

GLIMPSES OF AN EARLIER WALLED LAKE



colorful turbulent past is gone. But all should be told of Walled Lake's once freebooting days.

The

Henry Ford

was looking for relics. Charles Wedow was at his Hillcroft Subdivision repairing his well pump. Charlie said: "Hey, Henry! Would you mind giving me a hand on this?"

The billionaire, who <u>was</u> a mechanic, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and spent about an hour in the summer's sun - doing just that: Helping Charlie Wedow. (Continued on page 2 col 2..)

MEMORIES ARE

MADE OF THIS.

About sixty-five years ago in a corny, mythical little New England town the radio brought us a tuneful little ditty 'sing-song' that went:

"WONTCHA READ THE HOME-TOWN THISTLEDOWN PAPER? OH! WONTCHA READ THE HOME-TOWN THISTLEDOWN NEWS?"

*Editor's Note:

Trouble is that <u>silly</u> little doggerel keeps in our memory. Now <u>you</u> heard it. Now <u>you</u> try to dismiss it from <u>your</u> mind!

It isn't even in keeping with Walled Lake Gazette's Policy! WE are more interested in creative writing that someone sends us than, say "Police Blotter News." Etc. HGC



SURPRISE! SURPRISE!

Our Walled Lake Gazette has a new, larger format. We hope you may enjoy this "Spring Change".

On page eleven is a full page Walled Lake Legend.

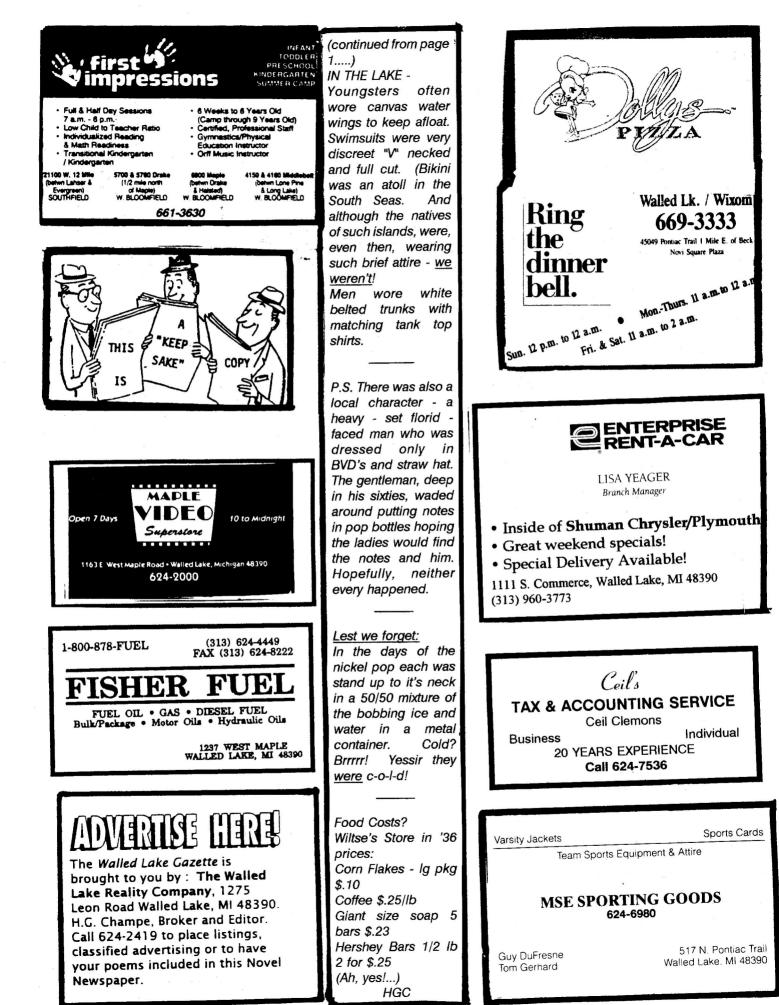
Each issue we plan to have <u>one</u> page for legends and/or short, short stories.

Our "narrow" columns this issue, contain much trivia information you would find hard to beat. Locally there is a class of weight lifters who are putting on their exhibition of this on March 20, 1993. Their advertisement appears on page 10 top righthand column. Read it and attend!

