WELCOME BACK FROM THE ATTIC

YESTERYEAR AROUND CALEDONIA STATION

No. 15 1978

CALEDONIA TOWNSHIP IN THE BEGINNING

"OAK GROVE HOUSE"

In the 1830's land in Caledonia Township was purchased by speculators who never planned to live here, but were holding it to sell to the early settlers. Mr. Asahel Kent, who came in 1838, was the first settler to live in the township. He located on land southeast of the intersection of Whitneyville Avenue and 100th Street. Whitneyville Avenue was then the main trail between Grand Rapids and Battle Creek-Kalamazoo. This made Mr. Kent decide that his home would make a good public house or tavern-stage coach stop for travelers. His place became known as the "Kent House."

On September 5, 1840, Asahel Kent died. Although it appears that Mr. Kent was in ill health at the time of his settlement and the building of their log house, there could be nothing but courage and determination in the heart of this man. He was born in Massachusetts on December 30, 1797, and on July 31, 1831, married the girl of his choice, Harriett Campbell, at Ravenna, Ohio. On January 25, 1837, he arrived at Blissfield, Michigan.

Kent then moved from Blissfield to Middleville, or Scales Prairie. Misfortune took a turn at the ailing man there through an unfulfilled errand by a stranger who was entrusted with money for the payment of a mortgage. Following this misfortune, Kent moved to Section 35 in Caledonia Township which was the last property deal of Mr. Kent.

Harriet Campbell Kent continued to operate the house after her husband died until she later married Peter D. McNaughton who operated the stage stop as "McNaughton's." This tavern was also known as the "Oak Grove House."

Built in 1838 the tavern was a log shanty. The stagecoach guests slept in the loft where there was a room for the men and another for the women. The visitor would sleep on cord bedsteads, trundle beds, or straw ticks on the floor.

In a country that was rapidly being settled, Oak Grove House filled an important need from a social standpoint as well as a utilitarian one. Travelers were so numerous that within a few years after its erection two additions were built. It was often referred to as a three-story house, but the stories were all on the ground floor and did not rise one above the other.

Even with the two additions, the place was frequently crowded. After all the regular beds were taken, the host would make a row of beds around the main floor, with the foot toward the large fireplace in one end of the room. Everyone was made welcome; none was turned away, for room could always be found to stow away another guest. Tavern guests in those days had learned not to be too particular.

Not all travelers journeyed by stage coach. The government land office was in Ionia, and prospective settlers had to go there to make their entries which helped to increase the number of travelers. Many of these prospective settlers went on foot to Ionia and were entertained at the Oak Grove House.

Most of the fresh meat served at the tavern was wild game. It is recalled that Indians furnished venison hams for 25 cents each.

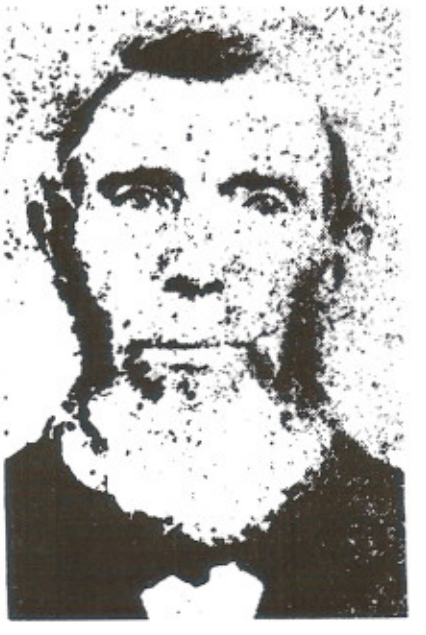
About two miles southeast of the McNaughton place there was an Indian village. These Indians were in the main, sober, industrious, and kind. They lived on good terms with the whites and were fair and honest in their dealings. Calling at the tavern and surrounding settlers' cabins, they were given all the food they could carry back to their settlement.

