

**FRANKLIN C. BISHOP**  
**MAPLE RIVER PROGRAM**

for the Clinton County Historical Society  
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Tape #032

Transcribed by Myrna A. Van Epps, January 2007

The dashes indicate short points where tape couldn't be deciphered and represent minor omissions of a word or two. Tape begins with no introduction.

My cousin --- kind of played a dirty trick on me. He was going to help me tonight and then he turns around and goes to Europe, but I'm sure that I know most of you and I'm sure that you will participate. I'm sure you're going to have a good time talking amongst yourselves. I'm going to take you back to the beginning and we'll go up and down this old river three or four times. I'll show you where it starts and where it ends. Then we'll go back and see the pretty spots. Then we'll go back and see the old-timers that lived there and they were a bunch of characters. You will know some of them. It's always interesting to pursue the people that lived along certain areas.

I learned in early times when I worked as a conservation officer, I got into the schools quite a lot. You know how school children are, boys especially. They're always noisy. Nothing interesting until you bring a gun along. You hold it up and you've got ---. They're interested in guns. They're interested in bows and arrows and Indians and all that and so are you. Isn't that funny? I get people talk to me every day about the out-of-doors, people that love the outdoors and things peculiar. I had one talking to me today about birds, a noted expert on birds. There's a new author. So I used to go into a schoolhouse and I used to wonder what I was going to talk about to these children. You could reach right down in front of you there and get a handful of gravel stones and they could have their own collection. If you told them anything about those stones, you'd never get through, all the interesting things.

When you asked me about the Maple River, I thought it would be nice to know how this river started, where it started, and all about it. Lo and behold, I got to writing some things and I happened to think way down in my basement back in a corner was the map that I made back in 1967? to use in the schools when I talked to these children about the same thing. I thought if they could understand it, maybe you could.

The people that moved into this area are like people all over the world. There's one item that they always considered, and that was water. Water meant so much to the people. If you will consult your old maps, especially the atlas that Titus plotted for the state of Michigan in 1872, I believe. He had the original settlers' places on the map, and almost every one of them was marked, "spring, spring, spring, water, spring." The intriguing part of it was that on these same springs was "Indians, Indians, Indians, Indians." They were used by human beings for years and years. That is the attraction to the human race, is water. They go there first. Also this water was in use in later times. Right in this very community up to just a few years ago, I could point to a spring --- where there was wooden pipes that transported this water to this farmhouse, right up to a few years ago. Water was quite an item in the life of the pioneer and the Indian also.

Some of the rivers ran fast; some of the rivers ran slow and created lagoons and floodwaters and these grew up to cattails. Some of the rivers ran fast and they furnished water power. The waters were used in a variety of ways.

Clinton Co., Gratiot Co., Saginaw, Shiawassee are all in what was called the "Michigan Basin." After the first big bang when the scientists say the earth was created, it commenced to cool and shrink and some of it went up and some cracked and some went this way and some went that way. In the northern part

of what is now Michigan [it] went up and commenced to sag here. When the first drops of water commenced to trickle down and bring that sediment down, they filled this basin in. Things started to grow and different sands were washed in and there was different vegetation. Then there were the fish. These grains of sand were irregular shaped and they permitted seepage. So as millions of years went by the water settled through these sands and there were seas. The salt settled. We pretty well know what happened. If you could take and cut a cross-layer out of the state of Michigan, you'd find that layer after layer after layer built-up, built-up, built-up until the glaciers came.

After the glaciers came, it was a different story. They brought earth from other areas and when they'd melt, they'd dump it. That's exactly what happened here. So we have layer after layer after layer in this big basin that we call Michigan. As this was happening, probably close to 20-25,000, maybe 30,000 years ago, we had what they call the terminal glaciers, the last glaciers. Previous to this the waters ran eastward toward Lake Erie. All these waters ran that way. What really happened was that they formed a big channel called the "Imlay(?) Channel." The waters that are now the Maple River, and the Grand River, and the Shiawassee River, and the Looking Glass River all ran toward the east until the last glaciers plugged up the valleys. Then the streams commenced running in various directions, but the larger streams were dammed up and a huge lake was formed. All at once when the glaciers melted the pressure on the earth was relaxed and the earth commenced to rise. All this water was dammed up in this huge Imlay channel, clear across what is now the state of Michigan. It all at once broke loose and came right down through the Stoney Creek Valley, the "River de Rock," the French call it. Some of it went north of here forming the Shiawassee River. Some of it went a littler farther to the south and went down the Looking Glass, forming the Looking Glass River Valley and into and the Grand River.