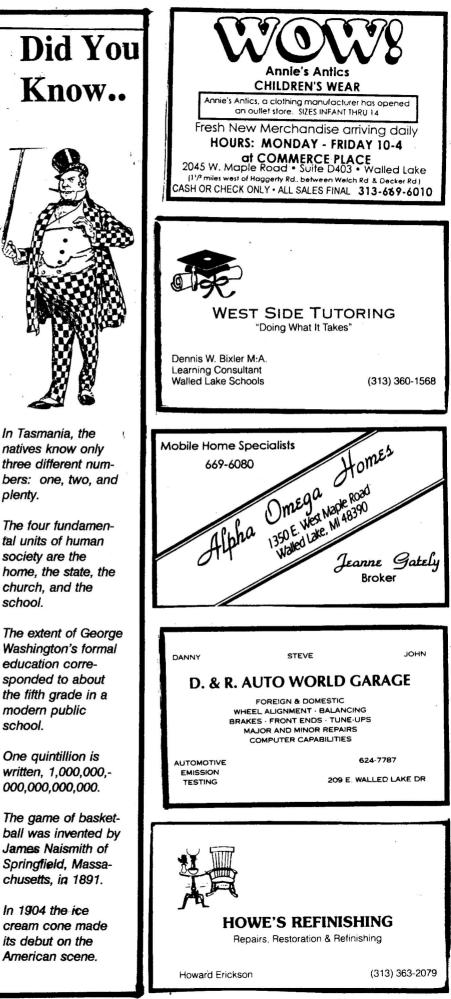
Winter gave us all a stiff fight this year! But, you know <u>what</u>? Its MARCH now and he's packing his bags.