On May 4, 1840, the area that is now Caledonia and Bowne Townships was organized as Caledonia Township. Nine years later in 1849 Bowne Township was organized and separated from Caledonia Township.

The first election for township officers was held at the dwelling house of John P. McNaughton, with Justus G. Beach as moderator and Malcolm McNaughton as clerk, and resulted in the selection of the following named persons: John P. McNaughton, supervisor; Justus G. Beach, clerk; Roswell F. Tyler, Malcolm P. McNaughton, and John A. Campbell, assessors; Roswell F. Tyler, collector; Roswell Tyler and John A. Campbell, directors of the poor; Asahel Tyler, Asahel Kent, and Norman Foster, commissioners of highways; Roswell F. Tyler, Malcolm P. McNaughton, and Asahal Kent, justices of the peace; Norman Foster, treasurer; Norman Foster and William G. Wooley, school inspectors. The record does not state the number of votes polled at the township meeting. It was voted to raise $150.00 to defray township expenses for the first year, and also that the pay of township officers should be $1.00 for each day's service.

The first township post office was in the McNaughton Tavern. It was opened August 15, 1843, with Peter D. McNaughton as the first postmaster. He was postmaster for 18 years until he sold the tavern to Warren Streeter in 1860. Mr. Oscar B. Barber was appointed postmaster after Peter McNaughton left the area. The post office continued to operate with Mr. Barber as the postmaster for 18 years. It was finally closed April 30, 1877.

Warren Streeter operated the tavern until 1867. In 1869 it was torn down to make room for farm buildings that can be seen there today.



PETER D. McNAUGHTON

OAK GROVE HOUSE

Editor's Note: The following story was written by E. J. McNaughton. He was the son of Peter D. McNaughton and Harriet Kent McNaughton. He was also President of the Thornapple Valley Pioneer Society from 1912 to 1920.

Early history of Oak Grove House or as was commonly known "The McNaughton Hotel," located five miles north of Middleville and three miles east of Caledonia, in Caledonia Township, Kent County, Michigan.

This was established in 1839 by Mr. and Mrs. Asahel Kent. The former died one year afterwards, and was the first body buried in the Bowne Center Cemetery. Mrs. Kent was married to Peter D. McNaughton in March 1842. This hotel was located on the main road between Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids, as well as Battle Creek and Grand Rapids. The latter place was only a small trading post at that time. They had to go to Kalamazoo to mill, 40 miles in distance as there was no mill at Grand Rapids.

The country began to settle very fast and consequently travelers were very numerous, and they did a prosperous business, so much so that two additions were built in a very few years. It was called the three story house, but they were all on the ground. Even with these additions it was often crowded to its full capacity. After the beds were all filled, they would make a row of beds around the office floor with the foot of the beds towards a large fireplace in one end of the room. There was a great deal of plaster drawn from Grand Rapids to Gull Prairie and other places south of here. Everybody was made welcome, and no one was turned away saying that they had no room.

There was a line of regular stage coaches from Kalamazoo and other places. Of course they would have to have relays or stopping places, and the Oak Grove House was one of the resting places; then the relay would go on to the next place. It was not uncommon for them to drive four horses on one coach, and then often times they could not carry all who wished to go. In such cases they sent out what they called extras (i.e.) hire anyone to go with their team and lumber wagon. When they got tired or perhaps they only promised to go part way, they would leave them and return home. Then they would have to hire someone else to carry them on, if they could not catch the regular. Mr. McNaughton often came to their rescue and sent his team on with them.

The land office was located at Ionia, and prospective settlers had to go there to make their entry. This helped to increase the number of travelers. A great many went on foot to this place. Sometimes there was some pretty sharp work as they would learn that someone else was after the land they wanted, and they would travel night and day, or any way to beat the other fellow.