At this point, here's where it all happened. --- in Shiawassee Co., I think about five miles south and east of Corunna, in Venice Twp. Here's the beginning of the Maple River. Here's the Shiawassee River, comes in from Pontiac and comes in from Howell, if you like, and comes up through Shiawassee Co. at this point where the Maple starts. I have been there in the spring and dipped my hands in: Here's the Shiawassee and here's the Maple. People over there swear to it yet that the waters go back and forth. It's that close.

Question from **Audience**. Frank, is that close to the Looking Glass?

No, it's right within half a mile [that] the Looking Glass River divide starts, closer than that. Actually, you can see the ridge where the Looking Glass River divide starts. It's a marvelous thing to know that all these waters, these three rivers, were one large river.

It starts here and comes across this Twp. in Shiawassee, Shiawassee Twp.,--- up into Owosso. Here's an area of peppermint bogs and fast-flowing water in the creeks; comes up to Ovid, comes up through the Rochester Colony; up to Elsie; north of Elsie up into Gratiot Co.; across through the big cattail marshes to Maple Rapids; and into that part of Clinton Co., the last township. up there, Lebanon Twp. It used to be, I think the name was "Wandaugon" which meant "water" in the Chippewa language. Here is a heavily-forested ground, land of the big trees and so forth and a very powerful part of the river.

This is a small river from where it starts. It is small all the way across Shiawassee Co. When you get into Clinton Co., it's still small. I think in Gratiot Co. it widens a little in this particular part, Delta Twp. and Washington Twp. You can locate Washington Twp. --- Bridgeville and there was so much water they had to have three bridges to carry it underneath. There's large cattail marshes ---. I'll get to that later. These cattail marshes attracted these Indians and there were large springs along this territory, so they stayed near those. And they stayed near their food supply which was the cattail roots. They stayed there because of the fur. The fur was remarkable on muskrats because the muskrats were always larger than any other muskrats in the state of Michigan because they had this abundance of cattail roots to feed on. The fur buyer used to pay more money for those muskrats.

I'm going to tell you about the spots you can travel and see the most beautiful part of the river. I thought that we might start over here by Matherton, right in this part where the river goes into Ionia Co. There's a little road to the south of Matherton that goes to the east. That is the French Road. If you

start in on the French Road; if you consult your map and find it on your map, it goes east for half a mile into Clinton Co., the French Road. It goes to the east. It's about a mile. You come a state fishing site. That's right at the base of a large hill. You go up the hill to the east. You can park your car up there and walk out. In the fall you'll have a beautiful view of the entire valley. You can see almost to Hubbardston and trees of all colors. It's probably one of the most beautiful spots in the state of Michigan. If you've never been there, I'd like to urge you to take that trip. It's just for a Sunday afternoon. If you go another mile east, you'll be where the octagon schoolhouse [commonly called the "Round School"] was at this point here. If you go north a half a mile you'll come to Stone Road. You can park your car there. It's a hunting area. It's owned by the state and there's a parking lot there. Here's a place to take your camera because you can get some real good pictures. To me, it's probably the most beautiful spot that you'll see along the river. There's two beautiful places out there ---. It's a beauty! You bear this in mind because we're coming back to it. I'm going to tell you some more about it. The early pioneer was Mr. Stone. The Stones and I think Jay Sessions owned this land in the first place. And then the Stones --- there, and it's been the Stone farm ever since.

From that point you can go eastward on Stone Road one mile to Hinman Road. You better hesitate there because the road goes far. From that corner it goes way back in there to another crest on the hill. I don't know if you can drive that or not because Clinton Co. is notorious for not fixing bridges.

From the **Audience**: I tried that once, but I went back.

It's scary. --- It is the most beautiful place. It's on a par with these other places. These two old bachelor brothers lived there. I don't know if there were bachelors or not. I shouldn't say that, but they were in there living when I was a conservation officer there, the Rogers brothers [F. C. and J..R. Rogers, Sect. 16 on 1915 plat map]. It is beautiful. There is a big cedar swamp just before you get ---. It's a real, real stony road. You won't get stuck, I can tell you that, but I don't know about that bridge any more.

