizing other religious sects.

Peebles seems often to have traveled as a speaker; he is said to have been a good one. He wrote several books, but none was published until later, perhaps when he became affluent, as he published them himself. They were chiefly propaganda for Spiritualism and against vaccination and vivisection. At age 54 he was "graduated from the University of Medicine and Surgery at Philadelphia and a year later received the degree of Master of Arts from the same institution, and in 1882 the Medical University of Chicago gave him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy." This statement is from his autobiography in the *Battle Creek Journal* in 1913 and his obituary adds that he taught at the Cincinnati Eclectic Medical College. Still later in life he was president of the College of Science in Los Angeles. Whether or not he gave and received degrees by mail order was not revealed.

You can't imagine the honors he received in every sort of field: anthropology, psychology, philosophy, climatology. Four of the honoraria came from exotic sounding organizations in Great Britain. There were other foreign admirers. He explored ruins in the Holy Land, Mexico and South America. In 1869 he was appointed Consul to Trebizond, a part of Asiatic Turkey, a community of 70,000, he said, on the Black Sea. (Today its population is 53,000, but what it was then is a Peebles story.) The year before he had been appointed to the Northwest Congressional Indian Peace Commission along with Generals Harney, Sherman, Sheridan, Sanborn and Col. Tappan. In 1882 he was appointed representative abroad by the National League of USA (it met in Berlin, said world traveler Peebles).

In 1896 (Peebles was then in his 73rd year) he returned to Battle Creek to open his Medical Institute. This was strictly a mail order

affair. His partner in this business at a later date was Dr. W. T. Bobo who continued the accumulation of wealth with goiter and epilepsy cures and other nostrums. Peebles set the ball rolling and then went traveling some more.

Malcolm Bingay, columnist of the *Detroit Free Press*, in his autobiography *Of Me I Sing*, has given us the top story on Peebles, well remembered because his was the first trial ever covered by young reporter 'Bing.' It seems that Peebles had used the United States mail to make impossible claims for his remedies and himself, among them the implication that he was Christ incarnate. On the occasion the handsome giant was accompanied by a statuesque blonde in mink and a low-cut gown who had helped him enjoy a trip on the Nile.

> "I will never forget how I shuddered with open mouthed horror born of both my innocence and stern Episcopal training," recalled Bingay, "when District Attorney Gordon bellowed at Peebles on the stand: 'Do you, before this jury of God-fearing men, now claim, under oath, that you have the powers of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to heal the sick and restore the dead to life?'
>
> "Peebles rose from the chair to his full height of six feet four and raised his fist high above his head. He looked like Moses in a Cecil B. de Mille supercolossal. 'I do!' he cried in a rich baritone voice that reverberated through the old court chambers. 'I do! And may God strike me dead on this spot if I am not possessed of such power! He gave it to me. Speak, O God, and give this jury proof! The proof!'
>
> ". . . For about a minute he stood, then relaxed. He turned to the jury in a soft purring voice and said: 'Gentlemen, you see for yourselves.'
>
> "But they had too much on the old boy. There was too long a parade of pitiful victims who paid out hundreds of dollars just to gaze into a glass of magic water and to concentrate on him to cure cancer and tuberculosis."

Nothing has been found in the existing Battle Creek papers about the trial. After all, he was a brother of Mrs. Cholett C. Beach and perhaps the newspapers preferred not to cause the neighbors of a banker's wife to raise their eyebrows.

Peebles claimed that his book, *How To Live a Century and Grow Old Gracefully*, sold 20,000 copies. When a local reporter asked him how come he was so hale and robust in his advanced age, Peebles responded, "I behave myself, I eat no pork, pickles, pepper, drink no liquors, no tea, no coffee—use no tobacco, and obey Nature's laws." A Battle Creek regimen, if you ever saw one. Just think what a prize Peebles would be on today's TV: photogenic, a good talker, a booster for what is 'nature's own'; and his charge for a commercial would doubtless be as impressive as the man himself.

'Anti-Fat' Kellogg

Our virtues are most frequently but vices in disguise.
—LaRochefoucauld

Peebles was a scoundrel all right. Frank J. Kellogg has been described as a 'scalawag.' Even a scalawag could receive some respect in the community, for it was widely publicized that he had made $1,000,000 with his mail order business. You know that anyone who makes a million is king to a number of admirers. Kellogg had his troubles, too, mostly marital; he was married five times.

To the Adventist, cereal-producing Kelloggs he was a scourge. Because he carried their name, stood for preventive medical health and settled in Battle Creek, Frank naturally was confused with them by a gullible public throughout the nation. The confusion didn't hurt his sales one bit.

Although he sold several nostrums, his specialties were anti-fat and anti-thin remedies. While Peebles had a goiter (enlarged thyroid) "cure," Frank Kellogg used heavy doses of thyroid to make folks thin, to heck with the side effects. Anyhow the medication had a good name: Kellogg's Safe Fat Reducer. What his herb-and-spice-or-something-less-nice cure for gauntness was, has not come down in history. Gerald Carson, cereal industry biographer, mentions that Frank used "pokeroot and toasted bread" for cures.

The *Journal* of December 6, 1906, announced, half sympathetically, that the F. J. Kellogg Obesity Cure Company must destroy $12,000 worth of printed matter by January 1, due to the Pure Food law. Furthermore Kellogg must drop the title of 'Prof.' even though he was a graduate of the University of Michigan.

Frank's contributions to the community were just enough to keep him in good standing. There may have been locals who envied him his winter in Florida, but then most of us are kind to owners of yachts, if we know any, because we might someday be invited for a cruise. Kellogg was a Civil War veteran. He did the heavy labors of procuring a soldiers'and sailors'monument and then took charge of the Memorial Day dedication of same. His company gave employment to a goodly number of jobseekers. Need one say more?

Jebb Remedy Company

I have had my hour.—Dryden

The Jebb Remedy Company, incorporated December 3, 1901, seems to have been a rung above most of the mail order companies. At least its honey attracted a few of the more respected busy bees in our hive that were not averse to collecting some of that yellow stuff

known as gold. Certainly, those indulging in mail order medical businesses appeared to have found where gold was plentiful.

Jebb Remedy Company's capital stock was placed at $50,000 with $25,000 of that actually paid in. Freedom Shepard, son of David Shepard of Nichols & Shepard Company, was the first chairman. A. P. Manning, secretary; W. J. Smith, treasurer; J. B. Norris, corresponding secretary; Dr. Edward R. Jebb, medical director. Among the trustees were such trusted names as Cholett C. Beach, A. C. Kingman, Arthur Williams of Battle Creek and William G. Blood of Marshall. Another trustee was H. B. Moyer of Chicago, a patient at the Sanitarium, who seems to have had money to invest.

Dr. Jebb had been a "well-known Kalamazoo County physician and had given his remedies a valuable test in his long practice." He already had large farms near Climax which could hardly have contributed to the quality of his medical knowledge. Yet he had acquired a mountain of testimonials. The newspaper story on the start of the company said it was "a new scheme to incorporate," that it seemed a legitimate business and the investors were "satisfied they had a good thing." The new officers elected a year later proved it was a going concern. Offices were in the Kingman Building and Phil S. Gore was in charge.

Dr. Jebb had created four nostrums: Jebb's Rheumatism Cure, Jebb's Eczema Cure, Jebb's Pile Cure, and Jebb's Catarrh Cure. It was understood that he had patents on all four. The cures for rheumatism and catarrh were especially well received, said one announcement. Ads carried testimonials from many well-known local residents.

Dr. Jebb purchased a large home on West Fountain Street where he suffered a fall which caused his death, October 3, 1907. By December 8, announcement was in the paper that his office in the Post Building would be kept and that a physician would take over dispensing Jebb remedies.

Et Cetera

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year. —Samuel Butler

Intermittently, health was the attraction to Battle Creek of 'something new.' In 1884 Mrs. M. E. Pendill, an "Indian Doctress," held open shop at 14 West Main Street. She periodically placed an ad which read like a news item, announcing her purchase of real estate for the establishment of a health home. Each 'purchase' was in a new location. She obtained considerable publicity this way, but her

schemes never materialized.

A. Dana Batram of 118 Maple Street advertised that he used only natural methods of healing. Dr. Theodore Sands opened his Health Home in the west end and it flourished for a while, attracting out-of-towners for treatment similar to that offered at the Sanitarium. But it seems one community can absorb only so much money-mongering in the name of health, and all San imitators faded away.

Under the influence of the San and Dr. John Harvey Kellogg there were specialties other than medicines in the name of health. Joseph Lambert was a machinist and perhaps a good one. He opened a small factory on Champion Street where he put together a household peanut roaster, then enlarged his business to include the importation of all kinds of nuts that Dr. Kellogg advocated as meat substitutes. Lambert's wife, Almeda, wrote a cookbook that Joseph published in 1899. *Guide for Nut Cookery* contained drawings of nuts from around the world with considerable theorizing about their qualitites. She went "all-out" to create meat substitutes, having ten variations on her Nutgrano recipes, seven on Meatose and four on Fruitosia. She told how to make mock fish, including salmon that even looked like whole salmon on the platter; crackers were touted, as were oatmeal and/or fruit. She was against refined sugar and knew that certain combinations of foods were better than others, advocating fruits and grains together *or* grains, vegetables and nuts; but fruits and vegetables together, for some reason, were "bad." Fruit and nuts were just fair together as were fruit and milk, or vegetables and milk. She quoted *Healthful Living* at great length and it seems to have been her only guide—whether book or journal she did not make plain.

Lambert had an office in the Post Building to sell nut foods and machinery. In addition to his factory on Champion Street, he had a retail store at 229 Main Street. The latter was dependent upon local sales; but here his ice creams, especially fruit ices, pastries and various nut foods were very popular. As Dr. Kellogg held the patent on nut butter, Lambert may have had Kellogg's approval for his products.

Burleigh Salisbury arrived in town in the late 1860s. Attending an Adventist camp meeting, he was converted and became an enthusiastic member of the church. He married here in 1875 and soon thereafter his wife was taken to the Sanitarium for treatment. Women's fashion in those days dictated tight clothing and pinching corsets. When Mrs. Salisbury was told she must give up the tight corset, the Salisburys decided to create a healthful one for other women with corset-impaired health. They were successful not only

with the undergarment but with other women's clothes as well. Taking a lesson from Amelia Bloomer (who was never Battle Creek connected), their establishment turned out women's trousers covered discreetly with a loose gown that reached just above the ankle. Even Adventist leader, Mrs. Ellen White, wore this innovation as did several Battle Creek women who were advocates of women's rights, temperance and other reforms. Dress reform suited them exactly. Among them was forward thinking Mrs. I. L. Stone, wife of the former superintendent of schools and later industrialist making school seats, and finally Duplex printing presses.

Certainly Battle Creek was not revolutionary but also it was not ultraconservative. One of the first meetings of agitation that resulted in the formation of the Republican Party was held here in the spring of 1856. The very men who ran an antislavery speaker off the platform in the early days became advocates of antislavery, women's rights and temperance, the most active nineteenth century reforms. The town welcomed quacks and reformers alike. Its judgment may not have been good, but we must admit it was open-minded.

There were others who rode the contemporary bandwagon. Their company names were legion and sometimes highly original. While ours is an age of substitues and additives, our ancestors of circa 1900 lived in an era of licorice and vegetable compounds. Summing up the mail-order medicine dispensers of Battle Creek of that time, historian Ross Coller says, "They treated everything but homesickness." And if they had thought of it, they would doubtless have bottled an extra generous shot of alcohol to cure that.

Battle Creek Sanitarium and Dr. Kellogg

Hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions, fierce,
Strive here for mast'ry.—Milton

The developmental history of the Battle Creek Sanitarium can be likened to Michigan conglomerate rocks. From a distance they seem to be a neutral gray; on close examination they are variegated with intriguing colors, brilliant and shiny or porous and dull, intertwined or layered, solid or fracturable, more strong than weak.

The San has always been a tax-free, charitable institution, yet its earliest documents clearly state that it was begun with purchased shares. The shareholders decided near the beginning of its career that they would not take out dividends, although they had originally planned to do so. Because the few shareholders were devout Adventists, the institution has been thought of as a religious one. No review of the Sanitarium's background can be anything

but conglomerate and the pink may never be separated from the yellow, the green from the red.

The guiding light of Adventism is the Voice of Prophecy, but it gets its name from the expectation of the immediate return of Jesus Christ to this earth to eliminate sin and to reign over the faithful. The first American prophecy for the end of the present world was given out by William Miller in the early 1840s. From study of the Bible, his mathematics determined a date in 1843 on which 144,000 souls would be chosen to live forever in Paradise. When the event failed to happen, the date was changed to October of 1844. The latter is known among the faithful as the Great Disappointment, to outsiders as the Great Delusion. The belief in the efficacy of prophecy continued, however, and when Ellen Harmon married Elder James White, she donned the cape of prophetic visionary. Ellen White became revered as *Sister,* then *Mother* of the church, from her tireless dedication and devotion to its upbuilding.

Elder and Mrs. White were reformers at heart. Her visions of God and his messengers consistently concerned dictated changes that she should bring about on earth. Although she sometimes seemed to be in a trance for these divine exhortations, they usually resulted from visions during the night and very often answered questions which had occurred to her and her followers the previous day. During the 1860s these concerned hydrotheraphy, which was becoming popular at the time, and prevention of bodily ills by the proper choice of food. The suggestions came via Dr. Jackson's Water Cure in Dansville, New York, and the writings of Sylvester Graham and Dr. Russell Trall, but Mrs. White was sure the orders came from heaven.

The Adventists have been great missionary talkers and writers; it was in the mid-1850s that the headquarters for the church and the center for its publishing were changed from Rochester, New York, to Battle Creek, Michigan. Halladay family ancestors recalled seeing Elder and Mrs. James White on occasional summer evenings with horse, spring wagon and torch, riding through the West End, stopping to preach whenever a few listeners gathered. Within the decade, however, the methods changed and the Lord guided Mrs. White, step by step, until in 1866 she knew just how to raise the money and buy the Judge Graves house and several surrounding acres for a water cure.

Largest shareholder for the Health Reform Institute, the new water cure, was John Preston Kellogg, father of 16 (some records say 17) children including John Harvey and Will Keith. When John Harvey Kellogg was young, his father became treasurer of the Institute and sometimes had John Harvey help him, so that keeping

accounts for the establishment was part of John Harvey Kellogg's preparation for his later association with it.

Although young Kellogg planned to be a teacher, many circumstances and the urgings of James and Ellen White induced him to receive medical training. The decision to become a full-fledged physician took him to the University of Michigan, ultimately to the then-excellent school at Bellevue Hospital in New York City from which he received his Doctor of Medicine degree in February 1875.

For its first six years the Health Reform Institute prospered, then seemed to be falling on evil days, attracting fewer and fewer paying patients. Its owners struggled on until John Harvey Kellogg was satisfied with his training, then offered him the directorship which he accepted in 1876. The trustees were happy enough to dump their troubles on his young shoulders. As the new director, Dr. Kellogg was given considerable leeway to institute his own reforms, which leaned to the improvement of the quality of medical care. He laid down new demands for nurses to have more concern for patients' welfare and less for their own religious conduct. He hired trained physicians and established rules for healthful living. His ability to speak and write was quite as good as that of the other Adventist leaders and he began the education of both employees and patients. He took over the editorship of the magazine, *Health Reform*. It wasn't long until *Health Reform* became *Good Health* and *Health Reform Institute* became *Battle Creek Sanitarium*, the latter a comparatively new word, coined 25 years earlier from the century-old *sanatorium*.

The Sanitarium prospered. More space was needed. Dr. Kellogg made preparations for a new building. But God had not told Mrs. White that a large building was needed and she felt that Dr. Kellogg was going too far. Elder White's interest in the institution was also aroused by its obvious success. Both were worried over the books the young doctor was writing, but there was nothing they could do about them. Dr. Kellogg took no salary and had to have some income, which sale of his widely read precepts supplied. Ellen White had a vision of how to run a sanitarium. When Dr. Kellogg, his capable wife, and his brother, Will, began making cereals, Ellen had another vision of how to run a cereal factory. The two visions were published in a single testimonial, Vol. 7, numer 35.

Both Elder and Mrs. White had enjoyed considerable power in creating and running the Health Reform Institute and were not about to let an innovator usurp it. They had the church behind them. Gradually a feud was built up between the church and Dr. Kellogg that nearly crushed both, but both survived the first crisis. The second crisis ended with Dr. Kellogg's death and the Sanitarium nearly followed him into the grave. The name was changed, the practices were changed, Dr. Kellogg was denigrated. The Institution begain to slip without its magic name. An attempt was made to change back again. Today there is a flourishing Battle Creek Sanitarium Hospital, run by the church in a new building constructed partly by local funds. Dr. Kellogg is reinstated in fond memory.

Dr. John Harvey Kellogg was no saint. He loved the feeling of importance and power as much as anybody. As a showman he was hard-shelled to disapproval but wide open to applause. As a researcher he was accustomed to defeat in his experiments but when he was the victor, the sky was no limit to his dreams of how high the success could go. As a scientist, he had deep desire to do well. As a dictator, his demands were imperial. As a public relations genius he had few equals; he knew the great and the near-great in large numbers and they were equally proud to know him.

And yet . . .

Late one afternoon as he and his secretary were winding up the day's work and he was weary and eager to go home, a knock came on his outside, private entrance door. A little girl clutching a doll stood there. "My baby's very sick," she said. His secretary told Dr. Kellogg a young mother with a very sick baby wanted to see him. He called out, "Come in, come in."

With as much concern as he might have shown a millionaire patient he sat down beside the little mother, pulled the blanket back tenderly and looked at the doll. He then asked several questions, discussed the imagined malady and by his instructions gave the child a quick course in his precepts for healthful living. Twenty minutes later the child and her patient were happily on their way and the Little Doctor in the white suit looked quite refreshed.

It was past the turn of the century when Dr. Kellogg decided to wear only white. The costume was a Barnum touch, ripe for admiration or satire, but it was great advertising for the Sanitarium and recognized worldwide. It brought him many special favors, gladly given. A Chicago dispatcher recognized the doctor in his white suit, saw he had missed a train, put him and his two companions in a taxi and halted the California-bound train 40 miles from Chicago to wait for them.

Although Dr. Kellogg wore white from goatee to spats the rest of his days, his soul had a more demonic color, according to Mother White and her faithful followers. There was trouble over one of his books that was to have helped pay for the new Sanitarium building in 1902, after the earlier building was destroyed by fire. Although

he changed many pages and bowed to superior interpretation of the Bible, it was decided there were still overtones of pagan philosophies. In 1907 the Sanitarium's loyal chaplain, Elder Tenny, and Dr. John Harvey Kellogg were excommunicated from the Seventh-day Adventist congregation. With his usual composure in the face of adversity, Dr. Kellogg said no changes would be made in the rules and routines at the Sanitarium.

Ellen White continued to dictate policy. After husband James White died in 1881, she assumed leadership of the church although never holding an official position. Even as late as a year before she died at her California home, she was traveling on behalf of the church with a full retinue of maid and secretaries, stopping at the Sanitarium, expecting—and receiving—top quality board and room, courtesy of the house. The White party was received by the director with the same placidity he had shown when dropped from church membership. If he listened to her preachments he made no move to follow them.

There were years when he fought battles with new adversaries among the faithful. The final one was over the money received from the government for the Sanitarium buildings and acreage for Percy Jones Hospital. At a well-preserved 90 years he could no longer wield his sword continuously without rest. He died as he had lived —for his cause, his Sanitarium.

Principles and Profit

In the long run, men hit only what they aim at.—Thoreau

An ideally cut diamond has 58 polished surfaces. Dr. Kellogg was no diamond but he had nearly as many facets. His enthusiasms were legion: biologic living, exercise, longevity, eugenics, race betterment, therapies of many kinds, especially the use of water, sunlight, and proper food.

Dr. Kellogg was appointed a member of the Michigan Board of Health in 1878, only two years after assuming directorship of the Sanitarium. Polluted water and insanitary conditions throughout the state were targets of his disapproval. He worked like a missionary to eradicate the causes of typhoid fever and dysentery which he often traced to the location of wells near barns or outhouses. He enjoyed repeating an early reaction to his talks on germs, generally an unknown a hundred years ago. A disbeliever was shown a slide of bacteria under the microscope. "How large are they?" she asked. When Dr. Kellogg explained that 2000 in a row would measure one inch, she commented, "Oh, I am not afraid of them little fellers."

In 1884 the *Sunday Morning Call* reported that the Calhoun County Medical Society was considering cancelling Dr. Kellogg's membership. The reason was not given. Was it that his emphasis on public health, preventive medicine, hydrotherapy and other natural methods of treatment smacked of quackery? Colleagues must have investigated and changed their opinion, for no action detrimental to Dr. Kellogg or his practices was subsequently reported. Later he was president of the society.

When young, Dr. Kellogg was apprehensive of surgery and therefore went for training to Vienna, which at the time was considered the best surgical center in the world. He subsequently performed 22,000 operations. It is said that the advances in x-ray at the Sanitarium in the 1920s were so admired that the Mayo brothers sent an occasional patient for the staff's consideration. Dr. James T. Case was chief of the x-ray department.

Dr. Kellogg's experiments with nuts and vegetables as meat substitutes have been well documented; many of the products he developed are still being made, canned and sold. He received a United States patent for nut butter, but seems never to have bothered to enforce it. Peanut butter was on the Sanitarium menu as early as 1893.

The Diary of a Doubter is a 56-page book published in Battle Creek, written with honesty as well as fun, by a refugee from Chicago's rat race. It represents the Sanitarium at the peak of its popularity in the mid-1920s. The writer amusingly satirizes herself as she explains the Sanitarium's procedure. She tells how patients' philosophies of daily living were improved.

The Doubter's home physician had helped her recover from a "six-year complaint from 'sub-luxation of the left sacro-iliac synchondrosis.' And me only four feet eleven and three-quarters, with a weight of ninety pounds—to carry such a load." However, she developed new symptoms, jumping at noises, crying over nothing, and wallowing in lack of self-control and insomnia. Her doctor advised a month of rest at Battle Creek Sanitarium. She agreed, although unwillingly, afraid of becoming a Battle Freak.

The first day she attended a 'corking' banquet and evening's entertainment but knew she was too keyed up to think of rest and expected to react with depression. But a nurse came in to 'put her to sleep' with 'neutral bath and colon wash.' "It was about 10 P.M. when she finally laid me away and closed the door after her. And ten minutes later it was seven o'clock this morning."

The tests the Doubter received ranged from metabolism to muscle strength. She was shocked on seeing her shadow-graphs, (1) of natural posture and (2) with head and chest held high. After

the physical examination, no medication was prescribed—only a new daily regimen. She relished the food, gained weight, learned to relax via neutral baths, naps in the sunshine and laughing at herself. After a month's improvement she closes the diary wondering, "Can it be that I, too, have become a Battle Freak?"

One of the delights of the Sanitarium was its cleanliness. Mrs. Montgomery, (if she had a first name, no one dared use it), for many years autocrat of the dining room, insisted that the crystal, china and silver sparkle on immaculate damask. Waiters were generally college students. One of them remembers how Mrs. Montgomery's inspection before each meal included a look and a sniff at the back of each collar. Like a baseball umpire she was not averse to sending the boys to the showers.

Dr. Kellogg was responsible for the Sanitarium's excellent routines. He practiced his own preachments except, one fears, the addiction to rest. Somehow he found time each day to read, write, speak, experiment and invent. Among his inventions were adaptations of Swedish exercise and massage mechanisms, vibrators ("shimmy machines") and a posture chair.

He was unafraid of experimentation. His experiments ran chiefly to foods, including the use of buttermilk and yogurt. The latter was introduced to him by a Bulgarian and Dr. Kellogg demonstrated to patients and Battle Creek College students that a steak could be kept fresh a long time by being immersed in a bath of yogurt that was changed three times a week: his premise was that the intestinal tract could similarly be kept from destructive bacilli if subjected to a 'proper' diet. Among Battle Creek patients' vivid memories seems especially to have been the sight of the Little Doctor, clad all in white, standing before them giving his customary Monday evening talks. While introducing his favorite subject of 'friendly bacilli' in the colon, he lifted the *steak* from its yogurt bath by an attached string. After 17 years of the demonstration a new worker in the kitchen where the experiment was kept between Monday nights, decided it was garbage and threw it out. The demise of the famous piece of beef was also retold by patients and students—with overtones of sadness, of course, for everyone associated with the Sanitarium mourned its departure.

Much, much earlier than his discovery of yogurt, Dr. Kellogg had concluded that grains were essential foods and that digestion needed roughage. Combining the two premises, he decided toasted whole grains were superior to over-cooked mush and refined flour. When a patient broke her denture on a piece of zwieback and asked for $10 to replace it, Dr. Kellogg had the hard toast ground. He had

the resulting granules served in milk, calling his product Granula. It wasn't exactly original, for a similar product identically named had been used at Dr. Jackson's Water Cure. Dr. Kellogg added several grains to the wheat of Jackson's Granula and baked it twice as long for better flavor. A nudge via threat of the courtroom prompted a change in the name of the new product to Granola.

Will Keith Kellogg, younger brother of Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, became bookkeeper and chief financial planner for the Sanitarium. Dr. Kellogg took no salary from the Sanitarium and there were many years when W. K. also worked without salary. There was an agreement between the brothers that profits from the doctor's books and products would be divided between them: 80 per cent to Dr. Kellogg, 20 per cent to W. K. Kellogg. This was a satisfactory arrangement except that the doctor assumed all of their relationships were 80-20. He must have thought he was four times smarter than his younger brother. He never gave W. K. credit for keeping the Sanitarium's business affairs in good shape and out of the red. There is an oft-repeated story that Dr. Kellogg rode his bicycle while brother Will, notebook in hand, jogged alongside and jotted down orders for the day.

Dr. Kellogg's wife, Ella Eaton Kellogg, and W. K. took charge of the actual cooking, baking and toasting of whole wheat grains. Dr. Kellogg sometimes worked in the experimental kitchen, stimulating his fertile brain.

Actually, there were many dry cereals produced by the Kelloggs. They were primarily used at the Sanitarium, packaged for sale there and by mail. The output was limited, for advertising appeared only in *Good Health* and Adventist publications. However, there were several cereal products newly named and tried out as improvements were made. Even the company name was changed to suit the innovators. *Sanitas* and *Sanitarium* figured prominently in the company's titles.

W. K. Kellogg wished to enlarge both production and sales outlets. The doctor, on the other hand, was interested in extending experiments and improving the quality of the products.

Dr. Kellogg was no businessman, which he did not admit until late in life. His success with the Sanitarium and his many other projects kindled an imperialism that kept him from recognizing his deficiency. As the history of the cereal industry has developed, neither John Harvey Kellogg nor Ellen White knew how to run a cereal factory. But in that they were not alone.

There Was a Reason

Promise, large promise, is the soul of an advertisement.
—Samuel Johnson

There came to the Sanitarium in February 1891 an emaciated, discouraged, chronic invalid who profited greatly from the new regimen: Charles William Post. He was not only sick but broke, and paid his bills with blankets, a surplus from one of his numerous unsuccessful financial ventures. Although he never gave the Sanitarium credit for his recovery, he was revived either by its treatment or its incentives. His convalescence may have been hastened by the keen interest he took in the products of Dr. Kellogg's experiments. Some stories state that he approached Dr. Kellogg with a sales promotion idea for these products but was turned down.

Post subsequently averred that the Sanitarium had given up on him and so he cured himself. Because it was cheaper than living in the West End, Post, his wife and daughter boarded at the Haddock home on the site of the present Willard Library. Each day his wife had pushed him in a wheelchair along West Van Buren Street to the Sanitarium. Certain it is that after nine months of treatment he was able to walk to the offices of a variety of faith healers and to Osgood Jewelry Store, 2 W. Main Street. A Haddock family story is that Post began his cereal beverage experiments in the basement of the Osgood Store.

By August 1892 Post had revived enough, both physically and financially, to purchase the Beardsley farm in the east end of town. Here he opened LaVita Inn where he planned to promote dietary and mental health principles. His 'natural' methods of healing eschewed medicines and doctors. His pamphlets *I Am Well* and *The Second Man* and his health resort were obviously in competition to Dr. Kellogg's writings and the Sanitarium.

C. W. Post had a little money coming in from Texas real estate and from the manufacture of suspenders of his own invention which he was selling by mail order. How many paying followers of his 'mental therapeutics' came to LaVita Inn is not known. As an institution it was still being listed in the 1896 Battle Creek City Directory. Its address, though not its location, was changed from Cliff Street to Marshall Street. The space between those parallel streets was later filled with Postum Cereal Company buildings.

The story of Post's success with his first cereal product is characteristic of the man's thinking and his methods. There was nothing original about Postum. It was a cereal drink made of constituents similar to those used by pioneers to make a substitute for coffee when coffee was unavailable. Post became interested in concocting

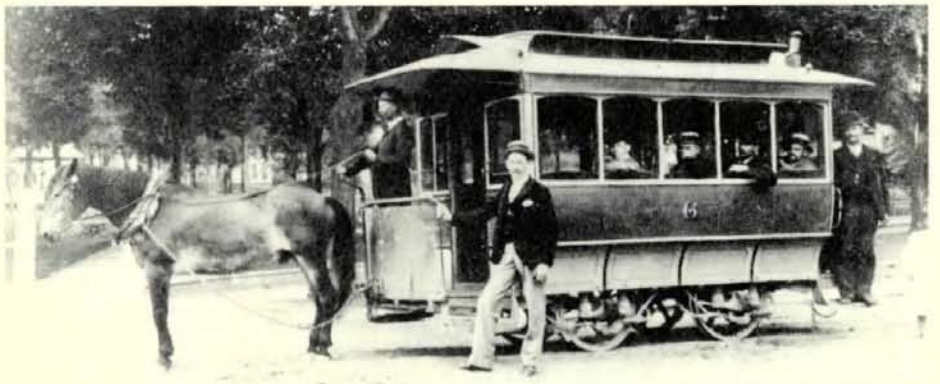
The sentimental Painted Rock near the Penetrator at Columbia Avenue.


The old Minges flour mill became the Yawger cider mill in this century.

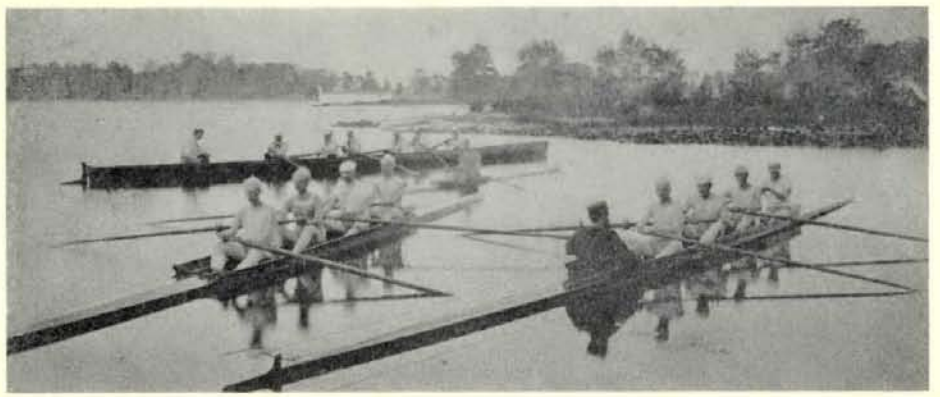
Burnham Brook as it appeared between West Van Buren and Champion streets in 1885. It drained Spring Lakes into Battle Creek River.

1882. City Hall, built in 1868 on the site of the present Security National Bank Building. In front was a town pump with communal cup. Anderson fruit and flower market was next door.

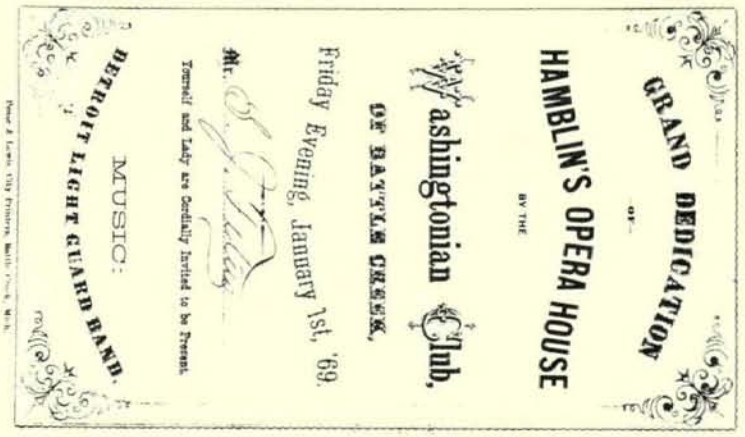
The Battle Creek Driving Park and Field Sports Association on the Washington flats was opened June 4, 1879. Looking north, the Battle Creek College building looms in the background.



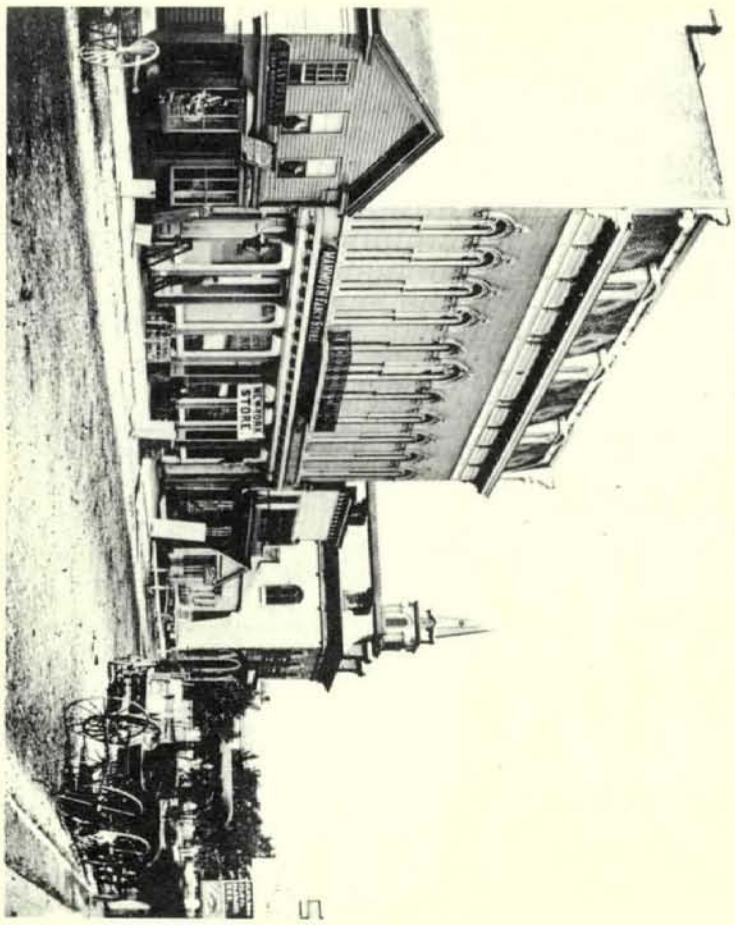
This swanky conveyance started the trend that put shanks' mare travel out of style.

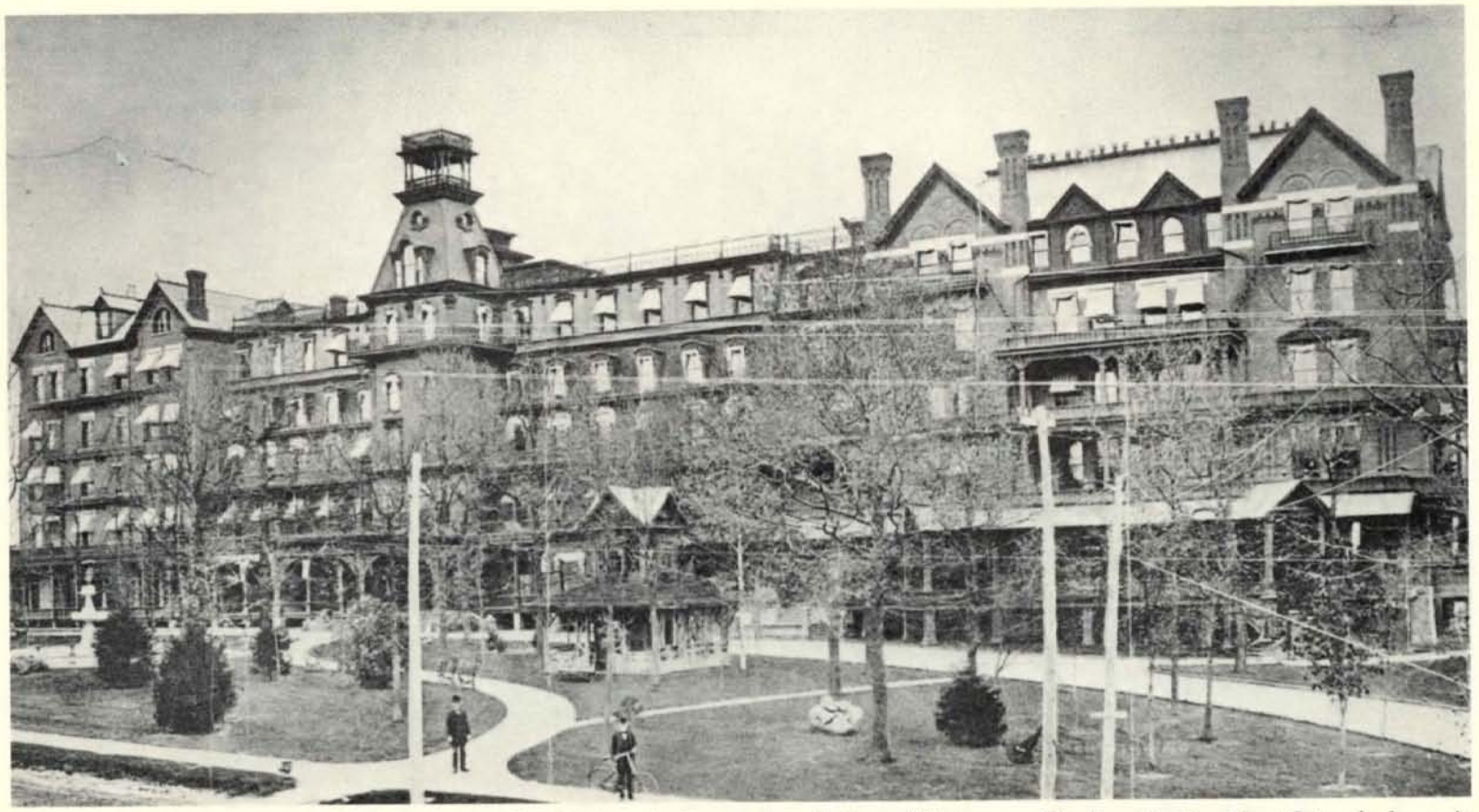


Goguac Boat Club's racing sculls. Its first boat house was on Ward's Island. Cox's Point is inundated now.

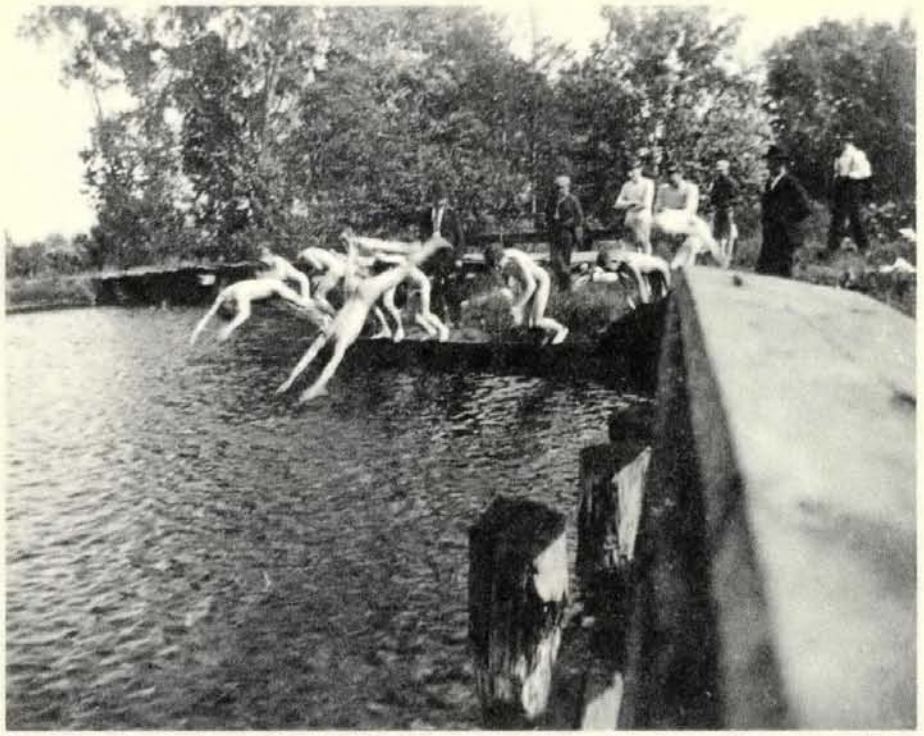

GRAND DEDICATION
OF
HAMBLIN'S OPERA HOUSE
BY THE
Washingtonian Club,
OF BATTLE CREEK,
Friday Evening, January 1st, '69.
Mr.
Yourself and Lady are Cordially Invited to be Present.
MUSIC:
DETROIT LIGHT GUARD BAND.

The Hamblin Opera House was dedicated January 1, 1869. H. Van Praagh, cigar manufacturer, and G.F. Zang, merchant tailor, were early German immigrants. Above and beyond the City Hall is the steeple of the Congregational-Presbyterian Church.

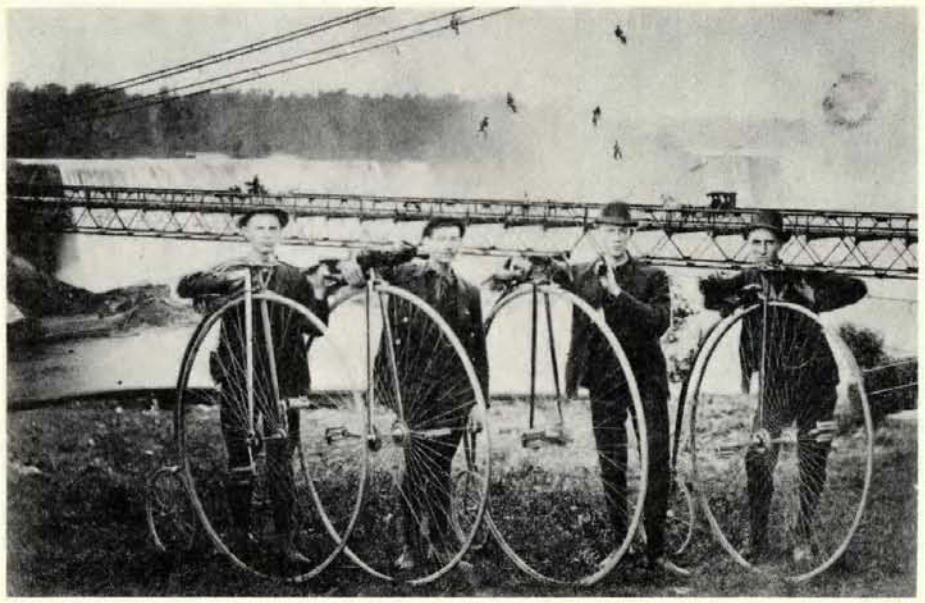




Battle Creek Sanitarium, built 1878, burned 1902. Frank Courter's painting of Sojourner Truth with President Lincoln hung in the lobby.



The gentlemen's swimming hole on a sultry Sunday afternoon. (From Eugene Stewart's 1890s snapshot album.)



In the mid to late 1880s annual bicycle tournaments were held. The one at Niagara Falls attracted these four who took their 'ordinaries'—probably by train—to ride about and see the sights. They were Fred Raynor, Ethan Adams, Charles Jones and (perhaps) Frank Roe. On this occasion they first saw pneumatic tires used by a British cyclist.

Maurice Neale's early home faced Water Street which ran beside Battle Creek River between Jefferson and McCamly streets. This became the site of the Michigan Central depot.

No. 1 Fire Station, Jackson Street. This Akrens steamer was put into service August 1881. It cost $4300. Laverne Fonda, William Fisher, George Perry and Charles Ireland aboard.

Barney's third tavern in Urbandale as it appeared at the turn of the century. The building, which still stands on West Michigan Avenue, was later converted to apartments.

Adella Beach Phillips, international archery champion 1887-1889.

such a beverage while being served one at Battle Creek Sanitarium. He said the Sanitarium's Minute Brew had a horrible taste while his own product was delicious.

Purchase of equipment for Post's experiments is dated December 1894. There were a two-burner gasoline stove, a peanut roaster, a coffee grinder and some mixers. At the same time that he ordered the ingredients he planned to mix and roast, he optimistically bought 50 packing cases and 2,000 cartons. Frank Sherwin, Battle Creek's Redheaded Grocer (whose ads were as flamboyant and his clerks as redheaded as himself) claimed he staked Post to the first supply of molasses.

Post must have received a mental Christmas present of the perfect recipe, for January 1, 1895, is the accepted date of the beginning of the Postum Cereal Company.

Charles W. Post has often been called 'the father (or grandfather) of modern advertising' by the Madison Avenue faithful in that field. He was an idea man himself, but still more adept at recognizing the creative ideas of others and building on them. The sale of his products didn't just happen. That came about through his masterful advertising, both free and paid for. His slogans—There's a Reason, The Road to Wellville, It Makes Red Blood—became American family maxims.

After experimenting with his recipe until satisfied with the results, he went to Grand Rapids with a case of pasteboard boxes packed with his product. Being his own salesman he called on a wholesale grocer named Herrick who assured Post that there were several cereal beverages on his shelves that were having no sale. "Go back to Battle Creek," Herrick said, "and make something for which there's a reason." But Post convinced Herrick to take a case on consignment, promising to advertise in the local papers. The ads appeared with the slogan, 'There's a Reason.' Herrick sold the product and the slogan was used on Postum packages for many years. The Grandin Advertising Company also took the slogan for its headquarters on the Postum Cereal Company property: *There's a Reason Building*, now known as *The Clubhouse*.

Among Post's many innovations was the plant tour. Visitors could see for themselves that the products were, as advertised, 'untouched by human hands.'

He conducted a rain-making experiment west of town in 1912, a dry year when farmers were crying for rain. Mrs. Frank Markey remembered, as a bride on her way to town for her first purchase of groceries, she heard the *boom* that she later learned was the dynamite explosion of the rain-making experiment. Walking along Maple Street on her return from shopping she took refuge on a wide

porch from a sudden downpour. She always averred, "It worked!"

Many of Post's innovations worked, but if they didn't, he backed off with grace, equal to that with which he had tackled the job, and went on from there. He hated labor unions and particularly bargaining with the overlords. Yet at one time he purchased a large building and set up a Trades Council, his substitute for a trade union. He built a number of inexpensive homes in his Post Addition, selling them to his employees at reasonable rates and low payments—that venture got him a lot of free advertising nationally, even in the widely read *Leslie's Illustrated Magazine.*

Among his ideas was one that was nearly accepted by the United States Government: Post-Check Currency. He proposed that paper money in small denominations could be bought at the post office, then exchanged like any currency. When assigned, it could have been sent safely through the United States Postal Service. At the time postal or express money orders were not easily available, especially to rural customers who did much of their buying by mail.

C. W. Post was not Battle Creek's first millionaire. His building of the Marjorie Block and the Post Tavern and his influence in getting the townsfolk to finance a new theater were, however, evidences of sudden wealth. Battle Creek had long been an alluring location for non-medicine healers and patent medicine vendors. Post's great affluence, acquired in only five or six years, electrified the community. Promoters were attracted like iron filings to a magnet.

Boom!

Many are called, but few are chosen.—Matthew 22:14

Maybe the 1902 Battle Creek Cereal Boom wasn't a boom. Edward Hinman, son of merchant John F. Hinman, said it wasn't; he was convinced that the sudded growth of the cereal industry was the natural result of personal diligence. From our 1976 vantage point the picture includes several human traits besides talent and energy: envy, greed and the get-rich-quick predilection that has so often hit American communities in epidemic proportions.

Dr. Kellogg's inventiveness, a many-sided structure scaffolded by his wife's experiments and his brother Will's persistence, had been plagiarized successfully by C. W. Post who added his own creativity and doggedness. By 1902 and dint of great salesmanship Post smelled like a millionaire to all who bothered to sniff the local breeze. Like winter starlings that by the hundreds choose a single tree for their night's repose, promoters descended on Battle Creek to be joined by many townsfolk eager to get in on the bonanza. Ask

any 1902 Battle Creek youngster what he wanted to be when he grew up and his answer would likely have come, "Be a millionaire."

Everybody was in a hurry. More than 80 cereal company names were registered within a couple of years, about 20 of them being new names for reorganized companies whose products failed or never materialized. Promoters became industrialists and/or hygienic-living experts under the aegis of cereal production. Publisher, grocer, haberdasher, rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief got in the act. Many companies offered little but a name, promises, and stock for sale.

There was, for example, the World's Fare Food Company. It owned an auto, a 3-seated 'wagon' with fringe on top, pictured in the August 20, 1902, *Journal.* Its sales pitch zeroed in on Labor Day Parade plans.

The headline read, *The Automobile Tournament.* "As a result of the active and enthusiastic cooperation of the World's Fare Food Company, the Labor Day committee is pleased to announce to the public that the most important automobile exhibition ever given in this country outside of Chicago and New York will be a prominent feature of the Labor Day program. Through the influences of the above named company the Chicago Motor Vehicle Company has consented to have their expert operator at Battle Creek on Labor Day and give an exhibition of the marvelous feats that can be easily accommodated by this wonderful machine. This company's wagons are under such absolute control that they can be make to 'do almost anything except climb trees and pick cherries.' "

The automobile boom was just beginning—no wonder auto promoters joined hands with cereal promoters. The World's Fare Food Company's prime interest was not Golden Manna, supposedly its cereal (with a not very original name), but the sale of real estate lots in its Morgan Park addition for which its auto was named.

The best of the new cereal companies was probably Mapl-Flake Company that lasted only a short while until the production was taken over by Cero-Fruto. It was then sold to Armour Grain Company that parted with product and factory to Ralston Purina Company, which still has a manufacturing plant in Battle Creek, although no longer for Mapl-Flakes. The companies that did succeed stole foremen from Dr. Kellogg's and C. W. Post's food factories and ordered machinery from Adolph Johnson who had helped design and had made many of the ovens and moving parts to handle Kellogg and Post production and packaging.

Names of a few cereals not already mentioned are worth recalling: *Malta-Vita, Norka Oats* (Akron spelled backwards),

Egg-o-see, Try-a-bita, Grain-o, My Food, Per-Fo, Grape Sugar Flakes, Boston Brown Flakes, Malt-Too, Malta Pura, Malt Wheat Biscuit, Malted Zweibach, Flak-Ota, Cereola, Cocoa Cream Flakes.

The Chicago Tribune's famous humor column, *A Line-o'-type or Two,* ran a satire on the Battle Creek cereal boom on September 29, 1902. The author of the verses hardly outdid the manufacturers in concocting amusing names for cereals.

THE BREAKFAST FOOD FAMILY

John Spratt will eat no fat,
Nor will he touch the lean.
He scorns to eat of any meat;
He lives upon Foodine.
But Mrs. Spratt will none of that;
Foodine she cannot eat.
Her special wish is for a dish
Of Expurgated Wheat.
To William Spratt that food is flat
On which his mater dotes.
His favorite feed—his special need—
Is Eata Heapa Oats.
But sister Lil can't see how Will
Can touch such tasteless food.
As breakfast fare it can't compare,
She says, with Shredded Wood.
Now, none of these Leander please;
He feeds upon Bath Mitts.
While sister Jane improves her brain
With Cero-Grapo-Grits.
Lycurgus votes for Father's Oats;
Proggine appeals to May;
The junior John subsists upon
Uneeda Bayla Hay.
Corrected Wheat for little Pete;
Flaked Pine for Dot; while "Bub,"
The infant Spratt, is waxing fat
On Battle Creek Near-Grub.

Among the coffee substitutes were *Postum Cereal, Monk's Brew* (a name once tried and abandoned by C. W. Post) and *Javril.* It was Adlai Stevenson's father, Lewis G., who moved his family here to make Javril. Things didn't move fast for Stevenson; he had considerable trouble getting a building and machinery. He advocated tent life for his employees and similar canvas protection for his machinery—anything to get into production. He himself lived in comparative elegance at 41 Orchard Place where he entertained his father, the elder Adlai, former Vice President of the United States.

Battle Creek's Odd Story of Romance and Riches read the streamer across one of the pages of the supplement to the New York World's Sunday edition, September 7, 1902. The supplement featured Battle Creek's industrial growth. Subheadings were, *Romantic Careers of Battle Creek Men, Civic Pride the Watchword, Fortune Builders of the Queen City of Michigan.* Under *Fortune Builders* were pictured the homes of E. C. Nichols of Nichols & Shepard Co.,; D. L. Merrill, Union Steam Pump Company; E. C. Hinman, American Steam Pump Company; and Dr. H. T. Harvey, dentist. The supplement's front page read *Battle Creek, Queen City of Michigan* and showed waving fields of grain as backdrop behind the sketch of a determined, buxom, barefoot maid with sheaf and sickle and this *Rhyme of Battle Creek:*

Behold the belle of Battle Creek
Plump of form and pink of cheek,
Her beauty is a type so rare
It causes comment everywhere.
She needs no powder for her face;
She needs no stays to give her grace;
Her days with happiness are rife;
The secret of her health and life
Is Pure Food.

"Battle Creek is the greatest cereal food producing city in the world," stated *The World.* It "has taken upon itself to supply nearly the whole world with its breakfasts . . . Battle Creek has said: In place of disease we would give you health . . . You have too long been called a nation of dyspeptics. Let us cure you.' "

Acquisition of wealth was back of the 1902 activity but acquisition of health was its grand and glorious alibi. An advertisement in the *Journal's* personal column, December 10, 1902, carried a heading, PHYSICAL CULTURE. "Get your Indian clubs of the Battle Creek Cycle Company."

Boom, boom, cereal boom. It left almost as fast as it came. Besides the problems of housing and machinery there were the problems of packaging and food preservation. The Norka Oat product spoiled sometimes before it reached grocer's shelves. Mildew was the enemy that bankrupted some producers before they learned that 'haste makes waste' and that dry cereals had to be truly dry before being packaged.

Left in the wake of the boom were rich man, poor man, wiser man, sucker. Those who stayed in town were simply less eager, less hopeful, more careful, more solid citizens. The free advertising had put the city on the map in a way that has never been erased. Streamers

on London and Sydney and Bombay buses advertising packages of well-made, dry cereals on shelves everywhere have made Battle Creek the 'best known city of its size in the world.'

W.K. Kellogg Builds on the Past

Tall oaks from little acorns grow. —David Everett

In 1889 *Battle Creek Illustrated,* a booklet advertising the beauties and qualities of the city, had this to say about the Sanitarium's beginnings in 1866: "It was about the time that this Institution was launched that the advocates of oatmeal, graham flour, cracked wheat and other cereal preparations came to the front; and that agitation had something to do with the origin of this Institution as at that time there was much popular opposition to these excellent and now universally used foods."

The writer in the *Illustrated* was overly optimistic about the popularity of cereal foods. Oatmeal and graham flour were rather well accepted by 1889 but "other cereal preparations" were hardly numerous except at Battle Creek's Sanitarium. Dr. Kellogg had developed several dry cereals but he originally planned to use them only for his patients.

Henry D. Perky in Denver had invented a machine that would shred wheat. His product was a bread-like biscuit, not particularly delectable and quick to become moldy. Therefore, to make a few dimes, he rented out his machines to local bakers. Dr. Kellogg, when learning of the shredded wheat, stopped in Denver to meet the inventor. There are conflicting tales about the Kellogg-Perky dealings: Kellogg asked for a shredding machine; Perky offered to sell the entire invention but the Doctor was too penurious to take the plunge; the San's patients found the shredded wheat tasteless and difficult to eat, so the Doctor would have none of the Perky invention. Which story bears truth doesn't matter, for what seems to have happened is that Perky, a promoter by nature, learned more from Dr. Kellogg than Kellogg learned from Perky. Thereafter Perky slow-toasted the biscuits much as Kellogg prepared his dry cereals. Shredded Wheat, after a couple of cross-country moves, became a Niagara Falls, not an early Battle Creek cereal.

Sometime before the turn of the century, Dr. Kellogg had a variety of grain and nut products on the market. He had formed a conglomerate of companies to market his foods, medical appliances and books. W. K. Kellogg managed all of them and took his percentage of the profits, but his brother, the Doctor, owned them. There were a Sanitas Food Company and a Sanitas Nut Food Company whose products were sold by the Battle Creek Sanitarium Company, Ltd. Advertisements in *Good Health* in 1897 and 1898 mentioned several food products: Caramel Cereal, Nuttose, Bromose, Lac Vegetal, Granose, Granola, Granose Flakes Biscuit and Toasted Wheat Flakes. There were probably more even then, for by 1906 the total number of 'formulas' being produced was 105. Sales were chiefly by mail order.

The Battle Creek Sanitarium Health Food Company 'mill' was back of the San on White Street. The business office for all of the firms was across Washington Avenue from the Sanitarium.

There were repeated attempts to make palatable cereal flakes. Both Dr. Kellogg and W. K. worked at perfecting the process. The grains, after boiling to prepare them for toasting, became a mass that stuck to the hot rollers and came out a "straw-colored flake, lumpy, tough and unpalatable." W. K. "contrived a roller-knife arrangement which made possible the first wheat flake, the ancestor of all flaked cereals." An accidental slow cooking of several hours before roasting produced the nearest to the desired product yet attained.

Corn worked no better than wheat until Dr. Kellogg determined that grits and not whole corn made a satisfactory basic ingredient. It was W. K. Kellogg who added malt flavoring and sugar for better flavor. (Dr. Kellogg was very much opposed to the use of sugar, so the experiment was tried when he was out of town for several weeks.)