After the plank road was built from Kalamazoo to Grand Rapids, and the Grand Trunk Railroad extended from Detroit to Grand Rapids, the travel diminished rapidly. I think that the latter road was completed about the year, 1856 or '58. Then the stage route went to Ada. One of the stage drivers, Mr. Mortimer Welton, who drove this route, made it his home at the Oak Grove House for a long time. He is now living on a part of the old McNaughton farm with his son George. He can still tell you many interesting stories about the stage coach.

The greater portion of fresh meats consisted of wild game. The Indians would furnish a venison ham for twenty-five cents and we thought there was no better meats, the way our mothers cooked it. An old adage, which is a very true one, says that "necessity is the mother of invention," which certainly proved so with our pioneer mothers.

I will relate a little incident which happened at Oak Grove House. A traveler from the state of New York was dining there one day, and they asked him if he would have some green apple pie. His answer was in the affirmative and after eating it complimented it very highly. You may imagine that he was somewhat surprised when told that it was made from a green pumpkin and vinegar.

The township of Caledonia was organized in this house.* It was named after Caledonia, in Livingston County, New York, by the McNaughtons who formerly resided there before coming to Michigan.

Mr. McNaughton sold the hotel and farm to Warren Streeter in 1860 and moved to Ottawa County, Michigan. Mr. Streeter sold the place to John B. Proctor in 1867, who died some time ago, and is now owned by his son John R. Proctor of Caledonia.

When my father sold the hotel, he let Oscar B. Barber have the old sign and it was placed

**The Caledonia Township minutes state that the township organization meeting was held in the home of John P. McNaughton on the fourth day of May, 1840.*

in front of his house, 9462 Whitneyville Avenue, which is located one-half mile north of the old McNaughton Hotel. The barn on the Proctor farm is standing on a part of ground where the old hotel used to be. In digging the basement for the barn, they found the foundation of the old brick oven.

The Indians were very numerous and usually kind. There was a settlement or village about two miles southeast of our place. The squaws did most of the farm work, but the Indians were very good workers at some kinds of work, such as picking up roots, piling brush, etc.

An Indian came to my father and wanted to buy a one horse plow. Father sold it to him, and the Indian made him understand that he wanted to give a note. Father drew up the note, and the Indian signed it and put it in his pocket. When it was due, he paid it and handed it to father. My people learned the name of a great many things in their language, so that they could carry on quite a conversation.

When the people first settled in the woods, the Indians annoyed them in teasing or begging for salt. Often they would empty the barrel into a box and hide it, sometimes bury it, and then show them the empty barrel. It was a long ways to draw eatables from Kalamazoo, some forty miles in distance. There were no flouring mills in Grand Rapids at that time. It would take three days to go to the mill.

With all these privations and hardships, they were a happy people, sometimes going six miles for an evening visit. The whole neighborhood was united and seemed like one family. No one was slighted or not invited to their entertainments. The poor or the widows were not forgotten, but their wants were supplied. In the fall they would have wood bees for them getting in their year's supply. While some were chopping down the trees, others would draw the log to the house, and others would cut them up, often racing to see who were the best choppers. There were no cross-cut saws used in those days. The women would go along, taking their dinners with them. It was really a gala day for them. I have heard my father say they were the happiest days of his life.

While we cannot be pioneers in the sense they were, we can be pioneers in adopting and furthering improvements which shall benefit our community where we live.

Be leaders, not followers.

PETER D. MCNAUGHTON

Editor's Note: The following story is taken from the Coopersville Observer, March 30, 1883.

Peter D. McNaughton, one of the foremost of God's noblest men, is no more. Such would be our expression, did we not know that the immortal soul of this righteous man had joined kindred spirits in that world beyond the veil which our finite eyes cannot penetrate, and that it was his mortal remains only which we tenderly and tearfully laid away in the silent tomb to await the resurrection of the just.