Anyway, you can come back to French Road and go on eastward to the intersection of Colony Road (sic; probably means Tallman Rd.) and go north from that corner. You'll be in Salt City. Actually you get off French Road onto Colony Road--I think it's a half a mile north--you can drive off the side of the road. You can look to the north and west and you'll get another beautiful view, see all the different colors because there's all different kinds of maple trees. You can just see the different colors --- of the maples.

If you're at Salt City there, down the road you can either go north--you'll have to go about a mile and a half north before you catch another road that goes to the east. You can go to around that way to Maple Rapids and its beautiful roads all the way. You can explore all the little by-roads, but don't go too far. You've kind of got to scout them out. People don't seem to mind if you turn around in their driveways. They're good about it. That is very beautiful in that area between Salt City and Maple Rapids on the north side. Or from the Tallman Road bridge, you can turn and travel east on the Island Road in towards Maple Rapids and come in on that side. While you're doing that, you'll see these old stone fences. All you'll see is a lot of brush and there's thousands of people that drive right by them and don't see them. They're stone fences.

The old-timers got rid of their cobblestones and made their fences at the same time. If you can find a place where you're taking a picture, there are these stone fences.

Question from **Audience**: Where is Salt City?

That is on the Tallman Road where the Maple River crosses. That's where the springs are. This has a special story.

**Audience**: My family was involved, I hate to say.

The --- salt wasn't there. Even Houghton who made the examination of the springs said that there was salt there, but somebody had put the salt there. Salt was gold in those days, there's no doubt about it. I think we'll talk about that later on. It's quite a story.

We're at Maple Rapids now. You can come back to Maple Rapids and you can go north of Maple Rapids and follow some of those old roads around. I think that first road is called Maple Road. It goes along the river. It goes eastward to a public fishing site. I guess I don't have the name of that road. You see, roads didn't have any names when I ---.

**Audience:** It's the first road north of Maple Rapids to the right and it's a beautiful drive.

It's stunning as all get-out. You can continue on that road around to Bridgeville. Now you won't see much at Bridgeville unless the water might be high in November. You can see geese and ducks and so forth along there. Then you won't see much else of the Maple River of any consequence until you get over to Elsie and take that little drive along the river from Elsie down to the Colony and view those areas. It's real beautiful there. Before the elms all died it was just one big arch. You would just drive in a tunnel all the way down through there. You would just see the maple once in awhile because the trees were so thick.

I guess I've told you enough about the Maple River and how to travel it so that you'll see why I loved it. I think we'll go back to this intersection of Jones Road and French Road. If you'd like to travel this at night, there's a special treat for you. This is north of the octagon school house. You can sit here --- in the car and hear the owls down in here talking to each other. It's quite a sensation. I've had conservation officers want to get right out of there. It's spooky.

Here's an area of big springs. I'm talking about the Stone place. The river here is wide. You can only get to it by boat. Most people laugh at you when you tell them the Maple River is 300 and 400 feet wide. Well, there is where the river is 300 and 400 feet wide. It's quite a place. It used to be quite wild.

**Audience:** Didn't they call it "the bay," Frank?

Matherton Bay [section 16, Lebanon Twp]. I have it marked over here. There are various little things there that would interest you. I took them for granted. On the north side of the Matherton Bay is a little stream in there called Spring Creek. That was a location point because people would tell each other, "this way or that way from Spring Creek." It was a good place to fish. I caught a lot of fish there.

Also, on Stone's was the biggest rookery of great blue herons that there was in the state of Michigan, these monstrous birds nesting in the tops of these monstrous trees. An interesting story: The state bought that land and their theory was that you must cut all the big trees, harvest all the big trees in order to get the lumber and make suitable forest. That used to be the thought how to manage the forest. So they cut down all the big trees and the great blue heron colony left. That's the truth.

There was another bird in there that might surprise you. Maybe some of you have seen it or heard about it, those that have studied birds. The pileated woodpecker that lived only in the isolated areas is a woodpecker big as a crow. The first one that I saw some farmers had shot and nailed on the side of a barn. I was about 16-17 years old when I saw that. After the state bought the ground and thinned out the forest, then the pileated woodpecker left. But in the last two or three years (I go over there occasionally.) and last fall I heard this awful noise and here come Mr. Pileated flapping his wings over the treetops. He was back! This is one of the things that happens when civilization moves in.