Corn flakes were marketed on a very small scale from 1898 to 1901. They appeared on Sanitarium menus in 1901 but were doubtless tried earlier. When the Corn Flake Company was formed, W. K. Kellogg was nominally the manager although Dr. Kellogg was chief stockholder and a director. Wilfred C. Kellogg, a nephew, was secretary of the Corn Flake and the Sanitas Nut Food companies.

Corn flakes had a special appeal to Will K. Kellogg and he repeatedly urged his brother to enlarge this business. In 1902 W. K. had already given notice of resignation as bookkeeper at the Sanitarium and manager of the Doctor's many one-man firms. It was the cereal boom year in Battle Creek and he may have had ideas of joining one of the new companies or starting one of his own. But the Sanitarium's main building burned and W. K. stayed on, without salary, to raise money for rebuilding. It was not until 1905 that he let himself again be obsessed with the future potential of corn flakes.

For several years a friendship had grown between W. K. Kellogg and Arch Shaw of Chicago. Shaw had sold bookkeeping systems to W. K. With his editorial, organizational and sales experience,

Shaw encouraged W. K.'s dream of selling corn flakes by the carload rather than by the carton.

Dr. Kellogg was opposed to too much enlargement of any of his numerous interests. He had to protect his and his staff's medical standing. He went along reluctantly with W. K.'s purchase in 1906 of the formula and machinery of Korn Krisp Company and the Bartlett Street plant of Hygienic Food Company, two of the unsuccessful boom ventures.

W. K. did not 'break away' from his brother and start the Corn Flake Company as some historians have declared. The real problem arose when W. K. left the management of the Sanitarium and the several associated companies to devote all of his time to the manufacture of corn flakes. The Bartlett Street plant burned in July 1907, but W. K. rented the old Norka plant, filled his orders, and began immediately to construct a building on the present factory site.

The Sanitarium companies missed the astute management of W. K. Kellogg and began to slump in 1907. This was also a financial 'panic' year, which didn't help. The Doctor hired W. K.'s son, John Leonard ("Len") Kellogg who met emergencies so well that he may have been entirely responsible for saving his uncle's food businesses. Len joined his father in 1908.

Matters got so bad that Dr. Kellogg hired efficiency experts who did cut expenses by consolidating and simplifying his several firms. He still didn't have enough money to pay the Sanitarium staff. He cut the workers' wages "because we're all doing the Lord's work," he explained.

The fine medical staff he had worked so hard to build up was more restive. When W. K. incorporated the new company and handed Dr. Kellogg the large block of stock to which he was entitled, the Doctor used the stock shares to pay his physicians. The medicos needed money more than investments. When W. K. offered to buy their shares of stock in his company, a few were more than willing to sell. Those more reluctant to part with their stock were approached repeatedly by W. K. until they gave in.

Dr. Kellogg, because of his many interests and his predilection for going away for more training and to establish new sanitariums for the church, was unaware of these transfers. Being a poor businessman, he might not have been interested anyway. By 1910, the Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Company became a million-dollars-a-year business and Dr. Kellogg no longer was the major stockholder. Even then he was so used to autocratic control of the Sanitarium and his companies that he continued to treat Will K. Kellogg as his employee.

It was this imperialism that finally caused the rift between the brothers. A decade earlier W. K. had saved the Doctor's reputation by taking the loss and paying the costs in a court case concerning a proprietary (Peptol) the Doctor was selling "to make thin people fat." When the Sanitas plant had burned, W. K. had alone paid for its rebuilding. He was tired of being the 'little' brother and was now able to go his own way.

The name *W. K. Kellogg* and the phrase *None Genuine Without This Signature* had been used on Sanitas cereal packages as early as 1903—too many imitators in the 1902 boom made it seem wise. The W. K. was to keep Dr. Kellogg free of commercial taint. Will Kellogg now used the phrase with impunity and with Arch Shaw's approval had changed the name of his company from Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Company to Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Company. The Doctor still disapproved the use of the name Kellogg, because it was his, and the famous 1916 lawsuit between the brothers ensued. W. K. won the case and the right to use his own name. The brothers were never friendly again.

W. K. Kellogg and Arch Shaw studied the success of C. W. Post, deciding it came primarily through daring advertising. They decided on the same approach. As early as 1907 an amusing "Wink Campaign" in New York City increased sales in 60 days from two carloads a month to a carload a day. W. K. Kellogg was a great believer in giving samples as a sales gimmick. He stated that the pre-eminence of Kellogg products would have to be established, not in a court of law, but on the grocery shelves of the nation. That early Wink Campaign consisted of an ad, "Wednesday is 'Wink Day' in New York. Give the grocer a Wink! And see what you'll get. K-T-C" What the shopper received for a wink on Wednesday was a sample box of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes.

That same year the Bartlett fire slowed output and was the excuse for an ad in Chicago papers to keep corn flakes in the minds of housewives: "For Thirty Days Please Stop Eating Toasted Corn Flakes." It increased sales wherever corn flakes were available. Also in 1907, the symbol, *The Sweetheart of the Corn,* was first used.

That W. K. Kellogg was an astute businessman is told by his associates. His ability to meet jobbers and convince them of the superiority of his product was masterly. Attorney Burritt Hamilton said Kellogg could ask for 'a minute' in conference and actually use only 60 seconds to outline a plan involving thousands of dollars.

When the name of the firm was changed in 1925 to simply *Kellogg Company,* a local paper making the announcement added that the old stationery would be used up. Sure enough, a rubber stamp blacked out the former name and inserted the new one. W. K. Kel-

logg was not ashamed to cut cost corners.

The day that George C. McKay, then treasurer of the company, told Will Kellogg that he, W. K. himself, was a millionaire, the rich man seemed both unbelieving and unimpressed.

It was corn flakes that made success possible. It was W. K.'s far view that kept success active. His interest in workers' welfare brought loyalty from them. A house doctor, nursery for working mothers, rose garden, 6-hour day to increase employment during the depression, were some of his innovations. Today's competition (there are several major cereal-producing companies in the country) requires constant alertness in creating new products and new approaches in sales and advertising. The steadiness of Kellogg stock prices makes one feel that the stolid spirit of W. K. Kellogg still hangs over New York's Wall Street as well as above Porter Street in Battle Creek.

Two of a Kind

It ain't by princerples nor men
My preundunt course is steadied,—
I scent wich pays the best, an' then
Go into it baldheaded.—J.R. Lowell

Battle Creek is rampant with legends concerning the development of its two large cereal companies. To anyone interested in the facts there is sufficient documented history available. There are plenty of weird moments, quite as strange as any fiction, that wedge their way into the records: fires, quarrels, lawsuits, threats, bribes, jealousies; and attributes of cooperation, mediation, loyalties, courage, enthusiasm, faith in the future.

Both Kellogg Company and Postum Cereal Company hired adept traffic managers. "We never fought or double-crossed each other," said E. C. Nettels, Postum's long-time traffic man. "Constant cooperation was necessary or neither factory's output could have reached the market." The plants were near each other, track spurs from both entering the two main railroads at about the same place. Keeping sidetracks open for freight cars was necessary and advantageous to the competitors.

The two companies developed their own research and home economics departments, originally Battle Creek based. The scientists, while not sharing secrets, retained their rapport and respect for each other.

For several years there were two immense billboards across Battle Creek River from the Michigan Central depot. Passengers on the halted trains could hardly avoid reading the huge advertisements.

One was for Kellogg Company, the other for Postum Cereal Company. Across the top of the posters were nearly identical statements: "The largest manufacturer of ready-to-eat cereals in the world" and "The largest producer of ready-to-eat cereals in the world." The reaction of the passengers was to quote a famous old *Punch* line, "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

As for stories, there are hundreds to choose from. In C. W. Post's first record book of labor costs and payments, one finds that any laborer late to work was docked five cents.

Almost from the beginning, labor unions tried to organize the Postum Cereal Company's labor force, but Charley Post held them off. Occasionally rumors sprang up around the country that Battle Creek's cereal products were 'hay' or 'horse feed' or made from paper. A newspaper clipping, dated January 3, 1910, headlined "Labor Leader: Breakfast Foods are 'Shell Game' " stated that John Fitzpatrick, president of Chicago Federation of Labor, "declared a recent wreck in Michigan showed that several cars were loaded with peanut shells consigned to a Battle Creek factory."

C. W. Post's second product was Grape Nuts. Its inspiration was the same old ground-up toasted biscuits of Dr. Jackson's and Dr. Kellogg's. Oddly enough, it was manufactured without the hurdle of a lawsuit and is made today with hardly a change of ingredients or method from Post's original. The name, Grape Nuts, was created by Post. The fact that it is still manufactured—its forerunners died out years ago—is quite surely due to the masterful advertising in its early days. The patent medicine routine was used. It cured an amazing list of symptoms and ills.

When C. W. Post began manufacturing corn flakes he named the product *Elijah's Manna.* He not only hired men who brought him the secrets of the Adventist Kellogg's discoveries, but thought that the religious angle was part of the Kellogg success. It did not sell well until he changed the name to *Post Toasties.*

Post died in 1914, his company largely a family affair. It became the nucleus of a bigger corporation, General Foods, in 1929. Today the conglomerate comprises one of the country's largest food companies with headquarters and basic research center in and near White Plains, New York. The Battle Creek plant still turns out Instant Postum, Grape Nuts and Post Toasties besides all of General Foods' newer cereal products and the successful Tang.

6
Schools

Early Schools

The common school is the greatest discovery ever made by man.
—Horace Mann

"A sentence is an assemblage of words making complete sense."

That is the first statement in Warren Shepard's notebook. He titled it, *Lecture 1, On Sentences.* Warren Shepard was the first teacher in the first school in Battle Creek. His notebook held his lesson plans.

At the end of the first lecture, Shepard lists the following questions:

What is a sentence? How many kinds of sentences are there?

What is a simple sentence? Give an example. What is a compound sentence? How many kinds of simple sentences?

What is an explicative sentence? What is an interrogative?

What is in imperative? Give examples of each. What is an adjunct? Give examples.

His notes on the first lecture cover one and one-half pages; the entire course covers 25 pages.

Another course Shepard titled *Mathematical Demonstrations.* Only the teacher owned a textbook in those days. His book from which he took a few examples is Daboll's *Arithmetick.* The examples are all very practical for a pioneer boy who would need to know how to measure lumber and plan a building. Several pages are given to charts, diagrams and instructions in the basics of surveying.

Many of the early court cases had to do with quarrels over boundaries. A man who could be his own surveyor was in luck.

The first school in which these subjects were taught by Warren Shepard was built by local subscription to the tune of $60. It was built in 1834 of logs cut from the near area, for downtown Battle Creek was then a burr oak opening; burr oak logs the right diameter and length for such a building were easy to find. Lumber for floor, desks and benches was floated down the Battle Creek River from Bellevue which had the only available sawmill at the time. The school faced the Indian Trail (State Street) and stood about where *The New Rookery* building stands at the north end of Madison Street. A historical marker on the Mall nearby tells the story.

Children came from the few homes near the school and also from Goguac Prairie which did not have its own school until four years later. Besides teaching grammar and arithmetic, Warren Shepard had to instruct the younger fry in readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic of a more elementary kind. However, he probably made memorization of a multiplication table compulsory.

There were songs that helped the nineteenth century learner. "One little, two little, three little Indians" up to "ten little . . . " followed by "ten little, nine little, eight little Indians" set counting to ten in the youngest minds. Geography, too, had its songs teaching the names of the states and their capitals. Maps were almost unknown except those for tourists and were hardly accurate anyway. An official map of Michigan published as late as 1869 was considerably off center.

The older pupils in that first school formed immediately a "full-fledged debating club." The schoolhouse resounded with oratory by adults, too, for it was here that outside speakers gave their best to local listeners. The building was used by members of several of the earliest churches for their services. Itinerant preachers (circuit riders often served a dozen churches many miles apart) were expected to make the rafters ring with talk of evil, the devil, hell-fire and brimstone. It was songs of hope and heaven that filled the chinks.

There is no accurate description of that first schoolhouse, but A. D. P. VanBuren has left a description of the first Goguac Prairie School. At 17 years of age, VanBuren was examined for his qualities as a teacher and approved by the school commissioners in Battle Creek, Dr. William M. Campbell and Tolman W. Hall. The small log hut in which he taught, that fall of 1838, had previously been a grocery, then a refuge for travelers. The roof was of shakes, the puncheon floor of hewn logs, the fireplace of clay with a clay and stick chimney. "Holes were bored into the logs some three feet from

the floor on the side and end of the room into which log pegs were driven. Boards were secured on these pegs slanting inward for desks. Rough boards on wooden legs ran parallel to the desks for seats." There were shorter-legged slab benches for the small children. The teacher had a free-standing primitive desk.

Penmanship was important. Lead pencils were unknown; many children had slates and slate-pencils, but penmanship was truly that—man's application of ink to paper with a pen. Shepard and VanBuren and subsequent teachers were expected to make quality quill pens and some even knew how to make an acceptable ink.

Every pioneer had a good steel knife that he carried with him at all times. The pen-maker also had coarse and fine honing stones to keep the fine knife blade sharp and tapered. He used a square of polished marble or quartz as a cutting slab.

Goose or turkey quills were easily obtained as the wild birds were plentiful. First the teacher scraped the membrane from the lower end of the quill. He then cut its feather top to make the pen about seven inches long, trimmed the feathers along the edges to 1/4 to 1/2 inch leaving a clean three-inch-long shaft. About one inch from the lower end he cut the barrel at a sharp sloping angle, then a second cut at a more oblique angle 1/2 inch from the end. The tip of the pen so made was slit about 1/4 to 3/8 inch up the back of the barrel. He whittled the tip slightly to make a better point. He then evened the pointed tip at a right angle cutting it across with his sharp knife on the smooth slab. He may have made himself some very fine sandpaper to sharpen the point where needed. Of course he tested the pen before giving it to the student to use in a precious copybook.

In addition to this fine, meticulous work, the teacher had to see that the ashes were brushed from the coals that glowed overnight, start a fire with the kindling and logs brought and stacked by the older boys, wash the gourd dipper and bring in a pail of fresh water. A teacher, even at 17 years of age, earned his way with many tasks besides drilling the three R's into the heads of the offspring of the pioneers.

VanBuren taught only one year in the Goguac School. The following year he attended the Smith Hawkins Select School—the first mention of a school for 'higher branches' in Battle Creek. *Michigan Liberty Press* of September 21, 1848, was still running an advertisement of a private school opened a month earlier:

BATTLE CREEK HIGH SCHOOL

> The fall Term of this school for the instruction of young ladies and gentlemen, will commence on Monday, August 23, under the superintendence of Mr. P. W. Moore, assisted by Miss T. W. Moore, and Miss Charlotte Byington, teacher in music. All of the branches usually pursued in the first Seminaries of Learning East, will be taught. Parents sending their children here may rest assured that the course of instruction will be thorough, and no pains will be spared by the teachers to so discipline and cultivate the mind and manners of the pupils, as to enable them to fill with usefulness and honor that station in life in which they are afterwards destined to move.

The ad continued in great detail to give the tuition for each quarter of 11 weeks. It ran from $3 to $10 per subject. Students could choose from Common or Higher English branches, Philosophy, Chemistry, Botany, Languages, Mathematics and Music. Board for children from outlying districts could be obtained with respectable families.

The exceptional item in that September 21 *Michigan Liberty Press* concerns a second school. This local bit is a report of a visit to the public Union School. It is signed "K" and addressed to "Mr. Editor." The writer states that the school has improved over what it was a year before. He compliments the teaching staff, Dr. Harrison, and his assistant, Mrs. Harrison. We assume it was a grammar school, that is, through eighth grade. The primary department was probably first through third grades.

"A visit to the primary department," writes K, "which is under the supervision of Miss Griswold, will show most conclusively that the assertion that ladies cannot teach good schools, is as unfounded in practice, as it is ridiculous in theory. This department is well managed."

Even though the teaching was good, he found the building poor. "It is a settled principle," K continues, "that in order to have the right kind of schools, the right kind of schoolhouses are indispensable. The citizens of Jonesville, Flint, etc., have set an example, which the citizens of Battle Creek will do well to imitate. The Union School Buildings in these places, have done for them, what the same kind of building will do for you. The value of the property, in places in which these buildings are located, is enhanced more than is sufficient to cancel the tax necessary to build them."

He tells about the fine report on such buildings which had been sent to each school district by the Michigan superintendent of public instruction and hopes that it will be read.

The Union School that K visited was a frame building located on a triangle known for many years as *The Haymarket* at the junction of Jackson, Madison and River (now Beacon) streets. K does not mention that a new Battle Creek Union School proposal had

been voted down three times in the previous four years. However, by 1850 school districts from Bedford and Emmett townships joined with Battle Creek's and raised the necessary $6,000 to erect a three-floor Union School at Champion and McCamly streets. A. D. P. VanBuren was the first principal. Higher branches as well as elementary subjects were taught there.

Elementary schools were built on Green Street in 1857 and Champion Street in 1861. The first high school graduation occurred in 1869 when two young women, Ella Badgley and Estelle Campbell, received diplomas in exercises at the Congregational and Presbyterian Church. The 20-year-old Union School was torn down in 1870 and on the same site a new high school, costing $75,000, was occupied in April 1871. The high school was accredited by the University of Michigan in 1875.

The superintendents of the public schools have had a great influence on the community and are worth remembering. The contributions of these men cannot be told in detail. Nor can the growth of other splendid school systems be delineated here: Lakeview, Pennfield, Springfield and the privately funded Battle Creek Christian school, the parochial Battle Creek Academy and St. Joseph elementary, St. Philip elementary and Central High schools. Worthy of note are the W. K. Kellogg Junior High School with its 2,500-capacity auditorium to serve the entire community, the Battle Creek High School field house, built originally by the Sanitarium, and C. W. Post Field, with its up-to-date outdoor athletic facilities, an enlargement of the original Genebach Field.

Willard Library that serves students and the general public throughout the area is supported and managed by Battle Creek Public Schools with millage assistance from surrounding areas.

The Beginnings of Kindergarten

The tender wit of a child, if with diligence it be instructed in youth, will with industry use those qualities in his age.—Lyly

There are reformers today who cry, "Hurry, hurry," and are ready to blow up bridges for emphasis. They should know how much hard work, cooperation and frustration went into building many 'bridges' now taken for granted. A two-decade fight for kindergartens was such a bridge.

In the 1890s there were Battle Creek citizens concerned about the neglect of their promising young children. Kindergartens were already established in some Michigan public school systems. Agitation had been started here by urging the school board to establish pre-first-grade classes, but to no avail.

Believing "the foundations on which true character rests are laid in the Kindergarten," as the early publicity states, a group of 57 citizens met at the Independent Congregational Church on West Main Street (Michigan Avenue) the afternoon of March 27, 1896.

The names on the roster were those most prominent in all constructive community projects. Discussing the subject, stated the *Journal,* were John Bailey, Mrs. Chas. Barnes, Mrs. Dr. Briggs, Parcel Brinkerhof, Mrs. Geo. W. Buckley, Dorr Burnham, Dr. French, William Gage, the Rev. Mr. Hartley, Miss Marie Hollister, Mrs. A. C. Kingman, Mrs. William Neale, Mrs. Reynolds-Smith and the "lady who has charge of the kindergarten at Haskell Home."

A 'kindergarten' was established at Battle Creek Sanitarium as early as 1884 for children of guests. It developed into an elementary school, we know, because Roy Ashley stated he attended it four years. (His mother housed an overflow of guests from the San, entitling her son to attend.) Haskell Home was an Adventist orphanage that taught its own younger pupils.

Less than a week after the meeting at the Congregational Church a board of trustees was elected. By April 10, 1896, a prospective teacher, Miss Gertrude Brundage, was here from Ypsilanti Kindergarten Training School. She spoke on aims and methods. Ten committees were set up. Although a free kindergarten was the eventual hope, there were committees for both regular rate pupils and those entitled to reduced rates. Transportation would be supplied. The first rainy day after the school started the *Journal* proudly stated, "Herb Williams' hacks were on hand and all of the children were safely conveyed home."

The *Journal* of April 20 announced that 52 children between the ages of three and six years were present for the opening that morning at nine o'clock. The basement of the Congregational Church was overcrowded so that a second branch, with Miss Louise Clark of Three Rivers in charge, was started at the Methodist Church.

By June 25 the little folk demonstrated before the Kindergarten Association what they had learned during their two months in the new school. In 1897 there were three kindergartens with a trained supervisor, three teachers, nine cadets and 77 pupils.

In spite of this example and enthusiastic backing by Supt. William G. Coburn, the school board resisted creating a kindergarten. Private preschools continued to supply local needs until Mrs. Dessalee Ryan Dudley became assistant superintendent of schools. With her help free kindergarten became part of the Battle Creek Public Schools in 1912-13.

Ann J. Kellogg School

Still nursing the unconquerable hope.—Matthew Arnold

The widest influence emanating from Battle Creek Public Schools is through the nationally known, famous and imitated Ann J. Kellogg School. The concept of the school is an appropriate tribute to the extraordinary woman for whom it is named.

Ann Janette Stanley at age 14 was introduced into the John Preston Kellogg family for the summer of 1838 as a 'mother's helper.' Two years later a very ill Mrs. Kellogg begged her to come back but Ann was by that time teaching in a log schoolhouse 20 miles away. After Mrs. Kellogg's death, the widower with five children again urged Ann to return. Not until the following spring and after a courtship did she consent to take on the job as mother and wife as well.

The changes she effected on the farm and in the household were many. What she did not know, she learned. Unfamiliar skills were acquired. Misfortunes were met and conquered. She was an imaginative, inventive pioneer as well as excellent teacher of her five stepchildren and her own 11 children. "A truly remarkable woman . . . generous, hard-working, self-sacrificing and uncomplaining," her stepson, Merritt Kellogg, wrote in remembrance. W. K. Kellogg honored his mother's memory with the extraordinary Ann J. Kellogg School. Its innovative character is like hers.

And yet there was an experiment in Battle Creek that also may have influenced W. K.'s building Ann J. Kellogg School for the handicapped. That was the Open Air School that functioned from 1914 until about 1930. Tuberculosis was the great killer of young people early in this century. Fresh air, good food and rest constituted the only known way to arrest or prevent the disease. Dr. J. H. Kellogg, nutritionist, Dr. A. S. Kimball, child specialist and health officer, Dr. Harrie Harvey, dentist, and W. G. Coburn, superintendent of schools, were the four who cooperated in creating the open air classroom. The first building used for this purpose was the wooden structure that had been Number Ten School on West Van Buren Street. It had been moved to the east end of the school grounds to make way for a needed larger, brick elementary school building. Children with asthma, arrested tuberculosis, nervous and emotional problems were brought from the entire school system and did seem to benefit from the fresh air (they were warmly dressed to protect them against the cold), hot lunches and rest.

"Partitions had been removed on the second floor, and chalkboards and desks installed," remembers Alice Jones Davis, a student in the school. "Windows were continuous around the large classroom and were closed only against a strong wind. Apparently the theory was that the air must not only be fresh—it must be cold! There was one floor register which was out of bounds for us but was a favorite standing place for the teacher."

Dr. Kimball's theory was that partially ill children would have improved appetites by being outdoors. He believed that their emotional health would also be improved by continuing their education among their peers. The open air classroom proved such a success that others were established in the former E. M. Brigham home on Rittenhouse Avenue, in Number One and Number Six schools.

W. K. Kellogg attended Herbert Hoover's first White House Conference on Child Health and Protection. It was one more inspiration to the man deeply interested in the health and welfare of children and with more money than he needed. Already he had given to the community land for a Boy Scout Camp, a recreation building, a city market for farmer's produce, assistance to an existing Altrusa Day Nursery, and to the public schools a junior high school that included a civic auditorium. While he personally gave more than half the cost of the Ann J. Kellogg School, his Kellogg Foundation later paid the rest of the cost and has since given additional equipment.

The prime purpose of Ann J. Kellogg school is to supply special attention to handicapped children, but in normal surroundings among normal children. Although the building has had an enrollment of several hundred, the present attendance is 140 in the special education and 418 regular district children. There are dedicated, specially trained teachers who are able to help the physically handicapped, the hearing and visually impaired, learning disabled and educable mentally retarded. Although most of the latter two categories are handled in their own school districts, those children who require special equipment and teaching are bused in by their own districts. Children come from Albion, Athens, Bellevue, East Leroy, Hastings, Marshall, Nashville, Tekonsha, Union City and points between.

Ann J. Kellogg School is believed to have been the first of its kind in the country and the model for innumerable educational centers throughout the country.

Kingman Museum of Natural History

Nature and books belong to the eyes that see them.—Emerson

It isn't every Michigan school system that can boast of having its own natural history museum. Battle Creek's dates back to when its first high school was built in 1870. The Board of Education set aside

a room and purchased ornate cases for the exhibit of rocks, minerals and fossils. The interest and popular knowledge in geology at that time was minimal. A janitor called *Roads* (perhaps his name was *Rhodes*) had accumulated a few geological specimens; the collection was good enough to stimulate study and intrigue the board.

Luckily, along came a high school student as obsessed as 'Roads' with nature's treasures. Self-taught, Edward Morris Brigham was capable of classifying and titling the specimens. He added items as he found them locally in his own field searches.

The *Sunday Morning Call* of June 28, 1885, announced, "E. M. Brigham invites all young geologists, and any boys who would like to join an exploring party for half a day's collection of specimens and study of the geology about Battle Creek to meet at Meachem's Park Monday, at 1 o'clock. Bring small hammer, basket and pocket lens."

The young man went on to the University of Michigan where his eagerness and ability brought him an invitation from Prof. Joseph B. Steere to join a group of scientists investigating areas of South America. Brigham was so delighted with the experience that he earned and saved in order to go by himself on his own expeditions.

Local newspapers occasionally reported Brigham's trips and findings. The *Moon* credited E. C. Nichols with backing one of the expeditions. To finance his scientific interest and to support his family Brigham held jobs that also included travel within the United States, ultimately returning to teach at Battle Creek High School. The specimens he had classified as a youth were by then packed away. His arguments for a school museum must have influenced the Board of Education again to vote space, for the *Journal* of January 12, 1906, told this story:

"Edward M. Brigham (Sr.), who for the past two weeks has been engaged in sorting and arranging specimens for the new school museum, to be located in the basement of the Charles Willard Library, has completed the work. These specimens had been boxed and stored away in the basement of the high school building.

"All the specimens were very dirty with the accumulated dust of 20 years, and it was necessary for Mr. Brigham to take every geological speciman and scrub it with soap and hot water. All the corals that Mr. Brigham obtained in the West Indies were treated in the same manner. This is one of the finest collections of coral in the U. S. The large, rare and valuable collection of bird skins obtained by him in the Amazon valley are to be put in shape by an ornithologist. There are woods, vines, animals, fish and an especially rare collection of pottery and implements from Marajo Island. The 5,000 or 6,000 specimens form the nucleus for the finest museum in Michigan outside of those at the State University and the Agricultural College. To them are to be added the collection of birds of N. Y. Green, representing bird life in Michigan, obtained 25 years ago.

"It is intended to make this new museum a strictly natural history museum, and not devoted to freaks and littered with all sorts of knick-knacks. The object is to make the museum a very valuable one for scientific study, especially for the benefit of high school students working in natural history.

"As is well known, the nucleus of this museum was collected in South America 25 years ago by Mr. Brigham who made three trips there for that purpose. This week Mr. Brigham visited the University of Michigan to learn the latest methods of classification and arrangements of specimens, and the newest and most practical styles of cases for specimens.

"The museum will not be opened to the public for some time as everything is in a chaotic condition. Members of the Nature Club are expected to spend a great deal of their time the coming year in outings for the collection of specimens for the museum, which will be incentive to the club to do practical field work."

In the new high school in 1909 he was given a large room on the B-floor for a museum adjoining his classroom where he taught geology and physical geography. He moved the museum in 1920 to 25 E. Van Buren Street and then in 1932 to the present building contributed by Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Jennings and Mrs. A. C. Kingman in memory of Mr. Kingman.

As Brigham's three children grew, they were exposed to their father's love affair with nature and his devotion to its preservation. Edward M. Brigham Jr. began treading the path his father had blazed. In 1921 father and son spent one summer month collecting specimens and photographing nature in Michigan. In 1922 H. C. Hawk sent them to explore for a month the geology around Post City, Texas. On their own they did the same in New Mexico.

The only summer the entire Brigham family explored together was 1923. That was quite enough for all except the two EMBs. Brigham bought two Model T Fords, added two borrowed tents to his own equipment and the five camped during the entire trip. Western roads treated them to washouts and gumbo on which they slipped and slid. The Model Ts taught them the emergency use of bailing wire and how to patch rubber on the road. Somehow they held the windowless 4-cylinder cars, photographic equipment, and family together. Upon graduating from Albion College in 1925, young Ed Brigham became his father's assistant in the school museum.

Father and son had two further summer expeditions together before the depression hit. For three years EMB Jr. had charge of a

WPA (Work Projects Administration) team that worked at the new Kingman Museum. Among the 25 craftsmen were excellent cabinet makers, artists, draftsmen, naturalists and writers. Beautiful white-wood cases soon lined many walls. A miniature zoo was instituted.

In 1937 EMB Sr. accompanied the EMB Jr. family on a western expedition in their first travel trailer. From 1946 Kingman Museum was represented by annual summer expeditions of the EMB Jr. family.

At his father's retirement, EMB Jr. became director of Kingman Museum. Although the staff was enlarged, it has never been large enough to encompass all the dreams held for the museum's great potential. It has been the center for local clubs: Audubon, Camera, Lapidary, Nature and Social History.

Another 'first' for a school system in serving its community also came through Kingman Museum. In 1944 the National Audubon Society offered an en route stop by Bert Harwell, Yosemite Park naturalist, for a motion picture lecture, *From Sea to High Sierra.* The date was two weeks away. With the help of the Nature and Camera Clubs and local newspaper publicity, Ann J. Kellogg Auditorium was filled. Harwell's photography was excellent—the first time Battle Creek was treated to nature in color—his presentation was varied and the audience thrilled.

The Wild Life Series for the following year was begun. Within a very few years 12 programs were booked and the crowds warranted two programs an evening at W. K. Kellogg Auditorium. At its peak 4,041 memberships were sold, making it the largest series of its kind in the country at the time, both in offerings and audience. It is still one of the ten largest, including university series.

It was Brigham Sr. who helped to preserve local interest and artifacts for the Battle Creek Historical Society.

The Society's possessions formed the nucleus of the Kimball House Museum Collection. In 1931 Kingman Museum staff and clubs were in a great measure responsible for the city's centennial celebration. Seldom is found cooperation of city and schools as fine as in Battle Creek. *Town-and-gown*—an old term for controversy—here means forging ahead, hand in hand.

Since Brigham's retirement in 1969 Kingman Museum has been completely rebuilt and now, with help from the L. E. and Priscilla Gardner estate, includes a planetarium. Robert Learner is curator. Weekly open house affairs in the form of movies and special exhibits continue as they were begun in less affluent days long ago.

Battle Creek's Colleges

As we increase the range of what we see, we increase the richness of what we can imagine.—Ruskin

The first Battle Creek College was a Seventh-day Adventist institution with a building of its own on the west side of Washington Avenue between Champion and Manchester streets. The college was begun in the early 1870s but was moved to Berrien Springs in 1891 where it is now Andrews University. Then, in 1898, Dr. J. H. Kellogg founded the American Medical Missionary College here for the education of physicians. By 1910 this was turned over to and absorbed by the University of Illinois Medical School in Chicago.

The third Battle Creek College, like the other two, was Sanitarium connected. Its nucleus was the Training School for Nurses, offering a two-year course in 1884 with seven graduates in 1886. Forty years later the school claimed the distinction of having graduated more nurses up to that time than any training school in the country.

Supplementing the School for Nurses was the School of Physical Education founded in 1909 as a one-year course. Ten years later it grew to a two-year course and in 1921 to three years, becoming a full four years in 1923 topped with a Bachelor of Science degree.

A School of Home Economics was begun in 1906. There were eleven graduates of the one-year course for "matrons and housekeepers" in 1907 and it was immediately enlarged to two-years to instruct "teachers and lecturers." The demand for trained dieticians by hospitals caused a two-year course in dietetics to be included; the faculty of the American Medical Missionary College taught many of the required subjects, but after 1910, the School of Home Ecomonics had its own faculty. The quality of this leadership ultimately included some of the country's outstanding nutritionists, Lenna F. Cooper, Dr. Helen Mitchell, Dr. Thelma Porter, Marian Williamson and Margaret Ritchie, for example. Ella Eaton Kellogg's contributions to the growth of awareness of nutrition in America through this school are immeasurable and, unfortunately, nearly forgotten. Among the students who became nationally known were Ida Jean Kain, syndicated columnist, and Regina Gabriel Frisbie who directed the Kellogg Company Home Economics Department after Mary Barber's retirement.

B. S. degrees in Home Economics were first bestowed in 1924. Miss Lenna Cooper was Dean of the School of Home Economics for 25 years during which time some 900 graduates became dieticians, teachers and institutional managers.

The three schools were combined in 1923 to form Battle Creek

College. Dr. J. H. Kellogg was the nominal president until a Liberal Arts School was added in 1925 and Dr. Paul F. Voelker became president. The North Central Association of Accredited Schools and Colleges accepted Battle Creek College within a few months. There were intercollegiate events chiefly in men's field athletics; Genevieve Caton won the national championship in women's discus throwing.

The fieldstone building on the west side of Washington Avenue became the center of college activities and women's dormitory. Nearby cottages and a library building, largely funded by local citizens and including an up-to-date theater, supplied additional classrooms and laboratories. Extracurricular groups, such as an athletic association, swimming and dramatic clubs rounded out the college life. A student historian stated that "Sigma Sigma Psi, honorary society in the Physical Education School, was first instituted in 1916. The Sit 'n' Sit 'n' Sigh made its appearance at the same time." Inasmuch as many students earned their way by working at the Sanitarium or in local factories, there was little time for sitting or sighing.

Battle Creek College suffered from the depression along with its parent institution, Battle Creek Sanitarium. Lack of funds caused its demise in 1938.

Kellogg Community College

You will know them by their fruits.—Matthew 7:16

Shortly after World War II a committee was formed to select a suitable memorial to the recently fallen soldiers. There was a small fund available which had been raised through the national polio prevention program. Additional fund raising would be allowed as the committee might decide. One of the local needs submitted for consideration was a junior college. Doubtless seeds of this idea had been planted previously. The proposition was too stupendous for the memorial committee to consider, but further sprouts began to appear.

The Board of Education of the Battle Creek Public Schools fostered a study in 1954 into the advantages to the community of a two-year college. The Board of Education had become aware that the number of Battle Creek High School graduates going on to college was less than one-half the national average. Two years later, after many community meetings, plans were sufficiently concise to warrant asking the State Board of Education for approval to create a community college.

Near the Central High School stood an ancient brick building

owned by the Public Schools. Originally a fire station, later a G.A.R. hall, it had been used primarily for school storage until 1956. Renovated and modernized, it supplied three classrooms and an office, the central home of the new college. Five college instructors were hired. Bits of space and teaching were made available by Battle Creek High School, W. K. Kellogg Junior High School, Willard Library, the Youth Building and the Y.W.C.A. In spite of its sprawling 'campus,' the first freshman class consisted of 94 registrants.

That enrollment more than tripled in three years. Scholarships from local benefactors began rolling in. By October 1958, the district overwhelmingly voted a millage sufficient to buy 30 acres and construct a first building.

Charitable foundations like to follow the Biblical injunction of helping those who help themselves. In 1959 W. K. Kellogg Foundation granted funds to create a more complete campus, augmenting the beginnings by the Board of Education. The gift prompted a name change to Kellogg Community College, as a memorial to W. K. Kellogg. The Albert L. and Louise B. Miller Foundation supplied funds which made possible the Miller Physical Education Building. Residue of the Loring Lane estate was used for the Lane-Thomas Memorial Building. Further grants from W. K. Kellogg Foundation made possible another classroom building and the Visual and Performing Arts Center. The latter building was named for Harry R. Davidson, Superintendent of Battle Creek Schools, in appreciation of his leadership in the development of the community college.

From the beginning students from the surrounding area were served by the college. More than half the enrollment by 1963 came from outside the Battle Creek district. In 1969 a county-wide committee recommended that the college should have an area board with independent taxing power. In June 1970 voters approved a charter taxing themselves 1.95 mills and elected a board of seven trustees. Final transfer of Kellogg Community College properties and jurisdiction was officially made from Battle Creek Board of Education to the new legally independent institution serving all of Calhoun County. The local schools and the college would use jointly certain facilities to the advantage of both, such as swimming pools, athletic field, tennis courts and auditoriums. In 20 years Kellogg Community College has grown from the first year's offering of 18 courses to this year's 400 courses. The registration currently averages 6,000 students.

Calhoun Intermediate School District

Better build schoolrooms for 'the boy,' than cells and gibbets for 'the man.'—Eliza Cook

From the beginning pioneer parents desired public school opportunities for their children. They taxed themselves and elected school inspectors who, without training, carried the responsibility of hiring teachers and paying for buildings and their upkeep. Each teacher created his own standards.

Then came the county school commissioner, called *County Superintendent*, who visited all schools except the city systems of Albion, Battle Creek and Marshall. He coordinated the activity of the district boards of education, made recommendations and called for state help from the Department of Public Instruction, when needed.

Nothing constructive happens in a minute. The Calhoun Intermediate School District (CISD) named and implemented April 1963 had its beginning more than 40 years ago. Dr. Henry Otto, early educational director of the W. K. Kellogg Foundation, was aware that there were many children not reached by our public school system.

The successes at Ann J. Kellogg School with children having sight, hearing and other physical and mental handicaps proved that many children were not being educated who could be. Michigan had the first Department of Public Instruction in the United States, but poor communication with outlying schools made it difficult to keep standards high. It was largely through Dr. Otto's efforts that Calhoun County schools were consolidated into fewer districts. Communication between state and county schools was improved, standards advanced.

The developments in recent decades in technology, psychology and sociology have determined what service the CISD would offer. In its new building near the junction of I-96 and I-94 west of Marshall are gathered films, tapes and similar classroom helps for loan and data processing equipment for record-keeping that small systems could not afford. Coordination of education for homebound and handicapped is a prime purpose. It selects the children who need the therapies available at Ann J. Kellogg School. The new Doris Klaussen Developmental Center in Brownlee Park is the latest effort to help the mentally retarded. (Klaussen was a longtime Ann J. Kellogg School principal.) Liaison with the Michigan Department of Education brings to the county every known advancement and advantage available in the educational field. CISD is millage supported.

An offshoot of consolidation that created the CISD is the Calhoun Area Vocational Center, dedicated in 1971. The well-equipped teaching center is on Roosevelt Street, across the Spring Lakes from Kellogg Community College. In 1962 four counties, Barry, Branch, Calhoun and Eaton, began a study toward solving the needs of high school juniors and seniors wanting more technical, job-oriented training, and of dropouts and adults wishing to develop vocational skills. The present Vo-Ed center includes students and support from Bellevue, Olivet and Union City in addition to Calhoun County.

The chief program consists of busing high school juniors and seniors from the entire area for a half-day of vocational training. Funding is cooperative from all districts, although the Battle Creek Public School system has charge of admininstration.

Clear Lake Camp

Courts and camps are the only places to learn the world in.
—Earl of Chesterfield (1747)

Again it was W. K. Kellogg Foundation that served as impetus for the area's unique camping program for school children. Battle Creek was fortunate to be able to pioneer in outdoor education. Dr. Hugh Masters, successor to Dr. Otto, introduced and implemented the procedures. Youngsters have one week of living with classmates at Clear Lake Camp. For some this is the only week of their lives when they experience nonurban environment and learn the basics of self-reliance in the out-of-doors. They become aware of human interdependence. A winter group, for example, builds a bridge over a creek for the benefit of future campers while partaking at mealtime of jelly made the previous September by other classes. After World War II, Kellogg Foundation gave Clear Lake Camp to Battle Creek Public Schools.

Farm Program

Upon the education of the people of this country, the fate of this country depends.—Disraeli

Part of the Charles Willard trust benefiting Battle Creek Public Schools was land at Riverside Drive and Golden Avenue. In 1942 this was parceled out to school classes for wartime vegetable gardens. The program has been augmented, improved and continued at Clear Lake. One grade—usually the fifth—is taken one half-day every week during growing season so that each student can take care of his own garden plot.

The program has gradually been enlarged to include farm animals to care for. A log cabin and primitive implements are there for study. Local history is taught in third grade. Each class of third graders is taken to this pioneer center which offers several activities such as candle-making. It has become a participation museum.

7
Services

Newspapers

I Am the Printing Press

Before me, darkness was in the world, and enslavement of the humble.

With me came light and liberation.

Tyrants feared me and planned my destruction. I informed men's minds and stimulated their courage. So tyranny met its master.

By modern invention the pressure of a finger tip sets my mightly mechanism into action and hundreds come to marvel at my speed and coordination.

My power is greater than that.

I send to the homes in city, village and farm the story of today's world; of human efforts, hope and progress.

I join the far places in understanding.

Out of my daily contribution grow civic ambition in pride and purpose—and friendship and neighboring. By me men know the truth and by the truth are made free.

I am the proud servant of the American citizen. I am the retainer and defender of his kingdom — the American home; the American way of life.

I am the printing press.

I am the light-bringer.

—A. L. Miller

The publication of newspapers had been a tricky—a chancy—business in Battle Creek. The tricks were not perpetrated upon the public — it was fate playing tricks on the owners. Yet the men who were devoted to journalism failed or fell out of ownership of newspapers, only to bounce back and try again. The stain of printer's ink on their fingers was like a skin disease—mighty hard to get rid of. One historian has counted 22 newspapers in Battle Creek's past.

The editor of the very first newspaper here had that characteristic bounce. Walter W. Woolnough, as a boy of 12, had come from England to Rochester, New York, in 1833. When he was 24 years old he was enticed by Leonard Stillson to come to Battle Creek. Money had been raised locally by subscription for a newspaper; Stillson went east to buy a press and find an editor. Although *The Western Citizen* and *Battle Creek Champion* launched in 1845 lasted only a year, Woolnough stayed on, becoming a loyal booster for his adopted city. He bought several newspapers over the years, failing with at least one, an antislavery paper, buying and selling others, one at a time. He served as member of the Board of Education, alderman, justice of the peace and state legislator. From 1883 to his death in 1904 he was political editor of the *Moon*. He was a fast typesetter who seldom wrote copy but could step up to the compositor's case and set type as his mind dictated. Charles Barnes claimed the ability was "peculiar to Mr. Woolnough."

The *Battle Creek Journal*, the oldest, continuous, local newspaper was started in October 1851 by Gantt and Burton. Charles Burton was the father of Clarence M. Burton, donor of Burton Historical Library in Detroit. Like many of his contemporaries, Charles Burton mastered both a trade and a profession, becoming both printer and physician. At one time he owned the *Hastings Banner*. He was in Battle Creek in 1850, however, taking the census for the United States government. The Burton family went overland from Battle Creek to California in 1853. Gantt, who seems to have been a 'tramp printer,' and Charles Burton sold the *Journal* to Woolnough in February 1852 after only four months of partnership. Woolnough then published the *Journal* successfully until selling it in 1863.

Woolnough was an opinionated man, sturdy in his stand for what he considered was politically right, such as antislavery and higher taxes for education. In early 1854 he was advocating dissolution of the Whig party and chaired a meeting in his office in February to that end. This called into action a larger gathering in Hinman Hall. At the famous 'Under the Oaks' conclave in Jackson, Michigan, he was one of 60 delegates who formed the Republican Party. There is a two-blocks-long street named for him not far from his North Avenue home.

Alfred B. Tozer was 25 years younger than Woolnough. Although he probably was Battle Creek's most prolific writer, he composed on paper rather than by typesetting. Later he wrote copy on an early Premier typewriter that he mounted on a sewing machine frame. After a paralyzing stroke he used a dictaphone and typist — one of the first Battle Creek users of this method to get words on paper.

Tozer came to Battle Creek as a six-year-old in 1853. He had a minimum of schooling but claimed he learned spelling, grammar, reporting and editing while a printer's apprentice on the *Battle Creek Journal*. Early in his life he began writing fiction. In 1867, at the age of 20, when he had been with the *Journal* only a year, he received $100 for a story printed in the *New York Weekly*, published by Street & Smith in New York City. It was a cheap magazine, similar to the British pennydreadfuls. For that princely sum the novel, *The Double Murder*, was probably magazine book-length, 35,000 to 50,000 words. Two cents a word was big money. Obviously Tozer learned writing early, even if self-taught.

Editing became Tozer's profession. Charles Barnes, in a history of Battle Creek newspapers, called him "the best all-round newspaperman ever in Battle Creek . . . worthy of a special write-up." Periodically Tozer returned to Battle Creek from editorial jobs in Grand Rapids and Chicago to write popular fiction, only to be enticed back to a newspaper desk. He started several papers in his life. In 1870 he started the *Michigan Tribune* in what became known as the Tribune Building on State Street, selling soon to W. W. Woolnough and Will Bordine. In 1898 Tozer sold to Eugene R. Cole the *Sunday Morning Record* which he had started 36 weeks previously. Tozer then returned to Chicago to edit a story paper, as he had done twice previously.

Tozer came back to his farm on Grand Boulevard about 1902 to write fiction, although he did assume editorship of the *Battle Creek Journal* for a while.

In the 1880s and 1890s he had been one of the stomping horses in the Street and Smith stable. He wrote dime and half-dime novels, Nick Carter stories and syndicated features. *The Battle Creek Daily Journal* printed a handbill advertising a serial, *The Melville Murder* by Alfred Tozer, an old Battle Creek boy. For the last decade of his life—he died December 22, 1916—he turned out Boy Scout books, Camp Fire Girl stories and a Motor Boat series for A. L. Burt Publishing Company of New York City.

Myron Tozer, son of the prolific writer, remembered that the Nick Carter stories his father had written made a stack two feet high. Myron's mother forbade his reading them, although he sometimes sneaked in at dawn and read them until the family awakened.

After his father's death, Myron realized that his mother promptly burned the Nick Carter and detective magazine collections. The Boy Scout and Motor Boat Boys books were given reprieve.

Mrs. Tozer may have been the reason that her husband is so completely forgotten as a pulp story writer. She seemed ashamed that her husband wrote detective yarns and murder mysteries for a livelihood. Books on pulp writers omit his name and his pseudonyms. Among the latter were G. Harvey Ralphson, Alfred Graham, Dick Stewart, John K. Stafford and Carl Frisbie. That he wrote Nick Carter stories, as did William Wallace Cook of Marshall, was verified by other Nick Carter writers. A letter from Street and Smith to Tozer shows he wrote *Out of the Gutter* and received $100 for it in 1875. A similar letter dated May 4, 1893, begins, "I have finished your story *The Foot Pads of The Fair*, and find it right up to the mark. It is just the thing. Go ahead with the good work, and make *Nick Carter And The Circus Crooks* a dandy." Geo. C. Smith then suggests eight further titles indicating by a postscript that some of them "are well covered by titles and clippings," that were probably enclosed.

Charles E. Barnes, the writer who praised Tozer, is himself worthy of a definitive biography. He never used a pen name and so, unlike Tozer, is easier to find in the records. His enthusiasms were many: local history, fire fighting, nature study and the Knights of Labor. Today labor organizations seem not to remember the men of high moral awareness who used their intelligence and their influence to further labor's cause. Barnes left Battle Creek only twice—to run a newspaper further north in Michigan and later to be executive secretary of the Knights of Labor in Lansing for about four years. Otherwise he remained in Battle Creek as newspaper writer and editor, devoting his talents to community affairs.

George Willard, successor to Woolnough, was long-time owner and editor of the *Battle Creek Weekly Journal* and the *Daily Journal*, begun in 1872. He wanted to be known as an intellectual. He seems to have realized his goal besides becoming a success in many fields of endeavor. His poses, which today may seem pretentious, were accepted in his time. He was considered a man of wisdom. The city respected him as one of its patriarchs.

Willard called Battle Creek the *Queen City*, and so *Queen City* it became, although how that was appropriate nomenclature is difficult now to see. In his advanced years he liked to be seen walking from his North Avenue home to the *Journal* office on South Jefferson, reading Greek or Latin on the way. He left his collection of classics to Willard Library where they were for some years on exhibit, unused.

George's father, Allen Willard, was a Battle Creek Township farmer and Dartmouth College graduate. His brother Charles, farmer, financier and landowner, made generous bequests that will long serve the community. George attended Kalamazoo College, of which he later became a trustee. He also was elected regent of the University of Michigan. He was chiefly responsible for the admission of women to the university and the matriculation of the first woman student, Madelon Stockwell of Kalamazoo.

George Willard first became an Episcopal minister, serving elsewhere in southern Michigan and in Battle Creek's St. Thomas parish. He left the ministry and joined the Congregational-Presbyterian Church. It was then he bought the *Battle Creek Journal* which he, his son, George B. Willard, and sons-in-law, Charles Brewer and E. W. Moore, made to prosper for many years.

Martin E. Brown introduced a new kind of journalism into our town in 1869 with *The Nightly Moon*. He gave more space to local news than had been customary in other papers and in a more cozy manner. Brevities frequently became *Moon Beams*. Besides, Brown knew how to squeeze the juiciest bits from a local scandal. Some of his subtleties—not naming names, you know?—were as direct hits as a hammer on a nailhead.

The paper was unpretentious but copies that are saved are bonanza to the local historian; more fun than a box of monkeys, as our ancestors were likely to say. Naturally, *The Moon* was successful. In 1915 it was joined with its sister paper, becoming the *Moon-Journal*.

G.B.D.—Journalist

Nothing gets a man more credit or gives him more pleasure, than to write things that deserve to be read.—Earl of Chesterfield

The new *Moon-Journal* was owned by Nelson E. Conine, general manager, and George B. Dolliver, managing editor. It was a successful venture. When the paper was purchased and absorbed in 1940 by the *Enquirer and News*, Dolliver went along, continuing his journalistic career.

In *Mainly About Folks*, a column signed G.B.D., George Benton Dolliver wrote nearly 1,000 Battle Creek biographies published in the *Enquirer and News*. As long as there are local historians, they will be grateful to him.

Writing a column was old hat to G.B.D. He began his career in journalism on *The Nightly Moon* at the age of 13 in 1893. During the after years of the *Moon-Journal* he was chief compiler of *The Office Cat*. Syndicates and wire services supplied daily material

from which he sifted the gritty best, adding a few epigrams of his own, sometimes with a local flavor. If the Office Cat had claws, he didn't use them. Unlike his predecessor on the old *Moon*, Martin E. Brown, he had little interest in hurting his readers with scandal or burning sarcasm.

During his early years in newspaper work he did considerable free-lance writing. For a while he wrote children's stories. His humor writing cannot be traced inasmuch as most humor of that time was printed without a by-line. *Jabs*, a Chicago humor magazine, and the better known *Puck* used his submissions.

Later he became proficient in photography, winning three national prizes and paying for a European trip with the pictures he took. He turned his talents to community projects for which he held many positions of honor and leadership. His services to scouting won him the Boy Scouts' Silver Beaver award and he received the Distinguished Service Medal from the Red Cross. While managing editor of the *Moon-Journal* he was elected in 1930 to the presidency of the National Editorial Association. In spite of his many talents and services—or because of them—he was first of all a top-flight journalist.

George Dolliver had a beautiful singing voice and a flair for acting as well. He sang until 1940 in local churches and choruses. From 1895 to 1925 home talent plays and musicals often carried his name on the program. During that time he even studied voice in Europe for a year, at the end of which time he had an offer from the Paris Grand Opera company. The pull of journalism was too great, however, and he returned to Battle Creek. His career from that time was writing, editing and publishing.

His training and experience in music and acting made him the dean of critics in Battle Creek for many years. Covering both local talent and professional cultural events, he made a special effort to review performances so as to be helpful to artist and audience. His philosophy towards local talent was generous. "I always find something favorable to say," was his comment.

The Enquirer and News

We live under a government of men and morning newspapers.
—Wendell Phillips

It was back in 1900 that Joseph Cox founded the *Morning Enquirer*. He had arrived in Battle Creek in 1884 with a revolutionary invention of a printing press which could both print and fold newspapers. Although the Duplex Printing Press Company was formed that year with I. L. Stone as president, Cox had to sell his share of the

holdings to pay his debts. He became Battle Creek's mayor in 1892. Like Charles Barnes he gave much of his talent to the cause of labor. As Michigan's labor commissioner he brought about in 1897 the first state unemployment compensation program.

When Cox established the *Morning Enquirer* he could not afford to buy one of the printing presses he had invented. He used the same kind of antiquated hand-fed cylinder press he had used 20 years earlier when editor and publisher of a paper in Indiana.

The newspaper was a success but Cox was in his customary financial bind. He parted with the paper in 1907. In the same year C. W. Post interests bought it, presumably at a bargain price.

Legend states that C. W. Post wanted the newspaper as a soapbox for his philosophies. However, he wrote only a few editorials for the paper. Minutes of the *Enquirer's* business meetings indicate Post never attended any. His 'cabinet' members, Henry C. Hawk and A. B. Williams, represented Post's holdings.

At the *Enquirer*, matters were pretty much in a muddle. In addition to Frank C. Grandin and Henry C. Hawk of the Post interests, Martin E. Brown of the *Moon* and Charles W. Green attended the first recorded board meeting. Green was made editor and general manager. Owen L. Seed of Bloomington, Illinois, was hired as advertising and business manager at $20 a week.

"It was decided to accept Mr. Brown's offer of rental for the room, 29′ by 59′ in dimension, on the north side of the Moon building," state the minutes of that 1907 meeting, "for the purpose of installing the *Enquirer's* mechanical equipment therein." Rental, to include heat and janitor service, would be $15 per month. The *Enquirer's* linotype machine would be placed outside this room with the four *Moon* linotypes. It was decided to toss out the two Underwood and two Williams typewriters and buy the latest model Fox typewriter, "the kind with visible writing."

An alliance was made with the *Moon* "for exchange of type matter already set, under which arrangement either paper could lift all the set stuff it desired from the other."

There were two innovations of interest to local readers. "Mr. Hawk suggested that greater attention be given to Tabernacle and Sanitarium news and circulation . . . The advisability of opening a department under the caption *What Happened 25 Years Ago Today* was discussed . . . M. E. Brown offered the use of files of the *Daily Moon* 25 years back as a source of material in the department."

At a meeting the following month Editor Green submitted Fred Gage's offer "to furnish the *Enquirer* with a scoop in a way of an entire page article relating to the new Grand Trunk Shops, profusely illustrated with halftones, showing the buildings as they

would appear when completed." His charge of $25 was voted too expensive and the offer was turned down.

Albert Laird Miller had just purchased the Ottawa, Kansas, *Herald* when he received an offer from the C. W. Post interests in 1907 to come to Battle Creek and take over the *Morning Enquirer* as business manager. He did come for an interview but found the plant in miserable condition and the bookkeeping deplorable. His refusal is understandable.

Three years later A. L. Miller was again approached. In May 1910 he moved to Battle Creek to become business manager of the *Morning Enquirer*, by then a more promising paper. It was no longer housed at the *Moon* building, but had its own headquarters. By October he assumed charge of the editorial department as well.

The following May he added the *Evening News* as competition to the afternoon papers, the *Moon* and the *Journal*. Although A. L. Miller is remembered for his writings and civic interests, his business acumen and executive proficiency shine through the history of the *Enquirer* and the *Evening News* which he combined in 1919. The contract he signed with the Post interests shows keenness and foresight. While the *Enquirer* was showing slight profits, he arranged a percentage bonus if the paper should become a money-maker.

By 1928 Miller and H. C. Hawk were major owners of the two papers. "Mr. Miller accepted an invitation from Banking Interests to head a new organization to own and publish three newspapers," stated the *Enquirer and News*. Federated Publications, consisting of the *Battle Creek Enquirer and News, Lansing State Journal* and *Grand Rapids Herald*, was incorporated December 1, 1928.

When A. L. Miller joined the *Morning Enquirer* in 1910 its address was 9-11 McCamly Street in the Marjorie Block owned by Post. In 1915 this was enlarged to 7-11. In 1921 Miller purchased the property from C. W. Post's daughter and heir, Marjorie Post Hutton. He sold the McCamly Street property and bought a larger building on State Street in 1930, making sufficient profit to cover the cost of the move. The present modern plant on West Van Buren Street was erected and occupied in 1952. Its annex is a fieldstone building erected in 1902 by the short-lived *Pilgrim Magazine* and occupied for 25 years by the *Moon-Journal*.

Mr. Miller, who died in 1958 at the age of 82, had the respect of the entire community. His weekly column, *The Observer*, had been avidly followed by his customers. In it he reminisced, philosophized and conveyed to them the warmth of a comfortable chair by his own fireside. His devotion to civic improvement caused him to sit on innumerable committees for community betterment. His astute

executive and business abilities and that flair for foresight made his services valuable beyond the average.

He was a charter member of the Battle Creek Rotary Club. A tribute to the bigness of the man was paid by George B. Dolliver. While helping to form Rotary Club, Miller "saw that his rival newspaper publisher was also invited to be a charter member."

A lesser tribute, though equally profound: A. L. Miller was enthusiastic about local history.

The A. L. Millers had one son, Robert Branson Miller. Miller expected his son to do something besides loaf during vacations. Working at the *Enquirer and News* was a natural way to spend summers during high school and college years. There was hardly a job in the plant that the younger Miller hadn't tackled before joining the staff as reporter in 1929. In 1933 he became business manager. He obviously passed muster and rose through the ranks, for his father relinquished the title of publisher to him in 1953. Meanwhile Robert Miller had had full newsroom and writing experience so that he became editor as well when A. L. Miller died in 1958.

The two men were congenial and held great mutual respect. Outwardly they seemed interestingly unlike, but in mind and spirit, and in devotion to civic affairs, Robert Miller has proved a rightful heir to his father's principles.

According to one analyst, Robert Miller is a pivot in his community. His business ability has been shared with innumerable causes in organization and fund raising. His advice has contributed to many projects which, through joint effort with other citizens, have been worked through to success and betterment for Battle Creek.

EXTRA!! EXTRA!!

A master = passion is the love of news.—George Crabbe

Radio and its monster sibling, television, have completely knocked the newspaper EXTRA out of existence everywhere in America, but a memorial must be said over its disappearance. If anything happened before 1930 internationally, nationally, regionally or locally such as an earthquake, loss of a ship on the high seas, the death of a president, a major railroad accident or a fire whose smoke the reader could see, the editor used it as an excuse for an extra edition.