Peter D. McNaughton was born at Breadelbane, Perthshire, Scotland, on the 17th day of November, 1810, from whence he emigrated in 1833, landing in New York on the 18th day of July, with his parents, Duncan and Elizabeth McNaughton, and their entire family of nine children composed of six stalwart boys and three girls, namely, Christie the oldest, then John, James, Peter, Donald, Elizabeth, Jeanette, Duncan, and Alexander; all of whom, except Peter who stopped at Caledonia, New York, went on to the town of McGilivroy, Middlesex County, Canada, where John, Donald and Jeanette, Mrs. James Craig, still reside, and where the mother died May 9, 1857, and the father May 11, 1860. Three of the brothers, namely, James, Duncan, and Alexander, reside in Gratiot County in this state, and Christie, Mrs. John Sinclair, and Elizabeth, Mrs. John A. Campbell, died in this state in the town of Bowne, in Kent County, to which place Peter came from Caledonia, New York, in the fall of 1838, when Bowne with other townships, was included in the township of Caledonia.

March 30, 1842, he married Harriet Campbell, who with her former husband, Asahel Kent, had immigrated to this state from Portage County, Ohio in January, 1837. Mr. Kent died September 5, 1840, leaving one child, a daughter, now the wife of the well and favorably known Abner D. Thomas of Middleville, Barry County. Here Mr. and Mrs. McNaughton became widely known as the pop host and hostess of the "Oak Grove House," which was for many years a halfway house between Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids, and one of the few places where travelers between these two settlements could find shelter. There are also very few old settlers in Ottawa County who do not recall a comfortable berth at the Oak Grove House, near the Coldwater river, on their way hither; and not travelers only found

accomodations here, but the house of Mr. McNaughton was headquarters for the settlers in all that region who were wont to call there for advice and assistance in sickness and trouble, and never in vain.

For eighteen years he was postmaster, the name of the office being Caledonia; during part of that time highway commissioner, and for five years town clerk. Among these early Michiganders little money circulated, but the tavern business of Mr. McNaughton necessarily required some ready cash, and he became in a small way the banker for his neighbors, who could always rely upon his kind heart and open purse for needed change to relieve pressing wants. The word of those sturdy pioneers was usually as good as a note, and as an example of the manner of doing business in those primitive days, Mr. McNaughton often related the following anecdote:

> An Indian who was indebted to Mr. McNaughton, had heard of notes and desired to give his note for the debt. The note was written and the Indian made his mark to it, then pocketed it, and no explanation could convince him that the note ought to be left with Mr. McNaughton. He insisted that it was his note, and hence by right ought to be in his possession. He carried the note home, but appeared promptly with it and the money, when it matured.

Politically McNaughton was always a democrat, and took that interest and active part in politics that every good citizen ought to take, but no more.

March 28, 1860, they removed to Ottawa County and located two miles southeast of this village, where they diligently cultivated an extensive farm until July 1, 1877, when they sold this farm to their son, Edwin J., and removed to their present homestead in this village where every man, woman, and child knew and loved Father McNaughton. We could not stamp upon the minds of our readers a deeper impress of the beauty of a truly Christian character, than he has himself made, not only by his religious intercourse with the members of the M.E. Church, of which he and Mrs. McNaughton were active members since March 1876, but by his daily walks and intercourse with us all.

He was in usual health when he left home, in company with his estimable wife, on Thursday, the 9th day of March, for the scenes and friends of their former home in Kent County and village of Middleville, where they often visited. They stopped at the residence of Mr. Thomas's farm, five and one-half miles north of the village. Here during Tuesday night, he was taken with severe coughing, which a dose of quinine somewhat relieved. He arose Wednesday morning as usual, and saying that he felt the need of more quinine took another dose. Soon after a severe chill came on, then fever. About noon he was taken back to the village by Mr. Thomas, no one feeling alarm, as he had similar attacks and always speedily recovered. But this fever did not entirely leave him, and as it somewhat abated, it left him comparatively paralyzed, and in a stupor from which he never recovered.

On Thursday morning congestion of the brain became apparent, the relatives in this vicinity were sent for, who reached his bedside Friday noon, but too late to receive any signs of recognition by the dying man. He lingered until the following Wednesday morning, March 22nd, when he expired at half-past six o'clock, surrounded by his sorrowing wife and all his children, namely, Mrs. A. D. Thomas of Middleville, and Mrs. Warren Lillie and Richard D. and Edwin J. McNaughton of this County, with their husbands and wives.