At this point also were clam the beds. Maybe some of you can remember the old clammers that took the clams. They were about the filthiest people that you ever ran across. They'd get these clams by the boatloads. They'd find these beds and take these monstrous clams and put them in the boat. Then they would take them up on shore someplace and they had a big vat. They would boil them and kill the clams and the shells would pop open. They'd just take and throw the clams to one side. They sold the shells down to Belding and they made buttons out of them for a hundred years, I guess, until they invented plastic and then it was no sale. I knew some of the clammers that lived at Maple Rapids. One

was a real nice fellow and he did it more or less as a hobby. He showed me a handful of pearls that he'd taken out of these clamshells. Roy Hastings was his name, very nice fellow.

**Audience:** Frank, My husband had a pearl like that, but they're brown.

They varied. They were all different colors really. He never tried to sell them but he could tell you just about what they were worth. Some of them were worth quite a lot of money. He did it just for a hobby. Then there was those that did it for a living. This was true on the Maple River and all up and down the Grand River. They were big shells. They called them, "three ridge." They were pocketbook shells.

**Audience:** How big would they be, Frank?

Probably like that, that long. They were monstrous shells. You could feel them with a boat paddle.

## Side 2

begins mid-sentence.

... that lived there [Fulton Twp., Gratiot Co.] <sup>1</sup>John Day and the next one to the east was <sup>2</sup>Lew Harter. They never said anything to anybody. You had to know them a long, long time before you could get in an active conversation.

**Audience:** I remember the night he threw the hamburg out the window. The house caught on fire and he burned up in it.

It was terrible. He was a nice old fellow. I used to enjoy those people. Right across the road from John Day's (That's on your map.), a little to the west, there used to be a pasture field there and it was covered with stones. It was the stoniest place you ever saw. There was a little, old broken-off pump there. I'm not sure, there might have been a house there at one time. One time I was collecting stones. There was this odd-colored stone, and I would collect it. I saw this one stone laying there. It was longer than this by a good deal, almost square, just a dull-colored stone. It was almost a perfect rectangular and so I took it home with me. Two or three weeks later I was talking to Henry Day down in Maple Rapids. Henry was John's brother. He used to live up in there. I told him I had found a pudding stone and this rectangular stone. John said, "Oh yes, that stone, the people buried a little girl there one time. There used to be a house there." There was no sign of the house except for this old, broken-off pump. So when I got back to my home I took that stone and took it right back up there and left it. I don't know what ever became of it. Probably somebody else picked it up, but Henry said a little girl was buried there. I guess that wasn't too uncommon in these early pioneers. I thought that would be of real interest to you.

We go a little bit farther to the east, on the south side is what we call "Matthew's Landing." That's where the Indian burial ground was. I think Clyde Anderson probably dug up most of them, but they had been dug before that because Roy Hastings told me that a group of fellows from Maple Rapids dug the old Indian cemetery out earlier. The very earliest Indian graves were dug and the artifacts that they took out of the graves and they sold them, of course. That was the stone artifacts. I think the ones that Anderson found were almost Christian burials, some of them. That was at Matthew's Landing.

Below Matthew's was ancient areas of cattails also. The big springs that the Indians used were just west of the burial grounds half a mile which would be across the river where Lew Harter used to live. That was a big spring right in the base of the hill where you could go there and get a drink of water once in awhile when I was walking through there. That water would boil right up from what looked like solid rock. Now it's all dry.

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<sup>1</sup> Died 26 Feb 1945; *Clinton Co. Republican-News*; 26 Feb. 1945; p9 c3

<sup>2</sup> Lewis Harter died in house fire 15 Dec 1945; *Clinton Co. Republican-News*; 20 Dec. 1945; p1 c1

**Audience:** That would be not very far east of Matthew's Landing?

That would be west. I thought it was interesting that these old-timers at Maple Rapids could tell you the history of all that. For you that are interested in the history around Maple Rapids, I've heard my mother tell about this one old-timer, and my uncles would tell about him. They'd laugh and laugh and laugh about this being so peculiar. His name was Hewitt and they called him "Swearing Hewitt." That's all the tale I know but you could probably uncover some little history on that.

**Audience:** I've been doing research for a lady in California on that Hewitt family. He was the founder of Maple Rapids, the first Hewitt was. He planned the town.

