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In a former letter I said I would say something of the improvements in an early day in Milford and vicinity. The people were very nearly all poor. The first thing was to get something to live in. They would go to the woods and cut down the oak timber, cut it into lengths suitable for their log cabin. Then they would draw them on the ground and call on the neighbors to roll them up and notch the corners. The owners would then finish them up as best they might with the materials they could get.

The next thing would be to get some improvements so they could raise something to live on. The oak timber was not very thick. The pioneer would girdle all the trees on thirty or forty acres to kill them. Then they would get a big plow that would turn a furrow from 18 inches to 24 inches and hitch on from 3 to 6 yoke of oxen and with two men to drive and one to hold the plow they would commence to turn over the virgin soil. The plow would cut off and turn over all of the small stumps and most of the roots around the tree. Sometimes the plow would get fast in the roots. Then they would unhitch the leaders, hitch them to the beam and pull the plow back—and always pull the coulter off.

After they got the land broke they would hitch two or three yoke of oxen to a heavy harrow having 1 1/4 inch teeth and drag and drag till they got it fit to sow, drag in the wheat, then let it be until harvest, cut it with a cradle, bind, draw and stack it.

The threshing machine of those days was just a four-horse power and cylinder. Stand before the cylinder and rake wheat and straw together out of the way, thresh a day or two, then have to stop and clean up with a fanning mill.

They would raise on the land from 20 to 30 bushels to the acre.

The earliest settlers had no wells, only some hole they dug down by some marsh or cathole. The water was not fit to use, consequently almost everyone was sick every fall—fever and ague and chill fever. I myself shook every other day for four months. Some falls there were not enough well ones to take care of the sick. It was reported one fall that Dr. Foote and Mowry who practiced together, had 500 cases of chill fever. My uncle Bill Benson wrote back to York state in '37 that he shook the linchpins out of his wagon when he was teaming. He ought to have told the truth, for he was the xxxxxxxxx minister, who used to preach in Milford.

In an early day all the market we had for Milford and adjoining towns was Detroit by way of Grand River turnpike, and such a road! We had the long causeway on the line between Lyon and Novi, only 1 mile and 8 rods long built from tapxxxx logs from one-half to two feet in diameter, not covered at all. You would just put on 10 or 12 barrels of flour on end of your wagon box, put a sheep skin on the head of the one in front and drive your team over those logs more than a mile. You would think it was fun, but the fun didn't come in just then. The fun commenced when you got beyond the sandhill where there was no bottom to the road. I have been four days going and coming, two going and two coming back empty. I would like to see a bicycle or an auto going over that road at that time. After some years we got the plank road from Detroit to Lansing, also the plank from Milford and then we thought we were in a new world.

I remember of only three school houses in the town when I first came there. One we called the Peck school house on the road one-half mile west of Darwin Bennett's. One in Milford, south side and one on the north side. There may have been others but I did not know of

it. . The first church building was the little Baptist church which stood back of Pat Byrne's office. The first M.E. Church (later part of the G.A.R. hall)--I helped raise. I wonder how many of the people living now know how that was built? There was an Elder Bradley on the charge that year and he bundled himself up and drew logs from Lyon and Novi that winter, to Phelps' old saw mill (he did not get a \$1000 salary) and in the spring they commenced the church.