His remains arrived here Thursday evening, just two weeks from the day on which he left us apparently well, and on Friday afternoon they were escorted to the church which he had served and loved so well, and from thence to their final resting place, by a very large concourse of truly mourning friends from far and near; and the final "farewell" uttered by Mr. Charles W. Wilde, the master of Ottawa Grange, No. 30, on behalf of his brethren, found lasting echo among the many friends who stood by that open grave. Praise of the dead is so general and the terms "eulogy" and "obituary" are now in the public mind so nearly synonymous, that we will on this occasion not multiply words which on the death of a truly beloved husband, father, and brother, and universally esteemed citizen, have become almost void of their real meaning and depth of expression. In the language of Rev. J. Archer, in his very appropriate and practical discourse on this occasion, the subject of which was the resurrection of the dead, "father McNaughton was a pillar of the church and a co-worker with God."

TURKEY "SHOOT" AT McNAUGHTON'S BIG EVENT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Editor's Note: The following story was written by Charles A. Weissert of the Hastings Banner just before Christmas in the 1890's.

With the settlement of the country, many of the amusements of the past, especially those which preceded Christmas in Pioneer Days have passed into oblivion. Soon they will be entirely forgotten. There are still living in Western Michigan many who remember the old time Turkey Shoots which were generally held on Christmas over at various places along the old stage road between Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids, notably the matches held at Peter McNaughton's "Oak Grove House," in Caledonia Township, Kent County, just north of the Kent-Barry County Line.

Peter McNaughton was a jovial, ruddy-faced, Scotchman, whose reputation as a landlord rivaled that of "Yankee Bill" Lewis, proprietor of the famous "Mansion House," in Yankee Springs, in the western part of Barry County. McNaughton's log cabin hotel was located in the wilderness about 15 miles north of Yankee Bill's hostelry.

McNaughton's place was the junction point of two stage lines; one from Kalamazoo, the other from Battle Creek via Hastings. The hotel had a number of guest rooms, a dining room, and a bar-room, the latter being a meeting place for the settlers, hunters, trappers, and land-lookers for miles around. Here whiskey was to be had for three cents per glass, and there was an opportunity to learn bits of news from the outside world when the stages stopped to change horses.

When the driver's horn was heard, he at once assembled to greet the passengers. Almost everyone who alighted from the stages took a "nip" at the bar, examined the skins of furbearers hung on stretchers on the out buildings, and asked questions about conditions in the new country, travel into which was increasing constantly, and often four stages at a time stopped at McNaughton's. In addition there was an almost constant stream of wagons hauling freight to Grand Rapids, and returning with loads of plaster from the mines on the north side of the rapids.

As McNaughton's place was very popular, it was naturally that the annual Turkey Shoots should be held there. One of the men who conducted an event of this kind there is Albert Tobey, whose parents were among the first residents of Caledonia. Several days before Christmas, the men began arriving on foot from various parts of the country. Some of them came for 20 miles to match their skill with the best marksmen in the community. Many of these men were veterans of the War of 1812, some were French-Canadian hunters, many were noted pioneers whose descendants are today prosperous residents of Kent, Barry, and Allegan counties. Attracted by curiosity were a number of Indians — scattered remainders of the Ottawa and Pottowottamies, who were silent spectators of the tests of skill in which the white usurpers of their lands were competitors. It was a motley group that attended these shoots, and over all was the presiding spirit of landlord McNaughton. The turkey was placed upon a log, or across a ravine, or at some point where the marksmen were at a disadvantage. The marksmen stood 40 rods away, paid 10 cents for an opportunity to shoot to the promoter of the match, and fired. If he succeeded in hitting the turkey, the fowl was his. If he missed, he probably paid 10 cents for as many shots as he could afford.