I'd like to tell you about some of the characters that were in this area. The first one I thought about today. Miss Livingston [probably Adele (Livingston) Jones] here, my old teacher, Miss Livingston, would know about this. This is a huge swamp that used to be out north of St. Johns, what we called "Hoxie's Cedar Swamp." I think the Hoxie boys moved out a long, long time ago. I guess they went on to better things. There was an old man that lived down along the edge of that swamp. We never saw him except in the spring of the year when he'd come around peddling this salve. His name was --- [sounds like "Allison Vinson"] He had sticks of this salve that he made. He would get the sap from the pine trees and the cedar trees and mix it. It was kind of a vile-smelling salve. All you did was wrap it around your finger, and once you got it on you couldn't get it off. It would heal right up. I can hear him say it yet, "It would stick a pup's tail fast to a root." I just had to include him in tonight's ---. That was a character out of Greenbush Twp.

**Audience:** Where was he exactly?

He had to live by Silvernail's someplace along that cedar swamp. The swamps are all gone now. This was south of Whitlock's, down in there someplace.

**Audience:** That could be. You see, there were islands in the swamps and he may have lived on one. The --- bought some land in there and that was an island. There were some south of that. ---- lives on an island in the swamp. There were various places in there you could live. My father used to say that the people that lived on those islands were so poor that they probably only had one set of shoes or boots and so only one person could go out at a time on the river. By spring they were about starved out so they would come up to Squire Whitlock and ask him if they could please have a quarter of meat or a sack of flour. They would work it out during the summer.

The next one I want to tell you about John Day. He was one of my favorite characters. I told you about his boat. I used to go by there. Maybe once every two weeks I'd stop and see John. He generally was out in the yard doing something. I went by there several times and I didn't see John so I thought well, maybe something's happened to him. Maybe I'd better stop. So I stopped one time. I got part way across the yard, and here comes John from back of the house. I told him, "I haven't see you, John, so I thought I'd stop in and see how you were coming." He said, "I saw you, but I couldn't get out here in time because you see this robin built her nest on my door and I have to crawl out the back window." He was just as solemn as could be about it. That's the kind of man he was. I saw him one time. I was across the river. I was looking for a violator with a net. I saw him come down there just before dark. He stood there just like a statue with a spear. All at once, he got the fish, a small carp. He took the fish, wiped the spear off, hid it again (It was against the law, of course, but I never bothered him.); took the fish and went on home. He had fresh fish for supper.

**Audience:** What section did he live in?

33, center of the section. He had 40 acres in there, John Day, Fulton Twp. [Gratiot Co.]

Lew Harter was much the same kind of a fellow. I really missed those old fellows when I moved away from there. They were such characters.

The next character that you ran across, I never knew him, but I had seen when I was just a small child, Captain Gates. If you're old enough you remember Capt. Gates. He had a little store there and the cat slept in the cracker barrel. He sold the crackers nevertheless. He chewed tobacco and he had whiskers, and he never let that bother him one bit. I guess it kept the mosquitoes away. He was a Great Lakes sea captain --- . I can't remember too much about him, but people used to kid each other about going to Capt. Gates's store and buying groceries.

**Audience:** Where was the store?

Right in Bridgeville.

**Audience:** Would that be just before you made the curve to go north on the road?

That's right, on the old state road.

**Audience:** They just tore it down not very many years ago.

The last one I remember running the store I think was a man named Charlie Salters. This Bridgeville was quite a place. It was a place of good people, but they were kind of rough: The Lewises, and the Grubaughs, and the Barretts. I think that's about all the big people. They had some heavyweight wrestlers come out of that area, the Grubaughs. It used to be a place of entertainment Saturday nights if you wanted to see a fight. Some of the boys from Eureka would go over to Bridgeville and they'd have it out. They were big fellows.

**Audience:** What was the name of that kind of a hotel they had up there at Bridgeville? Was it McMaster's?

No that was not at Bridgeville. Well, A generation back, it would have been David Sturgis. He was one of my ancestors at Bridgeville because that's where he died. He died there acting, well it would be like McMaster's Station, only it was in Bridgeville.

There was another gentleman that lived there by the name of Byron Danley. He ran a poultry house in later years here in St. Johns. He was 85 years old and I went in to talk to him. I guess I had been working for the department for about three years and I went to talk to him. He told me that when he was a kid, that the Maple River, you could go up to the banks and look and see the bottom in 12 feet of water.