The EXTRA was printed as quickly as possible and distributed by as large a corps of newsboys as could be rounded up. They raced through the streets—all streets—at any hour of day or night and met all railroad cars with their customary yell; "EXTRY! EXTRY! Read all about it!" Then a teaser, as in 1922 they added, "Tabernacle aflame! EXTRY!"

Sometimes the EXTRA consisted of a reprint of the latest edition with a new front page. Usually, however, it was a four-page flash special with six-inch-high wood-block type splashed in headlines across the front page. Both the *Daily Moon* and the *Battle Creek Journal* jealously guarded their possession of this excitement-producing out-sized type for the EXTRAS. Unfortunately, newspaper files do not contain many examples of these front pages that were the citizen's reward for being routed out of bed and scrounging around for a nickel, the customary overcharge for the sensation sheet. The regular edition of the paper, containing the whole story, would sell for a cent or two the following day.

A Prophecy

Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow . . . —Shakespeare

Just one hundred years ago, the editor of the *Ohio State Journal* took his pen in hand to make a prediction concerning the dissemination of news in the Bicentennial year. The editorial was widely reprinted.

"In 1976," ran the prophecy, "I expect to see each man have a self-registering telegraph in his library, which will give him every morning and evening all the news of the day, as part of the regular machinery of existence without any newspaper intervention. I am not sure yet, but I think it will be managed that each event will be able to photograph itself in this new family journal, by the simple process of transpiring in front of the instrument, so that we shall not even need reporters."

The Ohio editor did not know the home telegraph would be named television but his foresight was not far from accurate. He was wrong on his prophecy concerning reporters. The influential TV commentator was beyond the editor's imaginings. Also, he gave the world a quarter century more than it needed to fulfill his forecast.

Banking

A Wildcat Bank

Promises and piecrust are made to be broken.—Swift

Cash was hard to come by in our village's first decade. Any gold or nationally recognized legal tender the average pioneer took with him from his eastern home was largely dissipated in travel and purchases in Detroit. He arrived as poor as Job's turkey, our ancestors would say, and that indicated the quintessence of poverty.

By 1838 the population count was 400 and business ventures included two sawmills, two flour mills, two taverns, six stores and six shops: two machine, two blacksmith, one harness and saddle, and one cabinetmaking. Barter worked fine among neighbors or at the village store but usable exchange rates would simplify out-of-town trade.

On February 12, 1838, articles of incorporation of the Bank of Battle Creek were filed with the recently created State of Michigan. Although the township was still designated *Milton,* the name *Battle Creek* was used for the pioneer bank. It claimed $100,000 as capital stock with $30,000 paid in. Bank notes were ordered from a New York engraving firm in values of $1, $2, $3, $5, $10, and $20. To make them into exchange, president Sands McCamly and cashier Tolman W. Hall had to sign and date them. All of these preparations complied with Michigan's Free Bank Law of 1837.

Even that early there were bank inspectors. However, money became very tight by the end of 1838 and the cash on hand so depleted that the bank officers were given to bamboozling the inspectors as well as the customers.

A certain amount of coin to back up the notes was required. As times became harder, neighboring banks helped each other by corraling all of their gold to greet the inspector who came on appointment once every three months. The gold would be at Marshall until the inspection was completed, then dashed to Battle Creek ahead of the inspectors. When counted here and the bank reapproved, again the gold would be taken by fast horseback to the inspector's next stop, generally Kalamazoo. The inspectors were smart enough to guess what was happening; some quit their jobs so that state control was lessened and the wildcat banks became wilder.

Tolman Hall is quoted as remembering that those were days of worry, of escape by the back door when a customer came in the front door to redeem his Bank of Battle Creek notes. The cashier left "the visitor with Lou Jackson, Battle Creek's first Negro resident, who hung around the bank with his part well learned, which was to grab a broom and sweep the floor and to sing at the top of his voice. Asked questions he would just grin and chatter like a stupid fellow until the disgusted caller departed. But the end came in February 1839, and with the bank's failure many a citizen lost heavily."

An Exchange Bank

Nothing to do but trade —Thomas Paine

Loyal C. Kellogg, optimist that he was in his younger days, started a private bank in July of 1851. As he dealt in wheat and wool primarily, his bank was chiefly "an exchange office, where businessmen could buy, sell or exchange maturing notes . . . Duebills . . . for

goods to be delivered on demand were handled in a like manner." It was largely a central clearinghouse where bills of supply and demand were matched for neighborhood trading. "During the long winter months the business of the village took on something of a social nature. The functions were known as *settin' days*. Debts were settled and transactions agreed to, while settin' around the stove at Kellogg's office" where Charles M. Leon was cashier and matched the transactions.

National Banks

Surety, surety secure —Shakespeare

The Civil War brought the need for a national banking law. Twelve Battle Creek men with four others from nearby villages formed the first National Bank, whose permit arrived in June 1865. The board of directors elected Loyal C. Kellogg, president; Thomas Hart, vice-president; Charles M. Leon, cashier; and William Andrus, secretary of the board. Other now familiar names of board members were Samuel G. Mason, Henry D. Hall, William Wallace, Charles Peters, John Helmer and William Brooks.

Loyal Kellogg sold his interest in 1867 and the following year the board consisted of these solid citizens: Victory P. Collier, Clement Wakelee, T. B. Skinner, Thomas Hart, David Miller, William Merritt and William Wallace. A five per cent dividend—the bank's first—was declared in July 1868.

The National Bank of Battle Creek survived the panic of 1873 and its financial statement was sound enough for a new charter to be granted in 1885 on expiration of the old one. New stockholders and directors in addition to Collier, Merritt and Wakelee were largely the men who had contributed much to the growth of our city: John Nichols, David Shepard, Benjamin Graves, Floyd Mechem, Alexander Dey, Edwin C. Nichols, Charles Austin and George E. Howes.

The National Bank opened a savings department in 1891 and by careful management, it was said, survived the upheaval caused by the silver question and subsequent panic of 1893. Nationwide over-borrowing tightened money again in 1907; but Old National (as it had become in 1905) and Battle Creek together were in such fine condition by 1909 that the bank claimed to have a larger number of commercial and savings accounts than any bank between Detroit and Chicago.

The Old National and the Merchants Bank (begun in 1888) became the Old Merchants National Bank and Trust Company in 1929, but closed its doors permanently after the moratorium of

1933. Meanwhile it had built a skyscraper on the site of the old city hall. An entire reorganization allowed its successor, Security National Bank of Battle Creek, to open in June 1934. It is now operating with 10 branch banks.

City Bank was begun in 1871. It, too, went through several name changes although Charles C. Green was its president for 25 years. Its seven-story building took the place of the Noble Block. In 1940 it became part of Michigan's first banking chain as Michigan National Bank.

Central National Bank was formed in 1903. Edward C. Hinman was its first president. Its location was changed from 'Bank Corners' at Capital and Michigan avenues, to Michigan and McCamly. In 1932 it had completed Battle Creek's second skyscaper. Here on the bank floor a history room was set aside. Many of the documents gathered there are now in Kimball House Museum or Willard Library's Local History Room. The building was sold in 1947 to First National Realty Company, then purchased and occupied in 1951 by Wolverine Insurance Company, which is still the owner. Central National Bank lost its old identity when it was merged with Michigan National Bank.

Water Supplies

In the Early Days

When the well's dry, we know the worth of water.—Franklin

Water is an absolute essential to human survival. The local pioneers' first water supply came from streams and spring-fed ponds. It was hauled, two pails full at a time, hung from a shoulder yoke.

Next came the open well, dug to just below the natural water level or to tap an underground stream. A lining part way down and a collar a couple of feet above the ground were made of fieldstone, sandstone or brick—whichever was available. A pulley hung from a roof over the well helped the pioneer raise the bucket of water at the end of a rope; a winch made the task even simpler. The nostalgic song about 'the old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket, the moss-covered bucket that hung in the well' hardly implies it was also a back-breaking bucket when being raised from the well.

The third stage of water supply was the pump. The narrow well had to be dug and the pipe installed by a professional. Even then the pump could be erratic and obstinate. It often had to be primed with a pitcher of water, hot water in the winter. Battle Creek did not expect every household to have its own pump. Community pumps were stationed here and there. One stood in front of the City Hall on the site of the present Security National Bank—

pictures show that it had a tin cup chained to it for the convenience of the passers-by. Another was near the corner of Calhoun Street and North Avenue. How these neighborhood pumps and wells were financed has not been recorded. Each school had its own pump. These were used for neighborhood convenience until 1860 when school trustees voted to prohibit their use by the public. Why is not known.

When homes were roofed with shingles and could be surrounded by eavestroughs, a cistern became a fairly common household luxury. If the family couldn't afford a cistern, a rain barrel below the down spout stored nature's soft water for laundry and dishwashing. The hedonism of shampoos and baths was indulged only when the barrel was full and the sky portended more rain.

Cottages built around Goguac Lake in the 1890s generally had cisterns beneath them. Harry E. Burt was an excellent mechanic and had installed a pump to supply his cottage with running water from the lake. His neighbors largely depended upon rain water to fill their cisterns. In a memorial tribute to Burt, who died in 1923, Fred Gage wrote, "The cistern of a neighbor's cottage ran dry during the summer and Harry went along the shore borrowing all the garden hose he could find, eventually laying the line from his own power pumping plant to the cistern and filling it." Gage little realized that this would be read 50 years later as a document of housekeeping style.

At one time even our city was dependent upon rivers and cisterns for fire fighting water. Henry Willis, stalwart reformer, had earlier suggested that there should be a local law requiring homes to have cisterns with hose connections available to fire fighters. Alonzo Noble, while mayor in 1862, saw need for reservoirs for fire protection. Ultimately in 1882 the city dug six cisterns for the fire department. They were located at Elm Street near Green Street; on Washington Avenue up the hill from Champion Street; at Cass and Champion streets, Frelinghuysen Avenue and Fremont Street, Upton Avenue and Caroline Street, and one other unidentified location. They were kept filled with river water. As water pipes were laid beginning in 1887, the use of these cisterns was gradually abandoned.

When Elm Street was being paved about 50 years ago, its old cistern was long forgotten. A heavy steam shovel dropped into the pit killing the operator. Pavers discovered the Washington Avenue cistern with fright but without accident. The other four had been filled in earlier.

Open wells with their oaken buckets, pumps with their contrariness, rain barrels and cisterns that could run dry, all have a place in progress. They were a part of nineteenth century living.

City Department

Water came forth abundantly.—Numbers 20:11

A century ago Goguac Lake had a reputation not only for beauty but for cleanliness, purity and a sandy floor. Now algae and various weeds are taking over as they are in many of Michigan's charming lakes. Each spring after the ice leaves, the bottom is sometimes visible to a depth of eight feet, but only until May when plants again hide the lake's floor. Last December during two days of black (clear) ice, weeds could be seen still flourishing in some shallows almost to the surface.

Agitation for a city water system began in the 1870s with Henry Willis making big plans to supply city water from his Spring Lakes in the early 1880s. After a survey by Wiley of Grand Rapids, who said Spring Lakes couldn't keep a 2-inch pipe filled, the contract was let to a Chicago firm to build a water system using Goguac Lake water. A standpipe 18 feet in diameter and 75 feet high was built on an elevation near the pumping station. It was 200 feet above the business section of the city and assured the citizens of a generous force behind the water taps. August 8, 1887, the first Goguac water for public use rushed through the mains under Battle Creek.

Over the years the level of the lake has fluctuated greatly. In 1879 before its use for water supply, the lake had lowered enough for pedestrians to cross on dry land from either Breezy Bluff or Waupakisco Point to Ward's Island. All went well for Battle Creek's water supply until an extended drought harassed Southern Michigan again in 1889-92. In hopes of correcting these fluctuations, Mayor Joseph Cox went along Minges Brook, buying up riparian rights so as legally to divert the water from that stream into Goguac Lake whenever it was needed. The story was told with humor many years later by A. L. Miller: "Joe paid from cash he carried in his pocket, a few dollars here, a few there." But the 'few' finally amounted to $12,000 and at least one farmer, Otis B. Green, used his share to take his family to California for an entire winter.

Those rights, though since disputed, are still owned by the city. A channel from Minges Brook to the lake, and its gates, are under the control of the Public Works Department. Only during another extended drought 1912-14 was land exposed between Ward's Island and the mainland. At that time Minges Brook, too, was nearly dry.

Goguac Lake was such a recreation center that pollution began to be noticed. Prohibiting swimming did not solve the problem. The city occasionally hired weed-cutters and clean-up gangs to rake the

shore. Merchants and industries downtown sometimes dug their own wells, discovering a quality water. However, in 1920 many of these private wells were found to be polluted. A large percentage still function for industrial use and air conditioning.

Today we realize that Battle Creek is unusually fortunate in lying over a layer of sandstone. This produces some of the best filtered drinking water in the state. In Verona, naturally flowing wells on the east side of the river had produced such excellent water that one prosperous business for many years was bottling and delivering this water from a 'water wagon' around town.

By 1905 there was agitation for a filter plant at Goguac Lake and opposing agitation to buy the Verona property. The Board of Public Works recognized industrial needs for soft water. The decision had to be made between Verona's clean, hard water and Goguac's soft but polluted water, filtered. The conclusion of the Board, consisting of M. M. Lewis, Charles A. LaFever, H. T. Harvey. H. C. Hall, George S. Barnes and Fred H. Webb, was in favor of Verona.

The board's recommendation was turned down by the Common Council and for the rest of the year the ink flowed in the *Enquirer* from the pen of C. W. Post living in the east, in the *Journal* from that of George B. Willard, who had a summer home on Goguac Lake, and in the *Moon* from C. W. Ward in Evanston, Ill. Post objected to taxes required to build the Verona station, Willard howled about the high water diverted from Minges Brook into the lake, that during the winter ate away his land, while Ward wanted to sell his Goguac island for a filtration plant. Many got into the ink-slinging act and W. W. Brigden, loyal citizen and excellent engineer, received enough ink spots to make him resemble a smallpox victim.

A booster for the Verona decision brought bottles of the well water into the business district to treat citizens to its excellent taste. E. C. Nichols, threshing machine manufacturer, in spite of his friendship with Brigden, city engineer, opposed the Verona water with the argument that the conduit pipes and interior plumbing would be ruined within five years by the high iron-content water.

Verona wells area was purchased and the plant built by 1913. In 1920 there was another hassle when Verona water was found contaminated—this time whether or not to chlorinate the well water. Historians of the Water Department claim that if it hadn't been for Brigden's level head, many Battle Creekites would have lost theirs in the squabble. Dr. A. A. Hoyt, health officer, hauled in the State Health Department and the controversy was resolved. Goguac Lake continued as a reserve supply until wells were drilled beside the Goguac pumping station and the lake supply cut off. The last water taken from the Goguac wells was in 1950. The standpipe was demolished in 1953 and the pumping station in 1966.

W. W. Brigden was not a college trained engineer but as a fairly young man proved he had engineering knowledge in building part of the Michigan Central Railway. He was hired in 1886 to manage the Battle Creek water system, completed the following year. The man was dedicated and his work was excellent. At one time when his decisions were in question, his position was changed from control by the Common Council to the Board of Public Works where his ability was recognized and not under constant scrutiny and criticism by the public. In the 1905 controversy over the Verona wells the necessary bond issue seemed disastrous to local financial wizards. Brigden was such a meticulous planner and manager, however, that the bonds were paid off and a surplus accumulated by the income from customers. The surplus helped less efficient city departments more than once keep out of the red.

In the 1920s and 1930s a grid system for piping and shutting off water in limited areas was worked out. It became a national model. It was especially admired during World War II when bomb scares were prevalent. Destruction in one part of the city could be cut off and not hurt the water supply in the rest of the town or cause unnecessary waste of the precious liquid. Brigden continued in his job until his final illness. He was said to be the oldest active city engineer in the country. He died at age 90 in 1939.

Battle Creek Township Water Department

Let independence be our boast.—Hopkinson

There is one community water supply in the metropolitan area besides that of Battle Creek: Battle Creek Township's. Both the city of Springfield and what is commonly called Lakeview, a residential suburb, use this source. There are still many individual residence wells in the area.

Under Battle Creek Township the sandstone layer diminishes to the south and then disappears. The quality of the water therefore varies. The six township wells are dug into the water-producing sandstone, however. Four are within the boundaries of the city of Springfield, which buys water from the township. The township bought the property—28 acres—for four wells east of North 20th Street near Dickman Road. The other two wells are within Battle Creek Township near Columbia Avenue west of Helmer Road. The depth of the 12-inch wells is from 138 to 154 feet. The water has more iron content than that from Verona wells. It is more subject

to sulfur odor which is intensified when it rests in outlet pipes. The wells are tested for bacteria daily, in fact 22 times a week, and the quality of the water is excellent.

Although the water levels of Southern Michigan have gone down since 1830, the levels in recent decades have not decreased in spite of huge drawing off for cities and industries. The fluctuations within the state are comparable to those of Lake Michigan. Actually, the local levels in recent years have gained 1¼ to 1½ inches. Future water supply in our region appears less hazardous than elsewhere in the United States. Our Michigan peninsula really is a 'Water Wonderland.'

Fire Fighting

A little fire is quickly trodden out; which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.—Shakespeare

More dramatic than the review of shows performed in our theaters are the annals of our Fire Department. Fires were news and have been well recorded in local newspapers. Financial loss and loss of life are interesting to the reader, evidently. The cause of the fires, often 'unknown,' lend mystery. Arsonists seem always just around the corner.

There is magnetism to flame that draws watchers. Fire fighting has attracted volunteers throughout our history. Today's professional fire fighters are a special breed, dedicated to their calling. In the Battle Creek Fire Department there have been three generations of Van Huysen and Yarger families, two generations of Bailey, Burrows, Carl, Cummins, Delano, Seager and Wiley. Chief Donald Yarger is one of five Yargers in the department, for his father, brother, son and nephew have been or are members.

Throughout the United States there are great or near great from many professions who are honorary chiefs or fire fighters. In Battle Creek and elsewhere departments have grown from a few 'fire laddies,' volunteers from the leading families, to quality, well-trained professionals. In 1903 Beulah Sperry, a Battle Creek schoolgirl, wrote with pride, "The Fire Department of Battle Creek is the best one in Michigan. There are three different stations."

The first recorded fire consumed a large stable back of Smith's Yellow Mill near Battle Creek River. If it was fought or how it was fought is not known. Early in the summer of 1846 fire destroyed a wooden ashery building near the southeast corner of S.W. Capital Avenue and Jackson Street. The fire was fought with a bucket brigade. Even though the Kalamazoo River, a water supply, came almost to this spot, the damage was total. Arguments to buy a

mechanical pumper began at once and resulted in the purchase of a hand engine and hose, a used one from a Detroit company. This gooseneck engine was in the Michigan Central yards when, on the night of November 22, 1846, fire was discovered in the Congregational-Presbyterian church. The engine (optimistically named *Deluge*) was hurriedly brought to the fire and operated inefficiently for lack of experience. However, the fire was finally controlled.

The next evening 40 men met and formed Protection Company No. 1. Charles Vail was the first foreman. In the fall of 1847 a former schoolhouse on East Jackson Street was being made over into a fire hall. In late December the engine company was still trying to raise funds to finish the engine house. The newspaper also reported that the leather hose was so full of holes that the pressure of the hand engine could not keep up. Hemp hose did not appear for another 10 years.

In 1849 Jonathan Hart's mill burned. At that time *Deluge* was being kept in the Wallace Woolen Mill building, which was not far from Hart's. However, there were problems assembling the fire fighters who had to run from their homes and then pull the engine to the scene of the fire.

It was not until 1851 that the former schoolhouse was actually turned into a village hall with space for jail, fire and police headquarters. This building itself burned in 1866.

Meanwhile the fire company began to take on social aspects for fund raising: two 'annual' balls were held by Protection Company No. 1 in 1854, January 3 and July 4. The following year 14 business firms united and contributed for better protection against fire (and insurance companies!). In March of 1856, when our community was 25 years old, the village board made fire protection strides. It voted to raise $500 by taxes to buy a new fire engine. On May 17 the board directed the clerk to order a Button and Blake hand engine 22½ feet long that could throw three streams, and 300 feet of hose and a hose cart at a cost of $1,500. It was August 2, that Tempest Company No. 2 was formed, and in September this new company was granted charge of the new engine. The engine arrived in October. In November, both companies fought the American House fire. Tempest Company No. 2 held its first annual ball on December 30.

The following year, 1857, was a big one. A firemen's tournament was held in Kalamazoo on July 4. Agitation was begun for a double engine house. By November 6, $500 was voted for a new brick one to be built on the old site. Both companies sponsored balls to raise money for furnishings of the new fire hall. Another new engine—a Hunneman this time—was purchased for $1,650.

In 1858 the local companies were tested for ability and efficiency.

First there was the pressure required to charge 200 feet of hose. (Shut-off nozzles were unknown.) Beyond that, No. 1 managed to throw a stream 180 feet. No. 2 outdid its competitor by seven feet. The Liberty Pole, 115 feet high, was still standing near East Canal and Main streets (Monroe and East Michigan). No. 2 threw three streams, two over the top of the pole, the other over the top of the Peninsular Block. In spite of these spectacular accomplishments by volunteers, everyone in the neighborhood of a fire was expected to help. Anyone refusing was subject to a fine of five dollars.

A youth company of 30 members, eager to help, asked permission to use the old engine No. 1. This became Young America Company, No. 3. In 1859, the year Battle Creek became a city, the three fire companies were increased to 100 men each. Chief Tracy asked for a steel bar two inches square and 12 feet long for a fire alarm; this was to distinguish the sound from church bells. The council found one could not be purchased anywhere! This same year the first hose tower, for hanging hose up to dry, was authorized. At the Jackson tournament, Battle Creek's two companies came home with two silver trumpets. In 1860 the state tournament was held with great fanfare in Battle Creek.

There were only seven fires in the city in 1860. On December 29, the Common Council authorized foremen of fire companies to press into service or hire horses to haul engines to fires in the winter. In 1863 the two-story brick firehall and much of the equipment were destroyed by fire "of incendiary origin." A new $5,000 Button and Blake steam fire engine was purchased and its name—*Union*—chosen by popular vote. As the Civil War 'to preserve the Union' was in its third year, the choice was not surprising. By March of 1868, when Battle Creek had a new City Hall, arrangements were made to have the steamer engineer sleep there. He received $150 a year.

The first rubber hose was purchased in 1869 and the following year there was talk of keeping the water hot in the steamer at all times.

The Goguac Boat Club boys formed a Goguac Hook and Ladder company in 1874. The Common Council didn't exactly approve of these young blades and took nearly a year to sanction them. Meantime two Battle Creek companies were winners in the state tournament in Kalamazoo. In September the *Journal* announced that "the old Episcopal Church bell has been hung in a new frame near the Engine House, where it will be used as a fire bell until the new church building is ready for it."

By 1879 a fine new fire bell, weighing more than a ton, was placed in the tower at the engine house and another state tournament was held here, partly to show it off. The following year a completely volunteer Red Rover Hose Company No. 5 was approved by the Common Council. In 1881 five hosemen were paid $100 a year and required to sleep at the engine house. Chief Bohnet's office was connected by telephone to the engine house—a great innovation.

A fire that has come down in history is that of 1882 at the Upton Manufacturing Company, a large brick-veneered wooden building. Frank Courter, a regionally noted artist, painted the scene and a group of merchants purchased the oil painting to be hung in the engine house. In 1975 Will Collopy was engaged to restore the painting, paid for by an anonymous donor. This prized possession now hangs in the new station No. 1.

It was in 1880 that 25 hydrants were ordered from Henry Willis at a cost of $50 a year. This water supply may never have materialized, for eight cisterns to hold fire-fighting water were ordered in 1882 and 1883; at least six of these were dug and put to use. In 1887 a city waterworks was begun and shut-off nozzles were used here for the first time. By September 1888 a fire alarm system with 13 boxes was in operation.

Perhaps the strangest items in our fire history are the numerous serious fires in the West End. The Adventist prophetess, Ellen White, declared repeatedly that a sword of fire hung above Battle Creek. She had come to believe that the city was wicked, no longer a suitable place for Adventist headquarters. After the church's Review and Herald publishing house fire, she transferred the headquarters to Washington, D. C.

An undated newspaper clipping tells the story.

PREVIOUS "WEST END" FIRES

The following is the list of Adventist and Sanitarium buildings that have been destroyed by fire in the last thirty years:

	Loss	Cause
June 1, 1891—Sanitarium Engine room	$22,000	Gasoline
Jan. 11, 1893—Battle Creek College building	7,000	Unknown
Feb. 3, 1896—Sanitarium Health Food Co.	12,000	Unknown
July 19, 1898—Sanitarium Health Food Co.	10,500	Incendiary
April 13, 1900—Sanitary Nut Food Co.	5,200	Explosion
July 21, 1900—Old Food Co.	10,500	Unknown
April 27, 1901—College building	5,300	Unknown
Feb. 18, 1902—Sanitarium and hospital	250,000	Unknown
Dec. 30, 1902—Review and Herald	300,000	Unknown
May 18, 1903—Sanitarium barns	4,000	Incendiary
Feb. 5, 1909—Haskell Home	50,000	Unknown
Nov. 27, 1917—Sanitarium Warehouse	20,000	Unknown
Jan. 7, 1922—Tabernacle	110,000	Unknown

A completely paid Battle Creek Fire Department began in 1891. It was decided that a fireman was to wear a cap decorated with a Maltese Cross. A captain (formerly foreman) was to wear one bugle on his cap and three on his left breast. A lieutenant was entitled to one bugle on cap and two on left breast.

More fire alarm boxes were installed in the early 1890s, a few each year. Many fires, some incendiary and some from overheated ovens, occurred during the cereal boom when any old mill or abandoned building was put to use.

In July 1911 a Jackson car was purchased for the chief and the same month a squad car was put into service. From then on, the department became motorized, the last horse being retired in 1917.

No horses, no running on foot to fires, no fancy balls for fund raising—it would seem that the glamor is gone. But never to the 'fire laddies,' even though they are no longer volunteers. The love of their job lies deep within them. Chief Washington Plato Weeks, who celebrated 50 years with the department in 1930, always backed his car in his driveway when he went home—ready for instant take-off. His retirement in 1941 ended an era but not the dedication to the job.

Superb modern equipment gets prideful care. The 'snorkle' that lifts firemen 85 feet in the air is affectionately called *Herman*. The aerial ladder truck stretching 100 feet is *Enterprise*. Fire fighting, while now unionized, is still something special to the men involved.

Police Department

When constabulary duty's to be done, the policeman's lot is not a happy one.—W. S. Gilbert

Very much in contrast to the dramatic accounts of the early Fire Department, historical data on police activity is very sketchy. In 1963 Patrolman Herbert E. Hedrick researched the subject, writing an excellent summary, available in manuscript. From the beginning, about 1833, there were constables whose chief duty seems to have been to serve papers on debtors or transgressors who failed to observe property borders. Trespassers among domestic animals caused much of the trouble between neighbors.

'Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.'

The neighbor's corn was pretty precious to him and he didn't care to have it broken down or harvested by wandering sheep or cattle. His complaint went to the justice of the peace who sent the constable to carry papers showing suit would be brought by the offended neighbor. Sometimes a simple debt was difficult to resolve and the creditor resorted to the Justice Court. Henry Wiegmink found this story:

"What was said to be the first lawsuit in Battle Creek led to awkward complications. Nebediah Angell had a distillery. Asa Langley, who lived four miles to the south, owed him some money. His son, Rustin Angell, was a constable and was sent to serve papers on the debtor.

"Rustin's pony got mired not far from Langley's home, and the constable was unable to free him. So he applied to Langley for help. This was cheerfully given and the animal was released. Rustin was in a dilemma. His duty as constable and the son of his father, was to serve the papers. His sense of gratitude and decency pulled the other way. However, he finally handed over the document. Langley was highly indignant. He vowed he would sue for his labor in getting the pony out of the bog. They talked it over and finally compromised. The service was accepted as payment in full for the debt to Nebediah Angell."

The 'long blue line' of peace officers began with the incorporation of the village in 1850. "The village elections," Hedrick recorded, "established a mayor and council form of government, and the village treasurer, whom we may assume was elected because of his knowledge of business and finance, was required to serve as village marshal." A justice of the peace was an important official, generally respected and called *Judge*. He used a constable as his process server.

Burglaries were uncommon in the nineteenth century. After gypsies went through the area, usually camping for a while beside a river, there were sometimes complaints that clothes had been stolen from the line. There was nothing much that could be done about it except to have a constable tell the trespassers to move on. People seldom locked their houses and there were reports in the newspapers of stolen watches and other small valuables on circus days while the householders were attending the circus or watching the parade. The thieves were presumed to be itinerant and few were apprehended.

Tramps were a nuisance but not a menace. They had their favorite 'jungles.' One within Chief Donald Hall's memory was under the buildings constructed over the Kalamazoo River, west of South Jefferson Street (S. W. Capital Avenue). The only breaking and entering by tramps that he recalls was through the floor of Carl Moore's bakery one time when a few pastries, but no money, were taken. Tramps were quite generally considered a harmless lot. They were frequently housed in the local jail on unexpectedly cold

nights, given breakfast and sent on their way. 'Their way' was in an empty railroad boxcar when they were lucky; many were willing to ride the rails more precariously just to be on the move to no place in particular.

The worst crime wave in this area was an epidemic of horse stealing that occurred in the mid-1880s. Constables, marshals and county sheriffs seemed ineffectual in curbing the thievery. By 1888 horse owners of Bedford, Pennfield, Battle Creek and Emmett townships banded together, forming the Vigilant Society to combat this expensive nuisance in an "active and energetic way." Article II of their constitution reads, "The object of the Society shall be to detect and bring to justice any person or persons who may steal a horse or horses from any member of this Society." The constitution and by-laws and list of 172 members were printed on cloth. Fabric was used to resist wind and other weather, for the poster was to be tacked up in "a conspicious place" in each member's barn.

"Those signs always had a good effect," one-time secretary, Miles Curtis, recalled years later when he was postmaster. "Never in the history of the association was a horse stolen from one of the members. William Young, a farmer living on the prairie south of town, failed to tack up his sign, and one night he lost a team of horses. But the society became active, sent out some cards, and the fellow was caught and sent to prison and the horses were returned. The thief said at the time that if he had known Young was a member of the organization, he would never have stolen the horses."

"We organized in '88," Curtis said, and held regular meetings until '96. And then there was a drop in the price of horses, and for a while they weren't worth stealing. By the time the price of horse flesh had advanced again, the country was covered with a network of telephone wires, the police of the state had become more active, and the organized gang of horse thieves had been broken up."

To become a member a horse-owner paid one dollar dues and signed the constitution. He also sent a list of his horses to the president of the society. He was to be paid from the treasury if he rode in pursuit of a horse thief. Fifteen years after the group disbanded, there was still $76 in the treasury. There is no later record concerning the fate of that residue.

Many familiar Battle Creek names are on the membership list. These may be recognized: Andrus, Austin, Adams, Convis, Foster, Garrett, Helmer, Hicks, Howes, Halladay, Geach, Dr. Kimball, Mapes, Peet, Newbre, Rathbun, Gorsline, Preston, Minges, Willard.

Arthur Bartlett, whose history of Battle Creek to 1909 includes many calamities, mentions police only once. The annual encampment of the State Militia (later National Guard) was held on the Foster Farm at the north end of Goguac Lake in 1889 and 1890. The soldiers became restive near the end of their stay the second year. Coming into town, they made the mistake of insulting a woman pedestrian whose husband and his friends decided to teach the upstarts a lesson. A riot ensued and the local as well as the military police tried to restore order. The occasion was serious enough for the Battle Creek area to be cancelled as site for future encampments.

The formation of our city in 1859 with division into wards, allowed for aldermen to sit on a Common Council. Each precinct seems to have had a constable. "It is known that William H. Farrington was city marshal for the years 1898 and 1899," states Hedrick. "There were 12 deputies under his direction. On April 30, 1900, the City Council authorized the formation of the Battle Creek Police Department and appointd the same William H. Farrington as the Chief."

The town did not have a properly secure jail until its own building was completed in 1916 at 34 N. Division Street. Apprehended offenders in the old days were taken immediately to the county jail in Marshall. A jail of sorts was provided in the basement of the new city hall in 1914. Photographs lead us to believe there was space behind bars in the earlier city hall where Security National Bank now stands.

Problems for Chief Farrington during his tenure (1900-1919) multiplied both from increase in population and in the multiplicity of traffic problems arising from the influx of automobiles. "In the early days prior to 1910, the policemen did not issue tickets as we know them today. If a traffic offense was observed, the officer immediately took the offender to a justice of the peace and verbally accused him. The justice then passed sentence and this was usually tempered by the offender's social standing in the community." A common response by the offender, as played up in contemporary cartoons was, "Officer, I'm a friend of the mayor."

Laverne Fonda became police chief in 1922. Before that he had originated and installed a traffic control system that saved both men and money for the city. A semaphore (stop-and-go sign) was placed at the center of two main street corners, Michigan and Capital, and Michigan and McCamly. One traffic booth on the sidewalk at each of the intersections controlled its semaphore with a simple lever mechanism, while keeping the policeman warm in winter and shaded in summer. "The booths were equipped with direct telephone communication with the station. Electric heaters for winter were supplied by the Michigan Railway Company free of charge." The system was examined and often copied by other police depart-

ments in the United States.

Within a few years lights for traffic control at street corners became available and Battle Creek made the changes that spelled PROGRESS as they came along. Laverne Fonda during his tenure as chief was a great innovator and had the cooperation of the Common Council. He involved himself personally and physically in fighting crime besides utilizing such modern help as five automobiles and three motorcycles. These were used mostly to keep traffic speed under 10 m.p.h. in the business district and 15 m.p.h. elsewhere in the city as the 1923 ordinance demanded.

Hugh Gordon served as chief of police from 1927 to 1941, bringing many innovations to "catch up with the times": a records bureau, a detective bureau, two-way radio installation and hiring of the first policewoman on the force, Vera Faith Stevens.

There have been difficulties between the Police Department and the City Commission, especially during the tenure of Chief Harold E. Haun and more recently during a strike by part of the force. Policies have changed in Battle Creek as elsewhere in the country due to court rulings, crime and personal risk prevention tactics. 'The essence of American life is change' we are told and the Battle Creek Police Department reflects this adage.

Battle Creek in Wartime

Those who expect to reap the blessings of freedom must, like men, undergo the fatigue of supporting it.—Paine

When Battle Creek was a teenager—it hardly knew its own name when it was 15 years old—news came through slowly that our country was becoming involved in a war with Mexico. A Kalamazoo youth died of fever in the Vera Cruz harbor. Theron Tracy, who later became a Battle Creek mayor, lived in Barry County then; he called a meeting of his neighbors in that year of 1846 to have them pass a resolution either for or against national participation.

Ten years after that Mexican War, the Republican Party was formed. Another five years and Lincoln became United States president on March 4, 1861. By April 15 seven states had withdrawn from the Union and attacked Fort Sumter successfully. Lincoln called up 75,000 militia men from the states, vowing to preserve the Union.

The northern states, including Michigan, sprang to the colors. Within the next four tragic years Calhoun County gave its share of sons to service. Major Cornelius Byington's body arrived by train, December 31, 1863. His funeral was held on one of the coldest days in the city's history, when one horse in the waiting procession froze

to death. The Merrill Horse Company, a Michigan unit credited to Missouri, was the most glamorous recruited here and figured prominently in G. A. R. (Grand Army of the Republic) history after the war.

Early in the war black citizens were not allowed to enlist. Sojourner Truth's grandson, James Caldwell, joined the first colored regiment, the Massachusetts Fifty-Fourth Infantry. Later Michigan had its own colored contingent.

The first group of soldiers to leave the city was given great fanfare. Women of the Congregational-Presbyterian Church tendered the men a banquet. They were accompanied to the railroad station by a great singing parade of townsfolk.

The Civil War wasn't all glamor. There were hardships galore. Local newspapers were not saved—they had too many uses, including wadding for guns. Anyone finding even one Battle Creek newspaper of the 1860s is urged to share it with Willard Library for the sake of future historians. (It can be photocopied for public use.)

The Spanish-American War means *Company D* to Battle Creek. Enlistees were young men chiefly from families of distinction. They, too, went to war with singing and fanfare. They were sent to a tent camp at Diamond Lake near Cassopolis where boredom set in, then on to a Florida field of scrub palmetto where superboredom and fever haunted them until discharge. They were glad enough not to see battle action and get home again.

The decision of the United States government in 1917 to use the area six miles west of Battle Creek for Camp Custer changed the development of the city and the lives of its people. *Hurry* was the watchword after the entrance into World War I in April. All hands available were called in to clear the land, build railroad spurs, roads and barracks. "Bring your saw and hammer and get a job," ran the ads.

In addition to enlistees there were many heroes among volunteers through work in Red Cross, churches and other war efforts. There was no streetcar line to Camp Custer, no bus or taxi service. Only a few women in town knew how to drive and also had a car available. They formed the Red Cross Motor Corps, a dedicated group.

Louise Hoffmaster and Helen Hoyle had the night assignment. They worked from 9 P.M. to dawn, if necessary. During the influenza epidemic they carried medicines, masks, bandages, pillows and any hospital equipment that had been assembled by other volunteers. Day drivers, who often met relatives of sick soldiers at incoming trains, were on call at night as well, to make a quick trip to Camp Custer.

War was bad enough but the invasion of the flu epidemic in the

fall of 1918 was horrific. Just as victory in Europe seemed imminent, influenza and its complication, pneumonia, caused the deaths of thousands throughout America among civilians and especially among soldiers in training in the crowded camps. Hospitals were completely inadequate. Among civilians whole families were flattened; doctors made housecalls 20 hours a day.

At Camp Custer, care for the dead was as difficult as care for the ill. And all the time officers were trying to prepare men for action in Europe. Freight cars were sent up the spur railroad to be loaded with wooden boxes, each with a body on its final journey home.

Battle Creek was the transfer center. Baggage and freight rooms could not contain all the shipments; old-timers remember seeing the boxes piled three high, three wide and 20 end-to-end beside the Michigan Central tracks, awaiting pickup.

On November 11, 1918, the war was over; the epidemic was abating. The impromptu parade of rejoicing, duplicated in towns and cities across the country, was a strange mixture of joy, relief, mourning and gratitude.

World War II began in Europe in September 1939. Throughout 1940 there were American preparations going on, quite obviously for involvement. Freight trains became longer and more numerous, halting traffic as they cut through our city as they had done for nearly a hundred years. Camp Custer began receiving enlargement and refurbishing. Its name was changed to Fort Custer. By January 1941, the Fifth (Red Diamond) Division was being formed and was established at Fort Custer. The men had been drafted for one year of service and by November they were rejoicing that at the end of the next month their stint would be over and they could go home.

The attack on Pearl Harbor came December 7, 1941. The Fifth Division was sent to Iceland without leave. And there it stayed until sent to join Patton's Third Army in late 1944. There were few Battle Creek men in the unit, but many others had made friends here and the bad luck of the Fifth Division was felt keenly. The trainees who followed could not stay at Fort Custer as long, for they were quickly prepared for combat.

Goguac Prairie proved useful again. Kellogg Airfield was enlarged for Army Air Corps use. This was the transition base where the big bombers (B-17s and the new B-25s) and new crews were brought together for final preparation and training for overseas duty. Wayne Fredericks, captain of a B-17 and Kellogg Company employee before joining the Army Air Forces, named his ship *Snap! Crackle! Pop!* He and his crew spent several days in Battle Creek while their plane was checked out before flying the Atlantic for combat.

The Kellogg Foundation loaned its camp and lake properties to the United States Coast Guard for training centers. A German prisoner-of-war camp was established at Fort Custer and the cemetery for prisoners who died there is well kept.

The Women 'Did Their Bit'

Again the city sprang into usefulness. Wherever people gathered, women were knitting olive-drab yarn. The Red Cross volunteers were legion: folding bandages, doling out ration tickets, entertaining relatives of soldiers, driving their own and government cars in the motor corps.

Women gave thousands of hours to that motor corps activity. They were required to learn how to drive jeep, ambulance and 'duck' (a DUKW was a 2½ ton truck that could swim). The story is told of a lieutenant who had been entertained at dinner at the Gull Lake Country Club. He was in charge of a 'duck,' the land-and-sea rover, and took a few of the guests on Gull Lake to demonstrate it. When he seemed a little unsure of himself, his imbibing at the party having caught up with him, a pretty young woman, trained for the motor corps, took the wheel, finished the demonstration with daring and expertise and moored the amphibious vehicle with flair on the Country Club lawn.

"How did I do, Lieutenant?" she asked.

The experience must have cleared his addled brain, for he answered crisply, "You scared the hell out of me."

Three centuries ago, in commenting on those who cannot participate in war's combat, Milton wrote, "They also serve who only stand and wait." In World Wars I and II Battle Creek women waited for an end to the fighting but they certainly didn't stand around.

A group of energetic young women in the Service League (affiliated in 1948 with the National Junior League) established three centers that were kept open seven days a week: the Town House on North Washington Street for ambulatory or wheelchair paraplegics from Percy Jones Hospital, a similar Town House at Fort Custer and the Green House at the airport.

Air Force trainees from Selfridge Field and other nearby airfields were up before dawn practicing take-offs and touch-downs. Often they were too tired to eat breakfast before starting their day and had no opportunity to get food again until their practice sessions were completed. The local women assigned to this detail were on duty at 5 A.M. with coffee and doughnuts. By 9 A.M. they had made sandwiches of minced bologna (meat was rationed and hard to find), chopped pickle and mayonnaise. Homebound volunteers supplied

cakes. This luxury fare, available free, soon had a magnet reputation so that training flights were happily scheduled via Kellogg Airfield. The crews of locally based B-25s took advantage of Green House generosity as well. Through such efforts Battle Creek's wartime hospitality has been warmly remembered.

There were USO centers for men where other volunteers duplicated the Service League's dedication. Lounges were established by the women of churches and other organizations. How those mothers-sisters-sweethearts managed in spite of rationing to offer homemade treats for homesick men is now a mystery.

Battle Creek Sanitarium's main building was purchased by the government and became the Army's Percy Jones General Hospital. A few of its patients were eye damaged but the prime specialty was orthopedic surgery and rehabilitation for amputees.

It was the Red Cross that solicited and organized volunteers. Hundreds of Gray Ladies contributed thousands of hours to the comfort and entertainment of wounded soldiers: running errands, finding and distributing books and magazines, writing letters, pushing wheelchairs, dancing with the guys getting accustomed to artificial arms and legs, building and doling out confidence. There weren't enough occupational therapists to go around so volunteers established workshops. Betty Boos, Phebe Eppes, Marjorie French, Janet Hatch and others taught bedside arts and crafts: painting, sewing, knitting, jewelry making. Men taught fly-tying, a popular craft among the convalescents. Groups from Ann Arbor, Grand Rapids, Kalamazoo and Marshall took turns helping with this occupational therapy. In the spring of 1946, six months after the end of the war, there were 6500 patients at Percy Jones Hospital. Lola Jayne, wife of Dan Jayne, manager of WELL, and Ila Shafer, wife of Congressman Paul Shafer, solicited nationally known, fabulous entertainers, who came willingly to brighten ward after ward of near-hopeless amputees.

The stalwart women who assumed men's jobs in the factories are not to be forgotten. Eaton's Valve Division is a good example. Government contracts required immediate expansion if enough capable machinists could be found or trained. It was decided to use 2,000 women.

Ruth Kelsey, director of the Sanitarium's Extension Department, was asked to take charge of the program. Her new task was to be innovative. First she observed in another Eaton plant, where women had already begun working at machines. She planned the local program.

A counselor-supervisor was hired for each 200 women. There were, previous to the influx, only two women on duty in the plant. It

was supposed that women would learn to operate only a few of the hundreds of machines. They took jobs with the dedicated purpose of making valves for military needs and thereby to bring the war to an end and their loved ones home again. Their rate of production was above peacetime averages.

Women conquered every machine in the factory except for the heavy forging presses used to form heated steel in the hammer shop. They stood by their machines as their fingers acquired new skills, agility and accuracy. The blind Milton would have been proud of them.

8
Transportation

No Roads to Some Roads

Improvement makes straight roads.—Blake

Territorial Road in 1830 was no road. It consisted partly of a narrow, deep, packed Indian trail. Men on horseback soon trod a wider path for others to follow. Surveyors had marked trees to show the route and, as the horse riders hacked off overhead branches, the way became easier to travel.

Within a few years there was some state aid available to lay logs across the lowlands to keep stage coaches and wagons from becoming mired. Largely this improvement was made by men in each neighborhood. Those corduroy roads often shook the wagons apart so that the roadsides were littered with remnants of vehicles.

Charles Robinson, who reminisced in 1928 about his pioneer home and its 'baking kittle', also left us this account.

> "The first road from Battle Creek came out what is now the Hubbard Road, and almost as early as I can remember, the stages ran that way on their long, rough and uncertain journey to Grand Rapids. Some time later, when the plank road was built, and 'modern conveniences' were applied to Grand Rapids travel, the road went west to Urbandale and then north, in this way extending into the main road past our place. For a time, when the railroad came, Battle Creek was the end of the line for westward travel, and even after the rails had been extended on, Battle Creek was a natural transfer point for stage travel to Grand Rapids.

> "How those old Concord coaches, hung on leather straps—no springs—and drawn by four horses, carrying perhaps eight people, with baggage, would sway and rumble and rattle over the road! See if you can get something of that picture, you people who whiz along to Grand Rapids these days at 50 and 60 miles an hour in purring machines and over roads smoother by far than the floors of our homes were then!
>
> "The going might be certain enough in the summer, and even in the mid-winter when the drifts had been broken through, but spring and fall—especially spring—it was tough. Vehicles of all kinds would mire down. Back-breaking work with fence rails to pry the wheels out was a very common experience—and in these uncertain seasons the private conveyances, such as ox-teams and horse-drawn wagons which traveled between two such junction points as Battle Creek and Grand Rapids had to go in gangs, so there would be enough hands to pull and haul the vehicles through.
>
> "My father and mother soon discovered that our place was a natural 'meal' distance from Battle Creek—14 miles—and they began supplying the need. When I was still a small boy, about 80 years ago, our place became a tavern, and it did a thriving business. Ours was known as the Half-way house.
>
> "The daily stage left Battle Creek very early in the morning, probably at 4:30. Ours was the breakfast place. A half mile or so down the road, as it approached our house the stage gave the call with the coach horn, a musical sound on a clear, cool morning. I don't know now what the code system was, but there were certain variations of the sound which told how many were coming. So breakfast was ready when the stage drew up.
>
> "Quickly the four horses were unhitched and four more fresh ones were hitched. When breakfast was over, the new teams drew stage away on a run, for Hastings. Whip cracking, dust rolling and stage rocking, the joyriding travel of those days went its way."

Agitation for Good Roads

Good laws lead to the making of better ones.—Rousseau

Michigan's Highway Department gives the state's bicyclists credit for agitating for good roads. They kept at it for 25 years, often making good pathways themselves, before anything tangible was accomplished by the state. Horatio S. Earle had been national president of the League of American Wheelmen in 1901. Earle, while a state senator, introduced a bill to study the road problem. He became the state's first—and very energetic—State Highway Commissioner in 1903. By that time there were a few auto owners in the state who added their urgings for improved roads.

Battle Creek came into the picture in 1906. Edgar A. Guest, then

a feature writer for the Detroit Free Press, wrote in detail of the pioneering work being done by the Battle Creek Business Men's Association.

> "Up to the present time," read Guests's account, February 11, 1906. "Battle Creek has suffered to no little extent from poor roads, leading to the city. It has been the custom of the merchants from time to time to conduct trade excursions. These excursions were for the purpose of inducing the farmers to come to Battle Creek to do their buying. Money was set apart by the merchants to defray the traveling expenses of the visitors. This meant an outlay that brought returns, of course, but the returns were not of a lasting benefit. For several months of the year the poor conditions of the roads shut the farmers out of Battle Creek. No matter how eager they may have been to patronize the merchants nearest to home, it was almost impossible for them to drive into the city.
>
> "It follows, therefore, that the benefit derived from the trade excursions was lost when the farmer was unable to make them permanent or weekly affairs, so the merchants decided upon a different course.
>
> "Recently it was determined to do away with the trade excursions altogether and to devote the money that formerly was used for that purpose to a good roads fund.
>
> "This year as soon as the weather permits the merchants will commence work upon eight or 10 miles of good road, leading in one direction from the city.
>
> "After the road is completed trade from that direction will be closely watched and if the expectations of the merchants are realized another road will be built. This program will be carried out until all roads leading to Battle Creek are good.
>
> "Among the good roads enthusiasts are: Charles T. Allen, president of the City Bank; S. J. Titus, of Titus and Hicks, millers; Fred W. Gage, of the Gage Printing Company; Frank A. Rigler, treasurer and general manager of the Big Four Printing Ink Co.; Morgan M. Lewis, contractor and builder; Frank F. Bock, hardware dealer; Charles Austin, president of the Old National Bank; W. E. Taylor, secretary and manager of the Taylor Brothers' Candy Co.; and Thomas F. Whalen, grocer.
>
> "There are many others, of course, and all are representative businessmen.
>
> "With the good roads movement a success, the greater Battle Creek will be on the road to realization."

In spite of Guest's fine publicity for Battle Creek, there was little accomplished here in the next five years. Even Highway Commissioner Earle's 'state reward' system of 1906 to help townships build roads was still being rejected by the Calhoun County Board of Supervisors four years later.

In 1911 a new agitation for good roads surfaced in Battle Creek. More local men supplemented the earlier committee: James H. Brown, George R. Burt, John I. Gibson, Henry C. Hawk, N. E. Hubbard, Rudolph H. Kernen, Charles E. Kolb, Howard Sherman and A. B. Williams. A large dinner for more than a hundred out-of-town good roads workers was held in Battle Creek.

Their main purpose was improvement of the road between Marshall and Battle Creek, an important part of the Detroit-Chicago route. "Some funds were raised and some actual work was done along that line, in cutting down hills, filling in the hollows, and putting gravel on some of the worst spots."

There had been fatalities at the old Gulf where the main road crossed Michigan Central and parallel interurban tracks. Trains could be neither seen nor heard there. The state consented to pay most of the cost of an overhead bridge and showed by its subsequent report that the Highway Department was proud of its accomplishment. The bridge was named for Edward C. Hinman. He had worked long and hard for safety on highways and especially for that bridge to eliminate accidents.

On the motion of E. H. Puffer, Pennfield Township supervisor on the county board, the matter of becoming a good roads district was submitted to popular vote in 1911 and passed. The first 'state reward road' to be built in Calhoun County was a two-mile strip from the Stone Jug Road to Climax, completed in 1913.

James H. Brown is credited with starting Good Roads automobile tours in the United States. A marker in Urbandale School's yard gives the corner of West Michigan Avenue and Bedford Road as the starting point of the first such tour in 1922. Brown designed and had built for himself a camper that was 30 years ahead of the times.

Railroads

Travel for travel's sake.—R. L. Stevenson

The first wood-burning steam engine snorted its way into Battle Creek in December 1845, a week late. During that week every bang and squeak that came from the direction of the newly laid tracks caused townsfolk to rush to behold the monster. There wasn't, therefore, as large a crowd to greet it as would have gathered if the train had arrived on schedule. Dr. and Mrs. Charles Bartlett (she was Cordelia Kingman), who started out from the east as newlyweds, stepped down from that first train.

Businessmen looked forward to the promised free ride to Marshall and back. Arriving just before the scheduled departure hour, they found every seat taken. Farmers and their families were early risers

and while oxen and horses traveled slowly, news traveled fast. They came into town to see the iron horse, heard of the free ride and stayed on to be the first in line.

Battle Creek was lucky to get the railroad at all. It was put through by the State of Michigan. The surveyors appropriated for the roadbed the first Territorial Road. Then to avoid swamps, skirted them to the south, crossing and recrossing the main road into town.

The city fathers objected. "That's dangerous! Oxen can't get out of the way of steam engines that can travel at 12 miles an hour!"

"The railway goes where we say," retorted the surveyors, "or we take it by way of Verona."

That settled the matter. Competition with Verona was too keen to allow that village any such advantage. Railroad crossings in Battle Creek have been a hazard and a hassle ever since. For more than 75 years a viaduct over the railroad's tracks where they cross Division Street has been proposed, discussed and promised. Street traffic is still stopped there frequently, a perennial, costly nuisance. Pioneer John Meachem was killed at the western crossing of Main Street near Barney Street. His was the first of several fatalities at that place.

Early railroads were considered mightly wonderful, however, and many a home was built nearby to enjoy the wonder. When Sands McCamly decided to move close to the park he had set aside for the town square, his wife insisted on being near the railroad. Although her house was west of Battle Creek River and faced West Van Buren Street, she had it set back far from the street. There she could sit on the side porch and look a half mile eastward along the track to watch the trains come in.

The first railroads in Michigan "were narrow gauge and the fares collected by the conductor from the open windows," remembered Ellen Stuart Bradley, daughter of John Stuart of Verona, who rode in one from Detroit to Ypsilanti in 1837. "A narrow platform ran alongside for footing. The engines being unprotected, sparks were constantly flying in the open doors and windows." There may have been some improvement in passenger accommodations in eight years, but that first train into Battle Creek was hardly luxurious.

The earliest rails were wood, then wood covered with strips of strap metal that loosened and curled and sometimes penetrated the floors of passenger coaches. Iron, when available, was substituted. When steel rails were laid, trains traveled more smoothly and jumped the tracks less frequently.

There were many wrecks, however, the worst within Battle Creek occurring October 18, 1894, when 27 were killed on the Grand Trunk Western near Nichols & Shepard shops. Train disasters were in the

news as airplane crashes are today. The advantages far outweighed the calamities, however, and railroad travel stood in high esteem for a hundred years.

It wasn't long before the State of Michigan sold its railroad to eastern investors. It became the Michigan Central. Double track, like the original line, was first laid from the east. On November 8, 1905, double track was opened all the way to Chicago. In honor of the improvement, excursions were run to Chicago, $2.25 round trip. Bicycles and baby carriages were carried free—in the baggage car, of course.

The Peninsular Railroad was planned to connect Sarnia, Canada and Port Huron with Chicago. Ground was broken here in 1866. Local attorney Leonidas D. Dibble, president of the road, drove a goldplated spike with great ceremony and before a goodly crowd. The spike was promptly removed and an iron one put in its place. The souvenir was presented to Dibble's daughter.

There was a dance at Wallace's woolen mill and a huge bonfire in the center of town that evening to celebrate, but there was trouble ahead. By the time Hall Street residents learned their street was being appropriated for railroad tracks, they objected. However, the management had the track laid on Sunday while the courts were closed and no injunction could be obtained to stop the work. An engine came forward to cover each finished section of track. Since the law stated that use of the track made installation permanent, Hall Street residents were resigned to a front yard railroad. When track was laid from Battle Creek to Climax, the railroad sponsored a free excursion, and another to Bellevue when the road reached that village.

The railroad's financial troubles caused it to be sold in 1873, becoming the Chicago and Lake Huron, and again in 1879 when it became the Grand Trunk. The first roundhouse for engine repair was built north of the original depot between McCamly and South Jefferson streets. Grand Trunk shops have been an important part of Battle Creek's industrial economy.

There was a great boom of railroad building in the 1870s, although many proposed roads never came to completion. There are still short stretches of roadbeds to be seen south of Battle Creek that represent shattered dreams and financial losses by Battle Creek backers of railroad and interurban schemes. The Toledo and Milwaukee Railroad had a depot on South Jefferson near Fountain Street although it took from 1870 to 1883 and several changes of name, management and roadbeds before the first locomotive pulled into Battle Creek. Even this road was comparatively short-lived.

Street Cars and Interurbans

We have a short time to stay.—Herrick

In both national and local histories there are words and phrases that pop up with new meanings and then fade out again with hardly a trace in anyone's memory. *Carbarn* is such a term. It belongs only to the era of streetcars and interurbans, encompassed in Battle Creek by the years 1883 to 1932, less than a half century.

Inasmuch as the first street cars were pulled by horses, there had to be a place to keep both cars and horses; where more appropriately than in a carbarn? After horses were replaced by electrically powered motors, the cars were still housed in a carbarn.

After building a street railway in 60 days in Jackson, A. J. White came to Battle Creek to try to do the same. A franchise was obtained by four enthusiastic incorporators, V. C. Collier, George E. Howes, E. C. Nichols and Clement Wakelee. Horsecars were ordered from a Philadelphia manufacturer.

By June 1883 track was laid and the Battle Creek Railway Company incorporated with White as president and general manager, H. H. Brown, vice-president, and Charles Thomas, secretary, the latter two being law partners. The route of that first line was from Nichols & Shepard shops, west along Marshall Street (East Michigan Avenue), south along Beach (Elm) Street, Green Street west to East Main Street and on west to North Washington Street and to the Sanitarium. The carbarn for six cars and 24 horses was on the north side of Marshall Street, about the third building east of Beach Street. In charge there was veterinarian George W. Males. Harnesses were made here by Willard H. Eldred. There were six drivers. Obviously men were considered four times tougher than horses. Each horse worked 16 miles, each car and driver 64 miles per day.

That first summer there was a G. A. R. encampment (soldiers and sailors reunion) of four days at the fair grounds adjoining Manchester Street. Although the horse car line did not run quite to the grounds, it carried 26,000 passengers that week. At a nickel a ride, the company was financially on its feet immediately.

The biggest problem came in winter, keeping the tracks clear so that the cars could run on schedule. White was very proud of the fact that "Battle Creek was the only city that had its street cars warmed with stoves." No wonder the line was a success. Who wouldn't pay five cents to avoid walking several blocks in chilling winds?

A second track line was laid from Main and Jefferson (Michigan and Capital avenues) corner south along Jefferson to Fountain, then west to the home of H. H. Brown, company vice-president (naturally!), where Fountain and Upton streets meet. The line was extended to Goguac Lake in 1888, although cars were run only during the summer. There were days when men had to get out and walk up the hill between Fountain and Burnham streets when the loads were too heavy for the horses.