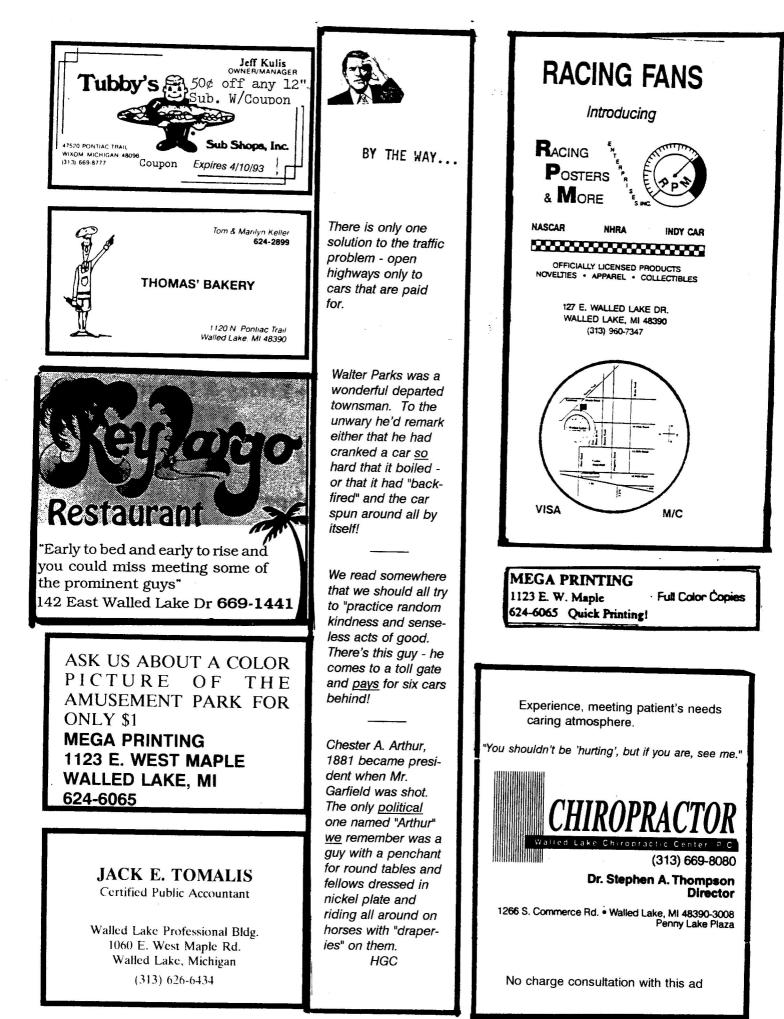
HGC

Turn the page for more

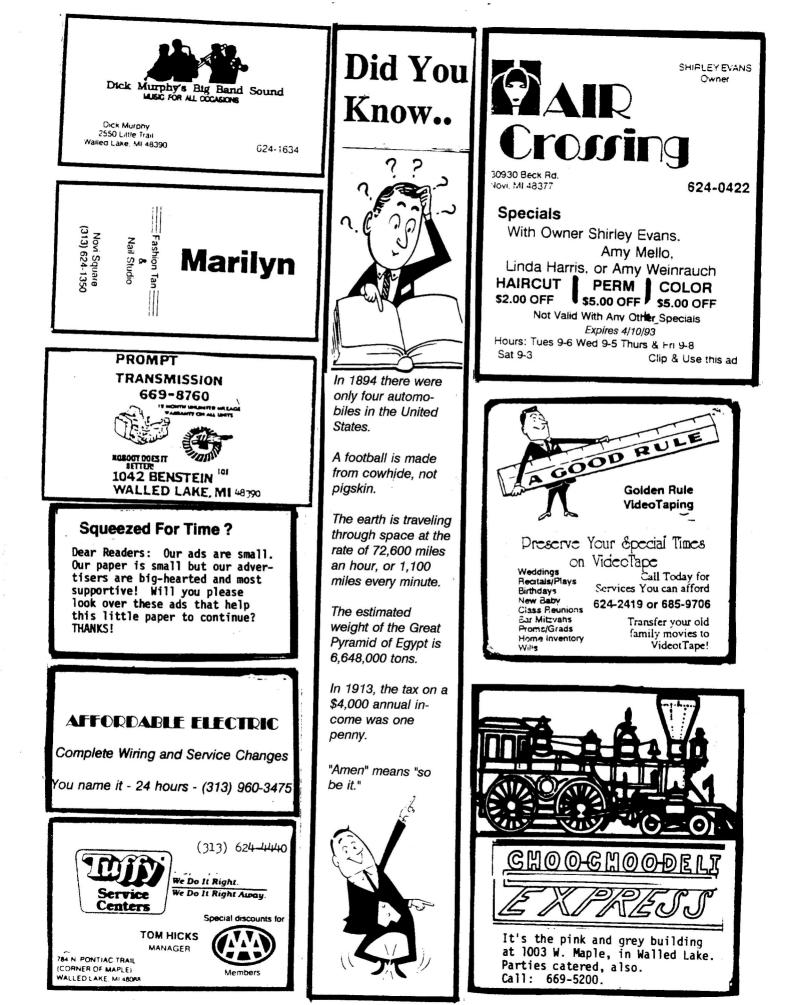




















WALLED LAKE LEGEND

I suppose every town has its memories of odd characters in its past. I was told of one whom I shall name Jeb Stoder, who lived in Walled Lake 70 years or so back and who perhaps the Town's most noted humbug.

He was a portly, florid faced person with an ambling gait and a jovial nature. It wasn't that he was fat, but rather that he wasn't hard and lean like so many of the townsfolk. With his heavy horn rimmed glasses on, one might - if he had a mind to - think of Jeb Stoder as a horned tomato worm fattening on the endeavors of others.

Jeb lived close to the village in a unpainted, run down house with his sickly wife and a sprinkle of children of various ages. The townsfolk looked kindly upon him. Why shouldn't they? He was forever helping someone, or I should say about to help someone. If a farmer needed hoeing during the hottest August days who would show up bright and early but Jeb, shiny hoe in hand - in time for breakfast with the family. He'd tuck a napkin completely around his neck, gaze happily across the loaded breakfast table and say something like: Nothing like a good breakfast, mam, to set a man fur work! and he'd been know to polish off as many as sixteen pancakes at a sitting to the awe and dismay of the hungry, waiting youngsters. Then, he'd rise, stretch to his full height, hitch his faded blue overalls up, jerk his thumb in the direction of the garden and holler (he seemed to always nearly shout when he talked). "Well, neighbor, them weeds awaiting fur us and we jest the feller what kin rout 'em outta there" - he seemed to paw the ground so eager was he to help his good neighbor. Then they would go and begin working and everyone remarked how eagerly he began (for he began many helping jobs!) then suddenly - sure as a honeybee visits a flower - down the lane would come running a barefooted tangled hair kid yelling: "Uncle Jeb! Uncle Jeb! Come quick, Aunt Martha's spells upon her agin and you gotta watch us chil'en'. Then a great sadness would come over Jeb (and the womenfolk present would pity him greatly" and he'd shake his head and angrily throw down his willing hoe in desperation and say" My! Oh My! here we just nicely got a piece of work started and Martha's spells come back pore woman - fraid she's not long for this world!" .. and he'd trudge off seeming to regret each step that took him from his helpful ways. Two hours later he'd be fishing with one or two of the youngsters -"Anything to keep the youn 'uns happy", he'd say later.