**Audience:** That's what my husband's grandpa used to say, that when they first came here, the Maple River was as clear as it could be, a long way. You'll notice that in Judge Daboll's book [*Past & Present of Clinton Co.*], he says, "The rivers in that day were larger than they are now." By the way, the name of the man I'm trying to think of is Gillette. Andrew Powell used to tell a story about the Truax Ball. The Truax Ball took place at Bridgeville ---. Mr. Truax had the hotel there. He ran this place and he had a daughter and she had a girl that came to visit her. So he let it be known that he was going to have a dance as a matter of entertainment for her. What he did not say to the boys was that they were going to have to pay, so when they got there and found out that they were going to have to pay, the trouble began. First of all he wouldn't bring the girls in. They stayed away. So they came in and danced with each other. I can't tell you the whole story. One of my greatest regrets is I didn't write down every word he told about it, but they made that man's life utterly miserable. They went out and I believe they took his carriage and put it in the river and I can't tell you what else they didn't do that night. This is referred to as the Truax Ball. It's a tremendous story. But it's regular Bridgeville stuff.

Something I skipped over!

**Audience:** You never did hear about the Truax Ball?

Never heard it but that's good. I would expect it to happen there. This area is west of Bridgeville, I couldn't tell you about the wildlife there.

**Audience:** The people who lived farther away referred to them as the "river rats."

This road that ran along the north side of the river, as long as we're at it, we might as well take it. We used to call it "skullgaria." Probably some pretty rough people that lived along that road. I knew they were rough. --- They lived off from that river and they lived off from what was in the marshes. They lived off from the other people around them if they could.

Right in here, Matthew's Bay, in the months of August and the first part of September, you can see the American egret. It migrates up here from northern Illinois where they nest. They bring their young north. You see them scattered along in ponds and so forth. I think, the most I've ever seen in Matthew's Bay was around thirty, these big, white birds. It's a beautiful sight if you can ever find them there. I don't know if they come back in there now or not. Also in that area there was a colony of the black-crowned night herons for you people who have studied birds. This area where they nested was on the west side of the Matthew's Bay where the river ran north and south. There was a bunch of huge "popple" [poplar] trees there and these black-crowned night herons nested in those trees. That colony is gone. They cut the trees down for some reason or other and, of course, destroyed that colony. It's easy to see where most of our bird life goes. We destroy their habitat.

Today I was reading in the paper the Army Corps of Engineers are busy in this area now and when they get busy they finish the river for you. You'll never see the Maple River like it used to be. Also next week the fate of the upper part of Maple River will be decided in a court in Livingston Co. because we couldn't get a fair trial in Clinton Co. nor Shiawassee Co. nor Gratiot Co. The people are so crooked that they couldn't decide what they wanted to do or who's going to pay for it. So it's going to be decided in Livingston Co. and that will finish that end of the river. This all has happened has because conservationists and people that love nature they haven't paid enough attention to it. It seems the farm interests are excessive. They demand too much. They're destroying everything that we had in the line drainage or line of water. This has happened on the Stoney Creek also. It's happened twice.

**Audience:** I was talking to Dale Chapman [Clinton Co. Drain Commissioner] about it. I said, "I think they'll find that in about so many years the river will have restored itself to the point where it was before and they will have wasted all that money." He said, "I think so too. I think it was a silly project." The trees will grow back, I think.

The elm trees, of course, will never come back. One impartial observer who lives in Owosso (He has a head for figures.) figured out the money that has been spent on surveys and studies and surveys and studies and so forth throughout the last fifty years. It will astound you! Agriculture could never recover that amount of money.

**Audience:** Frank, do you remember along North US 27 when the gentleman decided that he was going to raise tomatoes on those flats. He arranged everything all beautifully. He had the river all dammed out with trees. He had about two crops of tomatoes and then the muskrats went to work. The muskrats went right through those dikes. He could not keep the water off of his land and so now it's gone back to nature. Nature has a way of putting things back where they were.

I think they're working up there now diking and draining. I'd like to come back in 500 years and see what it looks like. Would you like to ask any questions or would you like to participate in anything else along the river?

**Audience:** About the carp that you were speaking of, I remember a story about carp, but not like yours. My family used to take the road to Rochester Colony. You know the bridge just before you reach Rochester Colony over the Maple River. Just to the south there when I was a little girl, I would hear them speak about this man who had made a pond there and a dam. He was going to do something very clever. He was going to have a fish pond and it was going to have carp in it. So they did until there was



a big flood. Good bye, and the carp all went down the river. Isn't that one of the reasons why the Maple River is the muddy thing that it is now?

No, they do eat the vegetation and keep it stirred up.