A spur from Main Street, along East Canal (Monroe Street) to the then location of the Michigan Central depot, was built under difficulty. It repeated the Sunday building of the Grand Trunk tracks along Hall Street. When the spur was proposed, Thomas Hart, flour miller, objected to having track laid close to his mill on East Canal Street and threatened an injunction if it should be started. White told of his accomplishment years later. "One Saturday night as the clock struck 12, I commenced work with a gang of men and when Monday morning came had a car standing at the depot." Courts were closed on Sunday. Case was closed on Monday because it never started. The horse cars from then on met every passenger train.

In those early days there was no "Y" in the lay of the tracks and no way to switch the light-weight rails. Instead, there was said to have been a turntable at the corner of East Main and East Canal streets.

A new Battle Creek Electric Railway Company, largely Chicago owned, took over the old line June 1, 1891, and rebuilt it to accommodate heavier cars. Poles had to be placed and trolley wires strung. The entire operation was far more complicated than White's horse car line a decade earlier.

Reminiscences about the electric street cars include the stops required when the trolley wheel slipped from the wire. Then the operator had to get out, go to the rear of the car, and with a rope that was attached to the trolley bar and the car, jiggle the grooved wheel around until it was replaced properly. A Halloween prank for big boys was tripping the trolley. They ran behind the car and jerked the rope so that the wheel left the trolley wire. The lights in the car went out. Power was detached. The operator repeated his task of connecting trolley wheel to power line.

When a car reached the end of the line, the trolley was reversed. The motorman detached his control bar and placed it on the mechanism at the opposite end of the car. He could then retrace the route.

The Goguac Lake route is still remembered. J. L. Foster had given the right-of-way beside the road on Lake Avenue (S.W. Capital) between Territorial Road and Columbia Avenue for the first car line. The electric line used the same route and that is the reason parking space is available there on the west side of Capital Avenue

in Lakeview today. As more street cars were used in the summer and needed a place to pass, Foster granted a right of way through his farm that later became Foster Avenue. The cars turned west from Lake Avenue along Bidwell Street, south via Foster Avenue, through the Foster farm and then east on what became Kertson Drive back to Lake Avenue. There are Battle Creek residents who remember riding through Foster's field in an open car that needed no center aisle and so could carry more summer passengers than could sit in a closed car. Grasshoppers were plentiful and many boarded the car as freeloaders. The old Goguac Lake depot was at Parker's Hill, near the entrance of today's Lakewood Inn property.

The electric interurban was well named—*between cities.* How it was hailed as the final answer to Michigan man's needs in rapid transit! The cars were shaped like railroad coaches, were longer and heavier than streetcars. Each required a motorman and a conductor, although the earliest motorized street railways also used two men—one to operate the car, the other to collect fares, handle the crowds and replace the trolley when it slipped from the power line. It is hard to realize that during their peak service years Battle Creek's local streetcars carried 11,000 passengers each day. No wonder townspeople rushed to own stock in the interurban lines when they were being constructed.

The newspapers of the first two decades of this century carried columns of news about interurbans. The local line was MUR (Michigan United Railway) although east of Jackson, tracks and equipment were owned by MT (Michigan Transit). The mutual agreement was that each could run cars on the other's tracks, which proved a great convenience to southern Michigan travelers.

An ad in 1906 stated that the trip to Gull Lake now took only 44 minutes. The waiting room was in the Marjorie Block on the northwest corner of McCamly and Main streets. Interurbans to Gull Lake during the summer carried hundreds of resorters on scheduled runs. Special cars were readily available for large groups. Sunday schools and clubs often chartered cars. American Steam Pump Company and probably many other factories closed down for an all-day picnic at Gull Lake for which programs of sports, entertainment and boat rides were planned months in advance.

March 8, 1907: The cars on the local interurban formerly green, are now being painted red.

November 17, 1907: Limited service between Battle Creek and Kalamazoo reduces the time to one hour instead of one and one-half hours.

'Limited' meant 'express' with few stops. Cars carrying a 'Local' sign stopped at any corners where passengers indicated they wished to come aboard.

September 13, 1912: Work is progressing on the route to Grand Rapids.

Not everyone found the MUR completely satisfactory. On December 20, 1907, local banks announced peevishly that they would not cash MUR checks as the company was doing all its business at Dime Savings Bank in Detroit.

The earliest interurbans used trolleys entirely for picking up power. Wires and poles in open country were expensive and bothersome to keep in repair. A very short car, called a *dummy,* equipped for repair jobs, rocked forward and back in a rhythm that seemed precarious. The repair men who rode in it were obviously not prone to train-sickness. Similar little missionaries were used on all interurban lines and were the inspiration for a newspaper comic strip, *Toonerville Trolley.* In Battle Creek when one was seen, up went the shout, "There goes the Toonerville!"

A hand car was used to take repairmen on shorter runs. This consisted of a flat square mounted on wheels. It was hand powered, and resembled a seesaw with a central post and T-bars for pumping up and down to set the gears in motion. It could carry up to four men and every boy coveted a ride on the thing.

MUR installed the third rail power system, which allowed power to be picked up by a shoe that rode the third rail. Endangered were lives of the curious, people or animals, that trespassed on the supercharged third rail. Within Battle Creek the interurban used power from local trolley lines.

The last of the interurbans were seen here in 1932, the year Battle Creek's streetcars were replaced by buses.

Automobiles, Airplanes and Airport

Soon shall they arm, unconquer'd steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air.

—Erasmus Darwin (1789)

In the history of transportation Battle Creek made only one contribution—a very important one—to the development of the automobile. It was a true innovation when the previously mentioned Macomber's Marvel functioned well enough to climb a hill under its own power in 1873. Neither Macomber nor Merritt & Kellogg, who manufactured the machine, seem to have attempted to go further with the invention. Soon Nichols & Shepard were using Macomber's principle in their threshing machines. Henry Ford

gave credit to one of the latter self-propelled threshers, which he saw in his youth, for arousing his interest in such mechanisms.

In 1901 Harry Burt and E. C. Adams each purchased Battle Creek's first automobile, depending on which historian is telling the story. By 1902 an ordinance was passed that each driver must buy a license for one dollar. In 1905 cars were ordered to have lamp, brakes, and alarm bell and stay off the sidewalks. Burt and O. E. Schell were arrested for driving their cars on the sidewalk. No one could much blame them as the residence streets had not been constructed with a solid base and were often several inches of mire. A horse could slog through the mud but the primitive auto found the slippery stuff more frustrating.

Many cars were put up on blocks for the winter in that first twentieth century decade. A few doctors purchased cars for their widely separated house calls. Until 1914 the average number of new auto owners in Battle Creek grew less than ten a year.

The history of aviation here is much more distinctive than that of automobiles. It all began with the 1911 Fourth of July celebration when Leonard A. Bonney brought a Wright aeroplane here for exhibition.

Years later the *Enquirer and News* recalled that it came "in a box car, carefully crated and protected. It was hauled out to Athletic Park near Goguac Lake and uncrated for test flights prior to the big event . . . In one of the trial flights . . . the motor failed. A wing tip was damaged and some anxious hours were spent before a new one arrived from Dayton."

A large crowd gathered at the park and many watched for free from adjoining fields. The Baptist choir sang, "My Bonney flies over the prairie . . . Oh bring back my Bonney to me." Harry E. Burt (the same who had a first in automobiles) was the single passenger.

Volunteers held the plane after the engine had been started, then gave it a push for take-off. The flying machine soared over the prairie and circled, finally returning to make a graceful landing near the pitcher's box of the park's baseball diamond. There was a second even more spectacular flight that day when Bonney and his plane reached 2,000 feet. The show cost $1,800 and its backers said it was worth it.

The Bonney flight and the Wright aeroplane so inspired a few local boys that they built a glider and flew it from a hill that then rose above where Kellogg Community College library is now.

In 1914 Elwood Junken, a high school student, designed a tractor type airplane. It didn't take much to excite schoolmates Rex Brown, Clayton Bruckner, Edgar A. (Pete) Goff, Clarence Heyser and

DeWitt Parsons into constructing a plane. Their teachers and others interested in the potential of aviation helped raise $500 to finance the project. In the high school manual training building on Champion Street the young men worked nights, Sundays and holidays throughout that winter. They used a 60 hp motor from Bruckner's ice boat. Pete Goff's mother sewed the cloth for the wings.

At last it was ready. They managed to transport it to Young's farm on Territorial Road where they assembled it for testing. Elwood Junken and Pete Goff both flew it successfully—not far off the ground nor a great distance—but what an accomplishment for these young men who already felt their destiny lay in aviation!

On a subsequent test flight the plane crashed. Furthermore an essential part was stolen. It was spring and school about to close. That ended the 1915 beginnings of flight in Battle Creek. But Pete Goff made flying his career and brought much advance to Battle Creek before going into the Air Force. Junken and Bruckner took their enthusiasm to Troy, Ohio, where they became famous, manufacturing Waco Aeroplanes.

By 1919 Pete Goff enlisted backing from his old classmates and a few others to purchase an Army surplus Curtiss biplane and formed the Battle Creek Air Service Company. Their 'airport' was on the Ordway farm in the Territorial-LaVista-Pleasant street area. Besides barnstorming much as Bonney had done here earlier and taking passengers for their first rides at one dollar a minute, Goff carried the Jackson *Citizen Patriot* to small towns, dropping the bundles by parachute. Their only plane was wrecked by a substitute pilot while Goff was ill. The Air Service folded.

A local Aero Club was formed; without a plane little was accomplished. In 1923, however, Goff, Luton Knowles and Bert Welch became determined that Battle Creek should have an airport. The Chamber of Commerce backed the plan and in September 1924 Ralph Holmes, president, and John I. Gibson, secretary, signed a lease on the Garret Wells farm which became the nucleus of today's Kellogg Airport. The young men borrowed equipment to remove orchards and fences; they plowed and leveled the ground. The airport was a reality and Pete Goff was its manager.

When Goff convinced I. K. Stone of Duplex Printing Company that parts and merchandise could be transported quickly by air, Duplex built a hangar and bought a Swallow Airplane. The new Duplex Air Service had an experienced pilot—Pete Goff. Lots of other famous fliers used the airport and came for shows and meets that were scheduled.

Although W. K. Kellogg had taken but one short ride in a plane in Florida and was not exactly thrilled with the experience, he was

well aware of the future of aviation. In 1928 the option on the Wells farm was due to be exercised. Kellogg put up $30,000 for the farm and an equal amount for improving the airport. Kellogg Airport Association was formed and included three capable executives: Eugene H. McKay, Earle J. Freeman and Rudolph Habermann.

During World War II the United States Air Force enlarged and improved the airport until its value reached $15,000,000. In 1948 through the War Assets Administration its ownership was returned to the city, except for 73 acres held for use by the Michigan Air National Guard. Due to its location next to Fort Custer and its natural flatness, Battle Creek's airport has unlimited potentials. Even now it can accommodate 727, 707 and DC9 jets. Kellogg Airport is the community's tribute to Goguac Prairie whose level meadow of waving grasses attracted our earliest pioneers.

9
Entertainment

Getting Together

It's always fair weather
When good fellows get together.—A Stein Song

Pioneer life was a lonely life to many. To others it was full of exciting challenge. To all, though, variety was appreciated. Anything for a change of pace: neighboring for small talk, helping out in time of trouble, loaning and borrowing anything from books to babies, tools to labor.

The house raising was the first of neighborhood gatherings; soon husking bees and quilting bees were scheduled for satisfying escape from isolation. Not all pioneers attended church but those who did satisfied their longings for gregariousness as well as spiritual uplift. Inspiration and comradeship from several counties came from quarterly meetings by Methodists and Quakers. The annual camp meetings of Michigan Adventists did much to enlarge the organization and to cement it together; its earliest camp meetings were held in McCamly Park.

Politics offered men the variety and solidity of a fraternity. Men would travel great distances for a caucus; families joined the political party adherents for a day of picnicking, especially at a liberty pole raising. After the formation of the Republican party there was strong party feeling satisfied by the raising of a symbolic pole. A liberty pole was raised on East Main Street (Michigan Avenue) for one heated campaign or another. One was raised on Barnett

Wood's Goguac Prairie farm in August 1856. The pole of white ash was erected under the direction of F. Cross. People began arriving at one o'clock. Miss M. E. Crouch presented the flag "made by the women for the Republicans" and A.D.P. Van Buren responded in a "happy manner." O. Moffatt presided at the four o'clock meeting consisting of four speeches for Freedom and Humanity. Refreshments were served.

The first message sent by Atlantic cable was cause for celebration. That message was between President Buchanan and Queen Victoria. In Battle Creek it was honored by "ringing of bells, firing of cannon and the building of a bonfire at Main and Jefferson" (Michigan and Capital avenues).

The first log schoolhouse on the Indian Trail (at Monroe and State streets) served the community as a gathering place for church, political and governmental meetings. There was probably no demand for the school to be used for home talent performances. In very early days of our downtown—a collection of business blocks—there were Gothic Hall and Pavilion Hall used for lectures and political meetings. These were superseded by Stewart's Hall that became Peninsular Hall and over the years by Eagle, Centennial and Hinman halls. Usually second floor unpartitioned rooms above stores, they were sometimes named for the builders of the business blocks.

The Auditorium on Division Street between State Street and Battle Creek River was built in 1891 by the German Workingmen's Benevolent Association for its own meetings and for rentals. Germania Band and Humphrey and Evans Orchestra played there for many dances, cakewalks, St. Patrick Day parties, club galas and fund raisers. The Auditorium served as the first hall of the Custer American Legion Post 1920-23. Later in the 1920s it was rented to the Ku Klux Klan that tried to enlarge its organization by inviting male citizens 'on the q-t' to propaganda meetings. "A political question is to be discussed at the Auditorium" on such-and-such a date, a voice on the phone would say. "Come and be informed." One man who attended once felt that his neighbors and friends he saw there were as convinced as he was that the organization was not a worthy one. He believes it did not gain a foothold here. Heffley Plumbing Company bought the Auditorium in 1930. The building burned in 1931.

Four-wheeled roller skates were invented in America in 1863 and enthusiasm for them raced across the country. Two rinks were built here that flourished in the latter decades of the last century: Eclipse on S. W. Capital Avenue and Cady's on Jackson Street. Eclipse must have been built with the best maple flooring, for the rink was

used for dances, home talent plays and a variety of entertainment.

The Athelstan Club had its own rooms for many decades. In this century they were on the top floor of the Ward Building and for the last 45 years in Security Tower. Several fraternal organizations have had their own halls where music and dancing have flourished: Eagles, Elks, Masons and Odd Fellows.

Some of this century's dance music that was poured out in these various locations and in the movie houses, such as the Garden, Bijou and Post Theaters, featured the bands of Douglas Archbold, Wayne Cornwell (one of The Three Minute Men and now proprietor of Cornwell's Turkey House), Ray Dawson, Fisher's of Kalamazoo, Norm Haughey and his Midshipmen, Jack Howard, Mike Kelley, Loretta Jones Longwell, Ray McCarthy who played saxophone and had his own dance hall at Beadle Lake, Maurice Mott, Harlow Rench, Maurine Seeger, organist, pianist and substitute leader, Toby Tobias, Bruce Watkins, Ken Whitman, and Keene Wolfe who was one of the Rainbow Ramblers who held forth six nights a week at Goguac's Rainbow Gardens.

Theaters

Hamblin Opera House

There are four classes of Idols that beset men's minds . . . Tribe . . . Cave . . . Market-place . . . Theater.—Bacon

Battle Creek, being halfway between Detroit and Chicago on the main Michigan Central Railroad, had access to many Broadway shows which often went on the road after their New York run. There was great need for a theater. This need was supplied by banker A. C. Hamblin who built the Hamblin Opera House, completed in December 1868. Robinson's Annex, 17 Michigan Mall, occupies the site now. The opera house became the entertainment center for professional and amateur theatricals: one-nighters, stock companies, vaudeville, lectures, concerts, graduation exercises, dances and fashionable parties. Its opening was strictly local and set the tone for its more than three decades of usefulness.

New Year's Eve was devoted to amateur offerings. "Following a musical treat by chorus and soloists, a popular comedy by the Ladies Library Association" pleased the well-dressed audience.

Invitations for the real dedication affair on January 1, 1869, were sent by the Washingtonian Club. (Two decades earlier, Washingtonians were a temperance reform group, probably with no connection to the 1869 club.) The *Enquirer and News* of January 1, 1922, reminisces authoritatively that "for many years during and succeeding the [Civil] war, it was the town's social club, and

its Grand Balls, given on regular occasions, were the social events of the community . . . When that date of Friday, January 1, 1869, was approaching, the name of the Washingtonian Club was one with which to exact recognition and to signify distinction."

What could indicate the club's eminence more than the cost of the affair? "Tickets—including supper and carriages. $5. Order for carriages may be left at the drug store of Andrus and Grandin."

The appearance of the building has been well documented. The opera house occupied the second floor above three elegant store spaces, each with $350 plate glass windows above a flagstone walk. (The rest of Main Street boasted only wooden plank sidewalks.)

Battle Creek has had its share of fires. Luckily, Hamblin Opera House was never threatened by conflagration, for it could have been a tragedy trap. Two doors "led up to the opera house. The extreme east door was the main entrance, the extreme west door serving as the exit. For several years these doors opened inward rather than outward, and there were no side exit doors at the top of the stairs. It was a winding way and some fifty feet of travel from the street entrance to the stairs and up and around to the theater entrance . . . Over 100 gaslit burners lit the hall brilliantly." Later, a rear stairway for scenery and performers, including horses, was built. Before that, horses had been led to an inside stairway through Hoffmaster's dry goods store.

The house capacity was 1,000, to 1,400, depending on the arrangement of the chairs or how much space was clear for dancing. The ceiling was 28 feet from the floor centered with a dome that rose to an additional 18 feet. Around three sides of the room there was a third-floor gallery. A stage, 30 feet deep, occupied the south end of the room. Its proscenium was 18 feet wide and 16 feet high. Often the stage was inadequate for the scheduled productions and the dressing rooms at each side of the stage were unbelievably small. A single trap door on the stage curtailed some of the illusions scheduled by magicians Kellar, Herman the Great, and Bancroft who performed here. Its second house curtain (1878) carried 'landscape advertising,' but from the beginning handsome frescoes decorated the walls: "one was a beautiful lady attempting to ride a goose"—a lovely bow to half-learned European mythology.

Throughout its life Hamblin Opera House offered entertainment averaging three times a week. Robert Mantell, Walker Whiteside, Marie Dressler and Mrs. Fiske were among the greats who trod its boards. Its final full season before the Post Theater opened in 1902 offered 102 plays and 28 other types of shows and entertainments. The *Battle Creek Enquirer* announced, as did competitive newspapers, on August 12, 1905, that W. S. Butterfield of New York had leased the Hamblin Opera House for a season of vaudeville. It would be renamed *Bijou*. This was the beginning of Butterfield's ultimate chain of theaters in Michigan.

The building, with much remodeling, became a department store in 1911. Only the side walls and the foundation of the original structure still stand—considerably enlarged and strengthened in 1948. For more than 30 years, however, the Hamblin Opera House did its noble share in keeping the culture diet of Battle Creek's citizenry above average.

The Union Spy

An excellent play; well digested.—Shakespeare

An important theatrical event in the 1870s was the largely home talent play *Harvey Allen, The Union Spy*. During its years of success it was referred to as the 'military allegory,' *The Union Spy*. A major in the Civil War, Joseph Barton, wrote or adapted the play and performed the title role. The ad in the *Battle Creek Journal*, January 16, 1873, reads, "Four Nights Only!—At the Opera House—By Maj. Joseph Barton—And 150 Ladies and Gentlemen of This City—Jan. 16, 17, 18 and 20—Admission to all Parts of the House 25 Cents."

Although a few professionals participated, the cast was largely composed of local amateurs. The reviews were enthusiastic and especially praised the work of Barton, M. H. Joy and Miss Julie Love in the leading parts. Admired were specialty numbers and tableaux, *Angel of Night* and *Grand Good-by* receiving distinct mention. *The Union Spy* had a run of 18 performances in January and February.

The play was divided into five acts that ran the gamut of the spy's experiences in the Civil War from Fort Sumter to Appomatox. Its special effects included Shiloh battlefield, Andersonville prison and General Sherman's march to the sea. Today it would be classed as *pageant* or *spectacular*, hardly a mere play.

No one in the community would underwrite it although Barton said surplus profit would go 'to the poor.' His payment was to be one-third of gross receipts. He took sole risk and published these accounts in the newspaper, listing the expenses in detail (here omitted):

Gross receipts	$632.90
Expenses	404.75
	$228.15
⅓ to Barton	210.73
Balance	$ 17.42

which he would present to the proper authorities, when they would come after it.

Major Barton continued to present *The Union Spy*. He purchased a large tent, taking his show to nearby towns and states. The tent was destroyed in a windstorm in Indiana, which ended his travels with the show. There were many local revivals, however, always playing to a full house. *The Union Spy* was believed to have been seen here as many times as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. For many years Dr. Simeon S. French played Gen. Robert E. Lee and Richard W. Surby took the part of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant.

Frank Barton revived his relative's play in 1900, performing the leading role. The large number of male extras needed was then supplied by Company E of the Battle Creek National Guard.

Fannie Sprague Talbot wrote in 1950 that she thought the play might be revived in the mid-twentieth century if a copy could be found. The only known printed copy of *The Union Spy* is a mere synopsis, presented to the Historical Society by Joseph Barton's grandniece.

Barton must have handed out scripts of separate parts to individual actors. He may not have wished to pay the cost of publishing the complete play. By keeping the full script to himself he at least had no worries about having his work plagiarized.

Tycoons and Burlesque Queens

He flits across the stage a transient. —Disraeli

A century ago, when the Michigan Central Railroad station stood beside East Canal Street (Monroe Street), there were three important hotels along the south side of East Main Street (Michigan Avenue). They were the Bristol House at 48, the American House at 42, and the big one, the Potter House, whose address was 36, 38, 40 East Main.

Kimball House Museum owns the guest register of the Potter House for January 7 through August 11, 1870. The fact that Hamblin Opera House opened a year earlier is reflected in the hotel's patronage.

This is the first registry book used at this hotel which was built by Henry Potter and officially opened on January 7, 1870, with Talmadge Stevens as landlord. On opening night a testimonial banquet was served honoring Mr. Stevens. Mayor Thomas Hart was chairman and toastmaster, and W. W. Woolnough, newspaper man, was named secretary. A resolution, unanimously adopted, pledged "support of the community for this first class hotel."

The register was the gift to the museum of Mrs. Evron (Mary Hume) Kline. She does not know how it came into the possession of her grandfather, Elvin B. Russel, or why he chose to save it. In 1870 Elvin Russel was a young man still living at home. His father was Judge Moses B. Russel (Justice of the Peace and Circuit Court Commissioner) and Elvin was a drayman.

One of the chief sources of a drayman's income came from carting trunks of traveling salesmen and theatrical performers between railroad baggage room and hotel. Young Elvin's interest in the Potter House is understandable. He may have rescued the register from a scrap pile or from the building when it was burned April 30, 1880. During the intervening years the sturdy book has been used as a repository for clipped newspaper verse.

As poetry is not the chief interest of the register's present owners, much of it has been carefully removed. The pages are heavy and durable and the ink indelible so that the history beneath the clippings is preserved.

As it was the custom to register guests for meals as well as for rooms, several Battle Creek names appear. The signatures are not always autographs; often the desk clerk wrote them down, or one guest signed for an entire party.

The first page, undated, is of most interest to the local historian. The following probably signed their own names: L. D. Dibble, lawyer and president of the Peninsular Railway (Grand Trunk); J. H. Penniman, dentist, who lived at the Potter House; Victory Wattles, who also resided there; J. H. Wattles, physician; W. W. Woolnough, publisher; Wm. Sims; A. J. Hitchcock; Jas. B. Rue; D. B. Burnham; L. C. Sweet, "salesman;" B. T. Skinner, bank cashier; E. M. Halsted; and P. R. Harman.

In a single handwriting appear these names: W. Wyatt; Wm. Andrus; F. W. Bathrick, physician; S. J. Titus; and J. F. Moulton.

We know these men to be workers for the good of their community. Did they make a New Year's resolution to form a kind of Chamber of Commerce or a service luncheon club?

Battle Creek people dropped into the hotel for lunch or dinner more during the winter and spring than in the summer. It may have been the bad weather that kept them downtown. Or perhaps, even in those days, there were meetings to attend. To meet at a local hotel for a meal was time-saving.

Among the Battle Creek residents whose names appear occasionally were William Brown; C. W. Strait; E. VanDeMark; H. V. Stewart; Frank Rathbun (of Battle Creek who one time impishly gave his address as "Pokeepsie," N. Y.); C. H. Hodskin; T. E. Rowe; M. A. Bell; C. F. Miller; A. C. Arnold; W. H. Darby; W. F.

Lake; and Daniel McGinnis.

On Tuesday, February 22, there must have been a special Washington's Birthday dinner. The diners came as couples, for "2" is written after each man's name. We must give John N. Nichols and C. Colgrove credit for an extra spice of gallantry, for after their names is written "& Lady."

One wonders if sleighing was good that year, for several times there were sizable parties of couples from Charlotte, Olivet, and Marshall. They came for dinner or supper. The Potter House, by the way, also served lunch, which must have been for the convenience of Battle Creek men who preferred a light meal at noon to the more customary midday dinner.

Among the out-of-town guests were at least two worthy of remembrance. Levi L. Barbour of Detroit—was it not the very one who later gave scholarships and buildings for use by University of Michigan women? F. J. Littlejohn of Allegan, author of *Legends of Michigan and the Great Northwest* signed in at least twice. He had relatives living here at the time.

One distinctive signature is that of W. S. Brown, D. D.,General reformer, Buffalo, N. Y. There is no entry by the desk clerk opposite this name, so we are led to believe that the reverend gentleman required neither food nor shelter and merely dropped in to sign his name and pass the time of day.

Amusing to the historical detective are the pages devoted to theatrical troupes. The most flamboyant of these is an entry for Great Arlington Minstrels "From Chicago." The page looks like an advertising poster, which it was doubtless intended to be. There are 17 names and then, in huge letters, HAMBLIN OPERA HOUSE and the date, Wednesday Evening, April 20, 1870. All of this space for supper patrons only! The comedians probably slept principally in train seats.

The height of popularity for blackface minstrels was in the 1850s. But in 1870 they were still mighty good box office. Even in New York the Newcomb and Arlington minstrels had performed within the year of this visit to Battle Creek. William Arlington was fairly often on the Broadway stage, also as a straight actor. His autograph appears in the ledger, as does that of Tom Corwin, who may have joined the troupe here.

W. M. Holland's Dramatic Troupe came for a one-night stand May 16. A few days previously one F. C. Wells identified himself as "Adv. Agent Edwin Forrest." To him the big man of the troupe was still Forrest, one-time great Shakespearean actor.

But Forrest had played his last New York performance in February of that year and the reviewers called him a sad, broken old man. So Battle Creek saw him as part of Holland's cast in his final decline. His last performance of all was in Boston in 1871 and he died, rich but forgotten, in 1872.

June 23 an "Agent Forepaugh" signed for himself. Four other agents' names were added in the desk clerk's best calligraphy. He called them "Agents of the Great 4 Paw Show."

The Royal Satsuma Japanese Troupe came, too. Although they also appeared in New York variety halls, we do not know their specialty; we can only guess that it was juggling or tumbling. At that time Japanese dramatic actors were devoted only to the NO play, then unknown in American theaters. The Potter House desk clerk made no effort to give us their names; he assigned "10 Japanese" to three rooms.

Katie Putnam's Troupe of five, unknown on Broadway, came July 18, but don't think for a minute that Battle Creek in 1870 had only down-at-the-heel performers. It was June 13 that the Lisa Weber Burlesque Troupe with 15 performers stayed at the Potter House and performed at Hamblin's Opera House.

Lisa Weber came from London's Covent Garden to New York in 1868. Burlesque of that period was not similar to the strip-tease of the Minsky era of 1918-1940. Rather, it resembled British pantomime, but carried more parody, satire and ridiculous interpretation of serious plays and operas. For example, Lisa Weber was cast in 1869 as Mephisto in a burlesque, *Litte Faust*. The New York critics commended her vocalizing.

By the fall of 1869 she had the part of Ariel in a musical "Tempest" at New York's Grand Opera House, but in the alternate nights' performances she was "one of the blondes," as burlesque queens of that day were called. By April 7, 1870, she was even producing burlesques, a new one each week. She must have taken her troupe on the road as soon as New York theaters closed for the summer. Lucky Battle Creek, on the direct route from New York to Chicago, saw the spirited Lisa Weber at the peak of her popularity.

Post Theater

Variety's the spice of life that gives it all its flavor.—Cowper

C. W. Post had built our town's first skyscraper (seven floors!) in 1900, and his luxurious Post Tavern in 1901. Always dreaming, always planning, he urged the townspeople to build a better theater than Hamblin Opera House. With a larger stage and more comfortable dressing rooms, the best shows would be attracted to make a stop between Detroit and Chicago. Post's challenge was accepted and money raised. His grateful friends named the theater for Post.

The Battle Creek Theater Company, Ltd. was formed in March, 1901. Chosen chairman of the board of managers was E. C. Nichols with Charles F. Bock, vice chairman; Frank P. Boughton, treasurer; and Ellis R. Smith, secretary. Smith had long been Hamblin Opera House manager and was chosen for the same responsibility at Post Theater.

Nat Goodwin and his wife, Maxine Elliott, prominent stars, were friends of C. W. Post. They were invited to open Post Theater with their current success, *When We Were Twenty-One.* The date was March 2, 1902. Marjorie Post was chosen to carry flowers onstage for Miss Elliott. Many out-of-town and local elite were dressed to the hilt for the inaugural. An elaborate supper at the Post Tavern after the show was supplemented by the Athelstan Club that opened its clubrooms and ballroom and supplied orchestra for dancing while out-of-town patrons were waiting for trains. A beautiful program was the souvenir of the evening.

The best Broadway shows and top stars were scheduled at the Post Theater. Schumann-Heink, Kreisler and other famous musicians were scheduled for concerts. In the 1920s when movies helped keep the house open daily, occasional contests for local talent, especially children, were held. Does anyone remember amateur nights? Paul Ricketts as master of ceremonies? The Hames family of Robert, Elinor and Jean, singing and dancing? Post Theater's last motion picture was shown in 1948 and seven years later the building was razed.

Radio

As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.
—Proverbs 25:25

Battle Creek's first radio station was nothing distinctive except by name. WKBP (We Keep Breakfast Popular) was announced by its owner, *Enquirer and News,* as beginning 'today at noon,' December 28, 1926. Before many years the station's call letters were changed to give even more advertising for the Health City: WELL. When its style of broadcasting was changed, new call letters were adopted. WKNR (WKFR for FM) is aimed at youthful listeners and is dubbed *Keener.*

Battle Creek Civic Theatre

The theatre is irresistible; organize the theatre.—Matthew Arnold

As early as 1915 a Little Theater group was formed in Battle Creek. *Little Theater* in those days meant home talent dramatics and the

movement—along with a penchant for pageants—was 'all the rage.' The enthusiasm for amateur shows fell ill intermittently: during World War I; again in the giddy early 1920s. It was revived in Battle Creek when town donors helped build a library building with a splendid small theater for Battle Creek College. The understanding was that the town would have use of this college auditorium at the corner of N. Washington and Manchester streets. A new little theater group came into being in 1931.

Because Battle Creek College was an adjunct to the Sanitarium, the latter's rules prevailed. 'No smoking' became a bone of contention. The Little Theatre, as it was officially named, broke into two factions: those for and those against the behavior restrictions. The revolutionaries were eliminated at an election of officers in the spring of 1932. They withdrew, appropriately named themselves *Pagans* and started on a tramp existence with no officers, no paid director, no bylaws—only a council of nine. Putting on one-act plays and holding workshops in make-up and play writing were as far as they could go.

Pagans first gathered in the Athelstan Club dining room but their performances drew more audience than could be accommodated. They rented the Congregational Church dining room that had a small raised stage, charged one dollar for membership, performed only for members and invited guests and, when the exchequer was low, they charged 10 to 25 cents admission.

Because there was not enough money for royalties, nonroyalty and home-brewed one-acts became the entertainment menu. Dave Rathbun wrote three plays, Marge Kolb and Mildred Townsend wrote one for an all-female cast that was subsequently performed for other clubs in town. Actors supplied their own costumes. Members took turns as directors or makers of scenery or managers of properties and lighting.

The former Athelstan Club rooms in the Ward Building offered enough space for three-act plays. *Camille in Roaring Camp* and *Hedda Gabler* with Deldee Herman in the title role brought Pagans their first affluence.

The Little Theatre in the college auditorium, meanwhile, put on two or three well-attended full evening plays a year, held monthly meetings with one-acts for members' entertainment, had its own orchestra and Sherman Willson, a college teacher, as paid director. It received excellent reviews for such talent-demanding plays as *The Royal Family, Berkeley Square* and *Dracula.*

By great lobbying, Keith Schroder of Pagans and Dr. Wilfred Haughey of the Little Theatre induced the two groups again to join (*sans* smoking). In 1936 they did combine, becoming Battle Creek

Civic Players.

Excellent performances continued until World War II when costumes gave way to uniforms. The Sanitarium took over the library building when its former home became Percy Jones General Hospital. After the war, the same group reactivated, incorporating in 1946 as Battle Creek Civic Theatre. A wartime auditorium at the east end of the airport became its home base. Quality performances with professional direction again pleased Battle Creek audiences. When the drafty old building was to be torn down, Civic Theatre's properties and the seats from the building were moved to the basement of Masonic Temple. Some 'theater in the round' performances were given there. The place was used for rehearsals and set-building even when shows were scheduled in Kellogg Community College Auditorium.

The old Strand movie theater brought the Civic Theatre downtown. After two years of refurbishing drudgery it at last has a home of its own. Opened in February 1972 Battle Creek Civic Theatre hopes its gypsy days are at an end.

Music

Our Musical Heritage

Character is the backbone of our human culture, and music is the flowering of character.—Confucius

In every Michigan pioneer community, it seems there was at least one family that had entertainment, like a good fairy with a magic wand, sitting on its hearthstone. Each member of that family could sing or speak poetry or tell stories or play at least one musical instrument, even if it were only a mouth organ or a jew's-harp. More often than not, there was one fiddler among them. Some neighborhoods never grew away from the easy amusements supplied by the entertaining family. Others invited outsiders to conduct a singing school.

To celebrate July 4, 1841, in true American style, local folk planned a get-together in Hart's grove, (along Van Buren near Division Street). As John B. Neale told it to the Historical Society in 1920, "Bunting fluttered, cannon boomed, and impassioned orators referred to the grand old flag . . . but there was no band." Nor could any band instruments be found in the village. "There were lots of fiddles, however, and lots of performers who could rasp out a tune." They were loaded into a hayrack, "a dozen or more fiddlers, sawing like mad upon a march tune. A great procession was led to the barbeque, headed by music. Sufficient as that was unto the day, the villagers vowed they must have a band."

Not many villages produced music of a professional caliber as early as did Battle Creek. Groundwork for its fine symphony and community chorus was laid 128 years ago.

Charles Hubbard with his training, talent and B flat cornet was welcomed to town in 1848. He at once formed a band composed of any men who could afford to buy a brass instrument. It was hardly a tuneful success until the musically unable were induced to sell or loan their instruments to more talented men. With careful tutoring and simplified arrangements, Hubbard soon produced a band Battle Creek could be proud of. Its fame shortly put it in demand in all nearby villages and "it finally made a concert tour of the Great Lakes, playing on the boat and stopping off at ports of call to electrify the natives."

By 1850 three Neales—Michael, Maurice, and William—had arrived from England with choir-trained voices, and violin, flute and cello which they played exceedingly well. Also in 1850, Alonzo Collins of Union City established one of his singing schools here. He played the cello and, discovering the Neales, formed the first chamber music group. It played in churches here, although it gave no concerts.

Later in the same year, a concert violinist, James Hubbard (brother of Charles) arrived in town to go into business. He formed a sextet which soon began touring the state, calling themselves the Philharmonics. They were considering a national tour when the illness of one member and the emigration of another brought the joint activity to a close.

In 1853 a Battle Creek Cornet Band gave a concert consisting of medleys, overtures, quick steps, waltzes and polkas. Gothic Hall was filled. Front seats were saved for ladies with gentlemen—perhaps at extra cost beyond the general admission of a shilling, then 12½ cents. In 1856 a Battle Creek Sax Horn Band gave a concert to a crowded house.

A band named for Nichols & Shepard's famous Vibrator threshing machine is mentioned in the news in December 1875 for having "bought the largest bass drum ever seen here."

Gus Brucker came from Germany and formed the Germania Band in 1873. Five years later the Germania Orchestra was formed, its personnel absorbed in 1899 into the Battle Creek Symphony Orchestra, the former being a professional group which played for money, while the symphony was a community project with largely contributed services.

A newspaper item of March 5, 1907, states, "Employees of Lyon and Healy Pipe Organ Company have organized an orchestra. Nearly all the employees are good musicians." The company's

factory in Battle Creek was short-lived as doubtless was the orchestra, too.

An excellent small group known as the Sanitarium Orchestra featured Billy Drever, director and cornet; Alta Drever (Mayer), piano; Raymond Gould, viola; Nettie Foote Gould, cello; Olive Gould Parkes, Mary Esther Houck, Wardwell Montgomery, violins; David Pieralli, cornet and harp; John Holman, bass; Arnold Davis, flute. For 35 years, with changing personnel, instruments and size, it gave five concerts a week in the lobby for Sanitarium guests. The group frequently played in the foyer of the dining room, and often accompanied or included talented guests. Dr. Kellogg must have agreed with Epictetus that 'a table without music is little better than a manger.'

The Battle Creek Symphony

The sound of the horn, pipe, lyre, trigon, harp, bagpipe, and every kind of music.—Daniel 3:5

The Battle Creek Symphony came about through the perseverance of one man: John Martin. He had 'music in his soul' in great depth. Musicians who worked with him were amazed at his devotion to music and were often imbued with his fire. Nettie Gould, cellist, and Phebe Eppes, violinist, have testified to his extraordinary talent, his ability to play all orchestral instruments and his utter dedication to increasing cultural opportunities in Battle Creek.

The youngest of 13 children in an unusually musical family, he emigrated from Germany to America in 1872 with his family. Ten years later, when he was 16, he followed two brothers to Battle Creek. They all played in an orchestra, soon to become officially the Hamblin Opera House Orchestra. By 1887 John Martin had obtained further training, returning to conduct the excellent Germania Orchestra and teach music privately.

Nellie Grandin, an accomplished pianist, became his wife in 1889. Together they brought continually better music to Battle Creek through their classes and the importation of nationally known soloists. In addition, Prof. Martin was head of the orchestral department of Olivet College for 27 years. In 1921 Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Eppes formed the Morning Musical Club that is still an active influence in the enjoyment of music in Battle Creek.

In 1899 Martin's orchestral class of 37 members played a true symphonic public concert, so well received that the class adopted the name of Battle Creek Symphony Orchestra. In its second season it gave four successful concerts, importing a soloist for one of them. All musicians were considered amateurs because they were unpaid.

Even Prof. Martin took no payment, the proceeds from concerts going for new instruments, music, and other expenses. He also supplied his studio for rehearsals, arranging chairs, sorting and storing music and doing general clean-up chores. John Martin gave over his baton a year before his sudden death in 1940 to Raymond Gould, concertmaster in the violin section for 20 years. Gould's contributions in addition to conducting were chiefly in organization and financing. In the latter he was assisted by volunteer Viola Bathrick Ordway who formulated a patron system. Soon, also, a Battle Creek Symphony Association was formed which has handled financial affairs since.

Gould resigned in 1947 and his son-in-law Roger Parkes, who had served as associate conductor, now took the leadership, bringing the orchestra "to a near professional level." By February the Symphony "not only had the temerity to select Tschaikovsky's Fifth Symphony . . . but had the skill to perform it beautifully," stated the *Enquirer and News*.

There were three innovations under Parkes that gave the homegrown symphony new stature: Young Artist Auditions; an annual fund-raising Pop Concert; scholarship with these funds to send qualified young members of the orchestra to the All-State workshop session at the Interlochen Music Camp near Traverse City.

After Parkes resigned with a total of 13 years of dedicated service there were nine years of several imported conductors until William Stein took over in 1968. The orchestra has prospered greatly under his direction. A well-trained, dedicated, imaginative leader, he has brought spark and variety as well as music culture to the community.

The Symphony celebrated its 75th anniversary throughout the 1973-1974 season. The Battle Creek Symphony Orchestra Association and the Symphony Women worked hard in the background while the orchestra under Stein's baton demonstrated that it could "play the most refined of classical scores and the most overblown of late romantic extravaganzas with equal mastery."

Always there had been a problem of space. John Martin had stored instruments in his studio. Concerts were given in churches and schools, often without enough room on the platform for the full orchestra.

After W. K. Kellogg Auditorium with its larger stage and nearly 2,500 audience capacity was available in 1933, the Symphony could only occasionally afford to rent the building for its concerts. Today the community backing with paid membership has increased sufficiently to warrant the auditorium's use for most of its public performances. Qualified musicians now average more than 80 per per-

formance and the auditorium's stage is no longer generous enough in size to accommodate them with ease.

Whenever funds permitted, soloists of high quality have been imported. Battle Creek Symphony has been equal to the demand of professional quality accompaniment. For a largely volunteer organization, it has been remarkably sustained throughout a splendid history.

Singing

There is delight in singing, tho' none hear beside the singer.—Landor

Such early diaries, as have been preserved in the Battle Creek area, nearly always referred to singing schools. Often the schools were conducted by visiting or itinerant musicmakers. Perhaps James Bailey was such a one. He directed the first known chorus in Battle Creek. It was a choir that called itself the Harmonic Society. Its Tuesday evening program of sacred music presented at the Congregational-Presbyterian Church in June 1844 has been preserved. This occurred before a newspaper was published here and six years before Battle Creek was incorporated as a village; the town was little more than a busy settlement.

Battle Creek was fortunate that a qualified director, Alonzo Collins, settled here in 1850. The Collins' singing schools attracted the attention of E. M. Foote of Jackson, the musical magician who in three days could train singing recruits to concert level. "Both singers and audience were so astounded at the results that his 'conventions,' as Foote called them, became an annual feature in local music until the outbreak of the Civil War."

Antislavery feelings stimulated the formation of a fine quartet known as the Battle Creek Glee Club. It gave its all at political gatherings "dividing honors with Lincoln at the time of his speech in Kalamazoo [1856] and keeping Senator Seward waiting while a crowd of 20,000 cheered them" to a third encore in Detroit. *Detroit Daily Tribune* in 1856 called it the best Glee Club in the state. Although personnel of the Glee Club changed, its quality never wavered through many years of performance.

Into Battle Creek in 1860 there came a well-endowed, trained musician, far beyond the average, Prof. Marshall N. Cobb. He may have been attracted by the city's interest in music, brought by the Neale family, the Glee Club, and other semi-professional groups, already famous in Michigan. Cobb taught piano and organ, became organist and choir director of the Congregational-Presbyterian Church and remained to wield his baton and his cultural influence on the town for 34 years. How much the citizenry longed to sing

and needed this kind of opportunity is evidence by his forming a choral society in 1862. Individual singers, especially Brainard T. Skinner, contributed much to local choirs and encouraging young voices, for on January 3, 1877, the Choral Union was organized with 50 members. Prof. Cobb was the director. Charles Austin, merchant and banker of considerable importance, was elected president; Maurice Neale, vice president; Brainard T. Skinner, secretary-treasurer. By the following week, January 10, there were 135 who had signed up and showed up for rehearsal. The *Battle Creek Moon* announced that 225 members appeared for the January 17 rehearsal. Although there were concerts for the public at least once a year, the rafters of the church generally rang from voices raised for the pure delight of the vocalists.

The pleasure received from a little music by those unable to make music themselves is evidenced by the *Moon's* announcement on February 2 of that same year, 1877, that "two Italians with horn and clarinet made the best of street music today." The wintry blasts must have subsided to attract the itinerant musicians to the open air and listeners willing to toss a coin in the tin cup.

Also in 1877 the *Moon* listed the popular music of the year. There must have been enough cottage organs and square pianos in town to make the sale of sheet music profitable; a frequently practiced form of recreation was for families or neighbors to gather around the organ to voice their joy in being alive. Obviously sentiment reigned. The titles included: *Touch Me Gently, Father Time; The Wreck of the Man on the Sidewalk; They Have Taken Him Out of the Poorhouse; Custer's Last Charge; Mary's Promise (or Pledge Me Love in Sparkling Water);* and *I Still Cherish the Shells That We Gathered.* A pink-throated seashell was a choice object of art for the corner whatnot in that day; when held to the ear, it seemed to produce a sound like the waves swishing over the sand or dashing against the rocks on the shore.

The happy housewife sang at her work. The busy farmer whistled a tune for his own enjoyment, not knowing that the cows, too, might be responding to his music. But getting together for singing did not die out in Battle Creek. There was always someone to revitalize it. Edwin Barnes proved to be that someone.

While still a young man, Barnes was brought from Southampton, England, in 1887 to play the Tabernacle organ, to teach piano, organ and voice, and to head the music department in the Adventist's Battle Creek College. He was a man who sought new challenges and constantly widened his interests and improved his skills. He studied in Chicago and took an assignment for a year in Evans-

ton, but soon decided he preferred the smaller town atmosphere and returned to Battle Creek. He had severed his connection with Battle Creek College and in 1894 founded the Battle Creek Conservatory of Music. In addition to organ, piano and voice he taught harmony and musical theory.

His associations were with excellent musicians: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gage and Mr. and Mrs. John Martin. Barnes directed the Harmonie Club, not to be confused with the earlier Harmonic Club. Within a year or so the club divided itself into the Treble Clef for women and a male chorus. The reason for the division was that the women were much more businesslike in their approach, presumably because they had more time than the men and their attendance at rehearsals was better. Besides, the Treble Clef formed a monthly study session for which various members prepared quality leadership. Edwin Barnes directed the singing sessions of both choruses.

The groups were constantly enlarging and improving in performance. They then merged once more and became the prestigious Amateur Musical Club. Barnes directed the chorus without remuneration except for an occasional gift which he promptly put into summer trips to Europe for further study. For two years the Amateur Musical Club put on May Festivals, once with the Chicago Symphony and once with the New York Symphony, both of which Barnes conducted for their accompaniment of the chorus. For cultural accomplishments far beyond expectations in a small midwestern city, Hillsdale College gave Barnes an honorary doctor's degree.

In spite of his concentration on building the musical heritage of Battle Creek, Barnes was a gregarious man. About 1910 he and a few friends formed what was known as the Monday Club, a forerunner of the luncheon service clubs of later years. No matter what the season Fred Gage, Lewis Anderson, Edwin Barnes, Frederick Bodman, George W. Buckley, Harrie Harvey—and sometimes others—rode the streetcar to Goguac Lake and walked to Lew Anderson's cottage on Waupakisco Beach. Their wives took turns being responsible for the lunch, vying with each other to prepare an elegant picnic. The men carried the food—a generous hike from Foster Avenue, out Columbia Avenue and LaVista Boulevard. In those days keeping the food hot for winter luncheons was a challenge both to the preparers and the consumers. The men quickly started fires to warm the place and keep the food hot. There were a couple of hours of good talk and community planning before returning to town. Barnes always washed the dishes, for no one else would get them clean, he declared. There was lots of good-natured ribbing, another characteristic followed by the service clubs that

number 20 in Battle Creek today. Among the standing jokes was Barnes' tendency to homesickness. On a week's vacation to Mackinac Island with a few men friends he came home two days ahead of the others and was teased the rest of his days for that.

Dr. Barnes continued to study. There were seven trips to Europe to work under internationally known teachers. Many of his conservatory pupils have continued in musical careers as teachers, ministers of music, composers, arrangers, and soloists. Through men like Cobb, Martin, and Barnes and the musicians they trained, the musical heritage of Battle Creek has been shared with innumerable areas throughout the United States.

The currently active singing group is the Battle Creek Community Chorus, formed during World War II primarily by the efforts of Forrest Flagg Owen, then connected with radio station WELL. Paul Eichmeyer was its first director, 1945-46. Its annual concerts, some years in cooperation with the Battle Creek Symphony, have been impressive accomplishments. Membership averages 110. Rehearsals are held about three times a week. From 1946 to 1968 the director was Alfred Giffin (Giff) Richards. The current director since 1968 is Roger Sweet, who is also director of music at First Presbyterian Church.

Among the contributions to Battle Creek music by Richards, which have been many, is the creation of the Battle Creek High School A Cappella Choir. In 1967 this chorus had attained such proficiency that it was invited to represent the United States in an international competition in the Netherlands where it received first place.

The story of singing in Battle Creek is incomplete until mention is made of Mattie Willis, 1912-1970. Her voice may not have been the best ever heard in Battle Creek, but everyone who knew her admired it as though it were. She was the best-known, best-loved songbird of her time in the Battle Creek area. She had three loves of her own: church (Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints), family (she was a Negro), and music. Her philosophy was so constructive that it seemed to ring through her singing. In an essay *What music means to me* she wrote, "There are special blessings that come to you when you are teaching . . . there is a challenge in being the kind of person whom your students have confidence in, whom they can love, and who can give counsel when necessary."

Mattie Willis was an excellent pianist, especially as accompanist. She accompanied many visiting artists of national renown. Although teaching, singing, and accompanying were her means of support,

she gave freely of her talents to deserving community projects, even after she became blind in 1964. "The service one can render is limitless," she wrote. "One Christmas Eve I received a phone call about 10:30 and was asked if I could possibly sing and play some carols for one of the large sanitariums." Expected singers had not come. Of course she went. It was characteristic of her to remark on the rewards of the experience.

Community Concert Series

Musick is the thing of the world I love most.—Pepys

Battle Creek has the distinction of being the first city in the United States to have a Community Concert Series. The idea came from a Chicago promoter who induced a group here to try to sell season tickets in advance; the new angle was not to sell single admissions or even season memberships except during the spring campaign. A backing of 900 was quickly assured. The promoter found it more difficult to interest New York agents and to sign artists of prominence. Promoters and agents came to agreement and in 1930 the Community Concert Association was formed. Richard Crooks, tenor, gave Battle Creek its first concert of the series in October 1931.

The first local board responsible for the foresighted agreement was formed in 1930. It consisted of E. C. Nettels, president; Jessie Storkan, secretary; and George Aldrich, treasurer. Others were Paul Tammi, George B. Dolliver and Joseph C. Grant. Frances (Mrs. William I.) Fell and Emil Leffler soon joined the board.

Tammi's position as director of music for Battle Creek Public Schools made him especially able to find auditoriums and handle production details. His term of service is 46 years. His wife, Helen Tammi, although never an official board member, has done much of the drudgery connected with ticket sales and contacts.

The secretaries of the boards have functioned as field representatives of the central organization. Mrs. Storkan served 1930-41, Marion Ross 1941-53, Shirly Lipscomb 1953-71, and Virginia Leonard since 1971.

Many volunteers have given their services on the board. Serving 20 to 39 years each, in the order of longest service have been Lovella Gordon, Lowell Genebach, Dorothy Preston, George B. Dolliver, Floyd Parsons, Shelby Minter, Lillian Bechmann, Betty (Mrs. Lawrence G.) Fell, John Craig Allen, Helen Panchuk and Gladys Eckman. There are 13 others who have devoted more than 10 years on the Community Concert Association Board.

Southwestern Junior High School auditorium was used the first two years, then Battle Creek College theater for three years. Since 1936 all concerts have been staged in W. K. Kellogg Auditorium. The concerts were a real boon to this war-related city (Fort Custer, Percy Jones Hospital and busy factories). In 1943 the membership reached its peak at 2,441. The first year's budget was $3,125. In the last 13 years it has varied betwen $13,700 and $21,000—high responsibility for a volunteer board.

Before Lawrence Tibbitts agreed to sing here, he had to be assured he would have a Steinway grand piano. Philip Ross was on the board and his wife, Marion, offered to loan hers for the occasion. This she did several times; for a two-piano concert Betty Fell loaned hers as well. Upon hearing of their generosity and realizing such moving was damaging to the instruments, W. K. Kellogg gave a 9-foot Steinway grand on condition that it would be stored in a case off stage and Paul Tammi have the key. The piano was to be used for school affairs as approved by Mr. Tammi.

Artists on the whole have seemed to enjoy their visits here, a few have been signed for return engagements. Their enthusiasm has been first for Kellogg Auditorium and second for the social events, generally suppers put on by the board following the concerts.

Especially during the war there were additional bonuses given by the artists. Yehudi Menuhin brought his sister, Yuldah Rolfe, as his accompanist. Her husband, Lt. Rolfe, was stationed at Fort Custer so she brought their son, Lionel, and they stayed a couple of extra days at Post Tavern for a family reunion. Menuhin stayed on, too, spending his time at Fort Custer playing for the men stationed there.

In 1943 Albert Spaulding and his accompanist, Henri Benoist, arrived early and played concerts in 10 wards of Percy Jones Hospital the day of the scheduled Community Concert. Spaulding was asked how long he would play at the hospital.

"As long as the men will listen," he answered.

After the concert he could not attend the supper and reception. He boarded the train immediately as he had an engagement in New York the following evening.

One delightful affair at the home of the Lawrence Fells was long remembered by board members. Following a concert by the St. Louis Symphony, the conductor, Vladimir Golschman, and seven or eight 'first chairs' were invited to the reception. After supper the musicians put on a classical hootenanny simply having fun, exchanging instruments and improvising, making music until nearly daylight.

It is such rewards that make community volunteer service worthwhile.

Battle Creek Civic Art Center

Art . . . is the transmission of feeling the artist has experienced.
—Tolstoy

George B. Dolliver, local art, music and theater critic, attended an art show in Kalamazoo in the 1940s. He closed his review in the *Enquirer and News* in a plaintive tone, saying that *his* town should have an art center, too.

It did have an Art Association for a few years before World War II. The Raymond Wheelocks, who owned a paint store that stocked artists' supplies, suggested that the second floor of their building could be used for a studio and meeting place. The officers in those few years were also few, taking turns at various jobs: Winifred Balfour, Christine Barry, Henry Klan, George C. McKay, Jay C. Parker, Miles D. Pirnie.

There were three outstanding instructors: local artist Donald W. Hirleman; Olivet teacher and muralist George Hickey; and Mrs. Wayne Mead, wife of a government architect, here only temporarily. Mrs. Mead conducted splendid children's classes.

World War II stopped these activities. In 1947 the Battle Creek Civic Art Center was formed and incorporated. A few members of the previous group helped create this one but there were added volunteers who became interested and active. Studios at 53½ East Michigan Avenue, in the Atlas Building opposite Percy Jones Hospital, and later for a short time on East Jackson Street were indicative of the modest beginnings. Although directors had been hired at first, the cost was too great and volunteers directed its course for more than a decade. After 15 years of struggle, characteristic of similar groups in the country, an attractive small church building on East Emmett Street became available. The devotion of Martha Cooke and Olive Adams to the Center's becoming a solid entity was chiefly responsible for its advance.

The Junior League, whose members had already given many hours of service, contributed $13,000 for the purchase of the property. A campaign produced more than $10,000 from individual donors and George C. McKay pledged the remaining $30,000 to resolve the mortgage. The physical plant has since been known as the George C. McKay Building. The Art Center was now on its way to greatly enlarged community service. Billy Altemus, Will Collopy, Kay Randels, Leone Saxton and other talented local artists were instructors. Marjorie Young, now followed by Darwin Davis, professional directors, have increased the scope of the Center's service. Classes, besides loan and special exhibits have warranted enlargement of the building. This work was completed in 1975.

United Arts Council

I must be regarded as a buttress . . . because I support . . . from the outside.—Lord Melbourne

In order to keep cultural activities going, funding by contribution is essential. Merchants and manufacturers know this. Yet continuous solicitation gets tiresome. Some, like the Battle Creek Gas Company with its art contest, the *Battle Creek 100,* sponsor programs of their own. Kermit Krum, merchant, decided to investigate the advantages of coordinating local donations. He found a few cities in which the practice of backing community arts with one contribution a year was already proving successful. He visited the Council for Auditorium and the Arts in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Leonard White of the Kellogg Foundation talked with University of Michigan faculty familiar with problems of promoting the arts, relaying his findings to various local committees. Michael Church of the university's Extension Services coordinated outside arts interests; Creighton and Mary Coleman drew up bylaws for a United Arts Council. Battle Creek's is believed to be the first in Michigan.

Community response and backing has fulfilled expectations. The Kellogg Foundation pledged a sum for five years with the stipulation that there would be a tie to the schools or college. The central office is still in the Davidson Performing Arts building at Kellogg Community College.

Prime beneficiaries from the annual campaign are Battle Creek Symphony, Chorus, Theatre and Art Center. Thirteen associate groups, that do not receive financial aid, do receive advice, use of office equipment and other help. A calendar of events is published bimonthly. The executive secretary of UAC coordinated Battle Creek's Bicentennial activities.

This united financial assistance augments membership to the individual groups. These are kept reasonable enough so that many talented citizens may participate, look and listen. The art groups themselves now avoid the customary 'tottering on the brink of disaster.'

10
Recreation

Parks

The parks are the lungs of London.—William Pitt

McCamly Park

Parks have been important to Battle Creek since the earliest settlement. Sands McCamly indicated what he expected to be the center of the village by setting aside a town square. It is now McCamly Park at Washington and Michigan avenues.

McCamly built the canal for mill power with no thought that the mercantile and residential district would spring up around the industries a mile east of his town square. Before he died he gave the park to the city on condition that it would be improved. He also thought it was too lovely for a cow pasture; inasmuch as cattle still roamed the streets and vacant lots in search of food, McCamly required that a fence be erected. That fence had no gates—only two stiles—steps for the residents to climb up and over. The stiles were at the southeast and northwest corners and were quite surely cow-proof.

Dorr Burnham, McCamly's son-in-law, was looking over some papers dealing with city matters and came upon McCamly's stipulation that the town square should be improved by a certain date or the property would revert to the family. That date was near. Burnham decided in favor of the community. He rounded up some loyal citizens who borrowed a lumber wagon. They crossed Angell

Street bridge and proceeded to the Halladay farm where Burnham had obtained permission to dig saplings at the river's edge. The men brought them to McCamly Park and planted them. The trees grew into large, handsome elms that are gone now due to Dutch elm disease.