Most of the pioneers used the old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifles with barrels of unusual length. Many of these guns had flint-locks. Many of them were made by gun-makers in the settlements, who were very skillful in remaking all kinds of weapons. It did not require much labor to convert a fling-lock rifle into one that used a primer and cap. As guns of improved types were introduced into the settlements, the marksmen were able to shoot better. As a result, the distance for shooting was increased at the Turkey Shoots almost each successive year until 80 rods became the standard distance for the last shoots held.

Among the famous marksmen who attended these shoots was John Wickham of Hastings, now in his 87th year. He is the oldest living pioneer of Barry County. Mr. Wickham grew up in the wilderness of Carlton Township and played with the Indians. He became one of the most noted hunters in Western Michigan. Wickham nearly always carried off the honors at the shoots at McNaughton's. In order to get there in time to take part he was compelled to walk through the snowcovered woods from his log cabin at Filmore, near Freeport in the northern part of Barry County to McNaughton's a distance of 10 miles. Wickham used a late pattern of double-barreled muzzle-loading rifle.

At one of these shoots, Wickham killed 12 turkeys and defeated some of the best marksmen in the settlement. He was known far and wide as a deer hunter. The shoots were always followed by convivial festivities in McNaughton's bar-room. There were raffling matches in which dice were used and some of the hunters who failed to win anything with their rifles were able to win with dice from the best marksmen the turkeys they had shot. Wickham was often lucky with dice. On one Christmas Eve he made his way home over a wintery trail carrying two turkeys and $14.00 which he received for the fowls he had shot and won.

The hunters made merry at McNaughton's until morning. They patronized the bar-room, and they played cards and shook dice until all were satisfied. Fires blazed high in the big fireplaces and the rooms were crowded. Someone usually played old-fashioned tunes on a fiddle, others sang, and often all those present joined in the song and chorus until the building fairly shook.

All this took place in the early 1840's. Today not a single vestige remains of the wall on which McNaughton's tavern stood. The Indians moved from the vicinity to Pentwater. The old-timers are nearly all dead, and the tavern and its place in history of the old stage road are nearly forgotten.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PIONEER DAUGHTER

Editor's Note: The following was written by Mrs. Abner [Laura] Thomas [see page 7]. She was the daughter of Asahel and Harriet Kent. It was written May 4, 1897 for a pioneer meeting.

My father, Asahel Kent, was the first settler in Caledonia, Kent County. We settled there in the fall of 1838 on Section 35 on what was called "Gull Trail," an Indian trail from Gull Prairie to Grand Rapids. At that time all the southern part of Kent County was called Ada, so called after Ada Smith, the first white child born in that township. Her parents lived very near where the Thornapple River empties into the Grand River.

Sometime during the winter of 1840, the stage road from Grand Rapids to Kalamazoo by way of Ada was surveyed by Mr. Slawson. They were at our house several days during which time father helped them. They were helped in that way by all the settlers along the route.

In the spring of 1840 the two townships of Caledonia and Bowne were organized as one and called Caledonia. Every voter had an office and some had two. There were no political parties and no man was slighted, but every man must do his part.

At this time, Coldwater River or Chick-see-na-bish as it was called by the Indians, was crossed by a long bridge. For the building of this bridge a day was appointed by the settlers and every man and every boy old enough to use an axe came and worked on the bridge. Mr. William Lewis of Yankee Springs came a distance of fourteen miles to help at this bridge building. The Thornapple River at Ada was crossed by ferry. In the summer of 1840, the first frame bridge across these streams was built by Mr. McCallum of Yankee Springs. The men were at work on the one that crossed the Coldwater at the time of father's death.

As soon as Mr. McCallum heard of our sorrow, he started for home stopping at all the houses and telling the sad news. At the first house, Squire Leonard's of Middleville a distance of five miles, a Methodist minister, who was on his way to Grand Rapids, had stopped for the night. Mr. Leonard kindly asked him to remain and preach the funeral sermon, which he did. It was seldom that we had divine service even at a funeral, and kind neighbors came eighteen miles to attend.