**Audience:** Anyway, we have carp now and the not the lovely things we used to have.

I think these carp farms were promoted maybe sort of like the fox farms were, big money-making project. Probably somebody sold those carp pretty cheap for somebody to raise. After all they were imported from Germany and supposed to be good. People have various ways of cooking them and I've heard of a lot of the various ways, but never could eat them.

**Audience:** What kind of wild life have you encountered in your travels? Any unusual situations?

Yes, there were bear along the Maple River right up to just a few years ago.

**Audience:** They say they have one there now.

I wouldn't doubt it one bit. You hear these stories about bear, especially now with the big cats that's wandering around Michigan. People used to hear these great horned owls, you know. I was telling you about the younger game wardens. Now you tell them that there are still these pumas around Michigan that people didn't know about, they wouldn't stir out of the car. Actually, I learned not to laugh at all these stories. One turned out to be a big cat one time. I was astounded. This happened right in Shiawassee Co. One time this fellow was going to work in the morning. He had been out the night before and his head wasn't quite cleared up yet. He was travelling along on a little road over by Henderson. All at once a big bear went galloping across the road and he went to the shop and told that. They all laughed at him and they had a big time about it. I heard about it so I went out there. I actually found bear tracks. It was a big bear and it kept right on going to the northwest. A few days later we heard about it from Gratiot Co. He was travelling. He just kept right on going. I didn't laugh at all the stories.

**Audience:** A bear has a territory that he covers, doesn't he? He makes the rounds of this? Instead of travelling on and on and, he has a territory, doesn't he?

Generally speaking. The big cats always do. Wherever they are, they go for miles and miles and miles. There might be one in the upper peninsula, but I'm doubtful about it down here.

**Audience:** I wish you would tell them about the reason for Island Road and where that stream is that makes the area called, "the island." Is it on your map there?

I can't tell you that. It doesn't show it on this map.

**Audience:** Do you know about where it is? It would be sections 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 on the north. Seven would take it to Maple Rapids. It's in Essex.

It shows it straight there. I don't know the reason.

**Audience:** It's from an island in the stream. My father and mother-in-law live on top of the hill and sometimes you can't get through there. There is no way. Somebody tried to drive through but -- their vehicle. ---

I can remember when I was a little fellow that my folks put me in the bottom of the buggy, and my sister, and we went to see my grandfather and grandmother who lived up by Hubbardston. I took us all the afternoon to get there. Before we got there, we came to this one bridge. My father got out and waded the floodwaters on the bridge to see if the planks were all in the bridge. Meantime, my mother

took the buggy whip and tied her handkerchief on the end of it and got it wet in the floodwaters and washed my face so that I'd have a clean face. I can remember that. I never could remember coming home.

**Audience:** Probably you were asleep. You didn't get your face washed on the way home. What were you crossing?

It would be now the Hayworth Creek crossing on Island Road.

**Audience:** When you were talking about Stoney Creek, I've often wondered why did they call it Stoney Creek? In those sections I've seen there were no rocks.

The French named it that. They named the Liberty Rock.

**Audience:** Where were the stones?

Mercy, down where Stoney Creek goes into the Maple River, you couldn't get a shovel into the ground, it's so rocky. It's just terrible rocky. All the stones, of course, came from the glaciers that moved down there.

**Audience:** Did you ever hear what formed the jog in Maple River right there at Mead's Landing?

I never heard of Mead's Landing.

**Audience:** There's a jog in Maple River right there. There's quick turn in it. Then it straightens out and goes west. You mentioned it up there. It's east of Maple Rapids. Coming from the north there's a landing there where you put boats in. It's on the Anderson property there.

That would be the public fishing site there?

**Audience:** Yes, in Maple River.

The river originally went clear to the south to the foot of the hills behind Matthews. When they dredged the river the first time, they cut that out. They came straight across from the east and they made a big island in there.

**Audience:** I heard a story [about] what formed that island. I don't know if there's any truth to it or not. There's some logs buried. They used that river for sending logs down. There was a chain load, as they used to call them, of logs that caught on that corner. There's silt (How many feet of it?) on top of those logs still chained together. Did you ever hear that story?

Never heard it! There was a lot of logs that came down that river because in 1934 or '35 in the Matherton Bay there was some enterprising young men from Grand Rapids [who] came over there and spent the summer. They brought a lot of rope with them and chain hauls and they took logs out of the Maple River that had been there for 75 years, I guess, or more. A furniture company from Grand ---

Tape runs out mid-sentence.