At the turn of the century the park had a bandstand and was a great summer gathering place. It was in 1905 or soon thereafter that an alderman was possessed with remembering and honoring the noble Indian. A statue was purchased and placed in McCamly Park above the center of a charming fish pool. Many years later the pool was filled in to make a garden and the statue removed to Irving Park. The statue has been mistreated over the years by the very public to whom it was given to enjoy. Americans en masse have not been inclined to appreciate art, privileges or resources—the philosophy has been that there were more goodies just over the hill.

Two decades later McCamly Park housed a public 'comfort station' whose need passed into limbo when people used autos instead of the slower 'shanks mare' for transportation. There were many benches in the park during World War II where soldier patients from Percy Jones Hospital came to rest an hour or two. It was just the right distance for a convalescent, dependent on crutches, to walk.

Nature's Own

Nature supplied the earliest parks for community celebrations: Hart's Grove near Division and East Van Buren (then Hart) streets; Beach's Grove near Elm (then Beach) Street north of Michigan Avenue. As citizens became more affluent, able to rent a horse and carriage, they went greater distances, as to Goguac Lake, for recreation.

Piper's Pond offered the best in-town skating surface during the second half of the nineteenth century. As the water level receded, the site often became a mud hole until the city put in drainage and made a park-playground of it.

Prospect Park

Prospect Park, also known as Meachem Park, was a gift to the city from John Meachem, an energetic, community-minded, well-to-do pioneer. It lies east of South Washington Avenue (formerly Ravine Street) between Rittenhouse and Fountain streets. The original 'prospect' from the spot was really grand, across the flats to the village, later over the race track and grandstand called *The Driving Park*. There were springs in Prospect Park used for watering flowers

and filling the goldfish pond. The park included a decorative waterfall, benches for mothers, and paths and terraces where children ran and rolled. It was a picnic center for schools and families. Today the springs, pond, garden, and paths are gone, the only usual visitor a worker and his grass-cutting tractor.

Irving Park and T. Clifton Shepherd

In 1917 the swampy area around Burnham Brook between Spring Lakes and Champion Street became a miserable dump. Its mosquito population increased. Harry Allwardt, son of Fred Allwardt (banker and volunteer fire fighter), was on the City Commission. Harry taught in the high school and was a visionary for anything that would improve life for young people. He agitated for parks and playgrounds, his chief target the swamp-dump north of Garfield Avenue.

The Greening Nursery of Monroe was engaged to clear and plant the area. The landscape architect the company sent to oversee the job was T. Clifton Shepherd. It was a seven-year task. By 1924, however, Irving Park (named for Irving L. Stone, another worker for the project) was a southern Michigan showplace. A new pond, the brook defined; trees, shrubs and plants dramatically placed; a colorful rock garden—a novelty at the time—adorning the hillside; a succession of bloom, for which Shepherd became famous, brought pride and joy to the residents both nearby and far away. Irving Park has been encroached upon by buildings and parking lots—especially parking lots!—until some of its vistas and glory are gone. Only last year the new parking lot for Community Hospital was ordered; workmen hurriedly and mistakenly cut down a 200-year-old tree that appeared to be in the way. A rustic arched bridge became a traffic hazard and had to be removed. The duck pond, a lagoon, showy plantings of tulips and annuals, the rockery and some trees remain. A 400-year-old white oak has been marked with a plaque by the Woman's National Farm and Garden Association. The Rose Society has planted and cares for an extensive rose garden.

Much of the artistry and knowledge of growing species possessed by 'Cliff' Shepherd remains in our city, however. He stayed here permanently after 1924, to work chiefly for the city until 1932, practicing privately a few years when he again worked part of each day for city beautification until his death at 83 in 1951. He designed the landscaping and planting for Leila Arboretum, Piper and Bailey parks, Kimball Sanatorium, St. Mary's Lake Camp, Percy Jones Hospital grounds and the War Memorial in McCamly Park. Among his private landscape designs were those for the beautiful subdivisions, Country Club Hills and Willard Woods. Individuals whose homesites were planned by 'T. Clifton,' as he was also known, were those of Dr. Morris Fine, Lowell Genebach, Keith Schroder, Lawrence Fell, A. L. Miller, Robert B. Miller and, facing Goguac Lake, James Lugers, Ralph Holmes and Howard Rich. The grace and charm of these areas are still to be enjoyed.

'T. Clifton' eliminated *Keep Off the Grass* signs, planting sturdy grass in parks so that children could romp and their parents enjoy the grounds without guilt. His "skillful blending of colors, the continuity of bloom, the grandeur of vistas, the interest of the unseen around the curve or behind the knoll," said an *Enquirer and News* tribute, showed that he was "a scholarly and talented partner with nature."

The Irving Park of 1924 has shrunk in size and plantings, in trees and lagoons, but it still has beauty, although fewer vistas and less extravagant bloom.

Binder Park

Bailey Park with its baseball diamonds and tennis and shuffleboard courts is for sports. Binder Park, consisting of a golf course, children's zoo, camping and picnic groups, a creek, great expanses of trees and a history all its own, is for recreation.

The creek is named for John Harper, soldier in the War of 1812, who took his military service bonus in land. An ancient willow tree that reached harvesting age long ago, but still (with help) is struggling for survival and rejuvenation, stands near the camping entrance to the park. The story is that Harper stopped here for his first home and stuck his willow driving whip in the ground, from which grew this venerable tree. Willow was not a native Michigan tree but it was a quick starter and a fast grower. More than one pioneer started a willow tree in just this way. So why not Harper 140 years ago?

There are legends of caves. One is that horse thieves in the late nineteenth century used caves to hide their booty until the animals could be painted beyond recognition. The expression 'That's a horse of different color' got its start from the unsavory practice, hardly confined to middle America. No stone-walled caves have been found although there are geologic depressions or holes large enough for secret finagling.

An Indian trail closely followed Harper Creek and on one high bank is a tree that has grown as an arch. A few midwestern students of Indian lore a hundred years ago agreed that trees like this one were saplings bent over and tied by the Indians to mark the trial.

Today this theory is pretty much disproved and Thoreau, too, explained how his Indian guide had subtler ways of following a trail. The tree at Binder Park, when just a sapling, may have been pinned down by a falling old tree.

Although some of the 656-acre tract has been adapted for a municipal golf course and other recreation, there are still expanses of groves, huckleberry and Michigan holly marshes, and natural habitat for deer, red fox, and raccoon. You may see an occasional woodchuck, as curious about you as you are about him. Last winter Mme. Skunk, full of her own importance, was seen leading her five youngsters across the picnic yard.

Arch Flannery was instrumental in obtaining Binder Park as a gift to the city from Mrs. Binder. How he did so is his story, told under his name.

Kimball Pines Park

Calhoun County Parks and Recreation Commission was established in 1971 under authority of the State of Michigan. Kimball Pines was an area bordering East Michigan Avenue that had been planted by the Civilian Conservation Corps in 1935. It was owned by the county and turned over to the new Parks Commission for development started in 1972. Kimball Pines Park was opened for recreation—especially picnics, walks, playgrounds—in 1975. Funding for the development came from the state.

The former area commonly called *County Park* at the south end of Wattles Road had been maintained by the Road Commission. This park, too, has been turned over to the Parks Commission. Another new authority, Calhoun County Historical Commission, was formed in 1974. Together these two commissions have planned a Lineal Parks River project for the entire county. The Parks Commission now owns property from the Wattles Road County Park (marked Burns Park on recent maps) through the former Mulvaney Truck Farm and Kimball Pines Park to Michigan Avenue. This section of Kalamazoo River is already cleared for canoeing. This gives 4,200 feet of river front along the Kalamazoo River. It is the first acquisition which, it is hoped, will run into a 100-year project of developing rivers for beauty and recreation throughout the county.

W. K. Kellogg Bird Sanctuary

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?—Emerson

As late as 1900 a few Canada geese were still using southern Michigan as nesting area. Clearing of forests, improvement of roads,

draining of swamps, the white man's gun—all of these drove the native waterfowl farther north. By 1920 no nests of Canada geese could be found in our region. Naturalists wondered if the species might be threatened with extinction. The utter disappearance of the passenger pigeon was fresh in their memories.

Then the success of Jack Miner in Canada in creating a sanctuary for migrating waterfowl became well publicized. W. K. Kellogg's interest was aroused.

One day Kellogg and George C. McKay were chatting about the Miner project. "There's an ideal small lake on the Cadwallader farm near Gull Lake," McKay told him. "Why not have a sanctuary of your own?" Kellogg's first answer was a laugh that said, "How ridiculous." But the germ of the idea sprouted fast. Not wanting to become involved in the politics or public relations necessary to create a sanctuary, he delegated the task to McKay.

McKay, always a wildlife enthusiast, promptly accepted the challenge. He first approached a few local men who were eager to help. One of these was lawyer Burritt Hamilton who himself made major contributions to the preservation of Michigan's beauty and heritage.

Soon a favorable wind was blowing their hopes higher. They arranged a bang-up dinner to which members of Michigan Conservation Department and the Izaak Walton League were invited. Vernor Main, local representative to the State Legislature, was there.

In a prominent spot at that dinner was a drawing by McKay of the once plentiful passenger pigeon. The picture was draped in black and was mentioned by every person who spoke at the meeting. It proved to have the dramatic appeal necessary for action. With amazing dispatch the Michigan legislature passed a bill protecting as a sanctuary Gull Lake and one-quarter mile of land bordering its shores.

Meanwhile McKay arranged to have Kellogg and Cadwallader meet to discuss the purchase of the farm. The W. K. Kellogg Bird Sanctuary became a reality in 1927. It surrounded and included Cadwallader's pond—Wintergreen Lake.

George Corsan, a Canadian, was the first director. Although without special training in conservation he began many projects which time has proved were good. He planted cedars and other evergreens that profusely supply berries for bird food. Ground cover was started to give protection and food during severe weather.

In January 1930, Miles Pirnie, ornithologist and waterfowl expert from Cornell University, took over. That year Kellogg presented the sanctuary to the then Michigan State College so that its management might be professional and its policy continuous.

Arthur Staebler from the University of Michigan managed the

sanctuary seven years. He enhanced the program in basic research. R. D. Van Deusen, the present director, has been in charge since 1955. In 1960 the Kellogg Foundation gave a substantial sum to increase the usefulness of the area for both researchers and visitors. Last year a quarter of a million visitors came from every state and 52 countries. The sanctuary's educational program is enlarging constantly, contributing to the public's knowledge of back-yard ecology, wildlife conservation and essential balance of nature.

By 1935 rewarding numbers of water and land birds had found the sanctuary. Their number increased by hundreds and thousands, reaching a peak in 1950-51. Since then the federal government has established feeding preserves in Kentucky, Illinois, and Indiana so that fewer migrants need to stop at Wintergreen Lake. Mainly the birds you see now are residents of this area, and are called 'the local flock.' The sanctuary staff is working with many states as far south as Alabama to create local flocks. In the past it helped to establish the Delta Waterfowl Station in Manitoba, Canada.

If you wish to observe migrant birds, visit the sanctuary around November 1. In addition to the Canada goose in peak numbers you may also see more cedar waxwings than you can count getting their fill of cedar berries to give them energy for their next hop southward.

In the beginning W. K. Kellogg was particularly eager to have Canada geese again use this area for nesting. About 30 birds were brought here from the clipped-wing collection of Jack Miner. They nested and in 1935 began attracting their migrating relatives to the lake. Now, nearly 50 years later, about 2,000 Canada geese comprise the local flock which nests within a 30-mile radius of the sanctuary. Many are banded and an experimental few have been given neck collars, easily seen at a distance. Locally hatched birds, sighted in recent years on Grand Traverse Bay, the northern shore of Lake Michigan and the southern shore of Lake Superior, attest to the nomadic tendencies of young Canada geese before they settle down and select a territory.

There are two north-south flyways over the Mississippi River valley. The 'Mississippi Flyway' covers Wisconsin and Michigan for wintering in Southern Illinois, Tennessee and Kentucky. The 'Central Flyway' crosses Minnesota for wintering in Iowa and Missouri. The Mississippi flock now numbers about 800,000, stabilized in spite of the 20 per cent "harvested" by hunters each year. This has been accomplished through the cooperation of many states.

The Michigan Department of Natural Resources complemented the local effort on behalf of the Canada goose. A few semi-domesticated breeding pairs were grounded at the Mason Game Farm. Some of the hatched young were then placed in protected areas. The others

comprised the free flock that would set up housekeeping short distances from their breeding ground. The Soil Conservation Service encouraged farmers to create ponds, preferably with an island for waterfowl nesting. These techniques are now being used in many centers along all. flyways.

Michigan is fortunate in being a crossroads of three main flyways of many varieties of birds: the straight north-south; Alaska to the eastern seaboard; and Hudson Bay to Texas and beyond. Wintergreen and other lakes in the region offer hospitality to and attract ducks and swans. Even if geese decide to skip visiting Calhoun and Barry counties they can often be heard honking as they migrate. Barring a death-dealing pollutant or disease, the Canada goose has been saved for posterity. A few Battle Creek men with foresight and dedication share in that accomplishment.

Goguac Lake

Boats and Boating

There is nothing—absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats.—Kenneth Grahame

The Calhoun County pioneers had no more than caught their breath from the rugged days of wresting a living from the land when the Civil War brought more sacrifices and tragedies. The war ended in 1865 and by 1870 Battle Creek and environs had settled into a daily routine that was more pleasant. There was sufficient relaxation for the youth of the area to indulge in pastimes. Many of these activties centered at Goguac Lake.

The Goguac Boat Club was formed in 1873, outgrowth of an 1870 sculling club. The Boat Club was composed of young men who had money to spend and they ordered the best rowing shells available. A boathouse to protect the fragile shells was built at the north end of Ward's Island. Inasmuch as many of these young fellows were accustomed to walking considerable distance to school or to work, they thought nothing of jogging two miles from the center of town early in the morning, rowing vigorously for an hour, then jogging home again in time to take up their day's duties. Five years later they built a two-story boathouse at Parker's Hill (site of today's Lakewood Inn) where they set up cots for sleeping at the lake on hot summer nights. Stored in the 20' by 60' building were one double scull, two single sculls, two four-oared shells and a 10-oared pleasure barge for treating their ladyloves to rides on the lake.

These energetic young men began their routine as soon as the ice went out in the spring. During the winter they rented club rooms in

the Riley Block, keeping in condition with "boxing gloves, rowing machine, horizontal bars and exercising devices of all kinds." They held meetings to arrange regattas with rowing teams in other Michigan lake areas, and to plan elegant balls both to raise money for their boats and to flaunt their high class before an admiring public.

They were so classy, in fact, that the city council questioned their ability to fight fires when they offered as a group to form the Goguac Hook and Ladder Company. The council took a year to accept their offer.

The original Goguac Boat Club consisted of 22 members but soon several more were added. Among members were men who later became settled city fathers: Charles Ward, Eugene Harbeck, Henry Hubbard, M. K. Howe, Ellis R. Smith, Dr. T. W. Robertson, Frank Andrus, Ed Parker, W. H. Eldred, James T. Caldwell, N. A. Osgood, Grenville Macard, John Champion, Al Godsmark, Frank Clapp, Charles Squiers, J. O. Galloup, Charles Meachem, John Heyser, F. Perry, Carl Beach and Charles Bathrick.

Their first regatta was held in October 1873, and invitations were accepted by several Michigan sculling clubs. Detroit, Saginaw, and South Haven won the scheduled races. Later the Goguacs went to regattas at Toledo, Detroit, Saginaw, Lansing, Port Huron and to Diamond Lake near Cassopolis. In 1880 a Goguac crew won a six-oared barge race in Toledo. The town went quite wild on the winners' return, greeting them with a band and a dinner at the Potter House.

Transportation to Goguac Lake in those early days was by Eureka, a carryall, and The Tallyho, accommodating eight to a dozen passengers each, and owned by two livery stables. The horse cars improved the transportation somewhat and electric cars really solved the problem of carrying the public to the Goguac Lake recreation center. R. W. Surby opened the first 'hotel and resort' at the north end of the lake in 1875. About the same time Chamberlain built a really commodious hotel on Picnic Island, the farthest south of the three islands in the lake. Steamers began plying the lake, and generous docks were built out into the lake at Surby's, The Sanitarium grounds, Ward's Island, Jennings Landing, Chamberlain's and, after 1887, at Park Beidler.

The first boat for use as a ferry was a sailboat. It was said to have been built by Elijah Dailey and Lucius Sweet, but no two historians tell the same story about it, so it is shrouded in mystery. They agree that one night it disappeared, either by being sold and taken to another lake, or by being scuttled and sunk in Goguac. The most logical story is that a group of children had been taken for a ride. Because the boat nearly capsized, and a tragedy was narrowly

avoided, the owners sold it and had it promptly taken away.

Much the same story is told about the first steamer, plying Goguac Lake after the Civil War. Henry Wiegmink, however, writes that the second ferry was the *Peerless;* he does not state that it was a steamer, but this is the consensus among later historians. *Peerless* was sold and taken to another lake. Its co-owner, Lew Clark, then had a much larger steamer built. This he named *Lew Clark* and it could carry 35 passengers. It was a very reliable boat and plied the lake several years, captained by James Cleveland. The captain and his family lived on the second floor of the boathouse.

On July 30, 1879, Clark completed the sale of the boat to Ralph Cummins. During the night the boat burned, probably from an overheated boiler, destroying the boathouse and causing the deaths of Mrs. Cleveland and two of their four children. Cleveland succeeded in rescuing the other two. The previous year a young couple by the name of Sutton had been drowned, after falling from a listing catamaran. There have been other drownings, not a large percentage, considering the great numbers of people who have used the lake. A major accident occurred one moonless night when the steamer *Welcome* hit and capsized a rowboat containing four Sanitarium nurses, three of whom were drowned.

After losing the *Lew Clark,* Ralph Cummins built a strange looking but very stable craft with flat bottom and straight sides, that he named *Tagliwanda.* Besides ferrying people to and from islands and cottage areas, *Tagliwanda* was often chartered for special cruises about the lake. Not infrequently groups of men and boys engaged the boat to take them to Devil's Point (across the narrows from the present Willard Park) where it was used as dressing room and diving platform. Blanche Cummins Rockwell recalled a birthday gift from her grandfather—an afternoon cruise on the *Tagliwanda* for her and her childhood friends. Grandpa Cummins supplied the little girls with a bunch of bananas for a special treat.

The *Welcome,* a double-decker, was built in 1893 on land now gone at the foot of the Waupakisco Point, then known as Cox's Point. Captain Orton was its pilot and Will White its engineer. After 13 years of service it burned while in winter drydock.

A smaller boat, almost contemporary with the *Welcome* and nearly as popular, was Riley Shafer's *Pearl.* It was built by its owner in Clapp's Lumber Yard on State Street. Its appearance was similar to the later gasoline launches, although longer and capable of carrying a large party. It was rebuilt once and altogether plied the lake for 27 years until it, too, was destroyed by fire.

Some years there were three and four boats functioning as ferries in the same summer. At least two were named *City of Battle Creek,*

Fearless, Mascot run by Bill Fish, *Myrtle* and others were here for short periods before being sold for use on nearby lakes.

The last steamer was retired grocer Charlie Steedman's *Fairy Queen.* It was purchased in 1945 for his own and his friends' pleasure. Residents at the lake found it amusing for its penetrating whistle and its rakish listing to port.

Goguac yacht clubs for sailing races have come and gone. In this Bicentennial year there are more sailboats participating in weekend races than have been seen in 20 years—perhaps ever.

There have been periods when iceboating was highly popular. Very important races were scheduled in the second decade of this century and a revival of enthusiasm occurred a few years before World War II but almost none since. Some years the skating is good. There are a few fishing shacks placed every year as soon as the ice is thick enough. But iceboats? Snowmobiles have taken their place at Goguac Lake.

Surby's Resort

Happiness is produced . . . by a good tavern or inn.—Samuel Johnson

Surby's was the favored early resort at Goguac Lake. Newspapers reported that 10,000 people gathered there and at various spots around the lake on special holidays. This seems an exaggeration but who is to question numbers? In the 1940s attendance records at Willard Park also reached that total for one day.

Surby was a popular host as well as the victim of winter arson so that his hotel was burned three times. Nothing daunted, he rebuilt. Townsfolk again flocked to rent his rowboats, eat his snacks and drink his lemonade, dance to all hours or dine at his generous table where with stentorian voice he used to call out, "Ladies and gentlemen, save your forks, 'cause you're goin' to have pie!"

Besides being a genial resort manager, R. W. Surby was quite a man. He had been a scout with Grierson in the Civil War. He had kept a diary and immediately after the war published at his own expense the first book on Grierson's Raids. He was an enthusiastic and loyal member of the G. A. R. and must have given that organization permission to reprint his account, as it was used 25 years later as a bonus item for subscribers to the monthly magazine of the national organization. In his older years he resembled U. S. Grant sufficiently to be cast in that general's role in the local talent show, *The Union Spy.* He wrote and had published in Battle Creek a *Key to the Chart of the G. A. R.* There must also have been a *chart* but none has been located. There is only one known copy of the *Key* in the country, and that is in Huntington Library in San Marino, California. Included in the *Key* is an 11-page autobiography and two sketched portraits of Surby. Under one with uniform and handlebar moustache is the caption, 'In 1861, I was young and gay.' Under the other, in which his hair, moustache and beard are cut to resemble Grant's, are the words, 'In 1888, I'm growing old and gray.'

After 20 years of hosting summer crowds, Surby sold his grounds to a Mrs. Unna of Chicago who enlarged the recreation facilities and called her resort Lake View. When she sold, it became an amusement park with merry-go-round, roller-coaster, ferris-wheel and a large recreation building that had been purchased and transported here following the St. Louis World's Fair. The area became known as *Liberty Park* during World War I and functioned under that name for a decade before closing. The carnival equipment was torn down and removed. The name of Surby remains on a Lakeview street.

Camping

Let Nature be your teacher.—Wordsworth

Camping was a popular pastime both before and after Surby's coming. Cottages were not constructed until the late 1880s. A diary kept by 16-year-old Mary Curtis tells how the No-Name Camp was set up in 1885 by her and her friends and their chaperone. They took with them such equipment as a center table, rugs, oil stove, hammocks, food and dishes. They stayed two weeks.

Their behavior was pretty wild, Mary thought, for they once went boating with gentlemen from another camp until 2 A.M., wakening and calling on other campers on Ward's Island. One of the girls' conversations, when they were kept in by rain, ended in a vow never to marry until prospective husbands could afford such conveniences as an oil stove with short wicks so that it wouldn't take more than three hours to get a good meal. It seems that the chaperone had married with the promise of a house and lot. What she got, the diarist stated, was a "dog-*house* and *lot* of puppies."

'Drs.' Beidler and Their Park

Greedy men whom hope of gain allured.—W. S. Gilbert

It was 1887—two years after the diarist of the No-Name Camp recorded the girls' vow—that the Beidler boys came to Battle Creek. They arrived with that get-rich-quick gleam in their eyes. If anyone had been so presumptuous in that year as to call the two brothers *boys,* the Beidlers would have rushed off to the *Journal* office and complained in person to the editor. Grumbling to the

editor was one of their pastimes. They called themselves *doctors*—Dr. H. M. Beidler and Dr. J. H. Beidler.

Battle Creek has seldom harbored such a pair of fourflushers. Together they bought as much land as was available, nearly 70 acres, at the north end of Goguac Lake. N. T. Cox and J. L. Foster received $33.33 an acre. The Beidlers parceled it into the smallest possible lots, hoping to sell many, quickly. Each lot was large enough for a tent or a tiny cottage. They named the area Park Beidler.

To set the stage and make acquaintance rapidly, H. M. brought his son, Senator, along. He bought three pets for the boy so that Senator might be the envy of his contemporaries with a dog, a pony and a monkey. The dog could live with his owners at their boarding house, the pony could be tethered at Park Beidler, but the monkey proved almost too much even for the resourceful Dr. H. M. During the winter following their first venture into Michigan real estate, Dr. H. M. set up an office for electrical treatments. In one of his ads he stated blithely, "The Ladies like my work." But life was not only smooth and silky, it could be positively slippery. In November the *Daily Moon* suggested that Dr. Beidler's monkey, which had entered M. G. Beach's office, torn up leases and contracts and poured ink over the room, should be taken into court and convicted by a jury of his peers. H. M. doubtless relished the free advertising.

The following summer the Beidlers built a rustic 'Bridge of Sighs.' It extended over the marshy area between the mainland and the Waupakisco peninsula, a distance then of no more than 50 feet.

The sale of lots must have gone well, for Dr. H. M. decided to go home to Texarkana, Texas, for the second winter. His first act there was to buy himself a handsome open buggy with two spirited horses to flash him around town. His second act was to step out of the buggy and horsewhip the man who had had the audacity to call on his wife while he and their only son had been in Michigan for a year-and-a-half. Two weeks later the 16-year-old son of the horsewhipped man shot H. M. in the back and killed him. Brother J. H., who was still in Battle Creek, failed to get the *Journal* to print the glowing obituary he had prepared or to make much fuss when the assassin was freed of guilt a few months later.

Flamboyant living didn't come as easily to J. H. as it had to his brother, so he took to writing. The Park Beidler lots weren't selling quite so well either but he kept a small hotel going by hiring the William White family as managers. With a limited income a man could live with his dreams.

In 1888 he wrote a poem about Stephen Douglas' romance and

called it *MARSTELLA*, or *The Senator's Wooing*. Aha! Now we know why H. M. called his son Senator—it seems the Beidlers had met Senator Douglas one time many years before and had been enamored of senators ever after. With his usual flair for inconsistency (remember the Lincoln-Douglas debates?) J. H. used the head- and foot-boards of what he called *The Lincoln Bed* for the wooden covers of this and other original books. (He even sent one to the President of the United States and went to the *Journal* to crow about it.) The Lincoln bed, repaired, still exists in Battle Creek. Perhaps while on circuit in Illinois, Lincoln had actually occupied the bed. It is a handsome fourposter that must have caused the lengthy Lincoln to curl up like a kitten the night he slept in it.

In 1889 Dr. J. H. Beidler published a prose story (paper cover, 15 cents) titled *SUSQUADINE, the Heroine of Lake Goguac*. An old crony, 'The Rev. Dr.' Collier came to live with J. H. and they holed up with a faithful dog in the building now gone that was occupied many years by Steedman's grocery. J. H. had a wife and daughter in Pulaski, Illinois, but preferred the companionship of Dr. Collier whom he called an intellectual and the neighbors called a lazy old coot, although Collier was envied by many a local fisherman for his prodigious catches.

It was in 1895 that the Waupakisco Club bought the peninsula which they named for their group. They paid $700 for it to a Pulaski bank—obviously the Beidler dream of getting rich in a hurry never quite materialized. If you wonder sometimes why there are such tiny homes on miniature lots at the north end of Goguac Lake, blame the Beidler greed. It came to Battle Creek 89 years ago and left its mark.

Parker's Hill

Voices of children are heard on the green
And laughing is heard on the hill.—Blake

In the early 1890s Fred S. Parker installed a soda fountain in his downtown drugstore. The consensus among other merchants was that Parker was crazy, that he would never sell enough ice cream to pay for it.

A soda fountain at that time was expensive. Besides being functional, with dispensers for soda water and flavored syrups, it was huge and gaudy with marble slabs and shiny metal trim.

Sales of ice cream so increased that Fred and his brother Ed decided to make ice cream at the rear of the family home on Division and State streets. There was no mechanical ice cream maker to be

had. The hand freezers were far from efficient, for it took one man one hour to manufacture five gallons.

The demand for ice cream was great enough to warrant establishing a retail outlet at the north end of Goguac Lake. A large one-room building was constructed on high ground now occupied by Lakewood Inn. The grounds, soon known as Parker's Hill, were open to the public for picnics. Large groups often gathered there. The Rathbun family used to have its reunions there.

Parker's ice cream paid for the early soda fountain and the building at Goguac Lake. As a popular wholesale and retail item, it supplied a tidy profit summer after summer for many years.

Swimming

Pleasure is labour too, and tires as much.—Cowper

During Horace Greeley's first visit to Battle Creek to lecture in 1854, he took time to investigate the Union School. Requested to speak to the students, he complied, talking about keeping fit, urging the young people, especially the boys, to learn to swim and swim well. This was the first attempt to 'waterproof Battle Creek,' which became a local obsession 90 years later. In Greeley's time, however, most of the parents were disgusted; they considered swimming both a waste of time and dangerous. Parents generally had forbidden their children to swim.

By the 1880s men and boys, often fathers and sons, used a summer Sunday afternoon for swimming in rivers or mill ponds or lakes. There were plenty of swimming holes within walking distance. Goguac Lake became popular for swimming parties after 'bathing costumes' were part of summer wardrobes. Only near Devil's Point, where there were no cottages nearby, was swimming in the raw indulged. Even that had to be stopped, for when there were ladies on the steamers, they became embarrassed.

A decade after Goguac had been chosen as the source of Battle Creek's drinking water, citizens began to be alarmed about pollution. A law in the 1890s prohibited swimming in the lake. By this time many prominent Battle Creek residents had built cottages and were outraged that their privileges should be so curtailed. Stephen S. Hulbert, attorney, who had a cottage on Jennings Landing, announced in a newspaper that he would swim in front of his cottage the following Sunday. This he did with plenty of observation from officials and general public. He was arrested. The case dragged on for years, going to the State Supreme Court. There he was exonerated in 1902. The People versus Hulbert, the case was called. By losing the case, the People were allowed to swim in

Goguac Lake. The subject came up again during the controversy over whether to continue using water from Goguac Lake or from Verona Wells. It was resolved by leaving Goguac to the pleasure seekers.

Charles Willard, who owned most of the eastern side of Goguac Lake when he died, left to the City of Battle Creek the land that has become Willard Park. It was here that Battle Creek children really had a chance to learn to swim. There were guards posted and boundaries roped off. Some classes were held. A hundred years after Horace Greeley urged young people to learn to swim, parents were wholly back of a program to teach their children how.

Sanitarium Villa

We would all be idle if we could.—Samuel Johnson

South of the pumping station, the first building on property leased from Charles Willard was the Sanitarium Villa, built in the late 1880s. It was huge, planned as a summer annex for guests at Battle Creek Sanitarium. Although there were one-day outings by The Tallyho for guests, the Villa soon turned into a vacation spot especially for employees. A couple was hired to manage it and supply meals. Doctors and nurses particularly seemed to appreciate its offerings.

Battle Creek's intellectuals sponsored Redpath Chautauqua many summers. A few of the years the chautauqua tent was put up on Villa grounds, but distance discouraged continuation of this location.

Islands

That uncertain heaven, received into the bosom of the steady lake.
—Wordsworth

There were three islands in Goguac Lake. Picnic Island, farthest south, became Chamberlain's, then Elk's and finally Vince's. Dr. Vince, the English-born dentist, built a causeway from the shore so that he could drive to the handsome manor house he built there.

Peach Island was so named for the peach orchard planted there by Hermes Sweet. It was sometimes used for cockfights because both the sport and betting were against the law and this was a good hideaway from the sheriff. The island was subsequently known as Hulbert's, then Clark's, then Gould's for owners of the single cottage.

Ward's Island is smaller than in the early days when the lake level was lower. Ward's cottage stood on it several decades, so did the first Goguac Boat Club boathouse for about three years. Occasional picnickers use it now as trespassers although those who

recognize poison ivy generally stay away. Before its graceful elms died it became quite a bird sanctuary. Hummingbirds that fed in gardens on the mainland nested there.

Tall Tales

I am always at a loss to know how much to believe of my own stories.
—Washington Irving

Goguac Lake has figured in a surprising number of stories: pure fiction, legends based on a thread of fact and some fantasied logic. George Willard guessed that La Salle had camped beside Goguac Lake; the story grew to La Salle's committing himself on the beauty of this particular body of water. After slogging through swamps and around hundreds of lakes in his hasty escape across southern Michigan, it is doubtful if La Salle bothered to look at Goguac, much less to comment on its superiority. Of course he had to sleep someplace, Willard figured, so why not beside this lake? Willard also thought the name Goguac meant *Ancient Fort* and was given to the lake by the Indians. A mound of earth that cut across Waupakisco peninsula was designated *Ancient Fort* on early maps. Indians seldom gave names to bodies of water and we now know that it was the prairie that was 'undulating'—the meaning of the Indian word *Coghwagiak.*

The larger bay, in one place 66 feet deep, is spring fed, but any number of stories arose as to the cause of cold and warm water only a few feet apart. In the 1890s a few cottagers stocked the lake with fish of desirable kinds for eating and one year brought in some choice eels. That started stories comparable to those told about the Loch Ness Monster. But the stories disappeared as did the eels. Only one catch, harmless enough, has been reported in the last quarter century.

In the 1850s the *New York Mercury,* a journal which sired the dime novel and our modern mystery magazines, published a story whose setting was an island in Goguac Lake. The author is unknown; Tozer was too young to have written it. Its main character was a two-personality man. He didn't have two personalities to begin with, like the later Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, but had stolen the 'soul' and appearance of a dying hero and placed them in his own sturdy body. The story included plenty of suspense and an evil cat.

Goguac Lake has no known natural outlets and its level changes according to season, going down during dry spells, coming up when there is much rain. An artificial inlet from Minges Brook controls this somewhat. Following a rumor that the lake has a hidden outlet into the Kalamazoo River, a priceless 'first person' story was written for a local paper. Suspected as author of the story, and perhaps of the rumor, is William Pease who was owner, editor and possibly sole writer for *The Jeffersonian,* a short-lived newspaper here. He was our postmaster for two months in the summer of 1858 and then seems to have moved on, perhaps in search of more lucrative ventures.

The autobiographical bit told that the author was a visitor, living at the Battle Creek House, and that he was swimming in Goguac Lake when he was sucked into the outlet at the bottom of the lake. He was swept all the way to Kalamazoo River. Badly bruised but uninjured, he was able not only to walk but to run back to the hotel and sneak unobserved in the back way. His suit (street or bathing?) was obviously shamefully torn. Just how he breathed all of that time in a tunnel of water he did not bother to explain.

Oh, well, the spring and brook off Griffin Court at Riverside Drive is believed by some to be a now obstructed outlet for the lake. We must admit Goguac Lake has long been a great place for recreation as well as inspiration for a few tall tales.

Sports

Horses—Horses

He doth nothing but talk of his horse.—Shakespeare

The 'sport of kings' is generally conceded to be horse racing with a jockey aboard. Today's international competition is often more an equestrian show of jumping prowess than of racing—certainly a noble's sport. Harness racing is third in line, an honorable sport for the gentry. A hundred years ago the well-to-do of Battle Creek were quite content with high-stepping carriage horses and during 50 years had moments of glory with locally bred harness racers.

The Fair Grounds was an open space north of Manchester Street between Hubbard and Howland streets. Its special attraction was the mile race track that circled the grounds; an association to build a race track on the Manchester property had been organized August 9, 1859. The Driving Park on the Hamblin Flats (south of the Kalamazoo River at Washington Avenue) and the later Clark Driving Park (near Territorial Road) each had a half-mile track.

Walter Clark was considered the top owner of horseflesh in Battle Creek. He had the town's finest pair of matched carriage horses in addition to the stallion Pilot Medium. Clark bought him in Pennsylvania as a two-year-old in 1881. Pilot Medium was never trained to race due to a stifle (knee) injured while he was a colt. He sired 65 horses with ratings of 2:30 or better for the mile, said to be the

best record of any stallion of the time. Pilot's son, Jack, first brought fame to Pilot Medium by his speed on the track. As the records piled up Clark raised the sire's stud fee until in the 1890s Pilot earned $20,000 a year for his owner.

Clark even issued a catalogue of horses for sale. Pilot's son, Peter the Great, was sold for $21,000; the young horse set a mark of 2:07 for the mile. Later, through two decades, Peter the Great sired some great competitors including two mares that set speed records. One of the mares, Miss Harris M., when six years old in 1918, paced a record mile in 1:58.25.

A dozen Battle Creek men owned horses sired by Pilot Medium. Some were trained for track, others for carriage use. There was other famous horseflesh in town, however: sons and daughters of several nationally known harness racers. David Downs, livery stable proprietor, had a prize stallion, Bay Middleton, that was purchased from him by Henry Brown.

Brown's descendants remember the sad story of Bay Middleton's sudden death two weeks after Brown refused to sell the stallion for a very fancy price. The obituary of the famous horse appeared in the *Sunday Morning Call* of December 14, 1884. Here his value was set at $6,000 although the above offer was considerably more than that. "The sensation among horsemen yesterday was the death of Henry Brown's noted stallion, Bay Middleton. Mr. Brown returned home from Bellevue about 11 o'clock Friday night and found the horse sick. Dr. B. C. McBeth and a friend who is visiting him from Montreal, Dr. Paquim V. S., were both summoned but the horse died soon after their arrival . . . Bay Middleton was foaled in 1867; was by Middleton, he by Rysdyk's Hambletonian." His other grandsire was Hopkin's Abdallah, he by Old Abdallah, famous names in New York harness racing. Bay Middleton sired H. M. Strong and Prince Middleton and a half-dozen racing mares with records below 2:30. Henry Brown had a country estate on East Avenue with his own exercise track back of the stables. One of his successful entries in competition was Frank Middleton, son of Bay Middleton.

The newspapers of the 1880s, 1890s and early 1900s carried weekly columns during the summer reporting the accomplishments of locally owned pacers and trotters. Mile tracks in Kalamazoo, Jackson and Detroit had frequent Battle Creek entries. Other owners of fast competitors were E. Everett Foster, Alvin Hensler, George E. Howes, John Jenney, Rudolph Kernan, Daniel Kirkland, Alonzo McBeth, Sherman McCoy, William Mosher, Garrett Snyder, Herbert R. Williams and Stephen J. Rathbun. Many of these men owned stock in the Walter Clark Driving Park north of Territorial Road which was the last of the race tracks. It was abandoned about 60 years ago.

In the same era draft and roadster horses owned by farmers, delivery men and hack drivers were often of high quality. Excellent strains, such as Clydesdales, had been imported. Occasional load-pulling contests were scheduled at fairs for both oxen and horses.

And what about horses in 1976?

The Hunt Club is still active with manager and instructor, Sally Robinson, in charge of boarding horses and a few held for rentals for lessons. Club members have hunts twice a week.

A really exciting innovation is the Cheff Center for The Handicapped. Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Cheff of Holland owned the property near Battle Creek. At her death in 1966 the Cheff Foundation was formed to create a riding school for handicapped children. It was the first of its kind in America to be built expressly for this purpose. The enthusiastic director is Lida McCowan. The school's success, especially with the mentally retarded, has been the forerunner of 40 similar organizations throughout the country. The benefits to more than 200 area children each week are several, the psychological improvement in self-confidence topping the list. The Cheff Foundation had now been changed to a public agency, evidence of the school's success and importance.

At the turn of the century the needs of our locality supported a dozen smithies and an equal number of livery stables. All were social centers in their time.

Battle Creek no longer has either smithy or livery. Horseshoeing today is done chiefly on appointment by traveling farriers. Mark Radebaugh, now a Kellogg Community College student, is one of the very few farriers in southern Michigan. He learned the trade at Oklahoma Farriers College. Like others in the field he has an equipped truck which he uses for stable calls.

Bicycles

Not all bicycle shops were on Hawthorn Street in Dayton, Ohio.
—1976 News Item about the Wright brothers

A decade ago the word *Ordinary* for a bicycle had been completely forgotten, it seemed. The Bicentennial interest in days gone by has changed that. At least bicycling enthusiasts have learned about ordinaries; they were also called *high wheels* because of a huge front wheel, and bicycles were commonly called *wheels* for several decades. The pedals of an ordinary were on the high wheel for go-power; a tiny rear wheel controlled the direction.

About 1882 a few Battle Creek young men who owned ordinaries formed a bicycle club for social purposes. Ethan C. Adams, chief

local dealer in bicycles during their heyday, told the club's story years later.

> "The wheels were the old type with an enormous front wheel and a small one behind for steering purposes. As the headquarters for the club, rooms were rented on the third floor of the Zang block (Capital Avenue and State Street). The upstairs was not convenient for the 15 or 20 cyclists, but it was cheap."

Adams gave an account of one of the Bicycle Club's frequent impromptu expeditions:

> "It was about noon of a Sunday, and several of the club members suddenly decided to take a ride in the country. Charles S. Jones, later an insurance agent, but then a postal clerk and an ardent cyclist, had just finished a few hours of holiday work at the post office, which was across the street from the club headquarters. Mr. Jones decided to go along but begged time to change clothes. The others voted against waiting and set out for Upton Avenue and what is now Helmer Road. They completed their spin and returned without meeting their friend.
>
> "Hurrying to catch up with the others, Mr. Jones had not noticed a clothesline stretched across the path. On his high bicycle he had plunged into it at full tilt. One post to which it was connected gave way with the impact and Mr. Jones was swung around in a circle. The rope cut through his high wing collar and, as the cyclist finally lost his balance, slipped up under his chin and burned the skin off in a line across his throat.
>
> "The housewife, who had seen the accident, rushed horrified to the spot. She seized the handkerchief with which Mr. Jones was swabbing his skinned neck. 'Just a minute,' she said. She hurried into the house and brought it back dripping.
>
> "As she applied the cloth to Mr. Jones' throat he emitted a last-straw yell of pain. She had dipped it in camphor solution."

Camphor was a pungent, common household remedy hardly appropriate for treating this wound.

About 1885 Adams, Jones, and several other members of the club rode their high bicylces or took them by train to Niagara Falls to watch the races in a big meet. It was there they saw pneumatic tires for the first time. The owner, an English competitor, nearly defeated the crack American rider whose bicycle had solid tires; it was on a muddy track and the Battle Creek men returned enthusiastic about the new tire. This bit of progress had great influence on the future of transportation.

Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, always an exercise enthusiast, owned an ordinary. An experience of his, a word-of-mouth reminiscence, has now been retold and reprinted until it is an accepted legend. He was riding up bumpy, rutted Washington Avenue near the high

board fence that then surrounded McCamly Park. The fence had been put up to keep out wandering cows. At the corners were stepstiles, also to discourage cows from trespassing. The large wheel of his ordinary hit a rock and the small-statured Dr. Kellogg was precipitated neatly from the high seat, over the fence and to the turf, quite unhurt.

As unperturbed as though this were part of an exercise, the agile doctor scrambled to his feet, dashed up and over the stile, picked up his bicycle and, with the aid of the fence, reached the high seat and treadled on his way, successfully, up Washington Avenue.

The Bicycle Craze

History repeats itself but hardly at the same price. At a March 1974, commission meeting "the Battle Creek Bicycle Coordinating Council urged the designation and marking of bike routes along about 30 miles of streets, at a cost of $8,000 . . . The 10-member council was appointed by the city commission after the Battle Creek Bicycle Club donated $4,000 to the project" in July 1973. In August 1974, an *Enquirer and News* headline stated, "Bicycle paths still missing." In 1975 the city commission agreed to pay $2,800 of $32,000 the Michigan Department of Highways promised for a bike path from Fort Custer Industrial Park to the Kalamazoo County line. This paved bikeway has been completed.

At considerably less cost, organizations could move faster in the days before they became *bureaus* or *councils*. It was April 1, 1896, that a new Battle Creek Bicycle Club was formed, the old high-wheeling club having been disbanded. The new club expected to have 400 members in a few weeks. Its purpose seems to have been chiefly social, for a Battle Creek Cycle Association had assumed the responsibility of scheduling races and tournaments. Already the *Battle Creek Daily Moon* was carrying a periodic column, *Bicycle Brevities*, for even without a club the bicycle craze was raging.

The safety bicycle was becoming common by 1890. The safety differed from the ordinary by having two identical wheels with the back wheel supplying the power and the front wheel controlling direction, the principle unchanged in today's 10-geared wonders. In the mid-1890s there were many models to choose from. Ethan C. Adams had the foremost sales and repair shop and the only riding school. Even tandems were becoming popular. The late Don Stillson remembered his parents' tandem that had room for him in a basket; Sunday family outings and summer evening rides gave their tandem daily use.

There were three big projects planned in 1896: a race day in May in Kalamazoo, a national tournament in July in Battle Creek and a bicycle path to be constructed between the two cities. The *Moon* of May 19, 1896, urged Battle Creek riders to be at the City Bank corner at 8:30 the next morning. They could ride slowly and still be in time to participate in the Kalamazoo parade at 11 o'clock. "Battle Creek should be well represented . . . Join the crowd and show Kalamazoo what we can do when we get started." It was hoped 200 would go. The *Moon* did not report how many joined the trek. Two Battle Creek riders were entered in the afternoon races: M. C. Priesz and I. J. Loutes. Kalamazoo's high school was closed that day so that everyone was free to attend the affair.

The National Circuit Cycle Tournament occurred at the Battle Creek Driving Park July 13 and 14. Trick riders and other professionals were engaged for exhibitions. Fees were 25 cents for entrance, the same for grandstand, and 50 cents for reserved seats. There were competitors from both coasts and points between. Several Battle Creek men competed: Vernon Bush, Sherman Moody, W. L. Swendeman, Leigh M. Turner, Frank J. Werstein, and John Wilder. Association officers were Charles S. Jones, F. E. S. Tucker, and Fred Wells. One timer, Frank Palmer, and three scorekeeepers, L. B. Anderson, S. A. Howes and N. E. Hubbard, were prominent Battle Creek men.

The third 1896 project, the bicycle path, reached success very soon after it was proposed. "If you will call on Fred Wells at the Merchants Savings Bank today," urged the *Moon* of May 16, "and pay a dollar toward the cycle paths you will enjoy the ride over to Augusta all the more tomorrow." A total of $3,500 was raised to build and maintain the path. The cyclists themselves did a lot of the work, including filling in some of the swamp that later became part of Leila Arboretum. The well-packed and graded path paralleled or edged the main road to Augusta, although crossing the road was occasionally necessary.

The position and grading so pleased the planners of the interurban line that they appropriated much of the bicycle path for their right-of-way. The local cyclists howled in protest but about all they could do was pull surveyor's stakes. The interurban was completed to Galesburg and cars began running June 28, 1900. By that time membership in the bicycle club was depleted.

The bicycle craze died almost as fast as it had flamed. By 1905 the interest had turned to automobiles. E. C. Adams brought the first car to town in 1900 and doubtless led the interest to motor cars as he had led it to bicycles during the previous two decades.

Cycling didn't die completely of course. It has been good for transportation for many workers and the youngsters of every generation have taken their turn at craving and conquering the bicycle. Addison B. Russell, nearly 30 years superintendent of buildings and grounds at Post Division of General Foods, was probably our most ardent long-distance cyclist. Beginning his tours after his retirement at age 65, he traveled to the west coast five times on his bicycle, loving every contact and experience more each trip. His last cross-country was in 1952.

Russell became acquainted with Indians as swifter travelers could not, with school children for whom he gave talks, and with campers and passers-by along the roads. He usually took five to six weeks for the trip between Battle Creek and the home of his sister in Banning, California. On his fourth trip he went south through Oklahoma and Texas to cross into Mexico, returning to the United States south of Death Valley.

His trips were made interesting to his family and Postum friends by his correspondence. Picture postcards were sometimes used but mostly he sent Uncle Sam's cards on which he drew sketches depicting the scenery or cartooning his experiences. One of the five scrapbooks, created from these mementoes and newspaper clippings about the cross-country cyclist, has been presented to Kimball House Museum.

Marksmanship

Men, you are all marksmen—don't one of you fire until you see the whites of their eyes.—Israel Putnam

Hunting and fishing were not sports to the pioneer—they were necessities. Out of hunting grew one of the first sports indulged in by our forebearers: marksmanship. Not many Battle Creek men and women have tried to become marksmen with rifle, or bow and arrow, but the few who did often excelled. Elsewhere are mentioned John Stahl, who participated in regional rifle contests, and accurate bird-hunter, Cal Halladay. Our top winner in archery was a woman, now hardly remembered.

Adella Beach was born in Leroy Township in 1852, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Beach. She attended the Female Seminary in Kalamazoo but it is doubtful if she learned archery there. Her marriage to dentist Dr. A. M. Phillips brought her to Battle Creek. Sports in those days were limited to hunting, boating, horse racing and tennis. Archery was 'the golf' of that era. Adella's cousin, Cholett C. Beach, and his friends had set up an archery range on Beach's Commons.

C. C. Beach had entered national competition and it is be-

lieved that he instructed the young woman whose ability was soon evident. She attended a meet at Washington, D. C., in 1887 where she took the national women's championship away from Mrs. Howells of Cincinnati who had held it for some time. The competition was held on a military range and some western army men commented that they had never seen an Indian who could shoot so well. In one of the men's contests C. C. Beach took third place.

Mrs. Phillips entered the 1888 and 1889 meets at Dayton, Ohio, winning the national championship again, although not quite equalling her 1887 score when she missed only one arrow. She was declared archery champion of England and America for the three years. She did not compete after the summer of 1889.

Competitive marksmanship with bow and arrow has given way to a local branch of the Michigan Bowhunters Association. Points are added up for "target, management of quarry, and courtesy." The courtesy points are for obtaining permission to use property and obeying rules of proper behavior on privately owned land. Loren Willey, member of the Battle Creek Bowhunters for many years, has won 11 broadhead state championships. Bill Goff, former arrow shop owner, though not a champion, had constructive influence on archery in Battle Creek. Willey and Goff are the only area bowhunters who have been initiated into the prestigious national Pope and Young Club.

Since 1950 ten local bowhunters have won 22 state championships in a variety of categories. One woman, Amelia Sari, took the Bear Silhouette championship in 1961 and 1963. Douglas Brownell was Michigan's Bowhunter of the Year in 1975.

Trapshooting has been a hobby of Battle Creek Gun Club members for many years. Currently the membership is 280 and target practice is a weekend pastime on permitted former Fort Custer land. Carl James has been an officer for 25 years.

M. E. Hensler became National Champion in Preliminary Handicap in 1903. George C. McKay with a four-yard handicap broke 98 of 100 clay birds at the Grand American Shoot in 1938 at Vandalia, Ohio. The winner broke 99 of 100.

Battle Creek hosted the state shoot in 1917, running a jitney from the Post Tavern to the grounds. At that time 360 contestants participated. The Michigan shoots are now held at Mason which has a trap line 26 traps long. The clay birds reach a speed of 65 miles per hour; the percentage of hits is very high. That's marksmanship!

Baseball

It's more than a game. It's an institution. —Thomas Hughes

In recent decades football, hockey, golf and basketball have been vying for that place in the sun known as The Great American Game. A hundred years ago, horse racing was the chief spectator sport in Battle Creek but baseball was beginning to hold the spotlight in athletics.

There was no established league in the early 1870s but games were scheduled on a regional basis, such as East Enders, West Enders, South Siders. Soon there were players enough to form a dozen or more teams.

An intramural schedule was set up, although it had no such fancy name. The teams were known as Nines: the Columbia, Colored, Crescent, Excelsior, Irish, and Monarch Nines. Outside sandlot teams joined the competition: Athens Nottaways, Leroy Haymakers, Newton Unknowns and the Verona Monitors. A forerunner of this century's industrial league teams was Nichols & Shepard's, probably the best organized and coached team participating at that time.

The games were held on the flats near the Grand Trunk tracks, on Merritt's Commons between Mrs. Merritt's woods and her orchards, a space today bounded by Emmett and Chestnut streets, Sherman and Garrison roads. As the need for sandlots grew, any other meadow easily reached by walking was appropriated.

Small, nonpaying groups of spectators came to watch the games played Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. In the mid-1880s an old blue law was invoked. Mattendorf, Weickgenant and Whalen brothers were among those arrested for playing ball on Sunday. Though the case was never tried, Sunday games were avoided for several years.

Construction of Athletic Park with grandstand on today's Highland School grounds near Goguac Lake, and good street car service, brought paying spectators to the intercity league games. Professional teams were formed in southern Michigan and the Battle Creek Crickets that flourished early in this century are still proudly remembered.

Gradually an amateur industrial league was formed and winning local games became important to employees of Kellogg's, Postum, IPI and other participating sponsors. Sports pages of newspapers in the 1920s and 1930s carried details of every encounter. Postum Ball Park was the setting for almost daily combat all summer. After W. K. Kellogg gave the Boy's Club, that Youth Building became the headquarters for the City Recreation Department. Bailey Park with its several diamonds gave further impetus to local baseball.

At the same time there was nationwide growth of similar home teams. Winners were being sent to compete in nearby cities. Dayton, Ohio, hosted the first national meet in 1935. Many small towns —one with a population of 308—competed for the privilege of sending a team to the final congress. A Houston, Texas, team was winner at Dayton. But Battle Creek was represented memorably. It's IPI team under the leadership of Verl C. (Doc) Mershon beat the Van Meter, Iowa, team in what all observers declared was the best amateur game of baseball ever seen. And why not? The pitcher for Van Meter was amateur Bob Feller, who later was a Cleveland Indian star.

At the time of the 1936 series Arch Flannery convinced C. O. Brown, who was then head of the association, that Battle Creek was the best place for the 1937 series. This first congress in Battle Creek was played September 18-26, 1937. Battle Creek was selected over Aberdeen, S. Dakota; Muncie, Indiana; Springfield, Ohio; and Louisville, Kentucky. The J. J. Kohn baseball team from St. Paul, Minnesota, won the series in the Battle Creek inaugural.

Flannery enticed Brown to live in Battle Creek and establish the American Amateur Baseball Congress headquarters here. Brown was president and his wife, executive secretary. Mrs. Brown was very knowledgeable about baseball, having been office manager for the Cincinnati Reds. Her capabilities in record keeping and scheduling contributed enormously to the success of AABC. The final tournaments are now known as the AABC Stan Musial World Series.

Battle Creek claims paternal interest in two winning teams. Fort Custer with Hank Greenberg's help organized an amateur team that won the meet in 1941. After the war Battle Creek's best, Hall Drug, was a national winner.

AABC Stan Musial World Series games are watched by major league scouts. Players have frequently been drafted for training in the farm systems of the major leagues. Several have gone on to big league glory.

Since the death of C. O. Brown in 1966, Lincoln Hakim has become president. For his convenience the headquarters has been moved to Akron, Ohio. The final tournament itself is still held in Battle Creek at well-equipped Bailey Park. The Battle Creek Amateur Sports Association is successor to the Health and Recreation Association.

Fore!

Men tire themselves in pursuit of rest.
—Lawrence Sterne quoted by Reader's Digest

Interest in the game of golf wedged into Battle Creek at the turn of the century. Finding an accessible area for a nine-hole course was not difficult. Merritt's Commons, the 40-acre tract that had previously been used for baseball and circuses, was available. The original layout probably had few hazards and a minimum of sand traps. Perhaps that was just as well, for the men were out for play and not for perfection. In those good days, the course that totaled 2,383 yards was divided into nine names as well as numbers.

1 - Easy One - 215 yards.
2 - The Triangle - 216 yards.
3 - Long Game - 320 yards.
4 - Midway - 222 yards.
5 - Pleasant View - 219 yards.
6 - The Look Out - 201 yards.
7 - Punch Bowl - 248 yards.
8 - Hard Luck - 292 yards.
9 - Home - 350 yards.

The club's growth year was 1901. A caddy house, 18 by 24 feet, plus a terrace with awning was constructed for lockers and respite—with "tea on occasion." A tournament was arranged for clubs from Ann Arbor, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Jackson, Kalamazoo, Marshall and Ypsilanti. The one-year-old clubs of Kalamazoo and Battle Creek had no experienced golfers and therefore offered little competition. Locally, however, matches were arranged. C. W. Post gave a 'best player's' cup and interest so increased by July 1901 that the club had 100 members.

The late Charles Bush was a charter member. During an interview about Battle Creek's past he showed that his fondest memory was for that first golf course and club.

The second golf course was located on West Michigan Avenue, the area that is now Leila Arboretum. A clubhouse was built across the highway and car tracks to the south. This was large enough for social gatherings. Its wide veranda was a delightful spot on hot summer days.

The move to Goguac Lake came in 1919. Carroll L. Post had built a large summer home at Jennings Landing and the former Goddard-Gillet-Smith-Jennings-Rice-Reasoner farm was the nucleus of the ultimate 18-hole golf course of the Battle Creek Country Club.

Marywood Country Club was opened in July 1927. The Peterson

Water Cure, the Willis lumber mill and farmland of several owners was its site. The clubhouse overlooks St. Mary's Lake. Charles Ford, a charter member, recalled that it wasn't "really playing on a golf course at all. You'd have to hack your way through knee-high weeds in some places, and you should have seen the rocks on the fairways!"

The third private club in the area is the Riverside Country Club, originally known as the Masonic Golf Club. Not on a lake, its separate outdoor membership swimming pool is the most popular summer pool in town.

Holidays

Celebrating the New Year

Time has no division to mark its passage . . . Even when a new century begins it is only we mortals who ring bells and fire off pistols.
—Thomas Mann

The arrival of this Bicentennial year—1976—was quite generally celebrated throughout America on New Year's Eve. In this century Battle Creek's celebrants have gathered more for New Year's Eve than for New Year's Day. Large parties at private clubs, fraternal halls and hotels dominated for four decades. For the past 30 years smaller gatherings of four to 20 for an evening of games, bridge dominating, have been the local custom. Everybody turns on TV to watch the ball drop slowly down its 100-foot pole on the Times Building in New York. That way, one knows to the second when the New Year is born and it's time for lifting glasses, good wishes, kisses, and singing *Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot.*

New Year's Day 80, 90, 100 years ago meant something quite different from today. It was calling day for gentlemen; the unliberated women and girls stayed at home, supplying callers with the finest of viands—their culinary specialties. Samuel Hopkins Adams recalled what New Year's days were like in Rochester, New York, in his *Grandfather Stories.* Fannie Sprague Talbot told what they were like in Battle Creek in her *Old Days and Old Ways at Meadowbrook* and in several other reminiscences.