In the midst of other activities he managed to find time for holding preaching meetings on hot summer nights. These would be held on a vacant lot alongside the hardware store and on these occasions he would hold sway over the listener with his thundering, stentorian entreaties for help to the heathen Chinese. At the end of the meeting he would personally pass his old battered hat, collect the money and put it into a small strongbox. He would then mop tears from his downcast eyes with his red bandanna. I suppose I could go on and on about this humbug. How once a neighbor boy remembered looking through the living room window and seeing Jeb wiping dust off his Bible and then opening it up and placing his alasses on the opened Book so that the visitor rapping at his door would think he'd just been a-studyina it.

Or maybe you would like to find how he got his come-uppance; his complete exposure for all the townsfolk to know for sure that he was a mountebank and a fraud and indeed even a thief (or how was it his strong box collections never seemed to get themselves filled up?) Every cheat and every trickster has his day of reckoning. As a matter of fact, I don't know when if his came. Do you know what really interests me concerning him? I'll tell you.

Remember when instead of hoeing he'd be fishing with one or two young 'uns? Well, do you also remember that tangly haired kid who always found himself running to his Uncle Jeb's rescue when work was afoot? Well, that same kid was a long since dead relative of mine. He was fishing one day when this Jeb looked up in the sky at the drifting clouds and pointed to them and said: "Looky up that see just as clear as heck that there cloud looks like a 'Prairie Schooner' (covered wagon) with a bunch of iniuns surrounding her and the setting sun back thar looks like they done burnt themselves up another some miles back."

Now maybe Jeb Stoder was everything people said he was. Humbug! Fraud! No good idler! But I'm not one concerned in stirring up the tombstones over the dead. Its just that he was an interesting humbug. And I'm thinking that if he hadn't escaped from work that particular day and gone fishing he'd a been looking downward at the weeds as his respectable neighbors were doing and missed that sky picture that haunted his nephew his lifelong time. And do you know I've been looking for a repeat of that same sky picture noted over 70 years ago, - by this humbug. And maybe some day you or I will see it too.

> The End HGC

Exercise Patience You know its a virtue Avoid allegations You know are untrue Look to your conscience When Seeking for answers Chances are answers Lie inside you. William Swain

BITTER CAFE

The roadside cafe was run down and old We needed a meal and a break from the cold Our wheels pulled in And a rear one went flat My eye met a strangers Who snorted and spat I knew from the aesture A welcome was rare Stepped into the diner Pulled up a chair I alanced at the menu Selections were few Ranging from burgers To alphabet stew Then came a waitress With unshaven calves Who asked as predicted "Well, what'll va have?" I thought to myself All I care to possess Is an open road homeward Away from this mess. William Bruce Swain

Bill Swain can enhance your ad. Write: 841 N. Main, Milford, Mich. 48381 Small costs !

Note:



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SALON HOURS

Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday 10:00 - 8:00 10:00 - 8:00 9:00 - 8:00 10:00 - 8:00 9:00 - 8:00 9:00 - 6:00 From Ken Doggett comes these free verse expressions:

Soaring in the wind I've seen a dream. For future's sake? Or word of wisdom. The lie of the valley only grows darker! Do you hear it?

With a grain of salt I've looked beyond light and dark. Two paths in view. Both show beauty. One has no truth.

Place the shield for the fight. Source of light. Hold it tight.