The burying ground was at what is now Bowne Center and contained but a grave, a child of Mr. William Wooley, having been buried there the previous winter. The place was surrounded by woods except a swamp on one side; not a dwelling in sight, although two houses occupied by Mr. Tyler and son were not far away. Their clearings were small, the forest very dense, and heavy timber land. This was a school section which would bring it in the center of the township, and this was why that location was chosen for the burying ground.

The road from our house to the burying ground was very new, not much but a trail; a man went ahead of the teams with an axe to cut and clear any obstructions that might be in the way. There was but one horse team which was my father's and that drew his remains to its last resting place; all the rest were ox teams. Those were sad days for my mother; she did not despair, but did the best she could to make a home, and everyone was very kind to the widow and one child left alone in the wilderness.

Our house was situated at the forks of the road, one leading to the mouth of the Flat River, or Lowell, 14 miles distance, Saranac and Ionia, and the other to Grand Rapids by way of Ada. The stage ran from Kalamazoo to Grand Rapids once a week, the nearest postoffice, Yankee Springs, fourteen miles away, and letter postage 25 cents. The stamps were good large ones and very choice at that price. The stage driver would deliver all mail along the route as far as our house.

The stage was a large wagon drawn by two horses; as travel increased the wagon was made better and had an oilcloth cover and four horses. The roads were better, not so many grubs, ruts, or stumps. Swamps were drained or crossed by corduroy bridges covered with dirt and gravel. The road ran from Battle Creek, intersecting the Kalmazoo road at Gull Prairie; the stage came twice a week.

In March 1842 my mother was married to Peter D. McNaughton, and our place became known as McNaughton's Tavern.

Mr. Amos Rathbun, who afterwards settled in Caledonia, came through with a drove of cattle and horses, driving them from Ohio and Indiana and selling to the settlers. Every man could keep quite a drove of cattle, his land was worked by oxen and he must have one or two yoke and sometimes more. He could raise good corn and potatoes, rutabagas, and as much hay for winter use as he had a mind to cut. In the summer he had the woods for a pasture lot on many miles in extent.

In 1845 or '46 the stage road from Battle Creek by the way of Hastings was opened, intersecting the Kalamazoo road on the county line between Kent and Barry Counties, about a mile south of our place, and a daily stage ran from Battle Creek to Grand Rapids. The road from Battle Creek to Hastings was through heavy timbered land, and at times was very muddy. Passengers used to carry rails to pry the stage out of the mud. The cars were now running to Battle Creek. The stage would leave there for Grand Rapids soon after the cars came in, perhaps four or five o'clock a.m. daily, one day, by the way of Yankee Springs to Kalamazoo, and the next by the way of Hastings to Battle Creek. The people now began to think they were in touch with the outside world.

In the winter when the sleighing was good, a great deal of plaster was hauled from Grand Rapids by farmers for Marshall, Battle Creek, Sturgis, Kalamazoo, and intervening places. They would go in companies of from five to twenty to thirty teams from one vicinity, taking loads of pork or beef, or some kind of farm produce to sell. Grand Rapids at that time was supplied, in a great measure, by the southern part of the state. We raised no fruit, that was all brought in from the southern part of the state.

These farmers would buy a warm supper and breakfast but carry a cold lunch from home for dinner, drive into Grand Rapids, sell their load, for which they would find a ready market, and load up with plaster for home. Often times we would have the same company for two nights in succession. They were up early in the morning and had a good start on the road by daylight.

This little sketch covers a period of about ten years and shows the rapid growth and development of a new country.

Material and information for this issue and the last one were furnished by Mr. and Mrs. James Sherman, and Mr. and Mrs. Francis Campau.

The committee staff for this issue has been Editor, Kenneth R. Gackler; Photo Reproduction, Jay L. Shook; Layout and Printing, Edward Passenger; Research, Mary Crumback.

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