Chiefly it was a day for stuffing. Adams called it a boy's debut into society. A young gentleman was ready at age 10 or 12 to mind the manners he had learned in one year at dancing school. If he dreaded the day of traveling about in his Sunday-best clothes, he was rewarded with a great choice of pies and irresistible chicken salad and escalloped oysters from noon until 6 o'clock.

Although celebrating the New Year by honoring gentlemen callers died out earlier in Battle Creek than in Rochester, other traditions were observed. Fannie Talbot recalled that in the 1880s "there was always a cessation in the regular duties of work, both out-of-doors and in, a Sunday atmosphere reigned and everybody dressed up. Mother would plan a holiday dinner, following a custom observed by her New England parents, served roast spareribs, thick, meaty ones that were from our own butchering. Each long loaf of ribs was cracked down through the center then filled before tying with a stuffing that yielded a hint of sage . . . With the ribs, stuffing, and rich gravy went applesauce, mashed potatoes, Hubbard squash, boiled onion, pickled beets, jellies, tall slender rusks that were yellow from their egg content, Meadowbrook butter, and for dessert, Indian meal pudding, another relic of Colonial days."

Elsewhere Mrs. Talbot remembered that sometimes New Year's Day seemed like a second Christmas. "There was a gathering of the family clan with holiday dinner and, in many homes, small gifts were exchanged. All business was suspended as was all work with the single exception of the regular routine at the Nichols & Shepard shops. John Nichols insisted that work started the year right.

"The old hotels, Williams House and Halladay, announced in advance through the newspapers their elaborate New Year's dinner menus that included wild turkey, pheasant, venison, roast pig, lobster, New York oysters, tropical fruits, and out-of-season vegetables, together with pastries galore.

"Above all, it was a day on which to make and receive calls. Hacks and family cutters were kept busy transporting callers here and there over the town. Groups of maids and matrons would assemble at some designated home of a group member to dispense the customary hospitality . . . Holiday cakes and punch, or homemade fruit juices and wines were served."

A list of the hostesses, together with the place and hour, was published in the newspapers a week in advance. The *Sunday Morning Call* of December 21, 1884, announced, "The next issue . . . will contain names of all ladies who will receive New Year's calls. Ladies who intend to receive will please hand in their names."

The New Year, especially on the farm, was almanac time. One paid for The Farmer's Almanac, but those issued by patent medicine companies could be had free at Amberg and Murphy's and other drug stores. Fannie Sprague Talbot said the almanac was promptly hung from a tack by the kitchen clock shelf (in some families called *the mantel* long after the kitchen fireplace had given way to the cookstove). The almanac was used frequently for reference to foretell weather or obtain advice for planting. "The old-time almanac was the family friend and had its special place along with

the family Bible, Webster's dictionary, and Doctor Chase's Receipt Book."

St. Patrick's Day

Oh, St. Patrick was a gentleman. —Henry Bennett

'St. Patrick's Day in the morning' may not have meant much in Battle Creek, but before the day was out, it has often been worth an Irish jig. The celebrations began, begorra, in 1881, nearly a century ago. The first was inspired by the priest at St.Philip Catholic Church, the Rev. Fr. John F. Lovett, who gave a talk about Ireland at the church. The crowd then trooped for dinner to the basement of Hamblin Opera House where Al Larkin had his restaurant.

The observances became increasingly elaborate and large, taking in all interested citizens regardless of geographic beginnings. Attorney Joseph Hooper (Protestant in faith) was the featured speaker enough times for the shamrock folk to make him an 'honorary Irishman.' Many of the local Catholics were of German origin and many of the St. Patrick birthday parties were held in the Auditorium owned by the German Workingman's Benevolent Association.

An undated menu and program and detailed newspaper stores at Kimball House Museum belong to the first decade of this century, judging from the names of those participating. In 1907 when James Henry was a state representative, he enticed Gov. Fred Warner, Lt. Gov. Patrick Kelley, Auditor General J. B. Bradley and Senator Kinnane, and priests from Marshall and Ann Arbor to be speakers. Toastmaster was Speaker of the House Nicholas Whalen. Other years there was no lack of Irish wit from Attorney Barney Onen, Postmaster Thomas Browning, and Attorney John Davis. Musical talent was also annually displayed by Maude Russell, Leila Fisher, Louis Gregory, Harriet Ferguson, Bertha Wooden, Frank Boos and Mrs. Richard Hicks among the well-remembered performers.

World War I interfered with many traditional observances, including the city-wide celebration of St. Patrick's Day. Halfhearted revivals have given way to simply a bit of the wearin' o'the green.

Fourth of July

Let Freedom ring.—America.—Samuel Francis Smith

Independence Day was without doubt the most important holiday in nineteenth century Battle Creek. Its celebrations were also the most varied. One account by John Neale of the 1841 fiddler's band that led the parade to Hart's Grove has already been reported. An

earlier version, in the *Journal* of March 31, 1881, quotes the spirited recollections by Charles S. Gray.

> "I well remember the day of the Fourth of July celebration in the village of Battle Creek in 1841," Gray said. "At sunrise the booming of anvils resounded through the forest . . . I was one of the first to respond. At each successive report the outburst of defiance to the British Lion waxed stronger, and when we had relieved ourselves of the surplus of loyalty to the Stars and Stripes we returned home to breakfast and to furbish up for the grand procession that was to take place later. Pioneering was pretty much all work and no play, and we were anxious for a good time and bound to have it.
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> "The order of the day was salute at sunrise, the grand procession and the oration and dinner in the grove. The procession was in charge of Col. William Fonda and included a delegation from Marshall. The parade was headed by Halladay's band, six strong and all fiddlers seated in a lumber wagon. The band was one of the most important features of the occasion, and not a little depended upon the deference shown it.
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> "All being ready and the procession about to move on, a sudden halt came when it was discovered there was no color bearer on the band wagon. Major Gilbert rushed up to me and yelled: 'Gray, for God's sake go up and get in that wagon and carry the flag, for the old patriarch and his band won't make a scratch until the flag is out.'
>
> "So I scrambled in and hoisted the Stars and Stripes when the whole band of six fiddlers struck up 'Yankee Doodle,' and away we went. We went to the grove, now the site of the Catholic Church, and listened to the oration delivered by Abner E. Campbell, after which we partook of a good old-fashioned outdoor dinner."

Nearly 20 years later, July 4, 1860, when Battle Creek was a year-old city, Loyal Kellogg helped plan the first Fireman's Tournament held here and became Marshal of the Day. Some cobblestone pavement had been laid that year which surely added to the efficiency of the hand-engine companies. A Detroit company won the contest in throwing water the greatest distance and received a "handsome silk banner in honor of their victory."

The 1861 celebration was a more somber occasion as the Civil War was in its third month. People were asked to bring food for a public dinner, the proceeds to benefit soldiers. In the evening a few pinwheels and Roman candles, a recent innovation, "belched forth their fire," but otherwise the day was passed "in a quiet manner."

Again in contrast was the Glorious Fourth of the Centennial year. A long parade was followed by exercises at Upton's Grove. Charles E. Bartlett remembered, "There were speeches, music by the German band, amusements of various kinds, and a chorus of 300 voices, directed by Prof. M. N. Cobb, sang patriotic hymns." Among the

speeches was a talk on our pioneer heritage by Leonidas D. Dibble; it was of such sterling quality that it has been reprinted many times.

The following year many Battle Creekites and all local bands went to Marshall to participate in its parade and all-day celebration while other families repaired to Surby's at Goguac Lake for recreation. Surby's was the special magnet for the 1878 celebration when several thousand people came from many miles around. Every boat was rented and the lake resembled "a regatta," said the *Journal* the following day.

Throughout the 1880s and the 1890s until Surby sold his resort, Goguac Lake was the principal gathering place on July 4. More and more contests were staged. Capturing the greased pig or winning the swimming, tub, sack and wheelbarrow races were coveted honors.

The *Battle Creek Moon* announced June 26, 1896, "The resident Chinamen are bound to celebrate Independence Day,'allee samee Melican man.' They have received 50,000 powder crackers from China, and propose to fire them all at once in front of their laundry, on 4th of July evening. The crackers will be suspended from wires stretched across the street, and as they are of the best manufacture, a noisy time may be anticipated."

Speeches were no longer desired by 1911 and the Sons of Veterans staged their own version of how to honor the day. "They fired the Gen. Logan Cannon in Prospect Park (Meachem Street) just after midnight. The cannon had been made for Surby at Goguac Lake and procured by the Sons of Veterans when Surby moved to Florida. The 30 salutes wakened sleepers throughout the south side who in turn bombarded Prospect Hill with blood in their eyes. It was the smile and the soft words of Frank A. Kulp that finally appeased them." The 1911 celebration lasted four days and included a costly aeroplane show that put the committee in the red.

Throughout this century the Fourth of July has decreasingly been a community day and more and more a family outing day. The personally owned automobile is chiefly responsible for the change. The Bicentennial is inspiration for a revival throughout Calhoun County of parades and show and community togetherness—at least for this year.

Thanksgiving

Yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.
—Book of Common Prayer

For the first Thanksgiving after the *Moon* and *Journal* became the

Alert and willing defenders of the peace. Circa 1900.

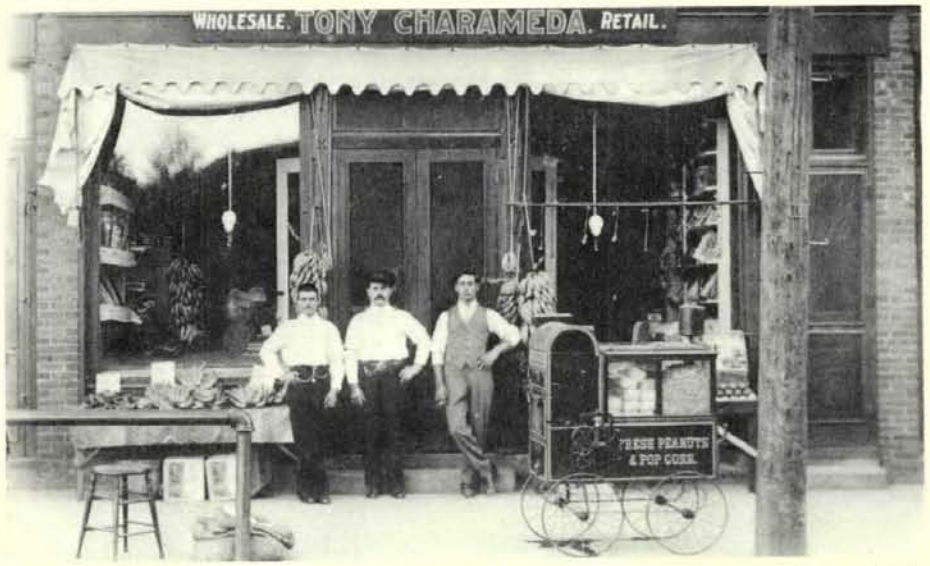
"Get a horse" was the taunt hurled at owners of automobiles when their horseless carriages broke down. This demonstration was part of the 1913 Homecoming parade.

The home of A.C. Hamblin, banker and opera house owner, at the southeast corner of McCamly and West Main streets.

Day shift at Postum Cereal Company about 1898.

The Little Doctor all in white; John Harvey Kellogg's pet cockatoo completed the ensemble.

The Riley Block, northwest corner of Main and Jefferson streets. One of the occupants was N.A. Osgood, jeweler and inventor of a successful collapsible canvas boat. It was in the basement of this building that C.W. Post is said to have first experimented in 1891 to create the cereal drink that became Postum.



Sam and Tony Charameda and an unnamed employee at 262 East Main Street near the Grand Trunk station. Peanuts, popcorn and Bull Durham tobacco, five cents each, were priced just right for the section gangs on their way to work.

Bicycle Tournament at the Driving Park on the Washington flats. July 1896.

Henry Hinman's mansion on Maple Street, near Division Street, was razed for the Y Center parking lot. It had become an inefficient apartment house.

Sojourner Truth, nineteenth century reformer, brought her family here and made Battle Creek her home for more than a quarter of a century.

Germania Hall was better known as the Auditorium, center of Battle Creek's social life for more than 30 years.

Arthur Peters of many talents started Battle Creek's first high school band. Active in all musical affairs, he was also creative in art and mechanics. This Gibson girl, Battle Creek athlete, is signed A.W. Peters. About 1905.

Mrs. John Harvey (Ella Eaton) Kellogg about 1912. She wrote everything down.

Nationally prominent Mary Isabel Barber established the home economy department of the Kellogg Company and served 25 years.

Moon-Journal in 1915, the new, enlarged paper began an account of social affairs that grew and grew into a very special annual edition. For decades the *Moon-Journal* recorded the local hosts for Thanksgiving dinners, but also recalled who had entertained whom one, five and ten years previously! Short holiday messages were solicited from the prominent ministers in town. Sometimes there were lists of college students home for the four-day holiday. Out-of-town guests were given space. Society page editors used to be on the telephone throughout November asking prominent families about their Thanksgiving plans. The readers could feel they had stepped up a rung in the social ladder if their names appeared in the newspaper's listing of genial hosts.

Before 1915 the *Journal* had merely recognized the holiday with an article or two which hardly enticed the advertisers to expend extra dollars. In 1910, for example, the *Journal* printed one short article plus an editorial in the previous Sunday edition before Thanksgiving. That editorial mentioned that only sporadically in New England was the holiday observed for the 150 years after the first Thanksgiving. Alexander Hamilton was credited with trying to make it a national observance. Hamilton asked President Washington to issue a proclamation. Both Washington and Jefferson objected with the argument that such a practice would not be following the precept so recently adopted, of separating church and state. Congress liked the idea, however, and voted to follow Hamilton's plan.

How, then, should the day be celebrated? Hamilton suggested a parade of dignitaries. Jefferson said observances should be in the patriots' own homes. Martha Washington liked the home idea and began her plans at once for her own 'levee.' In the capital city of New York, Trinity Church's bells were rung and one regiment paraded. Hamilton had guests for dinner at Faunce's Tavern. "Although the turkey was late in coming," the *Journal's* editor stated, "Hamilton swore over his coffee that no American could abstain from turkey at Thanksgiving. And so the turkey became the great American Thanksgiving bird."

Although the ads in the 1910 *Journal's* pages mentioned roasting fowls and cranberries, the emphasis was on clothes. Women's wear was a great conversation piece that year, for the hobble skirt was making its appearance. Ladies carried barrel muffs and wore high hats that must have been terrors in the wind.

Teenage girls fastened aeroplane bows of ribbon on their hair—at the back of the head so that the wide ribbon stuck out considerably at each side. Those bows were the despair of the movie goer who couldn't see around them. One ad several inches square was de-

voted entirely to ribbons.

Everyone who liked to read had finished the Graustark novels and now *Beverly of Graustark* was playing at the Post Theater.

A week before Thanksgiving, a double column of the *Morning Enquirer* was largely devoted to Thanksgiving menus. Besides its social prestige angle it added a spark to the advertising.

Binder's market offered fancy turkeys or Pekin ducks for 25 cents a pound, geese at 15 cents and corn-fed chickens at 16 cents.

Three Weickgenant groceries had a special on sugar, 17 pounds for $1. At Whalen's, imported, extra-large cranberries could be had for 10 cents a pound. Eldred's had special kinds of ice cream for Thanksgiving and Mrs. McCall and her son would deliver ready-made pumpkin pies.

Coggan Florists had roses, carnations and mums for cheery bouquets. Kapp Clothing Co. advertised suits and overcoats for $18, tailored by Hart, Schaffner & Marx, no less. Imported Irish linen tablecloths were available "cheap" at Hoffmaster's.

But back to the *Enquirer's* menus.

Mrs. Carroll Post (whose husband later succeeded his brother, C. W., as president and board chairman of the cereal company) thought someone might profit from knowing what she would serve, and therefore shared her plans.

The feast which she was to serve in their palatial home at 238 Maple Street (now N. E. Capital Avenue) included oyster cocktail, wafers, cream of corn soup, celery, salted almonds, olives, roast turkey, chestnut dressing, jelly, mashed potatoes, squash, onions in cream, head lettuce and grapefruit salad with French dressing, cheese wafers, mince and pumpkin pies, nuts, raisins, fruit, coffee, crackers and cheese.

Mrs. Charles H. Hinman of 19 Chestnut Street, widow of a Postum Cereal (Co.) salesman, said she would begin her Thanksgiving meal with grapefruit with maple syrup, whitefish with tomato sauce and cream of pea soup. The rest of her menu was not much different from Mrs. Post's except that she added pineapple souffle for dessert.

Mrs. L. M. Schroder of 122 Fremont Street, whose husband headed the Schroder Bros. Co., offered her guests a similar but more modest meal.

Miss Alice Cimmer, teacher of domestic science at the high school, suggested a simpler menu of traditional dishes, insisting that "the true spirit of the day lies in comradeship which is hard to get with overloaded stomachs."

The YWCA had an idea that young and inexperienced cooks would have no difficulty with a bill of fare that would include oyster cocktail, radishes, salted wafers, roast lamb with mint jelly, baked potatoes on the half shell, creamed cauliflower, celery salad, mince pie, cream cheese, nut cake, and coffee.

Mrs. S. O. Bush of 182 Maple Street, wife of the vice president of Advance Thresher Co. and chairman of Consolidated Ice Co., Ltd., entrusted the planning of her dinner "to Mrs. Wickwire" and then gave three menus. One suggested blue points on the half shell, wafers, consomme, celery, breadsticks, roast turkey with dressing, riced potatoes, cranberry jelly, green peas, hot rolls, asparagus tips on lettuce, toasted muffins, Neufchatel cheese, red currant bar le duc, orange sponge with custard sauce, small cakes, creme de menthe, coffee, preserved ginger.

But wherever one had dinner, the words of the late insurance executive and popular clubman Husted Jones would be apropos. When thanking a hostess for a good dinner, he was wont to say, "Madam, those were elegant groceries!"

Christmas a Century Ago

At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.—Tusser

It is hard for us to remember that contact with friends was truly difficult a hundred years ago. Transportation was slow. A Battle Creek couple who visited a daughter in Lansing in the 1870s, stayed a month to make the trip worthwhile. If one (or a family) traveled ten to 15 miles from home it was necessary to stay overnight. A popular Thanksgiving song began:

Over the river and through the woods
To grandfather's house we go.
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
O'er the white and drifted snow.

An equally popular Thanksgiving poem told how "all the young cousins were tucked into bed" and had nightmares after the big meal. Christmas was the same.

Because many people were too far from their relatives for holiday reunions, the church and school became the gathering places for special occasions. Youth and young marrieds attended singing school. Only a few schools were equipped with a cottage organ which attracted the would-be singers. Churches often had organs, an item which lured families for Sunday services, Wednesday night prayer meetings and monthly church suppers.

Throughout America in the late nineteenth century, Christmas was made a proper celebration for many families by the programs at churches generally called Christmas Sunday School exercises.

Some families actually exchanged their gifts on these occasions. The story is told of a childless couple near Battle Creek who injected their bit of fun into one celebration by agreeing to buy their own gifts. She put a lady's plush coat under the Sunday School tree for him and he gave her a gun he wanted. Each child received one gift from his parents at these affairs and a box—or cornucopia—of hard candy from the Sunday School teachers.

The late Charles Wheelock, a man who contributed much to Battle Creek's community betterment, kept a diary as a young man in Pennsylvania. In it he gave a complete run-down on the preparations for Christmas as it was celebrated in his church. It would have been quite the same in Battle Creek that year if Wheelock had lived here then, for he seems to have done most of the planning and much of the work.

> "*Sunday, Dec. 21:* Bro. Wyatt's father preached a Christmas sermon, his subject being the devil. He did not give the devil a very good recommend. We spent time seating the scholars and singing for Christmas. Met with several teachers to prepare programme. Stepped into Hungerford's and practiced the Welcome song with the music committee. I then went to the chapel to mark out diagram of seats on paper.
>
> "*Monday, Dec. 22:* Met with decorating committee at the chapel and commenced work. A man named Harter drawed one load of evergreens. Getting drunk he only brought one load.
>
> "*Tuesday, Dec. 23:* On account of the decorating committee using the chapel our class meeting was held at Ross' home. After class we stopped at the chapel and assisted in the decorating till after 11.
>
> "*Wednesday, Dec. 24:* Attended Christmas Exercise at Franklin M.E. Church. Presents were not given as heretofore by teachers and scholars. The whole school received nearly the same sort of presents. Mottoes and cards were given in connection with candy and nuts. Went up to the chapel and assisted in decorating.
>
> "*Christmas, 1873:* The day dawned clear and bright. I started for the chapel at 8:30. Others soon came and in a short time nearly all of the decorating was finished. The Franklin church Christmas trees were brought up and the teachers were at work trimming them. The trees presented a very fine appearance. I used John Mahoney's team to haul the candy, nuts, apples and infant-class dolls to the chapel from Mrs. Bacon's. At about 2:30 I commenced to make the motto come to Jesus out of pasteboard covered with evergreens and with help it was finally finished and hung on the chimney in the rear of the house above a cross covered with evergreens. The star over the stage contained a light. The motto over the stage was used last Christmas. The letters of Merry Christmas were of gilt and the Jesus Is Our King were of red paper. Festoons touched the arches over the aisles."

Wheelock then lists the program with practically everyone participating.

> "At this point Santa Claus jumped into the window causing considerable fright among the Infant Class. He had on a false face representing a graybearded old man. On his head was an old wool hat out of which a doll's head was protruding. He scattered a few nuts around the room, pinned a doll on Mr. Montayne, a false curl on myself, tripped up W. G. Weaver and then left. Oscar Slocum, one of the members of my S.S. class, thinking he was an intruder, started to help put him out.
>
> As soon as quiet could be restored the presents were distributed. First a doll, cornucopia of candy, bag of nuts and an apple to each little girl in the Infant Class and a trumpet or box of toys and the above, with the exception of the doll, to the boys. The whole school was then supplied with candy, nuts and apples after which the presents from teachers to scholars and from scholars to teachers were distributed. I received a very fine dressing-gown from my class, which was made by some members of Mr. Weaver's class, who made him one also. I also received a rag baby in a box and a jumping jack. Mr. Morgan presented his class with sleds and skates or, to those who preferred, jack-knifes. Then by request the glee group sang Little Brown Church in the Vale. Everything passed off satisfactorily. The Salutatory (written by Wheelock and included in the diary) was delivered by John Sweet who ran from the L & S Depot to be on time. He had been to Scranton."

Christmas programs in the late nineteenth century were composed chiefly of performance by the children. Sunday School papers, *Warner's Favorite Selections* (published periodically), and household magazines, carried many sentimental verses that made good selections for the little folk to recite. By 1900 a boy about ten or twelve years of age could declaim with Eugene Field's help, "Jes' Before Christmas I'm as Good as I Can Be." It was received particularly well if the boy had a Tom Sawyer reputation of getting into mischief.

Then the program was most effective if a girl, maybe 15 years old, recited *Annie and Willie's Prayer.* This was a poem that pulled the heart strings, just right for the Christmas spirit. It was a long poem. Annie and Willie's father was concerned with his own sorrows and when on Christmas Eve the children spoke of Santa and gifts they were expecting, he scolded them and sent them up to bed. Upon going to their door, he heard their prayers and was so touched that he dashed out and somehow found open stores (they must have stayed open until midnight in those days!) where he purchased armloads of gifts and had them ready for the children's waking Christ-

mas morning. He was pretty proud of himself, but the final verse reads,

Blind father, who caused thy stern heart to relent,
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade thee steal softly upstairs
And made thee His agent to answer their prayers.

After the program there were heavy coats to put on. The children's leggings buttoned on the outside and came only to the knee. Then there were gaiters that were often nearly outgrown and hard to buckle. Perhaps a new hand-crocheted bonnet and knitted mittens had been on the tree, but the old ones had to be gathered to be passed on to another child, for nothing was wasted. There was still a long walk ahead and the children were getting tired. Lucky ones who lived in the right direction might be able to take a streetcar. But always Christmas was made brighter if the snow was falling as the parishioners left the church. Christmas greetings sounded more brilliant if they were called out through crisp air.

"Merry Christmas."
"Merry Christmas."
"And the same to you!"

Somehow this hasn't changed over the years, at least in Battle Creek.

Battle Creek Loved a Parade

Memorable . . . with pomp and parade.—John Adams

There were Fourth of July parades for decades in the nineteenth century; as late as 1901 there was a huge one. Decoration (Memorial) Day was repeatedly a parade day attracting thousands to watch or participate before decorating the graves of veterans. In the 1870s townsfolk came to see the hunting trophies paraded along Main Street by the Vibrator Club. It was 1888 that saw the first, but not the last, enormous Labor Day parade. For Labor Day 1899 the swish folk put on their prettiest gowns and dressiest suits, and drove their fine horses and bedecked carriages in the Flower Parade.

Of course there were circus parades for nearly a hundred summers. When Buffalo Bill came to town in 1901 with advertised Indians in his Wild West Show, nearly all of the Athens reservation Indians came the day before, camped at the edge of town for the night and were on hand early to see their western cousins in a free parade.

In one circus parade there was poor old Hannibal. An enormous elephant, though not as big as Jumbo who paraded here later, Hannibal fell through the bridge over the canal. It was in front of the present Battle Creek Gas Company office. Such screaming from the onlookers and trumpeting by Hannibal! Such rushing around for help to extricate the humbled brute. But Hannibal was a do-it-yourselfer. By the time ladders and ropes had been assembled, Hannibal had moved the rotten lumber out of the way, piled up the broken beams and scrambled over the stone wall by himself. The story was that he revisited Battle Creek and, elephant fashion, remembered the spot, and refused to walk down East Main Street over the same place again.

In 1913, Battle Creek's First Homecoming (and its last?) was staged five days, August 19-24. For the occasion Grant Bennett invented the slogan still in use, *Better Yourself in Battle Creek.* There were parades every day, some planned, some impromptu. On the first day "everyone of the city's automobiles . . . all 121 of them" were scheduled to be seen. There were other events, too, like balloon ascensions and street dancing.

In October of 1931 the biggest and best parade ever seen here commemorated the first settlement one hundred years before. Old railroad engines used the street car tracks to join oxcarts, hay ricks and floats of all kinds to portray pioneer life. Again in 1959, to celebrate the chartered city's first century, there was a long, well-attended parade.

The Longest Breakfast Table in the World isn't a parade. It is Battle Creek's own, however. In 1956, to celebrate the Kellogg Company's 50th anniversary, many townspeople put on antique costumes, paraded, participated and ate a free breakfast. The idea was a brain child of Gerald A. Smith, associate editor of the *Enquirer and News,* but the planning was handled by Hugh McBride, traffic manager of Postum Division, General Foods. It was a true traffic engineering job to schedule trucks to gather benches and tables from all over town. Cereals, spoons, napkins and souvenir hats had been packed in boxes for each table and assembled in a warehouse. All were in place by 9 in the morning. Michigan Avenue between Carlyle and Monroe streets was again cleared by noon.

In a few subsequent years the motif of Longest Breakfast Table was again featured in Cereal City Festival celebrations. It was once more set up this Bicentennial year. The Junior League with Noreen Keaton as general chairman fed the 10,000 who joined the fun.

11

Every Day Life

One General Store

The store's merchandise is itself often suggestive of the way our ancestors lived.—Carson

Sands McCamly not only owned one-half of early Battle Creek, built the canal and first sawmill, and had a factory for practical furniture, he was merchant as well. His son, Mark, saved an 1844-45 account book of the general store of Sands McCamly and Leonard Stewart. When the book was 60 years old Mark showed it to Forest G. Sweet who was amused at the trivial items, and surprised at the prices. Luckily, Sweet left us his impressions of the book. A bottle of ink at 13 cents was charged against the firm of McCamly and Stewart. It frequently paid itself $1 a gallon for oil for the lamps. This, we are told, was lard oil, as petroleum products were not yet available. The store used plenty of such oil because it stayed open evenings for the convenience of those customers who gathered, as at a social club, for news, politics and general man-talk.

A geography and atlas for Mark cost his father $1.

> "The stock carried was apparently large and general in its character: pins and clothes pins, hats and caps, fancy coat and vest patterns, jeans and velvets, sugar and salt, spellers, arithmetics, grammars, fresh beef and salt pork, gin and brandy, lumber and stove wood, pepper and pepper sauce, cigars and tobacco, hay and straw and dozens of other items.
>
> "It may be said that prices were very high when it is considered

> that farm products formed the medium of paying. Corn retailed at 25 cents per bushel; oats 18 cents; flour $3 to $3.50 per barrel; hay $3 per ton; good lumber $7 to $8 per 1,000 feet.
>
> "Prices were greatly influenced by the lack of easy transportation, the railroad not being built to Battle Creek until late in 1845. It took all day to transport a wagonload of goods by oxteam from Marshall to Battle Creek."

Many prominent pioneer names appeared in the account book, Sweet recalled. Benjamin F. Graves, attorney, later holding Circuit and State Supreme Court judgeships, "is down for two yards of cloth at $5 a yard and $1.06 for coat trimmings. At various times the later judge brought in gin in small quantities, from a pint to a half-gallon at a time, and this is credited to his account.

> "Mrs. Almon Whitcomb had a carpet and bought tacks at 15 cents a packet. Dr. Edward Cox was one of the very few who could afford to indulge in cigars at the rate of 25 cents per 100, but he bought one-half pound of tea—probably as a peace offering to Mrs. Cox.
>
> "Calvin Halladay, Jr., brought in a 'coonskin for which he was allowed 25 cents while a muskrat skin brought him only a few pennies. He sold deer skins by weight but couldn't get his money until the current eastern price was learned by the dealers."

Wallpaper was 37½ cents a roll. Alonzo Noble, banker, bought "one set of knives and forks for $1.25."

Samuel Adams was charged $1.13 for a saw and 10 cents for a file. Henry Willis (man of many projects and reforms) got an ax for $1.75. Silas Pittee (who built many houses including the octagonal house on Main Street for himself, and for whom Pittee Street was named) paid 38 cents for a half-pound of tea. Tea was in great demand and the store offered four qualities and prices: 50 cents; 75 cents; $1; and $1.13 per pound. Coffee sold in the green berry state, was only 1/5 as much as tea but the housewife had to roast it and grind it herself, a far cry from 'freeze-dried instant.'

The Battle Creek House bought its supplies from this firm, from blankets (12 pairs, $41.43) to pepper sauce, popular table condiment of the time (2 bottles, 63 cents).

"Ogden Green, who later was sexton at Oak Hill Cemetery and the Methodist Episcopal Church, and gave his name to one of the city's streets, paid $3.60 for 144 pounds of beef and 25 cents for 2 pounds of sugar. Isaac Bodine who brought in the beef got only $10.53 for the animal which, judging from other sales dressed close to 600 pounds," Sweet noted. At this time eggs dropped from 9 cents to 7 cents a dozen in a week and butter retailed at 9 cents a pound.

If a man today had only 27 cents and needed a pair of pants, his best chance would be at a rummage sale. In 1845, however, James

Halladay bought at retail "1⅛ yards of pant stuff" for 25 cents and thread at 2 cents. Sands McCamly and Leonard Stewart really supplied the needs of their customers.

Precious Bygones of Days Gone By

I consider the days of old, I remember the years long ago.

—Psalms 77:5

In England they are called *bygones,* a charming name. In America, thousands of young housewives haunt auctions and antique shops for them—those old kitchen gadgets that their several-times-great-grandmothers might have used. It is a sentimental pastime, and fulfills the collector's longings. The bygones make a fine conversation piece decor and they cost less than many other antiques. One young Battle Creek matron who has only a few hanging on cords in her kitchen window says, "When I look at them, they make me contented with my lot."

And why not? When they were in use, housework was hard work. They represent the ultimate in household convenience when Battle Creek was young. Bygones include all of our ancestor's cooking and housekeeping tools no longer in use today.

Lighting was a major problem in a cabin with only one window and a fireplace. Cooking was done best when the flames of burning logs had died down and heat, not light, was given off. The earliest pioneers found obtaining enough fat for their diet difficult enough. There was none for lighting the cabin. Abraham Lincoln told of studying at night by the 'flickering pitch pine knot.' Battle Creek pioneers said a piece of shag bark hickory gave a better light.

Many early farmers found raising sheep much too difficult because of foraging bears and wolves, so their wives had to make candles with substitutes for sheep's tallow. Merritt Kellogg stated that when Ann Janette Stanley became his stepmother in 1842 she was disappointed to find no sheep on the Kellogg farm. Sheep tallow lent itself for use in a candle mold or to the slower dipping process. There were molds for both short and tall candles. Short candles were for tin wall sconces or lanterns, both much-needed luxuries. Candle molds are bygones.

We do not know when coal oil (kerosene) lamps were first used here. Such lamps as there were used lard oil. Inasmuch as petroleum products began to be produced only in 1859, it must have been some time later that they came into common use. Until the advent of gas lighting (1872 in Battle Creek) and for those who could not afford to have their homes piped for gas, candles and oil lamps sufficed.

There are women still alive who remember their childhood early morning chore was to bring the lamps from all over the house to the kitchen for cleaning and refilling. As the girls grew older, washing the sooty, oily lamp chimneys became their job. Their reward was to enjoy 'brilliant' light in the evening for their reading or embroidery.

Lots of wooden gadgets helped the long-ago housewife. Have you ever seen a wooden lemon squeezer? It is efficient enough so that we wish it had not gone out of style. It worked on the principle of a potato ricer (or is that almost a bygone, too?) with long handles to squeeze a half lemon until it was juiceless and the rind turned inside out.

A wooden potato masher, like the rolling pin, resembled a lethal weapon and took its turn as the butt of wife-versus-husband jokes. Of wood were the cover and plunger of the stoneware churn used to separate sour cream into butter and buttermilk. Wooden bowls are still in use, though hardly the daily necessity of the old days, when one was kept for chopping vegetables, another for working the last of the milk from the freshly churned butter. Used also for the latter process was a curved butter ladle. When the butter was worked dry enough it could be made beautiful by placing it in a mold (carved with an intaglio design) that had been soaked and rinsed in very cold water. Many ancient candlesticks and butter molds had false bottoms fastened to a plunger which pushed the last of the candle from its socket or the butter from its mold.

Our North European immigrants brought decorative butter molds and cookie molds with them. For wooden spoons and other carved utensils, most housewives depended on a whittling grandpa, whose 'rheumatiz' kept him confined to a chair on the porch.

Metal bygones of the first pioneers were of iron. Brass had long been in use for elegant candlesticks and bed warmers that few families could afford. The early local blacksmith was an ironmaster capable of making utensils as well as horseshoes. His products were door latches, hinges, keys and the escutcheons to protect the keyhole from wear; kettles and long handled spiders (skillets) with trivets to set them on if they didn't have three legs of their own to lift them above the glowing coals in the fireplace; long handled spoons, forks, soup ladles, skimmers, pot hooks and peels (to slide bread into ovens); fireplace tools including andirons, pokers, cranes and trammels (adjustable for raising or lowering kettles). Copper kettles and wash boilers next came into use.

When stoves replaced fireplaces for cooking, the lighter weight tinware became so popular that the 'rag man' traded tinware for the second-hand cast-offs he collected and he was often called the tin

man. Tin sauce pans, cake and pie pans, pails, dippers and tea kettles were a blessing to housewives' aching backs. A tin nutmeg grater was a pleasant luxury.

Nothing could replace the heavy wooden slab with a steel knife imbedded at an angle for cutting cabbage for sauerkraut. By the turn of the century the iron dishcloth made of wire rings appeared. United Steel and Wire Company, organized in 1908, brought wire indoors for many uses such as shelving for stoves, refrigerators, coolers and cupboards. Before that the old-fashioned icebox had shelves of wooden slats. The icebox and ice pick are truly bygones, no longer needed, happily. Are you old enough to have had to mop up the water from an overflowed drip pan under an icebox? If not, count your blessings.

Among the forgotten gadgets that meant much to our ancestors are the dousing stick (for locating an underground water supply, supposedly), hand cider press, chestnut roaster, long-handled popcorn popper (older ones of iron, later models of wire and copper screen), mortar and pestle, wooden washboard, carpet beater, wall match safes (the iron safes simply put the matches above a child's reach, while the tin variety, still often in use, is self-feeding), apple peeler and cherry pitter.

Young antiquers like stoneware churns, jugs that our forefathers used for vinegar and syrup, and crocks for salting fish, preserving and pickling meat, fruits and vegetables. Kimball House Museum has a stoneware buttermilk pitcher and a pancake pitcher. In the latter the buckwheat pancake batter was 'set' every night to be raised and ready for a hearty breakfast. It has a wire bale (handle), a side handle for pouring convenience and its spout is round like that of a coffee pot. The batter was poured from this pitcher directly onto the hot griddle—no slow spooning the batter necessary with this great gadget.

Banks for saving coins had been in service for a long time, but after 1900 additional useful toys began to appear. Sets of pressed glass consisting of creamer, sugar, butter dish and spoon holder, though of 'play' size, proved useful for other small servings. The spoon holder was just the right size for toothpicks, the other dishes for tray and card table. After World War I excellent sets of undersized pancake turner, spatula, wire potato masher, egg beater and cooking spoon were sturdily made for the child homemaker. Mothers often appropriated these handy small tools; that's why an occasional one can still be found in grandma's kitchen.

Baths

Look to your health.—Isaak Walton

Only a few people are aware that Battle Creek Sanitarium began as a Water Cure in 1866. Today we can hardly realize what an appeal that term *Water Cure* had. Although Battle Creek's Dr. Mason (was he surgeon or barber?) fitted his office with a shower bath in 1847, a bath was still a luxury in 1866.

Battle Creek's water supply was started in 1887. The West End—the neighborhood around the Sanitarium—had an experimental water supply in 1884. Before that there was no running water. Households were supplied by their own wells and cisterns, the water pumped by hand. When Kimball House, now a museum, was built in 1886, a cistern for the storage of rainwater stood beneath the kitchen.

It was not until about 1900 that central heating came along and that, too, was a luxury. Coils carrying water were run through the furnace to a storage tank so that hot water from the tap was available in winter. In summer one bathed in cold water or 'took the chill off' with a kettle or two of water heated on the kitchen stove. However, some homes had a small auxiliary coke-burning stove with coils that stood beside the furnace. Enough of these were installed in this area for the Battle Creek Gas Company to have a brisk sale of coke in the summer.

Gradually gas heaters were available. These were placed in basement or kitchen and lighted a half-hour or more before bath time to heat the water. By 1910 'instant hot water' could be had in a dribbling stream from a gas heater installed above the bath tub. Albion's Gardner House Museum has one of these on exhibit.

In 1877 the Secretary of the Michigan Board of Health included *Baths and Bathing* in his annual report. He had sent a questionnaire to 46 Michigan doctors. Quite naturally he sent Battle Creek's to Dr. John Harvey Kellogg of Water Cure fame. Here are the questions and Dr. Kellogg's answers as given in that report:

1. In your neighborhood, what is the custom in the use of the bath? *Ans.* No prevalent custom.
2. What kinds of baths are used? *Ans.* Full bath and sponge bath.
3. How frequently are they used for cleanliness? *Ans.* I am satisfied that there is great neglect. I have met with several persons who seemed very much surprised when I recommended a warm bath, although such application was eminently proper for cleanliness. In one case a patient declared that not one drop of water had touched his back in forty years. It is a general custom with quite a portion of the community to take a bath regularly once a week; many bathe more frequently in warm weather.

4. How generally are they employed for hygienic purposes? *Ans.* Although the use of the bath in this locality is far less frequent and thorough than should be, probably there are very few communities in which correct habits in this respect are so good as here, considerable pains having been taken to instruct the people in this and other hygienic measures.
5. How many public bathing establishments are there in your vicinity? *Ans.* One. (Battle Creek Sanitarium)
6. Please state what form of bath is given. *Ans.* All usual kinds of baths given under the direction of a physician.
7. What are your views concerning the use of the bath as a sanitary measure? *Ans.* One of the most important sanitary measures, and its neglect predisposes to disease malady.
8. What form of bath do you recommend for hygienic effect? *Ans.* Full bath at 85 to 92 F. For daily bath I prefer the sponge bath.
9. Do you suggest any variation in the form of the bath to meet the conditions at different times of the year? *Ans.* Warm bath for winter; summer, tepid, sponge or shower.

Although Dr. Kellogg mentions shower baths in 1877, the following item appeared in a Battle Creek paper in 1891.

"There is a board school in London in which the managers have devised a very ingenious mode of washing the dirtiest of boys very expeditiously and effectively. Each boy stands upright in a small box from the sides of which numerous sprays of warm water play upon all parts of his body. Three minutes are allowed him to soap himself thoroughly, the sprays of water closely following the soap. At the end of that time he steps forth to rub himself with the usual coarse dry towels. In this way it is found that each scholar in a school of 300 boys can have a thorough cleansing once a week."

Dr. Kellogg probably read that item in his evening paper—and approved. Did the San's 'needle shower' predate 1891 or was it the result of this suggestion, hitting Dr. Kellogg's inventive mind?

Facilities

That's another story, replied my father.—Laurence Sterne

There is a great deal that was said by our reminiscing pioneers about the problem of finding tasty and adequate food. Nothing is mentioned concerning its digestion or disposal as waste. Two and three centuries ago the country gentlemen of England, when they visited London, deplored the stench of the gutters and sometimes explained the method of waste disposal; our puritanical American ancestors largely avoided the subject.

As the pioneers came westward they probably used the roadside,

obtaining a modicum of privacy behind a bush. The oxen and horses were not as fastidious. The waste was left where it fell to serve as fertilizer or to be utilized as food by turkey buzzards and carrion crows.

The pioneer's use of barnyard waste for fertilizer varied with his training back east. In many sections of America, as land became debilitated it was abandoned after a dozen years of use. Thomas Jefferson is credited with the statement that an acre of new land could be bought cheaper than an old one could be manured. George Washington deplored the negligence of the average farmer in failing to improve his land. Many Calhoun County farmers did stay on the same land for two and three generations. They doubtless used animal manure which was the cheapest available fertilizer.

Where they put human waste is more of a mystery. Available pictures of early log cabins omit outhouses, haystacks, corncribs and stables. The place of abode interested the artist but the practices of everyday living were omitted from the scene. Later, in the Calhoun County History of 1877 corncribs, stables (one with a manure pile), windmills and barns were sketched; out of 17 pictures of buildings in the Battle Creek region, only the College and the Anson Mapes farm admit of having a recognizable outhouse for human waste. The privy was indeed too private an affair to go down in history.

Modest young women of the time hated to be seen on the way to the privy; some prevailed upon Pa to plant a row of sunflowers on each side of the path to protect them from the gaze of the hired men. Golden glow is a near-forgotten flower that made an excellent barrier to discourage beast and chicken as well as man's eye from trespassing.

The building at the end of the path offered neither relaxation nor comfort in addition to its prime purpose. The previous year's mail order catalog was placed there for use, not ornament. An opening on each wall or the door, cut in the shape of a new moon (to discourage peeping), was there for ventilation. The more aesthetic owners tacked up Currier and Ives pictures and calendar art, covering the moon with a pinup coffee card in the winter when there was ventilation enough, thanks to chilling winds.

Although Goguac Lake water was piped into town in 1887, the number of outdoor toilets was greater than indoor at the turn of the century. By 1920 the proportion was reversed. Not long thereafter a vaudeville actor named Chic Sale described the outdoor item with such Elizabethan humor without naming it that its architecture has since been known as a Chic Sale. A north woods cabin has often been referred to as 'two rooms and a path.' American Heritage

Dictionary gives the word *privy* 'archaic' standing. And why not? It is seldom spoken of with nostalgia in discussion of the good old days.

The development of the inside toilet in this century is best exemplified by a 1975 advertising slogan: *You've come a long way, baby.* Discussion of the privy was assiduously avoided in Victorian living rooms. As a news item it never appeared except after Hallowe'en when the number vandalized by being tipped over was occasionally mentioned. In this Bicentennial era the bathroom (current terminology) is not only allowable in polite communication, it is a positive conversation piece. Posterity may read our fashion and interior decoration magazines with as much amazement as this generation looks back on the evacuation temple of the nineteenth century.

Today's real estate ads for apartments and condominiums use the word *luxury* if two bedrooms are accompanied by two baths. *Two baths* means two rooms each furnished with three ceramic pieces connected to hot-and-cold running water and to city sewage or to a legal substitute such as septic tank and dry well; a shower can be substituted for a bathtub.

Ads for houses include such items as 2½ baths. The half bath is a small room that once was designated *water closet;* two decades later it became the *toilet,* then the *lavatory;* today it is the *powder room.* The seat itself was originally a chair-height metal bowl topped with a flat circle of wood. The water tank was four or five feet above the bowl for extra gravity flushing pressure, and was emptied by pulling on a ring or wooden handle at the end of a chain attached to the tank's trip bar. The full bathroom contained a tub of zinc, sometimes surrounded with a decorative skirt of tongue-and-groove lumber. The accompanying washbowl was often constructed of marble settled into a wooden table also surrounded with a wooden skirt.

Metal was soon coated with porcelain and American inventiveness brought the tank down to rest behind the stool. The seat also was redesigned for better adaptability to the contour of the human anatomy. Meantime the washbowl and the tub became porcelain-coated cast iron, both freestanding, the tub on lion's paw legs. The room itself was brought from a location back of the kitchen to a more reasonable spot near the bedrooms and began to be dressed up in something more permanent than the previous year's calendar.

By the 1930s toilets could be flushed quietly and the ceramic-coated tubs imbedded in the floor, a boon to housewives who wearied of cleaning linoleum under the free-standing variety.

Since 1950 the ablution center has become a 'thing of beauty . . . a joy forever; its loveliness increases.' Tiled floors and walls, that had superseded linoleums and wall papered plaster, have given way to decorative carpets, vinyl or plastic wall coverings, marble and imitation marble fixtures with gilded or gold plated fittings, glass doors, brilliant lighting in gorgeous housing and mirrors galore. Body lotions, in handsome bottles adorn glittering shelves and flower-scented deodorizers in spray cans take away the last vestige of discomfort once attached to daily necessities.

All of these advances in luxury and convenience have come about since the introduction of running water. Battle Creek's sewage system was developed in 1893, six years after water was available. Previous to that the disposal of waste water was anything but sanitary. Dishwater was thrown from the back 'stoop.' The same with water drained from vegetables. During cabbage season especially this could have unsavory results. People who kept hogs saved these delicacies to 'slop the pigs.' Backyard smells were thereby not improved.

There may have been some uptown cesspools but the disposals from flush toilets went, whenever possible, to a river. Our ancestors had great faith in a river's ability to recover. Rock and sand that constituted the bottom of our rivers in those early days did contribute to river recovery but not to the extent that was expected locally. The Sanitarium had its own water system some years previous to the city's. A sewage line from the Sanitarium to the river at Jackson and Wood streets was discovered by city engineers in this century. Doubtless Sanitarium sewage was diverted to city disposal when the latter was available.

A proper treatment plant was not built here before 1930. By that time practically all homes that had running water and factories along either river had sewage or sludge outlets into the river. Careful investigation in recent years disclosed a few deeply buried lines still seeping sewage into both rivers. Dumping of factory waste is now limited and periodically checked. Testing of river water at frequent intervals indicates when there is more pollution than a river can handle in self-recovery.

At the present time sanitation must be of a fair quality in the entire Battle Creek area. Typhoid fever, a dreadful scourge from water pollution a hundred years ago, is practically eliminated today. Watchful health departments, laboratory scientists, and water and sewage engineers take better care of our county and metropolitan areas than is generally surmised. It would be appropriate if, in remembrance of privileges, citizens would form the habit of singing in the shower.

The Hired Man

The hired man was much more than hired help.—Author Unknown

James Whitcomb Riley, who lived only 200 miles south of Battle Creek in Indiana called his hired man, *The Raggedy Man,*

He comes to our house every day
And waters the horses and feeds 'em hay . . .

The life of a hired man a century ago could be either more glamorous —or less—than Riley's. A few boys came west with the farmers to whom they had been indentured back in New York or New England. The common practice in Calhoun County, however, was not to have a 'bounden boy' but paid help when the farmer could afford it.

There was so very much to do. Cultivators had been invented a long time before they were commonly used. "Hoeing, harvesting and threshing were tasks at which men grubbed and sweated themselves into their graves years before their allotted span of life had been spent," states a book on early agriculture. If there were young men to be hired for room (often in the haymow) and board and $100 a year, the farmer was more than happy to have help with "cradling, binding, stacking and threshing" grain in summer and with the winter work of splitting rails and building fences that had to be "horse high and hog tight."

Warren Shepard, whose home still stands on Riverside Drive near Territorial Road, recorded in his account book on September 8, 1843, that William Wallace Crittenden commenced living with him. Shepard obviously paid the young man's expenses and allowed him to attend school, working for his board. The items for William are interesting:

To 1 pair Blue Jean pants	$.50
To 1 pair pants	1.87
To 1 pair mittens	.25
To mending shoe	.12
To 1 vest	.38
To 1 pair socks	.25
To paid school bill	.57

By April 30, 1849, John Hant was hired for five months at $12 per month. Shepard docked John for every day he was absent and kept track of John's bills which altogether amounted to $13.94. John left Shepard's employ with $49.38, having evidently worked longer than exactly five months.

Shepard's own accounts show why he had to be careful with salaries he paid out to the hired man. He bartered what he had for what he needed. He hauled wood at three loads for one dollar. He traded potatoes, corn and other products for groceries and such

merchandise as cloth, thread and the services of a tailor. The prices? Oak lumber was $6.50 a thousand feet, whitewood $8 for the same amount. Potatoes and oats were 25 cents a bushel, milk three cents a quart; side pork was six cents a pound, mutton four cents, and butter 18 cents.

There were many reasons why hired men received small wages. Payment in board and room was both a premium and a privilege. Many farmers with big families were glad to hire out a son and a daughter; their departure lightened the demand for food and space at home. If young people could be trained by a successful farmer who also had stern discipline, their parents grabbed the golden opportunity for their children.

Hired help became part of the family. Eating at the same table and attending church together were common practices. Not unknown was the gift of a part of the farmer's land when the hired man wanted to marry. Among less affluent farmers, the hired man built himself a cottage and worked a definite number of acres on shares and hired out his labor by the day to any who needed him in the neighborhood.

The Hired Girl

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' break the bread,
an' earn her board-an'-keep.—Riley

The intimacy required between farm housewife and servant with no free time to oneself made the young girls think twice before hiring out. They sometimes received $50 a year in place of the hired man's $100. For that dollar a week they were expected to do heavy household tasks from dawn until the supper dishes were washed and the bare kitchen floor swept for the umpteenth time each day. Whatever work the farmer's wife found too heavy to tackle, she expected the hired girl to do.

A family washing by hand took from seven o'clock in the morning to three in the afternoon. Exercising the back with an up-and-down motion over a washboard was fatiguing work. If the employer took a turn at this task, it was partly to teach the young lady her methods. Some insisted that the heavy sheets be thrown over the line for drying while others hung them by the corners. Most housewives demanded that all white clothes be boiled in a copper boiler and lifted out, dripping hot suds, to a tubful of cold water for rinsing. Getting all the wash paraphernalia out and putting it away again meant

that the task must be done in one day. In fact, children in country schools learned early through an action song during recess that Miss Jennie-ma-Jones washed on Monday, ironed on Tuesday, mended on Wednesday, baked on Thursday, cleaned on Friday, went to market on Saturday and to church on Sunday. When she caught, slaughtered, cleaned and cooked the chicken for Sunday dinner, preserved the fruits, vegetables and meats for winter, made the butter and cottage cheese, hoed the cottage garden and watched the often numerous children is not mentioned in the song. Her daily tasks of making beds, cleaning lamps annd cooking huge meals are also omitted in the song.

Little Orphant Annie managed after "the supper-things is done" to tell some deliciously scary bedtime stories. Any hired girl soon learned that her new assignment was full of great expectations for her survival of a 12-to-16 hour work day.

Fashions in Grief

Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief. —Shakespeare.

It was the March, 1937, *Reader's Digest* that carried an article, *Light Like the Sun.* It shocked Battle Creek old-timers, for it advocated cremation as a way to make the final parting beautiful. Since then even obsequies have gradually changed so that a backward look is not amiss.

In the nineteenth century and well into the twentieth, women often wore black for a year following a death in the family. Men wore a black band sewed on the sleeve of a coat. In New England the custom of wearing 'widow's weeds' was observed well into this century; even young Boston widows of World War I declared their sorrow by wearing a black cap with white visor and flowing black veil. Such customs are not recorded in Battle Creek. If commonly practiced, appropriate garments would have been advertised by local merchants.

Catholics and Jews have altered funeral customs less than Protestants and nonbelievers. A century ago the period between death and the funeral was given over to watching and waiting with the deceased on view in the home. This 'wake,' still customary in some European countries, was continued here to the turn of the century but is seldom held here now. For some years the local Croatians continued the Old Country custom of the wake. There were two purposes: to keep activity in the house to alleviate loneliness and mourning and to allow working folk to come in any time of the night or day that they were free to pay their respects. Food and drink were available, supplied by neighbors. Men friends sat up all night to keep open house, usually playing cards to stay awake.

Not too long ago one Battle Creek man with a streak of fun in his soul ordered that his remains be taken to his home for a two-day wake. He left a bequest so that his friends could have drinks at his expense.

The most memorable wake of this century was that of the 'King of the Gypsies' who died in Leila Hospital July 13, 1951. Friends came from far distances, as many who had been notified were traveling with carnivals. The gaily dressed crowd aroused the curiosity of the passers-by until the slowed and halted traffic became a problem. For two days they camped on the mortuary lawn and seemed to eat and drink continuously. A high school youth was delegated after the mourners' departure to clean the surrounding territory of pop, milk and liquor bottles, a task he still recalls.

Local callers, too curious to stay away, discovered that the deceased had left a request to place with him in his casket his few favorite belongings. It is the only time that the mortician was ever challenged by the inclusion of a ten-gallon cowboy hat he was requested to place on the head of the deceased in such a way that the face of the king could still be seen.

The funeral of Dr. Charles E. Bartlett included what was considered then, in 1902, "an unusual feature." The pioneer had requested "the reading of two poems: William Cullen Bryant's *An Old Man's Funeral* and *Old Daniel Gray* by John G. Holland, of Pittsfield, Mass., who had been a classmate of Dr. Bartlett's at Berkshire Medical College."

Immediately after invention of the camera, people occasionally engaged a photographer to come to the house to take a picture of the departed. The body was propped up, the head held by the hands of an unseen helper. Flowers sent by friends or objects loved by the deceased were sometimes included in the photograph.

Announcements of death were often sent by mail to out-of-town friends. A hundred years ago these consisted of stiff black cards decorated in silver or gold, carrying a poem or two, the name and death day added by the printer. By the turn of the century these had given way to engraving on black-bordered envelopes. Telegraph and telephone have eliminated these customs.

Long ago in each small community that supported a newspaper there frequently appeared local tributes in rhyme. These were written on the occasion by a sympathetic neighbor, sometimes the next of kin. Especially was this done to assuage the grief of a family that had lost a child. A local paper carried this notice:

Died

In Battle Creek, Sept. 14, 1875, Edith Annie, only daughter of

Emory A. Willbur, aged 7 mo. 14 da. But a few months since, the mother of little Edith passed over to the immortal shores. Now mother and babe are reunited, to part no more forever.

Happy infant, early blest,
Rest in peaceful slumber, rest.
Early rescued from the cares
Which increase with growing years.
No delights were worth thy stay,
For earthly joys soon fade away;
Lasting only, and divine
Is an innocence like thine.
—E. D. Young

The verse to Edith Annie is so superior to most of the newspaper writings by neighbors that it could have been a previously published poem placed in the paper by the father himself as memorial to his child.

Julia A. Moore who called herself *The Sweet Singer of Michigan* got her reputation from the grievous doggerel she wrote to console loved ones. She lived near Grand Rapids and published several books of her 'poetry.' Without much education she wrote 'by ear' and often to commonly known tunes. A sample of her verses is typical of the kind that appeared in area papers.

William Upson
Air—"The Major's Only Son"
Come all good people, far and near,
Oh, come and see what you can hear,
It's of a young man, true and brave,
Who now is sleeping in his grave.
Now, William Upson was his name—
If it's not that it's all the same—
He did enlist in the cruel strife,
And it caused him to lose his life.

And so on through 12 stanzas.

Julia's poem *Minnie's Departure* runs six verses to the tune of "Mount Vernon" and a sample is quite enough for this sentimental journey.

Oh, 'twas hard for us to leave her
In her little grave so low—
Leave that little silent sleeper,
But 'tis there we all must go.

Oh! We miss our little treasure,
And her loss we deeply feel—
When we think she's gone forever,
Tears there from our eyes will steal.

The coming of the railroad, so that flowers could be shipped, even

in winter, stimulated growth of the florist business. August Boehme had large gardens, also greenhouses back of his home on Upton Avenue. Floral pieces with a sentiment became the style: broken wheel, heart, cross, star of David and fraternal symbols. These were so admired that a century ago newspapers frequently reported a brief description of each contribution and named the donor. In one published card of thanks the family mentioned various kindnesses by neighbors and "the beautiful floral sentiment from Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Barnes." Sympathy is still expressed with gifts of flowers. Cut flowers and plants that can be sent on to hospitals, doing double duty, are now generally preferred. Memorial contributions to a charity are gaining favor in our time. No telling what the fashions in grief will be in our country's Tricentennial year.

Echoes of the Voice of Experience

Thoughts of heroes were as good as warming-pans. —G. Meredith.

"To be good is noble. To teach others to be good is nobler—and less trouble." That epigram came from Elbert Hubbard, the common man's philospher, who was very popular as lecturer and writer at the turn of the century.

Hubbard enjoyed Battle Creek, primarily its Sanitarium where he could hobnob with Dr. Kellogg and prominent guests. Audiences received him delightedly whenever he took to a local platform.

But Hubbard was not alone in creating proverbs. Successful Americans—that usually meant men who had made a lot of money —had their tenets by which they meant to live and expected their employees to follow. Sometimes maxims were framed and hung above their desks; or given to others to hang above *their* desks. Friends and underlings cherished these philosophies in miniature, proud to know their authors and honestly inspired to adopt the precepts.

The women of the First Baptist Church put out a fund-raiser in the form of a booklet, *Nuggets of Gold from Business and Professional Men of Battle Creek*. The gals tapped Battle Creek's prominent men for their favorite sayings, then sold the book, as their peers from other churches sold cookbooks. Whether or not their little 'game' required an ante from those who entered is not known. Not even the Baptist Church has a record. The undated, purple paper-covered book appeared about 1910.

Here is a sampling with original punctuation retained. Occupations of the donors are added:

Dr. H. W. HARVEY (Dentist):
Eat little—but eat that little long.

JOSEPH BRYCE (Quite a poet himself):
God must have loved the common people, he made so many of them.Lincoln.
CHARLES HARBECK (Shoe merchant):
Don't worry; look on the bright side.
W. A. WATTLES (Hardware merchant):
"Make the best of whate'er happens;
Bear failure like a man
And in good or evil fortune
Do just the best you can."
W. H. NORTH (Circuit Court Judge):
Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies. —Pope
A. E. MACGREGOR, M.D.:
"Worth makes the man, the want of it, the fellow."
JOHN W. BAILEY (Attorney and Mayor):
"Do the hard things first."
MILES S. CURTIS (Postmaster):
The best part of one's life is the performance of his daily duties.
—Beecher.
CHARLES AUSTIN (Banker):
"One ounce of Optimism is worth more than one pound of Pessimism."
W. S. SHIPP, M.D. (Who quoted the same idea differently):
"Twixt optimist and pessimist
The difference is droll;
The optimist the doughnut sees,
The pessimist, the hole. —Hoffman.
GEORGE A. SOUTHERTON (Hotel Proprietor):
"Yesterday is past, today is short, tomorrow may never come. Therefore get busy."
T. E. SANDS, M.D. (Health Home Director):
Be temperate in all that you do or say. Be obedient to kind nature's laws, and you will live to be a hundred.
SHERMAN SCHRODER (Merchant):
"Do it now, and do it right."
EDWARD C. HINMAN (Banker):
"The dog that gallops round and round,
And seeks to catch his tail,
Is not, in truth, so very wise;
But still he beats the man who lies
Around and whines and never tries
Because he fears to fail."

The following 15 suggestions for successful living were written by W. K. Kellogg in November, 1931, as advice for one of his grandsons, then just beginning a business career. He called them, 'Suggestions for one who wishes to hit the trail successfully, make the grade, play the game and win.'

1. First of all, get plenty of sleep and recreation and try to have your nerves in such a condition that you will not be working under a tension.
2. At no time appear to be rushed, even if you are in a deuce of a hurry; the impression is bad.
3. Do not scatter your ammunition; concentrate and you may get your bird.
4. Finish as far as possible one job before taking up another.
5. Do not have too many tag ends. In other words, have few irons in the fire at one time.
6. Try to lead the other fellow; do not push him.
7. Do not dominate your elders. Age gives people lots of experience.
8. In conversation with people forget the word I.
9. Have patience with people. If things seem to go wrong occasionally, remember that time cures many things.
10. Do not dictate to your elders; better endure and let the other fellow boss. After all is said and done, we are all striving for results.
11. Consider the feelings of the other fellow and remember to do as you would like to be done by.
12. Keep your feet on the earth and your head up, but not too high in the sky.
13. Be kind to all, but choose carefully your friends.
14. Remember it took six days for Jehovah to create the earth. We should not try to reconstruct it in any less time.
15. Be humble.

The above represent 15 suggestions, not commandments.

W. K. Kellogg was a poor sleeper and often wrote down his thoughts during periods of wakefulness. He would then use them the following day. A long-time executive of the company considered Kellogg's office memos worthy of retaining for future use. They, too, were sent as suggestions, not orders.

12
They Left Their Mark

History is philosophy when learned from examples.—Thucydides

Do you recall about 25 years ago Battle Creek went through a period of loss of self-respect? Downtown stores were being vacated in favor of outlying shopping centers. A sign of a dying town was the singsong of complaint. Even merchant Joseph C. Grant in one of his famous philosophic advertisements bemoaned the lack of leadership in his time—a time, he said, to remember Battle Creek's great leaders of the past and try to emulate them.

The turning point came when Battle Creek realized that all American cities were suffering the same changes. The real upswing came when the *Enquirer and News* announced its first George Awards in 1958.

By then Joe Grant was gone, but wouldn't he be proud of the devotion shown by James McQuiston on behalf of the Y Center and Kermit Krum who fought for The Mall?

The best of social history is to be found in the local frame. It is a remembrance of how life was lived, of daily life, family life. All men who walk our streets shed their influence: their bigotry or humor, their greed or self-sacrifice. Many heroes and half-heroes along with some nonheroes have left their mark on our city. George B. Dolliver left us brief biographies of a thousand of them. Even then, he never saw the bottom of the barrel. Here is a mere sampling of Battle Creek's big apples.

Sojourner Truth

I told Jesus it would be all right
If he change my name.—Negro Spiritual

Woman. Black. Old, nearly sixty years. Nothing much in 1856, wouldn't you say? Nevertheless . . .

It was Sojourner Truth, an old black woman who brought Battle Creek its first national attention by the simple act of choosing it for her home.

She had come to attend a Friends of Human Progress meeting October 4, 1856, to lecture anyone who would listen to her arguments for antislavery, women's rights and temperance. With her deep, penetrating voice—sad, bewitching, mystic—she did what she could to lift the downtrodden to human dignity. Her singing on that occasion was described and her first speech in the Quaker Meeting House reported in the *Anti-Slavery Bugle,* a weekly newspaper published in Salem, Ohio. The following summer she bought a house in Harmonia, six miles west of Battle Creek, moving into town ten years later.

Her beginning had not been promising. She was born to Negro slaves of the Hardenburgh family in New York's Ulster County near the Hudson River, about 1797. Her given name was Isabella, her surname changing with her owners. New York slaves were freed in 1827 and in the next few years Isabella had many rough experiences during which her faith and courage grew and grew. She was involved in two court cases which she won. By 1843 her five children were on their own and she started out to use her newfound talent of speaking, becoming a sort of tramp evangelist. Because she would preach the Lord's truth, she chose Truth as a new surname. When asked to tell her first name, she abandoned Isabella, saying she would sojourn wherever she was needed, and call herself Sojourner Truth.

This woman could neither read nor write nor do any but the simplest arithmetic. She was, however, brilliant. Her vocabulary was large, her speech forceful, her voice lowpitched and vigorous. Audiences of all kinds felt her power. Yet her effectiveness came chiefly through her wit, her quick and clever banter, and droll humor. Actually, she was a philosopher with a childlike religious faith. She composed proverbs and, with her prodigious memory, recalled those she had heard to serve her purpose. To anyone resigned to a sad fate or indulging in self-pity she used a sixteenth century adage, "Every tub has to sit on its own bottom." Even the least fortunate knew what she meant.

She often spoke in parables. In the early 1850s, after passage of

the Fugitive Slave Law, there was a strong division between the Freesoilers, who advocated freedom for slaves but with limitation, and Garrison's followers who sought to abolish slavery. Sojourner said she could not explain very clearly the difference between Freesoilers and Garrisonians but she could *feel* the difference. "I remember seeing folks hackle flax," she said in her deep resonant voice, while circling her arm in a flailing gesture first slowly, then fast. "Some worked by—the—day, by—the—day, and others worked by the job, by the job, by the job, job, job. Freesoilers work by—the—day but the Garrisonians work by the job, job, job."

Sojourner had no formal education. She had the Bible and newspapers read to her, preferably by children because they inserted no comments and let her think out her own interpretations. Even though Sojourner depended upon listening for her education, her grasp of words and her memory were remarkable. She made understandable mistakes which her friend, Parker Pillsbury, called her 'rude eloquence.' Her Dutch accent from the language she spoke with her first owners until she was sold to English-speaking owners at about the age ten, may have contributed to her audience's delight.

Her parable of the weevil that was ruining the wheat in the early 1850s was told in a characteristic manner with her delightful use of an almost correct word. At the time, the antislavery workers were haranguing the United States Constitution as pro-slavery and anti-woman. Sojourner said, "Children," (her audiences were always her children), "I talks to God and God talks to me. I goes out and talks to God in the fields and in the woods. This morning I was walking out and I saw the wheat a-holding up its head, looking very big. I goes up and takes a-hold of it. You believe it, there was no wheat there? I says, 'God, what *is* the matter with this wheat?' and he says to me, 'Sojourner, there is a little weasel in it.' Now I hears talking about the Constitution and the rights of man. I comes up and I takes hold of this Constitution. It looks mighty big and I feels for my rights, but there aren't any there. Then I says, 'God, what *ails* this Constitution?' He says to me, 'Sojourner, there is a little weasel in it.' " She lived to see the slavery weevil in the Constitution eliminated 15 years later.

Sojourner was also master of the quick retort. On a Battle Creek street she talked with a man who made it known that his station in life was far above hers. "Who are you, anyway?" she asked. Drawing himself up, trying perhaps to look as tall as the gaunt woman before him, he answered, "I am the only son of my mother." Sojourner looked disgusted and walked away after muttering, "I'm glad there are no more."

Somehow she used pathos without bitterness and managed to keep uppermost her sense of humor and her belief in the goodness of God. Her remarks sometimes had a lyrical quality. When her sight improved and she abandoned eyeglasses, she said, "The Lord has put new windows in my soul."

George Goodrich of Milton, Wisconsin, chided "Aunty Sojourner" for smoking a pipe even though she spoke for temperance. "The Bible says nothing unclean can enter the kingdom of heaven. A smoker's breath is unclean," he scolded. Continuing her puffing, she commented, "Brudder Goodrich, when I go to heaven I plan to leave my breff behind me."

Three books about her were published in her lifetime: in 1835, 1850 and 1875, the latter two going into further editions. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the Rev. Gilbert Haven, Gerritt Smith and others wrote and spoke about her and entertained her in their homes. She was a friend and coworker of antislavery reformers George Thompson of England, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Parker Pillsbury, Frederick Douglass and of America's outstanding women's suffrage workers and many others interested in temperance and similar causes. Sojourner went into the Civil War refugee camps of former slaves in Arlington, Virginia, and accomplished so much in bringing them instruction in sanitation besides food, clothing and hope, that her work was financed by the Freedmen's Bureau.

Among her more glamorous accomplishments were interviews at the White House with Presidents Lincoln and Grant, meeting U.S. senators in the senate antechamber on behalf of refugees and speaking before the Michigan Legislature against capital punishment. Her audiences included Battle Creek college students, Boston theological students, church groups of all kinds, statewide and national gatherings.

Her chief Battle Creek friend, benefactor and sometime manager who published one of her biographies was Frances Walling Titus, wife of the prosperous miller, Richard F. Titus. Her physician was Dr. J. H. Kellogg, although after one illness she gave credit to veterinarian Orville Guiteau for her recovery with the remark, "It takes a horse doctor to cure me." He had probably advised her on what home remedies to use as all friends did in those days.

Sojourner Truth made Battle Creek her home and headquarters her last 27 years. She is buried in Oak Hill Cemetery where her grave is visited by pilgrims every year. Many legends grew up about her both during and since her lifetime. Although her gravestone states she was 105 years old, she was about 86 when she died in 1883, attended by her three surviving daughters who had brought their families here to be near their famous ancestor. They had need to be proud of her attainments. Sojourner knew no confining boundaries

of interest or of friendship. When she was here between sojourns she attended various church services, met important visiting lecturers and Sanitarium guests, moved among the elite and the downtrodden, and felt at home everywhere.

Uriah Smith

In this world a man must be either anvil or hammer.—Longfellow

Battle Creek had its own Benjamin Franklin—not by name, but by nature. Uriah Smith, born in New Hampshire, had a leg amputated when he was four years old and immediately he was slated for a literary education. Unable because of lack of funds to finish Harvard after good preparation at Philips Exeter Academy, he entered the Review and Herald Publishing Company at Rochester, New York.

Smith's conversion to Seventh-day Adventism probably preceded his getting the job. His dedication to both his religion and his work, however, caused Ellen and James White to transfer him along with their printing press to Battle Creek in 1855. Smith assumed the editorship of the *Review and Herald* (Adventist weekly journal) and ultimately became also a preaching elder in the church.

Only his bent for writing, editing and publishing so far is Franklinesque. But he was inventive and mechanical as well. He didn't like the thump, thump of his wooden leg and secured a patent for a prosthesis that was far ahead of its time. Because he tired waiting for a streetcar, he invented a cane that had an attachment to open as a stool. The patent model for this is preserved at Kimball House Museum. The often pictured item used in England by the rich and beautiful people at race tracks is practically identical. The model of Smith's train coach seat is also on exhibit at the museum.

His really important invention was an 'automatic' school seat. Smith even started its manufacture on Champion Street, for the seat was well received and the sale immediate.

Irving L. Stone, Superintendent of Battle Creek Schools at that time, thought so well of it that he purchased the patent and manufacturing plant for, it is said, $8,000. Uriah Smith had five children and he immediately built a home for them on University Avenue. The house still stands, mansard third story and all, three doors south of Manchester Street.

His invention for which he has received publicity in this century was a strange one for a man who never owned or drove an automobile. It was a papier-mache horse's head to be attached to the front of an early buggy-style car. Its purpose was to keep horses from being alarmed at the oncoming vehicle. Smith's grandson, Mark Bovee, recalls that the modeled horse's head was shipped to Haines-

Apperson, a car manufacturer in Kokomo, Indiana. It was given a trial on a car which had no top. The verdict was that the added contraption frightened the horses even more than the unadorned machine. The imitation head was returned to the inventor.

Besides his preaching, editing and managing a large company, Smith wrote a concise pocket handbook on Rules of Order for conducting a meeting and a copious study on the Bible's books of Daniel and Revelation. The name of the Review and Herald Steam Press was changed in 1861 to the Seventh-day Adventist Publishing Association. By 1877 its catalog listed 26 periodicals, eight of them in five foreign languages: Swedish, Danish, French, German and Dutch. Evangelistic books, too, poured from the presses under the capable supervision of Uriah Smith. One charming, tiny handbook published in 1868, is *The Advent Keepsake, A Text for Each Day of the Year, On the Subjects of Christ's Second Coming,—The Resurrection,—The New Earth,—Promises for the Time of Trouble &C. Compiled by a Believer.* This may have been an original idea, for it antedates numerous similar books of daily Bible readings, issued since by other religious publishers. It was intended "as Jacob's gift to Pharoah, 'A little balm, and a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds.' Gen. xliii,ll." The Adventists' small almanac had slight resemblance to Poor Richard's. The editorial hand of Uriah Smith was wide and firm like Franklin's, but gentle.

Henry Willis

A man must make his opportunity, as oft as find it.—Bacon

Have you ever known a successful failure? Practically every great man can be slipped into this category. Napoleon was one. Lincoln was one. Battle Creek has doubtless had several, but our most intriguing example is Henry Willis.

The man was talented, capable, honest, often inspired, a reformer at heart and interested in everything under the sun. Like many other geniuses he had too many interests. Although a vigorous worker, he could accept failure without losing his self-confidence. He was a man of vision, being able to change his view and put his sights on a new project that then became as important as the last.

Born in 1800, Willis was orphaned early and taken by a family of Quakers who brought him up on a Pennsylvania farm. He was an apprentice shoemaker, conducted a shoe store, manufactured brick, finally was appointed by the governor to superintend the Portage Railway between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. He was subsequently employed to superintend the building of the Michigan Central railroad from Detroit to Ypsilanti.

He had been widowed in 1834. After marrying Phoebe Mott (member of a famous antislavery family) he settled in Battle Creek. His first venture was a successful nursery business in the Main-Hall streets area. Kimball House Museum has his deed for a one-block property along there, dated 1845. Its cost was $75. His nursery must have been started much earlier, however, inasmuch as Bela Hubbard mentioned it in field notes in 1842.

Finding a promising clay, he started a pottery plant. Because he never succeeded in locating a material for a lasting glaze, he abandoned the manufacture.

An out-of-state company hired him to manage a sawmill on a tract of land that is now the site of Marywood Country Club. A man named Peterson leased some of the land and began Battle Creek's first 'water cure' on the property, leaving when his building burned to the ground. Willis built a home there for himself and family, dabbled in farming, lumber and piping water from St. Mary's Lake. He must have made money at these projects even though they never reached the proportions he dreamed they would.

During the St. Mary's years his name appeared often in the local paper, usually on behalf of some reform. He was a Hicksite Quaker, interested in antislavery and was a friend of Sojourner Truth. It was reported in the newspaper that at a temperance meeting the lecturer was introduced by him. He wrote letters to the editor for various local improvements and one time threatened to sue the city if his horses were ever hurt on the McCamly Street bridge which he had several times warned was too rotten for safety.

Ultimately he purchased property east of North Avenue which embraced the Spring Lakes, the present Kellogg Community College campus and the hill now the site of Leila Hospital's addition and parking lots. It was this ownership which prompted him to offer the city of Battle Creek a water system seven years before the city ordered installation of one by a Chicago firm. Willis even started to dig a bowl out of the hill and throw up a rim which was known for decades as the *Reservoir* or *Tower*. He lined the bowl with red clay from Eaton County, hauled in wagon with horse or oxen power. The bowl and rim were tamped by oxen marching round and round and round. Earlier he had campaigned for every householder to be required by law to become his own fire fighter by installing cistern and hose. Both plans were rejected.

Henry Willis was not the only man to advocate a canal across southern Michigan, but he was one who did something about it. This time, even though he was 75 years old, he obtained the backing of local prominent men. After a trip to Washington he was granted $10,000 by Congress for a survey.

His report after the survey promised a saving of 535 miles from Lake Michigan to Detroit River, connecting 335 *never failing lakes,* at an estimated cost of $4,754,800. It may be that he was too old to pursue this project against objections and to lobby for the appropriation. At least the canal faded out of the news.

When he was 85 years old, an official of the Grand Trunk railroad invited him as a consultant to a conference in London. On his return a local newspaper announced he would publicly tell of his trip to England. The speech would be given on the corner of what are now Michigan and Capital avenues. This was his last known public appearance.

Henry Willis died in December 1886, still considered a character by his neighbors, but elsewhere respected for his knowledge and his inventive mind. Biographies mention that he was ahead of his time. Looking back it would seem that this is true. Especially since 85 years later there was again talk of a canal across Southern Michigan, though hardly an under-$5 million project.

Pump Arnold—Legend

Here lies John Hill, a man of skill.
His age was five times ten.
He never did good, nor never would
Had he lived as long again.

—Pownal, Vermont, grave marker

Battle Creek has its share of legendary characters. To get to be a legend, it seems one must be extra good or extra bad. A. C. Arnold, known locally as Pump Arnold, was a character, mostly bad. He should have died in jail.

He came to our town in 1857. At first he was a rather prominent citizen, owning a mill, then manufacturing pumps, from which his nickname was derived. Later he owned the Arnold House, a hotel on South Jefferson Street (S.W. Capital) next to the Grand Trunk tracks. The depot was then nearby. It was while he ran the hotel that his shady side became visible.

To attract customers he had chained next to the building a black bear. His interest was neither in the welfare of the bear nor in the welfare of passers-by. Postmaster Latta went to Washington during Teddy Roosevelt's administration and came home with a Battle Creek experience told by Secretary of the Treasury Shaw. The *Sunday Record* printed the story.

"Secretary Shaw used to stop at the Battle Creek Sanitarium and on his last visit was accompanied by his little boy. Pump Arnold kept a large bear on a chain near the old Arnold House. While wait-

ing for a train at the Grand Trunk depot, Mr. Shaw took his son over to see the animal and to feed it popcorn from a paper sack. The boy was very cautious and gave out the corn in small doses, until hungry Bruin suddenly made a lunge for him and in an instant was hugging the boy with all his strength. Finally, however, the bear got the popcorn bag and immediately released the frightened youngster. It was corn Bruin wanted, not boy-meat."

To show how mean Pump Arnold was, there is the legend of the thousand-dollar bill. (To be sure it may have been a $100 bill, perhaps even a twenty. We can bank on it that Pump, himself not to be trusted, would never have a real thousand dollars available to pickpockets—it would surely have been counterfeit.) While he owned the hotel, Pump used to take sandwiches, popcorn and candy into the train to sell while it halted at the station. Immigrants often filled the coaches, especially Scandinavians on their way to Minnesota. They did not know money values and usually gave him paper money to let him make change. Then he would wave the thousand-dollar bill and say, "I used all my change for this. I'll have to go get some more." He would get off the train and not return. Of course there was never a lawsuit by a traveler who had been cheated, so Pump continued his rascality until he was fairly well-to-do.

His word was worse than nothing. It was not in his nature to pay the piper for either privileges or misdeeds. In 1881 he signed the Red Ribbon pledge never to sell another drop of liquor or cider. His wife was an enthusiastic worker in the temperance movement, member of the WCTU, and may have enticed him to this indiscretion.

He not only continued selling liquor, but was said to be violating the liquor laws. For a long time there was not enough evidence to convict him. The story is that William C. Gage, then mayor (in 1882) and a teetotaler, disguised himself as a tramp and bought liquor after closing hours at Arnold's place. The mayor's testimony convicted Pump.

The fable continues that Arnold took revenge by having a statue made of Mr. Gage in tramp's clothing. By this time the sinner had sold his hotel and built the Arnold Block on State Street. He placed the statue in front of his building, announcing that the statue was made by a nationally known sculptor and that he had paid a pretty penny for it. Years later, in 1896, the *Journal* tells it this way: Arnold "at last labeled it with the name of the former mayor. He was prosecuted for the libel and it is claimed that the statue disappeared within two days and was afterwards found at the bottom of the creek. The statue was exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair and attracted much attention." One more story, not so well known, is

that Arnold did not order the statue made but, having discovered it at a monument works, bought it because it so well depicted the characteristics of a tramp with his careless stance and tattered clothes.

On the night of December 16, 1894, George Arnold, son of the notorious A. C., disappeared. His body was found in the creek under the sheds of the Clapp Lumber Company the following February. The *Daily Moon* later called it the most sensational murder ever committed in this city, for Pump Arnold himself was accused of killing his own son. Arnold was convicted, but before being transferred to a state prison, was let out on appeal. He died in his Jackson Street home March 4, 1897.

While awaiting trial he had let it be advertised that he would like visits from his old cronies, especially if they would bring him cigars. The *Moon*, always interested in the local angle, let it be known that Pump had plenty of visits and plenty of cigars, some from Battle Creek's more prominent citizens. Since birds of a feather flock together, Pump Arnold may not have been the only hawk in our tree.

Although it was found he had no cash assets, Arnold did not die intestate; he left in his will a two-story building to the WCTU in memory of his wife. However, in characteristic fashion he had deeded the title to Fred McDonald, long-time faithful household servant, who turned the deed over to the City Bank to secure bondsmen, for the taxes had been unpaid. Somehow the final decision seems to have been that the property would go to the WCTU providing the society gave the income to Fred McDonald during his lifetime. By not living up to his Red Ribbon pledge Pump Arnold apparently benefited the temperance cause in spite of himself.

Leroy Sparks

Waterproof America: teach every child to swim.

—World War II slogan

A woman, carrying a pale, inert six-year-old child in her arms, walked to the edge of the Southwestern Junior High School swimming pool one afternoon in 1949. A common man with an uncommon ability took the polio-wasted body and lowered it gently into the water, elevating the swim-capped head in the bend of his arm. The child was Constance Rapson, the man was swim coach Leroy Frank Sparks.

Six months later Connie's mother placed the child beside the pool. Connie sat there, dangling her still useless legs in the water. Then she twisted herself about and with her arms, lowered herself into the pool and began to swim. The girl had been in Sparks' thera-

peutic thrice-a-week swimming class and had come a long, long way in rehabilitation.

Connie wasn't the only injured child that Roy Sparks helped back to health and strength. From 1942 when he became a consultant in physical education for the Battle Creek Public Schools and during summers for many years he conducted extracurricular swimming and diving classes. These hours of devotion to swimming are only a small part of the story of a great contributor to human welfare.

It is not important that he was born in Connecticut in 1895 and had his hopes on an education at Yale. Long before he was ready to go to college his father died and those hopes had to be replaced. He was a fine basketball player in high school and when a pamphlet came to his attention telling him of a physical education normal school in Battle Creek where he could earn his way, he jumped at the chance.

Like many a college student he waited table at the Sanitarium, learning to know Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, who had a way of analyzing the promising young people around him. There was a girl from Indiana studying home economics here, because she, too, could earn her way. Marguerite (Peg) Strauss enjoyed having her trays carried by the vigorous young athlete and if *Somewhere, My Love* had been written then, it would have become 'their song' as it did years later.

But along came World War I and Roy joined an Ambulance Corps, organized for immediate shipment overseas. That corps waited on the New Jersey coast until Sparks could endure the wait no longer and transferred to one headed for pickup. The change altered his plans again, for the second corps never did get away.

Well, then, why not be married? Peggy came east with a years-old dream of being married in the *Little-Church-Around-the-Corner.* Sgt. Sparks and his attendant, Harry McCreery, both in uniform, and Peg in white skirt, new blouse and tricorn hat had one of the biggest weddings the *Little Church* could accommodate. A large, swish, local wedding had just ended. The minister must have invited the guests and wedding party to remain and be part of the far-from-home couple's ceremony. In true wartime spirit of togetherness the crowd did just that. Peg and Roy were joined at a beautifully decorated alter and before hundreds of witnesses. On June 29, 1968, they celebrated their golden anniversary with their two daughters and families.

After the war, Sparks became Y.M.C.A. assistant director in Wilmington, Delaware, where physical education was important, and he headed the swimming program. Very soon his fame as a swimming instructor spread and by 1926 he took a swim team to a meet

in Chicago—the first high school team to enter a national swimming tournament. On the return trip he stopped off to greet Dr. Kellogg who promptly offered Sparks a job: to direct physical education at the Sanitarium. Peggy loved Battle Creek and both were pleased to return. By then the Sanitarium schools had been combined into a fully accredited college and Roy could obtain his B.S. degree.

Sparks enlarged the program at the Sanitarium until 1942 when, due to the Depression and then World War II, activities at the Sanitarium were so curtailed that he accepted the offer of the Battle Creek Public Schools to become director and consultant in physical education. While at the Sanitarium he had instituted many city programs in swimming by coaching teams and taking competitive divers and swimmers to national, especially junior meets. His proteges brought home many coveted medals. Sparks instituted the annual Goguac Lake Marathon Swim in 1928. He required all competitors to swim ¼ mile four weeks before the Marathon, adding ¼ mile each week so that the swimmers could prove their ability to swim a mile and therefore be able to negotiate the 1⅛ mile Marathon. It was in 1952 that Connie Rapson swam ¼ mile with the crowd around the pool giving her an ovation of joy when she touched the goal.

In 1960, Sparks was one of the judges for choosing the Olympic Swim Team. He received many honors for swimming instruction including the Matt Mann, Bruce Harlan and Memorial Aquatic awards and has been elected, posthumously, to the Swimming Hall of Fame in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, which he helped to organize. In appreciation for his years of dedication, Battle Creek admirers sent him to the 1960 Olympics in Rome.

Roy Sparks died in December 1968. He lives on in the annual Goguac Lake Marathon Swim (its 49th in 1976), annual Cereal Bowl meets which he instituted, the Y Center swimming pool named for him; lives in winning swimmers; lives in revitalized muscles and straightened spines of injured men and women who walk evenly and vigorously because of him; lives in Connie Rapson, medical technology laboratory supervisor in Detroit where she drives herself to work, uses one leg brace and only occasionally the aid of crutches to make her daily rounds.

The Kimball Family

No act of kindness . . . is ever wasted.—Aesop

There were three generations of Kimball men important to Battle

Creek—all physicians: Arthur H., Arthur S. Sr., and Arthur S. Jr. They are memorialized in three long lasting ways: Kimball House Museum, Kimball Medical Care Facility and Kimball Pines Park. All three Kimballs died young, nevertheless they left an important influence on the life and health of the Health City.

The surviving three children of Dr. Arthur S. Kimball Sr., Virginia, Maryo and Josephine, gave the Kimball home on N.E. Capital Avenue to the community through the Junior League and Historical Society of Battle Creek. Robert E. Gard, Maryo's husband, is the family historian. He helped Josephine Kimball Buckminster present the House, November 11, 1966. Much of this memorial to three important men is in his words.

"Our grandfather, Arthur H. Kimball, worked his way through Dartmouth College as a janitor, tending fires in the upper rooms of the dormitory, while he himself slept in a cold room in the cupola." After four years of college and three in medical school, he took a post-graduate course at Bellevue Hospital, New York City, then settled in Cummington, Massachusetts, to practice medicine.

"The Massachusetts climate, however, did not suit him. For reasons of health he desired a more adaptable climate. He tried Florida, also unsuitable. He bought land in North Dakota and was enroute there when he stopped off in Battle Creek to visit an old Dartmouth friend, Richmond Kingman." Kingman persuaded him to practice here. "Battle Creek in the early 1880s was a booming place called by its supporters 'The Queen City of Michigan.' It was advertised far and wide as having the best climate, the most moral atmosphere, the largest printing business, the busiest railroad yards, excellent water works and the lowest mortality rate of any city in Michigan.

"No wonder grandfather stayed in Battle Creek! It was certainly a city for enterprise, and grandfather Kimball did well. In 1886 he built a business block downtown, and he and his wife, Marion Baker Kimball, built a house on Maple Street, a part of town which was then the height of fashion. Friends famous in Battle Creek history visited in the Kimball house: Dr. J. H. Kellogg, his brother W. K. Kellogg, C. W. Post, the Kingmans, the Bathricks and the Merritts.

"Dr. Arthur H. Kimball's practice in Battle Creek covered only twelve years. He was but 44 when he died. Always father and grandfather had been very close, and our father had from the earliest years a determination to become a doctor. In 1896 he enrolled in his father's chosen college, Dartmouth. His curiosity was boundless and he became interested in a great variety of college programs: sports, plays and literature. In his four years at Dartmouth he attended all home games, keeping accurate and detailed statistics on

yards gained and scores per quarter. Many telegrams, which he exchanged with various friends, detail scores of games and can be found in the scrapbook which he kept in college. His scrapbook holds programs of dances and plays and pictures of girl friends. A very typical, happy college lad who had many friends . . . perhaps because he was dedicated all his life to serving others. He loved children and after receiving his degrees from Dartmouth and University of Michigan Medical School, he came back to Battle Creek and began his practice here as a child specialist. Friends and patients remember his taking his twin babies, Arthur Jr. and Maryo, on the front seat of his open car while making his rounds. He wanted to enjoy them as less busy fathers were privileged to do with their their children.

"Arthur S. Kimball Sr. died in 1921, at the age of 43. His health was frail and he was unsparing of himself. He delivered in his short life of practice more than 2,000 babies; conducted child clinics; founded the Red Cross here; established clinics for the poor; and carried on a lifelong fight against the scourge of mankind at that time: tuberculosis."

There were even more accomplishments. Dr. Kimball was instrumental in the building of a detention hospital for contagious diseases and in conjunction with Dr. J. H. Kellogg started the first local fresh air school, hoping to prevent tuberculosis in children who showed a tendency to pulmonary weakness.

Calhoun County Tuberculosis Hospital was opened for patients February 12, 1924. In 1928 the citizens of Battle Creek placed a plaque in the hospital in memory of Arthur S. Kimball M.D. and his "self-sacrificing dedication." In 1943 the name was changed from Calhoun County Tuberculosis Hospital to Arthur S. Kimball Sanatorium.

Although the third of the doctors Kimball, Arthur S. Jr., was the least widely known, his contributions to medicine in the treatment of tuberculosis were as great as those of his father and grandfather. He was appointed administrator of the sanatorium named for his father, after serving as a director of a large tuberculosis sanatorium in Oakland County. He was, perhaps, more frail in health than his father and grandfather but outlived them to age 54. His devotion was to the comfort, cure and restoration of the individual patient.

As an administrator he was cheerful yet strict: with patients, for their own good, who adored him and would do anything to meet his approval; with employees who respected him and his demand for loyalty to the patients. He had talent and know-how for mechanics, being aware that the hospital needed constant repairs. He

was willing to crawl to the farthest corner of the boiler room to help the maintenance men. Employees were in awe of him but fondly stated that he held the building together with bailing wire.

He and his wife, Patricia Fisher Kimball, resided for nearly 20 years in Kimball House. Their devotion to tradition in upkeep of the home made its conversion to a house museum possible with a minimum of change.

Quite as memorable in community service as the Kimball medical men are two Kimball women—Minnie Osterbind Kimball and her daughter, Eleanor. In Virginia, Minnie was an outstanding student in high school and college and was determined to have a career in medicine. With the help of her dean at Randolph-Macon College, she was entered at age 20 in the University of Michigan Medical School. Students Osterbind and Kimball met in a biology lab. Although the scholarly girl would have graduated with a medical degree in 1904, she married the middle Dr. Kimball after his graduation in 1903 and came to Battle Creek to live.

During their 18 years of marriage she stood behind Arthur S. in his many benefactions for improving health facilities in Battle Creek. His early death left her very little in financial security and there were five children to support and educate, all five receiving college diplomas with two taking graduate degrees: Eleanor in law, Arthur S. Jr. in medicine. To do all this, Minnie Kimball became director of the community center; director of women's projects under the WPA; hostess at Camp Custer and ultimately county welfare agent, where she endeared herself to many families struggling under the burden of the Depression and then World War II. How she managed to keep up the old home, now Kimball House Museum, help needy families, and yet have the time and energy to instill in her children a strong feeling for heritage, is now amazing. Josephine, the youngest child, tells how she was ashamed of the built-in zinc bathtub when her friends' houses boasted white porcelain tubs on fancy, squat, iron legs; and then when she went to college how she missed the old tub, cozy and warm as the water in it, in contrast to the cold white one that never seemed to cooperate with the hot water.

Eleanor Kimball, the loved older sister, devoted her energy to community projects in the family tradition. She chose the legal profession and established her practice here in 1936, becoming the first woman lawyer to try a criminal case in Calhoun County. The family history states, "She won, too." She ran for the office of justice of the peace and lost by only seven votes. She ran on the platform that the justice of the peace ought to be a lawyer. She was president of the Calhoun County Tuberculosis Association and headed the Christmas Seal Campaign for several years.

Her early enlistment as a Navy lieutenant in World Wor II put her in Washington as a congressional investigator of legal contracts. She lived only five years after the close of the war but is still remembered as a quiet, kindly, capable woman.

Those five Kimballs left their mark, not only on the town but on the three surviving sisters. Although the sisters lived far apart they gave with one mind and heart the fine old home at 196 N.E. Capital Avenue to Battle Creek for a historical museum. An appropriate way to remember.

Arch Flannery, Athlete and Planner

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.—Emerson

Arch Flannery had a Kentucky drawl and a quiet manner to go with it. To meet him you would never have guessed he was a bundle of efficiency. He accomplished much for Battle Creek. His deliberate style was deceiving; it was an athlete's rhythm. Like a hidden waterfall his spent energy didn't show.

Flannery belonged to Battle Creek, although he was born in Kentuckey in 1889. He lived here 50 years and gave this city credit for much of his development. In turn Battle Creek honored him for his contributions to local athletics, recreation and public parks.

His well-educated mother came from the Bluegrass Country to teach in Kentucky's mountains, married a lumberman, bore 10 children and taught school 42 years. They lived in a log cabin; his mother taught in a log schoolhouse. Arch was one of the younger children. An early memory was riding on horseback to school with his mother. He remembered a cradle was kept in the school for his little sister.

Flannerys were the first mountain family to attend the now famous school in Berea, Kentucky. "Dad took the kids and a wagon load of provisions in the fall," Arch said. "He did the same after Christmas. They had their own cow. I remember leading that cow, year after year, to school in the fall and back again in the spring."

Arch finished high school in Berea. While there he picked up some 'benefits' on Saturdays and Sundays by playing on the Blue Lick baseball team, part of the Bluegrass League.

The manager of the Richmond, Kentucky, team came to Michigan to manage the Battle Creek Crickets that played on the Lakeview Athletic Park field (now the site of school and playground on Highland Avenue between Columbia and Surby avenues). He brought Flannery here to play on that team. Arch never seemed to have any money. Baseball salaries in those days were the poor relations

of starvation wages.

In the fall Dr. Kellogg asked him to attend the Normal School of Physical Education, one of the Sanitarium's colleges. Arch worked his way on the Sanitarium grounds at waiting table or any odd jobs available. He and three other students lived in a tent in a grove on Ann Avenue. There were few men enrolled in the school but its baseball team beat Kalamazoo Normal. The team often played two days in succession and when it did, Arch pitched one day and caught the next.

Arch next went to Kalamazoo Normal. Coach Bill Spaulding invited him and gave him 45 cents for the interurban fare. "I attended Kalamazoo Normal two years and should have received a certificate," Arch said. "I earned it but I don't think they ever sent it to me. Another fellow and I bought a suit together for $4, and graduation day it was his turn to wear the suit." W. G. Coburn, superintendent of the Battle Creek schools, knew Flannery's ability and offered him a job as physical education director and baseball coach. Flannery reported that in the fall of 1917 he also taught calisthenics, Indian club twirling and aesthetic dancing, no less.

On to France in World War I as a medical corpsman, he was back in the fall of 1919. In 1923 he was loaned to Hawaii one and one-half years, where he built tennis courts and baseball diamonds on the island of Maui. He organized track and ball teams and leagues, then functioned as coach, referee and umpire.

Back in Battle Creek he taught until 1929, working in city recreation as a volunteer. George Genebach was instrumental in having the city set up a recreation program with Flannery as its director.

During the ensuing years, Flannery did big things with little notice. His summer baseball leagues kept many a youth out of mischief and culminated in making Battle Creek the headquarters for the American Amateur Baseball Congress. Arch credited W. K. Kellogg for much of the success of these programs because the latter paid for the athletic equipment used in local programs both before and after presenting the city with the Boy Scout (now the Youth) Building on West Street.

To carry on the recreation activities, Flannery saw that parks needed attention. He was given assistance with the recreation program and in 1948 he headed a newly created Parks and Recreation Department. Over the years he has helped create Bailey, Fell, McCrea and Binder parks and revamped McCamly, Irving, Piper and Willard parks, always keeping recreation needs uppermost.

Flowers, shrubs and trees grow in many parks and at roadsides because Arch Flannery had them planted there. Asked how he managed to plant thousands of tulips, then replace them with summer annuals each year, he answered, "Early morning planning. Our fine crew knows just what to do each day." A proper statement by an efficient manager.

Acquisition and development of Binder Park was Arch Flannery's special—and final—project for the city. Charles Binder was a Battle Creek meat merchant as his father, Robert Binder, had been before him. Charles and his wife loved the out-of-doors and acquired more than a section of land beyond Beadle Lake where they had their home. Their pleasure was riding through their property late every good weather day throughout the year.

Arch Flannery and Dr. Manley Capron Sr. were close friends. Capron was Mrs. Binder's loved physician. In his unassuming way, Flannery convinced Dr. Capron that the Binder farm should belong to the city. Ultimately Arch laid his plans, well worked out, before Mrs. Binder. The acreage was given to the city on condition that Flannery and his equally low-key, vigorous wife would live in the former Binder home to look after the park.

Roads, picnic and camping grounds, nucleus of a children's zoo, ducks on the creek, all became a reality. Before his retirement in 1963, Arch saw his proposed golf course—a splendid one—also established.

Until his final illness in 1975, Arch Flannery kept in fine physical condition, playing golf nearly every day and helping two small communities lay out golf courses—one in North Carolina and one near his Lake City, Michigan, summer home. Caddies and other youngsters begged the octogenarian, "Play with me!"

The influence of Arch Flannery will be felt in Battle Creek as long as his parks exist and for a very long time in the hearts of men whose lives he enriched.

Ann Lapham Graves—Ahead of Her Time

To manage men one ought to have a sharp mind in a velvet sheath.
—George Eliot

When Battle Creek was 15 years old by the building of its first cabin and only a decade old by any real community activity, Ann Lapham of Erie County, New York, located here to open a 'select school.' She was a talented teacher and after a couple of years, was snapped up by the Young Ladies' Seminary of Dayton, Ohio. Three years later she married Benjamin Franklin Graves, a Battle Creek justice of the peace.

Even after she was married in 1851, she "taught at a select school in the same building where her husband had his law practice." They lived in a modest apartment nearby.

Ann was a relative of Erastus Hussey, famous antislavery and underground railroad worker. The Graves bought a six-and-half acre farm opposite the Hussey home on North Washington Avenue. Here they had three children: Arthur who lived to age 10, Henry who ultimately practiced law in Detroit and Lydia who married a Detroit lawyer. When Henry was 5 and Lydia 12, the house and farm were sold to the Adventists who started a Water Cure, the nucleus of the later Battle Creek Sanitarium. The Graves then bought the Manchester farm which they later sold as lots in the 'Graves Addition.' Graves Avenue, Ann Avenue and Manchester Street were named when the addition was created.

Benjamin Graves became Circuit Judge and Michigan Supreme Court Justice. His wife kept up with him in community activities. She was a friend of the reformers—Battle Creek had a goodly share of them, including Sojourner Truth whose grandson, Billy Boyd, was a playmate of Henry Graves. Of course Ann attended Lucy Stone's lecture on Women's Rights when Lucy spoke here in the winter of 1851-2. It was no effort at all for Ann Lapham Graves to become active in that cause.

Her neighbor and good friend, Sarah Hussey, was also an independent thinker. Following a visit to the Kalamazoo Ladies' Library Association, Michigan's first women's club, Sarah was determined to form one in Battle Creek and talked it over with Ann Graves. A constitution was drawn up, a half-dozen women met, approved and signed it; Ann Graves was made president and librarian. Willard Library has her penciled first list of books available for loan. Anyone could become a borrower on paying a fee of $1 a year. A small school library was subsequently formed and when Sarah Hussey's son-in-law, Henry Denman, left a substantial bequest to enlarge the school library into a public one, the Ladies Library became the Ladies' Literary and Art Club. In 1892, the title was again changed to the Woman's Club, the name under which the group still functions. Ann Graves was president 26 of the 30 years from 1864, when the association was formed, to 1894, the year of her death.

Ann's dearest cause was obtaining the vote for women. The early suffrage meetings in Battle Creek attracted nearly as many men as women. This was important because only the vote by men could grant the vote to women. Battle Creek backers and Ann Graves in particular joined in the statewide campaign in 1874 to amend the Michigan constitution, but woman suffrage lost by more than a three-to-one decision.

From 1867 on, Michigan women who were taxpayers already had a limited vote to elect school boards in cities and townships. By

1881, the requirement was relaxed to include ownership of any property. Women who were parents of school age children could vote for school board members. It was then that the Michigan State Suffrage Association inspired women throughout the state to run for school boards. The local club was instrumental in nominating Ann Graves and Mary Briggs for school trustees. The vote for the two women exceeded the total for the four men running; the two women and one man were elected. At the first meeting of the new board, Ann Graves was made president—the only women ever to hold that position in Battle Creek.

Ann Graves had another neighbor friend, Betsy Barbour, mother of Levi Barbour, loyal University of Michigan alumnus and donor to its causes. The Barbours moved to Detroit but the two women continued a close bond in correspondence. Both were independent thinkers and they decided to make some investments on their own. Their husbands pooh-poohed their efforts, but strangely enough they made money. There was discussion in their letters of buying Battle Creek city bonds at a discount—between talk of measles, and of gruels for the invalids.

Ann Graves, loyal wife, practical mother, affectionate friend, tireless worker for the good of the community, had brought about improvements in the schools for teachers and students. While visiting schools, she was thrown from her carriage by a runaway horse. Following the accident, she died June 22, 1894—in service for her causes, as she would have chosen—'with her boots on.'

Sweet Family Legends

Everything must have in it a sharp seasoning of truth.—St. Jerome

One family named Sweet is now in its seventh generation in the Battle Creek area. As in many families, the younger members wish they could know more about their ancestors. There isn't much information—just a story here and there. Yet a few stories can make people come alive as a heap of statistics could not.

Hermes Sweet and a brother were among our earliest pioneers. Hermes built his cabin on high ground east of the road to South Battle Creek (now S. W. Capital Avenue) and in view of what became known as Willard's Cove. There was no better view of the sunsets across Goguac Lake with the island, later known as Ward's, to break the shimmering path of sunlight on water or ice. Across the road Hermes set up his blacksmith's anvil— a great help to South Battle Creek and Goguac Prairie pioneers.

When he built himself a proper house he wished for pine boards for woodwork. No evergreens grew in the area except on the islands

in Goguac Lake, due to the burning off of the prairies and oak openings by the Indians. Hermes cut down the pines on the middle island, floated them to shore and probably snaked them the short distance overland to Langley's sawmill. He felt a little guilty, however, in taking the pines and therefore planted peach pits among their stumps. The earliest maps of Goguac Lake show 'Peach Island.' A recent owner of the island found two peach trees, evidently self-seeded, struggling for life beneath the tall maples, hickories and oaks that had taken over the space.

Hermes Sweet's son, Lucius, was said to have had half ownership of the first steamboat on Goguac. It may have been a sailboat or the steamer *Peerless* and was intended to make money by ferrying passengers. It wasn't very seaworthy and its sudden disappearance was not accounted for by the neighbors. Sold or scuttled, nobody knew. Scuba divers still look for traces of it.

Lucius was a 'character' and his genes of independence have popped up in more than one descendant. Some offspring believe he was lazy. As a career man he ran a grocery for some years. He also knew how to dig wells.

He was doubtless patriotic enough—but critical—for the *Battle Creek Journal* of April 30, 1865, (three weeks after Appomattox), reported that Elihu Warner and Lucius Sweet were made to swear allegiance and kiss the flag on the Battle Creek House balcony.

Sweet must have had allure, however, for he married Leonora Chatterton, the well-educated daughter of a physician. There is a story that Leonora married Lucius on the rebound after quarreling with a fiance who was a professor at University of Michigan. Lucius was killed in a horse-and-buggy runaway accident and Leonora lived on in her charming white house with the picket fence on East Main while city buildings were erected all about her. There came a time when her house must be sold and she must move into her son's home on Green Street. No way would she let someone else live there. She oversaw the destruction herself and kept the property, becoming part owner of the city block that took its place.

Leonora had considerable zip of her own and great influence on her son, Forest G. Sweet. A neighbor boy, Howard Sherman, and Forest were kept busy on rainy days playing anagrams. Forest responded to his mother's teaching and story-telling, becoming adept at writing, which was his first career. He wrote editorials for the *Baltimore Sun* for a while, but returned to Battle Creek when his paper's politics changed. The *Enquirer* carried some of his excellent historical features. They are based on careful research. From boyhood he enjoyed collecting stamps and studying their history. He

was a restless being and from middle age spent much of his time in the east, returning periodically for visits with his wife, Emma Beach, a lady of refinement, and their three children, Forest Helmer, Hazen and Helen.

Forest G. was the most colorful of the lot and descendants say the most able. He made a good living for himself and family dealing in stamps and autographs. He ultimately was greatly respected among dealers and collectors for his ability to identify signatures of famous American men. He could tell the age of paper by touch. Above his bed in Battle Creek hung a silhouette of Benjamin Franklin supposedly signed by Franklin himself. He kept it there to remind him of his early mistakes in judgment, for the signature was proved a forgery.

Forest G. loved good food and sought out the best restaurants when he could afford them. He was not very tall and his weight reached 215 pounds. After an illness in later years, a son was asked about his father's health. "Oh, he gets around," answered the son, "but his third chin now rests on his chest." A certain irreverance is part of the Sweet inheritance—and sometimes charm.

The younger Forest—Helmer to his friends—also became a dealer in American history autographs, a business now continued by his daughter Julia Sweet Newman. His four children loved their upbringing on extensive land beside Clear Lake in Pennfield Township. When in high school the eldest three were given a year out of school, a Ford car and a Schult house trailer, a limited budget, and told to study the United States. This was pretty 'far out' for 1939-40, but accomplished what the children's sire had intended.

Sweet family's stories—perhaps not strictly true, but true enough to show the salt and the humor Hermes possessed to cope with pioneer hardship. It is a fact that a fifth generation descendant recently bought a new home in the Lakeview suburb. With abstract in hand she asked, breathless with excitement, "Who's Hermes Sweet? Any relation?"

Her mother answered, "Yes, indeed. He's your great-great-great-grandfather."

"Hooray! We've just bought a teeny bit of his farm!"

Lucky Hermes, to receive an appreciation dividend 140 years after he made the investment.

Mrs. John Harvey Kellogg as 'Mother'

One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters. —G. Herbert

"You are the Mother of Home Economics, aren't you?" someone asked the late Lenna Frances Cooper, dietician, teacher and author

of books on cooking and nutrition.

"I'm sometimes called the Dean," answered that grand lady, "but the 'Mother' of Home Economics is without doubt Ella Eaton Kellogg."

In the sixteenth century, the word *economics* referred to capable management of household affairs. By 1900 the usage had so changed that to imply household efficiency, the addition of *home* was necessary to describe the 'new science.' The first cooking and housekeeping courses offered in Michigan schools were named *Domestic Science,* but it was the School of Home Economics that was opened in conjunction with the Battle Creek Sanitarium and later combined with schools for nursing and physical education.

Ella Eaton Kellogg had been developing the science of dietetics as well as cooking and household management for many years. Her library bulged with books on child care and nutrition and she was fully capable of writing a new book of her own. *Science in the Kitchen,* comprehensive and practical, was published in 1892.

Of course the author followed the precepts of her husband, Dr. John Harvey Kellogg. In addition, she gave authoritive reasons for processes practiced by all American cooks, even if they didn't know why. Her explanations of the use of grains, of the chemistry of breadmaking and leavening agents were brief, understandable masterpieces unequaled in their time. Two or three cookbooks containing suggestions for efficient workshop kitchens had appeared earlier in the nineteenth century. Mrs. Kellogg's chapter on the subject in *Science* offered many shortcuts and ecomonies not previously suggested. She had the reputation of being an excellent teacher.

Ella Eaton must have been a demon for work. Her dedication to duty in nursing some very ill patients, her devotion to her church (Seventh Day Baptist), her defiance of anything she thought was wrong and her defense of right, her writing and editing ability—all appealed to the Little Doctor who tried never to waste a minute and, if he had known playing cards, would have called a spade *a spade.*

The Kelloggs were married in 1879. Her experimental kitchen was established in a cottage on the Sanitarium grounds in 1883. It was from this modest beginning that Ella Kellogg created dozens of usable dietary improvements for the Sanitarium, founded a Cooking School that became the School of Home Economics, tried out and improved or discarded cereal suggestions.

Ella Eaton Kellogg was 'Mother' to much more than Home Economics and articles in *Good Health* magazine. Having no children of their own, Dr. and Mrs. Kellogg ultimately took forty-two children into their own home. They tried not to have more than fourteen at a time, although there was a period when nineteen children were in the family. A few were legally adopted and took the Kellogg name.

During their upbringing there was little or no outside help in the 20-room house. Each child assumed some duties. Mrs. Kellogg was an excellent organizer. She wrote 'everything' down. What is obviously her penciled first draft of family rules of behavior still exists. Mrs. Kellogg has left spaces after each rule for additions or changes. Here is that first draft, a kind of constitution and bylaws for getting along together. She emphasized certain ideas with underlining.

> All members of the family should respect the rights of every other member of the family. If they make use of rooms which other people keep clean, they should have care to pick up any litter they have made, to put back in place anything they have used, to clean any tub, dish or other utensil and to use no one else's comb, brush, towels, bath sheets, etc., to borrow no one's handkerchiefs, stockings, pins or anything belonging to another without permission; to take the soap, towels or other things from the bathroom. They should respect other people's time and not encroach upon people when they are at work or when they wish to study.
>
> All persons should have a care that their manners, at table, in company, at all times and in all places are such as not to offend others.
>
> All persons should practice courtesy of speech with all others. Slang should be left out. It should be considered wholly out of place to call anyone by a nickname.
>
> We shall all discourage gossip and endeaver to say nothing of any but good things. If we know of evil things not to repeat them.
>
> We shall aim to be punctual at all regular services, as prayers and meals, church, and school.
>
> We shall not leave the premises without first having advised with one or both of our parents, except it be for some regular duty as school or work.
>
> All members of the family shall endeavor to show especial respect to any man or woman who comes into the household as a helper.
>
> All persons should appear at meals well washed, combed and tidily dressed.
>
> All persons shall have a care to keep the yard clean of garbage, not throwing things like apple cores, orange peel, crackers or rubbish out the windows or doors. And no person should deposit chocolate papers, bits of food, etc., on plants or leave in other people's rooms for them to take care of.
>
> All members of the family should consider it a dishonor to vio-

late any of the health principles which they have been taught.

Every member of the household is entitled to the privilege of sleep. All persons shall make an effort to keep quiet after nine-thirty P.M. No loud talking, laughing, playing the piano, shouting or singing or other unnecessary disturbances. Quiet should be aimed for during the morning hours also.

It should be considered dishonorable for any person to listen at the door, keyhole or transom while others are taking music lessons, or talking together in their rooms. Eavesdroppers never hear any good of themselves.

If a member of the household sees or hears (in other words, knows) of misdemeanors on the part of other members of the household it shall be their care not to speak of the matter to others who do not know of it, but to go to the offender and urge her or him to reform. After due time if there is no appearance of reform, the matter should be reported to our parents for their consideration.

All members of the family shall strive to be loyal to all other members of the family, never speaking to outsiders in regard to anything which is either a personal or family matter.

Mrs. Kellogg was graduated from Alfred University in western New York at the age of 19. She was well prepared for the challenges she met in Battle Creek. She helped to found Haskell Home for orphaned children. Her two published books besides *Science* were *Talks With Girls* and *Studies in Character Building.* For many years she guided various studies in the national W.C.T.U. In middle life she became quite deaf, ultimately totally so. Her creativity did not cease because of this. Her days were filled with gardening, homekeeping, more writing for *Good Health.* She was a busy, productive, enthusiastic being throughout her 67 years.

Career Girls a Century Ago

In creating, the only hard thing's to begin. —J. R. Lowell

Battle Creek's first directory (1869/70) carries the names Ella Farman and Emma Shaw. Both lived at 35 North Avenue and each gave 'tailoress' as her line of work. Yet both became famous as writers and farmers. The building of their friendship and its collapse resemble fiction. Their fame came about like the plot of an Ella Farman story.

The two girls had known each other from childhood in upper New York. They became bored with school teaching and came west to buy a farm. Battle Creek was their destination because Ella had a cousin living here. At least these are the facts given by Ella Farman in an article, *Two Girls Tried Farming* that appeared in February 1875 *Atlantic,* the patriarch of national magazines at that time. Miss Farman used a pen name and may have embellished the truth a little.

Ella's account of their trials and successes as farmers was so unusual that it was published as a book under her own name a few years later. Their venture was very daring.

With a small inheritance they bought a farm and house a few miles north of Bedford. Several donated pieces were their only furniture, but the girls were determined, optimistic and happy with their outdoor occupations. Although they were both small in stature, they learned to cope with man-sized jobs. The latest in agricultural methods were used by them to the ridicule (and later the admiration) of their neighbors.

Their most striking innovation was their style of dress. Taking a cue from the newsworthy Mrs. Bloomer, they made Turkish trousers of sturdy covert cloth over which they wore colorful dresses short enough to allow them complete freedom of motion, whether plowing, mending fences or cleaning stables. The skirts seem to have been shorter than knee-length—a terrific innovation.

As with all pioneers, the first year was rough going but even the birds soon learned that they were wanted to keep the grubs and other pests under control, being entitled to some of the harvest as their reward. The girls raised and preserved most of their food as farm families did in those days.

Perhaps it was during the winter months of that first year in their farm home that Ella Farman, with her friend's help and criticism, wrote some children's stories and submitted them to D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, Boston. Soon an editor came to visit them, some accounts say that it was Daniel Lothrop himself. He suggested that the two women take on the planning and editorship of a proposed children's magazine. By 1875 the name *Wide Awake* was chosen and the journal launched. After six or eight months of publication the girls were urged to sell their farm and move to Boston, which they did.

Emma Shaw was never completely happy in the city. When her writing partner married Charles Stuart Pratt, art editor at Lothrop & Co., Emma returned to Battle Creek. She was teaching school here in 1880, and living with Ella's mother and sister who had earlier followed Ella from New York State. Later she became an editorial assistant to Dr. J. H. Kellogg at the Good Health Publishing Co., a position she retained many years until her eyesight failed. Her love of her days of freedom on the farm was evidenced by the rather mannish dress she wore. The tailoress of former days could design and make her own.

Ella Farman wrote stories for other magazines and newpapers while continuing to edit *Wide Awake* and write children's books for Lothrop. Her magazine published several contemporary writers,

including Margaret Sidney, whose stories about the Five Little Peppers first appeared in *Wide Awake*. With her husband Ella launched another magazine, *Little Folks*. In 1903 she published a picture guessing story for children with 500 illustrations by Ralph Farman Pratt, probably her son.

Ella Farman and Emma Shaw were rare specimens in the nineteenth century: career women. Teachers, tailoresses, farmers, writers, editors, they lived fuller lives than many of their contemporaries.

Erastus Hussey and the Underground Railroad

In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free.

—Lincoln

The study of local history is like calling the formations of an old-fashioned square dance. Partners step in unison but are separated, this way, that way, to create new patterns. The historian divides his findings: left, legends; right, facts. Both are useful in the ultimate design but each must be kept in its proper place.

Accurate data on the pre-Civil War Underground Railroad routes followed by escaping slaves is minimal. Much of the Underground's early history is based on reminiscence because it was a secret activity. It must be remembered that during those early years the majority of citizens were against helping slaves; and the conductors of the Underground Railroad tried to stay incognito. Battle Creek's participation in the Underground comes closer to being documented than elsewhere in Michigan, due to interviews with the Quaker, Erastus Hussey, local conductor, by two honest historians, Charles Barnes and Burritt Hamilton.

Antislavery agitation began in Michigan in the early 1830s. Emigrants had arrived from eastern states where slavery was already abolished. New York, for example, had freed its older slaves in 1817 and all of them in 1827. Weekly newspapers devoted to antislavery were springing up—William Lloyd Garrison's *Liberator*, published in Boston, was started in 1837.

There were two Underground escape routes in Michigan— one from eastern Indiana through Adrian to Detroit and the more circuitous route from western Indiana, northeast through Cassopolis, Climax and Battle Creek, east to Marshall and on to Detroit where the crossing to Canada was negotiated. There escapees could become free subjects of the Queen. The route from Climax followed the Old Territorial Road northward to Battle Creek. A few times the conductors turned east in Battle Creek Township where four sympathizers were available, on to Emmett Township where there was one, hence

to Marshall. Stations were 15 or less miles apart. During the years when there was local opposition to the Underground, travel was done in secret by wagon, usually at night. The fugitives were hidden in attics, basements or haymows during the day.

The Underground Railroad functioned through Battle Creek much earlier than is commonly supposed, beginning in 1840. Escaped slaves were brought by Isaac Davis or his helpers from Climax: Hussey had charge of conveying them to Marshall, the next station on their way to freedom in Canada. The work was pretty well finished along this route by 1855. That year Hussey moved to a new home on North Washington Avenue from his former residence near his store on Main Street. Relatives claim that secret rooms were built in the basement of the new home. Later, excavators for college buildings at this site reported finding tunnels. Yet Hussey himself stated that "not so many colored persons were cared for at this home as at the old store building on East Main Street." Underground activity everywhere stopped completely with Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, January 1, 1863.

Actually not more than 1,000 escapees were helped along this Michigan route between 1840 and 1862. Fugitives came usually one to four at a time. On one occasion, however, there were 45 refugees and 9 white guides whom Hussey called *guards*. The mass exodus followed a raid in Cass County by Kentucky slave-catchers.

Cass County was the home of more than 300 freedmen who owned property purchased for them by their former masters. Sometimes freedmen were kidnapped by slave-catchers and taken south to be sold into slavery again. *The Anti-Slavery Bugle*, published in Ohio (1845-63), reported many such illegal kidnappings in Ohio and New York. Fleeing to Canada was frequently as necessary for freedmen as for fugitive slaves, especially after passage of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850. The injustice of kidnapping freedmen gradually aroused the Battle Creek citizenry to antislavery. The time that 45 fugitives came through Battle Creek, Hussey received the loan of an empty store in which to house them, besides gifts of potatoes and flour from sympathizers to help in feeding the large group.

A federal Fugitive Slave Law of sorts had been on the books since late in the eighteenth century. In January 1847, Marshall citizens sprang to the aid of the Crosswhite family threatened with abduction back to the south and dramatically helped the entire family escape to Canada.

After passage of the 1850 Fugitive Slave Law, some of the Marshall friends of fugitives were arrested and given heavy fines. Villagers from Climax, Battle Creek and other Underground stations gave money, some as much as $25, a huge sum in those days, to help pay

the fines and keep the friends of the fugitives out of jail. Zachariah Chandler, Detroit politician, gave $100.

The antislavery attitude came slowly to Battle Creek as a whole, however. Hussey published an antislavery newspaper, *Michigan Liberty Press*, beginning in 1848. Postal employees refused to deliver the paper and the general public was still antagonistic. The printing plant was burned June 1849, obviously by an arsonist.

The Michigan Anti-Slavery Society was formed in 1853. One of its first regional meetings was held in Battle Creek. On March 24, 1854, Horace Greeley lectured in the old Methodist Church where the City Hall now stands. He was a reformer at heart and worked through his newspaper, *New York Tribune*, for many causes. The slavery question challenged him most and he worked hardest on behalf of freedom for all. "To his masterly efforts in solidifying the opposition to slavery into a strong living force, the Whig Party owed its death and the Republican Party its birth." A review of Greeley's visit appeared in the *Battle Creek Weekly Journal* of April 2, 1854. The reviewer used many complimentary adjectives. One was *indefatigable* which Greeley must have been, for he visited the Union School and spoke to the students in the "practical manner so characteristic of the man; and his room at the Battle Creek House was thronged by our citizens anxious to pay their respects to a man whose influence in favor of correct principles all are willing to acknowledge. In the evening the Methodist Church was crowded with attentive listeners to hear his lecture on slavery. Hundreds could not get admittance, and wagonload after wagonload from the country and surrounding towns were alike disappointed."

In the fall of 1854 Hussey was elected to the Michigan Senate on the Freesoil ticket. He drafted a bill that was passed, making capture of refugee slaves illegal within Michigan. The legality of this bill was upheld in spite of the national Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 and the problem with slave-catchers in this region ended.

The Michigan Anti-Slavery Society continued to have annual meetings. The meeting of the Friends of Human Progress in the Quaker Meeting House in October 1856, at which Sojourner Truth spoke against slavery, was not reported in the *Battle Creek Journal*. The 1857 meeting was reported although antislavery was not stressed. Both years it was the *Anit-Slavery Bugle* that printed detailed reports.

Abraham Lincoln spoke in Kalamazoo in August 1856, mentioning the curse of slavery several times in his speech. Battle Creek's Band and its very fine Glee Club were part of that great gathering. Battle Creek and the rest of Michigan were ready to save the Union and free the slaves by April 1861, when the Civil War began.

Bernarr Macfadden—Phys. Cult.

Yours for Exhilarating Health. —Bernarr Macfadden

His May 15, 1908, blue paper flyer reads, "Bernarr Macfadden Sanitariums. Battle Creek, Mich. Capacity 400. Chesham, Eng. Capacity 40. Disease Cured Without Drugs." The sketch between these claims is of the fieldstone building erected by Neil S. Phelps as a sanatorium, under whose management it failed. Macfadden had no better luck than Phelps. Both tried to create competition to Dr. John Harvey Kellogg's San across Washington Avenue. Both offered little but promises. "Come here and let us show you that health is surely within your reach," claims the Macfadden flyer. "We have no doubt about our ability to bring about satisfactory results. In some cases we even guarantee cures. No other institution in the world has ever dared to make such a proposition."

This promise is subsequently modified in Item G under Schedule of Rates. "Guaranteed Cure: When guaranteed cures are desired the patient must come here for examination, after which a definite price will be made, providing we feel justified in guaranteeing a price."

Item F offers exquisite discounts for payment well in advance. That is, with characteristic Macfadden reservations. "Under no circumstances will money be refunded."

And then there is Item H: "All special attention beyond that which is ordinarily required will be charged extra."

Bernarr Macfadden was a man of many starts. In answer to a questionnaire in 1953 concerning his recollections of Battle Creek he wrote, "My first sanitarium was just across from Kellogg's large building which I understand is now being occupied by Battle Creek Sanitarium. On another occasion I occupied the building that the Armed Forces vacated, and later on we had a small building in which we took a few patients. I have forgotten the address of this. Don't remember dates."

The 'Armed Forces building' was the Roosevelt Community House at the edge of Camp Custer, later the American Legion Hospital. The date of occupation was 1921. The following year he moved into the 'small building' the former Carroll Post mansion at 238 Maple Street. Its title at that time was International Health Resort Association. *The Moon Journal* stated May 27, 1924: "Mr. Macfadden visits the Battle Creek institution occasionally, keeping in close touch with its activities that are growing very rapidly. He spends most of his time in New York City, however."

The busy promoter went that month of May 1924 to Washington to speak to U.S. Congressmen. He "demonstrated the health reg-

imen" by presenting two of his daughters "in dance." At that moment he was expounding on the health-building properties of dancing, stating it was the best of all exercise—even better than swimming—"to develop the body symmetrically; to insure muscular co-ordination; and to create grace and beauty." Although his Battle Creek institution in 1908 claimed to have several kinds of curative baths and swimming pools, the house on Maple Street lacked swimming hydrotherapy. It probably was cheaper to advocate dancing than to build a swimming pool. He also suggested fasting—not a bad policy for a Health Resort with boarding guests.

"I never eat without an appetite," Macfadden told the assembled Congressmen. "If I am not hungry I fast, sometimes for several days until I enjoy my food."

At one time Macfadden published a cookbook. It's not bad. He followed Ella Eaton Kellogg's *Science in the Kitchen* in its introductory chapters rewording many of Dr. Kellogg's precepts as his own. Publishing ultimately became Macfadden's prime interest. *Physical Culture,* probably his first magazine and popular for decades, was supplemented by *True Story* and many more. By 1930 *Fortune Magazine* (a quality business journal, not a Macfadden publication) named Bernarr Macfadden one of its *Faces of the Month.* Under a photo of the bare-chested physical culturist, *Fortune* stated that Macfadden Publications, Inc. was publishing a dozen colorful magazines with a total circulation of 8,000,000 and the 70-year-old was just then starting his 46th magazine venture. Obviously a few, like his health resorts, were dropped due to low financial return. Now, said *Fortune,* Macfadden was starting *Your Faith,* turning "from beautiful healthy bodies to beautiful healthy thoughts."

In his 81st year Macfadden fulfilled another ambition—"he made his first parachute jump from a plane flying at 2,000 feet near Dansville, New York." Oh, yes, he took over the old Jackson Water Cure for a while—the one that inspired Ellen and James White and then Dr. Kellogg in their beginnings. In fact, Macfadden seemed never to get over his longing for a working health resort. He invited Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Conklin of Battle Creek most cordially to his summer home in the Adirondacks some years after Conklin had helped Macfadden out by being physician in his 'cure all' establishment. The Conklins were pleased until they reached the smaller print at the end of the invitation, giving prices.

Diet, health, swimming, dancing, publishing, parachute jumping, standing straight and tall—these were the pet enthusiasms of internationally famous Bernarr Macfadden. He never mentioned it in his self-advertising writings, but he was, first of all, a financier. His two health resorts in Health City Battle Creek were ultimate failures, but the money-wise man had sense enough to drop them before they dropped him.

The Hall Family

Those old fellows told what they thought—they didn't bite their tongues.—Olga Haley

Moses and Tolman W. Hall have previously been referred to as having occupied the first log cabin in our present downtown area. Moses and Mary came in 1833, Tolman and Lois the following year. Before they moved from that cabin they had helped to form a Presbyterian and Congregational (Union) Church. John and Betsy Van Brunt and David and Mary Daniels met with the Halls in the log schoolhouse March 26, 1836. To help them the Rev. Silas Woodbury of Kalamazoo and the Rev. William Jones of Allegan were present. On March 27 the four couples presented their letters of transfer and were accepted into fellowship. Henry C., son of Moses Hall, is credited with being the first white child born in the future Battle Creek and probably was baptized at home by a visiting minister, for Lucy Jane Daniels was the first child to be baptized in 1837 within the newly formed brotherhood.

Milton Barney, whose reminiscences were frequently featured in the *Journal* in the 1890s spoke highly of the Hall brothers, crediting Moses Hall with delivering the first temperance lecture in Battle Creek. It probably was the shortest as well.

The first election was being held in Milton Township, then comprising the later Battle Creek, Bedford, Emmett and Pennfield townships. "At that time," Barney reported, "the election required two days. Judge McCamly announced that he wanted all good Democrats to assemble in the largest room in the town to lay plans for the next day's work . . . Committees were to go out into the highways and byways and the Indian trails and bring in all the Democrats . . .

> "A row of seats around the outside were nearly filled. In the center of the room stood a table well filled with decanters and glasses. The first thing on the program was an invitation to each man to take a drink . . . When Moses Hall was asked to take a drink he arose and said, 'I am glad I belong to a party whose principles are broad enough to let a man do as he pleases, providing he pleases to do right.' He said that it had given him great pain to see the young men drink and that it would be a great wrong for him to drink in the presence of the young men who had not yet tasted the liquor. He believed it much easier to inculcate a

habit for strong drink than to break away from such habit once it was formed.

"His words so impressed his hearers that only a few of those remaining went to the table, and his brother, Tolman W. Hall, when asked to drink said he stood with his brother on the temperance question."

Both Moses and Tolman Hall devoted much of their lives to public service, holding a variety of offices. Moses was State Legislator in 1844, Tolman ten years later. The latter had "probably the longest official record of any man in the county," the *Journal* reminisced in 1890. His offices included clerk of Milton Township, 1835; associate judge of Circuit Court of Calhoun County 1836-44, admitted to the bar of the county 1844, state legislator 1854-57. In the village and city he was director of the Union School two years, alderman two years, mayor one year, postmaster 1861-66, county poor superintendent 14 years. "In politics Judge Hall was formerly a staunch Democrat and one of the leaders of the party in this county up to early 1854, when he presided at the first meeting in this city or state, to remonstrate against the passage of the anti-Nebraska bill. The meeting was the initial step to the formation of the Republican Party in this state and the Judge thenceforth became prominent in the councils of that party."

Henry C. Hall, the town's 'first baby,' lived to serve his city as mayor. As contractor, he built several factories and business blocks. More recently Donald Hall, grandnephew of Henry, served 29 years with the Police Department 1934-1963, the last four as police chief.

Donald's brother, Edward Jeremy Hall, also made Battle Creek his home. He was an electrician for the Grand Trunk Railroad. His wife, Esther Loutit, born in Battle Creek, has always lived here. Her contribution to the community is in volunteer service. She has been a Red Cross worker 34 years; Gray Lady and Motor Corps driver; during and since World War II active at Percy Jones Hospital and when that was closed, at the Veteran's Hospital; she represented the Red Cross Veteran's Administration volunteer service for 12 area counties. There is no record of the thousands of hours she has contributed. Their one child, Ann (Mrs. Harry Bleeker), lives in Kalamazoo and has three thildren. The Hall family continues its influence in the Battle Creek area.

Halladay Family

There are some hereditary strokes of character by which a family may be . . . clearly distinguished.—Junius

Halladays for hotels and grocery stores, Halladays for music, Halladays for working as hard at play as at job, Halladays for family fun.

Calvin Halladay owned a tavern, The Halfway House, between Geneva and Canandaigua, New York. It was his son, James, who broke away, came west, bought 150 acres near Bedford and fell in love with the whole area. James was a big man, a wiry 200 pounds with enthusiasm and abilities to match. His fervor was contagious; his father, Calvin, sold the New York tavern and used the money to buy a section of land north of James' property. At Calvin's death in 1852 this section was divided among his five sons so that ultimately more Halladays settled in Calhoun County.

James had a brick yard on his farm. At the height of its production he employed 18 men. He sent east for some experts in clay and brick-making, a group of Pennsylvania Dutch folk. Among them was a man named Kraft, who helped James make pottery—small jugs and jars, some with bronze, some with yellow glaze. Like Henry Willis' pottery, the yellow glaze chipped off, but a bronze-glazed jug still in the family is intact though 130 years old; it bears the Kraft signature.

After James laid his father and mother to rest in the Halladay (now often called Harmon) Cemetery just east of the Morgan and Waubascon roads corner, he brought his family into Battle Creek and bought the Mason House, also known as the Michigan Central House or Railroad House. He was very musical, teaching his children to play various instruments, taught dancing to his own children and others, and played in a band. Besides James Hallday, this group consisted of Lew and Elijah Clapp, John Smith, Martin Metcalf and Elijah Dailey. By 1851 it was expanded a couple of members and called the Halladay Band. Ultimately it was a 12-member band and in great demand throughout this part of Michigan. All this came about in the one decade after Calvin Hallday led six fiddlers in the July 4, 1841, parade to the grove and was called 'the old patriarch' who wouldn't scratch a catgut until the flag was flown from his wagonload of musicians. It was James and later James' son, Frank, who ran the Halladay House on East Main Street (Michigan Avenue), successful hotel and center of many festivities for two decades.

James had three sons besides Frank: Thompson who for many years had a grocery at 463 West Main Street (Michigan Avenue), James Jr., and Calvin III. Thanks to their father's training, all were musicians, a boon to the entire area. One of them had a farm on the south side of the Kalamazoo River west of Angell Street and in diaries and reminiscences by various citizens, the music that emanated from the farmhouse was recalled. A family story is that

Thompson in turn had his boys in rehearsal one time and they began 'cutting up.' "You behave yourselves or I'll take my boot away from you," said the father. "I haven't got your boot," replied one of the boys, who laughingly remembered that then he 'got the boot.' As the boys grew older and included neighbors in their musical groups, they rehearsed in earnest a couple of hours and then rewarded themselves by playing a vigorous game of cards.

Although there are many Thompson Halladay descendents still living in this area, with one who became a concert violinist, it is son Claude who is distinctly remembered. He took a business course and became bookkeeper and accountant. His chief job was that of treasurer for the Advance Thresher Company and its successor, Advance Rumely Company. Subsequently he was a partner in the Loomis & Halladay Loan Company with offices in the Ward Building.

Due to the interest in heritage shown by Claude's daughter, Bernice Hallday White, many pleasant stories are available that reveal the humor, fun and closeness of the Halladays: parents, grandparents, uncles, cousins. Laughter and sentiment pervade in these recollections. One of Thompson's great-grandsons who lived at home, frequently tucked a gift, usually candy, in his lunch bucket so that it would be discovered by his mother when she cleaned the box for the next day. The young man had to work the morning of his wedding day. After the festivities his mother discovered a chocolate bar in the lunch box she was about to clean. Tears of joy were mingled with soapsuds.

Edward Halladay, born in 1856, son of Calvin III, became a carpenter, contractor and builder. He was in charge of construction of the cobblestone Phelps Sanatorium that later housed Battle Creek Sanitarium. His hobby was bird hunting and he developed a skill that was recognized as probably the best in Calhoun County. He studied birds by observation, learning the speed, flight patterns and habits of many species. His one-day 'take' far exceeded that of his hunting companions. Ed was modestly inclined to credit his success to the abundance of game and to his English setter, Daisy, who hunted with him 14 years.

Mary I. Barber

She was a mighty mite.—R.B.M.

Next to Sojourner Truth, the most nationally known Battle Creek woman was Mary Isabel Barber. Mary was the organizer of the Kellogg Company's Home Economics Department and its chief for 25 years.

A native of Titusville, Pennsylvania, she attended Drexel Institute in Philadelphia. After some hospital and teaching experience she was graduated from Columbia University where she subsequently taught dietetics.

In the early 1920s John L. Kellogg became dissatisfied with the gush appeal instead of scientific information that was appearing in Kellogg Company advertising. He contacted N. W. Ayer Company, which then had the Kellogg advertising account, asking for help in obtaining a foods scientist who might improve the situation.

Dean Hayward of the Ayer Company asked Mary Barber for recommendations of dieticians who might fill the job and then suggested that she apply. Miss Barber had no intention of leaving teaching but decided to take the free trip to Battle Creek to investigate the offer. Interviewing her, John L. Kellogg and Earle Freeman convinced her that her real challenge lay here. As she had contracted to teach during the summer, the date set for her joining the company was September 1, 1923. A letter from John L. Kellogg in the summer changed that date to October 1.

A historian who interviewed Miss Barber in the 1940s has left this lively report of her second trip to Battle Creek.

> When she arrived at the plant, John L. Kellogg was not there. Nobody seemed to know anything about the new Home Economics Department. Feeling somewhat baffled and frustrated, Miss Barber looked up James F. O'Brien, the sales manager, and explained the situation to him. He took her into W. K. Kellogg's office and told him that this was the new "dietitian."
>
> Mr. Kellogg, who was apparently not in the market for a dietitian at the moment, asked her, "What assurance do you have that you have a position with us?"
>
> "Only the word of your own company in this letter," Miss Barber replied, handing Mr. Kellogg the letter his son had written her.
>
> Mr. Kellogg glanced at it. "But," he retorted, "my son did this without saying anything to anybody about it."
>
> Miss Barber's feelings are not difficult to imagine. She had given up her teaching job and shipped her belongings to a Michigan town that seemed to her to be the end of the earth—and here was this stranger telling her she did not have a job after all.
>
> "I'll tell you what," Mr. O'Brien told her, "suppose we call the office force together and let you give them a talk and sell yourself to them."
>
> "I don't have to sell myself to anybody!" Miss Barber retorted. "Besides, I'm not sure I want to work here, anyway—this doesn't look to me like a very ethical company."
>
> Mr. Kellogg was not accustomed to having prospective employees talk back to him in such strong language, but he must have been impressed by the way in which this young school teacher stood up for her rights. In later years he delighted in telling the

story, mimicking Miss Barber's staunch assertion that "I don't have to sell myself to anybody!"

"If you don't go to work for us," Mr. Kellogg asked, "what will you do?"

"I'll go back to Columbia and get my master's degree." "And how much will that cost you?" Mr. Kellogg asked. "About $1,000."

"All right then," said Mr. Kellogg, "let us give you $1,000 to finance your master's degree, and next February we'll decide whether to hire you or not."

"Nothing doing," Miss Barber replied. "I'm not a bit sure I want to work for any company that runs its business this way."

There was an uneasy silence. Finally Mr. O'Brien asked to speak to Mr. Kellogg outside. When the two men returned to the room, Mr. Kellogg said, "Well, Mr. O'Brien says he can use you —you're rehired."

"Oh, no I'm not," Miss Barber said. "I was hired before I ever came out here to Battle Creek. I'm not being hired on the whim of you two men right now. I don't think I want to work here—if this were an ethical company, things like this wouldn't happen."

Mr. O'Brien suggested that Miss Barber go back to her hotel room, think it over, and give them her answer at three o'clock that afternoon.

Back at the hotel, Miss Barber gave her decision a couple of healthy second thoughts. After all, she had given up her teaching job at Columbia, and even given up her New York apartment. Besides there was something challenging about the present situation. It would be a pleasure to show this inconsiderate Mr. Kellogg that a Home Economics Department could be decidedly valuable.

At three o'clock, therefore, she telephoned Mr. Kellogg and said she would accept the job—for one year. At the end of the year, either Miss Barber or the company could discontinue the association.

She was accepted on that basis—and stayed for 25 years.

Mary Barber first put Kellogg advertising and recipes on a scientific basis. She authenticated her innovations including a *Food Selection Chart* with the federal Vocational Education Department. The approval set ideas whirling in Miss Barber's active brain until she obtained the name of every home economics teacher in the country. She then sent each one the *Chart* with an unobtrusive statement that it came from the Kellogg Company.

Mary was a five-feet-tall dynamo, a good speaker, a gracious lady, highly respected in Battle Creek and by food experts throughout the country. During World War II she was loaned by Kellogg's as a one dollar a year worker to the United States Army where she planned menus and helped to develop dried or canned foods and packaged meals for field soldiers.

Her honors were many for her ability and services: an honorary doctor's degree and high offices in dietetics and home economics organizations. She was a foods expert by profession, a public relations expert by talent and perseverance.

Two Attorneys

Do as adversaries do in law, strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.—Shakespeare

The first lawyer in our village seems to have been Ezra Convis. A man of many talents, he probably read law by himself and managed his numerous projects by his natural intelligence and acquired wisdom. Or was it his charm that made him convincing, that put him in Michigan's first legislature and brought him to the chair of Speaker of the House?

Convis' son-in-law, John Van Arman, became a 'famous' trial lawyer, how is not told; perhaps by merely persevering study with Convis and the challenge of hanging out his shingle.

A justice of the peace in pioneer days was known at once as *judge*. He surely assumed the responsibility of settling suits and squabbles. His yardstick qualifications such as formal training, seemed not to count; he was chosen or appointed on merit and moral character.

The requirements for practicing law gradually grew. Apprenticeship and study with an established lawyer was the first step. The University of Michigan opened a law school in 1859. That law school has turned out many excellent lawyers who have given much to Battle Creek and, through politics and government service, to our state and nation. Remembering two attorneys who stayed right here, serving the city and county in numerous ways, must suffice to pay tribute to all in the profession.

Howard Cavanagh and Burritt Hamilton were contemporary, born less than four months apart in 1869. Cavanagh saw light of day in Alpena, Michigan, although his public school education was absorbed in Ontario, Canada. Hamilton hailed from Sturgis. Both attended University of Michigan law school graduating in 1887 and 1891 respectively. Cavanagh passed the Michigan's bar examination while still 19, then worked with a Detroit lawyer until old enough to open practice in Alpena. In a few years he "looked over the situation from the old Whitcomb Block" in Battle Creek, deciding on a smaller community. He settled in Homer in 1896. As attorney for the village and member of the Homer Board of Education, he became widely known. He was elected prosecuting attorney for Calhoun County and became a permanent resident of Battle Creek in 1908. That he was elected is notable, for Calhoun County

was then a Republican stronghold and Cavanagh was a Democrat. He often served his party as convention delegate but his principles of good government caused him occasionally to vote for a Republican nominee, whom he thought a superior candidate. Particularly he fought one-sided packing of the United States Supreme Court.

Although his hobbies included the out-of-doors and wildlife, he also wrote commendable poetry in his younger days, much of it published in Michigan papers. His daily enthusiasms encompassed mostly Battle Creek and its progress and his friends. As member of the Board of Education he was very proud of the contributed school buildings: Ann J. Kellogg School and W. K. Kellogg Junior High School with its community auditorium.

His real obsession, however, was *knowing the law.* He was approved to try cases before the United States Supreme Court and his work frequently took him to Washington. His colleagues, both contemporary and younger, had great respect for his knowledge and his memory. The former included especially Joseph Hooper and John W. Bailey, his neighbors on the third floor of the Ward Building. Others were Maxwell Allen, John Mustard and Judge Walter North. When the Central Tower was opened, he took offices on the fifth floor where he was surrounded by younger attorneys. William V. Bailey, Walter North Jr., Joseph McAuliffe and W. Reed Orr were often impressed with Cavanagh's retentive memory. His law library was augmented by John Bailey's and he was able to say, "I think you will find a case to prove that point in Volume such and such."

Both Cavanagh and Hamilton were in great demand as speakers and toastmasters for local gatherings. Reviews of their talks stressed wit, charm, talent and audience delight. Hamilton, as a young lawyer in Sturgis, took assignments on the Chautauqua circuit in Michigan and adjoining states. His speech, *The American Boy,* was enjoyably received. Although diminutive in stature, he was impressive on platform and in the courtroom.

After coming to Battle Creek in 1898 Burritt Hamilton specialized in corporation law, although not exclusively. He took graduate work in this field at Yale in 1903. Not as outgoing and friend gathering as Cavanagh, he was no recluse, although he spent many hours in his study. Few of his associates knew that he wanted to be a writer but took up law as more financially secure. He wrote many essays, generally unpublished—probably unsubmitted—and like Cavanagh wrote and published quality verse. His great respect for knowledge of law caused him to write four texts on law in general, corporate law in particular, which were widely used. *Michigan Corporation Law,* published 1932, was written in collaboration with Horace

Wilgus, Professor of Law at U. of M. Wilgus and Hamilton were famous among their colleagues for their drollery and subtle wit.

Both Cavanagh and Hamilton had wives who were community-minded, intelligent women. Their services, as was the custom in their time, were largely through clubs and charity organizations.

The Hamiltons purchased property at the Straits of Mackinac which was discovered to be the site of the earliest Fort Mackinac. They gave the land to the state where the restoration of the Fort now stands and educates thousands of visitors every year.

Physicians

What sort of a doctor is he? O, well, I don't know very much about his ability; but he's got a very good bedside manner.—Punch 1884.

A 'health city' should have physicians galore in its history. Battle Creek has. In this century there has been a quality supply in both general and specialty practice. There was an imposing number at the Battle Creek Sanitarium in its peak years, some of whom (Manley J. Capron Sr., Robert Fraser, Lloyd Verity, Carl Wencke, J. E. Cooper, W. R. Chynoweth, A. R. Dixon, George Slagle, Frank Walters) opened offices downtown when the depression of the 1930s closed many of the Sanitarium's services. Battle Creek has attracted physicians of great intellectual, technical and diagnostic ability. These men were largely allopaths although some had been trained in homeopathy, some in osteopathy. The University of Michigan combined its schools of allopathy and homeopathy into its one medical school by the end of the second decade in this century.

The pioneer housewife was a do-it-yourselfer in many ways including the care of her sick family. Her knowledge included the manufacture of tonics and the use of herbs. Hot onion poultices for earache, mustard plasters for lung congestion and sage tea for general health were part of her upbringing. But there were dread diseases beyond her control and then a doctor was sent for.

Dr. John Beach, whose family's brick home is still to be seen on Beckley Road (B Drive North), was in such demand that he literally wore himself out traveling rutted paths on horseback as far away as Bellevue. Dr. Asahel Beach, who started practicing in Emmett Township, must have taken warning from the demise of his relative, for he soon moved into Battle Creek and dealt in real estate.

Smith Rogers was a tailor in Ohio when he married Harriet Harris. In childhood he had run at his mother's bidding to get his father who was clearing land. He ran through a pile of burning chips

and so injured one foot that later it was amputated. Further amputations, due to cancer, were necessary and he died at age 47 in 1867.

Meanwhile his wife, believing he had the right sympathetic nature for success as a physician, had urged him to take up medicine. In 1854, after study in Chicago, he brought his family to Athens where his brother John had settled earlier. By January 6, 1860, he was in Battle Creek, for this ad appeared in the Journal:

Smith Rogers, M.D.

Homeopathic Physician having permanently located in the city in the practice of medicine, I will promptly attend all calls—night or day. Office in rear of old Post Office, residence in rear of J. P. Averills on North Street (now Groveland). Office hours seven to nine—12½ to 2/5½ to 6½ P.M. unless absent on professional business. N. B. Special care and attention will be bestowed upon the treatment of chronic diseases and diseases of women and children.

In spite of that sympathetic nature, he was an unwavering Democrat and was said to have kicked his best friend out of the house after a political argument. With only one good leg, that was quite an accomplishment for which he was widely admired.

Adelbert Weeks studied under Dr. Rogers as did Joseph Vining Spencer, who appears elsewhere in these annals as a bricklayer. Dr. Spencer was graduated in 1862 from Hahnemann College of Homeopathy, returning to Battle Creek to practice until his death at 66 years in 1888.

Another outstanding physician of that era was Dr. Seymour B. Thayer (1815-1874) who practiced here before moving to Detroit. He joined Merrill's Horse Battalion as surgeon and after the Civil War returned to practice in Battle Creek the rest of his life. His particular interest and labors were directed to the establishment of a School of Homeopathy at the University of Michigan.

Dr. Edward Cox, an early physician, served as alderman and mayor and on many community project committees. Dr. Simeon S. French was a surgeon in the Civil War. He was very active in education, amateur theater, G. A. R. and similar programs.

Dr. Hugh Conklin, an osteopath, came to Battle Creek on the request of Bernarr Macfadden whose ambition was to compete with Battle Creek Sanitarium. When the Macfadden dream met an awakening, Dr. Conklin stayed in Battle Creek in private practice. His experiments toward a treatment for epilepsy attracted national attention.

Dr. Stewart Pritchard, as a Sanitarium physician, had urged Dr. Kellogg to get new blood in his medical staff. Pritchard's energies were noted by W. K. Kellogg who later appointed him the first director of Kellogg Foundation.

The Battle Creek physicians and surgeons themselves were chiefly responsible for Community Hospital to replace Nichols Hospital. A perennial worker for Community Hospital and subsequently a trustee there was a financier, Wellington R. Burt. Many cities—perhaps Battle Creek, too—were suffering unpleasant competition among their physicians. Burt's foresight and generosity in one little way has had great influence on the friendliness and cooperation among the Health City's medical men. Burt insisted that they have their own entrance to the building and that a 'Doctor's Room'—a lounge nearby—be included in the Community Hospital plans. He then gave funds for free coffee and breakfast rolls available every morning. This may not seem a big thing today when coffee breaks are expected for all workers, but it was a fresh idea in the 1930s. It gave the physicians an opportunity to discuss worrisome cases, to kid the pompous, to bolster the discouraged, to 'keep their own house clean.' Their meeting each other while relaxed has contributed immeasurably to the quality of medical service in Battle Creek.

Burt, heir of the famous family fortune in vast lumber lands, later served in the Navy in World War II and endowed the refreshments for his fellow officers at advance bases in the Pacific much as he had done for the doctors here.

Foundations

We have no claim to perfection, but we do have a deep and sincere commitment to improvement of self and society.—R. G. Mawby

W. K. Kellogg became very much interested in the young minister who was married here to the girl next door in 1920. The two men became good friends. The Rev. Dr. Carleton Brooks Miller was chosen to conduct the older man's funeral service, more than a quarter-century later.

It was on another occasion that Dr. Miller said, in answer to a question, "I can't tell you anything about the life eternal but I can tell you a great deal about eternal life." Among his enumerations was this one: We never know when our influence for good or evil will go on and on, perhaps influencing many generations. If we want that kind of eternal life to be of the heavenly variety, he said, our acts that might be remembered had better be good ones.

A postman who delivered mail 35 years was concerned for the welfare of elderly women. He had seen some who suffered unnecessarily because they lacked money for small extras. George Allan accumulated an estate of $90,000. It became a Foundation that since 1962 has filled this need. About $13,000 has benefitted some 250 women each year. The money has supplied eyeglasses, den-

tures, hearing aids, bus or taxi fares, newspaper subscriptions, telephone charges and loan of TVs, radios or health equipment. With its careful and dedicated handling it will continue several more years to alleviate needs, for its funds have been supplemented by additional donors.

Virginia Winship taught in Battle Creek schools. Having no immediate relatives, she left $635,000 in memory of her parents from whom she had inherited her affluence. Each year the income from this foundation helps a dozen graduates of local public high schools to go on for further study.

The Kendall Foundation, originally established by Roy S. Kendall in memory of his mother, has frequently been supplemented until its principal is now aobut $1 million. Its prime purpose is granting Kellogg Community College scholarships in the health field.

The Albert L. and Louise B. Miller Foundation is chiefly incentive. When a charity group shows its ability to raise money for itself and to spend wisely, a supplementary gift may then be forthcoming. It has also 'seeded' several worthy projects. One is the Miller Gymnasium at Kellogg Community College. Substantial grants have been made to the Y Center, Civic Art Center, Michigan Mall and the Industrial Park at Fort Custer. Preservation of the former YWCA building is assured by the Miller Foundation. The YW was originally a gift from Irving L. Stone, one-time superintendent of the Battle Creek schools and Duplex Printing Press Co. tycoon. A Miller Foundation grant of $375,000 pays for the building and its conversion to school administration offices. It will be known as the Miller-Stone School Services Center.

In May 1974 the Greater Battle Creek Foundation was established. Its purpose is to accept any size donation and to distribute it according to the donor's designated use. Income from the accumulated total will be used for community betterment as needs arise. Both the Kendall and the Miller Foundations contributed to establish this fund. Explaining this and other grants, the Miller Foundation states, "Our philosophy is to provide seed money to encourage and attract other money for worthwhile programs, largely in the Battle Creek area."

Annie Hunkins McCurdy was a Battle Creek school teacher, serving long and devotedly. She was frugal and found few ways to spend on herself. Her interest was in helping all people, but she kept her loans on a business basis. Her investments were mainly in real estate, holding land contracts for folk who could not otherwise qualify for home ownership. The directors of the McCurdy School Foundation have discovered that not a single person whom she helped in these ways ever reneged on his side of the bargain. Due to her wise investments the funds grow even though, when scholarships are given, they are outright grants. The gifts are for advanced study beyond high school to those who would not otherwise be able to afford additional training. The scope is unlimited so that some applicants not qualifying for other grants can be helped here.

A 'fabulously' useful tool for school assistance is the George B. and Hattie Willard Trust Fund. It has helped 'thousands of kids' since its inception in the 1930s and it is an accumulating fund. Through it underprivileged, needy children have received food, clothing, emergency health treatment and even summer school expenses.

Entirely school connected are three Almon O. Jones trust funds, comprising a foundation. This year 100 per cent of a $300,000 fund will help create a high school learning—and civic—center for which the original grant was intended. With the help of $518,000 from Kellogg Foundation and supplementary dollars, the Board of Education scheduled a $900,000 center for school and town use at McCamly and West Van Buren streets. The Almon O. Jones Student Fund uses interest from $175,000 for underprivileged students. An Almon O. Jones Teacher's Fund of equal amount is for study and travel grants for employees of the Board of Education.

There are lesser funds, administered by trust companies and individuals, that are not foundations, but their uplift and encouragement to local people and enterprises are far-reaching.

The oldest, continuous, active foundation in Battle Creek was created by W. K. Kellogg. Begun with an original $47 million, it was so established that its income as well as its gifts grow yearly. It has funded thousands of programs on four continents and is the third largest foundation in the United States. Its special interest is humanity; its policy is to assist in the fields of health, education and agriculture. Benefits to the Battle Creek area from Kellogg Foundation total more than $15 million.

The guiding hand of this great foundation's beneficence was, for 38 years, that of Dr. Emory W. Morris. He had been Battle Creek's first oral surgeon, and his original appointment with the foundation was as Director of Dental Education. His interest in his small-town beginnings in nearby Nashville, Michigan, and in his adopted community's welfare were expanded to engulf the world. Dr. Morris was officially honored and personally respected internationally. But his vast concerns seemed to have as their center his quiet devotion to his home, family and friendships. Kellogg Community College was one of his favorite projects.

Dr. Morris had a delightful sense of humor—and a very particular chuckle—which came from his appreciation of amusing situations.

It did not include sharp repartee or story-telling or playing practical jokes. His dignity, poise and charm were comparable to his shy humility that enjoyed the comic aspect of daily experiences.

He had a predilection concerning women's hats. Either they were much to his liking or they definitely were not. His physician father had an early Stanley Steamer and for rides in that elegant open conveyance Emory's mother wore a special hat that her only son disliked heartily. She took it off during one ride and never saw it again. The boy had tossed it to the roadside.

Morris had many hobbies; fishing, boating, riding, farming. W. K. Kellogg sent him an Arabian mare and at the same time a stallion to W. H. Vanderploeg, president of the Kellogg Company. The horses were from the famous stables in Pomona, California. Five colts were bred on the Morris farm and given to friends who were also horse fanciers.

Intimate friendships brought Morris great pleasure. A half-dozen friends, while together, discovered that they were all born in 1905. They promptly formed the '05 Club which henceforth held annual meetings—usually at a favorite eating place—with such enjoyment that none ever missed the yearly event.

Although he had many interests and honors, Emory Morris found his chief reward in carrying out Kellogg's dreams for the foundation. Under Dr. Morris the concept grew and changed as the problems of the people it benefited changed.

W. K. Kellogg's world-wide beneficiaries know "nothing about the life eternal" as experienced by Kellogg. They can say that the first decades of his eternal life have brought a bit of paradise into their earthly existence.

The Tour Ends

Who that well his warke beginneth The rather a good end he winneth.—Gower, 1390

You are back at the end of Division Street at N. E. Capital Avenue. Of course you haven't seen all of the historical corners and crannies of Battle Creek; or the streets where buildings have stood and been torn down, rebuilt better only to be torn down again; where there have occurred romances and tragedies both told and unremembered; where merchants kept shop, from William Coleman who had the first log cabin store to those of today's Michigan Mall where blocks named for their builders still stand.

In this house nearby that faces Division lived William J. Smith, the *Mr. Republican* of our town, responsible for a famous visit by William H. Taft in 1911. Beyond is Benjamin Hinman's home, cut in two as you can see. He was given a surprise daytime fiftieth birthday party; because he loved children, his family invited 50 youngsters whom he could watch having a good time. Across the road stood Henry Hinman's mansion. The brothers were merchants, partners.

There, to the south, is Willard Library. Its nucleus was created more than a century ago by the Library Association, now the Woman's Club. Nearer is the former YWCA building contributed by I. L. Stone, presently being made into school offices. YWCA and YMCA now occupy the Y Center complex on this corner.

You can see several churches from here, 20 local churches have cooperated to publish their own capsule histories this Bicentennial year. This side of the Congregational Church stood Century House that contained Battle Creek's first residential water-connected bathtub.

Woman suffrage was really boosted here by prominent men and women. Frances Willard, WCTU temperance leader, lived down there on Cherry Street for a year. What a shame you missed seeing where The Woman's League created the Noon Day Rest for young business women in the 1890s.

So much to remember, so little space and time in which to tell! Forgive us. Come again and ask for a different guide. Battle Creek is boasting several local historians now. The *Enquirer and News* has put out special historical issues in recent years. Send you copies? Sorry. You'll find them at Willard Library or in Kimball House Museum archives, filed by subject. There are other comprehensive histories to be found. Henry Wiegmink's four volumes, *Early Days of Battle Creek*, are on microfilm and contain five times as much history as you have encountered here. Amy South and Fannie

Sprague Talbot together have published more than 600 historical columns available at the library. We have more recorded history than you could encounter in 20 sentimental journeys.

For now, be on your way. Good luck. But do come back. You'll find that Battle Creek has further tales to tell, much more to charm a listening ear.

APPENDIX

The Yarn Spinners

Many a fine story-teller has not gone down in history. Yet it is gatherers of folk tales, like Homer, Siegfried, and Grimm, whose names are remembered for centuries. Stories of everyday life in Battle Creek are numerous, thanks to early recorders and reporters.

This book is not a rehash of printed accounts already between covers, although they have often been used for authentication. Such sources are listed in the bibliography. Instead, it is gleanings largely from personal interviews during the past 25 years, and from reminiscences and bits and pieces of social history that have been found in manuscripts, clippings and local newspaper microfilm. We are grateful for each contribution.

A prolific writer with a splendid memory was Anson DuPuy Van Buren who came as a boy to live on Goguac Prairie and ultimately to be a teacher in the Goguac Prairie school and first principal of the Union High School. He went adventuring to teach by the Yazoo River in Mississippi. His book about that experience, *Jottings from the South,* was the first commercial publication by the Review and Herald Steam Press in 1859. A.D.P. VanBuren wrote for pleasure, his own and that of posterity. In the 1870s the *Battle Creek Journal* published his series of local history sketches. Many of these were reprinted in the *Michigan Pioneer Collections,* now bound volumes, available in most Michigan public libraries.

Charles E. Barnes was a newspaper man. He has been called Dean of Battle Creek journalists. His cause was labor, his hobbies were nature, conservation and local history. He interviewed Erastus Hussey, thereby saving the story of Battle Creek's involvement with the Underground Railroad. His lifetime enthusiasm for fire fighting has preserved considerable data about the development of our volunteer hose companies and city fire department. After his retirement in 1905, he spent much of his last six years writing carefully researched historical essays for the *Battle Creek Sunday Enquirer.*

James H. (Jimmy) Brown was another writer with multiple interests. He kept copious notes of events he experienced or remembered and made reference to them, but they have largely disappeared. Perhaps they still lurk in some barn or attic and may yet be salvaged. He was on the editorial staff of the *Michigan Farmer.* His detailed accounts of this area's events appeared several years as a series in the *Battle Creek Moon-Journal.* Rocks, nature, automobiles, camping were some of his burning interests. He was in-

strumental in erecting several historical markers and memorial rock cairns in this area. The cairn in the C. W. Post park at Jackson Street and South Avenue is constructed of rocks Brown brought from many United States sites and local rocks contributed by Battle Creek school children. No innovation was too difficult for him to tackle. He organized what was said to have been the first camping tour by car in America. His own camper, which he designed, was thirty years ahead of similar campers commercially manufactured.

Henry H. J. Wiegmink became devoted to local history at the turn of the century when he was 18. He created innumerable scrapbooks of anything historical. Before he died in 1940 at 58, he had created from his collected material a typed manuscript of 1170 pages, a half-million well chosen words titled *Early Days in Battle Creek*. Mrs. Wiegmink and their five children were willing to share the manuscript but not to part with it. The answer was microfilm, five prominent libraries in the state sharing the cost of the negative, each buying for its own use one positive copy. Wiegmink's manuscript was the first comprehensive, well-organized local history made easily available for study. He did not have resources or the inclination to do deep research, such as delving into the census records, abstracts, state and county records, but his preservation and review of available published data was an enormous contribution. By vocation he was a postal worker. By avocation he was a devoted and patriotic historian of area events.

Arthur Bartlett wrote a history of Battle Creek events before 1909. His prime interest was in calamities: tornadoes, train wrecks, fires and murders. He also tried to ferret out Battle Creek 'firsts.'

Fannie Sprague Talbot was the daughter of a free-lance writer and farm housewife, Marie Sprague. Marie contributed to the *Michigan Farmer* and Detroit newspapers, generally under the pen name *Evangeline*. Fannie began writing verse and prose when very young. Immediately upon high school graduation she landed a job as an honest-to-goodness reporter on the *Battle Creek Daily Journal*. She is generally regarded as our first professional woman journalist.

From the beginning Fannie was a sentimentalist, writing nature lyrics and kindly biographies, and a feminist of the clubwoman genus. Her hardheadedness and determination to be a success were, however, equally prominent. The balance came in her later years when she wrote two very valuable historical series: *Old Days and Old Ways at Meadowbrook*, 40 stories of reminiscence of her childhood in the 1880s, and *Do You Remember?* a weekly feature totaling 350 articles based on early newspaper stories. Families,

fund-raising productions, societies and holidays were among her subjects. The former collection is now microfilmed, the latter indexed and photocopied for convenient use at Willard Library.

E. Will Roberts worked as an engraver for Gage Printing Co. He must have been a friendly fellow, judging from his sources and interviews that contributed to his local history cullings. A meticulous worker, he considered his greatest accomplishment the mounting of 10,000 scientific slides for microscopic examination. He had an affinity to nature, to things as they are and as they were. Among his obsessions was taking pictures of Battle Creek spots, comparing them to their past appearance and preserving his present for the future. For this purpose he made about 1500 snapshot prints, handwriting historical captions and gathering them in notebooks and titling them *Rambles With a Camera Around Old Battle Creek*. Volunteers have typed and mounted a large part of *Rambles* and photocopied them for library use. In 1931 Roberts wrote *Pioneer Days in Old Battle Creek* concerning the beginnings of our city and its manufacturing which was published as a Centennial booklet by Central National Bank and Trust Co. which at the time had the only historical museum (one room) in town.

Henry Stegman, professor of English at Battle Creek College, also wrote a Centennial booklet, which was included with the program for the memorial festival in October 1931. Stegman did considerable research, at least into all printed materials available at the time. His writing was both scholarly and charming. His history has frequently been used as a basic reference by writers of school texts and citizenship studies.

George B. Dolliver specialized in biographies after joining the *Enquirer and News*. His *Mainly About Folks* column appeared weekly for more than 20 years, beginning in 1940. When Dolliver became ill, Ross Coller continued the column for a couple of years.

One-time city editor of the *Enquirer and News*, Art Middleton, became more and more interested in local history in the last few years of his too short life. Besides historical features, he produced a series, *This Was Battle Creek*, recalling outstanding events year by year, between 1850 and 1950.

Ross Coller has been gathering data and statements of fact as an avocation for 50 years. His historical files of more than 100,000 reference items have been triple-cross-indexed by day and year. Two series by him were run in the *Enquirer and News* in the late 1950s. *Today in Local History* and *Our Yesterdays* were supplemented by a series of essays, *Battle Creek's Centennial 1859-1959*. The latter was published as a booklet (1959) to commemorate Battle

Creek's first century as a chartered city. Coller is the local historical authority on area labor relations and the growth of labor unions. His most recent accomplishment is the authentication through official records of the formation of 80 corporations of so-called cereal companies during and following 1902, the boom year. Coller's collection has not yet reached public domain but when it does, it will put Battle Creek in the top echelon of readily accessible historical source materials.

The youngest and newest of Battle Creek's historians is Amy South who has contributed a weekly *Looking Back* column to the *Enquirer and News* since April 1971. The column was started with 65 stories by Berenice Lowe; some of them are retold in these *Tales of Battle Creek.*

During recent years the interest in our city's past has intensified and several special heritage editions have been produced: the 75th birthday of Post Product Division of General Foods, January 11, 1970; manufacturing, February 17, 1974; jubilee celebration of the founding of the *Enquirer and News*, July 20, 1975; and a supplement for the Bicentennial, June 8, 1976.

Several lesser known series about Battle Creek's past have appeared in newspapers. Charles Robinson, when 88 years old, was inveigled in 1928 by the editor of the *Enquirer and News* to dictate his vivid reminiscences which were then published. He looked on life philosophically and with humor. Quotations from *As I Look Back Through More Than Eighty Years* are used in this book.

In 1917 Charles Thomas, attorney, was also asked to recall Battle Creek as it was in his boyhood for serial publication in the *Enquirer.* His reminiscences are delightful and informative of Battle Creek's early decades.

Grace Duffee Boylan and Helen Bramble were journalists who who frequently produced valuable historical features. Elizabeth Holmberg Selden contributed a usable review of local history and researched with Bramble a series of Maple Street families and homes.

Sometimes papers prepared for club programs were subsequently published in local newspapers. For such singles we are indebted to E. C. Nichols, Ellis R. Smith, Emily Brewer, Eva Warriner, Mrs. J. H. Lewis and others. Occasional brief recollections have been found in old trunks after the death of their authors. These instructive essays were written by Olivia Hinman, Andrew Kane, Frances McCrae and David Young among many. Copies of local genealogies are being placed in Willard Library and Michigan State Library.

Our neighbor city, Coldwater, owns an excellent file of its micro-

filmed newspapers, indexed now with loving care by a dedicated scholar, Phyllis Holbrook. A few Battle Creek items appear in this index.

Willard Library's local history room contains the yarn spinners' published or manuscript material. It is filed by subject and many of the several thousand items are cross-indexed.

The Kimball House Museum archives of pictures, letters and biographies include collections of theatrical and musical programs. The source material in Battle Creek has been used for several graduate theses in recent years.

The Willard Library and Kimball House collections are constantly being augmented by gifts or research findings by volunteers. There is always tomorrow when some new discovery may be made, perhaps by YOU to whom this book is dedicated.

SOURCES

Much of the material in this book is from interviews, manuscripts, newspaper clippings in scrapbooks, and other original sources such as abstracts and census records. Printed accounts already in books have seldom been used except for verification. A list of available used sources for the scholar is at Willard Library, Battle Creek; Michigan State Library, Lansing; Michigan Historical Collections, U. of M., Ann Arbor.

The story of the Peebles trial, p. 70, is from Malcolm Bingay: *Of Me I Sing*, 1946, reprinted with permission from the publisher, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana. The maxim, p. 46, attributed to N. C. (Norman Cousins) is used with permission from Saturday Review/World, Inc., New York, N. Y. Mary Barber's interview with W. K. Kellogg, p. 273, is reprinted from the manuscript history of the Kellogg Company and used with permission.

Suggestions for Further Reading and Reference

Willard Library's local history collection has a more definitive and comprehensive bibliography. It also has listings of Battle Creek basic resources available in other collections such as those at Michigan State Library (Lansing) and Bentley Historical Library (Ann Arbor).

Art Souvenir Edition of the Battle Creek Daily Moon. (1900)

Barnes, Roberts, Lowe: *Battle Creek Fire Companies, Politics, Social Life.* (Compilation)

Bartlett, Arthur K.: *Glimpses of a Half-Century.* (1909 Ms.)

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Calhoun County Atlases. ca 1840, 1873, 1894, 1916.

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Calhoun County Souvenir. (Battle Creek Journal, 1901)

Carson, Gerald: *Cornflake Crusade.* (New York. Rinehart, 1957)

Coller, Ross: *Battle Creek's Centennial.* (Battle Creek Enquirer and News, 1959)

Deutsch, Ronald M.: *The Nuts Among the Berries.* (New York, Ballantine, 1961) pp. 38-130. Satire on food fads.

Goodrich, A. M.: *A Forgotten Suffragist.* (Manuscript about Ann Graves)

Headlight: Battle Creek, Michigan. (Michigan Central Railroad souvenir, May, 1895)

Kellogg Foundation: The First Twenty-Five Years. (1955)

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Lowe; South: *Looking Back* (Enquirer and News—1969—)

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Michigan Pioneer Collections. 40 vols. (Index) Several accounts of early Battle Creek.

Middleton, Arthur J. *The First 87 Years of George C. McKay.* (1967)

Neale, William F.: *A Story of Music in Battle Creek.* (1911)

Orlik, Elizabeth Rose: *Hamblin's of Battle Creek: The History of an Opera House, 1869-1902.* (Michigan State University, 1970)

Ortiz, Victoria: *Sojourner Truth, A Self-Made Woman.* (Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott, 1974)

Page, Laura Butterfield: *A Butterfield Girl Remembers.* (1973) Delightful recollections of W. S. Butterfield family.

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Railey, J. H.: *The Diary of a Doubter.* (n.d.) Amusing account of a month spent as a patient at Battle Creek Sanitarium.

Ravell, Charles H.: *Sixty Years of Banking in Michigan.* (1910) Ancestry of Old National Bank of Battle Creek.

Religious Heritage. (Battle Creek, 1976) capsule church histories.

Roberts, E. W.: *Pioneer Days in Old Battle Creek.* (1931)

Roberts, E. W.: *Rambles with a Camera Around Old Battle Creek.* (1932 Ms. Illus. 1,500 pictures with captions.)

Robinson, Charles W.: *As I Look Back More Than Eighty Years When Battle Creek Was Young.* (Enquirer and News, 1928)

Rust, E. G.: *Calhoun County Business Directory for 1869-70.* History of Battle Creek pp. 77-127. City directory pp. 251-334.

Schwarz, Richard: John Harvey Kellogg, M.D. (Nashville, Tenn. Southern Publication Association, 1970)

Scrapbooks of clippings. W.P.A. Project. (ca. 1935)

Stegman, H. M.: *Battle Creek—Its Yesterdays.* (Battle Creek Enquirer and News, 1931)

Stegman, H. M. and Kellogg, John Harvey: *Ella Eaton Kellogg, 1853-1920.*

Talbot, Fannie Sprague: *Do You Remember?* (350 columns, Ms. Index.)

Talbot, Fannie Sprague: *Old Days and Old Ways at Meadowbrook.* (40 Reminiscences. Microfilm.)

Thomas, Charles: *Battle Creek As I Have Known Her Since 1849.* (Series began in Battle Creek Enquirer January 28, 1917.)

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Yesterday's Pictures of Familiar Faces. (Battle Creek Journal, ca 1913) Photos and brief biographies.

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$8.95

Tales of Battle Creek

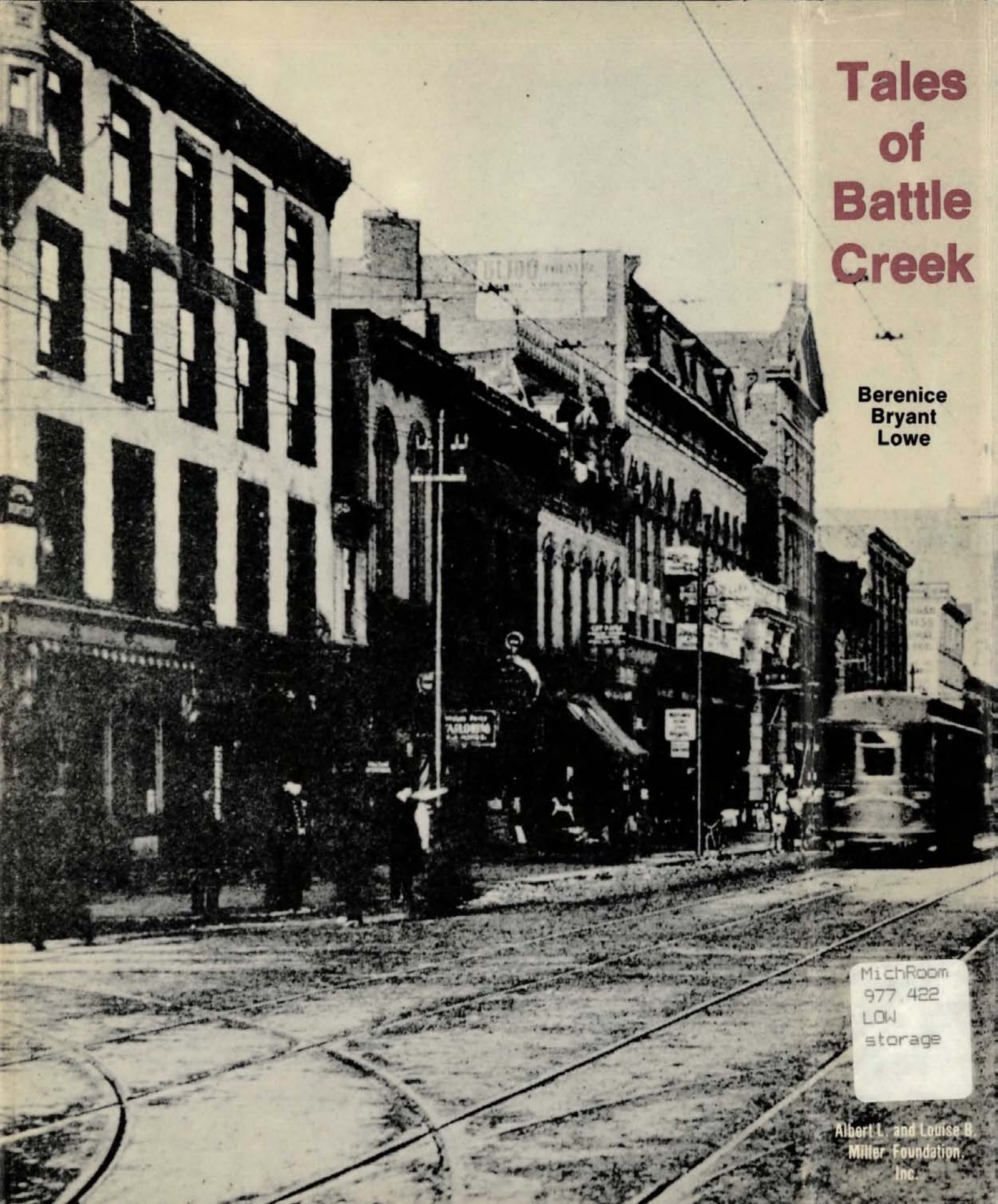
by Berenice Bryant Lowe

ILLUSTRATED WITH
16 PAGES OF PHOTOGRAPHS

Battle Creek has been fortunate in its human resources from the days of the hardy pioneers who founded the town to those later enterprising generations who developed the flourishing industrial city of today. Appropriately, in the nation's Bicentennial year, the city has found its ideal biographer in Berenice Bryant Lowe, whose new book, *Tales of Battle Creek*, provides a loving, spirited, and always accurate chronicle of the who-what-when-where-why of Battle Creek's past.

A graduate of the University of Michigan and former drama and speech teacher at Battle Creek High School, Mrs. Lowe has arranged her history into rapid vignettes of people, events and evolving institutions which convey pleasurable information in an easy, casual style. Long known and admired for her personal dedication to finding and saving the materials of Battle Creek history—old letters, documents, clippings, photos and attic treasures—Berenice Lowe has been a moving spirit in the Historical Society of Battle Creek and a plaque on the door of the local history collection at Willard Library pays tribute to her accomplishments. Other honors include a national

(Continued on back flap)



Tales of Battle Creek

Berenice Bryant Lowe

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